



COLONIAL HOUSE, NEIL PLACE, EAST KILDONAN

# Stories Houses Tell

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By  
**LILLIAN  
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EVERYONE who passes along the Henderson Highway exclaims with delight when they see the little Colonial House at the corner of Neil Place. It has white clapboards, as sparkling as the snow that tucks it in, a steep pitched green roof through which twin dormer windows look out, and green shutters cut with crescent moons. A great red brick colonial chimney climbs the west wall.

The house-finder looked once more, then walked up the flagstone path, swept free of snow, and stood at the door. No steps, just the Tyndall stone terrace. You looked for a bell, but of course! It's a colonial house, and has a knocker. The door handle was set in a wrought-iron panel shaped like a musical cleft sign. A glass and iron lamp hung on the right door jamb.

#### A Pleasant Welcome

A little boy about five opened the door and grinned. His "Mummie was right here." She wasn't busy, she said over his head, come in now and talk about the house, she invited.

Mrs Harold Shand said her husband, an engineer, drew his own plans for the colonial house; and the two of them had looked at house magazines and plans for years. "It was our indoor sport," she smiled. "We visited nearly every new house that went up in Winnipeg, and at last we knew just what we wanted." Five years ago the house stopped being a dream and became a reality.

The little boy looked up from his trains that he ran on devious tracks along the chesterfield cushions. "Neil's five," explained his mother, "he came with the house." No wonder he had a proprietor's pride in the house—and the railroading business. He jumped up for snapshots; if you look closely, you'll see Neil in the sleigh, with Betty Jean and Ian admiring him. Betty Jean was 14 Thursday and Ian is now in first year university. The red knitting on the chesterfield was Betty's choker-scarf. "I told her I'd finish it while she was in school this afternoon," Mrs. Shand said. But the orange wool was in her lap, on top of "Purrkins," the tortoise shell cat. (The family regretted Purrkins wasn't colonial, but agreed he fitted in very well by the brass kettle on the red tiled hearth.)

#### Buttercup Yellow Candles

The kettle on the hearth drew your eye up to the fireplace. It was ivory painted, plain as colonial firesides should be, and red brick lined. Over the mantel, where two buttercup yellow candles rose from low ivory holders, were little silhouettes in tiny round frames. They held colonial ladies in full skirts and men in top hats and stocks, who looked very happy in the period house. At night old glass oil lamps, electrified now, shine on the Minuet-ladies from pairs on the wall.

The narrow-framed windows, with their 12-panes of glass, had pleated drapes of material that imitated crewell work. The woven design was a big oak leaf and berries. Water colors of Red river scenes added to the charm of a house built on an old Selkirk Settler lot. One of the

pictures was W. J. Phillips' Old Lockport Mill, referred to in *Stories Houses Tell* last week. A Queen Anne mahogany lady's desk with wavy drawers. A piano with a Toby jug on top and amber glass vases . . . a pretty living-room, and a homey one too: Take Neil with his trains sharing the deep chesterfield with his mother.

The dining-room had twin corner cupboards with open shelves behind a fluted frame painted cream. Jacobean furniture, not the massive sort that lives in Mount Stephen hall, but dainty for a little colonial house. A black oak side chair with a cane seat and back stood demurely in a corner.

#### An Acorn Newel Post

Now that you're well acquainted with the Colonial House family, you may ask questions and look frankly about you. Come into the little hall, with its oval arches, its walnut-and-ivory-painted staircase—finished with a newel post carved like a giant acorn. The spindles are fragile under the smooth hand-caressing bannister. Just at the newel post, keeping it company is a mahogany chair with two acorn-knobs to finish its back, and a rush seat to make you exclaim with delight once more.

They put the light on, just to show you; a crystal drop sparkling with dozens of globules, that made a sunburst shadow on the ceiling. The Chippendale mirror caught up the pretty picture.

Upstairs to see the bedrooms with the Dormer windows. Betty Jean's had blue-washed walls with a maple four-poster and patchwork quilt in a ring design, and blue and white criss-cross voile curtains at the windows. The principal bedroom had the faintest mauve walls, hooked rugs, and walnut furniture.

#### Wallpaper With Nosegays

The wallpaper on the stairs, and in the lower halls was an old colonial print on buff paper that resembled damask and held small floral nosegays.

Neil was clamoring upstairs now to show some more snaps he wanted admired. Mother took his hand and led the way to the kitchen, "the only modern room in the house," efficient with electricity and gay with yellow and pale green paint. "But here's a drying rack, that's old-fashioned," exclaimed the house-lover with delight, "Yes, I guess that's right, and it was a great help when Neil was a baby," with its handy pulleys, any mother would like to put piles of little garments up there to air, warm from the iron.

A glimpse only for the screened porch, where hollyhocks peeped in in summertime. Tall, stately and prim, and pretty too, "Hollyhocks were the only thing," the family had agreed.

At the door goodbyes, and thank-you's for a happy visit to the little house. You felt a post coach and horses should be there, just to match. Look, here's the very thing! The picture silhouette on mirror-glass just at eye-level at the front door. It was the last magic touch in the hospitable house that has no steps but invites you simply to step over the threshold.

Mrs. Beth Richard, leader of the Unity Centre of Winnipeg, 705 Winnipeg Piano bldg., will lecture at the Psychology class, Monday at 8.15 on "The Master Formula"—just how to make that demonstration.

### Alumnae of Sorority Will Hold Dance to Benefit Children's Hospital

The Winnipeg Alumnae Chapter of Alpha Delta Pi sorority will hold its annual tea dance Boxing Day, December 26, from 4 to 7, at the Cave. The proceeds will go

### Mrs. F. Trafford Taylor Speaks

Mrs. F. Trafford Taylor was the guest speaker at a luncheon meeting of the Kiwanis club, held Thursday at the Nicolet hotel, St. Boniface. Mrs. Taylor spoke on her impressions of New Zealand, her home town. The meeting consisted of Kiwanians and their wives.

Mrs. James Crawford, president

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