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## TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

Continued from page 48

OUR present Lieutenant-Governor's daughter—another Isobell—has just returned from an extended stay abroad, too. She was with Mrs. Harold Rykert—the former Aimee Gundy, of Toronto—in London. She was telling me that Paris definitely proclaims short skirts for country clothes and semi-demi longer ones for afternoon town wear—like the chic black velvet she was wearing at the Government House reception for the English schoolmasters. I hear that a letter written by Colonel Arthur Kirkpatrick was mainly responsible for proposing their Canadian trip which I am sure will forge another strong link with the Motherland. The great English Public Schools stamp three types of Englishmen. A wag classified them according to that occasion on which an Eton boy suggested getting a chair for a lady—a Winchester boy got it—and a Harrow boy sat in it! It is true that last year, before Labor reigned, most of the important official posts were occupied by Harrovians.

The period of court mourning for the late Queen of Sweden had ended that very day . . . it had prevented His Honor and Mrs. Ross from attending a variety of interesting functions during the official fortnight. What a marvelous person is Mrs. Ross! There she was smiling brightly with her guests . . . with an ache in her heart for the young son, John, who has been seriously ill. But thanks to doctors and serums (I heard her praising the Connaught Laboratories to Colonel Albert Gooderham) he is now on the mend. Mrs. F. N. G. Starr was a delightful cicerone to several of the Englishmen who were interested in seeing more of *Charley Park* than the dining room where I liked having tea informally, rather than in the formal ballroom.

Both Premier Ferguson and Dr. Bruce Macdonald were receiving anxious solicitations about their wives, whom everyone missed. Mrs. Ferguson is suffering from a fractured knee and Mrs. Macdonald has been ill at her Aurora home for some time. Dr. and Mrs. Griffith were there, too, and the former introduced Mr. Malim, headmaster of Wellington—that dear old school whose entrance is stately with a magnificent avenue of trees—appropriately the Wellingtonia species. Mr. Malim is a fascinating raconteur. He was telling me that once when the famous Dr. Lyttleton, Eton's former headmaster, was visiting there, he rose at five a.m., and, wishing a fire—and not finding a poker handy, he broke up a chair to use the rung as a substitute!

WE WERE almost overrun by pirates that hectic week of the Toronto Skating Club Carnival. How in the world I could ever tell the half of it bothered me considerably as I dashed from one party to another. But to begin at the beginning—like Genesis—is appropriate, for what with all the fantastic costumes which went to make up the deep sea mystery which constituted the greatest carnival in the Club's history—one felt very primeval. Those of us who were not in costume on those three historic nights felt just as low as the original Mud Puppy we read about in that startling novel *Jehovah's Day*.

Like phosphorus on the sea the

choruses scintillated, in perfect teamwork of magnificent organization. Then like shooting stars the feature skaters flashed—brighter and better than ever. What more can be said? Cecil and Maud Eustace Smith, Constance Samuel, Bud Wilson, Melville Rogers and his pretty wife who smiles like the Duchess of York, Louise Bertram, Mary Littlejohn, wee Joan Taylor, Aidree Main's Charleston, the pep of the Midshipmaids, the ballet of the Lily Pond—(the most artistic interpretation of ensemble figure skating), the humorous sketch of the *I'm Alone*—iced—as spirited as its name! In short, there was an array of talent—skating prowess, executive ability, artistic production and clubmanship—which would take the world by storm were it possible to tour this gigantic organization. The results testify to the tremendous zeal of Major and Mrs. Clifford Sifton, the President and his wife. The former told me that the first night finished within two minutes of schedule and then, pirates and all, we piled into the Hugh Barwick's car en route to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McPherson's supper party.

Such a gorgeous supper it was—from soup to nuts. Upstairs Mrs. McPherson had thoughtfully provided quantities of cold cream and mounds of powder—compacts for the combatants so that even such desperadoes as John Machado, Cyril Capreol and Errol Morson of the XII Mile Limit fray—looked partyish. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Campbell, Mrs. Bingham Allan, Mr. Matt Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hobkirk, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tarbox, Mr. and Mrs. Ford Howland, Mr. Kenneth MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lightbourn, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Suckling, Miss Blair Burrows and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Henderson were among those there and also at the gala dance in the *Arcadian Court* the next night where the President and Mrs. Sifton presided over the festive head-table. I saw Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mrs. Harold Scandrett, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ridout, Lorna Farmer—a devastating pirate with Loot in the shape of Colonel Baptist Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Main Johnson, Gwyneth Osborne pirouetting with a feather in her cap, George McPherson, O. N. Scott, Herbert Locke, Norman Cree, Jean Macpherson, Dr. and Mrs. S. Wishart, Mrs. Roslyn Russell of Niagara Falls and Mrs. Fred Wilkin.

Periwinkle blue is such a popular shade this spring—Mrs. Howard Burnham and Mrs. W. B. McPherson were wearing ensembles of it at Mrs. Clifford Sifton's Tea where Mrs. A. J. Arthurs was receiving also. And joyous June, the small daughter of the house, was introducing everybody to a magnificent member of the family—the Russian wolfhound. Another June, June Warren, is convener of the Pets—one of the many attractions to be offered at the Street Fair which the Toronto Association of Occupational Therapy is putting on during the last three days of May. The debs are helping in the two Tea Gardens and you can take your choice of Italian or Russian. Naturally, with my strain, I mention the Italian first—but the Russian singers, costumed by

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Peggy Air

Litt Mr.