

Burgh Hospital, Motherwell.—Annie Petrie.
City Hospital, Edinburgh.—Ellen Baillie, Daisy Couper, Mary N. Davidson, Charlotte S. Dymock, Margt. K. Grant, Beatrice A. Hodgson, Elizabeth Y. Howie, Janie Laurie, Agnes E. Michie, Jenny H. Miller, Flora Macdonald, Anne D. McIntosh, Elsie Mackenzie, Jemima H. Philp, Beatrice K. Ross, Elizabeth B. Stenhouse, Grace D. Stevenson, Hilda M. Street.

Burghmuir Hospital, Perth.—Anne P. M'Laughlan.

City Hospital, Aberdeen.—Lizzie Brebner, Barbara S. Davidson, Annie Eliik, Beatrice Fraser, Emily E. Lawrie, Mary A. Morrison, Maggie Stephen.

THE IRISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish Nurses' Association was held on December 1st, at 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

The Midwives Bill (Ireland) was discussed, and letters were read from Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Scanlon, M.P., reporting the steps that are being taken to have some of the clauses altered specially those dealing with the representation of Midwives on the Central Board and the Local Supervision of Midwives.

Miss Ramsden and Miss Carson Rae were nominated to represent the I.N.A. at a meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland, held on the 4th inst. to discuss amendments to the Midwives Bill (Ireland).

A letter was read from a midwife in the west of Ireland, complaining that her practice had been completely monopolised by untrained women in her district.

BOOKS TO BUY.

Have you read "Irish Memories," by E. R. Somerville and Martin Ross? It is a book crammed with all the charming things which make Ireland and the Irish a joy for ever. A blessing of a book in these tragic times.

We recently drew attention to a little book, "Glimpses of My Life in Aran," by Miss B. N. Hedderman, a district nurse in these desolate islands, off the coast of Connemara in Galway Bay. The book, which costs 2s. 6d. net, should be a welcome Christmas gift to those who are interested in the conditions under which nurses live and work. If there are any who are tempted to think that the conditions of life in this fourth year of the war are somewhat hard they will find that they are luxurious compared with the normal ones in Aran. By purchasing the book, they will be helping to provide the funds to build a little cottage for this intrepid nurse on these barren and almost inaccessible islands. The book is published by John Wright & Sons, Ltd., Bristol, and Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., London.

LIZA'S WEDDING.

"He was fair soft abart me was Bill. I dunno why, as I ain't no beauty, that's a sure thing." (She wasn't.)

"I led 'im a fair old dance, pretendin' as I was mashed on old Ginger. Old Bill, 'e used to pull such a face about it and I 'ad to laugh, that I did. I tormented 'im proper for a bit, considerin' as I reely thught as there warn't no one like 'im. So after pretendin' as I never meant to 'ave 'im, I told 'im if 'e was so set on it, I'd get spliced on Christmas Day. Old Bill 'e warn't 'alf pleased. I sez to 'im I wouldn't 'ave no one asted; I didn't want the gals from where I worked a comin' round and makin' me look silly. So I gives out as it was tikin' plice at Trinity Church at 'alf past twelve and reely I'd fixed up for to be at the church round the corner at one. I 'ad to larf when I thought 'ow I'd done em. I got meself up in somefin' quiet as I bought off Carrotty Liz's stall, as wif a fice like mine you can't wear everyfing; and, to say the truth, as long as I was going to get tied up to ole Bill nofin' else didn't seem to matter. I don't mean to say I didn't take no trouble about 'ow I looked. I had a blue frock and I got a new lace collar and a pair of white gloves and white shoes with them new fashioned 'igh 'eels. Liz done me very fair. I wished them shoes somewhere later, for directly I gets inside the church orf comes one of the 'eels, and up I goes lipperty lop, lipperty lop all the way up the aisle. I 'ad to larf. Ole Bill, 'e stood there grinnin', and that made me larf all the more till the parson 'e sez, 'Come, come, this ain't no laughin' matter,' 'e sez. I must say 'as the church looked a treat with the 'olly and the beautiful flowers an' lights, and instead of l ughin' I began to feel kind of solemn like and as t'ough it wasn't me at all what stood there wif my 'and in Bill's, saying as I would love an' obey 'im. I always thought I should 'ave to laugh when it came to that part, but somehow I didn't want to then. Well, I was just enjoyin' 'avin' the ring put on my finger and feelin' so nice and 'appy, when someone from the back of the church shouts out, 'Whatcher Lize, cheero!' an' blest if after all them young gals from the works 'adn't found out that I'd told 'em wrong. Well, of course, I 'ad to larf ag'in. I couldn't 'elp it. But the service was soon finished after that, an' we was all outside the church, them wishin' me good luck and me wishin' them a 'appy Christmas. 'And when Bill 'e sez, 'Come along, Mrs. Jackson,' 'e sez, 'it's abart time we was 'avin' a bite of Christmas dinner in our new little 'ome,' I 'ad to larf I felt that jolly. I sez to Bill when we was eatin' our Christmas pudden, 'I expect the parson was ratty cos I larfed,' and 'e sez, 'Give me a kiss, old dear; I 'ope as 'ow you'll always laugh.' There wasn't no war then. I ain't laughed much since it broke out. My Bill—but there I can't tell yer, or I should 'ave to cry."

H. H.

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