

# FOR WOMEN

# AMUSEMENTS

## Hospital Aid Society Meeting

Everything Ready for Furnishing Bedrooms and Diet Kitchens in Nurses' Home.

At the monthly meeting of the Women's Hospital Aid held yesterday afternoon, Mrs. R. Duncan Smith reported that everything was ready in connection with the furnishing of the bedrooms in the new Nurses' Home and two diet kitchens. Of the latter, one will be furnished by R. B. Emerson and the other by the Aid.

The treasurer reported \$12,498.82 in the fundraising fund; \$6,557.74 in the general fund and \$7.51 in the flower fund.

It was decided that the Aid should furnish two rooms in the name of Mrs. A. C. Skelton and Mrs. E. Allen, and two in the name of Mrs. R. Duncan Smith, as a token of appreciation of the work done by these ladies.

Mrs. Carleton Lee gave a very interesting report of the special basket work when flowers, fruit, candy and eggs were supplied to the patients at the hospital. Letters of appreciation for the Easter treat were read from Dr. Heiden and Miss Scott.

The book committee reported receipts of \$450.

Mrs. Bohan presented the report of the visiting committee for the month of March.

The denominational reports were submitted by Mrs. Moray for the Anglicans, Mrs. Carter for the Baptists, Mrs. Green for the Hebrews, Mrs. Moore for the Salvation Army and Mrs. Doody for the Roman Catholics.

On motion it was decided that the Aid should furnish a room for Nursing Sister Lenna Jenner.

Mrs. Louis Green was appointed convener of the visiting committee for May and Mrs. Ralph Robertson convener of the Magazine committee for the year.

The members were urged to attend the bridge and dance to be held for the "Anna Stammers" ward fund and the meeting of Dr. Vincent on Sunday.

### CLEANING BLANKETS.

After blankets have been washed and hung on the line and are thoroughly dry, beat lightly with a carpet beater. The wool will become light and soft and wear like new.

### MEAT SUBSTITUTE.

A shoveler made with milk and a mixture of vegetables, such as peas, carrots, potatoes and onions, makes an excellent occasional substitute for a meat dinner.

If vegetables are set to cook in boiling water the flavor and nutritive properties are retained.

Remove stubborn varnish with a liquid varnish remover and a sharp, sturdy scraper.

To prevent anything from becoming too much in the oven, place one or two sheets of asbestos paper over it.

It is always an advantage to keep soap on hand some time before using it, as it lasts longer when it is thoroughly dried. To dry it, it should be taken from the wrappers and placed on a shelf where air will circulate but where dust will not reach it.

### Very Religious.

"Helen, I really cannot permit you to read novels on the Sabbath."

"But, grandma, this one is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen at once."

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

## What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

## Dance Frocks For The Youthful

Black Evening Gowns Seem to Have the Call for Present Season.

Very probably the S. O. S. call for more clothes will include a convincing appeal for a black evening frock. Every girl is worn for a black evening frock this year—and there seem to be enough of these frocks to go around. Every other evening gown in the shops seems to be a black one. Nobody looks as well in a black dance frock as a young girl; and though it does seem a pity for youth to wear black, the black evening gown for a girl can be made a very blithe affair. New models in the misses department are of airy black net with horizontal bands of lacquered black satin ribbon all the way up the skirt, and the shiny ribbons give brightness to the black costume. One of these frocks has pipings of orange in the black satin girdle, and a huge cartwheel rosette at one side of the skirt shows whirled and whirled of orange pipings.

Another black dance gown for youth has a skirt of black net with a wide side under bows of black velvet ribbon, the velvet bows making a bright line down the skirt. There are velvet ribbon bows, too, on the elbow sleeve ruffles.

### MY GARDEN.

(By Inez Culver Corbin.)  
I've planted a lovely garden;  
There are lilacs and roses rare;  
I've watched over every blossom,  
And nurtured them with care.

At dawn I walk in the garden,  
When the lilies are wet with dew,  
I see their wondrous beauty  
Breaks on my soul anew.

Wander there just at noontide,  
When the roses nod in the sun,  
They lift their crimson heads to catch  
The sunbeams, every one.

And as the twilight approaches,  
And the wind like a sweet caress,  
My garden of flowers looks to sleep,  
With infinite tenderness—

Then I think that I love my garden,  
For I lose the care of the day;  
In the shadows of the night time,  
They quietly fade away.

My gardens make life the sweeter,  
'Tis the touch of the Master's Hand,  
Just plant for yourself a garden,  
Then you will understand.

**FASHION NEWS NOTES.**  
New York, April 21.—More Spring gowns are being sung by fashion chroniclers to the two-piece dress and now being urged for sport and street wear. Tweeds, we are told, carry with them the thought of Spring breezes and the thought of garden walls and country lanes, of the motor car passing out from the city's gate, of the Springtime throng on fashionable highways and byways. Women walk and ride and travel and golf will revel in Spring's joys, it seems only if they are clad in tweed.

Algerian silk crepe has been announced as adding a new field of fashion to its conquest—the misses' coats. Says one enthusiastic on the subject: "Unlike Alexander the Great, who swept because there were no more worlds to conquer, Algerian silk crepe discovered a new one, besetting it with smartness, capturing it with youth, and entering triumphantly the world of misses' coats." The colors are blue, black, navy blue, gray and brown, both quilted and unquilted.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND

(Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Troubles never come singly—at least they don't seem like "troubles" until after you've married them.

If English girls carry out their threat to do the courting, they will soon discover that a man will forgive a woman for asking him to steal for her, to die for her, or even to marry her—but never for asking him to love her!

Copernicus never felt half so proud as the man who has just discovered that his secret theory for making home-brew is actually wrong.

If the course of true love ever ran smooth, the average man would develop emulsi and switch off onto another course, before he got half started.

A man regards a woman's love as a woman regards her bank balance; he never handles that it is possible for him to overdraw his bank account.

Sometimes, a man is so ambidextrous that he can hold a woman by the nape of the neck with one hand, while he reaches out with the other to caress another woman.

Anybody can exist—but everybody wants to live! And, when a popular bachelorette cheerfully exchanges the devotion of all women for the espionage of just one, it is because he has discovered that there is no such thing as really "living"—alone!

Old wine, old looks, old friends—ah, yes! But age never improved a spring hat, spring flowers, or a spring situation. It takes the light of a brand new interest, now and then, to keep up the glow of life.

A woman always has SOMETHING to worry about—if she can only think what it is.

## Opera Ball Apex of Paris Season

Joffre and Foch Present—Marvellous Spectacle Presented in Historical Parade.

By WYTHE.

(Copyright 1921, by Public Ledger.)  
Paris, April 21.—For a hundred years the Opera Ball has been the apex of the Paris season.

Tout Paris was there, either to dance inside or to watch outside. From dusk the crowd in the Place de l'Opera was as dense as an armistice night. Culrasters of the guard formed a square before the main entrance. The tall cloaked figures sat motionless on their horses, the lights gleaming from their helmets and swords. From the balcony overlooking the doors red-coated trumpeters from the presidential shooting lodge at Rambouillet heralded the arrival of the monarch, one of the last in the long list of the great.

Joffre was the first to rouse the enthusiasm of the crowd. The greetings to his majesty were thunderous and the cheering was deafening. The minister were more perfunctory. But when the bow-legged figure of Foch was seen advancing toward the grand staircase, the cheers thundered far across the boulevard.

For hours an unending stream of illuminations, wonderful fairs, flashing ankers against the background of the watching crowd. With an elegant grace, beauty and allure, a typical scene of brilliant good taste such as France can still teach the world.

### Dress Uniforms.

The famous marble staircase leading to the ball was lined with living statues—the Garde Republicaine in dress uniform of white breeches and scarlet tunics, plumed brass helmets, and with swords at salute. Thousands of lights concealed in opaque globes, glowing like giant pearls and passed on the specks of the golden jewels. The gray marble and gold walls were draped in long tricolor pennons.

There were no masks. The world looked the world in the face with smiling eyes. General and minister laughed with monnaie and mannequin, the latter very evident in the hooped skirts of the newest mode, but with bodies incredibly scant. Every quarter was represented. The latest republicans put aside class distinctions on the night of the opera ball. Noblesse, bourgeoisie, and even a sprinkling of proletariat made one class, all on their good behavior and dressed in their very best. The crowd, estimated at 10,000, overflowed the salle, filled the great promenade and balconies so densely that the police soon refused further entrance to the building.

On one of these balconies, overlooking the grand staircase, stood a debutante, who had got separated from her parents in the crush. She wore the plain, high necked frock of the French young girl and looked altogether charming. She clung to a pillar, staring over the balcony rail, down upon the grand staircase, her eyes shining.

The spectacle below was really marvellous. Massed military bands on the opposite balcony played the Marche de Marse, as Patin, smiling, elegant and graceful, bowed his way, alone, up the wide, white stairs. The great deities arranged by the Cadets of St. Cyr was about to begin.

### Rescued By General.

The girl turned away to hunt an entrance into the ball. The door of a nearby box opened suddenly and a man in uniform stepped out. The crowd surged down the passage, caught the girl and swept her against the man in uniform, who put out a steady arm. He was a general wearing the scarlet grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. His jaws revealed a set of canines. His nose was like the beak of an eagle, and his eyes were gleaming. The debutante rescued him from his picture and flushed with pride and confusion.

An old woman wearing the rusty black uniform of a chambermaid, service lurching against them. The gen-

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warded her off with his free arm, but she was flung heavily against the closed door of a box. This she found to be the door of the box of the three who were captivated within, the door banging behind them. In the front of the box sat two strangers—a business man and his wife. The pair turned, stared a moment at the newcomers, then the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor gleaming on the general's breast was sufficient to silence comment on this invasion of the box.

### Historical Parade.

The St. Cyrans were beginning their march through the salle. It was a parade of arms of all the great epochs in French history, with the great heroes of the past and present in authentic costume. At the head strode heavily men in full armor. Behind, alone, walked Jeanne d'Arc; next came the guards of Francois Premier; then musketeers of the Grand Monarch, followed by Richelieu, Condé and Turenne. Then the Sans-Culottes, with Hôche, Kleber and Lafayette.

There was a mighty cheer, as across the scene, all alone, stalked the little corporal, magnificent and gloomy, one hand at his breast—imperial frowns for his subject, followed at a few paces by the faithful black Comte, and in the next line, Murat, Lannes, Berthier and Ney.

The Zouaves and Tartars of Canrobert swept by. Next came a flash of crimson—the men of 1870—the men of Wissembourg, Gravelotte and Sedan. A moment's halt; then, also, alone, walked the Old Guard of 1914, followed by serried ranks of the familiar horizon blue of today's line regiment. Above the waves of applause, there came a hoarse whisper, there were yet moments when the voiced opinions of those near could be heard. In the box that I have already described, the business man leaned back with a sigh.

"It leaves me rather cold," he said. "The two years I had over here gave me all I wanted of military glory." His wife nodded her understanding, and her eyes darkened.

"I hope the world will be beyond all this when our boys are old enough to fight"—And she shuddered. The incongruous trio at the rear of the box spoke also—the present, the past and the future—the famous general of this was with the old workman and the debutante on either side.

"This is my forty-seventh opera ball," confided the debutante over her shoulder. "The first time I came, the Empress was here!—Her voice choked me."

The general leaned far forward, his faint eyes now glowing like coals. His breath came in jerks.

"Mes enfants—mes braves!" he muttered, as a line of Chasseurs d'Afrique crossed the Salle.

"Ma belle France, on ma belle France!" sobbed the debutante.

**SPRING FEATURES.**  
Many quaint features hinting at a return to styles of the twenties and thirties are appearing on frocks for spring. The plain bodices, fitted with piped darts, for instance, the lavish use of velvet ribbon in band trimmings and bows, the fashions of contrasting color on tailored gowns. Lavin introduced these striking fashions a month or so ago, and they are usually of white broadcloth, even on silk suits or wraps. Sometimes the garment carrying the spotless white facing is embroidered elaborately with white lace. An attractive frock of this kind is shown in the picture with simple kimono waist, frash each with looped over ends, and gathered skirt scalloped at the edge. The waist of this frock is embroidered with white silk thread, and a roll collar of white silk outlines the neckline from shoulder to waist. A tucker of shirred lace trims the opening. The scalloped edge of the skirt and sleeve are piped with white and the cash ends are faced with white.

**WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.**  
Throughout the history of Japanese costume dress, the graceful lines of the kimono have prevailed almost unchanged.

Norway has a daily newspaper which not only treats exclusively the activities of women, but is run entirely by women.

## Hiraiwa Circle Birthday Social

Pleasing Programme in Celebration of 40th Anniversary of Missionary Society.

A birthday social was given in Centenary church parlors last evening by the Hiraiwa Circle to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the forming of the Women's Missionary Society of Canada, and those present were delighted with every moment of the entertainment.

The programme consisted of musical numbers and readings, followed by an interesting number, "An Art Auction," in which famous paintings were auctioned by Mr. Stokes of the Y. M. C. A., who proved very amusing as he described the various productions.

In the first part of the programme the following took part: Piano solo ..... Miss Lillian Clarke Reading ..... Miss Annie Tait Vocal solo ..... Mrs. L. M. Curran Dialogue ..... The Misses Pierce Reading ..... Miss Beale Holder Solo ..... Mrs. MacMichael Rev. H. A. Goodwin was chairman and Miss Alice Hea acted as accompanist.

Every number on the programme was enjoyed and responded to.

**The Committees**  
The reception committee was: Miss Agnes Robertson, president of the circle; Miss Pauline Jenkins, vice-president; Mrs. H. A. Goodwin, Miss Julia Hennegar, Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Robertson poured, and the refreshments were served by the young members of the circle who presented a very attractive appearance in their white costumes. A feature of the tea table was a large birthday cake with forty candles on it, one candle for each year of the circle's existence. Another feature was the cutting of the cake, which was performed by charter members, viz.: Mrs. C. F. Sanford, Miss Murphy, Miss Margaret Seelye. The room was very tastefully decorated with the circle colors, yellow and green, and the decorations were in charge of Mrs. Cole, Miss Pendleton and others.

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**Belts Are Odd.**  
Belts have been almost forgotten by fashion for the last few years, but now fashion has taken them up again and has rushed into all kinds of extravagant fancies in beltwear. Surely small waists must "come in" again—now that belts are so conspicuous a part of the dress. They glitter with metal trimmings or are in bright colors that contrast with the rest of the costume, and are rather cruel to the woman.

White kid belts have ivory clasps and there are red leather belts with dangling red tassels—a tiny bit suggestive of scap trophies. Other leather belts have plaques of carved gaudiness and sometimes slides of highly colored glass are strung on a belt of moose hide. One odd belt is of white leather with a running pattern of Greek dancing figures done in black and a buckle of black enamel. Another belt is of painted leather in Egyptian design. Perhaps the oddest belt of all is the one that tries its best to look like a smart piece of luggage. It is made of shiny black leather and is studded with gold nail-heads.

These gray belts will be worn with blouse and sport skirt. And some of them will encircle slender waists over sport coats and sweaters. Belts are worn loosely, at a low waistline, to give the figure the long straight lines now favored.

**THE FITTED BODICE COAT.**  
Now when everything in the way of outer apparel tends toward loose lines, there appears a youthful coat with fitted bodice joined, at a slightly raised waistline to a full skirt section which carries its fullness across the back principally.

The crushed collar and slanted bell cuffs are faced with terra orange Georgette on a warm color dorevyn garment which is embroidered with rings of self-colored stitching.

**INJURED SAVED CHICKEN.**  
Chester, Pa., April 20.—Running in front of a trolley car of the P. & E. T. "Short Line" near Washington this morning to rescue a crippled chicken that was hopping across the tracks, Esther Sherry, 10 years old, was knocked down and severely injured before the motorman could bring her car to a stop. The lame hen escaped without ruffling a feather.

**POOR OLD DEMOCRACY.**  
If Democracy means making laws, which half the people accept, which prohibit this, and anti that, from set of sun to dawn, Resulting in our present—Why not prohibit politics?

If Democracy means public rule, which half the people question, with votes the basis for a creed of religious indulgence, I'd rather be a Royalist than a poor and greedy Pariah.

If Democracy means strikes and strikes, which half the people question, and politicians use and all are grating on the state, I really think "mist" other things. The world is better off with King.

—H. R.

## FLIGHT OF MY DREAMS.

Flight of my dreams, in slumberous darkness fold me,  
Bop me through dreamways far from earthly shore,  
Sleep me in drowsy lethe of dead longings,  
Guide me through beauty's ways forevermore . . .

Flight of my dreams, along thy deep, smooth pathway,  
Soothe me with friendship's company most dear,  
True and tried friends and brothers always,  
Soothe me and ally dread lurking doubt and fear, . . .

Flight of my dreams, I am afire with longing—  
Longing and hope eternal for the morrow's joys;  
Yesterday's joys are faded and departed,  
Victims of memory, we, of fate the toys.

Dreaming of flights we fly in the to-morrow,  
Dreaming in hope we fly to faith and trust,  
Seeking our dreams, perfected now forever,  
Freed from the earth's grim mold and toll and dust. . . .

Flight of my dreams, be with me ere the dawning,  
Bear me away to dreamland's rosy towers,  
Light at the casement windows, ever welcome—  
Cool, grassy plots and jasmine-scented bowers. . . .

Flight of my dreams, oh, sweet, elusive journeys!  
Drawing me up to beauty's loveliest shore,  
Flying entranced, new visions ever flooding,  
In lands enchanted, flying forevermore. . . .

Flight of my dreams, through rushing streams of gladness,  
Fly with me over thundering waves of love,  
Soar with me down great gulfs of contentment,  
Land me in harbors of my dreams above. . . .

—H. A. Danne.

## MISS FIELDING MARRIED.

Ottawa, April 21.—The marriage was solemnized yesterday at the residence of the bride's parents, 286 Charlotte street, of Miss Edith Fielding, youngest daughter of Hon. W. S. Fielding, and Captain George William Francis Hodgins, M. C., elder son of Major General W. E. and Mrs. Hodgins. Rev. Dr. A. N. Marshall officiated.

In preparing for the proverbial rainy day don't wait until it begins to sprinkle.

## "I'll tell the World"

Baby's Own Soap

The fragrant creamy lather of "Baby's Own Soap" and its absolute purity have won a great popularity.

It's best for Baby and best for You.

ALBERT SOAP LIMITED, MONTREAL.

E. S. Carter of Rothesay, who has been acting as Inspector of Roads for the County of Kings since 1917, has found that the demand upon his time and energies was too exacting and asked the Minister of Public Works, Hon. F. J. Veniot, to relieve him from inspection duties. In his reply the Minister of Public Works paid a very high tribute to the work Mr. Carter had done upon the roads for their betterment and also commended upon the fact that it was done without charge to the government. The Road Supervisors throughout the County of Kings have been notified of the change caused by the resignation of Mr. Carter.

**COMING WEDDINGS.**  
Among the weddings of next week will be that of Miss Adele Vaidis Allen of New York City, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Allen, and Paul Sweeney of Fredericton, N. B., son of Mrs. Jennie K. Sweeney. The ceremony is to be celebrated on Wednesday, April 27th, in New York City.

Miss Allen will have her sister, Miss Alma V. Allen, as her only attendant. Mr. B. F. Martin of New York City is to act as best man. Mr. Sweeney is managing director of United Lumber, Limited.

In preparing for the proverbial rainy day don't wait until it begins to sprinkle.

**Big Bitch in Gerny.**  
In 1912 in Germany even the most ardent fan of the open car while in this country called a Rodman. Wamamaker was a model of a match play for the great Great Britain has produced some years a total prize of \$3500, with first prize of \$500. In 1909 at North B. was put up as prize money. Rodman Wamamaker had all previous first prizes running just into the bag. In 1908, the Macdonald in 1901 to be exact playing records were challenge matches. At that time Macdonald's trophy a petted poodle was given to J. H. Taylor being the better after a six over 18 final round.

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