

GODMOTHER'S SECRET.

By LIZZIE MILLER PENGELLY.

DEAR Godmother Dorothy Grant is dead,
And a year has passed since she went to rest;
Just a long, long year since her will was read—
A year since she left me her old oak chest.
I opened the lid and I peeped inside
Full many a time in that long, dark week,
While the clouds of November, dark and wide,
Frowned on the wild wind's shrill whistle and shriek.

And then, when I emptied and searched it through—
The old chest, rubbed bright by the hand of Time—
Quaint, curious relics were brought to view
Of godmother's girlhood, godmother's prime—
Bright pieces of satin and old brocade,
A high-heeled slipper, an ivory fan;
And, deep in a sandal-wood box inlaid,
A note to her grandsire from Good Queen Anne;

Some gems, and a wimple her mother wore,
With a silken jess, and a falcon-ring;
A Bible of sixteen hundred and four,
And a song that godmother used to sing;
An embroidered waistcoat, last of all—
Unfinished, and wrapped in a silken square—
With a string of pearls in a casket small,
Old letters, a ring, and a lock of hair.

They were grandfather's letters! Through and through
I read them, and scanned the waistcoat again.
If all that my grandfather wrote were true,
Then how came grandmother Grandmother Frayne?
Gentle and good was grandfather's wife—
She was Godmother Dorothy's dearest friend.
Did grandmother know why godmother's life
Was lived all alone to its sweet, bright end?

And the half-wrought 'broidery seems to speak
Of godmother's grief-stricken, tearless eyes,
Of the chilling blanch on each wild-rose cheek,
And the sobs she never allowed to rise.
"Ah! Godmother Dorothy, sweet and mild,
I fear I could never be true like you!"
I murmured; but Cousin Irene smiled—
"True love must for ever and aye be true!"

And her fair face shone with a happy light.
"Love could not die in a year and a day,"
She thoughtfully said, as her eyes grew bright;
And methought that tears were not far away.
Fair Cousin Irene's white finger bears
A big signet ring, with a queer old crest;
And methinks I see in the smile she wears
A shadow of godmother's old oak chest.



PRACTICAL POINTS ABOUT CLOTHING.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

"You should always wear flannel next to your skin, as it prevents consumption."

"You should never wear flannel next to your skin, for it produces eczema."

These two "commands" were given on the same day to the same lady by two physicians. The man who gave the first advice was a chest physician, the other a skin specialist. Which was right? I don't know. But I do know that both were wrong; not in the nature of the advice itself, as this was right enough from the very limited point of view of each, but in the positive way in which they gave it. Opinions are known to differ, and in nothing do they vary so greatly as in medicine.

If the first physician had said, "I advise you to wear flannel next to your skin as it reduces the liability to consumption;" and if the skin specialist had said, "In some people flannel produces great irritation, and for them it is better not to wear it," nothing more would have been required. The lady would wear the flannel, and if it caused no irritation, she would continue to wear it; if it caused inconvenience she would discontinue its use. She would have received good advice, and in either case she would have acted rightly.

As it happened, however, she was, as was not unnatural, rather doubtful as to whether

she should or should not wear flannel. Thinking that if she got a third opinion, she would have, at all events, two against one, she asked my advice about the matter. I felt very much inclined to suggest a compromise and advise flannelette! But one must never joke in medicine. If I had given her this advice she would have told her two colleagues. The first would very likely have said that flannelette is no good for the purpose, the other that it produces worse irritation than flannel. So I should have had to answer both.

The truth is this, that what suits one person, does not necessarily suit another. It is therefore useless to lay down laws about every article of dress. But there are certain articles of attire about which there are no two opinions. These are what I am going to talk about to-day. At another time, perhaps, I will go into the question of the more disputed points about dress.

Have you ever heard of growing pains? Perhaps you have had personal experience in this matter. But did it ever strike you as peculiar that pain should occur especially during growth. But these growing pains do not stop when the body is full grown. I know an old lady of seventy who suffered from "growing pains" (according to her own

statement). The truth is that these pains are not due to growth although they may occur during youth. "Growing pains" was the name used by our grandmothers for a great variety of affections, especially rheumatism and flat-foot. This latter is the commonest condition that gives rise to pain in the legs during youth; especially is this the case in large cities which are paved with flag-stones.

Let us talk about flat foot, as there is no condition which is more common amongst girls of all ages.

The shape of the natural foot is very curious and has little resemblance to that member as it occurs in most boot-wearing persons. If you look at the foot of a classical figure you will see that only the heel, the outer border of the foot and the balls of the toes touch the ground, while the greater part of the sole is above the level of the ground. The inner border of the foot does not touch the ground anywhere, and forms an arch with the convexity looking upwards. The four outer toes form a straight line, but the great toe turns inwards towards the middle line of the body, that is away from the other toes. All the toes are straight and the second toe is the longest. What a contrast to this is the foot of an ordinary English girl who has worn