

Continued from page 7



Family Tradition

has been carried down through the generations largely by the written missives of years ago. Happy scenes and tender emotions of bygone days are recalled, linking the present with the eventful past. The personal letter still survives as the one means of communication that carries your message in privacy—and an intimacy that bespeaks sincerity.

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Velours Lyonnaise, plush-like in quality, was featured too, and the Milanese comes also in Alpaca, a finer texture for warm climates. A smart little outfit sighing for the Riviera was one shot blue and gray, with mauve sleeveless jacket of Gazelda. Again this latter was a companion jumper, in the latest nutmeg shade, to a striped brown and orange skirt in a specially woven tweed called Baranic Moire. Upon variations of these, will assuredly depend our informal winter togs.

All the nuances of brown were good—even for the ballroom. Some lovely ladies promenading an Italian terrace emphasized the shades from apricot to bronze. A gold kid bodice (leather again, sometimes it gleamed with diamonds) shimmered into the petals of bronze tulle skirt. The gold lamé coat made the ensemble complete by its lining of bronze velvet.

Deliciously airy was the frock of narrow tulle flounces (gowns are lengthening perceptibly if only to reveal transparent hems) blending from pale cinnamon into mushroom brown—the color of the sash with gold-lined loops. In all the grandeur of *la haute monde*, a gold tissue was embroidered around the edge with intricate wheels of dull gold soutache—a quaint little coat, stiff with the same.

The Bridge-coat, the Smoking-coat, what you will—the maiden's whim but never the matron's refuge, were bizarre conceptions. In velvet, printed tinsel, stockinette and felt, these saucy, sleeveless adjuncts made up in trimming what they lacked in size. Velvet ones had floral designs in wool and simple wool crochet edging; silk and sequins glitteringly overwhelmed the surprised stockinette; leather-appliqued the felt in fantastic designs—they sang a jazz of Flaming Youth.

But an echo of Lohengrin came down the aisle with the advent of the autumn bride. The loveliest was a medieval gown in ivory chiffon, velvet over a pink slip which blushed through the fragile velvet. Its square neck, also the hem, had a narrow but thickly encrusted pearl embroidery—a bow knot of the same across the bodice. Pink orange blossoms were a modern note to match the pink-lined train of velvet.

Necklines vary, but a charming innovation for a young girl was a round one, like an old-fashioned yoke, of gathered point d'esprit which finished off the bodice of a periwinkle blue taffeta. Its Quaker girl effect was enhanced by a belt of wide mauve velvet ribbon primly fastened by a large gold buckle.

For evening wraps, nearly all on dolman lines, pink seemed to be favored. Two lovely ones rich with platinum fox, relied upon their sleeves for distinction, heavily banded as one was with silver paillettes and the other showered with diamonds. As for furs, they ran the gamut from pony to sable, depending upon mosaic design of workmanship rather than line, for individuality. A coat of gazelle substituted triangular patterns of brown silk braid for trimming on collar, sleeves and hem—and there were luxurious examples of summer—ermine and sable-dyed squirrel as well as white fox dyed pink.

What were the novelties of the exhibition? Perhaps the aviator's costume

intrigued most. In all rose-colored leather, the thick jumper with steel zip fastening, "longers" gathered into rose moccasins wool-lined and leather helmet with diamond aeroplane pin—it was the last word for this tricky sport. A motoring hat brought back chiffon-swathed days, as a long misty veil fell from the skull cap of flecked pheasant feathers, which had a buckle of felt across the front. Literally as light as a feather, a hat of closely clipped ostrich spelt distinction with its clever inlaid design. In competition with the colored shoes, stockings are taking unto themselves a new verve. With colored feet, they extend this audacity to a point above the heel and for evening they are flower-painted.

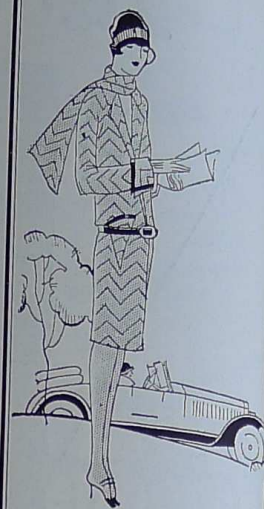
Among the little etceteras which give a *chic* so charming, beaded collarettes—encrusted petals laid on a velvet band, or tiny coquilles, were amusing. Cufflets of tulle ruffles were pretty conceits enhancing the hands and wisps of chiffon muffs hid the vanities. Ermine tails were uniquely employed as the sole trimming on a black velvet afternoon dress where they clustered in little bunches at the wrists and formed a prim jabot down the bodice. Another afternoon model was in the new lava shade, an uncertain gray-green, developed into the latest spongy, woollen material called Frisca.

Of certain popularity are two exquisite innovations for day coats, Chenille, a ribbed plush woven with a silver thread and Arlington leather which comes in mottled designs almost as soft as the new shadow velvets. In fact, it is novelty in material and not line which gives new life to fashion this year.

There were no children mannequins, but two of the most artistic achievements were inspired by tiny tots. The small boy-figures had on a cerulean blue outfit of brushed wool, its note of distinction being two square inset panels of the white angora on the coat and toque and each panel was worked in blue wool. The wee girl was a sprite in her brushed wool coat with inverted side pleats and knitted collar and cuffs in orange edged with brown. The unbrushed wool dress of beige, too, sported a turned-back orange knitted collar with orange embroidered tabs like those catching the pleats of her brushed wool tam. Children in England are dressed *ensemble* in a fascinating manner.

Next door to the children's shop was an hotel lounge where marvellous models performed in pantomime for they were but show-figures. Worked by electricity they made graceful little gestures, fluttered fans, languidly drew on wraps and one modern Cleopatra sat smoking a cigarette—quite realistically blowing puffs of smoke from between cherry lips. Her tight-fitting gown of Nile-green velvet had at the left side alternate green and blue flounces which cascading around to the right, formed a billow train—one of the few to be seen at the Exhibition.

Just a tantalizing glimpse of what the future holds for one's wardrobe! *Mayfair* pictured certain pet ones hung in her own cupboard—to her they were the highlights of the Show. A three-piece suit of the new hazel-nut shade in glorified corduroy, supple as chiffon velvet, angora jumper to match, the



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