



At top: When Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, was married to Mr. Henry Hunloke, only son of Major Sir Philip Hunloke and Lady Hunloke, three of the bride's young nephews wore Elizabethan pages in crimson and gold tunics. Below: Mr. Matheson Long, as Jew Süss, achieves the greatest success of his brilliant career

MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

BY CATHERINE HOWARD

London, January 1

NOW like a skilful hostess, London is excelling in the art of pleasing insatiable guests. One's favorite pastime or pursuit need hardly be sought—it is at hand! The road to it is aromatic with the hospitality of roast chestnut braziers mingling with the faint fragrance of first violets that already hint of spring. The driving snow wreathes wraiths of Dickens' Tiny Tim outside the door which guards within Lalique's wonderful creations as designed for the Paris salon. That is London—the brittlest of art moderne in company with the soft mist of ghostly pasts.

The magnificence of Macheath, in picturesque illusion, garbs the Christmas vagabonds of crooked streets around Drury Lane so that the strains of Rose Marie haunt us as the Beggars' Opera. In Mayfair, Claridge's new entrance for all its quiet sophistication is actually bustling with the clamor of coach and post-boys and in the suave *maitre d'hôtel* we see, through magic spectacles, mine host, ruddy-faced and bewigged as he stood before his tavern. Trafalgar Square, in the words of E. V. Lucas, "crowned by Nelson and all that he stands for in personal valor, melancholy and charm and all that he symbolizes, conquest itself—more than conquest—deliverance." Trafalgar Square is distinctly personal to Canadians with Canada House a stately landmark. Yet when Mr. Sam Harris, Canadian President of the Navy League, was laying a wreath on Nelson's monument, there mingled with home-thoughts, the shadowy tracings of the Victory's Log which in a record office near is to be read recording the battle of Trafalgar. But when on Armistice Day our wreaths were laid upon the Cenotaph—purged was the past by the power of the present and the Whitehall that is pregnant with shades of creatures such as Wolsey—"never satiate of hearing his own prayse"—was pervaded by the selfless spirit of the Unknown Soldier.

Traditions of history, manners, music, art, interest and amuse London's Yuletide guests who walk with Peppys in his "new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist" among shops that would have awed him. In the December twilight they are like great opal-lined caves carved out of onyx and glitter with the wealth of Empire. What a ballad Kipling might make of the song of the shops at Christmas-tide!

He, by the way, was a guest at the dinner Mr. and Mrs. Peter Larkin gave for the Hon. Ernest Lapointe and Madame Lapointe. Dr. O. D. Skelton and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Allward were there, too. The next day a number of the V.C.'s called on Mrs. Larkin when she held her weekly reception. They have been extensively entertained and according to the gallant soldier-man, Major Fred Harvey, V.C., M.C., of Lord Strathcona's Horse, they figuratively, if not literally, have been given the freedom of the town. Seventy Canadians, or British subjects ordinarily resident in Canada, gained this precious cross for valor; of this number, twenty-four lost their lives. The Prince of Wales' dinner to these heroes was the banquet of the year and what a night of memories it must have been.

Some of them visited the R.M.C. Memorial Chapel at Sandhurst which is not completed yet. This is the most comprehensive memorial of the Great War as it has been subscribed to by every branch of the service. Among the handsome memorials, black marble steps leading to the chapel were presented by West Point and Miss Margaret Duffus, daughter of the late General Duffus, of Halifax, who is now visiting in Canada, told me that it had been remarked as strange that our R.M.C., at Kingston was not represented in this shrine of Imperial soldiers. I now pass on the comment to those whom it may concern.

Mrs. Keith Edgar widow of Colonel Edgar, who was attached to the Indian Army although a native of Toronto, is now living in London. Many will be interested to hear that she is acting hostess at Almack's. Canadians coming to town are frequently at a loose end for a game of bridge and such will no doubt be glad to hear of the club's new quarters (temporary membership permissible) that are the last word in comfort and elegance. You should see the down cushions that grace [See also page 39]

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