



A CHARMING EVENING DRESS.

In soft Dresden blue satin, nimon tunic and fichu, bordered with dowdrop net, headed by wreath of pink chiffon rosebuds and leaves. The bodice is most becomingly arranged with crossed bands of the net and rosebud trimming.

Shopping streets of the capital of Belgium. It is with humility she now acknowledges that public opinion—a collection of many voices is pretty generally right in the main essential.

Window dressing in Brussels is an art that puts even Parisian effects in the background. Those New Zealanders who visited the Fair of Fashions at the Festival of Empire in the summer, may remember how extraordinary life-like were the waxen ladies on whom Continental couturieres displayed their confections. Such appear in all the leading Brussels windows, and set so naturally that one seems to be gazing on to an interesting stage scene all the time. There is little doubt that such a method of displaying goods must be very much more expensive than the old expressionless dolly ladies and tailors' block men, but there's no doubt whatever as to the difference of effect.

One scene shown was a drawing room, charmingly decorated, and a children's party in progress. Eight little girls, all exquisitely dressed even to shoes and stockings and with wreaths of roses in their hair, danced round in a ring, while a lady in evening dress played the harp and another looked on.

Another showed it being night—a decorated balcony overlooking a lake (very realistic looking in the moonlight) with a group of people in dainty gowns drinking coffee and a little girl ascending the balcony steps to join them. And there were numbers of other pictures—the setting of each chosen to display the dresses.

A favourite method of exhibiting goods is novel and is seen in many windows, the floor of which is always brightly polished parquet, on which giant vases, in beautiful designs, are laid down on their sides, evening and reception gowns in beautiful silks being thrown lightly

over, these, not more than two perhaps in each window.

The colour schemes, too, are remarkably effective. One window full of goods all navy, silks, velvets and cloths, was set off by huge vases of flaming poppies placed among the otherwise sombre materials. Another window at night was embellished with great golden chrysanthemums, each lit inside with electricity.

The fashion so popular in London of hanging great festoons of ribbon, flowers, etc., across window panes, was nowhere seen in any of the good shops. In the background given precious stones, tassels, etc.—generally a square of real lace laid on dark velvet—London can hold her own.

Even fruit shops in Brussels are worth staring in, and a new manner of window dressing is seen there. This is a sort of long mirror glass box attached, like a ledge, to the bottom of the window outside, in which bunches of grapes, single choice oranges, peaches, pines, etc., are displayed with genuine elegance. Grocers decorate their little cream cheeses—surely not very poetic goods—with vine and shiny laurel leaves till each is a study. In short, window adorning is a real profession.

Dressing in the street is not widely different from that in England and not, it seemed to a casual onlooker, as distinctive and daring as that often seen in the Gay City. As here in London, shot silk dominates all else for cloaks, coats, and skirts, and as trimming.

The children one passes in the parks are rather more elaborately dressed than English ones.

One cloak—in dark blue cloth and with a hood, often worn over the head, by both grown-ups and little ones—is a universal adornment of the poorer classes, and is at once a sensible and becoming garment.

DRAP D'EPONGE.

Here, in London, everything is, in the spring weather, very bright and pretty. Drap d'eponge—the towel-like cloth of which I wrote last week—goes forward by leaps and bounds in popularity, whole coats and skirts now being made of it, with revers and buttons of a contrasting colour.

AN INNOVATION

of the week is a large rosette which has suddenly sprung into fashion, shaped like a loose dahlia, and of the silk the garment it finishes is trimmed with. Costumes show it at the junction of the revers, whether these be long or short, on evening coats it appears at one side of the long hood at the back, and on hats in all manner of strange ways. One toque this week in navy lagel and hunched up toward a sugar-loaf crown, had two rosettes, one of bright navy and the other of mustard coloured silk, standing back to back, right on the roof of the crown.

POCKETS,

though not apparently always for use, appear on blouses and many coats and skirts, and on a few indoor gowns, the latter always having a tiny frill of gold or silver lace springing from the pocket, which is set on the left breast.

Fashion Notes from Paris.

March, 1912.

The assertion that you cannot be well dressed on a small allowance cannot be held true in these days, for the present-day fashionable woman not only can, but very often does, turn into most artistic and distinctive toilette her last year's frocks which are beginning to look somewhat "tripee" and old-fashioned.

RENOVATIONS.

The problem of remodelling one's last year's clothes takes up a large share of the attention of the woman of limited

income at the beginning of the new season. It is therefore most important that she should have every help possible if she would avoid mistakes. I cannot advise, in general, exactly what to purchase, since it depends largely on what is left over of last year, the possibilities of which (or making over are best known to the individual. Of course there are many "left-overs" that require only a little manipulation to make them possible. It is quite possible, for instance, to re-model an out-of-date evening gown into a dream of beauty. I was delighted with a "renovation" which came my way yesterday. This was a blue satin dress veiled in misty grey, with wonderful embroideries of silver and flossette; no one would have believed that it had been evolved from an old-fashioned and rather

straps of fine old lace—in fact, one should never discard a good dress until one is certain that one cannot give it a new lease of life; it is a truly marvelous economy.

OUR SKETCH.

In our sketch on this page you will find illustrated a last year's frock which has been very successfully renovated. I cannot imagine anything prettier than this simple frock of pale rose satin veiled in nimon and ivory guipure, with a coat effect in guipure, the train and sleeves edged with silver fligree and silver fringe. In the original gown the corsage, which was somewhat soiled, has been replaced by the lace coat, a veritable "cachemiere" covering a multitude of sins. A pale pink satin collar had been added to carry out the colour scheme. The skirt is as cleverly handled as the coat, though the addition of the silver fligree trimming and the silk fringe has given quite an up-to-date appearance to what was, at the outset, a somewhat dowdy frock.

LOGIC IN DRESS.

Is there any logic in dress? I wonder! Whole volumes might be written on this subject. I will not begin here and now. 'Tis my duty to recall only the passing whims and fancies of the dress-maker's mind. No argument, however, is necessary to defend the beauty of the flowered and broadened ribbons this season. It would be hard to surpass the grace of a wide black chiffon scarf bordered with three inches of creamy swansdown. Your imagination might revel in the same idea carried out in geranium red with a heavy grey bead-embroidery border; or chrysoprose green with a black jet bead-embroidery border, or Madonna blue with a bordering of fine black silk fringe, and many other artistic combinations. The newest scarf for the neck is made like the double-faced scarf of last summer, but fastened in a short burnous in the middle back and then flattened to form a capuchon hood, with a tassel at the point, the V above the hood being filled with a triangle of lace and embroidery to fit the neck.

SUNSHADES.

It would be interesting indeed to know how a sunshade ever happens to be saddled with such an unkind epithet as "ugly"; but according to Jean Ingelow, that is what they were once upon a time called. Among the bevy of pretty parasols to be seen in the shops in the Rue de la Paix and elsewhere are some lovely Dresden and Pompadour effects, which are the strongest possible proof that the sunshade has at last justified itself and is indeed "its only excuse for being." Of black velvet, a pretty model shows a striking departure from the ordinary. Even the handle is velvet-covered, the lining being of rose-coloured silk, so becoming to the complexion, by the way. Every one of the ribs in a pretty Pompadour model shown are finished with tiny rose-buds of pale pink taffetas to harmonise with the pink shepherd's bow. Emerald green and the crude apple-green are favoured colours in parasols, as well as the other details of the toilette.



shabby ball dress. Another transformation has been worked by draping an emerald green satin with an over-dress of black nimon, caught with big jet buckles, whilst a lavender blue satin bodice and skirt had been converted into one of the new swathed corasages with a chemisette and sleeves of real lace, and

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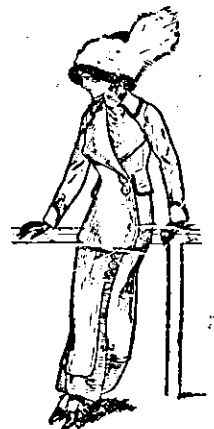
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