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Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up, and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply does not get a chance to droop.

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. A second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," describes Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health. Miss Arden's preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin.
\$2.25, \$4.



VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive.
\$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore unken tissues or flabby muscles.
\$1, \$2.50, \$4.



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Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.
\$35, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening.
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POUDRE D'ILLUSION
A pure, vaguely scented powder made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In twelve lovely shades.
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MAYFAIR'S LONDON LETTER

Continued from page 56

on tour, even had kind words to say of Regina. At a recent house-party with them, they praised the hotel there and that is pretty good publicity for our prairie towns from a couple so popular with the public.

Apropos of ice—Peter Mulholland and Ralph Gordon, the nephew of Sir Charles Gordon, were chosen to play on the All England hockey team which went to Berlin. They won their first match but the Germans won the second. Stewart Roberts, a friend of theirs, was telling me that at the Canadian Club dinner at the Savoy, J. H. Thomas recounted an amusing story on himself. He went in a taxi to open some new building in the East end and as he stepped out, the commissionaire said, "This way, me Lord!" Whereupon the taxi-driver said, "Lord, 'ell! It's Jimmy Thomas."

Matheson Lang in *Jew Süss* has made "the" success of his successful career. Not only is it the outstanding achievement of the theatrical season, but it is so generally appreciated that seats must be booked weeks in advance. Mr. Lang, whom we are proud to claim as a Scottish-Canadian, has such a following in London that the ticket queue lined up 36 hours before the opening performance. Some record! In London, theatre fans take chairs and camp on the spot—fortified by refreshments and amused by strolling players!

Miss Frances Doble, who played with Mr. Lang in *The Chinese Bungalow*, is engaged to Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, so now Englishmen have won both these Montreal girls, her sister having married Sacheverell Sitwell—one of the famous Sitwell trio. It seems only yesterday that we saw Gladys Rogers among the distinguished cast playing in *Berkeley Square*, but summer intervened and, now, after holidaying at Brioni with Mrs. Rogers and Norma, the next exciting event in her career is her marriage to Mr. Hartley Hegeler of New York. I am sure it was difficult to choose between her many admirers but those "in the know" had an idea that the New Yorker would be the lucky man. Then Raymond Massey's marriage to Adrienne Allen also featured Canadians in the matrimonial lime-light. His latest production, *The Silver Tassie* is Sean O'Casey's play that was refused by the Abbey Theatre in Dublin but Charles Cochran sponsors it for London and its realism is impressive. It rises to great heights and plunges to deep depths and for those who like cynicism—the brot of a boy and his rescuer who gains the V.C. are excellent studies in expressionism.

A book that is said to be more like real life than any book has a right to be, is *Whiteoaks*, selected by the Book Society as the book of the month. It is our Mazo de le Roche's latest and she was receiving congratulations at Mrs. Kathleen Bowler's tea for her when the latter's dear little house in the shadow of Westminster was aglow with Canadian hospitality. Shortly afterwards the Abbey's mellow greyness was warmed by the richness of Renaissance attire that combined Canadian interest. Lady Anne Cavendish, youngest daughter of The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire was married at St. Margaret's to Mr. Henry Hunloke, only son of Major Sir Philip Hunloke and Lady Hunloke.

It is Sir Phillip, not the son, as was erroneously reported in Canadian cables, who is a Groom-in-waiting to the King and Master of His Majesty's yacht *Britannia*.

A suggestion of Canadian memories was introduced by the jolly apple-trees bearing rosy fruit at the chancel steps, crimson and gold flowers from *Chatsworth* formed a floral tapestry background for Lady Anne's lovely antique satin gown that shimmered gold, and the bridal retinue in red velvet completed the colorful Renaissance picture. Darling David and John (Lady Rachel's sons) whom we had last seen gurgling with joy astride their donkeys at *Chatsworth*, were dignified little pages with Michael Baillie, in fur-trimmed tunics and Elizabethan capes and their cousins (all grand-children of the Duke and Duchess) in red velvet gowns and gold caps looked as quaint as their names—Elizabeth, Judith, Carol, Pamela, Catherine and Jean!

All of them would make fascinating studies for the facile brush of Olive Snell, that clever artist who is planning to visit Canada early in the year. Olive Snell, who in private life is the wife of Colonel Eben Pike of the Grenadier Guards, is quite world-famous as all the "notables" have sat for her, from royalty down. Palm Beach, as well as Europe, has been her happy hunting-ground. Vivid bits of these sea-scapes decorate the walls of her house where I was tea-ing recently. There I saw her complete set of "tools"—a pencil and half-a-dozen water colors—with which she magically sketches and paints life-like portraits within sixty minutes.

Follow Through is almost as rapid in its effectiveness. It is Leslie Henson's latest vehicle where—appropriately enough—I saw Mrs. Walter Willison and Mrs. Gordon Weir, of Toronto, patronizing this new theatre called *The Dominion*. It is the most luxuriously equipped in London and extends the freedom to Tottenham Court Road. Afterwards we went on to the Savoy where the new dance floor rises to the occasion—an innovation that is appreciated by occupants of distant tables who may now, at ease, watch the dancers and cabaret performers.

Senator W. L. McDougald, Lieutenant Col. D. S. Tamblin, D.S.O., Major H. T. Cock, M.C., and Monsigneur Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, have been recent visitors in town and I met that well-known singer, Mr. Edmund Burke, going into the new Quebec offices in Cockspar St. Dr. Lemieux has made them more than a handsome Canadian landmark in London. Spick and span as Spottless Town, there is arranged the most interesting collection of Quebec products, magnificently displayed. Moreover, a well-stocked library at the disposal of those attending the Privy Council, a writing-room, in perfect taste, for visitors and the monthly Quebec journal edited by Dr. Lemieux himself are marks of the literary taste of Quebec's agent-general who combines progressive ideas with a courtly charm of manner. Plans are now being put into effect for Ontario's new offices in the Strand. When these are completed within the new year, we shall see Mr. Noxon in another fine building where we know he will do the honors in keeping with Ontario's traditions of the Banner Province.



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