



Miss Frances McMartin, second daughter of Mrs. John McMartin, Redpath Crescent, Montreal, whose marriage to Mr. Mackenzie Randolph Campbell is taking place, June 22

lovely from mauve to pale pink. She had a luscious wrap of a rich Oriental brocade. She was with Mrs Jack Maynard's party, and went on after the dance to a breakfast at the home of the once famous University of Toronto half back.

Probably it was the hairdressing that interested me most of all. So many of the younger set are allowing their tresses to grow and undoubtedly it is more becoming in the evening with fussier clothes. The old days of huge rolls and buns will probably never return but a soft little knot at the nape of the neck is not uncomfortable, usually is tidier, and brings out the pretty shape of the head. Many, too, adopted the attachable or shall we call them, detachable, chignons and side curls, which when fastened on with a bandeaux or ribbon, flowers or jewels are quite secure and most attractive.

Formal evening dresses of the picturesque type were adopted by almost one-half of the feminine guests and these called out many lovely hair dressings. One charming girl with smooth classical features and serious dark eyes wore a Russian coronet of tinted wax blossoms. There were several fan-



Madame Richard Van Schmilenburch (nee Miss Jean McMartin, of Montreal) will be one of Washington's hostesses next autumn. Her husband Le Jonkeer Van Schmilenburch, will be attached to the Netherlands Legation

**T**HE Military Ball given by the officers of the Toronto Garrison in honor of His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Willingdon was the climax of an eventful social season and indeed, Toronto's most brilliant function since pre-war days. The Transportation Building in Exhibition Park was roofed with flags and banked along the sides and around the pillars with evergreens and palms. The officers' uniforms were a brilliant note—the blue-grays of the Royal Air force—darker blues with colorful lapels—scarlet and gold—naval officers—gentleman cadets from naval and military school—rows of gleaming medals and bright orders.

The toilettes and gowns of the ladies were extraordinarily beautiful. Coming as this ball did after the normal season, the majority of gowns were new for the occasion. There was a decided difference between them and those worn at mid-winter functions.

Her Excellency's gown was less of the formal and more of the dancing type. The deep conch-shell pink crepe had fin-like knife pleated jabots on the skirt that narrowed in towards the hem. The girdle was a lovely strip of fine mosaic beading in shades of rose and violet and she wore diamond ornaments.

Mrs. W. D. Ross, wife of the Lieut-Governor of Ontario, was a handsome figure in a gown of silver lamé embroidered with pearls and diamante. The jade green in the velvet girdle was repeated in the lining of the shimmering white silver cloak that was softened with kolinsky.

Lady Peel was there, she whom we know best as Beatrice Lillie. What a slim boyish figure she has and yet as feminine as you could wish! Her frock was a beaded creation, not an especially ultra idea it must be conceded, but the shading was rather

like jewelled combs and any number and many variations of the rhinestone bandeau.

Opinions undoubtedly will vary, but to my mind the most beautifully and perfectly gowned woman that evening was an ash blonde with a complexion like a creamy rose, pink tinged, and quite without makeup. Her earrings, necklace and bracelet of baroque pearls were tinted a bisque shade. She was petite and her frock hung

with slight waistline curves from the shoulders. It was a warm soft shade that could only be likened in color to tawny pansies or the lady's hair. One castellated tier below the waist was weighted down with fine bronze beads that swayed with every motion. Her shoes and her stockings were light bronze and in her hand she carried the bronze pansies that reminded one somehow of a tiger.



Mrs. John Pearse Walwyn before her marriage was Miss Marjorie Edith Bone, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Bone, of Toronto

A young thing, slim and tall as a reed was gowned in ivory satin that might have been an heirloom piece. The slim bodice cut high and straight at the waist line in the front, was at the back shaped down in a low curve so that the skirt dipped gracefully and gradually from the front. Gold threads were worked solidly around the hem in a brocade that extended up eight inches and then thinned out into faint spirals like fine wisps of gold smoke. Her hair was long.

Another quaint white gown had a square skirt that hung in four points. Still another was heavily embroidered with cream seed pearls and silver, and reminded one of the gorgeous vestments that are made in the cloisters. Several dresses of the period type were rather ridiculous as the length of the bodice had been overdone. As a matter of fact, not every girl can wear period styles.

There was a shell pink tulle that ruffled and swayed about its wearer's ankles. She looked as dainty as the tiny silk rosebuds that accented each flounce and nestled in her hair.

Black gowns were noticeably absent even among the matrons—rather a relief, as gray and white haired women with their dignity and poise are so lovely in all the hyacinth shades from cream to deep blue. Women with white hair wore soft rose, pale green and mauve-blue chiffons and lovely cloth of gold creations with old and lovely jewelry.