

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

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THE  
**GARTNAVEL GAZETTE**

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



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## Review of Summer Games.

### CRICKET.

SUMMER is past and autumn has come, that season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, especially the former, when there is a crispness in the morning and evening air which presages frost, and tells us that the best of the year is gone, and that winter is before us.

With the passing of summer, our out-door recreations become narrowed down to golf. A brief review of this season's sports—cricket, croquet, and tennis, seems naturally to be called for now. To take cricket first. This season has not all round been up to

the average of former years. We have been unusually unfortunate in matter of weather. Four of our fixtures were put off on account of rain, and most of our games were played on a soft wicket; consequently, there have been few big scores to record. In June there was a brief spell of fine, dry weather, with a hard fast wicket, and scoring was higher. However, we closed the season having won 9 matches, lost 8, and drawn 3, a balance of 1 on the right side; and, on the whole, we have not much to grumble at. Few of the games were one-sided; most of them were keenly contested, and interesting to watch. Only one foreign match was played—viz., against Gartloch. With a former defeat early in the season to wipe out, we were keen to square matters, and this we did in a hard-fought game, the match ending in a victory for us, by the narrow margin of three runs. A good gate, enthusiastic and impartially appreciative, adds much to the pleasure and go of any form of sport, and we are peculiarly fortunate in always having such at our matches.

The strength of our team has varied, but it has always been representative. Attendant Mills heads the batting and bowling, and so wins the bat presented by Mr. Alexander Angus,



for the highest batting average of the season. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Angus for his generous gift, and we are glad to know that he continues to take such an interest in the club, of which he was once a prominent member, and for which he played for many years.

So ends the cricket season of 1903.

#### CROQUET.

SUMMER has come and gone. To realise this one has only to look around at the trees, fast losing their summer splendour. The season, so far as weather is concerned, has been most disappointing. Notwithstanding this, many a happy hour has been enjoyed in conflict keen on the croquet green. Skilful tactics, and accurate play, have been the order of the day, and the game thus played becomes highly interesting. Unfortunately, the climatic conditions have not been favourable for the proposed garden party and tournament. The ladies, however, had a tourney for the cup, which Miss E. C. was successful in retaining for another year. We offer her our congratulations on her well-merited victory, her play being characterised by good judgment and clever tactics. Miss B., the runner-up, neglected tactics, and so lost an excellent chance of cup honours. The play took place on the tennis lawn, which was specially prepared for the occasion. It was in good condition, and has improved much since, but there are many pitfalls to the unwary player, and one has to study the green, and gauge the strength carefully, otherwise disaster inevitably follows. In taking farewell of croquet for the season, we look forward, in happy anticipation, to hearing the merry click of the mallet and the ball, when summer comes again.

#### LADIES' CRICKET.

IN the early part of the season, many pleasant afternoons were spent in the

ladies' cricket ground, which, by the way, was formerly the pitch of the Gartnavel Cricket Club, and the scene of many a well-fought game. Tradition has it, that a mighty hitter once drove a ball clean over the asylum, and though many attempts have been made to emulate this, none have been so far successful. Great good humour prevailed throughout the games, the attempts of the gentlemen to defend their wickets with a broomstick, left-handed, being provocative of much merriment. The ladies in their turn, had to bat against left-handed bowling, and many an excellent score was knocked up; individual fifties were of frequent occurrence, and it was hinted that the inclusion of a lady or two, in the more serious cricket matches, would not have been had policy. Afternoon tea was served under the trees, and very welcome it was in the sultry June afternoons. After tea, the game was played to a finish. On two occasions, a tie resulted in both innings; surely a state of affairs worth recording, and almost unique in the annals of cricket.

#### Presentations to Mr. Montgomery & Mr. M'Veittie.

PRIOR to Mr. Montgomery's departure, the officials and staff presented him with a handsome timepiece and side ornaments. The presentation was made by Dr. Oswald, who referred to Mr. Montgomery's long service, and the work he had done as Steward during twenty-five years. Mr. Montgomery, in thanking his friends for their handsome present, spoke feelingly of his separation from what had been for so long his daily duty, and of the parting from the friends of so many years. Tea having been served, and general good wishes having been expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery's and their family's happiness, the meeting adjourned.

Mr. M'Veittie, charge-attendant of

the sick ward of the East House, who left about the same time as Mr. Montgomery, was also, at an earlier date, presented with a Waltham gold hunting-watch, suitably inscribed. His record is one of constant and faithful work among the sick for twenty-eight years.

#### Our Feathered Friends.

THE study of the bird-life in the grounds affords an instructive and pleasant pastime. Owing to the quiet, freedom from molestation, and the presence of sufficient food in winter, birds are numerous and varied in kind. In addition to the colony of starlings in the neighbourhood of the piggeries, there are also in the grounds, thrushes, blackbirds, chaffinches, blue-tits, wag-tails, field-fares, robins, swallows, and sparrows galore; of larger birds there are magpies, (a bird now less common in Scotland than formerly), jack daws, crows, and in winter, flocks of the common and large grey gulls appear when the snow covers the ground, and are fed by kind hands.

Two winters ago a pheasant-hen arrived, probably from the adjoining estate of Garscube. One can imagine her flying swiftly away out of reach of the sportsman, and finding sanctuary in the grounds here. She remained all winter, feeding chiefly about the garden, and was still seen when spring came. Having missed her for some time, we were surprised to hear the call of a cock-pheasant one morning, and on our approaching the spot, up rose a fine cock-pheasant and our friend the hen-pheasant. Whether her mate thought the grounds a place too subject to interruption for nesting is difficult to decide, but they disappeared across the Western Road one afternoon, having been startled out of the shrubbery near to the lodge. The following winter the hen appeared again alone, and remained sometime, but met an untimely fate at the hands

of a thoughtless person, who captured and killed her.

Escaped parrots occasionally find their way into the grounds, making the garden their home. One captured in the garden is at present in the Ladies' Division. Harry must have escaped from his cage in some house in the neighbourhood. He lived on the fruit in the garden for some months, and was an object of general interest, not only to those coming and going through the garden but to the other birds also, especially the crows, who used to chase him. Several attempts were made to capture him without success; but as food became scarcer, and the weather colder, Harry was tempted to partake of some apples placed under a riddle, supported by a small stick, to which a cord was attached. While Harry was busily eating the fruit the riddle suddenly fell on him, and he was made prisoner, and conveyed in a cage to the Ladies' Division, where he is now, hale and hearty.

We must not omit to mention the parrot at the cottage, Jake by name. He is an unfailing source of amusement to all visitors to the cottage. A native of Australia, his language is strictly parliamentary, and very varied. Jake prectising is something in this strain—"Dr. Yellowlegs," "There's the Doctor," "Dr. Os," he seldom says Dr. Oswald's name fully; then Jake imitates a short cough exactly and screams out "Kiss Jake," "Good night, Jake," "Let me out," "Dr. Hotelkiss," "Dr. Goldie-Scot," "Good morning Miss Darnie," "Miss B's Jake," "Pretty Polly," "Miss Ker"; then he will laugh in a high falsetto voice and scream out "Go to bed, Jakey boy." Jake was trained and taught by Miss B., to whom he is absolutely devoted, and if she says, "Dance Jake," he immediately proceeds to go through some very amusing evolutions. Jake has caused many a hearty laugh, and is a source of endless jokes and amusement.

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Dr. Oswald has also introduced guinea-fowl and pea-fowl, and there is a thriving brood of six young guinea-fowl under the charge of an ordinary grey hen. The peacock and his wives seem to love wandering, and have carried on explorations beyond the grounds. What his lordship said to his wives after their absence of three days recently, without his protection, would be interesting to know.

A. D.

### Perfectly Lovely.

THE sweet girl graduate had finished the reading of her essay to the great audience which had assembled to listen to the commencement exercises. Her many auditors had sat entranced, listening to the low-toned music of her voice, or borne away in spirit by the graceful eloquence with which she treated her subject, "Progress, the World's Rule of Action." They had listened breathlessly while she announced that "if we do not progress we gain nothing, and if we gain nothing we do not progress." They had cheered her to the echo when she asserted that, "in the unequivocal progress of anthropomorphic man is witnessed the unvarying operation of the supreme fiat of our immortal destiny," although several people had asked one another what it was all about. It was all over, and the sweet girl graduate was standing in the left wing with her equally sweet girl friend.

"How did you like it?" she asked of her friend.

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely."

"And do you think they all liked it?"

"Oh, they thought it was just too sweet for anything. They couldn't help it."

"Could you see anything wrong about it?"

"Not a thing. There wasn't a thing wrong. It fitted you perfectly, and—"

There! The secret is revealed. You thought they were talking about her

essay, didn't you! That shows all you know about sweet girl graduates. They were talking about her graduating gown, of course. What else should they have been talking about? What is an essay, comparatively speaking?

PHILO-SOPHER.

### At the Coast.

IT was in the very height of the beautiful June weather with which the West of Scotland has been so highly favoured this summer, spite of the strange atmospheric conditions elsewhere, that we, rather unexpectedly, found ourselves travelling down, alone, by the mid-day train to Wemyss Bay, that well-known starting point for excursionists and systematic route travellers. This formed an exceptionally sunny interlude in the sober sequences of our daily life. Crowding memories of the past, it is true, would insist now and then on dimming our horizon, thoughts of happy Highland tours enjoyed along with loved ones, with some now passed away. But having all our life derived, with few exceptions, very great comfort from the consolations of philosophy, we elected on this occasion, as on many another, to follow not Regret but that good angel Hope, and draw all the profit we could from her bright companionship while she tarried with us.

The comfortable and tastefully appointed villa which had been selected by our Lady-Matron for our residence for a few weeks, has the advantage of a very lofty position on the richly wooded rising ground of Upper S——. Its shrubbery opens upon the high road; the façade faces the sea of course; and a small lawn slants down from the terrace on which the house stands, bordered by a beech hedge and a miniature wood rich in firs and ferns, in birds, bees and butterflies, and, alas! also in midges.

In this peaceful, verdant garden, overlooked by none, Nurse S. and

we, on driving up from the station, found an inviting and more or less industrious group picturesquely seated in the flickering shade. It was something, I assure you, to get so warm a welcome, quite a motherly one from our kind and dear old friend, Mrs. H., and not a few friendly words and looks from others.

Next to a sincere embrace we know of nothing better by way of welcome on arrival than the tinkle of the teapoons. This was not wanting. Hardly were we seated and our little bundle of news unpacked, when the nimble feet of our all-supplying attendants and a graceful volunteer assistant, were tripping lightly across the velvety carpet with tea-service and a tempting array of varied tit-bits. As we sat sipping our fragrant portion, listening to the kindly cross-fire, or gazing over the white fox-gloves by the hedge to the silvery sheet of water with its various craft and its hill-crowned shores, we said to ourselves, gratefully we trust, "the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places."

Yes, it was very beautiful at S——! The stately ships went by upon the crystal sea; the hazy hills rested but were ever watchful; and a firmament of unusual brilliancy for our fog-rolling climate smiled down impartially on all. The land which lay so promisingly before us, breathed upon by gentle breezes, proved a land of both promise and fulfilment. Rapidly it won our affection; this in increasing ratio, as is the way with "pleasant places." How we revelled in it, explored it, took possession of it!—its walks, drives, prospects, woods and, above all, heaths and hills!

Taken as a whole, the drives in the immediate neighbourhood of S—— are particularly delightful, although it is more than likely that our willing equine friends to whom we owed them, and who knew so well how to "put a stout heart to a stay brae," would not, if questioned, support the delightful

theory without entering a protest against the final pull up the hill.

One of our expeditions was to the beautiful lands of Sir M. S. S. We went by Inverkip, and returned by the Roman bridge and a high road where bracing moor air at once announced the elevation.

As to the S—— walks, they are simply not tellable; therefore, likewise, are the facilities for wandering on, or from, the same. Individuals of an inquisitive turn of mind in the direction of natural science find themselves in every wood, and even by the roadside,—in the flowery month of June at least,—in a veritable botanical paradise. Among the prizes to be found there in beauty and abundance we may mention: the buck or bogbean (*menyanthes trifoliata*), the winter green (*pyrola media*), the two leaved habernaria (*habernaria bifolia*), the round leaved sun-dew (*drosera rotundifolia*), the strawberry-flowered potentill (*potentilla palustris*); while the fragrant and other orchises, butterwort, comfrey, bedstraw, rattie, heath, veronica, &c., &c. (four and five species of some of these), colour every waste acre among the villa enclosures, and the banks, ditches and hedges along the roads. Feathery fern-tufts soften every nook; and Bunny scuffles out and in of the fir woods, as is the well known manner of him.

It is always interesting when living at a sea-side place to go down "to see the boat come in." To those of us who until this summer have had no experience of west coast life—having passed our holiday, if not in the North Highlands, or amongst the kindly Lowland, or romantic Cheviot Hills, then in some quiet fishing village—"the coming in of the boat" meant something very different. In most cases it meant £100 worth of freight per boat safely over the bar into Coldingham or Eyemouth, or some other reef-barred harbour; and four husbands and a lad safe home in each once more. Or,



perhaps, it might mean the lives of a whole fleet of fishing smacks caught in a gale. The "coming in" down in the Bay below S—, though a less exciting, was yet a pleasant daily event. It consisted in the touching at the pier head of the *King Edward* or the *Queen Alexandra*, the two steamboats which are propelled by the new turbine engines. To see these vessels breasting the wave, or even floating elastically upon it, gave zest to our descents from our snug, elevated abode; for more beautiful engine action could scarcely be imagined. The swan-like grace and stately bearing of this royal couple must produce in every beholder aesthetic pleasure. Then, again, being within sight of "the measured mile" for the Clyde ships, we watched, one day, the *Columbia's* bulky form making its knot with full power on. We also gazed in wonder as the colossal *Commonwealth*,—not averse evidently to be either seen or heard,—bellowed forth her iron superiority over the waves, causing, by her huge proportions, every bark visible, even the largest, to shrink into sudden, strange insignificance. The *Commonwealth* can transport one thousand men, and carries a crew of three hundred. The handsome steam yacht of Lord E. might be seen lightly rocking in Largs Bay.

So, day by day, from our garden or from the moor, we eagerly scrutinized the water with its overhanging marvels of light and colour, of ripple and wave, wishing well to the noble craft going down to deep waters, or doing useful business nearer home. And, evening by evening, with the unflinching devotion of Parsces, we watched the golden king as he drew majestically around him his glorious array and vanished behind the hills.

At last arrived a morning on which was impressed the bitter word "Vale!" But courage! oh heart of mine! Have we not left behind in our "Enclosure," (as a friend delicately terms it), some

who by their brightness and steadfastness of spirit, their unflinching kindness, or even only by their daily cheerful greeting, render the thought of return a not unhappy thought.

It is pleasant to have it to record that the very considerable amount of ingenuity, and the generous outlay of personal trouble of our two kind attendants resulted in much comfort and, we believe, great profit to many members of our party during a visit, the memory of which will not soon be forgotten by any of them.

The only event which in any way marred its happiness was the deplorable illness of one of the nurses. But this, even, is now so far surmounted. We trust it will soon become a thing of the past, and our dear Nurse S. continue steadily and rapidly to go on unto perfection. CRANSTON.

#### THE PRICE OF A KISS.

You ask me, love, with laughing eyes,  
What I would give to kiss you. So  
I'll tell the truth without disguise.  
A pearl fetched up from deeps below  
Where lanky sharks fin to and fro;  
A flower snatched from a precipice;  
Ask what you may, I'll not say no.  
What will I give you for a kiss?  
An empire in the sunset skies—  
Islands of fire and hills of snow;  
The fairest fruit of Paradise;  
An orient realm where aloes blow,  
And rubies pave the rivers' flow;  
The gardens of Semiramis.  
You need not ask me now you know,  
What will I give you for a kiss?  
Yes, all the wisdom of the wise,  
And all it fetches here below;  
A young coquette's love-sacrifice;  
An honest lawyer; a white crow;  
The wall of China; the Pope's toe;  
The Llama's blessing, pretty miss;  
My thanks, and all the debts I owe.  
What will I give you for a kiss?  
The sermon's over; you can go.  
The moral, dear, is briefly this:  
When you're in haste don't ask your beau,  
What will I give you for a kiss?  
Autumn, 1890. J. E. BARRAS.

Cheerfulness is the most serviceable form of human charity.



## Glasgow Royal Asylum.

### OUR WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

\* 1903-1904. \*



WE have pleasure in giving the dates for the Opening of the Winter Entertainments, with some other information that may interest our readers.

**Thursday Evening Concert and Dance.**—First Concert on Thursday, October 8th, at 7 o'clock.

**Monday Fortnightly.**—First Evening on Monday, October 19th.

*Programme Oct. 22*  
**Saturday Fortnightly.**—First Lantern Lecture, on Saturday, October 10th, when Mr. E. G. P. Cotelingam (in native dress) will speak about "India." Other Saturday Engagements till Christmas include "In and out and Round about the G.R.A." (Mr. Johnston); "Three in Sicily" (Dr. Oswald); "Pictures from Palestine" (Dr. Oswald); and probably "Travels in Russia" (Dr. Boyd). The subjects of some most interesting after Christmas Lectures will be intimated in our next number.

**Grand Concerts.**—Mr. Airie comes to us with the first of these on Wednesday, 21st October, and continues them every four weeks thereafter.

The Waverley Choir gives a Concert on Tuesday, November 17th, and another in the Spring, and the Neapolitan Dramatic Club gives a performance in December.

The first Staff Dance will be held in the beginning of November.

At the time of going to press other Engagements are being booked, and will be intimated.

The Monthly Golf Competition for the Challenge Plate will be resumed in October, under Dr. Hotchkis' direction, and there will be a Billiard Tournament at Christmas.

**Important Musical Announcement.**—The Directors have appointed Mr. Simpson as Musical Director to the Asylum. Mr. Simpson is a pupil of Mr. Ferguson, Organist to the Barony Church, and comes with high recommendations. He will act as Organist at Church Services, and under his direction, the Choir will meet for practice on Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. As Pianist, he will be present at the Weekly Concerts, and during the winter he will endeavour to get together and train a small orchestra. Members of the staff, who regularly play in the Band, will receive a yearly bonus. We hope that the Choir Practice will be regularly and largely attended by all who can give help with the musical part of the Church Services.

## TRAINING OF STAFF, 1903-1904.

THE following is an outline of what will be done this winter. The days and hours of classes will be posted up later. The Lectures will be held in the New Lecture Room, where also a small Lending Library will be placed.

### SENIORS.

(a) Twenty Lectures on the Nursing of Medical and Surgical Cases and on Mental Disorders, with their nursing, on Mondays, by Dr. Hotchkis.

(b) Weekly Demonstrations on cases in the wards by the Medical Staff.

(c) Twelve Lectures on various matters connected with the care and treatment of patients, by Dr. Oswald.

(d) A Course of Practical Instructions in Sick Room Cookery, by Miss M'Kirdy. For efficiency in this a separate certificate will be granted.

The names of those entitled to attend the Senior Class will be afterwards intimated.

### JUNIORS.

(a) Course of Twenty Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, and Elementary Hygiene, by Dr. Goldie-Scott.

(b) Weekly Demonstrations in Practical Work of the Ward, by the Matron and Head Attendant.

(c) Practical Course of Bandaging and Apparatus (after Christmas), by the Clinical Clerk.

Only these Juniors who pass a qualifying examination at the end of their course can pass into the Senior Class. Special coaching will be given in the spring to those going up for the Certificate.



### Summer holidays.

SOME of the ladies passed a very happy month at Skelmorlie in June, others returned from Ardrossan at the end of August, looking sunburned and well. At present, several of the gentlemen are at Achahoish, on Loch Coilsport, ten miles from Ardrishaig.

#### REST.

Where in this world of sorrow, shall we find  
The rest, so craved and yearned for by  
mankind?  
Let but thy conscience whisper, "All is  
well,"  
Then mayst thou rest, then in content-  
ment dwell.

A.T.K.

### A Pretty Ankle.

SHE was most fashionably gowned; every article of her attire was up-to-date, and every woman turned to give her a second look. As she came to a crossing, however, she lifted her silken skirt a little higher, and, oh, horror! there was a hole in her black silk stocking, disclosing the white flesh of her dainty ankle beneath. One could not help seeing it.

"Gracious!" said I to my wife, "isn't it a shame that a young lady who is so well dressed, should be so careless as to go about with a hole in her stocking!"

"Oh, you stupid," replied my wife; "that's just like you men. Don't you know that there's a purpose in that? That young lady has put that hole in her stocking purposely."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said.

"No nonsense about it. That young lady prides herself on her small ankle, and she is bound to attract attention to it. For that reason she has made a hole in her stocking, and she knows that every time she lifts her skirt just a wee little bit, persons are going to see that hole and admire that ankle."

"Well, she certainly has a pretty ankle," I said.

"Sir! how dare you?" almost shrieked my wife. I said no more, and the subject of holes in stockings was not discussed any further. SIMPLETON.

### Incidents of a Voyage from New Zealand to London.

WE were twenty-one days out from Port Lyttelton, New Zealand, on board the homeward bound mail steamer, when we anchored in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Across the lonely South Pacific we had sailed day by day, sighting neither land nor ship until we doubled Cape Horn. The weather in the latitude of the Cape had been extremely tempestuous, and Cape Horn is regarded as one of the worst spots in the world for storms. We had expected to go through the Straits of Magellan, instead of to the extreme south round Cape Horn; but for reasons which he did not divulge, our captain decided against attempting the Straits, much to our disappointment. After rounding Cape Horn, we shaped our course northwards, gradually working our way into better weather. We witnessed a sight in the latitude of the Cape, not uncommon, but which brought home very vividly to us the dangers that await those who go down to the sea in ships. One forenoon we sighted a barque about four or five miles away. As we approached her it was quite apparent that something was wrong. Her foremast and bowsprit with the sails attached were gone, but her main and mizzen masts were intact, and she carried some square sails and her mainsail reefed; while she was rolling about as if abandoned. We drew as near to her as safety permitted, and sounded our siren. There was no response, no one aboard, boats gone, and her rudder smashed. Her crew had evidently been endeavouring to steer her by means of a huge spar, which was left towing astern. She was so waterlogged that her deck was almost flush with the sea, and the

waves broke over her as she lurched helplessly from side to side. We could make out her name, "W. T. Sargent, Nova Scotia," and we concluded that she must be timber-laden, as she could not otherwise have kept afloat in her water-logged condition. As we could do nothing with her, we sailed on, wondering what had become of her crew; but hoping that as her boats were gone, that they had been taken aboard some passing ship.

Pursuing our way northward, we soon forgot the derelict in the prospect of seeing land again. Rio de Janeiro was our first port of call, and our object in calling there was to coal. The weather as we neared the tropics was becoming brighter and warmer day by day. At last, on a lovely sunny morning, we entered the beautiful harbour of Rio de Janeiro. It is often spoken of as one of the finest harbours in the world.

Studded with islands, some fortified, others used as sites for hospitals; (for the dreaded yellow fever rages periodically at Rio), with the ships at anchor in the bay, and the coasters sailing out and in, it is indeed beautiful. The city (the largest in South America) stretches back from the sea to the hills which encircle it, immense, white, glistening under the tropic sun. The hills, clothed with green to their summits, form a beautiful background, and to us, after so many weary days of the monotony of the sea, it seemed like fairyland. We anchored close to a French frigate-of-war, and the cheery note of the bugle, and the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle aboard her, came over the water to us at intervals. After anchoring we were soon surrounded by a small fleet of boats, some containing boys eager to dive for coins thrown from the ship; other boats selling fruit, flowers made of feathers, basket-work, and parrots and monkeys. Later came the coal barges in tow of a small steamer, and a little army of negroes was soon busy transferring the coal, (in baskets carried

on the shoulder) from the barges to our coal bunkers. As coaling a large steamer in the tropics is an operation attended with much discomfort to those on board, most of the passengers went ashore to see the city.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, lies within the tropic of Capricorn. It has a population of 700,000, including negroes, who form a considerable proportion—slavery having only been abolished within the last twenty-five years. The streets are narrow, except in the centre of the city, and mule trancars run in all directions; but, oh! so slowly, one feels inclined to get out and push behind. Nothing is ever done in a hurry in Rio. The houses are almost entirely constructed of brick, faced with white plaster, though the principal churches are of stone, as are also the Government buildings. There are some fine squares, where you are surprised to find really good bronze statuary. In these squares in the evening, the better classes promenade, and listen to the strains of Strauss' waltzes, and operatic airs, played by military bands. During the heat of the day, few ladies are seen, except going to, or returning from mid-day mass; but, in the evening, they may be seen in the squares and gardens, walking about or sitting under the trees, chatting with friends or relatives, while the bands are playing. The people are Portuguese, and very talkative and demonstrative.

We visited the Cathedral under the guidance of a kindly old priest, who did not know a word of English. We noticed that on either side of the high altar were what looked exactly like opera-boxes. These were intended to be used by Dom Pedro and his family, who as recently as 1883 was Emperor of Brazil; but after his enforced abdication Brazil became a Republic. After showing us over the Cathedral, the priest took us to a side-room, where in very old, beautifully carved oak ward-ropes and chests, he showed us the robes

and vestments used by the Cardinal and his priests, on high occasions. Religion plays a great part in the lives of the women of Rio, as in all Roman Catholic countries. We also visited the Botanical Gardens, which, besides all manner of tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers, contains a very wonderful grotto with stalactites and stalagmites formed, and in formation. The formation of these stalactites is caused by water containing lime constantly dripping, and depositing the lime on the floor of the grotto, until a pillar of lime is formed. We also saw there for the first time, numbers of lizards running about the rockeries; others basking in the warm sunshine. They are quite common in Brazil.

A visit to the fruit-market was very interesting. All kinds of fruits were exposed for sale; also parrots and monkeys. The vendors were mostly negro women, cheery, voluble, and eager to sell. They saw at once that we were visitors, and laughingly tried to get us to purchase fruit. One big negress almost insisted on forcing a monkey on one of our party, much to our, and their amusement. We dined at a very good café, partaking after dinner of Brazilian coffee, served black and thick in little cups, without sugar or cream.

The southern side of the city is devoted to manufacture, as the Brazilian understands it. There, in the shops, with doors and windows open on account of the heat, we saw carried on the making of all kinds of leather articles, jewellery, furniture, cigars and cigarettes, glass work, and feather flowers. We purchased some odds and ends, including some photos and cigars. Returning to the jetty where we had landed, some one proposed a swim in the bay. Hiring a boat we rowed out some distance, and enjoyed our bath immensely, after our day's sight-seeing under the tropical sun.

Later, we went aboard our steamer, where everything on deck was covered with fine coal dust. Next morning

early, we weighed anchor, and steamed away from beautiful Rio for the Cape Verde Islands, St. Vincent being our next port of call. A. D.

## OCTOBER.

Brown October, sweet and sombre,  
Once again we hail thy coming,  
On thy slowly moving pinions,  
O'er the purple hills,  
Meditative musings bringing,  
Of the swiftly passing seasons,  
Through the gaily tinted summer,  
Fraught with mirth and melody,  
Flinging up with brimming measure  
Earth's bright holiday.

Brown October, sweet and sombre,  
Tinged with passive under-tonings;  
Mellowing into shades of yellow  
All the dreamy woods,  
Russet-tinted, green and ochre,  
Blending into sweet confusion;  
Everywhere to musing leading,  
Missing on the fleeting nature  
Of the beautiful and tender,

Breathings through the soul!  
Brown October, sweet and sombre,  
Lingering footsteps of the autumn;  
On the threshold of the winter,  
Entering softly,  
Reconciling, yet beguiling  
Into moody, subtle silence,  
All the waning, changeful season,—  
Fringed with, here and there, a blossom,  
Legible to leave the breezy meadows  
All undecorated.

Brown October, sweet and sombre,  
Tending with sweet retrospections;  
In thine advent though we bid farewell  
To glowing summer,  
With its faded passion flowers;  
All its sunflowers dead and drooping,  
Festive roses swinging sadly  
O'er grey and grimly lichened walls,—  
We adore thee for the memories,—  
Embalming all the year.

PEARLINE.

## A Ladies' Cricket Match.

TIME is assuredly always on the wing, and to everyone it depends on the environment, disposition, condition, circumstances, how slowly the Old Father moves, or with what speed he is accelerated. In retrospect the longest or most ekeod life is ever brief. The familiar, yet exhaustless, bard of Avonside thus apostrophises—



"Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow."

Sixty years! Three score fair summers with their accompanying winters (qualified by Tanmahill, now proverbially, "gloomy") have come and gone since the writer first peeped on the light of day. The intervening term, fraught with momentous worldly change, marked by manifold personal joys and sorrows, now appears visionary, like unto a tale that is told—as yesterday! But wherefore this rumination, and whereto doth it tend? Gradual, however, may be the process of relation, for a mental herald proclaims, anticipates, so to speak, the expression of reflected thought. With langsyne associations awakened, stirred, but their drift, to be effectively, naturally evolved must be free and flowing as the clear and coursing stream. Well then, endeavouring to illustrate:—

Throughout life I have spent much of my spare time in the cultivation and practice of out-door games, believing that such recreation is beneficial, yea, essential; that it not only invigorates and strengthens, but truly enriches the mind as well as the body. Perhaps of little moment to note that I am still bodily active, possess a youthful spirit, and still interested and occasionally indulge in the luxury of out-door "play." Rounders, shinty, quoits, golf, bowls, croquet, cricket, etc., have alternately shared my attention and devotion. Although (admittedly) never an adept or champion at either, but rather, maybe, apt at all, certainly not in any way commonplace, and at no time ever ranked amongst the laggards or duffers. Poetically or metaphorically speaking, no "vain carpet knight," but as occasion required, manifestly in earnest, eye ready to do battle for "my love."

Cricket has always been, still is, and doubtless shall remain my most treasured or favourite game, and deservedly so. Why? Because, in

my opinion, it contains all that makes it ideal. Vigorous and health-giving, ever varying in form and ever attractively in order, educative, graceful, scientific, and fascinating! Is it not frequently signified "manly," "noble," and "national"; now designated "the prince" and now "the king of games"? During my time I have seen and played in hundreds of cricket matches, but never, with the exception of once, encountering a motley combination or brotherhood banded under the title of Clown Cricketers (their playing was characteristically entertaining, sometimes intentionally and allowedly odd and eccentric—the "eleven," notwithstanding, comprised several excellent professional exponents of the national game) had it been my fortune until the exhibition year (1901) to witness any *outré* engagement. In splendid May weather, to be exact, on the afternoon of Tuesday the twenty-first of that record month, I had the pleasure and privilege afforded me, along with many others, of being an invited spectator of a cricket match played between ladies and gentlemen on the beautiful lawn (margin, sylvan shaded) in front of ——— mansion at ———, the demesne and precincts together considered, though not as enchanting and alluring as many, yet still very lovely and surely as well-known as any in that portion of our much-loved Sovereign's home dominions where the seasonable bloom and fragrance of the heather and the hue of the bluebell are arresting and famous, and where, too, the thistle is remarkable and unique, emblematic of its nativity—

"Calceolus stern and wild,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."

With the ground duly prepared and in good order, the wickets fairly pitched, at regulation distance apart, and "creases" carefully marked, and all in readiness (the spin, or rather bird of coin, had decided the choice of innings) was the match commenced by

the ladies assuming the defensive. Conducted under strict rule, but with specially arranged conditions, and carried through from start to close with great and commendable heartiness. Whilst the "gentler sex" were free and untrammelled, "the lords of creation" were handicapped by being only allowed the free use of their left hands (the right confined in pocket, any violation penalised), and when batting, compelled to use broomsticks instead of the regulation "willow" at the disposal of the ladies. As may be imagined, this novel match, at least novel or rare in these northern parts, was watched by all with very considerable and growing interest, the various and notable points commented on, and frequently punctuated throughout with hilarity and well-earned plaudits. Lengthened criticism of the play may be dispensed with. There was no scientific exposition in any department of the game. The batting and bowling were, all things considered, fairly good, but the fielding was really smart, some fine catches being made. But the great and outstanding feature of the match remains to be chronicled, the cause and purport of this article—that with successive balls were two players shield or thrown out! All devotees thoroughly understand the meaning of the phrase, there being "more in" than the mere words convey. Cricketers well know that to get even one out in an innings, after the fashion just related, is no common every-day event, and to get two out in this manner, and in such a way is of most rare occurrence, but to get two out in this manner, and with successive balls, and by a lady, and the same lady, is surely worthy of record, unsurpassed, in very truth, unparalleled in cricket history. (Any fair or manly reader can oblige and instruct, possessed of reliable incidental knowledge). Justice and courtesy alike impel me to state that the feat was achieved by an accomplished, sprightly and winsome young Irish

lady who fully merited the bestowed compliments and congratulations of her friends.

It now only remains to be noted that this auspicious match resulted adversely for the ladies who bore defeat with becoming grace and cheerfulness. At the conclusion tea was daintily served on the lawn, when with racy conversation, rippling with illuminating repartee, the contestants, victors and vanquished, in brightest sunshine, gleefully fought their battle o'er again.

WILLIE WINKIE.

### Letters to the Editor.

#### SOME EMOTIONS AND THREE BROOCHES.

Dear Mr. Editor,—One day recently I was walking down the avenue thinking of all the nice things I could remember, and trying to feel good; a very difficult business with me. I had reached that blissful stage of mental abstraction which I imagine poets cultivate, when they speak of being in harmony with nature and her moods; when someone came hurriedly forward exclaiming—

"One of the ladies has lost a crescent-shaped brooch, and ten shillings reward is offered to the finder."

"All right," I replied, "I'll keep a look out for it."

Meeting Hughie, (a great friend of mine), a little later, I proceeded to impart to him the information about the missing brooch and the reward, describing the shape of the brooch as like the moon in her first quarter. Hughie went off at once to look for it, stipulating that if he should find it, the money must be paid in shillings. Presently, as I got round as far as the farm, I met Archie M., who said—

"Oh! one of the ladies has lost a round gold brooch."

"Not crescent-shaped?" I replied.

"No," Archie said, "that's another one."



"Two brooches lost?" I queried.

"Yes," replied Archie.

Continuing my walk, I came on Hughie busily searching for brooch No. 1, and I said—

"Oh! Hughie, there's another brooch lost, a round gold one this time, like the full moon."

Hughie took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked at me doubtfully with his big eyes; but seeing that I was in earnest, he simply asked if there was any reward for it.

"I don't know," I replied.

I left Hughie, and soon after met one of the cottage ladies, and she remarked, "Miss G. has lost a pebble bar-shaped brooch."

"What! another? that makes three brooches lost."

"Isn't it odd?" she replied, and I moved on.

Thinking that the neighbourhood of the rests would be a nice place for quietness, in case any more brooches were missing, I proceeded there; but Hughie was before me, searching. I went forward quietly, and said—

"Oh! Hughie, Miss G. at the cottage has lost a pebble bar-shaped brooch."

Hughie ceased searching, and turning round, expectorated, and rubbing his hands furiously, his eyes enlarging gradually, till I trembled, replied—

"Have you any more brooch stories? a crescent-moon brooch, a full-moon brooch, and a pebble-bar brooch. Is it not a sand-bar or a luncheon-bar that is lost?" I tried to assure him that all three brooches were lost, but in vain, and I left very hurriedly.

I think I will hie me to some distant isle, where brooches are not worn, and where, when it rains one simply undresses till it fairs up; as it is impossible to cultivate poetic moods here, with so much lost jewellery lying about.

4.M.W.

P.S.—As all three brooches have been found, Hughie is satisfied, and we are again on friendly terms.

## Varieties.

Once upon a time Reuben mounted his likely grey mare and went to the fair in an adjoining village, hoping that he might find an opportunity to make a horse trade that would be to his advantage.

He met a dapper, smooth tongued man, with a high stepping, showy horse, who invited him to dinner. As they ate they talked of the merits of their horses, and the dapper man finally agreed to make an even exchange in consideration of the friendly feeling that he had for Reuben.

When Reuben got his high stepping horse home and tried to put him to some practical use, he found that he possessed most of the defects that horseflesh is heir to.

Moral.—A fair exchange is sometimes robbery.

She was a teacher of vocal music. Her mind was occupied, to the utter exclusion of the external world, with profound thoughts on the subject of nasal tone.

En route to the post office she had, in lieu of her fare, proffered the street car conductor her hand to shake. To the clerk at the post office she said:—

"How much are stamps?"

"One cent or two cent?" inquired the clerk, laconically.

"Two cent. How much are they?"

A young man to his sweetheart said,

"Sweet Ann, I love but thee, dear,  
Will you be mine and with me wed?  
I pray thee, answer me, dear."

"Your answer you shall have," she cried;  
"I'll give the best I can, sir."

And, as she drew close to his side,  
She murmured "I'm your Ann, sir."

Hostess—Anything wrong, Mr. Blockedd? You have not opened your mouth this evening.

Mr. Blockedd—Oh, you just wait until refreshments are served.

"Polehunter talks about making an Arctic trip in an automobile."

"Why, he couldn't reach the Pole that way."

"No, but he could come back and tell how he didn't."

"If all the earth were mine to give  
It should be thine!" quoth he.

"Why, I'm surprised, for as I live  
I thought 'twas yours," said she.

An artistic temperament is always interesting, but a bank account is more practical.