

work of the city is also the source from whence this philanthropic educational establishment has derived its life and energy. The "Alumnae" of McGill University are its managers, and any girl working during the day is invited to become a patroness.

Although the interest of the "girl-graduate" has turned from the college work which formerly filled her horizon to that which in special lines afterwards becomes her personal life-work (and most of them have undertaken serious work), the spirit of a common bond, not only of intellectual but of human sisterly sympathy, has retained its hold upon her, and is evidenced in the existence of the "Alumnae Society." This Society has its regular monthly meetings for the discussion of literary topics, and a monthly business meeting to supervise the management and internal economy of the little house on Jurors st. This house, No. 47, has been open since May, 1891, under the name of "Girls' Club and Lunch Room," and there, between the hours of twelve and two, a substantial meal is offered for the modest sum of eight or ten cents. These are the so-called "ticket dinners." By purchasing forty or fifty cents worth of tickets, a girl can get five good dinners, which, if the dishes were bought *à la carte*, would cost respectively forty-eight or fifty-eight cents.

To day's menu is as follows:—

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Vegetable soup and bread..... | 3c. |
| Roast beef and potatoes..... | 6c. |
| Mashed turnips | 2c. |
| Baked beans | 3c. |
| Apple pudding | 3c. |
| Stewed prunes | 3c. |
| Bread and butter..... | 2c. |
| Tea, coffee or milk..... | 2c. |

A competent cook and housekeeper resides on the premises, and each month a different person undertakes the marketing, provides variety in the bill of fare, and is responsible for having two girls each day on hand to serve their hungry sisters over the country. The prices make it impossible for us to accumulate an immense fortune, but, on the other hand, we by no means give the food away. Indeed, since the month of October, our bank book has shown a small balance on the right side, and before long we hope to stand alone, although our young limbs may tremble and totter occasionally with "growing pains," and feel a lack of confidence in their slowly increasing strength. We have been put on our feet by our own persistent efforts and the substantial encouragement of friends whom we have interested in the scheme. As many as seventy girls have at one time taken advantage of the home dinners offered them, but the average number during the past year has been about forty. We attribute this comparatively small number of customers out of the hundreds of girls who are working in and about this district, to the simple fact of our house being too small—we cannot comfortably accommodate any more. We attend the arrival of a perhaps phantom ship of good fortune before trying our wings and flying to some larger and more commodious quarters.

There is a reading-room and library of over two hundred books in connection with the Club, and we

meet on Monday evenings to master the mysteries of the act of dress-making, for, you know, under the present régime, as a government clerk has put it, "a woman in office ought to be ashamed if she does not make every article of her own wearing apparel except her boots." Yet tailors have always been men; and if a woman should build her own dresses, which is feminine work, after the day's bread-winning, why should not a man spend his evenings cheerfully cutting out and making his bifurcated apparel? In our dress-making classes, we are perhaps encouraging what may be a species of evil, at all events a species of mistake, for I can see the day when working women will not need to diffuse their energies in mastering twenty trades, and thereby lose a place in the front ranks of what is especially their life work.

Higher wages are needed to bring concentration of energy and interest, and as a result better work: and when the shop girl is paid as much as the man sewing beside her, both perhaps with others at home dependent on them, she can then have her evenings for health and recreation, do her next day's work better than she does now, and as well as the man beside her who has not had to get up and make the breakfast, nor spend the evening previous at work on his small brother's coat and pants.

Here girls, who pay a small club fee to belong to the dressmaking class and for the privilege of taking out books from the library have a social time once a month, when the graduate in charge provides some entertainment.

During the month of September a singular species of amusement was introduced into our midst. The newspapers at that time teemed with news of Corbett and Sullivan, and one morning our back yard, which is ours in common with seven other tenants, was converted into a scene of excitement and bloodshed. Stakes had been driven into the four corners, and a rope was fastened taut from one to the other. In the middle of this improvised ring, two young aspirants for boxing fame, of about eleven and thirteen years of age respectively, were giving one another "wicked lefts" (is that the term?) with a gusto which it is impossible for me to describe. After a few "rounds," two others took their place until disturbed by the unappreciative McGill girls, whose education in this line had been sadly neglected. It seemed funny at first, but little Johnny's nose was quite smashed up, and one of Billy's eyes had disappeared beneath a darkening shadow which threatened total eclipse. Threats of police proved effective, so time was called. We learned afterwards that this was only a preliminary practice that the real event came off in the afternoon. Tickets were sold at the lane entrance, and the back galleries filled to overflowing with friends of the repaired Billy and Johnny who were again to the fore. This time, alas! no stern-voiced maiden was on hand to force the fighting fiends to flee; and the "fun" lasted till some meddlesome woman—by the bye, I think she was the mother of Billy; yes, she was—until Billy's mother came and brought him home, rather the worse for his afternoon "in the ring."