



Top: Miss Mary Tudhope, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Tudhope, of York Mills, Toronto, snapped for Mayfair on the evening of her Coming Out dance at Casa Loma. Below: Miss Susan Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Harrison Smith, of Rosedale, Toronto, snapped for Mayfair, on the evening of Miss Nora Findlay's debut, in the ball room of the Royal York Hotel, Toronto

TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

BY ADELE M. GIANELLI

Toronto, December 1.

MAYFAIR in its short but merry life has ever been the pulse of the Society—featuring the giddy whirl which swirls around the debs. But I ask you—what is the pivot which makes the wheels go round so scintillatingly? In previous numbers, *Mayfair* has turned the spotlight on the fascinating Buds of the season and their proud mothers. Stepping into the vortex of these social fireworks of glorified pin-wheels, twirling with their twin stars, what do I sense behind the scenes? Readers of *Mayfair*, this is a season of toasts and I would like to toast those neglected humans—those who make “the wheels go round” so brilliantly—the fathers of the debs!

Good sports they are—never blinking an eyelash when the bills come in! What is more, they have the good grace to appear actually to enjoy the fun of it! Lucky debs! and lucky fathers whose hearts can still be jubilant (above the ticking of the market's tape) so that they thrill in tune with the Bright Young People.

For instance: it was refreshing to see what fun Mr. J. J. Gibbons got out of his party for Kathleen. Yet it was one of the most elaborate ever staged in Toronto. Everybody had a gorgeous time. Mr. Gibbons' gaiety was infectious; Mrs. Gibbons the ideal hostess; Kathleen sweet as mavourneen should be, and the supper!!! Well—even the world-renowned chefs of London's own *Ritz* or *Claridges* could not have excelled the *Royal York's* table. English pheasants capped with their lovely plumage; *Poulet de foie gras*; Cornish pasties; British Columbia salmon garnished with mushrooms; aspic delicacies; delectable cake concoctions . . . everything absolutely devastating to the figure, reminiscent of Tudor feasts but subtly suggested that gourmet and aesthete alike just succumbed!

One ballroom was set aside for this symposium, dancing took place on another and, as well, the 13th floor was reserved for the guests, among whom were Hon. Howard Ferguson, beaming jovially, as befits a successful premier, and Mrs. Ferguson, graceful in a vellum lace gown. They had previously dined with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Matthews, who accompanied them. Mrs. Price, with such a pretty bandeau in her hair; Mr. F. N. G. Starr, regal in black and silver, escorted by Dr. Starr; Mr. David A. Dunlap, like a lovely Fragonard, with her powder-white face and lavender gown; the Misses Margaret and Isobel Cockshutt; the Misses Jean and Betty Francis; Gwynneth Osborne; Stephanie Walker; Elizabeth Counsell, of Hamilton; Susan Ross, whose hair glistened with the lights of the great crystal chandeliers; and Admiral and Mrs. Parker, who accompanied their daughter, the lovely bride of Mr. Dana Porter. I hear, by the way, that Mrs. Parker's brother, Mr. Garnet Chaplin, has left for England, as his wife has been seriously ill. Mrs. Harry Whitehead of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. A. Caulfield, Mrs. Wallace Barrett and Mrs. John Nesbitt were among the “grown-ups” who distinguished this party from other deb-dances that now usually consist only of First Years.

All the pretty Just Outs were there, including Kathleen Evans of Montreal, who stood in the receiving line; Anne and Betty Gibbons, whom, earlier in the season Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Boyd has given a smart dance, Anne looking like a crinoline belle of Victorian days with curls at her neck, her sister Betty in the smartest apricot frock; Valerie Jones, whose dinner dance for sixty at the *Embassy* was, so Mr. Harry Grubbe tells me, one of the most delightful of all.

Hon. William Finlayson was another father who revelled with his friends of his debutante daughter, Mary, at their dance at the *Toronto Hunt*. Such a nice, cosy atmosphere resplendent with flowers galore, balloons and a colored orchestra that was one of the hits of the evening. Mrs. Finlayson received in a peacock-blue lace gown with the prettiest slippers exactly matching. Why do we not have our own name for something as lovely as an American Beauty rose? With her [See also page 45]

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