

TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

BY ADELE M. GIANELLI

Toronto, September



IT WAS Galsworthy who said, "It is the variety of type that makes bearable." Not only has type been bearable but delightfully stimulatingly bearable when encountered at the numerous functions featured in their turn the law lords and medicos of the Empire. Yet being as was their variety, it was their common humanity—the simplicity the very great—which made them welcome as friends, not mere acquaintances. No more moving episode, apart from war-time reminiscences, has been heard in Toronto than when at the banquet of the Canadian Association the distinguished guests spoke with emotion of this Canada ours and the hosts responded with tributes to London's old Inns of Court. Men of great learning—men whose voices told their breed—strongly unashamed to confess to sentiment—it was a night to remember!

The gallery of the banquetting room in the Royal York was vivid with the women guests who came in after Miss Mildred Bennett's dinner, whose delicious food had disregarded all the laws of dieting but witty little repartee sallies had whetted their appetite for more speeches and for women did not care to have the last word. The sister of Canada's Prime Minister had cleverly anticipated in the color scheme of the decorations the gowns of her guests of honor, as the garlands of roses and smilax with the emerald of Mrs. Ross's chiffon and the scarlet worn by Lady Duff. The latter's speech was as striking an exclamation point of pleasure and good taste when she said that she had bought a hat in Toronto! Miss Bennett, whose loveliness all acclaim, was a charming exponent of the treasures of Canada, so her speech was a telling one to the visitors to the Old Land whom we hope will take from here memories that will warm them roses in December. And Mrs. Howard Ferguson's speech was as spicy as pot-pourri.

That night was my initiation into a woman's banquet—five hours of them. That almost sounds like the *Charge of the Light Brigade* but the chatter that arose was not quite as thunderous but surely as gallant when I asked Mrs. Monk, the sister of the dean of our Bar, Sir William Mulock, who would be the nicest for our table, she replied gallantly: "They are all of them delightful."

So it proved at our table, with that attractive Mrs. Leonard Tupper whose husband is a famous legal light in Saint John and whose son-in-law Mr. McKeen, is carving a brilliant future at law; Mrs. Gordon Hogg who besides being the wife of a K.C. is herself so actively interested in women's organizations in Montreal that when her small daughter was born she received no less than one hundred and twenty-seven little jackets for the new baby; Mrs. James Cassels, of London, whose husband at dinner the night before had toasted somebody's blue eyes as being "the only thing that made the chicken go down"—for the visitors who had that they have been *fed up* with chicken at endless banquets; and a truly interesting Toronto woman whose husbands also speak for themselves—the wife of Mr. Justice Orde, the wife of Hon. Charles McCrea and the wife of Mr. W. J. McWhinney.

I cannot begin to enumerate the others but the wife of the new Minister of Justice, Mrs. Guthrie, whose pretty daughter has recently become engaged to Captain Blundell, A. D. C., wore a smart white satin gown. Lady Hazen, wife of the Chief Justice of New Brunswick, was recognized as an old acquaintances; at nearby tables sat Miss Joan Arnoldi, handsome and purple, Mrs. George Cassels, Mrs. Larratt Smith, Mrs. Charles Macdonald, Mrs. Fraser Raney; and near Mrs. W. H. Price at the head table was Mrs. Emma Duff whose brother, Mr. Justice Duff, of Ottawa, has such a scholarly face.

There had been Empire Games in the afternoon, Convocation and a garden party given by the Law Society. All this on top of [See also page 11]

Top: Miss Peggy Biggar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Biggar, of Toronto. Bottom: Miss Mary Jarvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jarvis, of Toronto. Both Miss Biggar and Miss Jarvis have recently returned from school abroad and will make their debut this autumn. Portrait of Miss Biggar by Dorothy Wilding, London, England

H. W. Setton