

dispensers and clerks combined at our large Hospitals ; but such posts are rare and always eagerly sought. Still there are signs of good times coming for lady dispensers ; at present they are, as it were, rather on their trial, and are only employed by a few Doctors more daring than others of the faculty.

In the good old-fashioned days when dispensers were indispensable—forgive the pun ; it was accidental—and when Doctors sent their mysterious bottles even and risked not their secrets in black and white for fear of betrayal, a young man, who had been seriously ill and who had profited much by his good Doctor's counsels and pills, implored the latter to give him a prescription for the pills—not the counsels—to take with him to a distant part of the country whither he was going. His request was granted, and it was from that slight incident one of the first and most famous of the many patent pills saw the light. That young man was 'cute, as our American cousins would say. He invested in the drugs necessary, made hundreds of the pills, sunk his small capital in clever advertising, and died a millionaire. The medical men of that town where the kindly Doctor lived grew meanwhile chary of parting with prescriptions, as I found to my cost ; for, readers, this is fact, not fiction, and this was the beginning of (no, I will not give the name) — famous liver pills.

MRS. TEMPLE, wife of the present Bishop of London, is soon to open a Shelter Home for Intemperate Women, which will be under the especial care of Mrs. Rowley Hill and Mrs. Cholmeley. It is in connection with the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society. There is indeed much need for such a home, for intemperance amongst women is, according to the best medical authority, much on the increase, spite of the Blue Ribbon Army and its brave crusade against this terrible national foe.

MADAME PATTI has out-heroded, not Herod, but herself. During her tour in Russia she will make the enormous sum of twelve thousand guineas, for which she is to put in an appearance and sing "a wee" at six concerts and in six operas. This is what comes of having a reputation as prima donna of Europe. Madame Patti is a great favourite in her Welsh home, where she is ever lavishly charitable. She is a thoroughly well-bred lady, too, this charming actress-singer. I saw her dress awkwardly trodden on by a nervous young friend at a concert once, and she did not even frown. It was a handsome dress also, sparkling with spangles, and I admired her self-

control as much as I did her singing, but then she could afford to give herself another as beautiful next day, which is more than can be said of most of us.

A NEW paper has just appeared, entitled *Mistress and Maid*, which is to be a sort of moving registry office, and provide for the many ills that mistress and maid are heirs, or rather heiresses, to. Certainly a remedy is needed for the famous servant question, but the one proposed will not work, I fear. Indeed, I consider much of the present evil comes from advertising instead of taking a friend's recommendation, as in the "good old times." What can be known of mistress or of maid in a few moments' interview? Of the mistress I say advisedly, for there is another side to cook's stories—even cook's stories all about the Mrs. This and the Mrs. That, and of how Mrs. — kept house on the starvation principle, and how the children were brought up shamefully at No. 19.

I HEARD an amusing little anecdote about that most youthful of monarchs, the little King of Spain, lately. He was indulging in the vulgar amusement of eating his food with his fingers. "Kings do not act so, your Majesty," reproved his governess. "This king does," answered the little fellow, calmly continuing his vulgar way. This child's governess is, by-the-bye, English, in spite of her high-sounding foreign title. She was a great favourite of the late king's.

"OUIDA" has taken up the dogs, and fights bravely for them in the first number of the *Animals' Guardian*, a new magazine. This brilliant, though somewhat eccentric, novelist is extremely partial to all animals, and never shows to more advantage than when writing of the canine race, as witness her charming story, "The Dog of Flanders," and above all of her description of the little Florentine beggar's favourite doggie in one of the stories in her charming book for children, entitled "Bimbi." No one reading these books, especially the last, could believe they are from the pen of her who could originate, and worse still write, such books as "Chandos," "Moths" and "Signa." It had been well for her readers, if not for her own pocket, if Mdlle. de la Ramée had confined herself to tales for children.

VEVA KARSLAND.

If we can take to duty kindly and make her a lifelong friend, she will reassure the heart which feels that it is breaking, and give it a foretaste of happiness perhaps when it shall really break at last.

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