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the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mrs. Ross arrived much ostentatiously. But the viceregal box, which they occupied, was soon the rendezvous for their friends, and, between races, there was much cheery visiting back and forth. His Honor was one of the few men in silk topper morning coat. I recall that Mr. A. E. Dymont, president of the O. J. C. was another . . . but with these exceptions I did not see another . . . oh, yes, there was a good-looking young man, on Opening afternoon in tuxedo dress and with the grey topper which has become conspicuously smart among well-dressed men in London; particularly London's younger set. Throughout this day, members strolled the enclosure in dark toned lounge suits; with bowlers and grey felts. Brown was a popular combination.

MUCH as one may decry the swing to black and white as something of a return to "uniform" among women, it can be no denying its smart popularity at the moment. Here as in Paris, I presume! Personally I miss the black coat and the black trotteur, trimmed with white furs undeniably makes a chic combination. There is a danger of the fashionable assemblage becoming "gloomy." I do hope and trust that the black and white vogue will not be carried too definitely into our life, this winter. Certain types of women . . . the matron, for instance, appears at her best in black and in white . . . but in the main give me the jewel benches, to seekers . . . to me they are Youth personified. And that is conceded with regret!

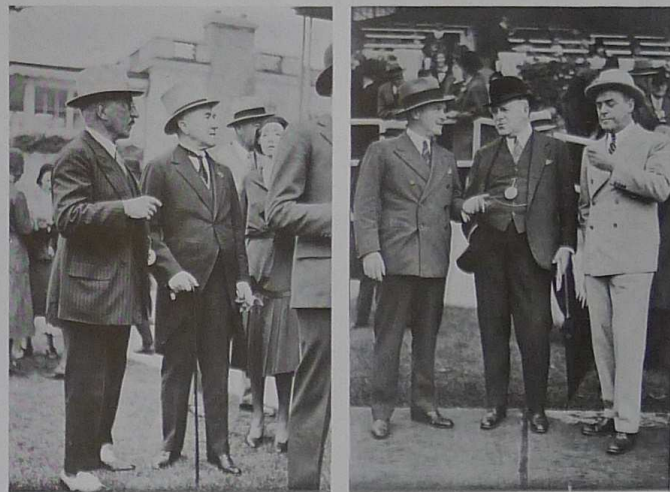
The Opening was not without its thrills. There is always a thrill of waiting one's turn at the traffic junction, then getting one's motor into line . . . never quite knowing whether one will be side-partner to Gordon Perry's Hispano or with some trim little Baby Austin. Or whether one will be in luck and find a space near the gates . . . or waved on by unrelenting attendants to lose one's rings *Somewhere near the Stables*.

There is the thrill of reaching the Members' Enclosure and taking one's first look upon the gathering crowds on the lawn and in the stand—to see if the smart crowd is in its smartest costumes. And there are the thrills of win and lose. How those state coachmen and post boys do love their betting! But this Meet it is an arrival on the supreme tingle of all . . . a \$214 long shot.

Top group: Mrs. Arthur King, Mrs. Frank Bowman and Mrs. Murray Fleming, sunning themselves on a bench in the members' enclosure, before the rain came down on the Opening day and drove all to shelter

At centre, from left: Mr. Alfred Beardmore with Mr. A. E. Dymont, president of the Ontario Jockey Club. Miss Pauline Ritchie appears in background. Second group: Col. Bishop, Canada's famous war ace with Mr. Arthur Miles and Lieut.-Col. N. D. Perry

Lower group: Mrs. G. R. Pirie, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. T. A. McAuley and Mrs. Nordheimer in one of the front line boxes



**WOODBINE PERSONALITIES**

group in the viceregal box; His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor; Mrs. William Ross, Mrs. W. D. Ross, Mrs. s. Michie, all of the viceregal box; left: Miss Ruth Lumbers, both of the viceregal box with Miss Mary Tudhope; Miss Mary O'Connor, Seated; Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. G. R. Pirie

