



WE ARE READY for the active social season with a stock of Evening Shoes which for variety of design and color, deftness of line, and trim, jaunty shaping are not surpassed anywhere. And prices are always meekly moderate.

OWENS-ELMES, LIMITED
89 Yonge Street, Toronto



UNIQUE
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS
for
My Lady

Situated at
N. E. Corner Bloor and Bay Sts. (Suite 212)
Toronto
(RAndolph 6697)

MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

Continued from page 66

short shingle has returned to Toronto after leaving her two girls at school here. Eleanor, a deb of next season, is studying privately at Oxford—and only Oxford, with its infallible charm, could make lessons lovable as she finds them. Others beginning the trek homeward are Miss Betty Boulton, of Vancouver; Mrs. Walter Stethem, of Montreal; Miss Dorothy Stethem, of Devon; Mr. D. O. Wood, who crossed on the *Laurentic*—a ship whose purser ensures

that life aboard is always merry and bright; Mrs. A. R. Williams and her daughter has been on the *Continental* some months; and Archdeacon Davidson and his wife and daughter. The former says that the gardens of England can get on this earth. So if you do book a ticket immediately after such recommendation from a Divine—we know where your taste lies!

MAYFAIR'S MARITIME LETTER

Continued from page 54

and Edgell "at homes" are traditional. It was Windsor's gay hour, for the Rotary Club was entertaining its "Rotary Anns" at a dinner dance in *Haliburton Inn*, the fine old Sam Slick home which Mrs. Elliot Smith has this year thrown open. If my mind did wander to the manner in which the charming hostess of the inn has preserved the atmosphere of the old house, while producing a modern comfort. If I did see some ghosts of the Past beside the great open fireplace—small wonder for here there is an association with Louisburg! It did not prevent an appreciation of the address given by George E. Graham, general manager of the most accommodating railroad in the world—the D.A.R.—nor interfere with my joy in hearing Mrs. Keddy, whom I knew as a school girl, and now greeted as the wife of Dr. O. B. Keddy, who for a number of years has been and still is, the Mayor of Windsor. Mrs. Keddy was called upon to reply to the toast to the ladies given by Charles Scott, headmaster of King's College School. Always a clever speaker, Mrs. Keddy was charming on this occasion both in her reference to the benefit that *Haliburton Inn* is to the social life of Windsor and in her tribute to the part played by the women of this little town on the Avon, who are indefatigable in well doing. Then suddenly it all whirled into a dance and I wandered away by myself, at every step determining to come again. Despite the pretty gowns, and their no less lovely wearers, I carried away a memory of a glowing orange room, of one in restful green, another in a Burgundy tone; of the dining room stately in its red walls and draperies, with its many little tables sparkling in silver and glass and its fine old sideboard; of the storied fireplace in the wide hall with its low seats and happy groups of men and women. If I saw ghosts, perhaps it was genial Sam Slick, who loved happiness and in his wanderings knew the comfort of many a fire-side all up and down this lovely Valley. At any rate, the clock had long since struck twelve, and, as I turned from the door, I am sure it was Bliss Carman who waved that big soft hat and—vanished in the soft night!

Quite casually the Post Road carried us to the *Lord Nelson* at Halifax, where, in the dining room later we saw Lieutenant and Mrs. F. Patterson Coombs, of Saint John, who have but recently returned from their wedding trip, which was spent in motoring. Mr. Coombs is taking a special course at the Naval College. Here, too, we met Mrs. Macoun, just returned from England and on her way to Canning, there to join her mother, Lady Borden. There we saw Mrs. Harry McKeen, who has been in Saint John visiting her parents the L. P. D. Tilley's, who, too, have only recently returned from a trip to Vancouver. The opening of *Canada House* means all sorts of private and public functions; already arrangements are being made for a Bridge under the auspices of the Soldiers' Hospital Committee and for a Junior Red Cross Committee Reception for Miss Jean Brown, National Director of Junior Red Cross in Canada. Mrs. Tilley is devoted to Red Cross and its interests and cannot well spend time when thus directed.

Halifax has given itself over to the Community Chest which got under a splendid beginning with a donation of \$2,000 from Mrs. Edith Richards of Los Angeles, who was a visitor in the city during the summer months. She has devoted herself to the work of meeting the objective with commendable zeal and the success of various functions, even at those delightful nuptial affairs given in honor of an approaching wedding of Miss Simpson to Mr. W. H. Strachan. Among the most charming of these was Mrs. George M. Howard's intimate tea at *Boulderwood*, and the luncheon arranged by the Ladies' Committee at *Ashburn*. Those present at the latter included Mesdames D. H. Wilson, F. W. Ryan, W. H. McKeen, Mrs. Alan Curry, T. D. Farquhar, G. Little, Walter Mitchell, H. C. Page and W. F. Page. Another pretty occasion was Mrs. W. McL. Robertson's dinner. The wedding which is to take place in St. Matthew's Church will be very pretty, so say her friends. Miss Marjorie Dimock is to be the bride, with Miss Marjorie Dimock as the bride's only attendant, while Mrs. Pickur, from Granville Ferry, will support Mr. Strachan. Mrs. Mackay, of Saint John, who is in Halifax, the guest of Mrs. Farquhar, especially for this wedding has been entertained by a number of old friends.

Already plans for Christmas are being well forward and all over the Post Road from Halifax to Digby there are echoes of the holidays that will occupy old and young alike before the announcement that the official dance in the history of Acadia College was staged at the existence!

Already plans for Christmas are being well forward and all over the Post Road from Halifax to Digby there are echoes of the holidays that will occupy old and young alike before the announcement that the official dance in the history of Acadia College was staged at the existence!

Already plans for Christmas are being well forward and all over the Post Road from Halifax to Digby there are echoes of the holidays that will occupy old and young alike before the announcement that the official dance in the history of Acadia College was staged at the existence!

