



—Portrait by Vandyk, London, England

Top: Princess Erik of Denmark, who returned to Europe last month, accompanied by her small daughter, the Countess of Rosenburg, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Booth, of Ottawa. Above: Mrs. J. C. Murchie, of Camberley, England, formerly Sybil Kirkpatrick, of Kingston. Mrs. Murchie is a grand niece of the late Sir George Aiy Kirkpatrick, one-time Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

# MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

BY ADELE M. GIANELLI

**A**UTUMN in London! Its sonorous tints expressed in music would melodiously like a lovely contralto voice singing "Abide With Me." For London in autumn is a curious blending of spirituelle maturity—a habit to think of springtime—the renaissance of life—as being a season linking us closest to the Infinite—with its virgin joyousness sounding to unsullied skies. But spring with its exquisite earthly charms seems to me more earth-bound and not so spirituelle as autumn.

Now it is that our eyes are lifted from the beauties of the earth to follow the curling wreaths of smoke floating from fireside hearths. In vision sights the countless spires that point beckoning fingers upward. London's horizon becomes essentially a sky-line! She has lived, and she has gained a tranquil faith that in the maturity of seasons is more impressive than her feckless youth. And so, like a lovely woman, above the trials of living, her homely domestic music chants a paean of praise—of thanksgiving for a full life—to the accompaniment of the color-organ of autumn.

**A**LL the domestic arts now assume importance with the approach of the Little Season. If one is not a creator, one becomes a worker—assists at the many charity bazaars that date the calendar. Her Majesty and the Duchess of York are indefatigable attendants at these. One day I saw them fascinated by a display of "Griglans." This is the old word for heather-root and it names one of the most novel of present-day handicrafts. From that quaint place of Perranuthnoe, in Cornwall, come these specimens of root-craft called griglans. They are the age-old roots of heather, each unique in fantastic form from forcing their way upward among the rocks. An artist working with these products from Nature's studio has designed them into strangely beautiful ornaments such as decorations and electric lamps. Rootlet pixies and elfs frolic under gnarled trees, polished and tinted to Nature. What a Peter Pan dinner-party they inspire—for just to look upon them makes one's heart dance with daffodils!

I thought of poor old Delius—that blind and deaf composer who creates such simple pleasures. For Delius is the musician of the hour; the festival of music in his honor is stirring London as no other modern composer could, and to receive the full ovation he has been brought from his home at Fontainebleau. You who know the Forest of Fontainebleau, so rich in scenery and tradition, will remember the gaunt rocks and magnificent trees that savor of tragedy and romance. No pixies there, but real ghosts that must tweek Delius into sounding sorrows and exuberances.

The Hart House Quartet's concert in Wigmore Hall marked a letter day for Empire string music. They were enthusiastically received and they have never played better! Mrs. Boris Hambourg and Mr. Harry Adaskin, both of Toronto, sat just behind me and one could almost feel the sympathetic telepathy between the artist husbands on the platform and their wives in the audience, for a first London appearance of a small ordeal. Mr. Mark Hambourg and his wife and Mrs. Reginald Campbell who is a sister, beamed upon Boris' success and among others I saw Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, from Toronto, who looked so young one could scarcely believe she was putting her grown-up daughter into finishing school. The pretty Mrs. Beverley Baxter, formerly of Vancouver, whose husband has now attained the distinguished position of editor-in-chief of *The Daily Express* for which congratulations must be showered upon him, and Raymond Willis, former Torontonian, who is just re-opening his Westminster flat after her visit with her mother, Mrs. Alan Cassel, Toronto; and Dr. and Mrs. Donald McGillivray, who came with Dr. Mrs. F. Rous Mallory, who have recently bought a charming house in Mayfair by Col. and Mrs. Reid Hyde's Essex place.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McNerney, of Nova Scotia, who occupied General Brutinell's Basque villa near San Sebastian during the summer, are back in London and motored me home from a gala [See also page 49]

# MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

**C**ANADA when the Willingdon except perhaps and intangible hospitality.

Dissecting yet in this it is a comparison. Scanning number of Canada during the country countess Will and good will.

Directly, gracious side thousands of Quebec, and thousand, and born of Canada.

It was no events. Rather Beautiful florid conservatories, country. R. Fires were room was would not be altogether.

His Excellency Rideau Hall the Bytown birthday garden Campbell Mear. The Har few among the of playing for.

The Ball occasion to the

Like all of the usual the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Montreal, at Toronto, who excellent ex opening fox-over, with n were proffer first holiday.

Merely himself, for, he came to London feel certain gentleman!

It was a ways. Dance were entirely