

former prescribed with most satisfactory results in marasmus, rickets, scurvy, and all strumous conditions, also in convalescence from serious illnesses.

CHARLES ZIMMERMANN & CO. (CHEMICALS), LTD., 9 & 10, St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C. 3, have a well-arranged exhibit of their "Subitol" preparations, including five per cent. soap, which is increasingly appreciated by the medical and nursing professions; and "Papain Dega," made from specially-prepared Papaw juice, for all forms of digestive disturbance.

### VIROLAX.

We have pleasure in drawing attention to the value of Virolax, a new nutrient laxative which is a combination of 40 per cent. (volume) Virol, some portion of the animal fats being omitted and 60 per cent. chemically pure liquid paraffin, supplied by Virol, Ltd., 148-166, Old Street, London, E.C. A special feature is that while Virol is an agreeable vehicle for the paraffin, which is so finely subdivided that proper lubrication of the intestines is insured and regular action promoted, it is a distinct advantage to be able to supply easily-digested food with a bowel lubricant.

Virolax has the further advantage of being attractive in appearance and is readily taken by both children and adults.

### COMING EVENTS.

October 8th.—Registered Nurses' Parliamentary Council Meeting. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4.30 p.m.

October 9th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Lecture on "Sleep" by Miss Good. In the Chair, Miss Alice Cattell. 10, Orchard Street, Portman Square, W. 3 p.m. Sale of Work for Trained Nurses Annuity Fund.

October 11th-15th.—National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland: Annual Meeting and Conference, Victoria Rooms, Bristol.

October 12th.—Flower Day in London in support of the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses.

October 12th and following day.—Central Midwives Board for Ireland Examination, Dublin, Belfast, Cork. Particulars from Secretary, 33, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

October 14th.—Central Midwives' Board: Monthly meeting.

October 15th.—General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Meeting, Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W. 2 p.m.

October 15th.—National Union of Trained Nurses. Lecture, "Civic Duties and Responsibilities," by Councillor Beatrice Kent. 46, Marsham Street, Westminster. 6 p.m.

October 16th.—British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, Woolwich: Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian, will lay the foundation stone. 3 p.m.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "GREEN APPLE HARVEST."\*

This delightful book is remarkable for many good things; its forceful delineation of characters—which, though original, are never overdrawn—its charming nature pictures—whose appeal is not the least fascinating side of this book—its poignant tragedy, its humour, and, above all, its high literary merit.

Having read it with absorbed interest from cover to cover, the reader will fain turn again the leaves to savour its pungent charm. Written in Sussex dialect it will make a special appeal to Sussex folk and lovers.

The Fullers of Bodingmares had lived in the parish of High Tilt for nearly 300 years. Gradually they had descended in the social scale, till, at the time the story commences, they were yeoman farmers owning but two hundred acres.

The family consisted of James Fuller, his wife Elizabeth, her two sons, and a son and daughter of his former wife.

Although the chief interest of the story centres round Robert, Elizabeth's elder son, all the family play an important part, and indeed there is no one person in the story that can be deemed insignificant.

James Fuller was a Methodist, to them he owed the wonder of his conversion, his place among the elect, the occasional raptures that broke the chill cloudiness of his experiences. Robert had inherited his religious instinct, which, combined with an emotional temperament and a lawless, undisciplined nature, led him into strangely diverse paths.

The first picture is given of him when his father and family were assembled at tea, previous to starting for a revival meeting. Robert was late and thus incurred the censure of his father. A quick step sounded in the yard, the outer door crashed open, someone said "shoo" to the cat, the kitchen door burst open with the same violence as the other, and an atmosphere of vitality and disruption seemed to enter the room with Elizabeth's elder son. His face was florid, his eyes blue and rather full. He was dressed after the manner of the exquisites in High Tilt—in a fawn coat, checked riding breeches with leather gaiters and boots. His Calvinist father sniffed disgustedly at the strong smell of beer that had come into the room with him.

"That is how you get ready for a meeting?"  
"I'll sing all the better wud a wet thoat."

Robert, who enjoyed singing, sang lustily the verse beginning, "I do believe, I will believe."

James shot up with a clenched fist.

"Ma'aster, dear," broke in Elizabeth.

"You wur singing to mock."

"I wurn't." And indeed he wasn't.

Robert's behaviour annoyed his father more than that of his youngest son, Clem; although he

\*By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell & Company, Ltd.

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