

which in their early summer dress were looking their best, their tiny newly-born leaves were like dancing jewels strung upon black branches, and the sunbeams glancing through them gave them a golden greenish tinge, which was simply fascinating to behold. The hedges were a blaze of primroses, violets, ragged robin, and stitchwort, which with the tender green of the young fronds of the hartstongue and other ferns made a glorious picture of the promise of life that is quite indescribable.

Our walks became one long drawn out exclamation of delight. The result of our journey to the farm was a load of wood for the sitting-room fire, but, alas, no milk! All the farm people were out, so we had to fall back upon a sample of milk powder for which we were very thankful.

That day we received a note from the coal merchant, refusing to supply less than 5 cwt. of coal; there was no help for it, whether we wanted it or not; it must be that or none, so three days later the coal arrived.

The weather was for the most part cold and wet, but cleared usually in the afternoons, when we sallied forth for a walk, always returning laden with firewood, which we tied into as large a bundle as possible, and then two of us hauled it along, whilst Granny and the half acted as gleaners behind us.

Wood hauling isn't bad fun, but its somewhat disconcerting when one of a team suddenly turns and flops on her back, the result of catching her foot in a rabbit hole or against a rock, in fact, it's almost as much so as when one is trying to get a nice fat branch of dead furze, and, giving it a good wrench, the next instant sees her toes skywards, then all work ceases until the shrieks of laughter die away and the team is sufficiently serious to continue its journey.

It was indeed a picnic, though the drawbacks were many, but somehow they did not seriously affect us; how could they when we had only to lift our eyes to the window to see the deliciously tender green of the larch woods, fringed by a belt of dark, dark firs, and lower down the reddish brown of the beech caps opening to show the green buds inside.

To see the glint of the moorland streams dashing over the moss covered boulders, and to hear the never-ceasing murmur of the water as it rushed towards mother sea.

Then the joy of the moorland, the short grass growing through a carpet of soft, springy moss, with dainty violets and a pretty little fellow flower (the name of which I've forgotten) for a design; the thick curls of the bracken fronds; dainty red-tipped leaves and wax-like flowers of the bilberry bushes; lichen-covered boulders, and the rocks, which we called our Tor, where we practically lived when the weather was kind; where we lunched, teaed, sewed, read, and wrote; what matter if the kitchen chimney did smoke, and smoked so badly that our neighbour came in to know if the house was on fire; and then, failing a chimney sweep, she kindly set to work and burnt it out, after which cleanliness and peace reigned for awhile.

We made a few excursions to the neighbouring Tors, but Granny one day decided that anything

higher than our own Tor was too near the sun, so those trips were discontinued.

One day we visited the nearest village, which is just a row of the prettiest cottages possible, and gardens ablaze with brilliant flowers, and a few villas dotted among the pines. We all gasped for air and returned with joy to our wind-swept moorland cottage, with all its discomforts.

I must not forget to mention our sight of Halley's comet. It was to be visible at 3 a.m., so for two mornings efforts were made to locate it unsuccessfully, but later on, when we read in the paper it "looked like a blob of mist," we were successful, and the half was taken up to see it, so that in years to come she may say she saw it too.

At the end of the month we were glad to return to civilisation and our pretty home, with its comforts of soft beds and all the conveniences of modern life, but withal were feelings of regret at leaving behind those beautiful woods, which were daily getting a more uniform green as the newly-opened buds became full-grown leaves.

Thankful indeed we were for a delightful holiday and renewed strength to resume the daily round again in spite of drawbacks and inconveniences.

MARY BURR.

What to Note at the Nursing and Midwifery Exhibition.

The names of the firms who are arranging exhibits at the Nursing and Midwifery Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, next week, prove that there will be much of interest for nurses to see, and we have pleasure in drawing attention to some of the more prominent ones whose stands those who visit this exhibition should not fail to notice.

Stands 1a and 6a, STEPHEN SMITH AND Co., where Hall's Wine, well known and appreciated by nurses as an excellent restorative, will be found.

Stand 11a, MESSRS. C. ZIMMERMANN AND Co., the proprietors of Lysol, a disinfectant supplied in handy bottles, and widely appreciated by nurses and midwives.

Stands 17a and 22a, MESSRS. LEWIS AND BURROWS, whose clinical thermometers are a marvel of cheapness combined with reliability.

Stand 23a, BOVRIL, LTD., the excellence and purity of whose well-known beverage of that name is widely recognised.

Stands 25a, 26a, 29a, and 30a, MESSRS. E. AND R. GARROULD, nurses' outfitters, who excel in exhibits of this kind, and are showing everything connected with nurses' uniforms, as well as surgical instruments and nursing requisites, midwives' outfits, invalid and nursery furniture, etc.

Stand 38a, MESSRS. NEWTON CHAMBERS AND Co., whose disinfectant, Izal, needs no introduction to nurses.

Stand 39a, MESSRS. WELFORD AND SONS, renowned for the purity and variety of their dairy produce.

Stand 40a, MADAME KATE CAMERON, whose cor-

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