

# A Charming Tudor Home

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



The Drawing-Room Fireplace.

MANY houses are so handsome and so ornate that they repel rather than invite. Such feeling is not experienced by a visitor to the Boone residence, Crescent Road, Toronto. For, handsome as this Tudor structure undoubtedly is, and luxurious as its various appointments undeniably are, there is the happy concord of its separate parts. The external scheme harmonizes with the internal treatment—this interior with that interior, and furniture with garniture in each and every room. The effect is one of simplicity, restfulness and homelikeness.

HAVING once been conveyed over the beautiful house by one of its clever decorators, it was a second pleasure of mine, only the other night, to peep again into several of its most delightful nooks, over the shoulder of its joint-deviser and mistress. By appointment I passed between the two tall lamps in bronze which light, romantically, the limestone entrance scheme with its upper and lower balustrades reproduced in motif from Blickering Hall, in Norfolk, built in 1620, and from Bramshill House, built in 1603, and which cast vague shadows on the dull-red loggia tiling, just as the last vibrations of the minster chimes in the hall rippled liquidly out through the quiet house. Eight o'clock—the hour of merging lights.

Lamps were turned low in the mahogany-finished hall, gloatingly mellowing the beamed ceiling and three-parts panelled walls. Grandfather's clock and soaring stairs-pillars gleamed in the same rich wood. A massive table with carved work occupied the midst—rarest Chippendale—and its dragon's claw feet clutched a handsome rug, rich of colour and soft and thick of weave, dyed with the herbs of the Levant. And so engaged was the eye in discerning the lineaments of a Florentine bronze set in squarely above the mantel, that the ear quite missed any frou-frou of skirts enunciative of Mrs. Boone's arrival. She arrived, gave greeting, and graciously led the way through a door giving widely to the right.

The luxuries and refinements of the library were disclosed—qualities, there, delightfully amicable. Fine Circassian walnut embodied the scheme of the woodwork, so rich of finish and so exquisite of matching as to be more than a trifle suggestive of tiger-skin. It was interesting to be told that the veneer for the entire room, including wainscoting, doors, mantel and beamed ceiling, was procured from a single gigantic walnut log. A hand-frescoed frieze softly adorned the upper walls, greenish in its mistiness, with suggestive figures of Muses leaning out into distinctness over the bookshelves. The door and window draperies were, likewise, subdued green. Rest to the eyes had evidently been considered. A small silken rug took the light on an ample seat-back. And the floor was spread sumptuously with a garden in camel's hair from the country of the Shah and the Peacock Throne.

"While this room pleases me," Mrs. Boone confided, "we oftener use the sitting-room upstairs." Of which, anon.

Contiguous was the drawing-room—that feminine dominion—which drew for one the nicest possible distinction between the ideas, stateliness and stiffness. The oval ceiling-centre dropped an inverted fountain of prisms, the oval being outlined with a fine plaster enrichment, like that of the cornice, of Renaissance design. The fireplace had a moulded base of Pavanazzo marble, the mantel carving being borrowed, in effect, from a scheme at Hampton Court. The woodwork was finished in glossy white enamel, elegantly effective with the suppressed surge of colour—creamy fawn, lichen green, and rich carmen rose—revealed in rug, wall-tapestries and curtains. "High Heaven," Wordsworth tells us, "rejects the lore of nicely-calculated less or more." But the outfitters of drawing-rooms cannot afford to do so. At any rate, judging from its liberal applications, "the lore" had not, in this case, been neglected. Indeed, those human feet that are likely to be consorting with the finely-turned

"antelope legs" of the pedigreed chairs, cabinets and tables, can hope to be quite comfortable among them only after looking to their shoes.

The dining-room across the hall was distinctly Early English—perhaps the most imposing room in the house. The walls were empanelled from floor to ceiling in San Domingo mahogany wood, of the light natural shade. All of which veneer, too, was procured from a single log. The ceiling was handsome with staff-work of geometric design—such as characterized the Tudor era—and the grape-vine, clusters and leaves, adorned the cornice; its colour was cream of a deep shade, toned to accord with the woodwork. The fireplace was reproduced in motif from Knoke House, Seven Oaks, built in 1602, and introduced above it was the effectively novel feature, a combined mantel-piece and china closet. The furniture, which was Sheraton, melted into its background, conspicuous most by its marquetry and bosses. A rug of the richest hues of the East deadened the casual foot-fall and the embrowned air of the room was intensified at the windows by panel-like lambrequins of burnt orange velvet, enriched with gold galloons.

The first floor then was glanced over duly. The broad stairs branched, ascending both ways, to meet in the expansion of that spacious upper hall, an excellent view of which is herewith given. The hand-carved furniture is of teak-wood—reddish-black. And the plan of the upper stairs is well worth noting. Through the door just to the left is the sitting-room referred to—a cosy place with its finishing in dark-stained Georgia pine, its

single-seats and most homelike appointments. Preference for it had sufficient warrant.

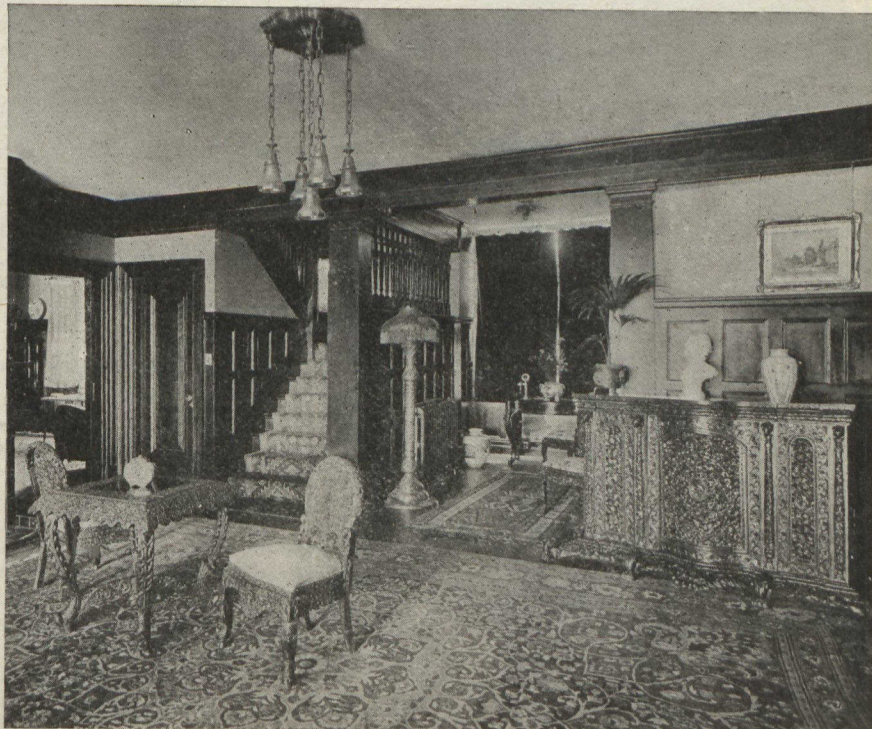
AN expressive cut of the owner's room, on this same floor, accompanies. It denotes in general character the bed-chambers throughout. The three located on this flat have their individual baths, and are finished in white enamel, faced with delicate wall-hangings, and outfitted with furniture signally elegant, simple, and fit.

From the practical, as well as from the aesthetic, standpoint, the mansion is especially interesting. At the rear of the lower hall is an electric elevator, automatic, serving all floors. Connecting dining-room with kitchen is a roomy butler's pantry fitted with built-in work-tables, cupboards and special shelves. The kitchen walls are tiled and the service section, including pantry, storage, and servants' hall, is commodious and, at the same time, compact. A dumb waiter, linen chute and dust chute, and two sets of vacuum cleaners running from basement to attic, are among other interesting instalments. The vacuum plant is situated in the motor room in the basement—the entire east side comprising the billiard room.

The mistress, however, is soon to go abroad, presumably for the pleasure of returning. Shutters up—thought of it casually hints that we, just here, stop peeping. Thanks to Messrs. Chadwick and Beckett for views, and "Bon voyage!" to Mrs. Boone.



A Sunny Bedroom.



The Upper Hall, With Furniture in Teak Wood.