



Children's Winter Jackets—New Fur Collarettes—The Love of Mystery—Long Veils—To Preserve Pears.

Children's winter jackets are most necessary things to think of, for winter will be upon us before we are half prepared for its bitter days. Devoted mothers will see that their little people are well "fixed up," as our Yankee cousins call it, with warm outfits before they think of their own toilettes. Though not long ago I gave you designs of mantles for little girls, I only intended them as wraps to throw over other things. I do not myself consider them useful for children except in this way. Little people like to have full freedom for their arms, and this is nearly impossible in a cloak, or mantle of any kind. I need hardly suggest materials to you for children's jackets. There are such innumerable pretty rough stuffs that look warm and "comfy," besides feeling so. Therefore my best way is to give you two nice designs for having them made, trusting to your own taste and discrimination to adapt them according to your acquirements. The first of my little figures wears a thick frieze, or any woolly dark blue or grey cloth you like to choose. This is simply trimmed with a binding of astrachan cloth, which makes a pretty finish to the cuffs, and revers of seal plush, as well as all round the lower edge of the jacket and up the front. It is fastened across with black frogs, or brandebourgs as they are generally called. The other one is rather simpler, and should be made of medium shade (not a light one), of box cloth. The first might be worn by any girl from eleven years old up to fifteen; this one is suitable to a girl from seven to eleven. It is trimmed with plain cuffs and revers of astrachan cloth, the same material making an edging down the front, which is also fastened by brandebourgs.

\* \* \*

New fur collarettes are funny little things, not altogether pretty I must admit, but doubtless very comfortable for those who like to wear fur round the throat. If of sable or ermine, the head of the little creature is left on, and stuffed, with its wicked-looking glass eyes sparkling at everyone from under the chin of the wearer. The paws, are also left on, to make it, if possible, more realistic. The hat worn with these is often adorned with another little animal of the same kind as that round the neck, only rather differently arranged. There is another variety also of sable—or of course it may be made of many a cheaper fur—with a high collar, and a fringe of tails. This may be of mink, grey squirrel, or the fur of any animal that boasts of a similar tail. The fashion of whole sleeves of fur to the winter jackets of grown up people is

again seen, but I do not think it a pretty one, though doubtless it is very comfortable when accompanied by a fur collar, otherwise it rather looks as if the wearer had turned her fur-lined sleeves inside out. Boas are still to be worn this winter, but they will be much shorter than heretofore—a decided advantage, as one is tired of seeing careless people stupidly letting one end drag in the mud whilst the other would be high up round the neck.

\* \* \*

The love of mystery it would appear is not confined to conjurers, spiritualists, and such like. I am delighted to see that in Austria so much notice has been taken of the very illegible manner in which medical men write their prescriptions that the Minister of the Interior has made a law obliging them to write clearly. Do you ever look at the prescriptions given you by doctors? I wonder in how many cases you find you can read them even if you can understand a little about the usual drugs that are prescribed for poor human flesh. Why the ordinary medico and sawbones should thus positively add insult to what is so often injury, by rendering the list of abominations they give one well nigh illegible, is, as poor Lord Dundreary would have said, "What no fellah can find out!" They probably receive many a blessing—couched in other language—from the unfortunate apothecaries who have to decipher their hieroglyphics. I also never could discover why medical men have such a strongly rooted objection to their patients knowing what they give them. Yet you will find many a doctor say—in the same way as certain dressmakers do, who do not like you to exercise your own taste—"Oh, leave that to me!" Possibly it is because you should not know what you are taking that they write so illegibly, and abbreviate names of the medicines till there is barely an initial letter left. Is this not mystery of the finest water? Another thing in which I should like to see a reform is the writing the prescription in Latin. There is no reason for it, except the recipient is going abroad, when, as all chemists learn the Latin names of medicines, they could be made up anywhere on the Continent, or America, Latin being a *lingua franca* to pharmacutists of all nations. Why should not the ordinary prescription, written for the ordinary stay-at-home person, be worded in the ordinary language ordinarily used by that nation, instead of atrociously bad Latin, as too often is the case? Then there would be no object in mystifying a patient, and everyone would learn what they required, and what they were taking, and we should not meet with that lamentable ignorance of the use and value of common serviceable drugs which it is to be regretted is now so prevalent. Thus many a sudden illness might be averted, and fatal mistakes in giving wrong or unsuitable physic rendered less probable. It is wonderfully rarely that a druggist makes a mistake in the mixing of a prescription, but how can he be blamed when he receives a frightful scrawl, which I have known the doctor even unable to read himself. There certainly ought to be in England, as in Austria, some very stringent legislation about the caligraphy of medical men. No young man can secure a clerkship unless he writes a decent hand, and why should a doctor be exempted and allowed to hand in a scribble that would disgrace a schoolboy, when people's lives often depend upon what he has written?

\* \* \*

Long veils are, I hear, to be amongst the novelties of our winter season—but I must say I hope not. After all, they would not be a novelty, but a very old fashion revived, for our grandmothers wore long veils, and dreadfully inconvenient and unbecoming they were. Much as the close veil that merely reached the chin has been abused, the 'fall that falls' nearly to the waist will be too hideous, and one of the special uses of a veil will be quite impossible—namely to keep the hair tidy, for the very fulness of it will cause it rather to ruffle the so-called fringe. Lace, of course, will be the foremost material, and those elderly ladies who still have some of these treasures laid away in dainty coverings of tissue paper, may now bring them forth in triumph, as they will be quite fashion-

able. I saw a very aristocratic little lady the other day wearing one of the Russian nets, dotted over with knots of black chenille. These kind of veils are often shaped to the round of the face. There are numbers of pretty tulle, nets and gauzes of all descriptions including what is called "invisible" tulle.

\* \* \*

The acoustic fan is a novelty of which I am reminded by the request of a correspondent a week or so ago for something to assist her hearing. I then recommended the audiphone, not having heard of anything better. Now, however, from Paris comes the news of a fan, so arranged as to prove a very efficient means of concentrating and conveying sound to the ear. It consists of one of the ordinary Japanese fans, those with sticks of bamboo. This is split in two, and re-covered with paper. In order to hear better, the fan is opened, its outer edge held against the ear, with the handle towards the front of the face. Thus it acts as a trumpet-shaped receptacle to conduct sound to the ear, or, I suppose, as a kind of miniature sounding board, against which the sound strikes and reverberates into the ear. I confess I am not quite clear how this is accomplished, but I see that the stiff extension of the sticks of the fan is very much insisted upon. By way of showing its efficiency it is said that the ladies who use it are quite surprised at the effect, which is as great as if they were using an audiphone or a dentaphone. In any case it is a more elegant contrivance, and if it is really as effectual as it pretends to be will be gladly welcomed by those so sadly afflicted with deafness.

\* \* \*

To preserve pears for winter use, I have found far more useful than merely knowing how to stew them in the usual way. I suppose, up in the North, that you also have the very hard, large green pears that we have here, and call stone pears. If so, I can commend the following way of doing them to your notice as most delicious and useful. Make a little muslin bag, and put into it an ounce-and-a-half of cloves, and half-an-ounce of cochineal, both powdered fine. Tie it up and lay it in two quarts of water with two-and-a-half pounds of lump sugar, and the rind and juice of four good lemons. Boil it well. Whilst it is boiling, peel two dozen large pears thinly, cut each in half throwing them into water as you do them to prevent them turning black, and, by the way, be sure to peel them with a silver, not a steel knife. When finished take each half out and dry it with a soft cloth, dropping them very gently into the syrup. Then boil them till soft enough to prick with a straw, skimming them and frequently turning them. Turn them carefully into an earthenware pan and leave them for four or five days. Then pour off the syrup, add two pounds more sugar to it, and boil it again, skimming it carefully. Then take out the bag of spice and lay the pears gently into the syrup with a wooden or silver spoon. Let them warm thoroughly for about six minutes, then put them away in wide-mouthed glass jars with the syrup over them. Tie down with bladders. The essence of cochineal will serve the same purpose as the little insects, but you require to put in more of it.

### Canada Leads the World.

It is certainly curious and, perhaps, a little alarming to be told that the douce Ayrshire folk, panting to become adepts in cheese making, but unable to find a capable scientific instructor in North Britain or among the Southern pock-puddings, had actually sent to Canada for a cheesemaster. What had been the result? It was said that before the scientific system of Canadian cheese-making had been adopted, the Scotch dairy-farmers had got within a shilling of each other in the prices which their cheeses fetched at market; but, after sitting for a while at the feet of the magician from the Dominion of Canada, the Ayrshire cheeses realized fifteen shillings per hundred weight more.—*London Daily Telegraph*.