

# WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

One's surroundings are so easily lost sight of when listening to music—music at all times so uplifting, so inspiring. Let one attend a service at any of our institutions for the blind, for instance. The chapel may be crowded to the doors, the altar ablaze with light, the air heavy with incense, mingled with the perfume of choicest flowers; but our eyes are closed to worldly things and our ears deaf to all but the plaintive yet glorious strains of the blind choir, at times—as gentle as the sighing of the wind, then, again, bursting into triumphant harmonies. There has been compensation to those deprived of the blessed gift of sight, for their souls are surcharged with sentiment, their hearts, mayhap, attuned to a minor key, and one must be hard indeed who can come away unaffected.

## FASHIONS.

The sensible mother knows that the first requisite of a child's school dress throughout is comfort. Wool or half-wool undergarments, long-sleeved and high-necked, are worn in cold weather, and flannel, serge and other woolen fabrics are generally used for dresses. White pinafores are charming, and give the dainty touch that is appropriate to the dainty beauty of a child.

A one-piece suit of blue serge was admired this week. It was laid in box plaits from the shoulder, and had a drop belt of the material, lined and stitched to give it stiffness. Five oblong pieces of bright red leather were sewed down the front of the dress, the fifth piece attaching to the belt in lieu of a buckle. Each piece had a border, set a little way inside the edge, of narrow gold braid, and there were two small bullet buttons, of brass, on each side. Leather pieces trimmed the cuffs of the gown.

Mohair is an excellent material for school dresses. Most schoolrooms are too warm rather than too cold, and it is not advisable to have very heavy materials. Mohair cleans perfectly and sheds chalk dust easily, additional recommendations.

It is a good idea to furnish brown suits with belts of tan leather, matching the tan of the shoes and stockings. One sees many little boys' Russian suits in which this idea is carried out. Often the same tone appears in the suede leather tan.

A blue flannel sailor suit has a plain gored skirt with two simulated tucks above the wide hem. The blouse is buttoned with dull silver buttons and the blue leather belt is fastened with a matching silver buckle. The collar is cut in a fancy shape and stitched.

For little girls up to eight years, the most sensible frocks are those that may be laundered. These are possible in winter as well as in summer, merely by having the child wear heavy under-fannels, and there is great satisfaction in washable frocks.

Small shepherd plaids and tartans are pretty for little girls and for kits or pleated frocks for small tots. A washable, detachable sailor collar is a wise ornament for almost any little child's dress, as it adds much to the effect of the costume.

In hats the extreme note is struck. Some of the most remarkable combinations of color appear. A pale blue marquisse beaver is trimmed in several shades of pink and blue ribbon. Equally conspicuous is a green velvet with an enormously high tapering crown. The brim is lined with white velvet, drooped back and front, and under the brim at the back is a large white rose. A huge green paradise trims the front of the hat, falling towards either side of the crown. Another green hat seen is of a pale shade. It is a high-crown model, and has a scarf of pastel shaded ribbon, white with pink roses. Two white ostrich feathers are arranged, cockade fashion, on one side, and a pale yellow rose is attached to the under brim. Long streamers of satin liberty ribbon match the hat material in color.

On a white velvet hat with a high crown—a true Directoire shape, is a circling band of white marabout pointed delicately with black. On the side are two short white plumes set on Prince of Wales fashion. To wear with this hat comes a big square muff of the white marabout with the black points. Where the hands go in are double ruffles of two-inch Valenciennes.

A white surah shot with gold makes a very pretty waist. It is furnished with a yoke of Irish lace pointed deeply in front, and below it the surah is shirred over heavy cords. The lines of shirring form loops, one directly in front and two others are seen on the shoulders and

in the back. The effect is extremely pleasing. The sleeve is also a double puff, shirred at the elbow and again at the wrist, where a deep ruffle of lace falls over the hand.

## HATS AND SUITS IN HARMONY.

"There is nothing that can give a woman a dowdy look like wearing a dress hat with a shirtwaist suit, a linen, or a tailor-made," said a milliner the other day. "Many a girl who would not be seen with her fiancé if he wore a straw hat with a Prince Albert coat or a silk tike with his business suit, fails to make these distinctions in her own head-gear."

"The little touches that mark the difference, however, are often so fine and vary so with the change of fashions, that they are difficult to recognize except by those blessed with the instinct of good dressing. A safe rule, not depending upon the changes of fashion, is to invariably class lace, chiffon, tulle, ostrich feathers, aigrettes and everything on the bird of paradise order as belonging exclusively to the dress hat. Soft coque feathers, breasts, grebe-like plumage, stiff wings, quills and birds belong only to the hat of the outing variety. Although the wings of the outing hat are put on with chiffon bands, it is no reason that a 'made' hat of chiffon should be worn with a shirt-waist as is done by many women who ought to know better."

## FASHION'S FANCIES.

Peasant waists, laced up both back and front are appearing once more. There's a run of gold and silver braid on fall gowns.

All authorities agree on the inevitableness of leg o' mutton sleeves. Plaited skirts are still very fashionable, the plaits being variously arranged.

## GLOVELESS HANDS.

Not without regret is the fashion of going gloveless to be observed. It has been urged that gloves and rings do not agree. Better, it is argued, to show well kept manicured fingers sparkling with gems than to encase them in gloves, which must necessarily make them appear much larger, since it is an open secret that gloves at least one size larger must be worn by women who wear rings as compared to those who do not. The glove is one of the daintiest adjuncts of a woman's toilet. It is always characteristic of its wearer, it has an undoubted air of refinement about it, and, moreover, it is cleanly and hygienic. To say that without it a woman does not look finished, that she appears less dainty and less dignified, is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, but at least it is a fact that inattention to such trifles as gloves marks deterioration in a woman. For this reason the fashion of discarding gloves whenever possible is not one which can be viewed with equanimity.—Ladies' Pictorial.

## TIMELY HINTS.

The little soft cotton dish mops make excellent dusters.

A little soap mixed with stove blacking will produce better and more lasting lustre than without.

If stovepipes are well rubbed with lard and tied in several thicknesses of newspaper, they can be safely stored without fear of rust.

Grass stains on linen should be soaked for a few moments in kerosene then washed in very hot water with a generous supply of soap.

If non-rust hairpins are used to fasten them down, curtains can be as nicely dried on a good thick grass plot as in regular stretchers.

The fastidious girl secures a number of wide pasteboard ribbon rolls from the dry goods store to keep her neck and belt ribbons smoothly rolled over them.

After table silver has been polished if laid away, it will keep bright for a year in a paper box well covered with flour that has been thoroughly dried.

Several thicknesses of newspapers laid between the bed springs and mattress are equal in warmth to another mattress. Laid between the blanket and quilt they equal an extra blanket.

Photographs can be nicely cleaned with a white cloth moistened with lukewarm water to which a little ammonia has been added. Use very lightly and immediately wipe the picture with a soft dry cloth.

Soot on the carpet may be removed by rubbing the spot with cornmeal. Salt sprinkled thickly over

any spot made by lamp-black may also be removed. In both cases repeated application may be necessary before the spots are wholly eliminated.

To keep piano keys white moisten a piece of muslin with alcohol, and rub the keys with it. Old and discolored ivory may be rejuvenated by repeated applications of oxalic acid and water on cotton flannel.

A bit of wholesome advice to makers and keepers of houses is, "Beware of the multiplicity of things." Things in profusion are the enemy of simplicity and beauty, as well as of time and comfort. There are more errors against good taste in furnishing from this source than almost any other.

To prevent milk from boiling over a kettle, the edge of the latter may be greased with a little butter or lard. The same simple device may be resorted to for other cooking, and likewise to prevent liquid running down from the lip of a pitcher. So many pitchers do not "pour well."

When baking pies of fruits that are very juicy, always bake the under crust a little first, dredge with flour lightly, and then put in the fruit. Cut gashes in the upper crust and you will find your pie rich and juicy instead of dry, and with the floor of the oven full of juice.

Always add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the water when boiling fish; the juice of a lemon is better, if it can be had; it whitens the meat and renders it firm.

Boil a few peach leaves in the water if you wish the decided flavor of almonds for a sauce; or in the milk when making a custard to be frozen. Too many will render it bitter.

A small stiff scrubbing brush should be used for all vegetables that grow underground. It will remove the dirt which stains the hands.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen table or floor pour cold water on it at once to prevent it soaking into the wood. It will quickly harden and can be lifted with a knife.

## HOW TO TAKE CARE OF GAS STOVES.

If the asbestos of stoves or fire-places becomes discolored or blackened from the gas smoking, as it frequently does, the thing to do is to sprinkle the feathery fibre with common table salt, then light the gas and let it burn the same as usual. The sooty appearance of the asbestos departs like magic and the mineral soon resumes its natural whiteness again. It happens, too, that the tiny apertures through which the gas flows become gummed, and partially filled in; when such is the case run a hat pin through the holes, or a round toothpick, and it will readily free them.

It is important also to give particular attention to the gas range if the best results are to be obtained, and this is especially true where it is in constant service for cooking. Things inclined to boil over quickly, like milk or coffee, should be watched to prevent it happening, as they clog the burners and corrode the iron or zinc linings, causing them to rust and get a stained, unsightly appearance. About once or twice a week according to the use of the range, the burners should be lifted out, turned upside down, and lightly tapped to knock out any dust or soot that might have lodged in the circular aperture that supplies the flame. A hatpin is good for picking out any particles that resist tapping. When not using, keep the lids on the stove.

Keep clean by rubbing with a dry cloth, particularly the oven floor and racks. When anything flows over and burns, or grease pops around from baking meats, it should be thoroughly scoured with soap and warm water, then wiped with a dry rag. Keeping all gas stoves polished prevents them from rusting.—What to Eat.

## FOR THE BABY WHO CREEPS.

Some clever woman has devised a practical little garment for a baby to creep in, whereby his little clothes are kept clean and free from wear. It consists of a very full skirt, made of denim, with an inch hem, just long enough to come below the knees. This has a band two inches wide, to which are fastened two straps of the same material about the width of the band. These straps are crossed in front and also in the back, so that they will hold over the shoulders. They are stitched together at the crossing. The bottom edges of

the skirt are stitched together, leaving a hole at each side just large enough for the little leg to slip through.

## DON'T WHINE.

"If there is anything I hate it is a whining woman!" said a physician who is cheeriness itself. The majority of people are of his opinion; nobody likes one who goes groaning through life. Women who would scorn being beggars for money or for food go from place to place—beggars for sympathy. They pose as martyrs, and feel aggrieved if they do not receive the sympathetic attention which they fancy is their due.

If you cannot be happy make up your mind to be at least cheerfully unhappy. Whatever your circumstances or your condition, don't be a baby! Don't whine!

## A CLEVER WOMAN.

One of the clever women in the employ of the United States Government is Mrs. Emma Sheridan. Mrs. Sheridan writes treaties for the Department of State. It is quite remarkable work for a woman to do, but she is a born linguist and, as she says herself, spoke three languages from babyhood—English to her father, Italian to her mother and French to other people. Her mother was an Italian and her father half Italian and half English. She was born in Siena, Italy, and was educated in Paris. Her father, Don Antonio Montucci, spoke seven languages and was chiefly distinguished for having made the first Chinese dictionary (now preserved at the Vatican in Rome), carving with his own hands the wooden type, which consists of 29,000 characters. Pope Leo XIII. bought the characters and printed the dictionary in a limited number of copies, which he distributed to crowned heads with whom he had agreeable relations. Mrs. Sheridan is a widow. In her work at the department of State a knowledge of tongues is essential, inasmuch as treaties are commonly written in at least two languages and sometimes in three. As may well be imagined, tasks of this kind have to be performed with the utmost accuracy in order that each phrase in one language shall be exactly reproduced in the other.

## TO WIVES.

As a rule a woman finds it hard to realize that her husband has other interests besides his wife, his home and his children. If he is preoccupied at times and inclined to be a little less attentive, don't put it down to the fact that he has something on his mind—perhaps somebody—more interesting than you.

You must know that if your husband is the man you want him to be and the man he should be, it is for you he is ambitious, and this is what causes the worry and thoughtfulness you notice at times. He is thinking of you all the time but has a rather strange way of showing it, that's all. Help him along by trusting him instead of doubting him. I suppose this is a bit of advice which is quite unnecessary. There are millions of women who do this, else where would the world be to-day? How many men would be what they are without some constant, helpful woman by their side?—New World.

## RECIPES.

**Chutney Sauce**—Four quarts of sliced ripe tomatoes, and one quart of chopped sour apples, one onion and one green pepper, one pint of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of nutmeg and one tablespoonful cloves and cinnamon mixed. Boil for one hour or until thick. Bottle.

**Cauliflower Pickles**—Twelve heads of cauliflower, five quarts of vinegar, five cups brown sugar, six eggs, one bottle French mustard, two tablespoonfuls ginger, two green peppers, six onions, one ounce turmeric. Boil the cauliflower in salted water until tender, pack in jars. Boil all the other ingredients ten minutes, then turn into cauliflower. Seal.

**Nut Custard**—Make a custard of one pint of milk, two eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately—one-third cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, a dash of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed, add one half cup of butter-nuts blanched and chopped fine. Bake in a slow oven. Do not let the custard boil, as it will become watery. Serve cold with whipped cream.

**Boston Brown Hash**—Chop fine the remains of any cold meat. At the

bottom of a buttered baking dish, spread a layer of mashed potato (cold will do) then a layer of meat, next one of bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and moisten with gravy or meat stock if you have it. If not, milk, or even hot water will do. Use more butter if compelled to use water. Spread more potato on top, dip a knife in milk and smooth the top nicely before putting in the oven to brown. A finely minced onion or cold-boiled eggs may be added, while two teaspoonfuls of Worcester sauce give it variety and piquancy.

For another nice relish take the veal cutlets left over from yesterday's meal and cut into small squares. Season with salt and pepper. Dip first into beaten eggs and then into chopped mushrooms, and fry brown in hot butter. Make a brown sauce, pour over the squares, and serve.

**Corned Beef with Potato**.—Chop

fine a quantity of beef and season with butter, salt and pepper. Then mash hot potatoes, add milk and butter and a well-beaten egg and stir together, then place upon the bottom of baking dish a layer of potatoes, alternating with a layer of the minced beef until the dish is filled, put small bits of butter over the surface, sprinkle over a little pepper, bake until the top browns. This is variety for a snug little dinner.

**Halibut Turbans**—Season fillet with salt, paprika or black pepper and parsley chopped very fine; roll evenly; secure with buttered wooden skewer; bake in tomato sauce in china dishes, which are placed in silver individual soufflé rims.

**Boned Partridge**—Bone all but legs and wings; fill with savory dressing; roll; tie in cloth; boil tender with herbs; brown in oven; cool; cover thickly with aspic; celery foliage and radish roses for garnish.

# IN THE CITY GENERAL.

BY MARY MOSS.

By the time that Fanny Glenn had weathered six months at the City General, the sun of her recently acquired information caused surprise even to herself. She knew, for instance, that the noble and poetical calling of nurse may contain a good deal of—detail. Such detail, in fact, as she only gathered strength to endure, from dreading even more the silent wake of contempt left by certain faint-hearted probationers, whose finer sensibilities promptly restored them cowed and unnerved to their sympathizing families.

She had learnt many appalling vagaries of the human body; the relation of life to health had been thrust upon her in its most disillusioning form. Concerning these revelations she preserved unbroken reticence. Many a night found her in bed palpitating from the sight of unallied suffering, broken with fatigue, outraged at the business-like indifference of doctors and nurses. The latter point occasionally found expression in her correspondence.

She knew what it meant to fight off sleep in the endless gray hours before dawn, alone in a dim ward of irresponsible spectres. She knew how it felt, single-handed, to quell one of these spectres in the throes of sudden delirium, or helplessly to watch death steal over a wan, gaunt face. And added to this physical and emotional stress was the shock of becoming the least of disregarded atoms in a huge community which expected a pretty girl to hold open the door for any half-baked whippersnapper of a first year medical student, and walk meekly out behind him.

She had also noticed that while excellence would be taken for granted, every slip met with instant and public reproof. By the end of a twelvemonth, however, she had achieved the comfortable state of knowing it all, and regarded her two remaining years of service as a tuition fee due the hospital for an already finished training. Not that she grudged payment, far from it! The esprit de corps, the impetus of an absorbing world had caught her into its swing. Except for a rare night off at the play or a shopping expedition downtown, she seldom cared to leave the hospital, where she now possessed both a best friend and a special bugbear among the doctors, also a favorite head nurse. She likewise acquired several admirers and grew to regard mild snatches of flirtation as a possible and welcome condiment to unappetizing night lunches, or tedious linen-room duty.

From a three-months' shift on the men's pay-ward she emerged with a yet wider experience. To this her letters home never alluded, but a noticing person might have read between the lines a new note of flippant cynicism.

Having a brain, Fanny awoke to the fascination of science. Intricate and troublesome fever-charts gratified her sense of nicety, a flawlessly tidy ward gave her keen satisfaction, while a messy patient seemed a crime against the laws of nature. She put by neatly docketed opinions of everyone within her narrowing horizon. Miss Rutherford, the Superintendent—martinet pure and simple. Good, no doubt, at organization, coldly just (when not misinformed), a born slave driver, sparing neither nurses nor patients, but entirely immersed in one devouring monster, the Hospital.

Heads of wards, being less remote, were more closely analyzed. Miss Jones—hateful, but drilled and taught you well. Miss Brown—pleasant, but everlastingly slack and stupid. Miss Smith—curried favor with doctors and meanly sacrificed her pupils. Miss Elfreth—a saint on earth, but quite inaccessible to human weakness or temptation, nobly beautiful to look upon in her creased, ever spotless white linens,

with clear blue eyes incapable of resting on the rivalries and jealousies buzzing about her head. A lofty example, yet hardly inspiring, since her impersonal aloofness soared far beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. Fanny marvelled that such honest eyes should never discern Dr. Black's besetting sin of greed, Dr. White's exasperating fashion of contradicting his own orders, or revolt against Dr. Jack McGrath's intolerable, selfish worldliness. It was current among pupil-nurses that this tall, sardonically humorous Westerner, with his beak nose and onyx eyes, would operate for the sake of experiment and for that alone, showing no more compunction than if the luckless patient were already a senseless cadaver.

Ugly tales from the operating room gained credence, as the surgeon's manner at best was of an unconciliating brevity, while his merciless sarcasm fairly pursued anyone less swift and dexterous than himself. As chance would have it, Fanny's shift as surgical assistant neither confirmed nor contradicted these rumors, but her irritation grew chronic and acute over his purely scientific attitude towards patients, and savage rebukes for trifling shortcomings in nurses. Of course, he did not scold Miss Elfreth; no one alive could find a blemish in her professional skill and unflinching perception, but the younger girl, with whom meekness was entirely an acquired virtue, smarted under sharp and frequent thrusts, in his cool, slightly nasal voice.

The morning hours were over; having left the whole amphitheatre and its equipment sparkling as a jeweller's show case, Fanny felt at leisure to prepare for her afternoon out. She had slipped off a uniform and stood wondering if the outer air blew hot or cold, when a hurry summons sent her flying through a labyrinth of corridors, up a stair, through a winding passage, through jealously guarded doors into a separate wing, the Isolating Ward. In a small operating ward, Miss Elfreth was already making hasty preparations. Dr. McGrath, an assistant surgeon, a stolid orderly, all busied themselves, ghostly in their white masks and coverings, like a new order of cowed friars. Instruments were being set out in plate-glass trays of boiling solution—tubes, dilators, tenacula. A steam spray of acrid, antiseptic drug filled the room with dog-day sultriness.

The assistant, a young man and very knowing, threw out an occasional question as he washed and washed his hands, mechanically working the foot-pump.

In the rush of preparation, Fanny gathered that it was a tracheotomy, a child newly brought in for hip disease and suddenly developing virulent diphtheria, a ravaging attack resisting all efforts at control.

"Not a very favorable prognosis," grunted the assistant as they stretched a little unconscious figure on the glistening operating-table.

"Pretty far gone—he can hardly hold out another ten minutes." With unhurried precision McGrath adjusted a support under the patient's neck; he might have been reckoning how long a lamp would burn.

"Pretty badly mixed up anyhow," the assistant's tone rang kinder than his words, as he looked appraisingly at the wasted, rachitic body. "Seems playing it rather low to pull him through."

"Not much of a kid!" McGrath had chosen his scalpel with a lack of haste that told on Fanny's nerves, but all in a flash he was at work, swift, unflinched, without one superfluous movement of deft, relentless hands. Absorbently, Fanny watched his brilliant certainty! But, oh! for

creased, ever spotless white linens,

(Continued on Page 6.)

# OUR BOYS.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am very much pleased of the children's column. all the little folks could be by telling them all that and girls have kodaks and us all about it.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am a little boy nine years go to the Belmont Street. Last year my teacher, Mr. Cuddihy. He is preparing this year for my first Communion and I hope to be able to go on Friday we have an examination my Catechism. I like school much. My teachers are kind and I like them. Mamma glad to see my letter this time.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am a girl of eleven years I attend Mont Ste. Marie on Guy street, and like well. My teacher is Mrs. Ovide. I am studying geography, Church History, French, music, spelling, reading, French. I am fifth in my class at the last examination points. I spent a very pleasant vacation at Magog, and am hard now to receive a certificate. Our class is the third there are 23 pupils in my class.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I was very glad to see your letter in last week's paper. Mamma and papa were a little in the second first class school, and studying spelling, English grammar, grammar, geography, drawing, and Sacred History, also in the first Communion and hope to be able to receive my first Communion next year. I am doing well. We had a very good examination in Catechism on last week and I did fairly well. Next time do better.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am a little girl of ten years. I go to the Marie Vent. I am in the second class, and last month I received a special crown for my studying reading, spelling, geography, writing and French. Last year I was made vice-president of the Angels' Sodality. Rev. Fr. O'Sey is our parish priest, and comes to our school. I am very well, and am working to get promoted.

Dear Aunt Becky:— Many, many thanks for your letter in publishing my letter. Mamma and papa were very pleased to see it. I am studying singing and play a little. I devote two hours to every night. I am very school and like my teacher, MARY GEE.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am a boy of nine years was promoted two classes. I like school very much the first Communion class my Catechism every night. I obtained 100% on my first. I have to study at night, and write two lines in French and the other in English. My mamma and will be glad when they see my letter.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am in the second first class at the Belmont School, and doing very well. I am also for my first Communion to be able to make it. I did not do very well last time at the examination, as it was but will do better this time.

# OPINION OF AN EIGHT OLD PHILOSOPHER.

As to "Why a Boy does not eat and sometimes when he does eat he does not digest it."