



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AN EXPERT IN ART.

THE Joshua Reynolds portrait of Lady Elizabeth Taylor purchased among the famous Kann collection in Paris by the Duveen Bros., is one of the remarkable portraits by that great master—of whom casual masterpieces have got into Canadian households. Mr. Jos. Duveen, head of the firm of Duveen Bros., the greatest art house in the British Empire, was in Canada a few years ago, when he spent some days up on the rocks of northern Ontario; not buying masterpieces but hunting for sodalite and marble. At that time Mr. Duveen was much interested with Mr. Allom, decorator for Marlborough House, who was with him on the trip—in following up the idea promulgated by the Princess of Wales, who on her trip to Canada in 1901 got possession of some precious polished stones which came from that part of Ontario. She wished to have the find exploited, and commissioned Mr. Allom so to do; he along with Mr. Duveen spent a rollicking holiday on the rocks, and when they came down to Toronto they were so delighted with Canada that they were reluctant to go back to England. Mr. Duveen is perhaps one of the finest art experts in the world. No firm in the world spends such huge sums for masterpieces. The recent Kann collection cost nearly three million dollars, and the same firm purchased another collection from the same source not long ago costing half a million sterling.

\* \* \*

### THE BEAUTIES OF THE LEAFLESS SEASON.

"The year smiles as it draws near its death"

IT is at this season of the year, when most of the trees have yielded the largesse of their leaves at the urgency of King Frost, that we learn to appreciate the beauties which are not of the warm summer-time.

Individuality among trees is more sharply defined after the leaves have fallen; the trunks and heavy unswathed limbs appeal to our sense of form, and the delicate tracery of twigs and terminals outlined against the mid-day blue of the sky, or the warm sunrise or sunset lights, remind us of some patterns of the rare old laces of our grandmothers.\*

As never when covered with the leaves, we distinguish the graceful long bare arms of the elm; the refinement of the unadorned birch, which VanDyke calls the most lady-like of trees; the great thews and sinews of the leafless oak and walnut; the brooding, almost motherly configuration of certain nut-bearing and fruit-bearing trees; the divinely tall ash, which seems a sort of aristocrat in the tree world.

It is through the leafless trees we hear the wind playing minor, heart-searching airs on his harp of a thousand strings, accompanied perhaps by the wild cry of the lonely belated bird, which somehow fell behind its comrades in the grand procession South.

It is among the leafless trees we see saddled to the branches the appealing little birds' nests, reminders of sweet domesticity, and sweeter song.

Through the leafless trees, in some sheltered nook or corner, we catch glimpses of the purplish blue haziness, so resembling the smoke that was wont to ascend from the wigwam fires of the primeval Indian as to give this season of the year the name Indian Summer. Out from this mist and mystery there comes to us the note of the chic-a-dee; jubilant, as if he anticipated the time when he would don his white suit, and have the opportunity of being the star in the small remaining orchestra of birds.

After a night of autumn rain there is hanging to the tip of each brown leafless twig a clear drop which has all the prismatic qualities of the diamond. Look for them early some damp morning.

Walking among the leafless trees imagination can revel in the thought of the myriads of small creatures which have shut their bright eyes, and folded themselves away in some crevice of the bark, or in some hollow of a decayed tree, to forget the bleak cold days of winter in happy dreams.

For color notes at this season we can find many

a berry-vine or humble shrub which has turned crimson, purple, or yellow, according to disposition, at the rude touch of imperious Jack Frost; but our attention has been called particularly to the willow tree. Although the Hebrew captives hanged their harps on the willows, and thus associated it with gloom, Horace Macfarlane tells us that it "furnishes a cheerful note for every month in the year, and runs the whole scale of greens, greys, yellows, and browns, and even adds to the winter landscape, against the snow, touches of deep orange and bright scarlet." And he continues: "If people would only join a willow section to their mental observation outfit there would be much more to see and appreciate."

The family of the willow embrace one hundred and sixty species, although there are only twenty distinct branches. The weeping willow is perhaps the family beauty, and was brought from its native



"Elizabeth, Lady Taylor," by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Included in the famous collection of the late M. Maurice Kann, of Paris, and purchased by Messrs. Duveen Bros., at a cost of half-a-million sterling.

country, Asia, in the form of a withe which bound up a parcel. The parcel was destined for England, where someone, noticing the greenness of the withe, planted it; and such is the remarkable vitality of its kind that it took root and grew into a very beautiful tree. This tree with the romantic history is said to be grandmother of all the weeping willows found in America; perhaps the great great grandmother of some of them.

There are many legends in connection with these trees; mythology tells us that one day Phaeton attempted to drive his father's chariot, and caused such havoc that he was hurled into the river by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. He was greatly lamented by his three sisters, who sat by the river's edge with ceaselessly flowing tears. Their sorrow touched the hearts of the gods, who changed them into willow trees, so that they might stay forever by the water's edge.

The poplar is a member of the willow family, and it is the subject of much mythological tradition; persons offering sacrifices to Hercules were always crowned with branches of white poplar, and all who had conquered in battle were garlanded with it.

The aspen, or tremulous poplar, is another member of the family, and there is a very pretty tradition regarding the reason of the trembling of its leaves. It is said the wood of the cross of Christ was made of aspen, and ever since the tragedy of the crucifixion the leaves have trembled and shivered.

"Far off in the highland wilds 'tis said,  
But truth now laughs at fancy's lore,  
That of this tree the cross was made  
Which erst the Lord of Glory bore;  
And of that deed its leaves confess  
E'er since a troubled consciousness."

The "pussy willow" is a small variety of the family, but a very great favourite. Indeed it has become such a favourite that it is forced into bud to be sold on the city markets. To see it in perfection, however, we must look for it by some woodland stream.

It is generally known that the willow is the first tree, in our northern clime, which has the courage in spring to throw out the first banner of green; and a very exquisite tender green it presents to our hungry eyes; but few have appreciated the fact that the noble family of trees, after dropping leaves, continue all through the dull months of the year to change the colour of their leafless branches, some varieties assuming the most gorgeous tints of which we have any knowledge.

\* \* \*

LUCETTE.

By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus).

I seem to see you still, Lucette,  
Down in the Vale of the Richelieu,  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met.

Long gold earrings, chain of jet,  
Dark red dress and apron blue—  
I seem to see you still, Lucette!

A little taller, paler—yet  
Still but a girl, and merry, too.  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met

And I must not, my friend, forget  
The change Time may have wrought in you.  
I seem to see you still, Lucette,

Wearing that little amulet,  
Marie—*secours, priez pour nous!*  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met;

Heaven grant no pain, no wild regret  
Has touched you since we said adieu!  
I seem to see you still, Lucette!  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met.

\* \* \*

### 'IS ECCENTRICITY CHEAP?

PEOPLE who affect any eccentricity in dress must in the nature of things, it seems to me, spend more than ordinary time and thought on the matter; whereas, to hear them talk, they wish to convey the opposite impression. Some years ago we had in Canada a talented artist, a lady, of European extraction, and an extremely pleasant companion, but as she rashly modelled herself in attire upon the country-house costume of Rosa Bonheur, varying with reminiscences of George Sand among the *ateliers* of Paris, it was difficult to cultivate her. She imagined that in discarding everything pretty and feminine she was saving herself trouble and displaying superiority over more ordinary, but the idea

always uppermost in my own mind when I met her was, where did she procure those clothes and how much time and anxiety must have been squandered in getting them made! The result was something neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human, but a shapeless sack-coated priest-skirted Christie-hatted figure that made everyone stare, and sent nearly every woman who saw it to the bookstall for the latest issue of "Les Toilettes," and was really responsible for the swing of the pendulum in the immediate vicinity of this lady over to flounced and fretted creations of silk and lace and needlework. The sale of the *Lady*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, the *Gentlewoman*, and the *Delineator*, rose to numbers unprecedented in that neighbourhood, and dress-makers searched in vain for explanation of the increased business which suddenly came their way. The eccentric artist, you see, had indirectly done some good in the world. The adoption of the severe and mannish mode of dressing robs a woman of half her feminine charm. Knowing this, it seems extraordinary that there be those among us who would select a Christie in preference to the Gainsborough's graceful lines.