London, April 1

THIS Lenten letter does not mean, exactly sackcloth and ashes for London. London is marking time—even as you and I. She is not denuded of her embellishments which are forever hers, but for a space she is silently aloof. This may be regarded as the signature of music called a rest—it betokens but a break in the melody of London life, to be continued later. Just when the full harmony will be resumed depends upon the tempo of events, but of this we are certain—London will play the old tunes, endeared by tradition, because London gives but a passing thought to the obsequious aggressiveness of new things—her charm being the charm of history repeating itself.

In the meantime, Canadians are dallying with foreign climes. I had a letter from Mrs. Berryman, of Calgary, who, after sunning in the picturesque Basque, is now in Monte Carlo en route to Italy as an interlude before London in May, when Mrs. A. F. Rogers and Norma, of Ottawa, are also planning to return to London from Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hammond, of Banff and London, are circling the globe, at the moment in French Somaliland, where the sun is as bright as the natives are black. They sent me a picture of the basket-plaiting industry there, but from the strings of beads and the broad smiles, it looks more like a land of *dolce far niente* than of industry!

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's daughters are the most industrious of any society girls I know. One is attending a domestic science school at Eastbourne; another is studying with a tutor in the South of France—and incidentally getting in much tennis practice for Wimbledon, where she has already played in junior competitions; Agnes owns some dog-kennels at Datchett where she is breeding bull-terriers; one is specializing at Edmonton University; and Gwen, who was presented at Court last year with Agnes, is seriously considering the stage after a course at the school of Dramatic Art. And withal—Mrs. Hammond does not look more than a girl herself!

The many friends of that young, pretty and very lovable woman, Mrs. Godson-Godson will grieve deeply to hear of her death here, where she has been living for several years. Due to her health, she had been spending most of the time on the south coast. Her passing is particularly sad, as her husband, Colonel Gilbert Godson-Godson, formerly on Military Headquarters Staff, at Winnipeg, had just retired from the army in which he had a brilliant record, so as to join her in England, where he had arrived but a few days previously.

The death of Sir Thomas Chitty, too, affects Canadians, his son, Mr. Michael Willis Chitty living in Toronto. Sir Thomas had the quaint title of King's Remembrancer which, with the many honors he won on the Bench, envisages him as a most dignified person. But the greatest are the simplest, and a friend was telling me of dining with him one night, when, afterwards the party of six all sat on the floor and played marbles in youthful glee. Is not that a delightfully human picture of a noble man of letters?

Speaking of marbles, the celebrated collection of ancient marble sculpture belonging to the Marquess of Lansdowne is to be sold at Christie's—owing to the sale of *Lansdowne House* and its unsuitability to be placed at *Bowood*, their Wiltshire seat. No such sale has occurred for generations. It is one of the last existing of the private collections formed in the 18th Century when Italy and Greece were favorable to the exportation of their art treasures. There are fine examples of Pentelic marble—the gems of the collection being the great statue of Heracles, found in Hadrian's Villa and the Wounded Amazon attributed to Polyclitus mentioned by Pliny as having been dedicated in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Modern sculpture, too, includes two by Canova who created some of the fine statues which the Duchess of Devonshire, daughter of the late Marquess of Lansdowne, showed me in their collection at Chatsworth.

Bill, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. Rous Mallory, of London, formerly of Toronto

MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

THE tea party of the month was a royal one. Her Majesty invited the wives of the delegates to the naval disarmament conference to tea at Buckingham Palace. There were nearly one hundred guests and among them were Mrs. J. L. Ralston, Mrs. G. P. Vanier and Mrs. L. B. Pearson.

Col. Ralston, Canada's Minister of Defence, gave a most excellent speech at the Canada Club Banquet recently before sailing for Canada. In addressing the Anglo-Canadians present he jocularly commented on the fact that they had perversely ignored Horace Greely's admonition "Go West, young man, go West" by promptly turning their faces in the opposite direction, yet had become most successful—so the emigration tendency is not all one sided. But he also quoted statistics which are not so jocular. In 1913, of the outside capital invested in Canada, Great Britain had seventy-five per cent and the United States twenty per cent. In 1929, of the total investments Great Britain held thirty-eight per cent and the United States fifty-nine per cent. That should give Canadians food for thought! Col. Ralston also commented on the development of Canadian magazines and in this connection mentioned that nearly all the United States newspapers are printed on Canadian newsprint.

I see by a South African newspaper that Lord and Lady Byng are paying a round of visits there. Among their hosts was Sir Abe Bailey whom I mentioned in a previous letter as having given half a million dollars to the Royal Institute of International Affairs, a patriotic project for which Colonel Leonard, of St. Catharines, had previously donated a London mansion as headquarters. The Byngs are also planning to visit the farm of Dr. Rogers in Cape Colony, who served with Lord Byng in the South African Light Horse.

The crocus march with pennons of orange and purple across the glades of Hyde Park and they lead us a pretty chase these days when there is nothing more delightfully diverting than discovering the trysts that they keep with spring. Sometimes you find them coyly hiding around Peter Pan's statue; then for a stretch you lose track of them altogether but sure as fate there will be battalions of them in Nursemaids' Walk, keeping an eye on the children. The stern ones last the longest. If they stand very straight and prim they may remain on duty for days but should they burst into a smile—and alas! crocuses adore laughing at the children—the birds will give them a peck—a number of pecks—and their little lives are rounded with a sleep—until next spring. But what do you think the gardeners in the park have invented? They found that crocuses just must burst with laughing and that the birds just will gobble at them, so they now weave thread above them in a very fine net and protected by this almost invisible cage, the crocuses may laugh to their heart's content. I have only seen this done in Kensington Gardens for where else in the world would you ever find gardeners with such patience? Why not spread netting you ask? But ah, these gardens are the home of Peter Pan and fingers must weave lightly as the fairies.

If you cross St. James's Park, there is a great array of crocuses waving royal pennons at the palace. And down toward Whitehall they stride like flowery suffragettes invading the precincts of officialdom—so thought I that day on which Mr. Baldwin unveiled the statue of Mrs. Pankhurst. En route I passed the house where Kneller painted and was reminded of his weakness for flowers, flattery and food. For many a handsome picture of his was given in return for gifts of claret and venison and once when he was painting Pope—he said "I can't do as well as I should unless you flatter me a little, Mr. Pope. You know I love to be flattered!" London is above flattery but should you see her, wooed by spring, it is to know that age doth not wither the heart of an Empire.

Regent Street, looking north from the Quadrant