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TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

never be a decent player with the back-hand I then possessed. It wasn't too bad a back-hand of a defensive kind, but I had difficulty in putting the ball into certain parts of the court, and I found I was finishing the strokes with the knuckles up, thereby showing that I cut under the ball and so took all the speed off it. As I had no one to teach me and no model to follow, I decided to learn to play it with a swing exactly the same as for the fore-hand, but of course finishing this time with the finger nails upwards, I worked at the new swing both without a ball and with a ball against a wall, in my spare moments during the following winter. Then I struggled with it during the summer—sometimes succeeding, and sometimes relapsing—and I worked at it again all the next winter, until my perseverance was rewarded, and now I practically do not mind whether the ball comes to my fore-hand or my back-hand.

I SUPPOSE no article from me on the fore-hand stroke would be complete without a few words upon the running drive, or, as it is sometimes called, "the Irish drive." I can't claim to be the originator of it, as it was first exploited by my countryman, W. J. Hamilton, who won the English Championship as far back as 1890, and it was at that time that his favourite shot gained for itself the name of "the Irish drive."

I must confess I had never even heard of it until somebody discovered that I played it in the same way as W. J. Hamilton, but it is rather a peculiar coincidence that the next person to use this running drive with any success should be another Irishman.

Perhaps, after all, there may be something in the name, and it may be specially adapted to our national temperament! It has always been a natural stroke with me and it feels so

easy and simple that there seems to be nothing to explain or to say about it. The only necessities for playing it are good foot-work, judgment of your distance from the ball, and balance—though in practice the second two are sub-heads of the first, for if the foot-work is right, the judgment must have been correct, and the balance inevitably follows. In playing the stroke you have probably only about a square foot of court into which to put the ball, with the knowledge that failure to hit the mark will cost you the point, so it is fairly evident that if your foot-work is wrong in the least fraction, your chance of a winner practically vanishes. The only secret of success in playing this particular shot seems to be run at the ball, hit it as hard as you can, and trust in your lucky star!

Just a few hints on practice in general to close with.

Don't be too anxious to win—time enough for that in a serious match—but try to play each stroke correctly, both as regards foot-work and swing, and don't mind if you are beaten in consequence—your time will come if you persevere. Above all, don't avoid your weak point, but rather let as much play come to it as is possible—I still run round balls to play them with my back-hand. Try to beat a weaker player by attacking his strong point with your weak point, and you will find it not only excellent practice, but also a good match.

Don't develop a favourite shot from any particular position to such an extent, that you are in any way tied down to it, but learn to play into any part of your opponent's court from any part of your own with equal facility.

Finally, never forget for a moment that the beginning and end of success in tennis is "foot-work," and seek to excel in it.

Tramping to Oka

(Continued from page 6.)

high-pointed windows, through which came the dim evening light; at the far end a white altar and here and there the spark of a tiny candle in the gloom. Against the wall on either side stood the fathers, each in his stall. They were reading the psalms for the day, first one side read then the other, and their strong, deep voices, although subdued, half filled the vaulted space. Later on, with much clattering of hob-nailed boots, the brown brothers, some of them mere boys and others tottering with age, filed in to take their places in two rows in front of the fathers. Gregorian chants and a plain-song hymn or two completed the service, and as the light altogether faded, the Angelus rang out somewhere overhead, and evensong ended in silent prayer.

Ten minutes afterwards, at eight o'clock, every light in the monastery, perhaps, but ours, was out, and fathers and brothers had gone to rest. Some time later we also retired, only to be awakened, it seemed almost immediately, by the clang of the chapel bell. It was pitch dark, and two o'clock in the morning, and the monks were beginning their day. The chapel lights gleamed, and through the open windows came the low, monotonous, antiphonal murmur of men at prayer. At four the bell noisily greeted the dawning, and in the other wing of the building one saw a procession of white-robed monks pass chanting into the chapel. At six we arose with the somewhat guilty thought that these men had been up four hours. There was breakfast (in silence) and a tour of the monastery and farm under the guidance of the guest-master, a courteous gentleman whose only anxiety was we should see everything.

THE Trappists have two thousand acres of poor land. To see what they produce from it you would not think so. It is said the land was given them by the St. Sulpicians as being good for nothing. Most of it is bush and much of the rest is stony. With some of the stones they built

their monastery, and they are going to surround the two thousand acres with a high stone wall. As they clear the bush they use the wood in their own lumber mill. They keep much stock, three hundred cows in a magnificent barn fitted out with mechanical milkers, over a hundred horses and many hundred pigs. The poultry branch is important. How they farm may be gathered from the fact they had recently paid five hundred dollars for a cockerel to improve their laying strain. Holstein and Jersey cattle they long since gave up because of their unsuitability to the pasture. They have found the little French-Canadian cow the most prosperous and profitable of all. Oka cheese is known everywhere. It is made only by these monks, and some days they use as much as 20,000 pounds of milk in its production. Their claret, too, is famous. It is made from a mixture of grapes brought from Ontario, and wild grapes grown on their own land. Everywhere, in the fields, orchards and buildings, you see them at work, huge wooden-soled boots on their feet, their gowns caught up half way to the knee, stout, healthy, happy men; you almost expect them to sing at their tasks, until you remember they are under the vow of silence except when necessity demands. The monks at Oka believe in the strenuous life.

THE monks' quarters were no less interesting. Austere simplicity everywhere, as was to be expected, and everywhere a wonderful spotlessness. The refectory was a long room with one table down the centre, a stool, a wooden fork and spoon and a bowl for each monk, and at one side a raised reading desk from which one of the company reads as Abbot, monk and brother make their frugal meal. And frugal it is—bread and vegetables, a little milk and butter in summer, but none in winter, two meals a day and in winter one, and always some refreshment before going to bed. The wood-work everywhere is scrubbed