erected. The town is being well patronized as a health resort and I have pleasure in enclosing booklet published by the Town Improvement Association. Her industries are booming.

All over the world Arbroath canvas is known. Page 17 of your issue of 3rd August bears the words "For immediate use: Shanks' Lawn Mowers, Alex. Shanks & Son, Arbroath, Scotland," another proof that Arbroath is not so undefined as Mr. Bridle would make out. While many of Arbroath's sons are, like Mr. McNicoll, doing good pioneer work in Canada, there are still plenty at home of strong vitality to keep the good old town going.

Yours truly,

Yours truly, ROLLO S. BLACK, Sec. Town Improvement Association.

Music While You Eat

By ROSAMOND CARWOOD

By ROSAMOND CARWOOD

HAVE a grievance, and nothing will prevent me from airing it. I have discovered a new nuisance to the metropolis far more annoying than barrel organs, suffragettes, or muffin men, and if anyone will be so kind as to lend me a couple of sympathetic ears I will try to describe the suffering which was inflicted on me yesterday. As it happened yesterday was one of my heavy days. I had to lunch a maiden aunt at the Savoy, take two country cousins to the theatre and give them tea afterwards, dine a friend at my particular pet restaurant, and attend the Duchess of Dusabitt's dance in the evening.

My aunt met me at the Savoy very affectionately—why will aunts never realize that one has left Eton?—and she made an excellent lunch. The orchestria

made an excellent lunch. The orchestra played appropriate music with the various courses. We had "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix" from Samson et Dalila with the oysters and "Remembrance" after the

ice.

"Delightful air that," murmured my aunt as she lapped up the last of the second half-dozen. "I seem to have heard it before."

"I believe you're right," said I in the manner of a dutiful nephew, and we fell to discussing the merits of music with meals.

with meals.

After the final cigarette I received my aunt's blessing and hurried off to the theatre. The cousins were waiting in the foyer and positively champed because I was a bit late. Yet I do not think we missed more than the first act because as we struggled across the knees

cause I was a bit late. Yet I do not think we missed more than the first act because as we struggled across the knees of half the fifth row the orchestra was just beginning the musical interlude. The air seemed familiar, and with the help of the programme I marked it down. It was "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix" from Samson et Dalila.

Somehow I did not enjoy that play. The cousins sat stiff with excitement, and made grabs at my knee when the villain left the heroine in her party frock to perish in the snow, but I sat unmoved, only wondering how on earth Samson could have made such an ass of himself. However, the cousins seemed to enjoy it all right, and I took them on—still in floods of tears—to the Ritz.

As we emerged from the turning door the first violin rose, and the orchestra as one man struck up the opening bars of "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix" from Samson et Dalila. I turned pale and murmured something about the joys of tea at home, but the cousins were a mass of indignation, and I had to face the music in a disgustingly literal sense. Tea was impossible for me; the very smell of hot buttered toast made me ill, and muffins reminded me of Samson. It was with huge relief that I packed my

Tea was impossible for me; the very smell of hot buttered toast made me ill, and muffins reminded me of Samson. It was with huge relief that I packed my cousins off to catch their excursion train and strolled home to change for dinner.

Now I had been looking forward to this dinner for some time, and I was determined not to be annoyed by any of Dalila's monkey tricks at this meal, so while we still dabbled in the hors d'œuvres I beckoned the waiter and said very firmly, "Please ask the orchestra not to play that thing from Samson and Dalila, 'Mon Cœur s'Ouvre a ta Voix.'" My language, therefore, may be excused when, just as we were being introduced to the duck, the well-known bars assailed my outraged ears, and my horror increased when the first violin, leaving his place in the orchestra, worked his way across to our table and with a fatuous smile at my friend planted himself behind my chair and spared me not



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