



Top: Rudolph and Max Lloyd Muspratt, twin sons of Mrs. Rudolph Muspratt, of Liverpool, England, and grandsons of Sir Max and Lady their maternal grandparents. Portrait courtesy Ashley and Crippen, Lower: Mrs. C. C. Allan, of Toronto, with her bridal attendants; left, Miss Dorothy Terry; right, Miss Frances Terry. The bride was formerly Ethel Isabel Terry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Terry, Baby Point Road, Toronto. Portrait courtesy W. A. Pidduck

TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

BY ADELE M. GIANELLI

Toronto, January 1.

PEOPLE and Personalities, pickled in memoir form or vibrantly alive, are the *hors d'oeuvres* at the feast of High Noon Gossip. (I use the word "pickled" advisedly, it being sponsored by John Galsworthy.) But people and personalities must have a background, particularly at this time of the year when Nature demands "trimmings."

Just as clothes effectively enhance the physical form, so are personalities outlined in high or low relief against the firelight from the winter hearth. Therefore it is at this season of the year that one obtains a special insight into the salient charm of Toronto. I like its houses—don't you? Within their infinite variety, there is now being expressed a singular reverence for those household gods—Lares and Penates. The town mansion and the country house have wed and from their union there has sprung an ideal that embodies the personality of Toronto.

Several functions within the last month suggested this trend of thought. For instance, Mrs. David Dunlap's reception for Dr. C. E. Saunders. The spacious rooms opening hospitably one into another are so comfortably luxurious with fine furniture—dignified as befits a town house—and then from the spring-song of a dining room (no other word describes it) there is the vista of the conservatory. At first it was just a sea of chrysanthemum faces, coquetting at one through the lustre of Venetian glass which glints on transparent shelves within the windows. Then fern fronds and pool appear with splashing goldfish and behold! the air is sweet with naturalness, and people, freed of social sophistication, spontaneously speak kind words to the Dr. Saunders who is one of those giants of agriculture that are the most modest of mankind. The aristocracy of brains and birth came to pay him homage and one awesomely tempted these "intellectuals" with comfits of spun sugar which, truth to tell, they consumed as humanly as ordinary beings, though I confess there was a greater run on the asparagus rolled in toast!

Mrs. Dunlap's son, Moffat, acted as host, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. W. D. Ross brought Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Ross, of Montreal, and Capt. Raynor of His Excellency's staff. The latter was interested in looking at the moving pictures of England taken during Mrs. Dunlap's last trip abroad with her son and niece, Mrs. Ray Hodge, which were shown downstairs. Here I saw Mrs. W. L. Grant, who has just returned from the Continent, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. John Bruce, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Herbert Bruce and Mrs. Dalton Davies among the large "audience." While upstairs, listening to Mrs. Saunders playing were Sir Frederick and Lady Stupart, Dr. and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Admiral and Mrs. Parker and Mr. Robert Holmes—a few of the many representatives of science, finance and art.

Mr. Alfred Beardmore's house in St. George Street is another that lends itself to the fine art of entertaining in which he is adept. There the high fender-seats around blazing fireplaces are such as one enjoys in her hostess, Miss Margaret Scott Griffin and Mrs. Plunkett Magann, who has returned from the Riviera to welcome Mrs. Ponton Armour's new baby. Mr. Beardmore, with his flair for entertaining, knows the secret of appealing to every taste and men-servants were busily carrying around Mrs. Gordon Beardmore presided over the tea-table which was embellished with tawny chrysanthemums to tone with the gold walls and beamed ceiling.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ross brought their guests, Colonel and Mrs. Snow from Rideau Hall and the Colonel was hearing the Ottawa Horse-Show gossip from Mrs. Eric Phillips who had just returned from there. Mrs. Snow, who is a MacLeod from the Isle of Skye where the MacLeods have been almost since the year one—as she laughingly said—was telling me of the charm of Scottish gardens and apropos of back-to-Nature, I heard Mr. Charles Band actually planning [See also page 98]

MON HIGH GOS

BY E

IT IS many snow for the fences, low farms that ne

Just for the southern slope Jean Baptiste chuckles of the between hills

In the he magically, the across a street and the horse ing numbers house the other desperate effi

Suddenly of snowflakes and as a resul

We would tion living at seekers after a last minute

When all with our spe heated rooms Rocks Inn at for Auld Lar C. A. Meighe combe, Miss Mrs. A. L. I Gay Hamilt from Ottawa

The Chal merry gather Walter Mols Barclay, Mr. White and daughter are who is a pian and their fan

The Lesl Montreal we Mrs. Merrill, many things ski runner n an artist who day.

At the A Anne Logan Nina Ruther

Everywh holiday fortr Year at their here to go fa is headed for clinging to a be quiet this climes. Mr. Marguerite i

