

My first care was to get my Pasteur filter into working order. Many new-comers to Grand Canary suffer from a form of fever, the exact nature of which has not yet been definitely diagnosed. The usual symptoms are abdominal pain, diarrhoea and high temperature. It seldom lasts more than two or three days, yielding quickly to treatment in the form of opium, heat applied locally for the pain, and anti-pyretics followed by quinine. But an attack is both discouraging and weakening, and I had been advised to avoid one by the careful use of only well-filtered water for drinking. "The proof of the pudding lies in the eating thereof." I have never yet had Canary fever, and therefore believe in the efficacy of my Pasteur filter.

The first few days passed very rapidly, and on the whole, pleasantly, although I very soon made acquaintance with some of the worst drawbacks which I was to encounter in my new surroundings. No one who has not lived through a summer in a hot climate can form the least idea of the exquisite delight on returning home, of sleeping in a bed free from fleas, flies, and mosquitoes, to say nothing of the probable neighbourhood of ants, spiders, centipedes and huge cockroaches which are not content to crawl about one's skirts, but also dart across the room, either startling one by a sudden blow in the face, or disgusting one by getting entangled in the hair.

In India I used to find the mosquitoes an almost unbearable nuisance, but in Grand Canary and Orotava the fleas are infinitely worse, especially in the old houses formerly inhabited by Spaniards. My patients have often declared that they never suffer from them because I attract them (the fleas I mean) so powerfully! But seriously, the double qualification of being able to clear a bedroom of flies in the early morning without waking the patient, and to catch mosquitoes without setting the curtains on fire, is a most essential one for a private nurse in a hot climate.

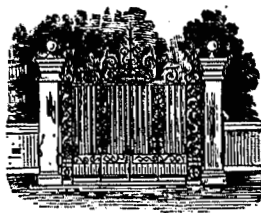
Well, I registered myself at the Consulate. I took a Spanish lesson every day, and I spent a good many hours trying to find a boarding house or a private family where I might live more cheaply than at the hotel; all the while enjoying the beautiful bright dry climate, sleeping with wide open window, and sitting out of doors either in the garden or on the roof in my leisure moments.

My search after cheaper board and lodging was unsuccessful, and I had already divided my small reserve fund into weekly portions, and was regretting that I should not be able to make my stay in the Fortunate Isles a very long one when my first case turned up. There are three English doctors in Las Palmas, from all of whom I had patients, but by far the greatest part of my work has been done under the physician to whom I took out an introduction. He has lived in the island for seven years, is universally liked and esteemed, and has almost the entire medical charge of the English community there, residents and visitors. The irregularity of the work supply is a great drawback, it has frequently happened that after having been idle for two or three weeks, living meanwhile at considerable expense, a rush of cases of severe illness has come. I have had to leave one patient scarcely convalescent to go to another one more seriously ill, or I have three or four patients at once to look after night and day, each of whom would have done better with an individual nurse, and to whom I could not possibly give the attention really necessary.

(To be continued.)

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THE Queen wrote a long letter of sympathy to Mrs. Gladstone, which she sent by a special messenger upon hearing of the death of the great statesman. It is significant of Mr. Gladstone's supremacy that the motion for a national memorial was carried in the House of

Commons, in which his opponents have an enormous majority, with an absolute unanimity of feeling. Women will rejoice that it has been decided that the devoted wife of Mr. Gladstone is to rest in Westminster Abbey, side by side, with the man she helped to make great.

Sir Matthew White Ridley recently received a deputation in favour of the appointment of a female factory inspector for the potteries district. It is satisfactory to know that two experts have been sent down into the district to make inquiries, and that new rules are now in the hands of the printers. It is less satisfactory to know that Sir Matthew White Ridley does not see his way to appoint a female inspector.

A conference of the members of the Central Bureau for the employment of women was held last week at Wimborne House, by the kind permission of Lady Wimborne. The meeting was presided over by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., and Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Bryant, B.Sc., Sir Robert Giffen, K.C.B., and Sir Walter Besant addressed the meeting. In the course of his remarks the chairman said that it was to the interest and importance of the nation that the sphere of employment for women should be enlarged, and that every advantage should be given to them in all the careers of life.

Many nurses who were at the R.B.N.A. Bazaar in 1894, will no doubt remember the charming little Indian lady, who sold Indian works of art. Mrs. P. Thomas has now opened the Tea and Tiffin Bungalow at 170, New Bond Street, and it is here that the most novel and delicious Indian dishes may be tasted from 12 to 3 p.m. Tea is served from 3 to 6 p.m.

Curry is of course a great speciality at the Bungalow, and we have lately tested a curry of prawns and pillau, a chicken curry and rice, with all sorts of sweet and tasty chutneys, with chips of Bombay duck (dried fish), followed by Cashmere apples and cream, all of which were most novel and delicious. Mrs. Thomas and her handmaidens float about in the graceful silken garments worn by women in the East, which are so much more artistic than our own tailor-made, bolster type of dress. We should advise nurses out for the day, doing pictures, and other amusements in the West End, to make a point of sampling the Indian dishes at the Bond Street Bungalow.

At the recent Annual Meetings in St. Martin's Town Hall, a pleasant surprise awaited Miss M. E. Docwra the newly elected President of the Women's Total Abstinence Union when a purse containing a cheque

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