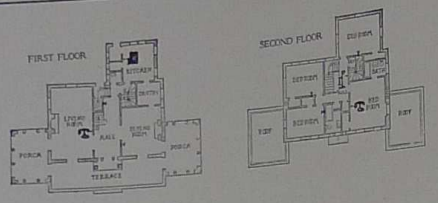


MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

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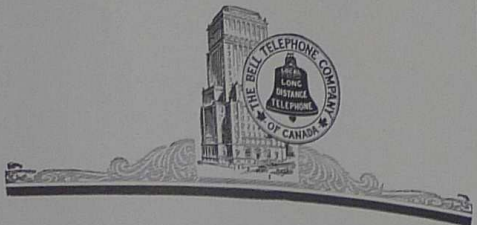


"... staggering to an extension telephone Mr. called the fire department. He was so nearly choked with smoke that he could scarcely complete his message. In record time, firemen were there. Damage to house and contents is estimated at \$125." —Toronto Telegram.

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reception at Lancaster House. This was formerly the Duke of Sutherland's town house which is converted now into the London Museum and it was the scene of an Empire gathering when His Majesty's Government entertained in honor of members of the conference meeting on Dominion legislation. One had quite a thrill ascending the grand staircase escorted by a magnificent flunkey, who cleared the way most impressively as we approached to shake hands with Lord Passfield, Secretary for the Dominions. I had quite a chat with him but could not inveigle a promise out of him to visit Canada and see how wonderful it is. He has not been in Canada for eighteen years!

Such an array of color—in costume and skin—as there was, for there were Indian potentates galore in addition to the museum cases displaying dress of the centuries. The Hon. Ernest Lapointe and Mr. Lucien Paquet, of Canada House were looking curiously at lovely dumb Tudor ladies and I saw Sir George and Lady Foster intrigued by the saris worn by a group clustered around the case showing Queen Victoria's coronation robes.

The next night was the Canada Club dinner, with Mr. E. R. Peacock presiding. I heard a first-hand account of it from Mr. W. H. Cawthra, who sailed for home shortly afterwards. It was almost as interesting as being there, because Mr. Cawthra has a delightful sense of humor making him a most desirable dinner-partner as his repartee is even keener than his dancing!

Mrs. R. P. Ormsby, who is en route home from visiting her daughter, Mrs. Weekes, in Malta, where the latter's husband is a naval commander, tells me that at the dances out there, many prominent society women do not wear stockings. The Duke of Westminster's yacht-load of guests catered to this style. But what would you—in a land where one bathes in sea-water so beautiful that Mrs. Ormsby says it looks like liquid peacock's feathers! Everything is phantasmal even to the sands which sprout divine sand-lilies... yet withal, Malta is called a land of "bells, yells and smells."

That sounds as much of a hodge-podge as Mrs. Claude Beddington's new book, *All That I Have Met*, for in one chapter she writes of the Pope, George Robey and Lord Curzon! Only Mrs. Beddington in her inimitable way could do it! Torontonians, who met her as the guest of Sir William Mulock several years ago will read her book with delightful surprise.

Never guessing that such a clever musician could also excel as a writer. I met her for the first, this past summer, at Heatherden Hall, Col. Grant Morden's Buckinghamshire place, where it so happened there were several other Canadians enjoying the week-end, among them Mr. S. Anderson, formerly of Winnipeg, with his daughter and son, Stanley, who has been up at Oxford. The Andersons were summering at lovely Datchett. Mr. Anderson has bought the copyright of an unbreakable gramophone record which I saw thrown recklessly to the floor without being damaged in the slightest! Miss Kitty Morden, of Toronto, who was especially visiting her cousin Patricia; Dr. G. W. Morden, who for the past two months has been at his home in Napanee, Ontario, but is ex-

pected back in London early in the New Year and Mr. and Mrs. J. Hodgins from Toronto. Mrs. J. Hodgins played for us that Sunday evening in the ballroom, which Sunday evening was invited to her town house at the 16th Century Italian setting which sparkled like an Italian city, and more so. For she is as fascinating a conversationalist as she is a scientific writer.

The simplicity of her bedroom is a severe contrast to the broad velvets downstairs, but she says "an ideal bedroom is one that can be prepared for a major operation in hours." But that, one thinks, will be necessary as she says she had her vice—does not drink nor smoke—cleans her teeth after every meal. I loved her story of Mrs. Pat. Campbell who has the reputation of always having the last word. But one shy little American got the best of Mrs. Pat, gushingly turned to her dinner and began the alarming conversation with "Would you prefer to be passionately or to be passionately loved?"

The faded little man never hesitated but replied, "I'd rather be a cat!"

There are two men whose names you would like to have heard had they been similarly victimized by Mr. B. question! Either Major C. V. Bishop or Major G. Heather would have amused something equally amusing because they are amazingly quick in the uptake—besides, the former knows all the birds! Both have now sailed for Canada. Major Bishop, R.C.H.A., returned to Kingston after sixteen months spent abroad and Major and Mrs. Heather Kitchener, after their annual summer in England.

Mrs. Heather is a devoted English builder and before her departure for England, was invited to Arden Palace to have tea with Lady Beatrix Dawkins, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. Outside the palace there is the Garden—one of the dearest little spots of gardening in England—yet which tourists know of its Beech Walk where all who look may see.

At Callot's gorgeous Dress Show Grosvenor House, one saw a paper-colored as any garden and the dresses were distinguished by that old-time elegance that is the latest in fashion. Callot again made a feature of their show and over a million pounds worth of precious stones were displayed on the mannequins. A new baguette cutting of diamonds was predominant. With the return of wigs are the last word of fashion—spice the chic of the eternal and smart women are fascinated to scope they give to their varying. These wigs are so exquisitely made they far out-class the powdered old—and in a trice one can be transformed from a stunning brunette to a ravishing blonde—as you wish. I saw Mrs. G. M. Macaulay, formerly Gertrude Macaulay, of Montreal wearing a beautiful golden one of vellum lace gown and I was in ecstasies over it.

Mrs. Jack Lyle, who has her hair perfectly waved in a most beautiful way. See also page 68.

Japanese crepe