

## QUEEN'S INSTITUTE OF DISTRICT NURSING.

At the recent Meeting of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing held at 57, Lower Belgrave Street on December 6th, the Earl of Athlone presided, and Lady Cahn presented Long Service Badges to:—

Miss Norah Farrant, Inspector of County Nursing Associations; Miss Jessie L. Paris, Superintendent, Slough; Miss Margaret Gwynne, Assistant Superintendent, Woolwich; Miss Sarah E. Bailey, Queen's Nurse, Rossington New Village; Miss Katie M. Carryer, Queen's Nurse, Dartmouth; Mrs. Jessie A. Clarke, Queen's Nurse, Sleaford; Miss Amy H. Hyde, Queen's Nurse, East London (South); Miss Lillias W. Noble, Queen's Nurse, Penzance and Madron; Miss Mary E. Stoneham, Queen's Nurse, Shoreditch; and Miss Emily Tate, Queen's Nurse, Knighton.

These badges are given in recognition of 21 years' satisfactory and loyal service under the Institute. Badges had also been awarded to the following who were unable to be present:—

Miss Dorothy Cameron, Inspector, Scottish Branch; Miss Eva Maguire, Superintendent, Kent County Nursing Association; Miss Alexandra E. White, Superintendent, Inverness County; Miss Christina Carvel, Queen's Nurse, Quarter; Miss Ethel F. Chapman, Queen's Nurse, Woodhouse; Miss Lizzie Higgs, Queen's Nurse, Waterfoot; Miss Janet Littlejohn, Queen's Nurse, Montrose; Miss Annie Murray, Queen's Nurse, Balallan; Miss Susan G. O'Flynn, Queen's Nurse, Kells; Mrs. Ethel G. Richards, Queen's Nurse, Porthcawl; Miss Sarah A. Tull, Queen's Nurse, Bramhall; Miss R. M. Blundell, Superintendent, Leeds (Central); and Miss Rose E. Paling, Queen's Nurse, Lydney and Aylburton.

Very satisfactory reports were received from the various committees. Twenty-seven nursing associations have been affiliated since the last meeting of the council and 260 nurses have been enrolled as Queen's Nurses. Reports have been received on the inspection of 639 of the districts in England and Wales employing 1,238 nurses. The large majority of these reports show that excellent work is being done by the Nurses and that the standard of work as shown in the reports received on the County Nursing Associations is increasingly efficient.

### TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS.

The remarkable series of successes gained by that well-known product "Cow and Gate Milk Food," have been increased recently by an additional gold medal which was awarded in October at the important Mysore Dasara Exhibition. Over 100,000 people visited the exhibition, including members of His Highness the Maharajah's family, all the state officials, and visitors from as far away as Bombay and Delhi. The awards were distributed by the Dewan of Mysore.

It will be recollected that this infants' food also gained a gold medal earlier in the year at the "All-India Sanitary and Scientific Exhibition."

In the last few years Cow and Gate milk food has gained a firm hold on the affections of mothers throughout India, and that this preference is based on very solid and scientific grounds is evidenced by the increasing prescription and recommendation of the food by the medical profession and the grant of honours such as has just been described.

In the East, and especially in the tropics, where the milk supply is so often not above reproach, "Cow and Gate Milk Food" must be invaluable.

### WHAT TO READ.

- "King Edward and His Times," André Maurois.
- "The Oppermanns," Lion Feuchtwanger.
- "Letters from Lord Oxford," H. H. A.

## A SIMPLE SHEPHERD.

Up therefore Christian men and hie,  
To yonder Manger,  
In cold and danger,  
Where Christ doth lie.

The Word made flesh, doth condescend  
Man to befriend,  
Those infant lips how full of grace,  
Yet hear Him crying  
On bed straw lying  
In doleful case.

*Surelie*, it did snow!

"A praper Christmas Eve!" quoth the shepherd, as he crossed the downs to make sure his charges were safe for the night. He had an uneasy feeling that there was one astray, notwithstanding his careful count early in the afternoon. "I wouldn't care to think any poor beastie was abroad to-night," he said to himself in broad Sussex.

It was this inward urge that had caused him to leave the cosy wood fire, and the missus and bairns, all chattering with excitement. Mother making mince-pies in the interval of allotting different sizes of stockings to different sizes of children to hang on different sizes of sleeping accommodation, from Jack's, who owing to his bigness could be no longer accommodated in the children's room, but had to lie on the parlour couch, to the wooden cradle which had rocked generations of the family, by father and mother's big bed.

It had been no little sacrifice for the shepherd to leave this happy circle, and to put on again his heavy, wet boots and turn out once more into the driving snow.

But generations of simple men who were his forebears had implanted in him a sense of duty and dogged determination to perform it.

"Mother," good soul, knew from experience that it would have been useless to persuade "father" to turn a deaf ear to the voice that called within, and so it came to pass that John Durtnall found himself once more out in the blizzard.

"Taint as if 'twere an ord'nary night," he excused himself for his anxiety. "All the same I could 'a swore they was all folded. I counted on 'em over and over again. Seems funny I couldn't rest till I made sure once more."

By slow and difficult stages, for the snow was driven by the wind into drifts—stumbling and groping by the lantern's uncertain light—he reached the fold at last where the sheep stood huddled together for warmth. Slowly and laboriously he counted the woolly backs. "Forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty. Well, I'm a praper old fidget *surelie*. They're all safe and sound, and I've 'ad this dance for naught. Anyhow, I couldn't 'a rested till I'd made sure. Gettin' 'ome won't be none so easy, and missus will be waitin' for me to stir the pudden, so I maun push on."

Literally it was a push, and hardy as the shepherd was, he soon began to feel the strain.

"Anyways I'm glad I come," he reiterated from time to time. "Dang it all, where be I? I doan't see the 'ole thorn bush. Wish I'd brought the old dog, he 'a knaw'd, but the poor old chap were tired."

The silence was like a pall enveloping him.

"Never thought I could get lost in these parts. Looks like it though. Won't never do to lose my 'ead as well. Mother 'll be in a way. I ses as I wouldn't be no time. Well I'm jiggered if that ain't 'ole Bob's hut! Must be over a moile out, and I'm none so certain I can find my way again in this snaw."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)