

A NEW UNIFORM DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, have now decided to stock specialities for Nurses, and have already a large selection of pure Irish linen aprons, in approved designs and texture, at wonderfully moderate prices, this being accounted for by the fact that this enterprising firm employ their Irish workers all the year round, many of the hands having been in their employ for sixteen years; during the dull season, for about five weeks, the hands are engaged in making what are known in the firm as Irish peasant-made linen aprons. It will therefore be readily seen that having such a large stock made direct for their London house, Messrs. Evans can place them before Nurses at an unusually low price. Caps, strings, cuffs, and collars, and in fact all linen and underwear here seen, cannot fail to please the most particular amongst our Matrons and Nurses.

DR. JAEGER'S NOVELTIES.

DR. JAEGER'S novelties for the winter season will be of interest to our readers. The fleece dressing gowns in natural colour, dressing jackets, cosy Spencers, fleece slippers, with and without heels, in all shades, all suggest warmth and comfort. The Nightingale dressing wrap,



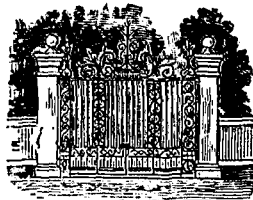
with sleeves made by buttoning over a corner, is a great boon to invalids, as the arm can be thus placed in a sleeve without lifting it. A new elastic expanding corset, principally used by lady cyclists, will be in great demand; while the value of the underwear made by this firm is too well known to require commendation.

STERILISED SWISS MILK.

This preparation of the Bernese Alps Milk Co. is produced from the milk of cows fed on the famous pastures of the Swiss Alps. Analysis shows that it does not contain any foreign substance, and that it is very rich in cream. By a most careful system of sterilization, all germs dangerous to health are effectively destroyed, and the preparation should therefore be of invaluable use for hot and dangerous climates. For infants, the milk may be diluted with boiled water, but it must not be boiled again. It can be obtained through any grocer, and we can cordially recommend it to the notice of our readers.

Outside the Gates

WOMEN.



THE housewifely instinct is natural to women, although circumstances and training may not have developed it. A professional and public life often causes a woman's interest in household affairs to be somewhat latent. But the instinct to "housekeep" is natural to femininity. The British Produce Supply Association, which has just opened its stores at "Winchilsea House," Long Acre, London, W.C., is the outcome of many years of earnest and enthusiastic work on the part of Lord Winchilsea in the interests of the British farmer, but it is an experiment whose success depends largely on the women of the country. The source of domestic supply—the provisions, the poultry, and the meat—is a question which is generally left to the womenkind of the household; and it is to be hoped that women will rally to the standard raised by Lord Winchilsea on behalf of the distressed British farmers, who, as a class, are verging on bankruptcy, owing to the fierceness of the competition of foreign provisions from Denmark, Brittany, Normandy, and other countries, the cheapness of whose production allows these foreign goods to undersell ours in the English market.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, who has interested herself in dairy and farming questions, and whose interesting letter we publish in another column, is organising a Woman's Branch of the British Produce Supply Association, in order to induce women to co-operate in so patriotic a movement as the encouragement of home industries. We paid a visit to Winchilsea House on October 14th (the opening day), and were delighted with what we saw and with what we purchased. Everything is daintily sweet and hygienic, from the marble counters, the ceilings, and sanitary walls, down to the terrazzo floor with its pretty inlaid stones. The salesmen dressed in white suits, offered their tempting wares so cleanly and civilly that we could not resist laying in quite a stock of real British necessities and dainties.

And so interesting was the idea of the scheme that we were able to set before a few of our friends a "British Produce," dinner which they declared was excellent. The duck at half-a-crown was an admirable specimen of a well-fed Britisher, and was entirely different from his tough and Continental brother. The sirloin of beef recalled, as some of the tea advertisements say, "the delicious flavour of twenty years ago," when home-grown meat was not the almost unknown luxury it is to-day. The Muscat grapes and honey-comb were delicious proofs of the well-known axiom that "everything English has a better flavour than any other climate can produce," and the Devonshire fresh butter handed round with the biscuits was declared worthy of the best traditions of this famous dairy county.

The friends who dined refuse to be satisfied until they are invited to a "British Produce," breakfast;

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