CURRENT COMMENT ON WOMEN'S WORK

WHEN this is being written it is too early to make any statement as to the result of the campaign in aid of the Women's Hospital and Dispensary, except in as much as may be prophesled from the signs given by the days preceding the opening of the campaign proper. If however, these may be taken as promises for results, it may be granted that the campaign as far as the efforts of the women were concerned was one

The nursing profession is taking a step in advance when it is planning for a convention of the National Association of Trained Nurses, and the Superintendents of Training Schools Association. The organizations arodistinct, but the latter body is included in the membership of the first. This will be the initial joint meeting In the history of those who will take part, and the place of convening will be the beautiful Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg. The superintendents will hold their meeting, June 13 and 14, and the two days following will be under

the auspices of the National Association, and of interest to the entire profession. It had been arranged that the place of convention should have been Vancouver, but war conditions affected this as in other cases, and the central position of Winnipeg was a commendation. Another point in favor of the Prairie Province is that it is the first to provide for the registration of nurses, and in this respect is in advance of its contemporaries, so the honor rightly goes there. Representatives are expected from many Canadian centres. The delegates will be the guests of the Manitoba Association of Graduate Nurses, who are preparing many pleasant things for their visitors. Miss Gunn of the Toronto General Hospital is president of the National Association, and is expected to preside.

Soldier.

HELEN SUMMER MANSON

LORETTE had been with me more than six months, months of hoping and waiting for a letter from Monsieur le Captain who had saved her life, or better, saved her from the German soldiers. She had told me the story many times, and always I listened, it relieved her anxiety and longing.

Seated by the fire, but looking thru the window to the lawn and garden, where the first snow drops and crocuses dare to face the cold wind, she told me more of the escape, her final

the British Sides convenily. Women mounting in numbers to the hundreds of thousands are now doing the work formerly done by men. This, of course, such proportions as to depict the industries and the agricultural interests of the land. If France and Belgium no men except this old are seen from John and the mount of the country. Still business is being conducted and the manufactures to the country. Still business is being conducted and the manufactures to the country. Still business is being conducted and the manufactures to the country. Still business is being conducted and the manufactures to the mount of the country of the country. Still business is being conducted and the manufactures to the thing for yourselves. Talk to worker some the country of the country

FLORETTE'S MARVELOUS ESCAPE WHEN ENEMY INVADED BELGIUM

How the Pretty Dancer Was Escorted to Safety by Monsieur le Capitan After Putting on the Uniform of a

Ing and waiting for a letter from Monsieur le Captain who had saved her life, or better, saved her from the German soldiers. She had told me the story many times, and always I listened, it relieved her anxiety and longing.

Seated by the fire, but looking thru the window to the lawn and garden, the lawn and garden, the lawn the joy to feel, someone will take care of me, would convey me to

I weep and slide the panel back. I slip behind, and stand upon the top step. The panel is once more in place. I hear great noise, a crash. I think the door is down. I listen, my ear

the door is down. I listen, my ear close to the opening.
"They stumble in, they laugh, and make a great noise. They see mon pere, they laugh more loud. Madame, Madame! the horror of it! I cannot breathe. I sink upon my knees upon the top step and pray. The good Father hears me. They find me not.
"At last it is quiet once more. I "At last it is quiet once more. I creep down the narrow stair. It is almost dark in the cellar. A narrow window with iron bars lets in a little light. Outside, under the street, there is a small space, over it a trap door of dull glass. I will be buried alive, I think. I pray and wait.

"Many hours pass, or as it seems, I

"Many hours pass, or as it seems, I feel I shall go mad, when I hear a sound. Someone opens the trap-door above the window; someone drops into the space outside; they have found me, I think, and wish for a dagger with which to pierce my heart. I hardly breathe. The space is small. I am in darkness. The man, a little in the light, stands a minute listening. The must hear this heart, so loud it beat. Now he draws from his pocket, matches. He lights one. I see, oh joy, it is one of our own brave soldiers! it is one of our own brave soldiers! "I say softly, 'monsieur.' He starts, but the match is burned out. I freeze, for I know many Germans put on the unifogms of our soldiers. I stand quite still and do not even breathe. He strikes another match and speaks.

"Do I hear someone call?". It is my own beloved tongue. I answer from my dark corner. 'Oui monsieur, je suis ici Mademoiselle Florette. je suis ici Mademoiselle Florette. But madam I will tell you in your tongue.

"Florette,' he say, as the light dies down. "The little girl in pink?"

"'Oui monsieur,' I answer,"

"Florette,' he say, as the light dies down. The little girl in pink?"

"Oui monsieur,' I answer,"

"We rise and continue to creep silently along. I see before us a dark shadow. Monsieur sees it not. I press his arm. He sees in time, the gun raised to fire. He drops my arm. He rushes on and knocks the arm, so. And. madame, I see them all together; I hear monsieur cry, Florette, my knife,' He had given it to me. I hasten to him. His hands hold the German face down. 'Strike there, strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame; I strike quick!' nonsieur say very low. "I am strong, madame, my heart sings at those words.

"We rise and continue to creep silently along. I see before us a dark shadow. Monsieur sees it not. I press his arm. He sees in time, the gun raised to fire. He drops my arm. He had given it to me. I hasten to him. His hands hold the German face down. 'Strike there, strike quick!' I fall. I have killed a man. Monsieur sives me the knife and lifts me in his arms. I have no strength to continue. So we move forward. We turn a corner, and before us see the cafe where I first sw the brave monsieur. He puts words.

HELEN SUMMER MANSON

LORETTE had been with me more than six months, months of hoping and waiting for a letter from a letter from the mansieur le Captain who had saved

"'Come to the window,' he commands. I creep across the earth floor. Iron bars divide us. He lights another match. I see it is the handsome face of le captain who smiled and clapped as I danced in le cafe."

"You are here alone?" he ask me. Out more to the sak me.

An apple tree thoroly cared for should last a hundred years, but after a plum has been bearing for afteen years it is time to replace it. Plant prime suckers inc. If you see or hear anyone, presson my arm, so. I help you. You are wounded, weak from loss of blood. I shudder and feel the warm thing pressed against my skin. Slowly monsieur lifts up that trap door, slowly lifts himself and looks outs. 'Come,' he says, and lifts me up beside him. We stand upon the street. Many houses are burned, and only a dog limps up to us; poor fellow, left alone. Stars shine, and no sound is anywhere. We croep along a ruined wall. Then a shadow falls across the path. We drop behind a tree, and wait. All is silent save the thumping of my heart."

Florette is standing now, her back to the fire. The memory of that night looks out of her great dark eyes, seeking rest and finding uone. She continues, tracing their movement with her hand:

"So we wait, madame, and retrace our steps, coming out on the other side. A narrow escape, you say! Ou!, but

our steps, coming out on the other side. A narrow escape, you say! Out, but we are still rafe and I know the road to the coast. Voices stop us now. Mon Dieu! the guttural tone of the German. We fall to the dark earth, and lie flat. so."

man. We fall to the dark earth, and lie flat, so."

She drops to the rug.
"A heavy boot strikes my side, madame. I do not breathe, monsieur. I feel him nowhere near. A heavy hand turns me over, a flickering light, a drunken laugh, and they near or There turns me over, a flickering light, a drunken laugh, and they pass on. They think me dead, madame. I am quite sliff. I cannot move; then I feel monsieur-take my hand. He is pressing it hard. He waits until the voices are far distant, then he say, I leave you. It was a chance and served us well. You are a brave soldier, Florette. Ay madame, my heart sings at those madame, my heart sings at those



Can a Wife Compete Too Successfully With Husband?

THEY certainly seemed a well-matched couple—everybody said so. George was steady and hard working, and Doris was just the wife for a rising man; she was not the kind of girl who lives for pretty clothes and lots of petting, but, on the contrary, she was simply packed with ambition.

Count. Finally he began to fill-treat her, and after a sordid appearance in the courts he was compelled to give her and his child a separation allowance.

Opened Her Own Business.

Doris then set up a business of her own, and prospered so well that her

two, and resented the fact with all his might.

Their once happy domestic life became stormy. Quarrels were the order of the day. George hated to walk into the office and see the deference with which his wife was treated—he himself becoming every day of less ac-

Reclaiming Deserted Villages

for fresh activity, and thought of the many people living in crowded city tenements who could find work and shome in these quiet places and she determined to bring them together. Tumble-down cottages were restored, rough huts rehabilitated. Even abandoned barns and outhouses were made clean and strong, and pressed into use. A bit of paint and chintz did the rest. Old furniture was rescued from sheds and attics and put into sood condition, and all the dilapidation of the village turned into order and beauty. The cottages are let for a few shillings a week and are never vacant.

Cultivate under currant and goose-berry bushes with a hoe.

Opened Her Own Business.

Doris then set up a business of her own, and prospered so well that her husband stopped her allowance on the ground that she was taking away his trade from him. The case was again taken into court and he was compelled not only to continue the allowance. taken into court and he was compelled not only to continue the allowance but to pay three months' arrears.

The ordinary average man does not like to be eclipsed by his wife; it hurts his pride to find out that she is his mental and business superior. Sometimes, for peace and quietness' sake, she chooses to remain in the background rather than alienate her husband's love altogether. Sometimes she asserts herself. The ideal marriage is one in which the husband is the mental superior and his success is her joy and pride. She must not try to emulate it or there will be ship-wreck.

Gave Up Her Career. Man is very human and is, naturally he, writhing under a bad attack of professional jealousy, realized that his wife's brains were the better of the two, and resented the fact with all his magnitude.

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RICE OMELET.

Take one cup of cold boiled rice, pour over it one cup of warm milk, all one tablespoon of melted butter, salt to taste, mix well, then add three well-beaten Those who drive along country roads, seeing here and there neglected, abandoned farmhouses or empty cottages in remote little towns, will be interested to hear of the work of Miss Mary Campbell Smith who, several years ago, set about reclaiming a number of deserted English villages. She saw the need of the dozing hamlets for fresh activity, and thought of the many people living in crowded city

VELVET FOOT RESTS.

Velvet foot rests for home use are new and unusual, being decorated with a new style of work. One which measures three-quarters of a yard long, 18 inches wide and 12 inches high, is covered with black velvet piped with flame color, and in the centre there is an applied yellow velvet basket. The basket is filled with apples and grapes made of velvet, and stuffed to half their natural size. This work also appears on other and differently shaped rests, in conventionalized flower and fruit designs.

Filling for cake: Grated rind and juice of one lemon, 1 egg, 1 cup of sugar, Steam over boiling water until thick. Stir while steaming, then spread the layers.



The Allies Dan Cupid may be fickle, but a box of Neilson's Chocolates is a sturdy Ally and is the best evidence of good faith and of good taste, in HER eyes.