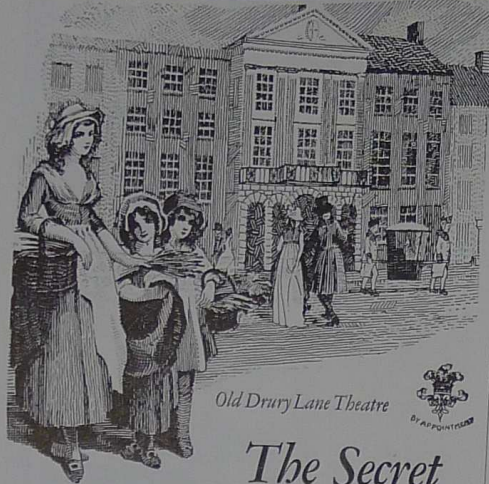


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Old Drury Lane Theatre



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TORONTO HIGH NOON GOSSIP

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most striking resemblance to him going to the altar! The groom was Mr. John Moore, whose bride, Frances Dockrill, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Dockrill, is a lovely *Canada Maid* from Victoria; she, too, is very English looking. Her bridal blush was absolutely natural—as beautiful as a rose—and I thought she made an especially charming bride in a Patou gown of rich, egg-shell satin, exquisitely simple.

After the ceremony in St. James' Cathedral, a reception was held in the roof garden of the Royal York. The first person I met was Mrs. A. J. Van Nostrand who was with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hutchison, and she was telling me that Una, Mrs. Basil Wedd—whose friends regret that she is now living in far-off Copenhagen—had been across to London to see her young son off to Eton. Rather thrilling to be the grandmother of one of those youthful immaculates at that historic school! Mrs. W. L. Grant was rejoicing at her daughter's return from Spain and France—the latter, brimming with Paris news, was wearing blue, a most popular color. This was also chosen, in a subtle Frenchy shade designed, quite reminiscent of the Empress Eugenie period, by Mrs. Hamilton Wills, whose gown was the one she had worn at Ascot.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonnell, in a chic ensemble of darker tone, had just returned from what must have been a most gorgeous holiday—not only in Paris and London but Brittany and Switzerland where Major Macdonnell was attending a conference at Geneva. Mrs. J. Baird Laidlaw was accompanied by her artist-daughter, Frieda. As we went up to the Roof in the elevator she said she was still breathless from the dash up from their summer place at Whittby in order to reach the cathedral in time for the wedding! Mrs. Laidlaw wore a very distinguished costume of navy flower clusters, after the manner of Queen Anne. Mrs. Capreol, in lime-green, was accompanied by her son, Cyril, who as a dignified usher, most discreetly refrained from playing pranks, skating at the Toronto Skating Club, autumnal touch was stressed by the pretty silvery-brown lace frock of Mrs. Napier Moore, the bridegroom's sister-Duncan McDougald's smart ensemble.

The latter's daughter, Marie, Mrs. Glenholme Hughes, has returned from Alabama with her husband to live on Rowanwood Avenue, so that will be another mecca for gatherings of the young married set of which they are such popular members. At her first wedding-dress, the up-to-date, old-fashioned Victorian gown worn by her grandmother. Do you remember the was of *kid* flowers, also worn by her grandmother! So it would seem we are most up-to-date! Her sister, Nancy, Vivian Scott, a bride-to-be, Adele Gilmour, Mildred Northey, Mrs. William Stegman, Eleanor Warde and Helen and assisted, Mrs. Herman of the bridal retinue groom's aunt, Mrs. John McCaul, officiating at the tea-table.

WEDDINGS have ushered in the season unusually early. There was that jolly one down in Cobourg of Dr. Phillip Greey and Miss Mary Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Harris, another country one, this time in the picturesque environment of Muskoka, when Sir Robert Falconer's son, Dr. James Falconer, wedded Mrs. Eugene Morais' daughter, Dorothy Patricia and a number of prominent Torontonians went across the line to attend the Clarke-Norton nuptials, the groom being a son of Mrs. Clarke and the late Hon. Lionel Clarke, a former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Another son, Eric, is to marry shortly that attractive last season deb, Betty Gibbon, and as she is the granddaughter of the late Sir William Osler and Sir George Gibbon, this affair will have a wide Canadian interest. On the other hand, the U.S.A. has gained pretty Jean Law who was quietly married at St. Paul's to Mr. Harold Leahy, of Chicago. Mrs. Gray Law, Jean's mother, told me of the ceremony which took place in quite the young-Lochinvar-from-out-of-the-west fashion. By way of celebrating her birthday, Mrs. Law was taken off to church and there given a son-in-law for a birthday present!

I was chatting with another bride-to-be, at the Moore-Dockrill wedding—Dorothy Mills who is marrying James Ross Murray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murray, at Grace-Church-on-the-hill, next Saturday afternoon. It is the culmination of a boy-and-girl romance! The wedding ceremony will be written into history by the time you read this, but I am intrigued at the prospect of the pretty color scheme which Dorothy has evolved. She will wear white ivory satin, herself—and will carry red roses. Her bridal entourage, Mrs. John Medland, her sister as matron of honor; Norah Langley, Margaret Charlton, Noreen Reburn and Anne Murray as bridesmaids will be gowned, alike, in blue panne velvet. They will not carry flowers; instead, the sleeves of their long flaring costumes will be deeply banded in white fox, to form exaggerated muffs, in chic Patou manner. All against a floral backdrop of yellow chrysanthemums. And thrill of thrills—Noreen Reburn's return from an extended trip abroad is a matter of hours before the wedding!

TWO other weddings which are to take place quietly but of interest to a vast number of Canadians is that of Nan Murray, a sister of Mrs. Eric Osborne, to Mr. Vincent Greene, a well-known Toronto man; and that of lovely Norma Rogers, of Ottawa. This fascinating daughter of Mrs. A. F. Rogers and the late Dr. Rogers, has been living abroad with her mother and is to marry in London the gallant Englishman, Colonel Charles Gerard, D.S.O. He was Lord Gort's adjutant all during the war and is a son of the Hon. Robert Gerard and a grandson of the late Lord Gerard. His delightful old place *Harroch House* in Sussex could have no more charming chateau than this pretty Canadian.

I lunched yesterday with Mrs. William Hendrie, of *Gateside House*, Hamilton, who was looking so well after her sojourn at her house-boat on the French River. When I remarked that her eyes

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Why

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