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class, and by an almost unbelievable report on the night-life of Schaffhausen, of all places, in which mysterious town the author found a profusion of little *boîtes-de-nuit*.

The book is so accurate in its detail that it seems almost a sacrilege to point out a slip on page 107: Liestal is near Basle, not near Berne.

The Author describes himself as an enthusiast, yet he writes with a singular detachment and can be, at times, a shrewd and mordant critic. Here are some of his unorthodox comments, interesting both for their substance and for their lapidary style:

Vevey has still its expiring graces.

Montreux, a stupid, temporary town.

Chillon, the subject of more bad paintings than any other prospect in the world.

Neuchâtel, distinguished by a certain ossified elegance.

There is nothing really wrong with Lucerne except the people who go there.

The inhabitants of the Ticino Valleys are, in the main, disagreeable people with plenty to be disagreeable about.

Lugano is like Blackpool — those who dislike it are not compelled to go.

Basle is not a welcoming city.

To sum up, this is a clever book—almost too clever — brilliantly written with a Macaulayan self-assurance. It is illustrated by more than 90 photographs of great beauty and suitable choice, a delight to the eye.

The publishers Batsfords, are to be congratulated on a fine production worthy of their long-standing reputation.

J. J. F. S.

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WITH OUR SHARPSHOOTERS.

It is a well-known fact, that many a famous soldier has been equally efficient with his pen, as with his sword, and I could name a score of famous warriors who have left their mark in the sphere of literature and journalism.

But I have yet to learn of a journalist who has reached fame in soldiering; though there are, no doubt, some who have made a name for themselves in this martial occupation, and I shall be grateful if some of my colleagues will enlighten me on this matter.—

In accordance with an atmosphere which is full of rumours of war and strife, I decided, in order to march with the times to lay down my pen for a short time, and to handle a rifle instead. An opportunity was afforded to me, by the kind invitation of the President of the Swiss Rifle Association, M. Alfred Schmid, to attend one of their usual shooting practices at the shooting ranges at Bisley.

Sporting events in the Swiss Colony in general do not seem to enjoy favourable consideration with the weather authorities, and when I woke up on Sunday morning, June 25th, a steady down-pour greeted me. I felt half inclined to turn over and to dream of more peaceful things than handling a rifle. But a promise is a promise, and therefore I set out for Bisley with three of my good friends of the Swiss Rifle Association.

On my journey to Bisley, through the lovely country lanes of beautiful Surrey, I received from my companions a few hints and tips as how to handle a rifle, an instrument which I have not shouldered since 1914, when I was called back to defend my country in case of need.

We arrived at the enormous shooting grounds about 11 o'clock, and after some delay, shooting was commenced by the team which numbered about 12 members. I need hardly refer to some of the sarcastic remarks which were whispered around, when I laid down to fire the five shots which were allotted to me.

Not having ever claimed to be a crack shot, I was pleased, that I managed to hit the target twice, not a very creditable performance, I am sure, but the members present had great patience with a "beginner." I have, however, now decided to handle again my pen instead of a rifle.

One fact rather impressed me, and that was, that whenever I picked up my rifle, my friends kept at a respectable distance, no doubt they did not wish to interfere with my meditation whether "to shoot or not to shoot."

Some remarkable results were registered by some of the members, especially Messrs. A. Schmid, J. Wetter and W. Fischer, which shows that the team has got some first class material at their disposal.

It was a very enjoyable day, in spite of the rather unsettled weather, and the successful outing proved to me once again that the members of the Swiss Rifle Association are real sportsmen "on and off the field," and I am looking forward to spend another day in their pleasant company, and may it be soon.

ST.