

**GARROULD'S CHRISTMAS BAZAAR.**

A Mecca in the West-End of London for children and those seeking to find gifts for them at Christmastide is Garrould's Christmas Bazaar. Here we may be sure of finding old favourites; and here, year by year, new attractions are added. For the furnishing of the Christmas tree, there is pretty tinsel, coloured candles and sconces, strings of bright coloured balls, stars, fruits, and other things, which make a tree a thing of beauty. And who could fail to fall in love with the most perfect Father Christmas priced at the modest sum of 2s. 11½d.?

Dolls of all sorts and sizes, beginning at 2d. each; but those of any size open and shut their eyes, as all dolls should. Then there are the most delightful animals which run along on wheels. A donkey which nods its head, ridden by a small boy; a little girl perched on the top of a St. Bernard dog; Red Riding Hood on the back of a wolf; and many others equally fascinating. The railroad, on which a train skilfully speeds its way; milk carts with cans complete; boxes of tools for older boys; and stockings stuffed with toys of all sorts. Tom Smith's crackers, from 1s. 6d. a box; a delightful safety rocking-horse—are some of the charms of this bazaar. We advise all and sundry who wish to spend money in trimming Christmas trees, and on toys for Christmas festivities, not to miss visiting this popular rendezvous at 150, Edgware Road, W.

**GOSPO.**

With Christmas upon us every hospital official, Matron, Sister, Domestic Superintendent, is concerned to ensure that the normal spotlessness shall be just a trifle more radiant.

To assist in attaining this end Gospo, the Antiseptic British Cleanser, a light powder, supplied by Gospo, Ltd., contractors to H.M. Government, will be found a most satisfactory agent. Marble floors, mosaic, terrazzo, linoleum, tiles, stone floors, rubber floors, and terra-cotta all respond to treatment with Gospo, and a special advantage is that it contains no animal fat or injurious acids; nevertheless, it eradicates grease and dirt, and leaves floors brighter and entirely non-slippery.

Gospo is excellent for general household cleaning, as well as for cleansing kitchen utensils, sinks, gas stoves, &c. We commend it to the attention of our readers.

**COMING EVENTS.**

*December 15th.*—General Nursing Council for England and Wales: Monthly Meeting, Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W.1. 2.30 p.m.

*December 16th.*—Meeting Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3 p.m.

*December 25th.*—Christmas Day. Hospital Festivities.

**BOOK OF THE WEEK.****THREE WORLDS.\***

"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," and it is inevitable that when so many of the nearest and dearest of the present generation have passed on, taken from us not in the natural course of events, their span of life completed, but full of youth and vigour, that many should think deeply on the life going on beyond "the gates ajar," and that they should pass on to others thoughts which have comforted themselves.

"Three Worlds," by Mrs. Griffiths—a certificated nurse of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and a member of its Nurses' League—is a story of the life beyond the grave. In her Foreword Mrs. Griffiths says:—

"When a key will open a door it is not necessary to pick the lock to pieces in order to be sure that one has the right key, and, when a theory fits with such facts as we have, it is at least an argument in favour of its being the right theory."

The story opens in a hospital in France:—

"From the time when the summons reached him it took Maurice Macrae twelve hours to reach the hospital where Sylvia Graham, the young V.A.D. nurse to whom he was betrothed, lay dying. To him it seemed an eternity, that it would never pass, that he would be too late to see her again alive. They had parted a fortnight before, he to go to the front line trenches, she to remain in the comparative security of the base hospital; they had parted, knowing that at any moment death might separate them, yet it had not been in either of their minds that she might be taken and he left.

"Yet so it was. A bomb had fallen on the hospital, there had been many casualties, and of those who escaped death she was the most seriously injured."

Captain Macrae, a young army doctor, reached her in time. In time for them to seal the troth they had plighted with the marriage vow, in time, as was inevitable, for them to speak of a future life. He to admit he had never believed in it. She to say: "Maurice, my body is dying, half of it is dead already, but I am alive. There is something in me that is more alive than it has ever been, and that is going to go on living. I don't just hope this, I am absolutely sure."

"God grant that you may be right!" he cried. "But, oh! if it is indeed so, come back and tell me. If there is a future life for all of us, make me know it without any possibility of a doubt."

Then came last messages for Aunt Jessica—narrow, intolerant, disliking Maurice Macrae, but in her way devoted to Sylvia, whom she had brought up and who returned her love. Sylvia also bid her husband, if he returned to England, to go and see her Uncle Tom. "He is a doctor, and such a nice man. He is no relation to Aunt Jessica—she is mother's sister, and he is father's brother."

\* By Isabel Griffiths. (Arthur H. Stockwell, 29, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.)

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