



ATMOSPHERE? . . . There's ample hereabouts . . . rolling green lawns . . . a garden of Roses, Foxgloves, Delphiniums, and a host of flowers dreaming in the sunshine . . . deep green woods where there are gnomes and fairies, and where you can hear the Little People making remarks about you if you listen carefully . . . a great house, vine clad, with castellated walls and leaded windows.

There are many such homes in Canada . . . houses whose intimate associations and intangible atmosphere have put the breath of life into them and transformed them into homes . . . and it is to depict these in photograph and in print that is the mission of this magazine.

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TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

Continued from page 134

the Misses Birukova who are assisting Mrs. E. Senior and Mrs. Byron Green will be alluring. On the other hand, Mrs. John Stirrett is concocting a succulent menu of Italian dishes! Mrs. C. B. Cleveland, is chairman of the executive which consists of Mrs. John Lash, Mrs. Mortimer Lyon, Mrs. G. Frank McFarland, Mrs. E. K. Morrow and there are umpteen committees of prominent people devising a thousand and one amusements besides community dancing. The Shirners won't be in it! Blue—in the shape of a delicious spray of delphinium was something different in the white bridal bouquet of Mary Rowell and pervenchie blue in smart ensemble was chosen by Mrs. Newton Rowell, the bride's mother. Otherwise it was a rose wedding—Alida Starr, Helen Rutherford and Sarah Starke—the maid of honor and bridesmaids blushing in pink frocks shading from dawn to sunset and Elinor Langford with Govan Kilgour adorable in pink satin. The symphony of color, the choral service, the bells of the Metropolitan Church sweetly chiming *Oh Promise Me* and the obvious happiness of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Harry Jackman, made it an especially harmonious wedding although Mr. Rowell looked decidedly sad as he escorted his only daughter to the altar.

At the reception afterwards, the wonderful array of wedding presents attracted much attention. By a curious coincidence both the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King and the Hon. R. B. Bennett sent pairs of candlesticks—the Premier's of silver, monogrammed and Mr. Bennett's exquisite old Sheffield. The Vincent Massey's petit point footstool, the antique chair from Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ames, the flat silver in King's Pattern from the bride's aunt, Miss Mary Rowell, and Sir Joseph and Lady Flavell's crystal and silver dish were but a few of the gifts.

Mrs. Cecil Kilgour, the groom's sister who wore a beige lace ensemble, had entertained the week before for the bride and her own pretty niece, Rae Adams, who has the most gorgeous titian hair. Another who belongs to the long-haired brigade—hers is like spun gold—is Mrs. Andrew Duncanson, who, with Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Dana Porter and Miss Helen Reid were admiring some old Meissen vases. That was a tragic event when Sir Donald and Lady Mann lost nearly all their precious objets d'art in the fire at *Fallingbrook* but Lady Mann continues to be a staunch patron of the arts and I was chatting with her going in to the Blamondon concert at the Royal York which, with its impressive exterior illumination, she described as "Vesuvius alight."

All the fire of medieval passion was portrayed magnificently by Angna Enters in the Pavana, a Spanish Episode, before the Women's Musical Club, an audience that scintillated in name and fashion. Afterwards a few were invited behind the scenes by Mrs. Gordon Finch and Mrs. Edmund Boyd—among them pretty Mrs. Gwyn Francis, (who was telling me of the plantation of citrus trees which Mr. H. Scott has on his Nassau estate, formerly the Porteous place which she was visiting, Mrs. H. Oaler, Betty and Ann Gibbon,

Kay Gibbons, Jean Francis, Allan Burt, Nella Jefferis and Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hambourg. The latter entertained at a Sunday musicale where all sorts of interesting people hobnobbed. Among them was Morley Callaghan whose novel *It's Never Over* in certain respects follows the style of James Joyce with whom the author once ate fish and chips in Paris—can you imagine Joyce and chips combining and to the accompaniment of an Aimée Semple McPherson gramophone record! I! I! Books in their rich leather bindings provide the color scheme for the Boris Hambourgs' sky-palor living room. When I heard Boris playing in the series of concerts he recently gave, I thought these sonorous color notes had come to life with his cello.

Spring flowers sang of summer in the conservatories of Mr. George Beardmore when he gave a Tea at which there was a large turnout of the stronger sex who are just as weak as the rest of us when it comes to flowers. General Ashton, that mighty military man, held us spellbound with his knowledge of floriculture—Mr. and Mrs. John McKee, Major Baty, Mr. and Mrs. Tudball and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Tudhope among the rapt throng. Mrs. Bruce Morrison and Mrs. Gordon Beardmore poured tea and I heard Mr. Scott Griffin and Jimmy Fergie whispering about another party in the offing.

Whispers, too, of a huge wedding were heard in the vicinity of Bruce King who is the lucky man to marry Elois Washburn on June 14. She has charm and is a devoted rider to hounds—her father, Mr. John Earl Washburn, of Worcester, having a string of seventeen hunters although she, herself, rarely exhibits at shows. We shall miss seeing the wedding, but Eleanor McLaughlin is going down to be a bridesmaid and there will be a number of Torontonians as ushers.

The May bride, Eric Harvey, was as sweetly natural as her own wildflowers in the sanctuary of *Harcroft*—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harvey's attractive home overlooking Grenadier Pond. At her marriage to Dr. Lionel Macklin, of Goderich, she wore *Eidelweiss* instead of orange blossoms as these are the flowers lovers seek, at the risk of life in the Alps. *St. Olave's*, The Swansea church in which she was married, was named by the late John Ellis, the founder of Swansea, after his old London church which Pepys also attended and called "our owne churchie" and where he was laid to rest. I saw a lovely old china cup at the Harvey's that day, which they have had for five generations. General Draper was telling me that it is now called *The Lindbergh Cup* as that airman's mother, while visiting her cousins, drank tea from it.

General and Mrs. Draper were guests at the Military Ball given by the Officers of the Scots Fusiliers, of Kitchener. A party of us went up for the event which opened the new armouries there and although it was my first adventure to Kitchener, I hope it won't be my last. Such hospitality—for between Col. and Mrs. Graham McIntosh and Major and Mrs. Heather (the latter's interesting old home seems to be the mecca for all out-of-town visitors) we met *who's who* in Kitchener—and meeting them—hope to go again.

Francis Nelmore, M. F. Clifford Sifton, an Sifton, who, presided at some two hundred I write "I'll tell the coach through Quebec befell. Some one of the girls they didn't call has the motor through to E nearly an hour waited!

But the success in its setting, by appropriately Mr. Macklin, Master occupied and beamed again when three hundred from the Show guests of Mr. B.

Toronto society." Be it, today, to be distinguished as being who, in off-season winds, you have coming of the or the Woodbine flocking home. the veteran ho season in Callifor Mr. Malcolm R. earn Hay and M back from the G

WE MISSE this year more than back Coast trip, and be in town for Humphrey Snow here from Ottawa properly be con Government Ho they were guests Beardmore enter in their honor. delphinium blue. wrap. Her niece from England was

The R. S. N from Oshawa, to s Mrs. Eric Phill the *Parkwood* hur way, to see their Lieut. Churchill McLaughlin who to us came in gratulations on directorate of th of the most v recognitions poss Too, he has just