

WOMAN and HER WORK.

There are few more delightful studies in the world I think, than the very young hospital nurse who has just won her spurs and is making use of them to prick every one with whom she comes into contact, especially her own family. She is fresh from her graduating honors, this dear young thing, and she has sent copies of all the papers describing the graduation ceremonies to her intimate friends, just taking pains to mark the column she wishes their attention attracted to and heavily underscoring her own name as it appears in the list of graduates. The local papers of her native place have taken cognizance of the event and published a lengthy paragraph announcing that the entire community should feel proud of their distinguished young townsman Miss Skifful, who has shed such a lustre upon the city of her birth having graduated with high honors at the Blanktown training school for nurses, coming out second in a class of 204. Naturally Miss Skifful's affectionate relatives send her a copy of the paper, and she, being young and impressionable feels pardonably elated, and when, a few weeks later she comes home for a couple of months rest and refreshment, she half expects to find the local band at the station to welcome her, and greets the friends who are there, with a gentle superiority which is most impressive.

Arrived at home Miss Skifful at once proceeds to take her entire family in hand, and regenerate them as far as possible in the brief time at her command. She is scarcely able to spare time for a hurried tea, before taking their temperature en masse, and long before the meal is concluded she has discovered that the whites of her father's eyes have a decidedly yellow tinge, and a blue pill before he goes to bed may possibly save him from an attack of bilious fever, but she is not at all sure that it will. "The last patient we lost before I left," she explains cheerfully, "had just that look about the whites of his eyes. I recognized it the moment he was brought in! I had been lying down, as we had had a hard night of it with a case of peritonitis, complicated with symptoms of strangulated hernia, and I had been obliged to take his temperature every ten minutes, and chagrin the ice bagdages Q. A. N. So I was tired out, and the house surgeon said: 'Now nurse you simply must go and lie down, I insist upon it; we don't know what may happen before another night, and if you are laid up what are we going to do?' So of course I went, and sure enough I had hardly been asleep an hour when the ambulance came in, and brought that case. He did not seem to be very ill at the first glance, but of course I was called up at once and as I had noticed his eyes the moment I looked at him, I was not deceived. So I took his temperature, gave him a bath and soon had him comfortably in bed, and ready for the doctor, just as soon as he had examined the patient and taken his temperature, he looked up at me, 'taken his temperature?' he said abruptly, he is always abrupt when he is worried—'Yes,' I said. 'What do you make of it?' said he. '105 and four-fifths,' said I. 'Right,' he answered, and then he thought a long while, and then went to the little room at the end of the ward where the prescriptions are written. He beckoned me to follow and when I came in he turned to me. 'Nurse said he 'what do you make of this?' Now you know if there is anything in the world that makes a hospital doctor angry, it is to have a nurse diagnose a case, so I knew better than to say anything. 'I don't make anything of it doctor,' I answered. 'But you must have some opinion on the subject,' he insisted. 'I never form any opinion of a patient's condition doctor,' I said. And then he half smiled; 'bilious fever,' he remarked absently, looking at me ever so keenly, I never said a word, but I know my face betrayed me, because he half laughed, and then he said: 'You are not as dense as you would have people think nurse, and I fancy you can form an opinion of your own on occasion, for all your demureness.' It was not three weeks before that case was dead, and I laid him out myself, and more than that it was bilious fever that was given as the cause of death in the burial certificate, and all because there was no one at hand to give him a blue pill in the early stages of the disease.

"Chorus of admiring horror on the part of the home's family—as I said before," she adds warningly. "The whites of father's eyes look just exactly as that case's eyes looked when I was bathing him."

It is needless to add that father decides at once to seize the first opportunity of saving his life, and takes the pill, with the pleasing result that he does not leave his bed next day: but as his experienced daughter informs him she probably saved him a long illness, he believes her implicitly and does not complain.

If the hospital nurse is strictly forbidden not only to prescribe for a case, but even to diagnose one, it is the most extraordinary that she seems to have such a perfect monomania for doing both, the moment she escapes from the hospital walls. She is almost invariably provided with a small

apothecary shop, in the shape of drugs, and you cannot complain of anything, from an attack of indigestion, to the tinge of a corn on your big toe, that she has not a sovereign remedy for it close at hand. It is awfully good of the dear little soul to be so interested in your welfare, I know but then most of us have a sort of prejudice against offering ourselves up willing victims to the enthusiastic young nurse's thirst for experimenting, and much prefer employing our own doctor.

She absolutely bristles with latin words, and technical terms, too, does this young enthusiast, and no young bank man who has just entered "the service" as he calls it, ever talked shop more persistently than she does! She has little or no interest in people, "cases" are what appeal to her professional mind, and at first it is almost impossible to interest her in even the most eligible young men unless you first appeal to her imagination by hinting that his lungs are not all right, or that the doctor suspects the existence of a tumor on his liver. Then she will seek his acquaintance eagerly, and study his every movement and expression, in an anxious search for symptoms, and if any hapless youth is misled by her indisguised interest, he is very likely to find out sooner or later that it was quite impersonal, and she only regarded him in the light of a case.

She talks—"otones," and—"itises" with a glibness that is absolutely appalling, and delights in describing operations calculated to raise the hair of the average listener, and cause it to remain in a perpendicular position forever after.

"It was a lovely operation," she begins just the most perfect I ever saw, Dr. Hackem is simply perfect at surgery. After we had etherized the patient we laid her on the operating table, and Dr. Hackem made a superficial incision eight inches long with one sweep of the knife, just the prettiest clean cut you ever looked at. Then of course he went deeper, and removed the tumor which weighed rocts and all nearly thirty pounds; there were twenty five stitches required to close the wound and next day—"here the nurse is surprised and hurt to find two of her audience on the verge of fainting, and a third in hysterics!

Sometimes luck befriends the youthful nurse; some member of her family catches a bad cold or has a bilious attack, during her visit. Then it is a sight for men and gods to see the way that dear young creature takes charge of things, and the amount of importance she assumes. The patient is promptly put to bed whether he likes it or not, and Miss Skifful assumes the charge of the sick room, after which discipline of the sternest description reigns. She generally assumes her cap, as a sort of pledge of authority, and then the patient's troubles begin. Everyone but herself is rigidly excluded from the chamber of sickness and the patient falls helplessly under her iron rule. "I never allow my patients anything to take after their medicine," she remarks, after giving her victim some particularly nauseous dose." It is not only quite unnecessary, but bad for the stomach, and I always exact the most unquestioning obedience! The patient usually makes a most amazingly rapid recovery, and the rest of the family who have looked on, carefully abstain from mentioning any trifling indisposition from which they may suffer, during the remainder of her visit. Now I don't intend to make fun of the hospital nurse who is young and enthusiastic, and takes a pardonable pride in her profession—God bless her! She is one of the best, and most unselfish little souls in the world, and if she does love to talk about surgery and blood as well as medicine and all the ills flesh is heir to, she is brave enough about facing these horrors and her very anxiety to experiment on others only shows how interested she is in their welfare, and how ready to sacrifice herself for them. By and by she will sober down and settle quietly into her place as one of the brave and patient women who lives there seems to enter no thought of self. But meanwhile I am sure the dear little soul can never have the least idea of how funny she is. If she had, I cannot help thinking she would enjoy the joke herself.

One of the oldest freaks of fashion this year, has been the decline and fall of the duck suit, which reigned almost without a rival all last summer. It is a pleasing illustration of the fickleness of Dame Fashion that this year you cannot buy a new duck suit from any fashionable ladies' furnisher. The small shops may have a few left over from last year, but this summer the best wholesale houses are not taking orders for them. Of course you can have them made by your dressmaker if you like, but you will be utterly out of style if you do; so you had better content yourself with getting last year's suit done up, and utilizing it for a afternoon wear in the house. It is seldom that any style of dress, so pretty, so convenient, and so universally popular, goes

out of fashion so soon, and I, for one, do not understand it.

It really looks as if the eton jacket has to take a new lease of life, and usurp the place of the longer coat which has been a feature of outing suits for so long; and one constantly sees mention made of eton, bolero, and zonase jackets. Later in the season when a little chill comes in the evening air, these little coats are to be especially fashionable, and they will be a very pretty addition to the ubiquitous shirt waist.

One very jaunty style of eton coat is made without sleeves, and plaited draped epaulets which fall over the shirt waist sleeves, finish it at the armholes. Boleros are one of the distinctive features of the latest street gowns in Paris, and canvas estamines and mohairs are made up with this little jacket cut very short, and often rounded up the middle of the back to a point, showing the wide draped belt of black satin below. The bolero is made of the material like the skirt, and is trimmed around the edge with braid, or the whole jacket is cut out of some handsome embroidery on silk or grass linen. If the jacket is plain, a showy collar and revers of embroidery form a pretty addition. Plain silks are effective for the vests and revers of this sort of dress, with the wide black belt for a finish; or the revers and collar may be of the plaid, and the rest of some pretty shot silk, or else tucked and lace-trimmed muslin.

Such a combination as this, makes a navy blue mohair very stylish indeed. Another new idea for a dark blue gown, is a bright green cloth collar and revers which extend into a band down each side of the jacket, plainly stitched on the edges, and finished with a row of tiny gold buttons.

Amongst the gowns of linen, pique and towelling, is one of ecru duck, which is very stylish; it is made with a plain skirt, and coat worn over a full vest of pale blue silk trimmed with crosswise bands of ecru openwork embroidery. The skirts of all these heavy cotton and linen gowns are made without any lining and five yards is considered a very ample width for them.

Materials for the thinner gowns, which are such a blessed addition to the summer girl's wardrobe, and work such a transformation in her appearance on an evening, are shown in greater variety than ever, and though the most elegant and elaborate are made very expensive by silk linings and lace trimmings, very pretty and simple dresses are seen made up with either colored white batiste underskirts, and many of the grass lawn gowns have a lining of satin or the new ribbon cloth, which comes in all the pretty light shades. It is ribbed like gros grain silk, has a pretty gloss, is more than a yard wide, and not more than thirty-five cents a yard. Swiss and dimity gowns are made without lining, and pretty white skirts and corset covers are all that is required in the shape of foundation, as the neck and arms of the wearer are allowed to show through the soft veil of the material. The more transparent organdies need some foundation, and a plain white lawn cut exactly like the dress skirt is often used for this. An economical way of displaying a silk lining, is to have it one can afford it, one fitted waist and skirt of taffeta silk is some desirable shade, and then wear it under several thin dresses. Some of the dresses are gored quite as much as the thicker materials, and others are cut nearly straight, and shirred in around the hips. There are the same tucked and shirred yokes as there were last season and the same shoulder frills falling over smaller, and sometimes closely fitting sleeves. A most sensible and welcome fashion is the one which is gaining ground daily of making the street gown clear the ground very decidedly, and some of them are even a little shorter in the back than the front so that the skirt which trails on the ground the least bit, is quite out of style.

One of the very newest wrinkles of fashion is a veil which is designed to enhance the most beautiful complexion, and greatly improve a poor one. It is made of black Russian net spotted with chenille, and lined with the thinnest pink tulle. These veils are sold all ready gathered for use, and finished with rosettes of baby ribbon at the back.

Counterfeit Meerschaum.

Meerschaum nowadays is counterfeited to admiration. A patent mixture for the purpose is made by dissolving a small quantity of silicate of soda in half the weight of pure caseine, adding powdered burnt magnesia. With this is put some real meerschaum, powdered, and the whole must have the consistency of a thick cream. It may be molded in any shape, setting solid at once. Cedar cigar boxes are imitated with the cheaper woods, which are stained with an extract of cedar stainings. The alder and the elm are used in this way. One hundred pounds of cedar shavings or sawdust will yield twenty five ounces of oil of cedar, which is mixed with alcohol and applied as a paint to the boxes. It gives them an aroma which is advertised as even superior to that of the real article.

"Mamma, why do they call it the weather bureau?" "Because the top drawer is generally in such a frightful mess, I suppose."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Fussy—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussy—"Do you fill your silk hat?"—Harper's Bazar.



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The coffee expert was clearly in a good humor when he got around to his second cup of coffee at dinner and was perfectly willing to tell some of the secrets of his trade when asked how he and his fellow experts distinguished one grade or kind of coffee from another.

"It is easy enough to make the coarser distinctions," he said. "I could teach a person in a very little while to tell a Java from a Maracaibo or a Maracaibo from a Rio; but when it comes to making the distinctions which are required in the trade it is a different matter. It takes years of practice, and that even would be of no avail without having a natural taste and aptitude for it. Then it becomes a life work. The curious thing about it all is that there is absolutely no standard by which the work is done."

"If one were assorting liners, one guide to quality would be the number of threads to the square inch and then would come the character of the thread and of the weave. Every quality which makes up value is in sight and one may learn to know these positively. But when you come to judge coffee, it is like judging a picture or a poem. Every expert must carry his standard in his own taste, and yet I will guarantee that if I test a sample of coffee and at the same time twenty different experts in this city test the same coffee, each independently of the others, there would not be a variation in the prices set by all of more than one-quarter of a cent a pound."

"At the same time if you could make a photograph or mechanical diagram of each man's idea of standard taste for coffee, it would probably be found that the standards were as various as the number of men and were many of them wide apart. Except as to Java, there is nothing to offer as a guide. Java is peculiar to itself."

"The only traders who test coffee are the large wholesale dealers. The importer does not need to test it except for his own information because it makes no difference to him what the flavor is. He simply sells it for the best price he wholesalers will give in competition with one another. To us, although we are not going to use a bit of it, the flavor of the coffee is of vital business importance. Our success in trade depends largely upon our ability to select for stock coffees which will not vary from year to year in flavor, in strength, or in roasting qualities, and then from the stock thus carefully selected to be able by another selection or by mixing the coffees to match in the same way, year after year, the different brands which each of our retail customers wants and is accustomed to."

"The expert's first care, then, is to create for himself a set of standards. You may judge what a task this is when I tell you that the coffee in our markets comes from more than 100 distinct parts of the earth, and that with every variation of climate or soil the coffee takes on a separate character. The ordinary citizen or housewife may find it hard to realize that there are so many different kinds of coffee known to the trade. If you go to a retail store, even of the largest, and ask what kinds of coffee they have, the answer will always be the same—'Java, Mocha, Maracaibo, Rio, and ground coffee.' It is in these few terms that every kind of coffee raised in the world finds its final market. The expert must recognize in each kind its characteristics, and learn first to sort the coffee and then how to mix different kinds so as to blend into the desired flavor."

"For these purposes he chooses his standard samples. How many of these he

will have depends upon himself and his manner of work, but in any case he must have a good many of them. Each sample is kept in a tin case of a style made for the purpose. These cases are round and open about in the centre of their length, where they have a slip joint, which works as tightly and neatly as is possible. A rack full of pigeon holes holds the sample cases. In front of the rack stands the sampling table. It is peculiar and is made for the purpose. The top is circular, usually of black walnut, and it rests upon centre standard, which turns in a three-legged stand. Seated at one side of this table one may with a touch revolve it, and so bring all of its contents readily to the hand. Ranged along the edge of the table side by side are two or three dozen cups. These are peculiar to the trade and are used for no other purpose than the testing of coffee and tea. They are known as tea testers. They are of white china, thin almost as paper and without handles. Each is about the size of the ordinary teacup, but of a bowl shape. Only one house in the world makes them. They cost \$3 a dozen. It is important for our work that every cup should be alike in every respect. Beside the table stands a gas stove with many jets and upon it a copper tea kettle. Under the table is a slop jar.

"Now you may suppose me ready to go to work. The water in the kettle has been duly boiled for at least fifteen minutes before I begin. I have been down among the coffee brokers looking for coffee to replace our stock. I have gathered up perhaps two dozen samples which I have here ready to test. I have already exercised considerable judgment in choosing these samples, for each is of the proper grade of roasting that I want, and there are five separate roasts known to the trade. Now from my sample pack I select the standard which I wish to match. I set my hand coffee mill just to a notch and grind one sample after another. Of each I weigh out exactly twenty grains, and keeping each kind separate I put them all into cups around the edge of the table. In a separate cut is my standard sample. The boiling water is poured into the cups and each cup is filled just so far."

"Now begins the real work. I smell and sip the standard sample and slowly revolve the table so that one cup after another comes in front of me. Here is one which I only need to smell to know that it will not do. It may be much better than the standard, but that does not matter—out it goes into the slop jar. The next one I taste, perhaps. It will not do. Out it goes. Here is one I am in doubt about. I leave that for the time. By the time I have got around once there will not be more than ten or twelve of the original twenty or thirty cups left. Then I begin a second round. Perhaps this time I have to taste each one more than once and try the sample cup often too but when this round is finished I have discarded all but two or three cups. Then comes the fire test, and finally I settle down to one cup, or perhaps two, as being right—always supposing that any of them is what I want, for sometimes I do not find one and have to begin the hunt for samples all over again. This same process is repeated with every buying, and often

when we are matching a sample for a customer when we are selling again.

"A coffee taster has to take great care of his senses of taste and smell, for the moment they go to the playing him tricks his business will be ruined."—N. Y. Sun.

Not a Word.

Laura—Mr. Custer sat alongside of me on the train to-day and he never said a word all the way down to the city. Lillian—Then you didn't ask him to open the window for you?

Teacher—"What is taxidermy?" Johnnie—"I guess I know, teacher." Teacher—"Well, Johnnie—it's putting down carpets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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