



Major Hartland MacDougall, acting Master of Hounds for the opening meet of the Montreal Hunt Club Breakfast in the absence of Mr. Harold Hampson, who missed this annual event for the first time in seven years through illness

stills and movies were patched together someone would have a complete record of his every move and smile and word. Furthermore it was a delight to snap him—in contrast to one who insisted in a shrill rapid staccato, "no no no take me as I am or you can't have me at all no no no I simply won't pose I simply won't" then turned his back to the sun.

Mrs. Harold Hampson came out with her daughter, Mrs. Leslie Marler, and later the A. E. Ogilvies arrived, Miss Helen Ogilvie all eager for the hunt. Miss Ruth Cowans was there as neat and pretty as a bit of Dresden—of



Mr. R. B. Ross (left) with his nephew, Mr. G. A. Ross

Among other things he insisted on snapping all his friends with a most efficient looking du Vry movie camera.

Mrs. Gordon MacDougall was another who carried her own movie machine and it was as heavy as lead. Nevertheless she went enthusiastically over ditches, fences and through fields in the hope of catching a good jump at the creek or by the stone wall. She insisted that Mr. A. E. Ogilvie chat with Mr. Hugh Paton for the particular benefit of her camera, which they did with all the glee and nonchalance of playboys—or shall we say Douglas Fairbanks.

Mr. Paton was the most photographed man of the morning. If all the

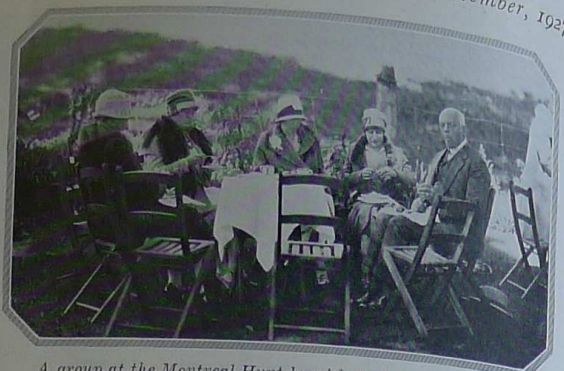


course in hunting togs. Mrs. Robert Hampson, Mrs. Leslie Marler and Miss Nancy Esdaile completed a charming trio at breakfast, the former in a smart black knitted outfit with bars of red and green after the manner of Roman stripes.

The chill of the day lured out many

Left: Mrs. Leslie Marler (Eileen Hampson), Mr. Percy Mathias, Mrs. Harold Hampson, wife of Mr. Harold Hampson, Master of Fox Hounds

Below, left to right: Mrs. C. B. Esdaile, Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Lovell McL. Spackman



A group at the Montreal Hunt breakfast. Left to right: Mrs. J. H. Griswold, Mrs. George Ross, Mrs. N. W. Warren, Miss Gladys Evans and Mr. N. W. Warren

fur pieces and a number of ultra smart fur coats. Two skin sables and stone martens were the favorite scarfs. There were several soft snug dyed-rabbit coats and Mrs. H. H. Learmont wore a most unusual and smart three quarter

heard in the valley and along the hill ridges for many a long hour.

Major Hartland MacDougall, Miss Ruth Cowans, Miss Dorothy Shepherd, Miss Helen Ogilvie, Mrs. James A. Aiken, Mr. Robert Hampson, Mr. Ward



"The hunter sounds his bugle horn"—it might be a fox hunt in picturesque old England from this interesting photograph, showing the pack waiting for the command

length black calf that shaded into gunmetal towards the top. It had black leather bindings about the T-shaped openings of the unusual pockets.

At the conclusion of the breakfast the hunters were off and their horns were

Pitfield, Mr. A. T. Paterson, Mr. Adelard Raymond, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Duncan, Mr. E. R. Decary, Mr. E. Ethier, Mr. George Ross, Mr. Allan Ross, Mr. Pierre Decary and Mr. John Ethier rode to the hounds.

Mr. Hugh Paton, one of the oldest Hunt Club members, with Mr. J. C. Watson (centre) and Mr. R. B. Ross

