



Gulls Wheel Above Linden House Overlooking The Red River From Kildonan Drive In "The Dell"

By LILLIAN GIBBONS

HIGH on a windy promontory overlooking the Red River from the East Kildonan side is Linden House, a pleasant stone abode with weathered gables. High over head wheel the gulls, screeching and dipping. The house gets its name from the Linden trees on the well-wooded lot. This last year it has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ross.

Built by David Edward Williams in 1910, The Lindens, as it was then called, was designed carefully on English lines.

"I remember hearing my husband say his father stood with the builders to see they mixed the big stones with the little to give it the rough appearance he wanted," says Mrs. Gerald Williams. Dr. Gerald Williams, now overseas, is a son of the builder. "I remember the wonderful Christmas parties they used to have, the six children and all the family friends standing around the billiard table to open their presents."

It stands in "The Dell"

That is getting ahead of the story . . . But it is a Time Out of Mind tale.

Linden House is in "the dell," more formally known as Kildonan Drive, the winding road that skirts the river from the foot of Hazeldell. In summer it must be quite hidden; now, with the leaves down, its brown back is partly visible from the dell drive. The fine open front has a red brick terrace, laid in honeycomb pattern, supported by four square stone pillars. French doors look into the great beamed reception hall. "I came out at night and enjoy looking in at the fire," said Mrs. Ross, who is the kind of person who would live in such a house.

When you enter by the front door, to the left of these French doors, you are in the big square room with the great rafters and the open brick hearth. A rich blue Chinese Mongolian rug stretches itself luxuriously. The fire crackles and snaps, drawing your attention to the beaded firescreen with its dripping red fuchsias worked in needlepoint by Mr. Ross' mother "when she was a girl." There is needlepoint everywhere, done by mothers and grandmothers, and by Mrs. Ross herself. She was doing a square in rich, dark colors for a tip table; there was a unicorn in petitpoint in the middle. Over the mantel hung a painting of Fleet St., London, with the great dome of St. Paul's looming at the top of Ludgate Hill.

An old mahogany piano had been changed into a desk; the back now held rose and gold Rockingham china behind glass fronted cupboards.

The dining-room down the hall had Adam chairs and a square table. The lowboy with the fretwork front held a proud Henry VIII and a timid Anne Bolyn, arm in arm, in china. Over the sideboard was a picture of two swans embroidered in wool against a needlepoint pond "done by my mother when she was at the Ursuline

convent in Quebec," said Mrs. Ross.

The bay window had a tiled window seat crowded with potted plants dressed in fuchsia colored frilled paper petticoats. Even the last of the garden asters had been potted and brought in.

The long room to the right, once the billiard room, is now the drawing-room, with cross beams, a half-panelling and an inglenook fireside. The seats fit in either side of the fire, beneath the curved beam that hems off this end of the room. A Spanish oil of two lovers in the street hung above the mantel. On the mantel were Chelsea china vases studded with little flower heads, and a pretty piece of Dresden—a farthingale lady with mandolin playing a duet with her flute lover.

The Sofa From New Orleans

Two sofas were among the pretty pieces. "One is better than the other and came from New Orleans," said Mrs. Ross. On the floor at each end of the one with the graceful carved back was a tiny needlepoint stool, a low round thing, that tempts the seven-year-old English twins, Geoffrey and Anthony Curtis, who are here for the duration, to sit one each end with their feet upon the flowers.

One corner held a Chippendale wall corner cupboard of rosewood. Opposite was a standing corner cupboard filled with tin types and daguerreotypes folded with backs to the light to prevent them from fading away any further. The Hepplewhite chair with the shield back, that stood beside it, had a needlepoint seat with an old rose background made by Mrs. Ross to match the old rose of the wall between the dark-panelling. An old-fashioned sewing table had a drop basket of rose damask. The floors were sprinkled with beautiful Persians.

But up the panelled stairs

the greatest treasures were waiting. A giant four-poster leaped out, dimming everything else. Without canopy or tester, it looked bigger than ever, its great round mahogany posts climbing up to the ceiling. They were carved deeply with oak leaves and acorns in cups.

"Yes, it came from New Orleans too and they told us when we bought it that it came from an old plantation." It brought back Gone With the Wind with a rush; the scene where Scarlett rested with the girls at the Wilkes' party at Twelve Oaks.

The dressing table was a curious French piece—rosewood with little heads springing from the bends of the legs.

All over the floor were hooked rugs Mrs. Ross made "because the bed demanded them." The one at the threshold had a house with smoke coming from the chimney.

Another bedroom had another great bed, so high it "should have steps but we just leap in . . . we were in a shop in Nassau, The Bahamas, looking for shells when Mr. Ross spied something dark piled up near the ceiling. 'Is it a bed?' he asked. The man said yes, and he guessed it had been up there 50 years. It had to be washed before we could see what wood it was made of." Your hands went out to feel the satiny smoothness of the great twisted mahogany posts.

"It was as broad as it is long when we bought it. I had to have it cut down before we could get anything to fit and the springs we had made, anyway. There was a trundle bed under it, and I'm sorry we didn't get it too. I think that's one reason it's so high—to shove the trundle bed out of the way underneath it in the daytime." Under the bed and extending to the waistcoat was a giant oval braided rug, done in pale yellow and faded blues, that made the picture complete.

THE LINDENS: The Linden trees on this pretty riverside lot give Linden House its name. On a sunny day the house basks in the mellow autumn glow. On a windy day it enjoys the gulls that wheel overhead. Every day the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ross enjoy their new home.

Bride Elect Is Honored At Bridge

In honor of her niece, Miss Rosemary McWilliams, a bride-elect of November 9, Miss Myrtle Spink, Debary apts., entertained at bridge Saturday afternoon.

The tea table was arranged with a centre of white chrysanthemums and lighted with white candles. Mrs. John Bracken and Mrs. Harry C. McWilliams presided.

In honor of Miss Marjorie Marr, whose marriage to Lieut. J. Donovan Cheatley will be an event of next week. Mrs. Edward Manning entertained at luncheon Saturday at the Manitoba club. Bronze chrysanthemums formed the centre piece for the table.

Mrs. D. Boyce Sprague, Anvers apts., entertained informally at the tea hour Saturday afternoon. The tea table, arranged with autumn bloom, was presided over by Mrs. William Robinson.

The christening of the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Wilkes took place Sunday at Holly Trinity church. Rev. C. Carruthers officiated. The baby received the name of Sheila Diane. Mr. and Mrs. E. Graham and Miss G. Wilkes were the godparents.

Mrs. A. W. Fordham Entertains At Tea To Honor Her Sister

In honor of her sister, Miss Marjorie Marr, a bride-to-be of next week, Mrs. A. W. Fordham entertained at tea Friday afternoon.

The table was decked with pink roses and lighted by cream tapers. Presiding were: Mrs. J. G. Cheatley, Mrs. M. Davidson, Mrs. J. W. Poyer, Mrs. William McAllister, Mrs. J. Gresham and Mrs. H. W. Hook. The assistants included Mrs. Keith Palmer, Mrs. John Jamieson, Mrs. Ross Marr, Mrs. Alice Price, Misses Bernadette Murphy and Bernice McAllister.

Mrs. J. P. Molloy has returned from Regina, where she was the guest for two weeks of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Grein.

Mrs. Forrest Rogers, of Vancouver, entertained informally at tea Monday when Mrs. Maurice Gravel, of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Robert Driscoll, who has come from Seattle to reside in Vancouver, were guests of honor.

Mrs. A. Butler, Melbourne ave., will entertain at a kitchen shower, Tuesday evening, in honor of Miss Nan Morton, a bride-elect of November.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Flynn will be at home Wednesday evening on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary.

Mrs. J. E. De Gagne returned Wednesday from an extended visit to Montreal and Quebec.



IN THE INGLENOOK: Each side of this big fireplace are built-in seats that make it an inglenook after the English style. Overhead are great beams. The picture over the mantel is a Spanish watercolor and beneath the picture is a Dresden group—a lady and gentleman, playing a guitar and a flute to each other. Miss Margo Ross leans on the corner beside the bowl of bitter-sweet. Mrs. W. J. Ross sits in a Windsor chair and knits. The little seven-year-old twins, Geoffrey, left, and Anthony, right, who have come from England to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ross for the duration of the war, are already quite at home, as you see. Their home is in Chelmsford, Essex.

Mrs. E. Taylor will entertain at tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Nan Morton a November bride-elect.

Mrs. Louis Bawlf and Mrs. Charles Martin, of Winnipeg, have returned to Vancouver from Victoria, where they were guests of Mrs. Charlotte Armstrong.

Mrs. R. R. Collard, and Miss Patricia Collard, who have spent the last few weeks in Winnipeg, will return to Ottawa, Sunday, November 10.

Miss Shirley Wright Is Guest Of Honor At Delightful Tea

Mrs. E. Nelson Green entertained at tea Saturday in honor of Miss Shirley Wright, whose marriage to Lieut. Frederick Norman Balls will be an event of Nov. 6.

Mrs. Andrew Currie presided at the table, which was decked with yellow baby chrysanthemums. Mrs. Hilliard Richards assisted. A presentation was made to the guest of honor.

Mrs. Clarence H. Smith, Grenfell Blvd., entertained at a children's party Saturday afternoon on the occasion of the fifth birthday of her little son, David. The table was centred with birds and miniature animals, offset with autumn flowers. The party numbered 10.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Dawson from Montrose st., have moved to their new residence in the Wardlaw apartments. Mrs. Dawson's sister, Miss M. Wylie, is with her for the winter.

L'HEURE Francaise will meet Tuesday at 3 p.m. at the home of Mrs. G. Ernest Hall, suite F. the Hugo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bowes, Miss Edna Bowes and Lieut. J. F. Bowes of Carman, Man., are out of town visitors attending the marriage of Miss Margaret Helen Ball to Mr. James Blanchard Gass, which was an event of Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Allen are visitors from Calgary spending a short time in Winnipeg.

MRS. F. H. Brooks, Wolseley ave., will be a hostess of Monday evening, entertaining in honor of Miss Nan Morton, whose marriage will be an event of late November.

Mrs. George Skinner will return during the weekend from two weeks holiday in Regina.

MISS Betty Meindl will entertain at luncheon at the Manitoba club Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Nan Morton, a bride-elect of November 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rowe, of Ottawa, have taken up residence in Winnipeg for the winter.

LIEUT.-COL. and Mrs. Percy Pennefather have arrived from Prince Albert to spend a short time with their daughter, Mrs. D. B. Emeno, Oxford st.

MRS. W. H. Carter will entertain at luncheon at her residence on Wellington Crescent, Friday afternoon, in honor of Miss Mary Jean Rutledge, whose marriage to Mr. Douglas Harold Fenwick will be an event of November 23.

Dr. P. W. Head, Fort Chipewyan, Alta., formerly of Birnie, Man., and his daughter, Miss Joyce Head, have left for Vancouver where Miss Head's marriage to Mr. Samuel John Seney will take place November 9.



PLANTATION BED: This great mahogany four-poster, carved with oak leaves and acorns, was bought in New Orleans and came originally from one of the great plantations of the South. Miss Ross is straightening the crocheted spread. Through the window is the pretty view of the river and the opposite bank.