

WOMEN AT HOME

The Mistress of a Gabled House Near the Autumn Tinted Trees of Lovely Hagley Park

THROUGH Hagley Park—at present in its late autumn finery—and near Riccarton Road, that busy thoroughfare which leads to the Main South Road, is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Livingstone. I had often viewed with a tinge of envy this estate with its two-storied, gabled house, and two drive entrances from the road forming a semi-circle which sets off the spacious lawn on which many games of badminton are played. English Oaks, chestnuts, spindle berries, nikau palms, and many other beautiful trees and shrubs adorn these drives making a charming background for the hydrangeas and border plants. Quaint paths of crazy pavement lead to the house entrances. I felt I owed a debt of gratitude to the Broadcasting Board for giving me the opportunity of offering my congratulations to the hostess, wife of the new Christchurch member of the Board, and seeing this historic old place on a glorious autumn day.

I very willingly accompanied Mrs. Livingstone over the six acres of grounds.

Facing the drawing room is the tennis court surrounded by cherry trees and immense rose bushes from which are gathered baskets of blooms of every colour; out to the stables where the polo ponies are kept; through the orchard and kitchen garden with its trim box hedges and spacious drying greens. This was once the homestead of Mr. G. L. Beath, and during their eleven years' residence Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone have industriously preserved the work of that far-seeing pioneer.

Mrs. Livingstone is essentially an out-door woman, tall and slender, and, as gardening is her greatest hobby, she spends many hours in the open air. As a young woman she had a serious illness, and getting close to Mother Earth as she has done has proved the greatest cure.

The large house has the maximum of sun, and every room could be called a "sun room" with its walls and curtains in cream and gold; in the drawing-room, from which opens a conservatory, hang valuable old etchings, while the upholstery is in black, and cushions and odd chairs in gold brocade. Fifteen silver cups adorn a black high-backed cosy corner and gleam in happy contrast: four are polo cups, and the remainder prove the prowess of the two sons of the house—Reuel,



A photograph of Mrs. H. G. Livingstone, the subject of the article on this page, taken in the garden of her charming old home on the borders of Hagley Park, Christchurch.

the elder, former school prefect and a member of Christ's College first eleven and now at the University, and David, who was two years junior champion at Medbury and is now at college. These boys are the descendants of great horsemen, and are already keen polo players.

Mrs. Livingstone, in a navy coinspot frock which was in contrast to the bright room in which we sat, told me of her great interest in the different organisations in which she holds office. She is a member of Toc H and District Commissioner of the Girl Guides for the North-West District. Her first thought naturally is for her family's welfare, but next to her heart is the Red Cross. As she says, "There is so little that we can do, but it must help those men to feel that people are interested in them, and that their sacrifice has not been forgotten." Mrs. Livingstone is President of the Lower Riccarton Branch of the Red Cross Society, and this branch makes use of her home for sewing, and during the past three years hundreds of useful garments have been handed to the Central Depot for distribution.

Mrs. Livingstone is a great believer in the simple life, and adores old English furniture. She has instilled

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