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the Dresden shepherdess frock of Susan Ross also being prettily suitable.

Lady Kingsmill and Mr. George Beardmore were talking with Mr. Home Smith, who was jubilant after the successful opening that afternoon of the Royal York Golf Club which, despite a downpour of rain, Their Excellencies attended and admired the fascinating clubhouse, but nobody could see the course. And by the way, one of the aides remarked later that the golf course at Ancaster, where they played the following day, was the prettiest he had seen in Canada. Dr. King Smith and Mr. Gordon Perry, who was having supper with Mr. and Mrs. Carr Harris and Col. and Mrs. Claud Hill, were full of news of a different kind of course—as they had just returned from the Grand National.

As a matter of fact, racing was the chief topic of conversation, apart from diverting bits such as the recent party of Prince and Princess Naka-schidze; the description of a Long Island home recently visited which had 14 karat gold bathroom fixtures and taps door-knobs, etc., of sterling silver in the kitchen; the high hopes of the Conservative party as recounted by Wilfrid Heighington and his charming wife; Mr. Alfred Beardmore's latest news of the Canadians he saw at Cannes—Mrs. A. F. Rogers, Norma, Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Allen, Mrs. Edgar Rhodes, her daughter Sybil, Mrs. Baskerville, Mrs. Louise Booth, Mrs. Gladys Fellowes, of Ottawa and Mrs. Willie Mulock, Marjorie Mulock, Mrs. Frederick Johnson with Major Johnson, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. A. M. Huestis and Mrs. Tom Moss, of Toronto; Major Melville Gooderham's stirring account of the Grenadiers' Batoche dinner, before which Mrs. Melville Gooderham had given her annual Batoche party for one hundred officers when even the tulips in her garden donned scarlet; and the vivid details of the world tour of Mr. Harry McMillan and Mr. Dick Clancy, who have never quite recovered from the quantities of lovely lei (the floral token of friendship) showered at a farewell party in Honolulu.

Which reminds me that at the Government House ball, numbers of women wore bizarre bead necklaces almost reproductions of those Hawaiian leis. They wore them dangling down the back of the décolletage. Strung in entwining chains of contrasting colors, they are called *cable* necklaces in London and Mrs. George Watson wore one of the prettiest at the Eglinton Horse Show. At Government House they were one of the most noticeable innovations of fashion. Sitting at the round table at supper that night with the vice-regal party were: Sir Henry and Lady Drayton, Colonel and Mrs. Rud. Marshall and Mr. Clarence Bogert, who had dined Their Excellencies on the same day on which Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Maclean had entertained for them at lunch in their charming Wells Hill home, where the dining room looks on a garden vista that would surely have reminded the vice-regal guests of their English homeland.

Appropos of the honey touch, Lord Willingdon was telling me with touching distress, that his favorite black spaniel *Moses* is dead. *Moses* was a loveable little creature, whose acquaint-

ance I first made in England when Major and Mrs. Freeman-Thomas were training him to the pretty manners befitting *Rideau Hall*, where they were taking him as a surprise packet. But though poor *Moses'* life was short, he at least died as distinguished as he lived, for he was the victim of *appendicitis*—an unique doggy ailment.

There was nothing ailing about the wonderful herd of Jersey cows which Their Excellencies inspected at *Hawthorne Farm*, before the festive luncheon given them by Mr. Duncan Bull and Colonel Bartley Bull at Brampton on the last day of Their Excellencies' Toronto visit. Driving out with Mrs. David Dunlap and Mrs. Frank Cochrane, of Ottawa, we arrived at this famous Ontario farm set amid a fairylane of blossoming orchards to find Lord Willingdon judging an array of Jersey calves, which looked so well-groomed that we suspected even their toe nails to have been manicured. Even I, who confess to not knowing one cow from another, realized it was a task requiring not only sound knowledge, but the tact of a diplomat. His Excellency's judgment, however, received an ovation—though as he said laughingly afterwards, "I'm sure there is only one person in each class who is pleased."

At any rate, the small band of on-lookers were in the merriest mood as we all tripped into luncheon, except His Honor, Mr. Ross, who had to return to town. Mrs. William Gibson and Mrs. Langsford Robinson, of Hamilton, Mr. Bull's sisters, were hostesses and we sat at three tables perfectly beautiful with roses and delphiniums from the Dale conservatories, which Their Excellencies had previously visited. Mrs. Dunlap sat on Lord Willingdon's right and the others were—Premier Ferguson; General and Mrs. Ashton; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin—Mr. McLaughlin regaling us with the story of his yacht hitting a monster south sea fish at least 25 feet long, which made us so thirsty that he proceeded in his inimitable style, to describe a Havana drink composed of juice of pineapple, lime, Bacardi and shaved ice, whereupon we ate some more caviar, which Mr. R. Y. Eaton said grows in Canada most satisfactorily; Mrs. R. Y. Eaton very chic in black and white; Mr. Clarence Bogert, debonair as usual; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. C. Waite; Mrs. T. L. Kennedy and Colonel Kennedy, M.P.; Mr. Charles Duggan and in the midst of lunch General McBrien literally flew in from Ottawa, being delayed by fog which he said lengthened the usual two-hour trip into four hours.

Green was again the favorite color of the younger set—Amy Ashton very smart in a *crêpe* ensemble, Margaret Cockshutt in a Frenchy tweed and Jean Macpherson, who were sitting at our table with the A.D.C.'s, Captain Blondell, Captain Brinkman and Captain Streatfield—very swish with gardenia buttonholes.

AFTERWARDS there was a most inspiring parade of the Peel and Dufferin Regiment (their Honorary Colonel is Bartley Bull) with a presentation of colors, and then off we dashed to the cool garden glade of Mr. and Mrs. Waite, where we joined Their Excellencies at tea. [See also page 100]



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