

TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

Continued from page 88

were just sparkling, she said, "It's because I adore surrounding myself with young people; all summer we've had a series of parties for the younger crowd—with the pipers in true Highland style"—an echo of Scotland where her good-looking daughter, Mrs. Ronald Cummings, is now at a shoot for the snipe season.

Birds of another feather swooped down upon us at the aviation garden party given at Hawthorn Farm, Brampton, by Mr. Duncan Bull and Colonel Bartley Bull. It was such fun gazing up at the planes circling above and guessing who were next guests to arrive. They came singly, in pairs and one flight of five and all made a decorous landing. Quite ceremonious, in fact, as they circled to the rising ground, they performed all bounced again in a little bobbing bow and then glided into parking space in a most finished manner as if to say "That's that!"—although one really came perilously near being winged by a huge oak tree. The Puss Moth in which Captain Geoffrey O'Brien made his famous flight to Vancouver fluttered into place most expertly of all. It is a frail bit of goods with thorough-bred ankles, for have you not noticed that airplanes vary in the shape of their wheels just as feminine feet?

Captain and Mrs. O'Brien flew over in a bi-plane and he created a bit of a stir when after a marvellous series of loops he zoomed down over the top of our motor—just to put us in our place! I had driven up with Major and Mrs. Melville Gooderham whose chauffeur looked so smart in his grey livery that it would have been devastating had we come to a squashy death by a mere airplane—even if it were to the music of a band which had won the contest at the Canadian National Exhibition! For the Peel and Dufferin regimental band played the music of the spheres as befitted a party of air aces. Unfortunately General McBrien phoned that bad weather prevented his coming from Ottawa—and it was ferociously stormy in the early afternoon.

Mrs. R. O. McKay, just returned from London where she was presented at Court, and Mrs. Gibson, were hostesses for their brothers. The former in an azure blue costume, with her slim figure and silver hair, reminded me of a typical goddess of the air—quite a lovely symbolical figure for the day.

Among the huge crowd in the tea room, over which Mrs. Gibson presided, wearing a pretty chiffon frock of autumnal tones, I saw Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Joy, Mrs. J. G. C. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. "Chips" Allward, Miss Nella Jeffers, Mrs. Molyneux, Mr. Gamey Stratton, Mrs. De Bruno Austin and Captain Hand who were all exclaiming over the delicious canapes and—tell it not in Gath—I saw no less than seven of these consumed by one individual whom, I hasten to add, I did not know!

APROPOS of food, I hear that the York Club excelled itself for those two luncheons given for eminent visitors when Dr. D. King Smith entertained for the noted British medicos and Mr. Sigmund Samuel for his guest, Lord Melchett. The latter has as keen appreciation of all the niceties of life as well as for the beautiful. *Melchett Court*—his English country place—has one of the most lovely sites of natural landscape—the rhododendrons are world-famous—and the massive office building which his company has erected in Westminster exemplifies beauty in another form. It is one of the finest buildings I have seen erected to the credit of *art moderne*.

Art, through the medium of music, is to receive a decided impetus here from the interesting plans for this coming season of the Women's Musical Club. Mrs. Gordon Finch, the president, Mrs. Edmund Boyd, the vice-president, and Mrs. G. Frank McFarland and Miss Kathleen MacLennan, of the executive, have arranged an outstanding programme of concerts which will appeal to music-loving Toronto. There was much gossip of it on the verandah of the Women's Committee Rooms of the Canadian National Exhibition that day when Hon. R. B. Bennett, Canada's Prime Minister, gave all a pleasant surprise by dropping in, informally, for tea with Premier and Mrs. Ferguson. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harris did the honors assisted by Mrs. William Inglis, who looked so handsome all in white, Mrs. George Gooderham and Mrs. F. H. Deacon, who is much too youthful-looking to have seven sons. "But what a wonderful contribution to one's country," as some one said—"the race goes forward on the feet of little children." "But," another chimed in—"I should hate to have to buy shoes for them!"

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Outward bound on the White Star liner, Megantic. From left: Mrs. Bruce Taylor, of Kingston; Miss Dan, of Montreal; Miss Gwyneth Lewis, of The Linton, Montreal; the Captain of the Megantic; Mr. P. O'Donovan; Mrs. Lansing Lewis, of Montreal, who with her daughter, is taking a cruise of the Baltic aboard the Calgarie; and Dr. R. Bruce Taylor, formerly principal of Queen's University.

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