

A NEW ARTICLE FOR A FANCY BAZAAR.

COAL GLOVE FOR SICK-ROOM.



THE design given in this article is for a coal glove, which may at first seem a very useless article and not exactly pretty, but when once it has been used you will wonder how you ever did without it. The little tongs which are so often used for putting on lumps of coal are most useful, but not to be compared to a coal glove. In a sick room they are simply invaluable; the fire can be made up quite silently, a boon to the patient as well as the nurse.

The glove is made of black velveteen and lined with a coloured sateen. Of course the cheapest material should be used, and the glove should be made for the right hand, and big enough to slip on easily.

The words "coal glove" may be worked on the back in silk the same colour as the lining.

You will require a quarter of a yard of velveteen and the same quantity of sateen, and one yard of ribbon an inch wide the same colour as the sateen.

Fold the velveteen and place the straight side of the glove to the fold of the material, and then cut it out. The sateen should be cut a trifle smaller. The reason for this will be seen when making up the glove. Work the words on the back in crewel stitch. Then fold the velveteen the wrong side out, fold the sateen the same way, *i.e.*, the wrong side, and then lay one on the top of the other, taking care that the sateen lining the side it is folded is placed a little further away from the fold of the velveteen, as shown in design. This will prevent the lining rucking when the glove is turned.

Stitch round the cut edges with a machine—this makes it stronger—and then turn the glove, the velveteen outside. Finish the wrist part off neatly by binding it round with the ribbon, making a loop to hang the glove up by, finishing it off with a bow of the ribbon.

These gloves can be sold at bazaars for eighteenpence each, and when people are told how useful they are, they will gladly buy them, and as nowadays it is found very difficult to sell the expensive and useless articles which are always sent to bazaars, it is well to have a very good supply of smaller and cheaper goods. More people are then able to buy them.

NONA.



THE FERNLEY GIRLS' GUILD.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER XV.

FIGHTING THE WHOLE WORLD.

"THE mountain has come to Mahomet since Mahomet has ceased to come to the mountain," said Louise to her astonished, embarrassed hostess.

Still more to Sophy's astonishment, Louise's eyes filled with tears as her glance fell on Sophy's black frock.

Louise crying, when she had not, as far as was known, wept for her father's degradation or for the calamity which had befallen herself!

"This is so good of you, Louise, and I have not been near you for such a length of time. But you know—"

"Yes, I know," Louise interrupted her gently; "the mystery is that it should have happened to you. We Harrises have been a worldly lot—I daresay people will not hesitate to say a bad lot," she threw back her head defiantly, "but you good people here! The Vicar is not only godly, as a Vicar might be expected to be—he is

good, and Mrs. Field is kind. The girls are pretty tomboys, flighty and fond of dress, but there is no great harm in any of them, unless a spice of malice in the curate's wife. Dr. Somerville and I have been at war all through my illness, but I can see he is honest to the core"—her fingers gave a nervous twitch as she said so—"and now that he has gone away to see his son die, I miss his scolding. As for his daughter Maggie, your friend, she is one of those good creatures everybody puts upon and despises. I am rather afraid of her mother, but I think she is good, too—and you, Sophy, you whom they tell me is a Joan of Arc of a girl—(how I should have liked to be the real Joan in armour, on the battlefield!)—but you have not been fighting flesh and blood men-at-arms for a kingdom, only the weaknesses and follies of your contemporaries, in order to spiritualise them, to raise their standard into that of ideal girls and women, to redeem them from their foolishness and littleness as Joan redeemed France.