

NURSES' UNIFORM HATS.

Scotts, Ltd., of No. 1, Old Bond Street, corner of Piccadilly, have just produced a very interesting catalogue of the different kinds of hats they supply to nurses belonging to the various War Societies, and owing to the very great difficulties which confront every manufacturing house orders for autumn and winter hats should be placed without delay.

Scotts, Ltd., make in their own factory straw and felt hats for the British Red Cross Society, the St. John Ambulance Brigade V.A.D. official toque, straw and felt hats for the Territorial Force Nursing Service, for home and foreign service, felt hats and rainproof hats for the Canadian Nursing Sisters, and pith helmets for foreign service. The Women Police Service are also catered for. The distinctive ribbons and badges are also obtainable, and all at the lowest possible cost for the excellent quality of the goods provided. Nurses in London should pay a visit to No. 1, Old Bond Street, and those in the country send for the catalogue.

SWEET LAVENDER.

We offer sincere thanks to the Matron of Addenbrookes Home, Hunstanton, Norfolk, for twenty-six bags of lavender, tied up in pink, blue and mauve bags, also six pretty flowered bags, tied with mauve ribbons, from Mrs. Charles Ker, of Easterton, Milngavie, N.B., all most exquisitely sweet. They have been sent to Queen Mary's Hostel for Nurses in Bedford Place, London, and to Sister Batling at No. 1, London General Hospital, T.F., where we hope they will find a corner in the linen cupboards.

PERIPATETIC WARDROBES.

There is an excellent Nurses' Club in Melbourne where the comfort of the members is well considered. All nurses know how tashed their clothes become if packed away in boxes, so the following practical arrangement is in force at Melbourne. Each member hires a wardrobe, where she hangs her garments between cases, and this article of furniture is mounted on castors. During the nurse's absence it is run into the corridor, clothes and all, and when she returns her own particular wardrobe is wheeled into the bedroom she is to occupy. How simple, yet how advantageous!

CANADA'S WAR FRANCHISE.

Women relatives of soldiers—their wives, widows, mothers, daughters, and sisters—will receive the Dominion franchise in Canada, according to the Bill introduced into the House of Commons at Ottawa by Mr. Meighen, Secretary of State. The vote will also be given to all members of the Canadian forces serving overseas, including nurses, Red Indians, and Hindus.

War service is taken as the necessary condition of the war franchise. Consequently conscientious

objectors are to be disfranchised, and also all alien enemy settlers of German, Austrian, and Turkish blood, who have been naturalised in Canada since March 31st, 1902.

The Bill affects the register for the forthcoming general election. This is necessitated by the legal expiration of the present Parliament.

When our turn comes at home we might adopt this sound system. Cowards and spies should be ruled out.

UJON.

Ujon sits in his pram in the crowded slum streets thoroughly enjoying life. He wouldn't live in the country for anything, so you need not waste your pity. The fragrance of the fried fish shops is sweeter to his little pug nose than every hay field that you can imagine. He is a plump, round, comfortable person with ginger hair, a wide mouth, and generous smiles displaying a good deal of toothless gums. He is the friendliest of babes, and the merest stranger passing by is impelled to play "peep bo" with him, which immediately sends him into a frenzy of spasmodic chuckles.

Comes along the parson. "Hullo, Ujon," says he; and Ujon extends a fat comfortable hand to greet his spiritual pastor and master.

"Mornin', Ujon," says a woman with a toil-worn face, as she passes up the street to "get in me little bits of grocery. Things is so shockin' dear now-a-days, ain't they? A shillin's gone before you can look round. Ujon looks fine, Mrs. Brown, don't 'e? Bless 'is 'eart!"

"Ujon! Ujon!" lisps a tiny toddler only a few sizes larger than himself, as she heaves herself up by his pram to his imminent peril. "I sees yer, Ujon!"

Ujon is reported to be wonderfully partial to the girl baby lying in a neighbouring pram. "She's Ujon's young lidy, ain't she, dee-ar?"

And Ujon smiles and gnaws his fist in fresh ecstasy.

His somewhat singular name is easily accounted for. One of the "church gentlemen had offered to stand godfather to Mrs. Brown's baby, and he selected the names Hugh John. But he didn't want two names when one would serve, "Did yer, Ujon?" His emphatic protest nearly causes the rickety pram to turn over, and his gurgles fill the sordid street with music.

Old blind Daddy hobbling by pauses a moment on his sticks. "That you, Ujon? Thought I couldn't be mistook. You and me's rare pals, ain't we?"

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! On thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benison.

H. H.

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