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that delicious story of how Mrs. Hemming on a foggy evening—walking along the lawns of Brighton to meet her husband—saw a figure loom ahead in the mist, and thinking it was her husband, called in her pretty voice—"Keen"—To her confusion came the quick response in a strange voice—"Well rather!"

Watching the flights of seagulls over Lake Ontario from the windows of Stanley Barracks, it seemed that there is now something birdlike about people's actions and appearances which invests the Easter festival with that aura of spring which is seasonal. Fluttering, twittering, preening, mating, nesting—town becomes one huge aviary. For Toronto is bedecked in plumage of fresh paint and French fashions and houses and habiliments, alike, are echoing this song of spring. The preening of new clothes has been induced by the ravishing fashion shows such as the Arcadian Court and Creed's put on; in travel flight, endless people are fluttering forth on world cruises; post-Lenten parties are causing twitterings of excitement; the nuptial season heralds many matings and these augur nesting in new homes.

Under the palms of Sir William Mulock's conservatory, there was a great twitter of talk among the guests at Mrs. Monk's reception. The exotic parrot upstairs was left quite in the cold! Mrs. Monk had a nosegay of flowers which had been sent from Montreal and primulas decked the long tea table presided over by Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick. Sir William combined the dignity of a patriarch with the solicitations of an attentive host. There were relations galore amid the throngs that crowded the rooms, and legal lights were much in evidence. A bevy of judges—if judges ever frivolously *bevy*—were with their wives, Mr. Justice Orde and Mr. Justice Fisher among them, and numerous tea assistants fluttered busily, Susan Ross, Nora Drayton, Mrs. Howard Burnham and Mr. Justice Logie's daughter, Mrs. Edmund Morris, especially assiduous. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ross came on from Mrs. Price's tea as did many others: Colonel and Mrs. Henry Brock, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. Alan Arthurs and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. George Dickson, Colonel Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Finlayson, Mrs. Frank Hodgins (who presided at the tea table part of the time), Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Alexander Fraser, and her daughter, Mrs. Harry Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, Mr. Beresford Mortimer, Mr. Jim Macdonell, and General and Mrs. Gunn were just a few. Mrs. Pate Mulock, who was receiving in the hall with her husband, Sir William's grandson, looked smart in a beige and black lace dress—Frenchy, with a bolero. Two of the prettiest frocks were in red, worn by Mrs. Cawthra-Elliott, who was with General Cawthra-Elliott, and Babs Drayton. The latter's was of flat crêpe and with its intriguing cut may have been a Vionnet model as Babs has a flair for French clothes.

I was talking to a Frenchman at a luncheon of the Heliconian Club and he decried the Canadian lack of "open mind"—considering us unresponsive to art moderne. He need not despair, for, with the limitless horizon ahead of the fluttering travellers, the *Mayfair* of

Toronto will scan the world and take unto its own those amenities—domestic and artistic—that may be applied to a social life which, like the birds, reckons the sky only as the limit.

Mrs. Garvin, the president of the Heliconian Club, is writing a new book as a sequel to her *Houses of Romance*. At the Government House reception given by His Honor and Mrs. W. D. Ross to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of St. Andrew's Church, I was talking with Premier Mackenzie King and Mrs. Garvin. She suggested to him that she include his house in her book which is to describe *Houses of the Present* and she said she was finding the scope of her new subject infinitely more interesting.

Mrs. de Bruno Austin, the Dorothy Stevens of portraiture, is in the midst of building a new home which is sure to be artistic and the other day we listened to Monsieur Cera's conception of art, which, to me, was reminiscent of the theme of *Berkeley Square*, as he said that, for art, there is no division of time. Just as in that play which reveals Time as a river voyage on which new vistas are opened as we round the curves, but which the psychic sees as on a map—so Art opens the vista into the life of the period. It savored of Rodin's description of Art which, although too long to print here, is a terse and beautiful definition of a subject upon which we are apt to grow voluble.

The Junior League whose members are so enthusiastically bent upon the project of a new crêche that we must be reminded that their interests also include Art, recently gave an exhibition of handicraft. It was fascinating and varied. The Frenchiest lingerie one would have sworn had come from the *Rue de la Paix* was, in reality, Lucy Ashworth's needlework for her sister Elizabeth's trousseau. Then the radio made by Mrs. Staunton Wishart! The latter's mother, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, drew my attention to a clever basket that Frieda Laidlaw had ingeniously converted from an old leather hat box. That which once held the glory of the "topper" was converted into a decorative library basket with a ship boldly painted thereon. Louise Gooderham and Mrs. Barnston Tudball showed a masterly handling of brushes in oil studies of a mischievous nigger boy and a jolly coachman of the gay nineties. There was a lacquered card table, gold covered, by Janet Langmuir and Mrs. Ross Webster had made a work of Art out of one of those innocent Dimple bottles which became a sophisticated lamp by filling it with a synthetic liquid, wickedly red, and wiring it to a parchment shade on which hovered thirsty silhouettes. I saw Josephine Brouse and Miss Rowan admiring some furniture pieces embellished by group point—a hearth seat by Evelyn Foster and a chair by Mrs. Foster Hewitt, both exquisitely done. Other prize winners were Mrs. William Mackenzie's ensemble for a tiny tot—a mauve broadcloth coat with velvet beret and Mrs. Strachan Bongard's reacloth of hand-made lace. This revival of needlework by the leisure class is following the trend of English society which latterly has shown an immense interest in group point work for furniture and handbags. Mrs. Wm. Leckie showed me some

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