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OUR LONDON LETTER

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designed a captivating one of royal blue for little Miss Violet Mary Dunn, of Toronto, who is leading lady in *Broadway*—one of the successes of the London stage. This play is having an indefinite run at the Adelphi and people return to see it again and again. Princess Bibesco always brings her dinner parties on to this show, she has seen it eighteen times.

Canadians will be interested to hear that George Kerr, who trained in Toronto with the R.A.F. during the war has a successful part in *The Letter* with Gladys Cooper starring. I met him getting into a pale blue roadster which he calls his "crystal set". It is just about the size of a minute and looked like a glittering dragon-fly darting through a swarm of bees—as it skimmed down Piccadilly. For three years, Raymond Massey and George Kerr ran the Everyman Theatre here, but recently the management has changed.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey (the former a brother of the Hon. Vincent Massey, Canada's new Minister to Washington) gave a party this week which guests said looked like "Young America". In their large ballroom, they had erected an American Bar (of ancient vintage) and nearly all the Americans in London were there *standing to*. I hear it was a most amusing affair.

Quite the smartest night clubs now are *The Cafe de Paris* the *Embassy* and the new Hotel recently opened, called *Mayfair*. There must be something in the name for Canada's smart set frequently frolic there and persuasive friends have already booked a lesson in the Charleston for one who prays in fearful apprehension for her *sea legs*. Now we know the meaning of *week-ends*. How one's convictions weaken on one week-end in London! London has it, as Elinor Glyn would say, and one just naturally succumbs to her charms of cosmopolitanism.

Where else in the world could one meet such varying phases of life in but a couple of days and all with a distinctly Canadian flavor? An Oil King from California with a great deal of Irish charm is Mr. Alan Evans Morphy who was born in Brampton, Ontario, and who has just arrived in London for the season. The hero of *Captain Applejack*, Mr. Hamilton Revelle, the actor, sent his regards to Toronto where he was born. We met him en route to his flat in Brighton and from there he goes to his villa at Rappallo which houses some gorgeous antiques—his chief hobby. He claims to be "possessed by his possessions" and threatens to dispose of them all, but as he also has a country place outside of New York he has plenty of room for storing them.

Then we had the extreme pleasure of a lengthy chat with the Laird of Glack—Colonel Donald MacKenzie whose wife is a Hamiltonian—daughter of the late Colonel Grant of the Bedfordshire Regiment, one of the last British regiments to be stationed in Upper Canada. The MacKenzies have come here from their Bermuda home and the Colonel has just finished a novel, a Chinese detective story, which should make absorbing reading as he was once chief of police at Shanghai and had the unique distinction of being created a mandarin. I hope he forgives me for telling that, while in the far East he was invited by a colony of eighty thousand wild natives on the Island of Formosa to be their king!!! How I wish there were

space to repeat some of his experiences! He says the Chinese situation is the result of undigested education.

One can't help but think that if the Orientals would but train their children in wholesome sports there would be a different story to tell. As we saw the small son and daughter of a former Torontonian, Colonel George Badgerow galloping their horses down the Row in Hyde Park—one registered the thought that nowhere in the world are there such bonny children as in England.

The Park is gala with the May—the pink Hawthorn which is so capricious in Canada but which is typically England. The members of the Colonial Conference here this week are revelling in the Spring of the Homeland, so Mrs. Amery tells me. Formerly Miss Greenwood, of Whitby, Mrs. Amery, wife of the secretary of state for the Dominion graces the exacting role of hostess to visiting members of the dominions and crown colonies. She and her husband entertained at a large reception for them this week just before I arrived, but to-morrow at tea one hopes to meet some of the interesting people always gathering at her place in Eaton Square.

Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Gault have taken a house in Wilton Place for the season and another soldier of a Montreal regiment, Major James F. Adams, just arrived from Rio de Janeiro en route to Paris with his wife, who is a daughter of the late Sir William Mackenzie. Among other newcomers are J. W. DeB. Farris, K.C., the former attorney-general of British Columbia, and Brigadier-General F. G. Willoch, of Vancouver.

Canada is figuring in many of the social events planned for the next few weeks. Lord Beaverbrook is entertaining at dinner for Mr. Otto Kahn, of New York, on June 3, and it is sure to be interesting. His last dinner for Scottish ministers was quite original. He entertained fifty of them (his father was a Presbyterian minister in Nova Scotia at one time) at small tables, and leavened the mass by putting an eminent public man at each table. I hear it was anything but a dour affair and they had cabaret entertainment afterward.

To-night the Pilgrims are dining Sir Robert Borden on his appointment as Cecil Rhodes lecturer at Oxford. To-morrow the King opens the Royal Tournament at Olympia and one hopes to see some of Colonel H. C. Cox's horses from Oakville, Ont., retain the traditional blue ribbons.

This morning the *Morning Post* announced the engagement of Mr. John Graham Osborne, youngest son of the late James Kerr Osborne and Mrs. Osborne, of Toronto, and Miss Ruth Woodin, daughter of the Rev. Stanley and Mrs. Woodin of Yarmouth Rectory, Isle of Wight.

Mrs. P. C. Larkin and Miss Eileen Larkin, wife and daughter of the Canadian High Commissioner, have just returned from Paris and are resuming their weekly Tuesday receptions at their very beautiful house in Lancaster Gate—a Mecca for Canadians who are always charmed by their warm hospitality. Mr. Gerald Larkin came over from Toronto on the *Mauretania* and is now in Paris but expects to spend a time on this side of the channel.

And so—this is London!
London, May 16.