

with the lights and shadows of summer time fitting everywhere.

Again my brush provided the excuse to explore the ruins of Loch Leven Castle, and with three fishermen and a half, the latter trawling an engaging worm before the eyes of unobservant trout, I and the companion of many a sketching expedition set out with our brushes for the Castle pier, refusing to be convinced that we should find greater entertainment from the tip of a feather on a fish hook than from our tufts of sable hair. We squatted on the pier and soon were busy on the castle battlements, and then we betook ourselves to the Round Tower which the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, is supposed to have occupied during her captivity. Then we climbed the winding old stone stairs in search of "material" and ere long set to work to splash in the first flush of the setting sun, the prelude to a perfect panorama of colour, in which the hills steeped themselves, and which the broad waters of the Loch mirrored like a plain of many-coloured lights, broken here and there by the dark wooded islands rising out of the water. Long after painting became impossible the waters remained a sheet of glorious light and at last we heard again the splash of the oars and got into the boat not unthankful that the darkness precluded criticism of our efforts, for what could we hope for in the matter of encouragement on hearing the tidings that four rods, and among them that of the champion fisher of Loch Leven, had accounted for but one trout. But truth to tell, in these summer days, criticism will count for little to sable head or you, it will be all one whether to your elbow comes the Irish gipsy with his "Eh, bonny lady, you do paint proper," the mendacious school girl who assures you, "It's bonnier than the garden itself," another with cousinly candour offering the advice, "Never mind if its not like *that* tower, it will be like *some* tower," or the farmer who detects the absurdity of your having ventured to draw but a few sheep on what he can vouch is a twelve-acre field, or who by mild innuendo suggests that, however ornamental a tumbledown fence may be to your picture, it is not to his credit that you should so represent one he has really kept in reasonable repair. Of them all, the severest critic will be yourself and, if truth compels you to the conviction that the results before you are not all that you had hoped, it matters not at all, for there still remains sable head with elusive promises that "to-morrow or next day" you will accomplish something beyond washing in just a little memory of summer sunshine.

I. M.

MARRIAGE.

On August 28th, Miss Cornelia Cave Browne-Cave was married to Mr. Collett at St. Cyprian's, Dorset Square. Mrs. Collett is a very popular member of the R.B.N.A. and has a seat on its General Council and Executive Committee. A wire was sent to the happy pair conveying the good wishes of the Corporation.

APPOINTMENTS.

Miss S. MacBride has recently been appointed Lady Superintendent of the new Health and Welfare Department at the Dewhurst Cotton Mills. That she is eminently suited for such an appointment is shown by the fact that she was chosen out of five hundred applicants. Miss MacBride has specialised in the administrative side of public health work for many years. Some months ago, when she was appointed to organise a Health Department in connection with Messrs. Robinson's works at Chesterfield, we gave a short account of her career and mentioned the very important appointments which she has held both in the hospital world and in public health work at home and abroad. Miss MacBride is an exception to the proverbial "Rolling Stone" for there are few lands in which she has not laboured and yet, in spite of a wayfaring life, she has gone forward with each new venture.

Previous to going to the Provinces from an administrative post in London she was well known as a lecturer on nursing and kindred subjects in the metropolis.

Miss Edith Newsome has been appointed Matron of Fairfield Sanatorium near York. Miss Newsome is a very energetic and capable organiser and, during the war, was Matron of a large Military Hospital. She finds time, in her busy life, to take a keen interest in all that affects her profession and is a clever writer and lectures on subjects connected with Nursing and Hygiene.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Whilst welcoming communications from its Members the Corporation does not hold itself responsible for individual expressions of opinion.

TO THE SECRETARY, R.B.N.A.

DEAR MADAM,—I see that the College and its paper are appealing widely to nurses to design a coat of arms and badge for it, and they are offering prizes for the best design sent in.

What about that surfeit of ideas with which the lady at the Manchester Conference was burdened? A cuckoo, a parrot or even a chanticleer himself would be quite appropriate for the coat-of-arms, and, for once, something original. Anyhow, I am glad that they cannot imitate our crest as they have copied so many of our ideas.

Yours truly,

M. NASH.

Emsworth, Hants.

[Presumably our correspondent refers to Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler." Those who desire to know more of this egregious and vain-glorious bird should read the chapter devoted to him in "A Bundle of Memories," by Henry Scott Holland].

ISABEL MACDONALD.

Secretary to the Corporation.

10, Orchard Street, London, W.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)