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RAVING BUREAU.

A WEEK BEFORE EASTER

AND SPRING FASHIONS OPEN BLOS-
SOMS BRIGHT AND FAIR.

What One May See as One Goes Up and
Down and Observes Millinery—Jet Stars,
Coiling Snakes and Fresh Costumes—A
Season of Many Novelties.

New York, March 18.—Wonderfully
interesting is the city these days. The
shops are in full spring blossom, and the
luxuriance and the brilliance of the flower-
ing increases from morning until afternoon
and from evening until morning. Here is
a milliner who has made of her show win-
dow a boudoir all hung with peach bloom
silk right daintily. Here is another who



EASTER HATS.

has turned hers into a garden, where buds
of bonnets expand into full blown hats on
the branches of lilac and acacia trees. The
panorama shifts from minute to minute;
frock succeeds to frock and ribbon to rib-
bon almost before the ever moving throng
of promenaders has had a fair view. The
parade whose filmy clouds of gauze caught
your fancy in the morning has had a dozen
successors, each more diaphanous than the
last, before you pass a second time on
your homeward way in the afternoon.

This thronging of pictures, this treading
of fashion on fashion's heels, brings out
the whole 'cityful' of women. From the
quiet up-town streets and the demure side
streets they flock and they swarm into
avenues. It is a gay spring carnival when
day by day women give themselves over to
the shops, and feed their fancies fat on
form and color, and exult in the magical
spring transformations.

There's a certain barbaric joyousness
about it all, for we glitter and we shine.
We rejoice in gold lace, and in things that
give out sparks in the sunshine. We stretch
out our hands, as a baby might, to bright
colored baubles. They make the baby crow
and put them to her mouth and kick her
heels. They make us smile at them, and
sew them over our hats and our capes and
our dresses, and walk where they may be
seen out of doors. The dazzle of them re-
minds me of a cloak I had years ago, on
which were sewn what the other children
used to call star-spangled-banner buttons.
This is a spring of star-spangled-banner
fashions.

There is jet and jet, and still there is jet
hats; faceted jet that catches the light
and sets it dancing. A woman was trying
on a bonnet this morning before a mirror.
It was a bonnet of smooth gold braid or a
new galloon shaped in the likeness of a
regal crown. "Jewel!" of jet were em-
broided upon it thickly. She held her
head erect, and the figure in the glass
dimpled back at her. A gleam of sunshine
came through a window; it struck the
jewels and they blazed; she moved her head
and the broken lights in the mirror were
dazzling.

All this was not good taste a year ago,
but it is not now necessary to be quiet to be
in good form.

There are flower hats, though it is said
that later in the season the jewels will push
them hopelessly and hopelessly into the
background. A type of the flower fashion



BROWN-GREY WITH JET STARS.

is a hat of black point de gaze, flaring off
the face a little and with odd bands and
turnings. Velvet violets are tufted here
and there over it, and long trails of violets
fall in front and are gathered under the
chin for strings.

At one of yesterday's receptions I noted
a bonnet of peachy velvet worn by a tall,
peachy cheeked girl. I never, I think, saw
the hues of a fabric match the tint of the
face so perfectly. Under the bonnet escap-
ed in front fluffy brown curls, and among

the curls three plump peaches were resting.
At the back of the bonnet were four to five
more peaches with sprigs of leaves. Fruit
bonnets are things to be avoided with a
very careful avoidance, but this peachy girl
was pretty under these downy spheres.

On all the millinery one sees snakes.
There are gold snakes, jet snakes and
snakes of silver. Snakes coil themselves
to strike, snakes glide through the under-
brush of buttercups and valley lilies, snakes
wreath themselves and bask in their sunny
situation, snakes climb for the view on
agagettes of lace formed of upstanding
pleatings.

Bonnets for dress occasions are made in
one case out of three, of nothing more than
the triple classic hand. This may be of jet,
or it may be of gold braid or it may be of
folded ribbons. The hand is tied in the
back with erect bows and through the knots
are drawn flowers. There are fillets of
pinkie red ribbon that are very effective in
this way with one great rose for garniture.
Others in black are at once delicate and
striking with lace agagettes and gold and
purple or brown and gold orchids. The
large hats are even larger than common
and often most fantastic with enormous
bows and equally large bunches of flowers.
Grey and yellow, in the smoke and flame
shades, one meets constantly. They make
most wondrous picturesque and harmonious
combinations. The bridesmaids at a re-
cent wedding were in grey silk with flame
yellow sashes and waistcoats of yellow
crepe de chine. Their hats were grey
tulle with a yellow metal edge and long
ends of yellow metal ribbon hanging.

Grey and pink is pretty, if less daring.
It is equally popular at weddings. One of
the fairest bridesmaids of the season wore
silver grey cloth with coral panel and grey
Medici collar lined with coral. Her sleeves
with puff of coral were covered with grey
passementerie. Her hat with its coral
velvet crown had a band of grey velvet and
a bunch of grey tips behind.

The cuirass bodices produce startling ef-
fects at receptions and in theatre boxes. A
dress of the steely gray of armor worn with
a bold crimson cuirass was before my eyes
all that evening and sent me home to
dream troublously of wars and rumors of
wars. It spoke loudly of drums and mar-
tial parades.

Beside it was a toilet that should have
proved quieting. It too was of gray, a soft
greenish, whitish gray, over which trailed
and splashed seaweeds. It was a frock for
the seaside piazza, with moonlight to silver
misty outlines.

Stars were not lacking, for at no great
distance was a toilet of brown-gray frock,
studied by way of border with jet lumina-
ries. It would be making a metaphor for
all on fours to compare its "French" Louis
XIV. cascade to the mantle night, and yet
assuredly was sprinkled with points
that shone. On a head of short, straight



COSTUME OF BROWN CHEVIOT AND SILK.

dark hair rested a capote of jet plates with
a greenish gray feather.

The flowered silks are among the prettiest
things that are shown to delight the spring.
Some of them reproduce quaint old mediae-
val patterns. Over a soft ivory satin ground
climbs a silvery lattice work, and across
this stray faint-lit roses full of old world
grace and sentiment. This is sixteenth cen-
tury and venetian. Flowers are drawn
small and often rather prim, as on the silks
that a generation ago our mothers used to
delight in. Some times they are curiously
spotted and mottled. Frocks for the after
easter dances are being made of creamy
chiffon with knots of tiny roses or valley
lilies sustaining their festoons. Wreaths
of roses circle white shoulders, and girles
of the royal flower are looped about slender
waists.

Dress is very smart in the afternoon pa-
rades. Georgia Cavan was out yesterday
in a pale gray frock and jacket braided
with gold and silver galore. Her trim lit-
tle toque had the same garniture and over
it a large crimson bird spread its wings
A frock of light blue with stripes of yellow
of a soft rough make, like a swan skin,
was very noticeable. A black satin swept
the pavement, and over it were dotted
violets, pimpernel and other spring blos-
soms. It had a jetted girdle, and where
the skirt opened at the side one saw an
undergrowth of the most delicate heliotrope.
A white cloth frock that crossed the side-
walk from a carriage was cut with long
jacket and clinging skirt in the Louis XV
style. It had a broad waistcoat, lace
sleeve ruffles and at the throat a white
lace jabot. The hat was white felt with
lily of the valley trails. A brocade after
which eyes were turned was of yellow dat-
fodils on black. A quieter frock was of
the new color, "cedar wood," striped in
small floral designs. A simple but unique
costume was of brown cheviot and silk, the
bodice crossing transversely from above
the right shoulder to below the left arm in
three scallops overlapping the silk under
skirt unbuttoned at one side over a silk
panel, and a brown turban was worn with
buttercup garniture. One or two blue
cloth capes were visible, braided in blue
and gold. Others were in scarlet with
gold braid, or in grey with gold garniture.
So far as appears a week before Easter,
this is going to be, as regards fashion, a
most riotous spring. ELLEN OSBORN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest
specific of the age for the cure of blood
diseases, suppressions, irregularities, fe-
male weakness, etc. Give them a trial.
Never fail.

NEWSY CARRIES TALK

THE RULES FORMULATED FOR THE
UMBRELLA SCHOOL.

What It Costs to Give One's Best Boy a
Likeness of One's Features—The Chic
Young Women Who Have Been Able to
Get Ahead of the Fashion.

New York, March 8.—A school is
about to be founded in the great city of
New York for the purpose of teaching
young men how to carry an umbrella pro-
perly over the head of a fair companion.

Something of the kind has long been
needed. This season with its rains and
hail and snow created an absolute demand
for it. And so an Umbrella School has



AN INTERESTING STATE OF AFFAIRS.

sprung into existence. A committee of
women selected from the most popular
classes—women—widows and debutantes—
have formulated a code of rules which shall
stand as the A B C's of the school. They
are as follows:

Be sure that the umbrella is unfurled
before you leave the doorstep or car. It is
exasperating to a woman to walk under a
drizzly drip while her escort is fumbling
with the shelter.

When once the umbrella is raised, hold it,
not to the right nor to the left, nor to the
front nor to the back, but directly over the
head of the woman.

Be sure that it is not so far forward that
the back prongs of the umbrella will drip
upon her shoulders, nor yet so far back that
the front will drip upon her gowns.

Don't rank her by the arm while carry-
ing an umbrella. She wants to hold up
her skirts and besides, the pose of the
umbrella is sure to suffer.

Never mind your own hat, even though
it be a silk one, and do not value the safety
of your eyes, but devote your whole atten-
tion to the covering of that one weak point.

Should the elements rage in all direc-
tions and the rains descend from every-
where, and the clouds pour forth torrents
from the north, south, east and west, aban-
don at once all hope of keeping the wom-
an's garments dry, and bring all your
energies to bear upon the preservation of
her frizzes. Keep them dry at all hazards.
Even though you have to shelter them
under your plaidie. Remember always
that better a wet, sozzled, dripping woman
with pretty bangs than a dry one with
stringy, discolored, desiccated locks.

Miss Helen M. Congar, of Indiana, has
started herself and everyone else by an an-
nouncement. Having made the announce-
ment, she is going to prove it if it takes
the whole of her time. It is to the effect that
she, Miss Congar, believes and knows that
each and every occupation on which men
are employed is being successfully per-
formed by a woman. Miss Congar holds
herself in readiness to name the woman and
tell where she is employed—be the occupa-
tion ever so unusual or even unclean. So
hear ye all! If any one is in doubt as to the
eligibility of woman for any given occupa-
tion, write now to Miss Helen M. Congar
and she will tell you of some woman who is
already employed upon it.

Do not be startled if you see a young
woman clutch her breastpin wildly and
haul it from its moorings, dragging with it
a long length of chain. She is only about
to consult her watch, which is fastened
upon the end of the chain. The apparent
breastpin is only the charm upon the end of
the chain. It is so arranged as to dangle
precisely over the spot under the chin where
the brooch properly rests.

There is still another hiding place for
the watch. It is inside the high collars
which all the world of women wear. A
small pocket of crocheted silk is fastened
on the left side of the collar far enough to
the side to be out of sight. In this case,
where it will rest lovingly against the soft
skin of the wearer is the jewelled timepiece
which is dearer to her than anything save



OVER THE SLIPPERY CROSSING.

her yellow garter. Be it known that within
this darling little watch there rests, more
often than not, a likeness of the best boy
whose bounty paid for the dainty hand of
time.

The dear little cheats of girls have fer-
reted out a way of getting ahead of the
fashions. It is the season for contracted
skirts with little material in them and no
apparent clothing under them. The girls
are well aware of this and they also know
that none of the pretty befrilled super-
fluities of former years can be worn under-
neath the simplicity of these tailor-made
gowns. Yet one and all have desired that
they cannot and will not go unpunished.

THE BUTCHERS' BALL!

A GOOD TIME ASSURED.

THE ladies are all going. Be sure and
have a new pair of our slippers. We've
got new ones for the occasion. It'll
make all the difference in the world in
dancing, what you wear. We've every-
thing you want in Fancy Ball Slippers,
to match dresses—you'd better see
them.

WATERBURY & RISING, - - - KING & UNION STREETS.

Fancy the horror of seeing a woman
cross a street without revealing as much as
a fluff of muslin or a frou-frou of lace!
Picture the barrenness of effect, were the
slightly tilted skirt to show nothing more
interesting than a pair of boot tops. Of
course, the girls could not and would not
endure such a state of affairs. 'Twas out
of the question. The whole condition of
womanhood seemed at stake. Then some
one (all honor be upon her!) thought of a
way out of the dilemma—a way of ap-
proaching to wear petticoats without wear-
ing them at all.

Inside of her tailor made gown, about
two inches below the knees, she sewed a
flounce of lace which was long enough to
reach the hem of the skirt. Two inches
below the first ruffle, was sewed a second
one extending within half an inch of the
bottom of the dress. Then came the mo-
ment for experiment. Breathlessly this
woman of talent poised before the mirror,
took a step over an imaginary crossing,
gave a little kick, grabbed up her skirt,
jumped a puddle and turned quickly to the
glass to observe the effect. It was highly
satisfactory. There was the dress skirt
beautifully elevated at just the right angle
in charming fold and pose. Yet the cos-
tume from the knee up was as rich in out-
line as the heart of any full-limbed girl
could desire.

Now, all the girls are doing that sort of
thing, and no one knows just how it hap-
pens that there is apparently no petticoat
there, and yet there must be one—for now
you see it, and now you don't. Which
fact goes to demonstrate once more that
you should believe only half of what you
see.

Jay Gould's box at the Grand Opera
house is the best patronized one in town.
It is never empty and is seldom occupied



ISN'T JACK LOVELY TO REMEMBER ME SO SWEETLY?

by fewer than half a dozen people. The
other night there were eleven souls in it.
The occasion was evidently that of a
theatre party for the little folk of the Gould
acquaintance. Five little men and four
little maids occupied front seats or stood
about the railing, while in the background
could be discerned two anxious mammas
keeping guard.

The conduct of the little people was such
as to deserve comment anywhere. They
laughed not aloud, gaped not at the audi-
ence, made no attempt to show off, and
were as unconscious as children to the
manor born should be. One of the little
fellows, not more than eight years old,
wore white kid gloves, and in true man
fashion, he wriggled his hands across the
iron railing, scrubbed off the sides of his
chair and gave a vigorous brush or two at
his clothes with them. The little ladies sat
daintily erect, longnettes in hand, and one
of them sedately drew the curtains about
the railing so as to screen herself from the
gaze of the audience while she admired the
play. It was whispered about the sides of
the box could lay claim to less than a
millionaire when the day of majority should
arrive.

A funny thing came to the notice of a
New York girl on the occasion of the last
warm spell of weather. Crossing Seventh
avenue she saw a pet young man of her ac-
quaintance entering a door over which
hung the ominous three gold balls with his
winter overcoat on his arm. He was walk-
ing in a sprightly fashion and seemed to be
at peace with his pocketbook, and with
the world. And yet—there he was on his
way into a pawn shop. Meeting the young
woman later all was explained.

"You see," he said blithely, "I board
keep my coat in any kind of shape and so
I hang it up."

"Yes, that is I give it to my uncle. Pawn
it, don't you know! They pay me about
half its value. Perhaps, if I'm lucky, I get
twenty dollars for it, may be a little more.
They put it away in camphor for me and
next fall I go after it. I have to pay four
per cent. interest on the money for the
length of time I have had it, but that don't
amount to much. In return I have had the
use of the money all summer, haven't had
to pay storage on my coat and have been
furnished with a guarantee that old unky
would take good care of it for me."

High up on the arm of the young men
of Duddetown reposes a silver bangle brace-
let, which tells to all who happen to
squeeze that young man's muscle section
that he is in love. Jewellers tried to re-

vive the wrist bangles of the days of the
Louis's for our nineteenth century men,
but 'twas impossible. They simply would
not wear them. But they have consented
to the silver band above the elbow. It is
worn just below the muscle bump, which
every man is always asking you to squeeze,
and is so located that it is lost to sight,
though it is never out of memory doing its
panel nearly as large as life and as nat-
ural as the camera could make it. Now it
costs \$25 to give one's likeness to one's
divinity, for it must be upon the finest of
polished ivory and so beautifully tinted
that none but a real artist can do the
work.

The most approved ivory likenesses are
no larger than the pictures of George
Washington upon our postage stamps.
And they are designed to be fitted within a
locket which is to be worn upon the watch
chain. Twenty-five dollars is the very
cheapest sum for which the ivory likeness
can be obtained. They used to cost fifty
dollars, but an artist recently imported who
makes a specialty of these says "They cost
no more than twenty-five in London." And
so one must pay no more than that in this
country.

Another dainty personal gift is a likeness
of one's self painted upon a coffee cup
which is to adorn the bachelor quarters of
one's best love. If painted by an artist
who understands china painting, the colors
do not change in the firing and the effect
is as lovely as could be desired.

Still another way of giving one's likeness
to one's best boy is by having it painted
upon the inside of the case of his watch.
This method possesses one advantage over
those previously mentioned, namely, that
of endurance. Seasons may wax and
wane. Time may come and time may go,
but as long as the ticking of that particular
watch goes on, just so long will the dainty,
smiling features look out from the inside of
the golden cover. Nothing can erase it
and nothing can cover it up, save another
picture painted over it. And shame be
upon the artist who could be prevailed
upon to do so ruthless a deed.

CARRIE CARELESS.

STYLES FOR LITTLE MEN.

What Looks Well on the "Wee Boy" and
His Bigger Brother.

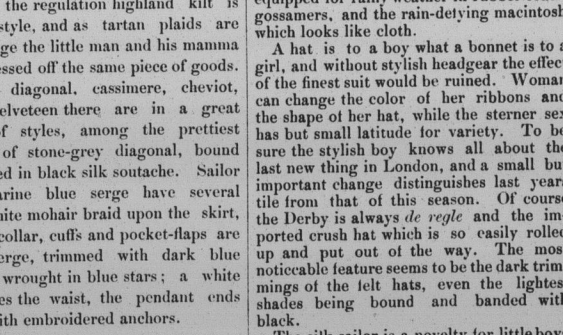
New York, March 18.—I have just
awakened to the fact that all children are
not girls, and that the little men as well as
the little women deserve to have some at-
tention paid to their garmenting. While
their styles are not as variable as those of
their little sisters, there are still many
points of importance to be chronicled in
regard to what is fashionable for both big
and little boys.

Upon diligent inquiry I find that there is
nothing more becoming to the wee boy
than the Kilt suit, which is capable of such
infinite variety, the different designs par-
taking of the individuality of the designers.
Of course, the regulation highland kilt is
always in style, and as tartan plaids are
still the rage the little man and his mamma
can be dressed off the same piece of goods.

Kilts of diagonal, cassimere, cheviot,
serge or velveteen there are in a great
diversity of styles, among the prettiest
being one of stone-grey diagonal, bound
and braided in black silk soutache. Sailor
kilts of marine blue serge have several
lines of white mohair braid upon the skirt,
while the collar, cuffs and pocket-flaps are
of white serge, trimmed with dark blue
braid and wrought in blue stars; a white
sash girdles the waist, the pendant ends
finished with embroidered anchors.

Kilted suits for warm weather are
fashioned from a number of excellent
wearable and washable materials, such
as cheviot, pique, duck, denim, etc.,
These cute little suits come from
the laundry fresh, sweet
and unfaded,
and the em-
bryo archi-
tect can erect
mud forts,
build sand
palaces and
run and play
without fear
of spoiling
his clothes.

A boy's
first trousers
mark an important era in his small exis-
tence; with what delight he dons them,
imagining that he has almost reached to
man's estate. Fashion's fiat has gone forth,



and the kilt is to be discarded at an earlier
age and replaced by the more mannish
pants and jacket. So says Mr. Best of the
Liliputian Bazaar, who replied to all my
persistent questionings about "How little
boys should be dressed," with patient cour-
tesy, although he could tell quite as much
in regard to a little girl's wardrobe. To-
day we have taken the boys in hand, and
under the guidance of the dictator of chil-
dren's fashions, we are given a further in-
sight into the masculine wear of Liliput.
Mr. Best says that boys now put on their
pantalets at about four years of age; the first
little jackets are usually made of cloth and
bound and trimmed with soutache; with
these are worn knee pants and a silk or
linen blouse, which shows below the jacket;
collars and cuffs of heavy Irish lace or
Venetian guipure lend a touch of elegance
to the costume.

One of the newest and most fetching
styles is the Taureador, the one quoted
being of Russian green velvet richly braid-
ed in gold; the short bell sleeves reach to
the elbows and are slashed and laced
together with a gold cord and tassels; the
knee-brooches are also slashed and laced
together like the sleeves; a blouse of white
silk finishes the costume. If the Spanish
bull fighter's idea is strictly carried out, a
shirt of scarlet or orange silk and a gold
tasselled Taureador sash would impart a
very Spanish air to the costume.

Sailor suits more than ever conform to
the regulation man-of-war suit and have
naval insignia embroidered upon the collar,
sleeves and shield; these suits are also
made of washable goods.

There are many new ideas in pleated
suits, they are made of plain or checked
material, either plaid back and front or
with stitched straps from shoulder to waist
and a buttoned belt, the welt at each side
forming pockets; others have yokes below
their waists.

For boys over ten the single or double-
breasted sack coat loosely fitting and
slightly following the lines of the figure is
eminently suitable; the suits with vests are
also worn by boys of this age, the coat
being the jaunty three button cut-away.

For younger boys the two or three
piece suits bound with braid and trim-
med with soutache are used for Sundays
and holidays; the materials in vogue
are the wide-wide diagonals, tricots,
crepes, etc.

For full dress for youths from eight to
sixteen, nothing is quite as appropriate as
the stylish Eton or Tuxedo suits.

Young men always look well-dressed in
the unostentatious single or double-breasted
sack coat, which is cut with due regard to
the latest dictates of fashion, and is made
of cassimere, cheviot, and blue or black
serge.

For driving and for cool days at the sea-
side are over garments for both little and
big boys, being fashioned with due regard
to age and becomingness; the redsters are
the nicest thing for small boys and are
provided with a sailor collar, that rolls
or buttons closely at will, the buttons
being a fac-simile of those of the U. S.
navy. Up to ten years of age the
English covert coat, the cape-coat, and the
double-breasted refer are exceedingly
suitable.

For young men the most stylish thing
is the fly-front overcoat cut rather short.
Storm garments are an important feature
in the clothing of boys for they are thus
equipped for rainy weather in rubber coats,
gossamers, and the rain-dyeing macintosh
which looks like cloth.

A hat is to a boy what a bonnet is to a
girl, and without stylish headgear the effect
of the finest suit would be ruined. Woman
can change the color of her ribbons and
the shape of her hat, while the sterner sex
has but small latitude for variety. To be
sure the stylish boy knows all about the
latest new thing in London, and a small but
important change distinguishes last year's
fashions from that of this season. Of course
the Derby is always de rigueur and the im-
ported crush hat which is so easily rolled
up and put out of the way. The most
noticeable feature seems to be the dark trim-
mings of the felt hats, even the lightest
shades being bound and banded with
black.

The silk sailor is a novelty for little boys
and the English walking hat of stiff felt in
grey and the Suede shades. The Tam
O'Shanter in Suede leather, with gold
bands are essentially new and natty, and
also the continental in tri-corner shape
with rosette and pompon. The signal
service device is newer than the ordinary
nautical emblem in yacht-caps, while a
golden coronet is substituted on others.

Suede cricketer caps are shown in tan,
brown, blue and black, and a nobby little
turban for a wee section of masculinity is
well dubbed "our dot."

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

Wash' ment.

Mr. De Boer—Miss Emma, perhaps I
ought not to call during lent, for I under-
stand you deny yourself all amusement.
Miss Emma—Yes, I do, Mr. De Boer.
Come as often as you like.—Boston Bud-
get.

"I tell you," said Mr. Schnadhorst in
the lobby of the house of commons, the