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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL
A Weekly Record and Review devoted to the interests of Women in the Home and in the Wider World.
Edited by **MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

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In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser and enclose it in an envelope; close this, and write (where the stamp should go), on the outside, the letter and number of the advertisement, and nothing more. Put the reply or replies thus sealed down in another envelope, together with a penny stamp for each letter you want sent on, loose in your envelope to us; address the outer envelope "WOMAN'S SIGNAL Office, 30 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.," stamp to the proper weight, and post. We will then take out and address and forward your replies to the advertiser, and further communications will be direct between you both. Postcards will not be forwarded.

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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL
A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

VOL. VIII., No. 185.] JULY 15, 1897. One Penny Weekly.

A Book of the Hour.

LIFE OF MARIE HILTON.*

The Founder of the Crèche System in England.
REVIEWED BY ANNIE TRUSCOTT WOOD.

LONDONERS, at all events those who interest themselves in any way with philanthropic work, are well acquainted with Mrs. Hilton's Crèche in Stepney Causeway, and the good work that has been carried on there.

Marie Case was born on July 11th, 1821, and left an orphan in early childhood. She was trained in the tenets of the Established Church, but happening one day to enter a Congregational Church, she was much struck by the fervour of the extempore prayers; so much so, that she became a regular attendant of this little country church, to the annoyance of her friends—dissent, in those days, being viewed with great bitterness. When about twenty-two, she went to Brighton as a governess. Whilst there, she met Mr. John Hilton, a member of the Society of Friends, to whom she was married in 1853. Owing to his marriage with a non-member of the Friends' Society, Mr. Hilton was disowned, but was afterwards received again, his wife becoming a staunch Quakeress. They lived at Brighton for ten years, during which time they worked hard for the temperance cause, then extremely unpopular and with but few adherents. From Brighton the Hilton family moved to Bromley, where Mrs. Hilton gained her first experience of the London poor.

In 1868, the East End of London, particularly the riverside population, was in dire distress, owing in a large measure to the failure of the Thames shipbuilding trade, and generations of shiftlessness and thriftlessness. Under the heading of Alsatia, the author of this book gives a grim picture of the London poor as they were in their dirt and ignorance and sin. Forethought was unknown. When work was brisk the people were never more than a day or two removed from want; when work was scarce, and begging, borrowing or stealing failed, they had to starve. The women could neither sew nor knit, whilst cooking was an unknown art. When a hot meal was wanted they got it at the fried fish shop; in many of the tenements there were no cooking utensils whatever.

Cleanliness was also unknown, and when we consider that an eight-roomed house contained from eight to sixteen families, a family numbering frequently six or eight, and one small tap in the kitchen had to supply the whole, can we wonder at the continuance of dirt? In the long drought of 1896, owing to the charming system of water monopolies by which London is governed, this scanty supply was cut off except for one hour in twenty-four.

Touched by the great suffering and want in Ratchiff, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton inaugurated mission work in connection with the Friends' Meeting House there. In those days missions were not so common as now, and much effort and self-sacrifice were needed to start the good

work and keep it afloat. To alleviate the dire distress of the winter, Mrs. Hilton inaugurated large sewing-classes at the Meeting House. In order to preserve the women's self-respect, they were allowed to believe that they fully earned the money received. In very cold weather a substantial meal was provided for the class. Nearly 300 women attended these classes, and the labour of buying and preparing all the material for them to use, in addition to the other details of organisation, was enormous; it was, however, all undertaken by Mrs. Hilton and successfully carried out.

The crèche in Stepney Causeway was opened on February 25th, 1871. For years Mrs. Hilton had seen how difficult it was for widows or deserted wives with young children to look after their babies and earn the daily bread at the same time. Either the woman must lock her children in a fireless room for the day, or turn them out on the street to learn evil and foul language, in the care of other children too young to act as nurses. Many little lives were done to death by this hard necessity, and after studying the crèche system in Brussels, Mrs. Hilton determined to make the venture.

Many objections were raised. What innovation is not met by objections? It was said that mothers should look after their own children and not hand them over to the care of strangers, and that the children's love would be diverted from its natural channel. No children, however, were received in Stepney Causeway whose mothers were free to care for them personally. Little children were taken out of the perils of the street as a nursery, whilst their older brothers and sisters were set free for school. Mothers found their children clean, bright and happy when they came to fetch them at night, and little by little there was a perceptible improvement in the condition of the children when brought to the crèche.

In choosing the cases to be admitted, absolute religious equality was observed, and the children of married women only were taken. This is Mrs. Hilton's own account of how the crèche was established:—

"In the scenes of misery and want that I visited almost daily, the saddest feature of all was the neglected condition of the children. . . . I found widows and women upon whom a greater trouble than widowhood had fallen, the curse of a drunken husband, utterly unable to earn a shilling for their families; for how could they be nurse and bread-winner at the same time? . . . I began to have some general ideas of a day nursery, where children could be cared for during their mothers' absence; but it was only after much study and labour that I developed the crèche system as it is now seen in working order in Stepney Causeway. . . . In the summer of 1870 I visited the crèche at Brussels, and until doing so I had not fully comprehended the scope of such an institution. I knew that infants were cared for in those Continental establishments, but here I found that there were from five hundred to six hundred children in the crèche, from one month to fourteen or fifteen years; many having passed through from the cradle to the first class. . . . Their charge for each child was seven centimes per diem, about two-thirds of a penny; but their chief income was derived from subscrip-

tions, balls, fêtes, &c. . . . In inspecting the infant department, I found that the cots were presented by individuals, as in children's hospitals, and on my return to England I sent out appeals for a crèche in Ratchiff, and speedily obtained promises of thirty cots. I then had to expend a considerable sum in fitting up and adapting premises. This part of my work had to be done in faith, as I could not obtain funds for an idea. I was obliged to develop my plans, trusting that funds would come. . . . In some cases it might have been prudent to wait, but children were being sacrificed daily, and I had too much faith in the loving hearts of Christian mothers to doubt that ultimate success would crown this effort. I also hoped that others might be induced to give more attention to the awfully neglected state of the little ones in our great cities, and this hope has also been abundantly fulfilled."

The first week after the crèche was opened was a frightful time. Fifteen young children and ten infants were admitted, but their condition of filth was indescribable. At first, many of the mothers objected to having their children washed. However, the washing was quite compulsory, and gradually the objections died away. By the end of the second week, after herculean efforts, order was obtained and peace and bright faces reigned supreme. The number of children received was gradually increased till they reached a daily average of 65. To begin with, a penny a day was charged, but later twopenny was asked. For this the children were cared for all day long, and fed on good, wholesome food. Some of the cases were piteously sad. Here is one:—

"We had one dear child whose father and mother were intemperate, yet they said they could not pay one penny per day. We declined to take the child without payment, and felt, when delivering it to the tender mercies of its parents, as though we were offering it up for sacrifice. In a few weeks I visited a wretched court, and seeing the shutters closed at the miserable dwelling it called home, I entered, and saw baby in his coffin. I inquired the cause of its death, and this was the mother's account: 'That boy,' pointing to a child of seven, 'let it fall down five stone steps, and then it crawled into the gutter and ate some pea-shucks. I carried it to Ratchiff Cross Hospital, but they couldn't take it in. They sent two ladies, though, and they sat here nearly all day, and when they went they told me to go on doing as they had done; but Mrs. B. comes in, and she says, that child is bound to die, so don't you go on a-torturing of it no more, and so I didn't, and the poor child died.'"

One of the best descriptions of the crèche and its working was written by the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold for the *School Board Chronicle*:—

"There can be no mistake as to No. 16 being the crèche. The hubbub of the children is audible from the street. It is, for the neighbourhood, a light and roomy house, and is exquisitely clean. . . . On the ground floor is a trim work-room, where Mrs. Hilton, the lady superintendent, and other helpful hands are preparing little flannel garments. The shouts of laughter and the romping feet overhead tell how the crèche is flourishing already; albeit the difficulties have been many in a neighbourhood like Ratchiff. . . . The lower day nursery, in which the elder children—Tomkins, major, aged three or four years—are assembled, is a

* Marie Hilton: Her Life and Work. By her Son, J. Deane Hilton. Isbister & Co., London. Price, 7s. 6d.

well ventilated, spacious and cheery room; that is a reading, or temperance lecture room in the evening, when the poor children have been carried home from the comfort, cleanliness and kindness of the day to the dirt and ill-treatment of the night. . . . Then there are swings; the toys of the Kindergarten; pictures to attract the wonder-seeking infant mind upon the walls, and, when we entered, a patient, hearty woman was the centre of a ring of happy children, to whom she was teaching some game which included a chorus.

"On the staircase, in a strong current of air, the home-clothes of the children were hanging, to be resumed on their departure, the clean holland pinafores being left in the nursery. The children are thoroughly washed and are wholesomely fed. They have bread and milk for breakfast, pudding or stews for dinner, and their bread and milk tea. The mothers who are suckling their babes are permitted to come to them as often as they please in the course of the day. There is medical attendance constantly at hand. And for all this the charge is one penny a day!"

Mrs. Hilton was the moving spirit and the mainstay of the whole thing. Her son writes:—

"The whole plan of the institution, down to the minutest details, was matured by Marie Hilton herself; designs of cots and other appliances were sent to manufacturers, and estimates were received and approved; the furniture of the place and the great stock of necessary clothing had to be designed and made according to submitted patterns; and lastly, hundreds of letters were written to philanthropic people to engage their interest and support. All this was done by Marie Hilton herself, aided only by her eldest daughter, while directing at the same time various branches of the Mission and regulating the affairs of her own house."

As years went on, not only did Mrs. Hilton superintend the affairs of the crèche in Stepley Causeway, but she wrote many minute and elaborate instructions to those about to found crèches in other towns. These new organisations naturally diverted subscriptions from the parent institution, and the financial strain became excessive. For 25 years, Mrs. Hilton kept up the income of the crèche in various ways, although at times debt seemed imminent. She died on April 14th, 1896, and was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground at Wanstead.

This book is much too long, and marred by superfluous detail. Had it been carefully pruned and published at 3s. 6d., it would have been more valuable. Thus, many pages are devoted to a disquisition on the East-End dialect, and on the wit of those who speak it; this chapter would be interesting enough as a magazine article, but is out of place in Mrs. Hilton's "Life." Again, several descriptions of the crèche are reprinted from various newspapers, telling of the same arrangements over and over again in monotonous and purposeless fashion. But it is a noble record of a woman's philanthropy, for all the over-loading, and there is much that is suggestive and inspiring in the story.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure, instead of a pain; and earth will become like heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him, Whose name is Love.

Dean Stanley.

Our Short Sketch.

A SISTER'S LOVER AND HUSBAND.

A SISTER'S lover! generally a very unpleasant personage! one who sees more beauty in your sister than in you! one who has everything to say to her, (whole days would not be long enough to say half) and little, positively nothing, to say to you! one who thinks your "room better than your company!" Confess, girls, is not a sister's lover quite a bore?

Amy and Margaret were sisters who loved each other dearly. The loving thoughts of each were ever twined round the well-being of the other. One would have been puzzled to decide which of the two sisters had most of beauty. Margaret with rich brown hair, soft dark eyes, and an expression of grave thought, almost melancholy, and of protecting sisterly love; or Amy, with her sunny hair, sweet merry smile, and glance of innocent girlishness. But there was one who could, without deliberating long, have helped you in your decision. Frederic Thornley, by some philosophy which young men seem deeply read in, had come to the conclusion, that Margaret was undoubtedly the beauty. And as all beautiful things are pleasant to look upon, Frederic saw no harm in often allowing his eyes to dwell on the fair face and form of the beautiful Margaret.

Somehow, he was often at the young girls' home of an evening; so often, indeed, that the innocent Amy was led to remark one night, after his departure, "I wonder why Frederic Thornley comes to our house so often now?" And, gazing into Margaret's face, she inwardly asked, "and I wonder why Margaret blushes so?" And thus, Amy was led to meditate on what connection there could be between the question and the blush. She watched, too, and saw that there was a connection between Frederic's speaking and Margaret's blushing. Soon, too, she observed (for Amy was an observant girl) that after Margaret had been thoughtful awhile, she did not tell Amy what she had been thinking about, as she used to do. So Amy said one day,

"I wish young Thornley would never come here again!"

Margaret started and exclaimed—

"Oh, Amy!"

"But I do," answered Amy.

"Why?" said Margaret.

"Because," said Amy, "since he came here so much, you are so changed, Margaret. Before, you read with me, worked with me, walked with me. Now, you read such books as he recommends; while working, you are silent, and thinking; and instead of walking with me, you have taken a great fancy for sitting in that old summer-house, where you know I don't like to sit, for fear of spiders dropping down my back. And I say again, I do wish Thornley would never come here again!"

"But," said Margaret, "what has Thornley to do with all this; how is he to blame?"

"Margaret," said Amy, "now look into my eyes." Margaret did so, and with a calm, steady gaze, while Amy continued, "you used to love me, but now you love Thornley!" But instead of shrinking from her sister's flash of excitement, Margaret, with her calm, steady gaze, replied,—

"Amy! we two have no mother; we have ever been true sisters; our thoughts have flowed in unison; and I would not now deceive you. Frankly, then, dear sister, I do love Frederic Thornley. But I do not love you the less for that. The heart, Amy, can hold many images, and be true to all."

Poor Amy could have turned and wept on her sister's neck; but the thought of "a sister's lover" crossed her mental sight, and she said:—"So, then, I am to be left alone in the tending upon and watching over our father. A poor lone bird, in truth, I shall be!"

"Nay, Amy," said her sister, "say, rather, that there will be another added, to share with us the loving duty. There will be three to care for him, three to sit round his hearth and call him father."

Again was Amy on the point of burying her face in her sister's bosom and blessing her;

but the remembrance of Thornley, on whose bosom she could not fall, came up, and she replied, "the old saying has it that 'three are no company.'"

This chilled Margaret's heart, and the conversation ended. She was deeply grieved; and Amy was unhappy too, for a secret voice told her that she had not been true to herself. Then she began to justify herself, and thought thus:—

"Margaret may love Thornley, but I cannot. To her, he is amiable and pleasing, I suppose; to me, he is distant and cold; in me he has no interest—in truth, I think he does not like me; and perhaps as Margaret grows more and more to think and feel with him, she will get to care about me less, too. And how lonely I shall be without her! home will not be like home, when she is gone away! Oh Margaret, Margaret! you do not love me as devotedly, as thoroughly as I do you! oh, why has Thornley stolen her from me thus!"

Amy wept for the first time tears that were not shared by her sister; and she felt so utterly alone and miserable, so without support and wretched, that she almost despaired of ever being happy again. But time, which soothes all grief, and changes the hues of our inward landscape, as wonderfully as the varying light of the sun does the colours and tints of the outward world, came in its own good season to Amy's help.

The marriage-day drew nigh, and Amy assisted her sister kindly, if not with the utmost cordiality, to prepare for the wondrous event. The day came; Thornley and Margaret were indissolubly bound in those solemnities, which so many unthinkingly enter in. And now that the short separation came, Amy felt more than ever the value of a sister. How lone and deserted she felt! Every room in the house seemed desolate and cold. The charm of home was gone; and as Amy had time to reflect, she felt that she must have Margaret to love, or life itself would be little worth. She even thought there might be a reason why Thornley had been reserved with her; she had not made herself loveable in his eyes (rather the opposite), and how could he love her? But, when they returned, they should find a different sister awaiting them: one not so personally selfish as the one they left; one who, in their happiness, would find her chiefest joy. She found she could not do without them, and she would like them to feel that they could not do without her; and Amy was impatient for their return.

Thornley and Margaret were delighted to find Amy so cordial; to see that numberless little things which had belonged jointly to the sisters, and which Margaret had left in their old places, had been transferred to the "new home."

It was not long before Thornley found that Amy was very beautiful too, not long before she could confess the injustice she had mentally done him—not long before he as well as Margaret could from the heart, call her "dear sister"; and years but made them dearer.

Amy found that the heart can indeed "hold many images," and the more niches are filled with love's images, and the more we bow in such sweet service, the more brimful is our cup of pleasure. She recanted her old doctrine that three could not be pleasant company; though a few years found the three turned into six. Who so patient as "Aunt Amy?" who so busy as "Aunt Amy?" Her soft hand soothed all sick pillows—her hopeful smile brought sunshine back.

At times when the sisters sat, talking their little plans of the future over, and their hearts would warm when they spoke of their mutual happiness, or Thornley's kind nature, and his gentle love, Amy could not help, with a tear glistening in her eye, reproaching herself for her former thoughts. "The silly, foolish thing that I was," she would say, "to have such thoughts about him!"

"Well, well," the consoling Margaret would reply, "there is a great difference between a sister's lover and a sister's husband, you know, Amy."

You who have sister's lovers, beware how you indulge hard thoughts and unkind feelings, which you may have sometime with sorrow to confess to a sister's husband!

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE. THE EVADED THIRD READING OF THE BILL.

ON TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, on the sitting of the House of Commons, Mr. Courtney presented a petition from a number of ladies interested in the question of the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women, and asked that it should be read by the Clerk at the table.

Sir Reginald Palgrave read the petition, which was in the following terms:—"That your petitioners view with indignation and alarm the existing procedure of the House of Commons, which reduces legislation to a mere game of chance—(laughter)—and permits the repeated and insulting postponement of the consideration and satisfaction of the just claims of women to citizenship. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that your Honourable House will so reform your procedure as to secure in the future fair consideration of public questions with some regard to their relative importance—(laughter)—and will on Wednesday, July 7th, affirm the right of women to citizenship by passing through the stages of Committee and third reading the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill." (Laughter.)

Mr. J. W. Lowther: On a point of order I wish to ask you, sir, whether a petition couched in language of that sort is such as ought to be received by this House, and whether any form exists by which a petition of this kind can be rejected. I have not heard the whole of its terms, but from a sentence which I caught it seems to me that it is not at all a proper form in which to present a petition. (Hear, hear.)

The Speaker: It is a matter for the House and not for me to say whether the petition should lie on the table. Certainly it did appear to me to be couched in language to which we are not accustomed.

Mr. T. G. Bowles: I entirely sympathise with that view, and I would ask whether I may not move "That the petition be not received." I beg to move that.

The Speaker: I have not had an opportunity of looking into the matter, but I am told that there is really no precedent for a motion of this kind. I would suggest to the hon. member that the opinion of the House having been indicated he had better let the matter drop. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. T. G. Bowles: Very well, sir, then I will not press it.

Mr. Courtney; Perhaps I may be permitted to say a word. As to the language of the petition, if it is to be received in the ordinary course I need say nothing, but with regard to the proposal of the hon. member for King's Lynn (Mr. Bowles) I would point out that it would be hardly proper to reject a petition which has not been printed, and the terms of which can, therefore, scarcely be fully realised.

Mr. Gedge: I would ask, sir, as a matter of order, whether a member who presents a petition is not answerable for the language of it. Is he bound to present any petition which may be sent to him, whether its form is right or wrong, and if it is wrong, would it not be within the compass of his duty to refuse to present such a petition?

The Speaker: An hon. member who presents a petition must exercise his own discretion, and the right hon. gentleman did exercise his discretion in this case.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 7TH, on which date the third reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill was

the fourth "order of the day," the first order, "The Verminous Persons Bill" was "talked on" by the enemies of Women's Suffrage in the following fashion:—

THE VERMINOUS PERSONS BILL. On the order for the third reading of this Bill, Mr. J. Lowther, rising amid ironical cheers, prompted apparently by the fact that the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension of Women) Bill stood on the notice paper for the day, argued for forty minutes that the measure at present before the House was neither stringent nor comprehensive enough, and that its cost ought to be borne by the national exchequer, especially as the immigration of low-class foreigners was the reason for its introduction. He moved the recommittal of the Bill.

Sir F. Powell seconded the amendment, remarking that the subject of the Bill seemed to have strange fascination for the House. (Laughter.) After speaking ten or twelve minutes he threw the House into fits of laughter by sitting on his hat with unprecedented force, crushing it entirely out of shape.

Mr. Labouchere was surprised that the gentleman in charge of the Bill offered no explanation. Did he think he was going to hugger-mugger the measure through the House? One thing, however, Mr. Labouchere was grateful to him for, that was, putting the Bill down for consideration to-day. (Laughter.) On the second reading it was rushed through without discussion. Mr. Labouchere blamed himself for that. (Laughter.) It might be suggested that they should leave amendments to the House of Lords. No; let them do their duty, and not hand over the dirty work to the other House. (Laughter.)

It was a serious question. He was told that the vermin from Poland were more voracious than those of England. (Laughter.) Moreover, 9,000 poor aliens had been known to land on our shores in one month; consequently the guests they brought with them must have been millions. (Laughter.) The clothes of the persons were to be boiled, and would very often fall to pieces. (Laughter.) The parish would have to supply not only free baths for 9,000 at Liverpool, and a vast number in London, but would have to supply these verminous persons with clothes. (Laughter.) Besides, he saw no definition in the Bill of what was a verminous person or what was vermin. (Laughter.) Foxes and all sorts of things were called vermin. (Laughter.) Take fleas. Were fleas vermin? (Laughter.) He hoped before the division took place his hon. friend in charge of the Bill would be good enough to give the House verbally some sort of schedule of vermin. (Laughter.) The House owed a deep debt of gratitude to him. If he pursued the subject and did it exhaustively he would make his name famous in the land. (Laughter.) His name for evermore would be connected with that subject. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Gibson Bowles did not think these verminous persons ought to have the franchise—(laughter)—he meant they ought not to have freedom to inhabit our cities and spread abroad the unfortunate denizens with which they were afflicted. (Laughter.) "Vermin" was a relative term—it generally meant that which you do not approve of yourself. (Laughter.) To the battleships torpedo boats were vermin, while to rabbits, stoats and weasels were vermin. (Laughter.) Was the flea vermin when he was engaged in earning his own livelihood as an industrious flea? (Laughter.) There must really be a definition of vermin, for it was only when the flea had ranged at large that he could be considered vermin. (Laughter.) For a short period he (the hon. member) was once a verminous person himself. (Laughter.) He

unfortunately took passage in a Spanish vessel—(laughter)—and in the night he found a rat performing military manoeuvres over his person—(laughter)—but he got up and cleansed himself and did not go to the local authority. (Laughter.) He had heard political parties called vermin. Was the Bill supposed to deal with them? (Laughter.) He appealed to the only Minister in the House (Mr. T. W. Russell) to give the House the advantage of his ripe knowledge on the subject. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Ascroft suggested that the Bill should be referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. Hazell maintained that the Bill met a real public need. There was no intention on part of the promoters of the Bill to deal specially with foreign immigrants. The Bill dealt with a state of things which only those who worked amongst the very poor knew the absolute need of. In London alone 50,000 persons were nightly sleeping in refuges, and there was no means of their being cleansed unless they were paupers. If the Bill had been compulsory it would have met with a great deal of opposition, but as it was permissive, he thought the House might safely entrust the local authorities with the power. (Hear, hear.)

The House divided:
For the amendment 84
Against... .. 115—81

On the question that the Bill be read a third time,

Mr. Duncombe thought the Bill would do harm by rendering it difficult in any future Session to pass a better one.

Mr. C. Warner regarded the Bill as a great boon to the people.

Mr. T. W. Russell remarked that trifling with a measure of that kind was not creditable to the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Labouchere, who rose amid loud laughter, pointed out that while the Bill had been under discussion the hon. member who had just spoken had been the sole member of the Treasury Bench. Where were the Cabinet Ministers—the men of light and leading? (Laughter.) At present the House of Commons was in the position of their being no Government at all. (Laughter.) Apparently the Government had deliberately absented themselves because they could not make up their minds how to vote. (Laughter.) It therefore came with ill grace from the hon. member to sneer at a discussion which had been valuable to the community. (Loud laughter.)

General Laurie rose to continue the discussion, when Mr. M. Austin moved that the "question be now put." The Speaker at once accepted the motion, and

The House divided:
For the Closure 68
Against 82

Majority against the Closure 14

The result was received with general laughter. General Laurie stated that when he was recently interrupted—(laughter)—he wanted merely to say that local authorities would be placed in an unpleasant position if the Bill became law.

Mr. Gibson Bowles remarked upon the fact that four out of the five persons whose names were on the back of the Bill were absent. What was to be thought of their earnestness on the subject. The Turks and the Persians were very clean people, for frequent ablutions formed part of their religion. But in the East when you came to an inn you asked the landlord for a handful of vermin. (Laughter.) That was the sober truth. If the vermin were large you went on, but if comparatively small you went into

the inn. (Laughter.) He found amongst those absent the name of the hon. baronet for one of the divisions of Islington.

Mr. R. Cooke: Knight, not baronet. (Laughter.)

Mr. G. Bowles begged pardon—he meant knight. Why was he not present instead of attending, as was likely, some futile garden party? (Laughter.) Then there was absent Lord Balcarres, who, although he represented Chorley, came from North of the Tweed; and if any place wanted the Bill it was Scotland. (Loud laughter.) Not to extend the Bill to Scotland would be an interference with Scottish liberty, which was not to be tolerated. (Laughter.) As the noble lord was absent he maintained that the voice of Scotland had been pronounced against the Bill, and with Islington and Scotland combined who should say them nay. (Laughter.)

Mr. Caldwell denied the allegation which had been made during the debate that Scotland was opposed to the Bill. (Laughter.) The Scottish people had always been the pioneers in the matter of sanitary reform. He was in favour of the Bill, but one of the provisions ought not to have been allowed to pass through Committee without alteration, and he trusted it would be dealt with by the House of Lords.

Mr. Flynn could not congratulate those who were responsible for the drafting of this Bill, and pointed out that there was no local government machinery in Ireland for carrying out the measure.

Mr. Radcliffe Cooke thought the provisions of the Bill ought to be made compulsory upon the local authorities, instead of permissive, as proposed. And there was no means of testing the accuracy of the statements of applicants. It would not do to let a practice grow up of people having a good wash and a cleansing of their clothes at the public expense. (Laughter.)

Mr. Dillon said it was difficult to account for the extraordinary exhibition which the British House of Commons had resolved to make of itself that afternoon, and it was still more difficult to account for the conduct of the Government. (Question.) Having brought representatives from all parts of the world the Government had produced this Jubilee Bill in order to give them a sample how the House of Commons could best dispose of its time. The situation was entirely due to the action of the Government in specially reserving this afternoon to the Verminous Persons Bill.

Mr. T. W. Russell (the only occupant of the Treasury Bench) said the Government had nothing to do with the appearance of this Bill as the first order of the day. It became the first order in consequence of the rules of the House.

Mr. Dillon would like to know, then, why the Government specially reserved to-day for private members.

The Speaker said it would not be in order for the hon. member to discuss the action or policy of the Government in regard to the orders of the day.

Mr. Dillon admitted that he was out of order, but his feelings had got the better of him. (Laughter.) The leader of the House and all the responsible Ministers were absent, not caring in the least for the honour and dignity of the House of Commons. When Irish members went back to their country at the end of the Session, the only measure they would be able to hold up to their supporters as the result of their labours for months in the House of Commons was this Verminous Persons Bill. (Laughter.) The Bill itself was simply pre-

posterous. It was a disgusting and unnecessary Bill. (Laughter and "Hear, hear.")

The House divided:

For the third reading	... 135
Against	... 82—53

The result was received with cheers.

PLUMBERS' REGISTRATION BILL.

The consideration of this Bill as amended in Committee was resumed.

The Bill was under discussion at half-past five, when the debate stood adjourned.

The House adjourned at 5.35.

(From the *Daily News*.)

Mr. Dillon denounced in the House of Commons yesterday with refreshing vigour the contemptible exhibition which that assembly was left and was content to make of itself. The public, without distinction of political opinion, will be very much inclined to agree with the Irish leader. Mr. Dillon has his own, or rather his country's, particular cause of complaint. In the month of March he asked the Government for time in which to discuss an Irish Land Bill, and he was told that there was none to give him. In July he finds the House engaged in the discussion of a Verminous Persons Bill. No wonder he is disgusted. His disgust will be shared by people who have no interest in Irish Land Bills and no sympathy with the cause of which Mr. Dillon is the champion. The debate, if it can be called debate, upon the third reading of the Bill already named showed the House of Commons at its very worst. The jokes were below the level of a bar parlour, and the representatives of the people roared with laughter when Sir Francis Powell sat down on his hat. The buffoonery was not even genuine. The gloomy face was kept up, and a motion for the closure rejected, because Committee on the Woman's Suffrage Bill was the fourth order of the day. We should like to ask the respectable opponents of woman's suffrage whether they approve of fighting it with such weapons as these. If they want to excite a great deal more feeling in its favour than now exists, they are going the right way to work. Otherwise they are making fools of themselves. They profess to believe that if the women had votes the House of Commons would be degraded. How much lower could it go than it went yesterday? Suggestions that the animals should be scheduled, that the Bill should apply only to Scotland, and that it should be sent to a Select Committee of specially qualified members, were the most brilliant flashes of wit in which Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Gibson Bowles indulged.

We have a great deal of sympathy with the irregular language of the ladies' petition presented by Mr. Courtney on Tuesday. The House of Commons has the power, and therefore the right, of refusing women votes. But it should do so honestly and openly. It should fight fair. For the position in which the House was involved yesterday the Government are directly responsible. Parliamentary business is in their hands, and they can deal with it as they please. At this moment they have, by special resolution, control over every day in the week, and the concession to private members of the first two Wednesdays after Whitsuntide was an act of favour on Mr. Balfour's part. The Leader of the House is a supporter of Woman's Suffrage, and voted for the second reading of Mr. Begg's Bill. But his vote was a silent one. He took no part in the debate, and the Government offered the House no guidance whatsoever. We venture to say that this grave dereliction of duty is unique in Parliamentary annals. The political enfranchisement of women may be a good thing or a very bad thing. We believe it to be a good one. But, bad or good, it is about the most important and comprehensive change which could be proposed to the Legislature. Any Government worthy of the name is bound to have upon such a subject a positive and collective opinion. The Leader of the House of Lords agrees with the Leader of the House of Commons. Most of the other Ministers are hostile. The result is chaos and confusion. Mr. Begg's Bill would settle nothing. A fancy franchise of old maids in easy circumstances would not last five years. If women are to be

enfranchised at all, they must be enfranchised on the same terms as men. No Reform Bill ever carried involved such tremendous issues as this question, and the Government have no guidance to give the House, no opinion to lay before the country. Thus a large majority are absolutely powerless in face of paltry obstruction which could not stop a Government Bill for a week. Ministers should have taken one of two straightforward courses. They should either have opposed the Bill, in which case they could probably have defeated it on the second reading, or they should have taken it up themselves, in which case they could certainly have carried it through the House of Commons. Its fate in the House of Lords could hardly be doubtful. Even if the Government had been defeated, they need not have resigned. For no Liberal Administration could at present be formed which would include Woman's Suffrage in its platform.

Obstruction, of course, succeeded, and the Woman's Suffrage Bill was not reached yesterday. What will Mr. Balfour do now? According to present arrangements, there is no chance for the Bill, as the remaining Wednesdays will be appropriated by the Government. The Leader of the House might give up one or two more. But if he ventured to do so he would hear a good deal about it from his own side. We may assume, therefore, that the Bill is dead. That fact does not exonerate the Government, nor relieve them of responsibility. Wednesdays after Whitsuntide are reserved for Bills which have passed their second reading. Mr. T. W. Russell, the sole representative of the Government in the House of Commons yesterday, declared, truly enough, that they had nothing to do with the order and sequence of the Bills on the paper. But Mr. Balfour must be presumed to have had some object in declining to take for Ministerial purposes either Wednesday, June 30th, or Wednesday, July 7th. The only result of his forbearance is that the Verminous Persons Bill has been read a third time, and sent to the House of Lords. The Plumbers' Registration Bill is in the same moribund state as the Women's Suffrage Bill. When the late Government gave two days for the Eight Hours in Mines Bill, they were severely censured by some of their habitual supporters. But the period was sufficient and the experiment decisive. For on the second day the amendment in favour of local option was carried, and the promoters of the Bill forthwith abandoned it. Mr. Balfour's two Wednesdays have been, with the one exception specified, absolutely wasted. What can he say to his political friends who concur with him in thinking that women ought to have votes? If he tells them that he cannot arrange the business on a Wednesday, they may reply that he can arrange it on a Thursday, and that they are not particular about the day of the week. If he says that his colleagues are against him, it is an obvious answer that the promoters of the Bill have a majority, and that what they want is not votes, but time. Mr. Balfour is treating them as he treats the Bimetallists. He runs them for all they are worth at elections, and drops them as fast as he can afterwards. But there is a more important question than the progress of Mr. Begg's Bill, and that is the dignity of the House of Commons. A few more such displays as yesterday's, and the reputation of the House would be irretrievably injured.

(From the *Daily Chronicle*.)

The Government supported the Plumbers' Bill, and its consideration was carried by 200 to 77; but little progress was made in Committee, and in face of the various opposition which faced it, from such different quarters as General Laurie, Mr. Lloyd Morgan, Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Bond, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Acland, I do not suppose that it will have the smallest chance of passing this Session.

I am afraid that it is necessary to "look before and after," in order rightly to appreciate the events of yesterday afternoon. The voting on the Plumbers' Bill was not taken strictly on its merits, and the speaking was not all inspired by an austere contemplation of pipes. It was another of man's conspiracies against the woman. Next Wednesday is the day

THE EQUALITY OF WOMAN.

By CANON WILBERFORCE.

CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE, in a recent sermon he preached at Westminster Abbey, took for his text Genesis ii. 21, 22, and 24, and spoke of what he called "the bitter, old, old controversy as to the superiority of one sex over the other." He spoke of the taking of a "rib" from Adam as an allegory; described the word rib as "palpably a mistranslation" (because wherever the same Hebrew word occurs in other places it is translated "side"), and he then continued:—

"Woman is not the lesser man, she is the other half of man, and the familiar and somewhat playful expression, 'the better half' is rooted in the primitive providential dispensation of the infinite intelligence of God, and woman's claim to absolute equality with man is based upon the review of origins, upon elemental hereditary similarity to the duality in the nature of the parent Spirit, who is our Father and Mother in one, and who said 'Let us make man in our image.'

"It is beyond all controversy that down the ages contempt and disabilities have been heaped on women, which implied a distinct violation of the Divine revelation that she is the other half of man. 'Bone of my bone,' said Adam, 'flesh of my flesh, therefore shall she be called *Ishsha*, because she was taken out of *Ish*, the man.' Occasionally, but rarely, thinkers and poets wiser than their fellows have got a glimpse of this truth. St. Paul, obviously leavened with the Oriental contempt for women, after depreciating the sex, goes back to origins, and, as if in response to some impulse, he adds that 'neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord.'

"Longfellow sings it sweetly in 'Hiawatha'—
 'As unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto the man is woman:
 Though she bends him she obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows—
 Useless each without the other.'

Useless, obviously useless, because she is his supplement, his complement, his other—perhaps his better—half. The root of the mischief is the vague, almost universal, tradition of the rib, added to an unwillingness to see beneath the letter of the curse that followed the eating of the forbidden fruit.

"The pulpit is not the platform from which to discuss the question of any political disabilities under which women may lie. I pass them in silence. But the first moral lesson is to man—to my own sex. When in the irresponsible self-complacency of a supposed superiority man dares to depreciate women intellectually, morally, socially, he is guilty of two errors. First, he denies an elemental truth of creation; and, secondly, he is publicly advertising the slowness of his own perceptions of Christian enlightenment. The age-long delusion is too deep to be easily dislodged; but that man will be working in harmony with the eternal realities who will lay himself out earnestly to watch the general treatment of women, to protect their honour, to further their interests, to protest against, and where possible to remove, that fertile incentive to women's degradation—the utterly inadequate remuneration for women's labour. I fear it would involve too great a strain upon the conventionalities of modern civilisation; but if a few men of light, leading, and position would combine to mete

out to the tempters and destroyers of women the same penalty of social ostracism that they now inflict upon the man who has been detected cheating at cards, or who fails to pay his racing debts, the equality of women would be thereby nobly recognised, and the moral standard of the nation would be immeasurably raised.

"There is a lesson in a few lines for women also. There is a sense in which woman is the lesser man. It is because, as Tennyson sings—

"All her passions are to mine
 As moonlight unto sunlight,
 As water unto wine."

"Her nature is purer, her aspirations are higher; the germ of the Christian nature within women meets with less resistance from the animal nature. Essentially, therefore, is she fitted to mould, to impress, to guide the plastic nature of the young. Mirabeau, when he was asked how soon he would commence a French child's education, replied that he would begin if he could 25 years before the child was born by educating the woman who was going to be his mother.

"The sovereignty of women is spiritual and moral, the sovereignty of influence, guidance, illumination. A woman who is unfaithful to those nobler faculties which differentiate her from the other sex is a traitor to social advancement, for the morality of a nation can never, and will never, rise higher than the morality of its women. Her own safety and the welfare of the race equally demand that woman shall let her light shine.

"I remember one hot June night on the Hudson river in America, I watched the fireflies dancing like fairy lamps against the deep blue-black of the sky. Now and again one would flare up with exceptional brilliancy. I was told that it was when they were attacked by a hostile depredating insect, that their source of protection was to emit a keener brilliancy to discomfort and to dazzle the adversary. Those that fail to let their light shine, their God-given light, their wonderful mysterious immanent light, they fall victims to the depredator. Is it not spiritual law finding its echo in the natural world.

"Women, daughters of *Ishsha* separated from the side of sleeping Adam, tabernacles of Christ Jesus, 'let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven'."

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6/6, 7/6, 8/11 each.—For Double Beds, 11/6,
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4/3, 5/3, 5/6, and 6/3 per pair.—3 yards by 3½
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SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

No wonder the Queen is loved and served so well by those around her; the sweet tender feeling that she expresses for her servants is calculated to bring that return. In the Court circular last week, the Queen issued the following touching words on the death of her chief Lady's-maid: "The Queen has once more had the pain of losing a most valued servant in Mrs. McDonald, who had been for forty years in the Queen's service, thirty-one of which as Wardrobe Woman. She expired yesterday at Clachantorn, near Balmoral, after a short illness. Mrs. McDonald was a most devoted and excellent servant and true friend of the Queen, who deeply deploras her loss. Mrs. McDonald was in her sixty-eighth year, a native of Crathie, and universally beloved."

It is worth while to rescue specially from the multitude of complimentary sayings about the Queen one little "Health-proposing" speech of the Lord Mayor, because, besides being very epigrammatically and gracefully worded, it contains a lesson needed by some of us whose kindness is not tempered by wisdom. The Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family. In doing so he said the Queen had reigned over us for sixty years with infinite tenderness and great wisdom. Her great tenderness had never outweighed her wisdom, and her great wisdom had caused her infinite tenderness.

As our readers were forewarned from the "Watch Tower" of July 1st, the enemies of Women's Suffrage found their opportunity to crowd out our Bill in the existence of some other Bills in front of the Women's Suffrage Bill, which it was possible to talk over long enough to evade the third reading of our measure. It is a singular coincidence, not without its sarcastic side, that the Bill which was made the means of preventing the Women's Suffrage Bill coming on was one of the most disgusting and insignificant subjects that could possibly be brought forward, as if to emphasize the contempt with which the House of Commons regards the interests of women. The "Verminous Persons Bill" is one of very small importance, the third reading of which might have been passed without any discussion with some advantage; but which, affecting a very small number of persons, and those of the very lowest class of the community, it was particularly outrageous to use as the means of evading a decision upon the rights of half the community. The object of the little measure that was made to block Women's Suffrage is to allow, not compel, local authorities to provide means for the disinfection of the clothing of persons infected by vermin, free of charge and without making them paupers. If anything more despicable can be imagined than the debate upon this Bill; if anything more degrading to the House of Commons can be conceived of than the laughter which resounded throughout the afternoon (partly at the extremely poor wit of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Gibson Bowles upon a subject in which there is really nothing in the least funny, but laughter created far more by the school-

boy delight in sly mischief which was involved in seeing Woman's Suffrage so kept out of the House)—I do not know what it can be. The insult of the behaviour of the House has surely reached a climax. If women do not resent the conduct of members this session, and if there are not enough honourable and earnest men to make the resentment effectual, we are at a low point indeed.

Mr. Gibson Bowles, indeed, presumed to begin his speech in the following manner: "I do not think these verminous persons ought to have the franchise." This person is the owner of "The Lady," one of the numerous "ladies' papers" which give large incomes to men, and at the same time are devoted to frivolity and small-beer, and are in opposition to every idea for the improvement of the status of women. Mr. Gibson Bowles, when he sees what his clients pay him to provide, might well feel contempt for women; but it would be probably to the ultimate advantage of his own side if he expressed that scorn a little less freely and grossly.

But what is really so discreditable is not the conduct of merely one or two men, for bores and persons destitute of a sense of decency and good taste must always exist in every public assemblage. What is discreditable to parliamentary institutions as a whole, and to the Mother of Parliaments in which the scene occurred in particular, is the manner in which this miserable series of efforts at being funny was received. The House screamed with laughter while Mr. Gibson Bowles delivered his mind of such wit and wisdom as this: "Was the flea vermin when he was engaged in earning his own livelihood as an industrious flea? (Laughter.) There must really be a definition of vermin, for it was only when the flea had ranged at large that he could be considered vermin. (Laughter.) For a short period he (the hon. member) was once a verminous person himself. (Laughter.) He unfortunately took passage in a Spanish vessel (laughter), and in the night he found a rat performing military manoeuvres over his person (laughter), but he got up and cleansed himself and did not go to the local authority. (Laughter.) He had heard political parties called vermin. Was the Bill supposed to deal with them? (Laughter.) He appealed to the only Minister in the House (Mr. T. W. Russell) to give the House the advantage of his ripe knowledge on the subject. (Loud laughter.)"

This sorry exhibition of how the House of Commons feels at liberty to behave when questions affecting the interests of women are concerned, ought to arouse women themselves to a much keener sense than before of the urgency of the necessity for acting in earnest in obtaining a reform of the House with regard to the representation of women. There are a great number of ladies, especially in the Liberal Party, who express themselves in favour of Women's Suffrage, but are content to leave that expression as a mere "pious opinion" on their parts. The representation of women, they say, is something that is very desirable to be accomplished, if it comes about of itself. But they will not make themselves disagreeable over it. It is not a matter to which they are prepared

sacrifice their own personal friendships, and their own private interests in the progress of the Liberal Party, or for which they will refuse to push any other question that the Liberal leaders may please to say is an urgent matter of Liberal politics. Yet, surely, when it is possible not only for some men to talk and behave in so insulting a manner, but for the House of Commons, as a whole, to receive the stupid and futile attempts at fun with rapturous delight; for the Government to allow the time of the House to be thus wasted; and for the nominal friends in the House of Women's Suffrage to absent themselves on so critical an occasion in such numbers that the "closure" was lost for the want of 14 more votes: surely it must be clear that women ought to be prepared to take up this subject much more seriously. Else men may well feel it not worth their attention. Surely it is time for the Liberal Women's leaders to insist upon it that no candidates shall be selected in any constituency, where the support of women in the election work is desired, without pledging themselves to vote in the House for the enfranchisement of women.

Mr. Courtney is to be thanked for the courage with which he presented the strong, yet not too strong, petition of which we give a copy on page 37. But the real work must be done in the constituencies. We must see the division list on the closure, for one thing, and enquire of our friends who did not vote in it why they were not there. Then in election times we must find out our friends, and refuse to work for our enemies, and give specially strong support to those whom we know we can rely upon in the House. We may persuade, and argue, and be polite for ever; even "verminous persons" will still be of more consequence than we, and will be put into the place that women's questions should occupy, till we ourselves are more courageous and resolved.

The power of personal appeal to or remonstrance with Members of Parliament by letter is one that should be taken advantage of at this juncture. A personal letter is far more effectual than signing a petition to Parliament, when the Suffragist is of the same party as the M.P. for the constituency. A letter from a Liberal lady to a Conservative member may produce little effect, and vice versa. But a letter, politely worded, but strongly conveying the serious displeasure that we are never to express if we do not express it after this insult and injury, will have much effect if addressed to an M.P. of the same party as ourselves, or as our men relations. It is very desirable, too, to get our husbands or fathers to write in remonstrance to the Member, when possible. Half a dozen letters from constituents—that is, from men, who alone are voters—in a Member's letter-bag, expressing sorrow and surprise at the discreditable means adopted to prevent the vote on Women's Suffrage being taken, and at the absence or wrong voting of the Member on the division on the closure on July 7th, will have a great effect. If this sort of remonstrance is not adopted after this outrage, it must appear to those Members of Parliament guilty of it that there is indifference in the country on the subject, and we cannot then wonder that they continue to jeer at it, or to neglect their promises in regard to

voting for it in the future as in the past. I, therefore, beg my readers without delay to sit down and write, politely but strongly, to the Member of each person's division, and also to ask the men connected with their families to be so very kind as to do likewise.

The same observations apply to the local press. I have printed one Provincial paper's observations as a sample of a considerable number of rudely-worded and altogether offensive comments on the shirking of the debate on Women's Suffrage, and on the ladies who went to the lobby in support of the Bill. Several other papers have been sent me, couched in similarly objectionable terms, which it is not worth while to reprint. But to my readers who have sent the articles in question to me, I would say that it would be far more useful, and it is indeed their duty, for them to write to remonstrate with the editors of the papers in which such abusive and contemptuous matters are printed. These things are printed because the editors suppose that they will please, and they do please, the baser sort of men. It rests with the women who live in the locality served by the papers to compel the editors to understand that such matter is resented by women so largely that the circulation and influence of the paper will be endangered by the admission of such language about women. When influential women send me a local newspaper and ask me to comment on what it contains, I feel that they do not appreciate their own personal duties. What may be said here with regard to anything offensive about women taking an interest in politics that appears in a country Liberal (I regret to state that it is nearly always a Liberal) newspaper, will affect the conduct of that paper very little. But if the very same Liberal women who have forwarded me their party's local organ, with their indignant observations on it for my perusal, had written exactly the same letter to the editor of the newspaper itself in which the offensive paragraphs have appeared, they would have produced a more valuable effect; and a large number of those who feel hurt and annoyed by such language would say so to their local party organ's management, they would check or stop the publication of such matter in future.

The following letter was sent out to all Members of Parliament from the Committee of the Edinburgh Branch of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, dated 5th July, 1897:—

"Dear Sir,

"When the Queen first ascended the throne, Mr. Disraeli asked, 'Will it be her proud destiny to break the last links in the chain of Saxon thraldom?' which words seemed to foreshadow the advent of women's political enfranchisement. That these words may be realised in fact, will you kindly be in your place in the House of Commons on the 7th inst., and by your vote in favour of Mr. F. Begg's Bill help to confer this crowning honour on the Queen, that the women of Great Britain and Ireland may through future generations associate their political freedom with the name and with the 60th year of the reign of Queen Victoria.

"In the name of the Committee, I am, yours faithfully,
PRISCILLA BRIGHT McLAREN,
President."

From the Edinburgh National Society for Women's Suffrage comes a copy of the following entry in their minutes on the sad loss sustained through the removal by death of Miss Eliza Scott Kirkland. Miss Kirkland died at Edinburgh on the 22nd of June after a severe and lengthened illness. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society held on the 7th inst, the following minute, drafted by Miss Wigham, was passed:—"We meet under a deep feeling of the loss we have sustained by the illness and death of our beloved friend and secretary, Eliza Kirkland. We look back to the early days of our Association, when, for nearly 20 years, she worked with us, and the value and amount of her services to the cause afresh impress us. We feel that to her, more than to anyone except our beloved president, is due the progress that has been made in the position of our question. She was unceasing in her vigilance and in her cheerful efforts to carry out all suggestions. The numerous beautiful Petitions from all classes which she inaugurated, and the Petitions from public bodies, involved a wonderful amount of labour, and her wisdom and intelligence were most useful to our counsels. Cheerful, kind and faithful, we miss her much, and when the object of our Association shall be accomplished, we shall not fail gratefully to remember the part she took in the early uphill struggle of our work. Our sympathies go forth affectionately to her sisters, who must miss her still more than we do. May they be comforted in the thought that the weariness and suffering she endured are ended, and that she has entered into rest."

The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of the Committee of the "Union of Practical Suffragists within the Women's Liberal Federation" on Friday, July 9th, 1897:—"That this Committee of the Union of Practical Suffragists within the Women's Liberal Federation expresses its strong sense of the unworthiness of the indirect means by which the House of Commons avoided, on July 7th, carrying out the principle of Woman's Suffrage, for which it had declared on February 3rd. And the Committee urges on all women that they will only obtain a recognition of their just claims when men have learned by personal experience that women will not provide political and financial help to candidates who, if returned, will, whether by direct or indirect methods, hinder the attainment of the enfranchisement of women."

Peculiar interest attached to the annual meeting this year of the Ladies' National Association for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice, in consequence of the fact that for the first time a few women have recently arrayed themselves on the side of Regulation, and that the miserable spectacle has been seen of even women formerly supposed to be conspicuous advocates of social purity and religion, like Lady Henry Somerset and Mrs. Humphry Ward going over to the enemy, and now advocating such laws. This must be expected to lead to an attempt to revive them in England before long, but the advocates of such measures are mistaken if they measure even by the indignation that is felt in connection with the Indian business, that which will be aroused by an effort to re-install the evil laws in our own midst. The strong feeling that has, however, been evoked by the Indian regula-

tions gave a greatly increased attendance to the annual meeting of the Ladies' National Association. Mrs. Butler presided, and while regretting her inability to do now what she could do twenty-five years ago, declared her intention to fight to her last day in the cause of social purity. The speech of the occasion, naturally, was that of the Parliamentary leader of the agitation that cleared the Acts out of England, Sir James Stansfeld. He said that the strongest Government of modern times had allowed itself to be led into a snare by wirepullers who had an interest in maintaining the Acts and the cantonment regulations. The Government had also been approached by a number of ladies, but they (the association) would appeal from these to the whole womankind of the kingdom. That women's memorial, in favour of regulation of vice, was not a document conceived or even understood by those who had signed it, but was couched in the words of the doctors and soldiers who for twenty-five years past had worked to make vice safer. As to the position in India, it was evident that Lord George Hamilton was going to give the Government a free hand. The figures from that country were terrible, but where was the blame to be placed? On the policy of the military authorities during the last twenty-five years. His demand was that strict disciplinary measures should be taken in the case of the boys who went to serve the Queen in India, and that a sense of responsibility should be imposed on the officers who were in charge of them, whilst everything possible should be done to raise the tone and character of the soldiers themselves.

Professor Stuart, M.P., moved the adoption of a petition to the heads of the Government in similar terms to those of the memorial now being circulated for signature by women, the concluding words of which are that "the two days' debate in the House of Lords has clearly proved the desire on the part of a large number of the military and official classes to adopt without delay in some form the principle of the Contagious Diseases Acts not only in India, but in England and other parts of the Empire. In view, therefore, of the danger which threatens both at home and abroad, your memorialists desire to express their earnest hope that her Majesty's Government will be withheld from any action tending to bring about so great a disaster." Readers willing to sign this memorial, and to obtain other signatures, should write for copies to the Secretary, 17 Tothill-street, Westminster.

At the quarterly "At Home" in connection with the Maidenhead branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, held in the Clevedon Hall, Miss Pearce was presented with a handsome travelling bag, as a token of the members' appreciation of her services as hon. sec. of the branch for the past seven years. Miss Pearce made a suitable acknowledgment of the gift, which was handed to her by Mrs. Kettle, on behalf of 130 members.

The ladies of Leeds have done a good work for the medical charities of the town, resulting in a collection of £756 during the past year. A doll and toy shop served to considerably augment the Ladies' Hospital Fund on the present occasion.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

By Mrs. DRE.

WHEN poise is lost, regain it as though you would say, "Sit still, my thou at least must not lose thy composure, thy awareness of the eternal presence of God." When nervous or excited, turn away from self to the Self which knows nothing but peace. If the way be dark cease all striving, let the thoughts come as they may, let the Power have us; for there is a divine tendency in events which will guide us if we listen, letting all the activities settle down to a quieter basis.

Silence invites the greatest Power in the world. Who that has communed with the Power in silence in this way can do justice to the unspeakable joy of that one moment of rest and peace. It is inner stillness, the receptivity of the soul opening it to the eternal Peace. If it is found difficult to banish other thoughts let them come until they quiet down for mere want of conscious attention. When the thought no longer wanders, cease definite thought and simply enjoy the silence. One may only become able to be still after repeated efforts; there may be a period of darkness, conservatism and habit continue to oppose, but quiet persistence is the word. Each effort to renew our ideal adds to its evolutionary power. Thus the inner guidance is developed and we are conscious of being led to certain lines of conduct at the right moment. We realise our oneness with the unthinkable great and eternal.

The power of self-help is with us, like the air we breathe, awaiting our openness to it. The first essential is a healthier and wiser habit of thought. It is our personal duty to have the right thought; our own organism will see that it is executed. We do not need to fight the wrong thoughts nor argue them away. With the realisation of the near presence of the immanent Spirit comes the conviction that it is competent to minister to our truest and deepest need. The power of silence is at once the quickest and surest means of self-help. The ability to concentrate is the secret of self-help by this realisation of the Spirit, and this is an art which each must learn in his own way. At times it is only necessary to open one's self in silence for a few moments in order to take off the pressure. Again, one may read a comforting book; think of some friend or a person in distress to whom one would like to be of service, or do anything which shall quiet the nerve centre and take one out of self. The moment comes when the power of conscious thought becomes subordinated to a higher power, the Spirit. One cannot speak. One can only observe in silent wonder, in awe at the presence of such power. This, in a word, is the highest healing, the most effective, the least personal, and the hardest to describe. One can only say: "Here is the Life, the Love, the Spirit. I have dwelt with it for a season. Go thou to the fountain head. It will speak to you and be its own evidence."

The law which governs alike in our transitory and permanent mental states is that the conscious direction of mind, supported by the whole personality, is all-controlling for the time, since the mind can fully attend to but one object at once. Therefore, we invite what we expect, we attract what we like. Out of the mass of impressions and opinions which constitute mental life we can weed out those that bring harm and develop those that are helpful. To learn how to adjust ourselves to the organism of which we form a part and to learn the law of aspiration by which all evolution is guided are

the essential points. Follies and fears will die of inaction. Harmful states of mind will cease to trouble if refused attention. Each thought is registered on the subtle ether, and those who are open to it through sympathy or some common interest become aware of it or unconsciously receive the benefit of it. A mental atmosphere surrounds persons and places. The mind is even more susceptible to the power of suggestion than to the power of opinion, to the magnetism that accompanies the spoken or written word than to the argument they convey. The evidence in favour of a constant stream of mental influences passing from mind to mind is overwhelming. Mental man is part of a physical organism in which every thought plays its part and has its effect just as truly as the events in the physical world or in the social organism. Or, rather, there is but one organism with its different phases, and no real chasm between thought and soul or spirit.

Thought moulds the body in causing and curing disease by means of the ethereal substance on which the thought is written and which permeates into the finest spaces in every portion of the physical body. Dr. Quimby used to call that "spiritual matter" in which are sown all sorts of fears, and beliefs about disease which condense and germinate like seeds in the ground, producing changes in the body corresponding to the states of spiritual matter. He could intuitively perceive this spiritual matter, and was himself conscious of changing it when he explained some error to a person in trouble or sickness.

If we can become conscious of an intimate relation to eternity, and become adjusted to it, we can stop the continual rebellion, this sense of disease and lack of harmony.

All of human life that has been considered before may be expressed with deeper meaning in terms of spiritual experience. The soul must learn what it is and why it is here. It must descend into matter to discover the meaning of life and become conscious of itself as an individualization of God. Its experiences in the flesh are soul experiences. To find our centre, to discover the kingdom of heaven within, this is poise. One can become equal to any experience and meet it unmoved.

LIVE BY THE DAY.

ONE secret of sweet and happy life is in learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for years, and it seems too great for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us in life-times; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till night-fall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, quietly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond, and we ought not to try to see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

FRUITS.

By KATIE OULTON.

(1st Class Cookery Diplôme.)

FRUITS may not be of great nutritive value, but of all vegetable and animal foods they offer the greatest variety of flavour and of the most agreeable kind. They may be divided into two classes:—

1. Succulent Fruits.
2. Albuminous Fruits.

The first class comprises by far the greatest number of fruits, and may be again divided into:—

- (a) The Apple tribe—Apple, pear, quince.
- (b) The Orange tribe—Orange, lemon, lime, &c.
- (c) Stone fruits—Plum, peach, cherry, olive, &c.
- (d) Acid fruits—Grape, gooseberry, &c.
- (e) Fleshy fruits—Strawberry, raspberry, &c.
- (f) Pineapple tribe—Fig, pineapple, banana.

They are composed chiefly of sugar, acids, vegetable jelly (called *pectin*) and some saline matter. The juice, which is generally wholesome, is often contained in a cellular structure which is quite the reverse, as in the orange.

Perhaps the apple is the most useful fruit we have. It is delightful when freshly gathered and has good lasting qualities. The best way to prevent them rotting, is to spread some clean, dry hay on a floor; on this place the apples, which should first of all be wiped, and they should not touch each other. It is a pity apples are not more cultivated in this country (Ireland). Apple trees grow freely and their fruit is so very valuable. As far as flavour is concerned, we must give the palm to the bush peach apple—but quantities are sold in the English market under this name which are no more peach apples than they are Kerry pippins. Moreover, they should be eaten straight off the tree, if you wish to enjoy their delicate aroma to its full extent, which is much destroyed by a long sojourn in markets, and possibly they have been packed in unclean hampers. Yet I do not recommend their cultivation except to possessors of large orchards and gardens—their existence is but fleeting, only a few short weeks. Apples and pears were known in England before the Saxon invasion. Here is a recipe for making an apple tart, dating from the 14th century:—"Tak gode appys and gode spycs & figys & reynons & perys, and wan they are well brayed coloured wyth saffron wel, & do yt in a cofyn, & do yt forth to bake wel."

A country clergyman, the parent of a blooming family, whose income was of the smallest, was once asked how he managed to get along so comfortably? He answered, "It is all owing to my orchard; the apples contained in it are celebrated in the market. I can always command a ready sale, and they provide food for us all the year round."

The medlar belongs to this class, but, owing to the extreme toughness of the pulp, can only be eaten when in a decayed condition.

The grape deserves especial notice. With the exception of the date it contains more sugar than any other fruit. The well-known grape cure is not so popular now as it was a few years ago. Part of the *regime* was that the patient should go and gather the fruit himself, and as that entailed a certain amount of exercise, the result might have been equally beneficial had he put in practice the maxim, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it."

We have three well-known kinds of dried grapes. Muscatel raisins are dried whole hanging on the tree, hence called "raisins of the sun." All the vine leaves round them are first cut away and the foot stalk half cut off. These fetch the highest price in the market, and grow in southern Europe. Sultanias come from Turkey, and are the smallest which are sold under the name of raisins. The ordinary raisins—Valencia raisins—come from the ripe fruit, and are imported from southern Europe, France, and Asia Minor.

Currants, so named from Corinth, are chiefly imported from the Ionian Islands, and are small, seedless grapes. They should be particularly well cleaned. They are generally condemned by doctors as indigestible, but if prepared as follows, they will withdraw their unfavourable verdict:—Wash them thoroughly

in boiling water, dry them in a clean cloth and pound them in a mortar. Our garden currants—white, black and red—belong to a totally different species. From white currants an excellent liqueur is made.

Gooseberries are a delicious fruit, but should be eaten off the tree; they make a good preserve, red hairy ones are the best for this purpose. They should be gathered in fine weather, and before they become too ripe. They may be preserved whole in bottles for tarts, &c. In preparing them no time should be lost. Gather them on a fine morning, pick them at once, put them in wide-necked bottles, with twisted hay round to prevent breaking, place the bottles, corked, in a saucepan of cold water, bring to the boil, remove from the fire, keeping the pan in a cool place till the next day; take up the bottles, dry them, cut off the corks close to the bottles, and resin them over. Set them in a dry place. It is important that the bottles should be perfectly dry and clean before the fruit is put into them. Some people bury them in their garden to ensure that the air is completely excluded. We did so once, with the result that we could not find the place afterwards.

Gooseberry fool is deservedly a favourite dish, but is often prepared in a careless way. Pick and clean young gooseberries, put them on to boil with a small quantity of water, boil till tender, but do not allow them to break. Drain the water off, rub through a wire sieve, add sufficient caster sugar and a good custard, which is perhaps better for this purpose than cream. Those delicious fruits, strawberries and raspberries, are good in any form, but the weather very much affects their condition.

Very few people know what an excellent tart may be made from fresh figs, they are now sold in tins for that purpose. A very good trifle may be made from bananas as follows: Peel and slice four bananas, place them in the bottom of a glass or entrée dish spread with jam, pour over a couple of tablespoonfuls of fruit syrup—say noyeau, then a good custard; decorate with snow cream, which makes a very pretty as well as palatable covering; the edge may be adorned with Naples biscuits cut in two, and a little coloured sugar sprinkled over the top or chopped pistachio-nut.

Tomatoes are really a fruit, though generally treated as a vegetable. They are wholesome and appetising for those who like them, and are quite an acquisition in the eyes of the artistic cook, so many pretty dishes may be made from them. A curious idea arose in London some years ago to the effect that tomatoes encouraged cancer and were even forbidden at the Cancer Hospital, but this was promptly contradicted by the medical staff. A London friend of mine once talking of this said to me, "but there must be some foundation for the rumour, as there is no smoke without a fire," but certainly on this occasion no fire ever was discovered, nor is there anything in the composition of tomatoes which could possibly encourage such a disease. Gouty patients may, however, be denied tomatoes, as with rhubarb, they contain oxalic acid, which, in conjunction with lime and magnesia, forms insoluble salts.

Stone fruits are not considered as wholesome as other kinds, and certainly to eat them over or under ripe, or in too large quantities, may be productive of very unpleasant results. To this class belong apricots, plums, dates, peaches, damsons, &c. From a variety of cherries that favourite liqueur Maraschino is prepared. The olive is perhaps best known for its oil, but is also used in this country for flavouring purposes and as an appetiser. Its oil is valuable and contains the following good qualities: it does not get rancid, does not dry, and does not freeze. It makes an excellent household liniment. Any one desiring to eat an olive cooked to perfection, might try Wilkie Collins' famous recipe—it will not be found in Mrs. Beeton, but in "Man and Wife," page 334.

"Put an olive into a lark; put a lark into a quail; put a quail into a plover; put a plover into a partridge; put a partridge into a pheasant; put a pheasant into a turkey. Good. First partially roast, then carefully stew, until all is

thoroughly done, down to the olive. Good again. Next, open the window. Throw out the turkey, the pheasant, the partridge, the plover, the quail, and the lark. Then, eat the olive. The dish is expensive, but (we have it on the highest authority) well worth the sacrifice! The quintessence of the flavour of six birds concentrated in one olive!"

It is a pity our wild fruits are not made more use of. They possess valuable qualities, beside that of adorning our hedges and fields. The very best jelly can be made from the sour crab—infinitely superior to that made from ordinary apples—the flavour is much finer and the colour prettier. The jelly may be made as follows: Wipe the crab apples carefully, do not peel them; slice them, put them in a jar with a few cloves, and, if liked, the rind of a lemon; cover them with water, place the jar in a moderate oven and leave them there till the apples are quite soft. Strain the whole, and to every pint of the juice allow 1 lb. of sugar, boil for about twenty minutes, removing the scum. To ascertain if it is cooked enough, put a little of the jelly on a plate and see if it stiffens. Pour into jars and cover next day. From blackberries also a delicious jelly may be made, the absence of seeds in it is a decided advantage.

To the albuminous class belong all the varieties of the nut tribe. Nuts are really seeds, but we have for so long looked upon them as fruits, that it would be difficult to consider them under any other heading. They contain a great deal of nutrition, the composition of the kernel resembling animal albumen or casein, but being rather indigestible, cannot be eaten in large quantities. This is partly because nuts are so difficult to masticate, as may easily be seen when one tries to eat a piece of cocoanut, it takes quite a considerable time to reduce it to a state of pulp. The chestnut, hazel nut, walnut, almond, cocoanut, are perhaps the most valuable representatives of the nut tribe. The cocoanut is quite a wonderful tree, yielding from 80 to 100 nuts yearly, and will bear fruit during two generations of men. It supplies food, milk, wines, spirits, vinegar, sugar, syrup, mats, cords, sails, strainers, tinder, firewood, houses, boats, fencing, etc. It must certainly be the most useful tree in the world. The chestnut is a most useful article of diet, and it is a pity it is not more generally eaten in this country. It is rather looked upon as a luxury, or for the amusement of children who take a delight in roasting it, to the great risk of burning their fingers. Chestnuts are easily cooked, very nutritious, and very easily digested. A delicious *purée* may be made from them, and a chestnut cake is not to be despised. In Italy, where the chestnut is more fully appreciated, it forms a valuable ingredient in various dishes. The walnut is useful, both in its ripe and unripe state. As ripe it appears at our dessert, and from the unripe walnut an excellent pickle is made. The almond is another delightful nut, and has been known in England since the fourteenth century. Bitter almonds contain prussic acid, and should only be used in small quantities.

Children, indeed everyone, should be encouraged to eat fruit, either cooked or uncooked. Fruits contain vegetable acids, and are, therefore, blood purifiers—but let no one think they could live on them alone, at least in this country—there is more food value in one egg than in four pounds of pears or two pounds of strawberries. We know that we can go into the garden and get through two or three pints of gooseberries, and in a short time afterwards dine satisfactorily. I am told that the Theosophists tried to live on this angelic food, but with poor success, some enthusiastic followers were reduced to a very spiritual condition indeed.

Our breakfast table should, if possible, be always adorned with a plate of fruit; the very thought of it gives one an appetite, and it is a much more suitable time to partake of such luxuries than after dinner, when perhaps we have already eaten a great deal too much.

DISTRUSTING everybody is a good way to have the friendship of nobody.

MESSRS. PETER ROBINSON'S SALE.

MESSRS. PETER ROBINSON'S great establishment, at 204 to 228, Oxford-street, Oxford-circus, is so filled with beautiful goods of every description, and these are always kept so much up to date, that it follows that the sales there afford an opportunity for procuring good articles, in good condition, and of every description, at a considerable reduction, in order to make room for the new goods which must be presently stocked. Perhaps the two departments which are my favourites are the mantle department and the unmade silk department. The prices in the latter for short lengths during the sale are really most remarkable. There is a very great variety of beautiful silks of different kinds, brocaded, shot, and fancy woven, as well as plain, in blouse lengths from 5 to 5½ yards, at the extremely low price of 1s. 11d. the yard, full width. A very pretty white brocade suitable to make a girl's evening dress is to be had at as low as 1s. 9d. the yard; and light "cotton back" satins, for covering with the thin materials, grenadine, net, and the like, which are so popular at present, begin in the sale at 9d. the yard! The silks run up to the most magnificent specimens of Lyons weaving, say from 15s. to £1 per yard, suitable for dinner dresses or court trains, with every possible variety of silk, in colour, texture, and price, in between, all bought with perfect taste and on favourable terms. The long lengths as well as the remnants are marked at a great reduction for the sale.

One of the special features of Peter Robinson's, indeed, is that they supply the very highest class of goods, and of the most beautiful character, as well as the cheaper ones. In the dress department, for instance, there are some magnificent embroidered robes, in black silk, with steel or jet or sequin embroidery intermingled with lace appliqués from hem to waist, in charming designs, the prices of which range from 12 to 30 guineas, even in the sale; and on the other hand, there are pretty little frocks made in the latest fashion of foulards, serges, or washing materials, from a guinea upwards. Children's dresses are wonderful bargains, but the larger sizes are soon snapped up by the wise mothers of many girls.

A special feature of the present sale is a black silk full-size lady's costume, the skirt made in the latest shape, and material for the bodice, for 3½ guineas. Some black and white glacé silk dresses, such as are very fashionable this season, are reduced to 69s. 6d.

In the mantle and jacket department there are some wonderful bargains. Cloth jackets of excellent quality and good shapes, suitable for girls, many of them lined with silk, can be had for as low as half-a-guinea to 15s. A handsome cloth mantle took my attention, still bearing its original ticket price, £2 18s. 6d., and a sale ticket, 21s. There are some also left of the pretty little light silk and embroidered lawn, or black grenadine over shot silk, mantles of which there was a special sale a short time ago, when they were all reduced from the French price of about £7, down to £5, and they are now further brought down to 3 guineas. For anyone wanting a smart garment for the slightly colder weather which we must soon expect, these are wonderful bargains, as they are so smart and dressy that they would make a handsome costume out of a plain black gown and bonnet. The trimmed millinery is reduced, and the untrimmed still more so, plain hats for cycling and boating beginning at 1s., and many of the best French model straws untrimmed are put into the sale at the same price, as Messrs. Peter Robinson make a point of having everything of this kind in perfectly fresh for the new season that is coming.

Under this extensive roof may be found not only "everything for ladies' wear," but most things required for the household also, and in this department as well the goods are much marked down, cretonnes being reduced more than half in price, remnants of tapestry for cushions being sold at trifling rates, and even the photographs and steel engravings, of which the firm make a speciality, ready framed in oak, are reduced from their usual prices of 21s. to 42s. down to 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

The special attention of anyone intending to take up photography as an amusement may be called to the selling off of the whole stock of cameras, development sets and other appliances, as Messrs. Peter Robinson requiring the space for their leather goods, intend to cease keeping the photographic things, and have marked them at prices to ensure a speedy clearance. The sale continues to the end of the month, but naturally the earliest comers have the largest choice.

MESSRS. WALPOLE'S SALE.

MESSRS. WALPOLE BROTHERS, LIMITED, of 89, New Bond-street, and 102, Kensington High-street, are holding a great linen sale during the whole of the present month, in which they have not only placed a large number of their own goods selected from stocktaking at reductions of 6s. 8d. in the pound on their always moderate prices, but have also supplemented their own manufactures by a purchase of three large lots



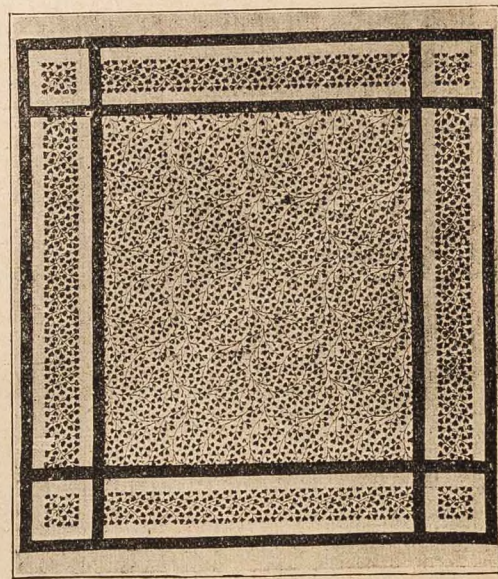
ALLAMANDA ALL OVER.
Cloths, 2 yards square, 6s. 3d.; Serviettes, 9s. 6d. doz.

of superfine double damask table cloths and napkins, purchased from manufacturers at discounts of 36 and 50 per cent. off list prices, and equally large reductions are made in the selling prices to customers at either of the above addresses.

The sale catalogue, which will be sent post-free on application, contains a very useful list of the chief table-linen designs, with a description of the patterns which gives a very fair idea of what they are like, the sizes, and the number of persons that each size will dine, and the prices. A nice tablecloth, not of course of very fine quality, but quite good enough for ordinary use, size two yards square, the design a trail of ivy all over and groups of ivy-leaves for the border, can be had in the sale for the absurdly low price of 3s. 6d. In the neighbourhood of 7s. for the same size there are quite a number of very handsome cloths. The double sunflower for both filling and centre is a great favourite with the editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, who has

several tablecloths and a set of table napkins in the pattern, and was much amused to find the same pattern on the table at which she dined as Miss Willard's guest at Lady Henry Somerset's Reigate cottage. This is a very large pattern, and therefore would not please everybody, but is extremely effective. For those who prefer a small pattern, the patterns in the illustrations might please. Another very pretty small pattern is called "Line and loop border with ermine filling." "Filling," it should be explained, is the technical term in the linen trade for the pattern which goes all over the centre of a tablecloth; for everywhere, in fact inside the borders. The little ermine-like tufts woven over the ground and the ornamental loop round the edge make an extremely pretty cloth; two yards square in this pattern, in a very fine quality fit for the best of tables, costs 13s.; two yards wide by two and a-half long, a size which will dine six people, is 16s. 3d. during the sale, and the serviettes are offered at 25s. 6d. the dozen. For an opposite taste, tulips and snowdrops, the tulips making the filling with the leaves

grouped down at the corners, and the flowers going towards the centre, and the snowdrops making a pretty little border all round, will be an attractive design, rather large, and covering the cloth pretty completely. This is 10s. 6d. in two yards square; 13s. in two by two and a half, and so on, up to 31s. for a cloth four yards long, which would dine a dozen people. It should be mentioned that Messrs. Walpole Brothers both hem and mark, free of charge, everything that is purchased from them, and patterns can be had on application of all the goods in the sale. These include not only the table linens above referred to, but sheetings of every kind, ready-made sheets hem-stitched by hand, or embroidered along the top, or simply machine-made ready for use; linen and cotton pillow-cases, and towels of every description. There are some odd lots, hemmed and hemstitched, of superfine Irish linen towels, at one-fourth under the regular prices, and to be commended to those who want a very nice article.



MAIDEN HAIR FERN ALL OVER.
2 yards square, Cloth, 7s. 3d.; Serviettes, 11s. doz.

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By MRS. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.

WATERING.

JUST as the writer on household matters is bound to come out with recipes for lemonade or other summer drinks, so is the horticultural scribe impelled to descant on watering in hot weather. This week I feel it impossible to treat of any other subject, at which no reader will wonder when she hears that on Saturday last I went away at noon, and returned on Monday morning to find six plants utterly done for, and five very much damaged. The lady who undertook to water them had overlooked some, and given the others a very insufficient supply. She is fond of plants, and would not willingly neglect them, but she fails to see how much greater are their needs in hot weather, especially when (as at present) sun-heat is accompanied by a drying wind.

I constantly hear persons complain how short a time out flowers or pot plants will last at this season of year. Both would last longer if treated with reasonable care. But when it is thought that a perfunctory watering once a day, or less often, will keep the plants going, and that if cut flowers are put in water, they can then be left untouched—it is no wonder the term of life is shortened in both cases.

"I gave it just as much water as I always do," people say of a withered plant, ignorant of the absurdity of the remark. They ignore the facts that flower pots are porous, and that in hot weather evaporation takes place very quickly; that when the air is dry more moisture must be taken up by the roots of a plant, as there is less in the atmosphere to be taken up by the leaf-pores. Therefore the watering at the roots must be double—sometimes treble—the amount given in cool, or cold and damp seasons. A very large plant may receive this additional amount all at once, i.e., once a day; smaller ones must have it twice, about nine in the morning and six in the evening will be suitable times for the plant, and convenient to most amateurs; but during July and August the evening watering may be deferred till seven, eight, or nine, as fits in with other arrangements. The big plants that are watered once a day should have theirs in the evening.

Vases of cut flowers should be looked over, and filled up once a day at least. Those that hold but little water, will certainly need filling up a second time; at the first overlooking stale water should be emptied away, and entirely fresh given; at the second time filling up will do. Some persons will attend to the wants of flowers in a glass, because they see that the water has dwindled; but it never occurs to them that the same thing is happening in an opaque jar. Good, and possibly expensive flowers, seem to have gone off all at once; with disgust and many grumbings they are thrown away, all because they speedily drank up their water, till it sank only half an inch below the stems, but out of reach; as useless as the ocean brine to the thirsty mariner.

"Water, water, close below,
But not a drop to drink."

In very extra hot weather, when the thermometer stands at 80 deg. to 90 deg. in the shade, some soft-stemmed flowers or leaves will cause water to smell very unpleasantly in a few hours, if precautions are not taken. The simplest and cheapest precaution is to buy one pennyworth of permanganate of potash, mix as much as will go on a sixpence with one pint of water, put in a glass bottle and cork it up. A drop or two of this in each vase will stop all premature decay of stems and lower leaves, and therefore stops smell.

It is a good plan to strip all lower leaves from soft stemmed plants before putting their cut blossoms and sprays in water; but it is not well to do this to flowers cut from hard-wooded plants, which take up water very slowly. A few leaves left under water, take it up through their pores, and help to convey it more thoroughly to the flowers and foliage above.

I must now turn to out-door watering, especially to the kitchen garden. As a rule, in

English private gardens, it is regarded as altogether unreasonable that water should be artificially applied to the vegetables or fruit-trees, &c. The gardener so pointedly resents having to do it, that most employers give up in despair and begin to think they have really expected too much.

The market gardener knows he must water, or not only will his crops and his reputation suffer, but his pocket. This is why (as I have previously remarked) one can always buy good crisp salads in towns, while in country houses one so often has to put up with them tough, flabby and bitter. Outdoor crops specially pay for water, in dry times, are saladings, onions, celery, all kinds of *Brassica*, marrows, rhubarb, strawberries, raspberries, apples, pears. We will enter into this more fully in another article.

Current News

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

On a recent occasion a photograph was taken by the Swansea police of Ellen Sweeney with 280 convictions, Mad Maggie with 192, and Sarah Norman with 106.

The latest convalescent home in connection with the Birmingham Hospital Saturday Fund, Marle Lodge, has been open for women at Llandudno.

Several instances of bicycle stealing have occurred lately in the Newcastle district. One young lady, while riding along in broad daylight, was knocked off her machine, and before she could recover herself the modern Dick Turpin was hundreds of yards away, leaving the unfortunate wheelwoman with a sprained wrist.

Miss Frances E. Willard and Miss Anna A. Gordon are settled for a time among the New England Hills at Amherst, N.H. Mountain air has been prescribed by Miss Willard's physician as a condition for the improvement in health which has been coming to her for some weeks. She drives out every day and has given herself up to a real vacation.

Despite the efforts of the Russian Temperance Society, established a couple of years ago in the Russian metropolis, drunkenness shows a steady and alarmingly rapid increase. In most cases the police simply take care of these people till they are sober. They have broken no law unless they have made a disturbance. In a week 1,135 helplessly intoxicated persons have been arrested in the streets of St. Petersburg. During the preceding week the number of similar arrests was 999. The authorities are now, however, going to try the deterrent effect of fine and short terms of imprisonment.

THE NEW LEMONADE.

MANY people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. have supplied the want that has long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemon orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the Eiffel Tower Concentrated Lemonade. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your Grocer, send sixpence to G. FOSTER CLARK & Co., 269, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidenstone.

JUST A STRAIGHTFORWARD ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are plenty of Tablet Jellies on the market, and some of them very good Jellies, too. But we presume everyone likes to get the best Jelly, flavoured in the most delicious manner. Not a chemical flavour by any means, but a natural flavour of Fresh Juice from Rich, Ripe Fruit. Made in Silver-lined Pans, and handled with Silver-lined Ladles, and thus free from any possible contamination or impurity. Chivers' Jellies fulfil these requirements to the letter. And they have the endorsement of Gold Medals and First-class Diplomas. Very strong evidence this; you may as well try them at once. You will then ascertain for yourself how brilliantly transparent, how firm and well and easily they set, how free from the "gluey" taste of the inferior jellies, and how deliciously and naturally flavoured they are by ripe fruit juices. We take it you are a modern woman, with your eyes wide open, and ever alert to adopt that which is best and most economical. Very well; we can ask no better than to have Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies submitted to the taste and judgment of the dainty mistress of British houses. Besides which, you probably don't like the idea of eating Jam or Jelly made in the back street of a city slum. It is much nicer and purer to eat Chivers' Jams and Jellies, because made in the sweet air of a healthy country village. Chivers' Jellies set easily, quickly, and firmly, and are brilliantly transparent and daintily appetising. You can have either Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, or Strawberry, as you prefer. Equal care is taken with all. They are economical in practice and always good alike.

Chivers' Jellies are sold by Grocers and Stores, in packets. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4½d.; Quarts, 8d. A Free sample will be sent on receipt of postcard, mentioning this paper. Address S. Chivers and Sons, Histon, Cambridge.

Mrs. Colonel Waring, wife of Colonel Waring, New York's street commissioner, has invented an iron hand-truck for the individual use of the street sweepers. The invention consists of a two-wheeled truck, with comparatively large, light wheels. The body of the truck is composed of two iron rings, one above the other. Into these rings fits a bag about the size of a coffee sack, the upper edge of which is turned over the upper rings and fastened by little hooks, and so adjusted that the bottom of the bag just escapes the pavement. The street sweeper puts his sweepings into the bag as he goes along, until filled, when he releases it, ties it up and rests it on the curb to await the collection wagon. He affixes another bag in the truck and continues the operation. The truck is so light that ten empty sacks are easily carried strapped to the handles. The enthusiasm of Mrs. Waring prompted her to make the city a present of her invention.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

I CAN'T help appreciating the very confident manner in which the proprietors of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa are advertising. So certain is the management that Vi-Cocoa is the best of good goods that they are putting down some thousands of pounds in advertising free samples of their product. So if you want to see if Vi-Cocoa suits you, and is as good an article as it is claimed to be, all you have to do is to drop a post-card to the offices, 60, 61 and 62, Bunhill-row, London, E.C., and in return, "free, gratis, and all for nothing," you will receive, per post, and in due course, a dainty little sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, amply sufficient to make a couple of good breakfast cups of this capital breakfast beverage. Oh! there is just one little thing I omitted to tell you and that is, when writing you must mention the name of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL as a guarantee of good faith. Surely, two big cups of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa are dirt cheap at the cost of a post-card, so take my advice and send in.

POLYGAMY UNDER BRITISH RULE.

THE Indian Social Reformer points out that British rule has accentuated the misfortunes of the Hindoo women, who, under the old national régime, were not sent to prison if they (for whatever reason) refused to live with their husbands, as they now are by the British Government, and yet those women used to be better protected than now from desertion by their husbands. Our contemporary says:—

“Recent instances of ill-assorted, grave-and-cradle marriages are contracted by people who are educated and who hold positions of trust under the British Government. As a case in point, the following letter which we have received from a correspondent may prove interesting:—‘The District Munsiff underwent a marriage with a little girl of ten years, he being fifty years old, while he has already two wives, of whom one is blessed with a little boy. The marriage, it seems, was performed at a village with all pomp and grandeur, though attended with some secrecy—perhaps, with the reasonable intent to prevent all interferences to be met with from the hands of the relatives and parents of the former wives. Necessarily the parents of these two former wives, the newly-married wife being the third, remained ignorant of this news for several days even after the actual celebration of this marriage. And now these two wives are left to destitution almost. Barely two years back, this District Magistrate married the daughter of a pious Brahmin belonging to a very orthodox community, and the girl has already attained her age but has not yet gone through the nuptials ceremony. From the way in which she was driven back to her father’s house by her husband, we have no reason to believe that she will at any time be fortunate enough to live in family with her educated husband. It is yet to be seen if her only recourse is to apply for maintenance.’

“The subject may be viewed from two points of view. First, from that of the polygamist District Munsiff; the course he has taken is not conducive to his happiness in this world. The ancient sages of the Rig Veda saw and sang of the troubles of polygamy in their own quaint fashion. In Hymn 105, Bk. I. Trita, who had been thrown into a well, complains to the Visvadevas that ‘like rival wives, on every side, enclosing ribs (i.e., the walls of the well) oppress me sore.’ In Hymn 33, Book X.—we are quoting from Griffith’s translation—Sage Kavasha moans:—‘The ribs that compass me give pain and trouble me like rival wives; indigence, nakedness, exhaustion press me sore; my mind is fluttering like a bird’s.’ In the 101st hymn of the same book, Rishi Budha, son of Soma, institutes the following striking comparison:—‘Between both poles the car-horse goes pressed closely, as in his dwelling moves the doubly-wedded.’ But our District Munsiff is trebly wedded. What would the Rishi Budha have said to this?

“In the good old days, however, there seems to have been a law or public opinion or a moral sentiment which prevented the common husband of many wives from deserting all the

THE TEST OF DR. TIBBLES' V-Cocoa IS IN THE DRINKING AND IT CAN BE TESTED FREE THEREFORE WRITE TO US For Dainty Sample Tin (a Postcard will do) which will be sent post free, if when writing you name this Journal. Dr Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., and 1/6. Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Stores. Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd., 60, 61, & 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

others in favour of one of them, and thus relieving himself of the troubles of polygamy. And further, the troublesome privilege seems to have been mainly reserved for kings. In Book VII. Hymn 18, Indra is spoken to as follows:—‘For like a king among his wives thou dwellest.’ We do not know if the sages of the Rig Veda would have recognised a District Munsiff as the modern equivalent of an ancient Hindu king, but we are sure, that they would have compelled him to live with all his wives, and would not have relieved him, for a maintenance, from his responsibilities to his senior wives.

“And senior by how many years? Our information is that the two earlier wives are of ages when they would be regarded as mere girls in any other country. What is to become of these girls? A man who murders a girl is a far more humane person than one who leaves her exposed to the world in this way. Men have the ‘Restitution of conjugal rights’ legal process to enslave women. But the man who marries and deserts a young girl enjoys perfect immunity from legal or social penalties, nay, he may be a District Munsiff and administer that very law upon poor women! Verily there was more justice to women under the régime of the Rig Veda than under the *ogis* of the British law! There were many hen-pecked *rishis* in those days—in fact, all the ancient sages would have gladly pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment,—but cruelty to women and the desertion of a wife seems to have been quite alien to their nature. And it must be borne in mind that desertion by one husband in those days was not a bar to a lady marrying another *rishi*—for everybody was a *rishi* in those days.”

“A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing.” On this point the great Logician, Whately, wrote, “It is a fallacy to mistake general truths for superficial truths, or a knowledge of the leading propositions of a subject for a superficial knowledge.”

DR. ENDE: “There’s nothing serious the matter with Patsy, Mrs. Mulcahey. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything.” Mrs. Mulcahey: “Yis, docther; an’ will of give it t’ him befor or afther his males?”

Good! it's Mason's MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER The most palatable thirst-quenching, refreshing, animating tonic drink producible. For every OPEN-AIR WORKER and all employed in Shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines. IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED. Agents Wanted. One 6d. bottle makes 8 gallons. Of all Chemists & Stores. Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps. 2 for 15 Stamps. NEWBALL & WASON, NOTTINGHAM.

A CHRISTCHURCH undergraduate who had been requested to entertain a party of London oostermongers at Oxford, had been advised by his friends working in the East-end to be “perfectly natural” in his conversation. At breakfast he was very nervous, but at last he managed to say: “Ahem! aha! er-er-er-er. Many people in town just now?” “Yus, guvnor. About five million!” was ooster’s quick answer.

SUCCESS. ANOTHER COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL

13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Bedford Street, Strand, LONDON.

Telegrams: “PROMISING,” LONDON. Mrs. A. D. PHILP, appreciating the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her at Cockburn House, 9 and 10, Endsleigh Gardens, and regretting her inability to accommodate many intending patrons for lack of room during the past two seasons, is pleased to announce to the public that she has secured the above Hotel premises, containing large and numerous public rooms, and accommodation for 150 guests, by which she hopes to cope with the expected large influx of visitors to London during the coming season, due to Diamond Celebrations. Bedrooms very quiet.

It will be newly and comfortably furnished throughout, and open for reception of guests early in March. Owing to its excellent position, in close proximity to the Strand, Trafalgar Square, Westminster, New Law Courts, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and all Places of Amusement and Railway Stations, Mrs. Philp hopes by her close personal attention to the comfort of guests, combined with Moderate Tariff, that she will continue to receive the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her. Large Halls for Public Dinners, Meetings, Concerts, &c.

It will be the finest, largest, and only well appointed HOTEL in LONDON built from the foundation for the purpose, conducted on strictly Temperance principles. New Passenger Elevator, Electric Light, Telephone, and latest improved Sanitation. Telegraphic Address: “Promising,” London. Mrs. Philp will give her general superintendence to all three of her Hotels, and will spare no effort to make all her patrons comfortable and at home. NOTE.—In connection with, and under same management—

COCKBURN HOUSE, 9 & 10, ENDSLEIGH GARDENS, opposite EUSTON (Telegrams—“Luncheon,” London). COCKBURN HOTEL, 42, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C. (Telegrams—“Awfully,” London). and COCKBURN HOTEL, 141, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, and COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS.

Our Open Columns.

[The Editor does not hold herself responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Discussion is invited on the subjects here written upon.]

ROYAL BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

A LETTER FROM THE ENGLISH NURSES IN GREECE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL. MADAM.—We the undersigned members of the Royal British Nurses' Association, now nursing the wounded in Greece, learn with the deepest indignation, that during the absence in Greece of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, in the performance of a great international duty, as our Superintendent of nursing, an attempt is being made in England by the hon. officers, or certain members of the Executive Committee of our Association, to remove Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's name from the bye-laws and the Executive Committee, thus depriving her of the honourable distinction unanimously bestowed upon her by her nurse colleagues, when the Royal Charter of Incorporation was granted to the Association in 1893.

In recognition of the splendid work done by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick for the best interests of the Nursing Profession, her honoured name was placed in the bye-laws of the Royal British Nurses' Association, as a perpetual member of the Executive Committee, and, we also thought as a member of the General Council. Owing, however, to a quibble in the wording of the bye-law constituting the General Council, Mrs. Fenwick and the matrons of leading Nurses' Training Schools, were deprived of their *ex-officio* seats on that body in 1895—an injustice bitterly resented by the older and more independent nurse members of the Association, who still feel their honour impugned by that breach of faith.

That the vice-chairman and hon. officers of the Royal British Nurses' Association, consisting of Sir James Crichton Browne, Mr. Pickering Pick, Miss Thorold, Matron of Middlesex Hospital, Mr. John Langton, treasurer, and the hon. secretaries, Mr. Edward Fardon and Mrs. Dacre Craven, should, in conjunction with certain well-known members of the Executive Committee, meet together in the absence of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, and propose to alter the bye-law which constitutes the Executive Committee, omitting her name and thus depriving her of the seat on that body, which she has held since founding the Association at her own house in 1887, is an example of the cowardly means adopted by her enemies in their systematic persecution of a public-spirited lady. That persecution has now continued for four years, and is widely recognised as a disgrace to the professions of medicine and nursing.

We unite in the strongest protest against this dishonourable action on the part of the hon. officers and executive committee of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and we call upon our fellow-members in England to unite with us, so that this shameful wrong may be made public and prevented.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's name was placed in our bye-laws by the consent of the Lords and the Privy Council, and we hope that all honourable members will approach Her Majesty and the Privy Council, so that they may learn the truth concerning the persecution of Mrs. Fenwick, for daring to support the principles upon which our Association was founded, and for courageously resisting over and over again an official policy of tyranny on the part of the hon. officers and executive committee, by which freedom of conscience and speech have been denied to the nurse members, who are thus deprived of the privileges granted to them in the Royal Charter.

We are, Madam, your obedient servants, S. BEATRIX FARNSWORTH, CHARLOTTE FLANAGAN, JANE CHARLOTTE CHILD, CLARA HILL, SAVINA FAWKES, KATHARINE STOLLARD, EMMA DOBSON, ELLEN J. TILLOTT, LILY WARRNER. Ecole Militaire, Athens, June 24th.

THE LAUREATE'S JUBILEE ODE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

MADAM,—In your issue of July 1st the “Open Column” contains a letter which asperses our Poet Laureate unjustly, I deem. A phrase in his Jubilee ode, “Being a woman only, I can be not great, but good,” is severed from its true context and then denounced as “insulting trash.”

Instead of isolating this phrase in the eighth verse literary justice requires the ninth verse to be read in connection with it, thus:—

VIII. . . . “Being a woman only, I can be Not great, but good.

IX. “I cannot don the breastplate and the helm, To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird, Nor in the discords that distract a realm Be seen or heard.”

Here we find the young Queen whose spirit is shown in her earlier declaration, “I will be good,” realising that though “Heaven's decree” has made her sovereign in the realm, yet she cannot be great in strife of arms or words—the one would be unconstitutional, the other physically impossible to her—so she reassures herself in her efforts to be great in goodness, and resolves to use all the power of her loving heart (woman's power *par excellence*) for the good of her nation.

X. “But in my people's wisdom will I share, And in their valour play a helpful part, Lending them still, in all they do or dare, My woman's heart.

XI. “And haply it may be that by God's grace And unarmed Love's invulnerable might, I may, though woman, lead a manly race To higher height.”

Surely, if your Croydon correspondent will see that the ninth verse explains in what sense the trembling girl Queen is said to realise that she cannot be great, he must allow that far from being “insolent,” the Poet Laureate has expressed in words of simple beauty the language of that maiden's soul when she took the coronation oath, which, we must not forget, happened 60 years ago.—Yours sincerely,

LOUISA DALE.

Truro, July 5th, 1897.

MILITARY TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Adjutant-General in India, the Rev. Mr. Bateson, General Secretary of the Army Temperance Association, has compiled some statistics on the subject of military offences, which are very suggestive, as showing the remarkable effect which temperance has in the diminution of crime in the army:

Trials by Court-Martial.—The figures supplied by the Adjutant-General show: Convictions by court-martial among Abstainers 94 Non-abstainers 2,131 Taking the number of total abstainers, as shown by the Adjutant-General, as 20,675 and the number of non-abstainers as 49,758, the convictions, per thousand, are as follows: Abstainers 4.44 Non-abstainers 42.82

Thus so far as serious crime is concerned there were, during the year 1894, nearly ten times as many convictions per thousand among drinking men as among total abstainers.

Never yet Was noble man but made ignoble talk. He makes no friend, who never made a foe. Tennyson, “Lancelot and Elaine.”

WHEN fear creeps in at the front, honesty steals out at the back. Tennyson, “Becket.”

Mrs. HEMANS, who is the only writer of imaginative literature Liverpool has produced, is to have a monument in that city.

A WILD PLACE IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

VISITED BY A REPORTER.

CROYDON WILDS, aptly so called, is one of the most remote parts of England. Its few inhabitants are housed in a couple of roomy cottages, and it was to one of these cottages that a representative of the Cambridge Independent Press penetrated, and had a talk with the most respected and intelligent of the inhabitants, Mr. Smith, who has lived there for thirty-four years. His daughter, as the reporter passed through the cottage garden, stood, bright and blooming, beneath the lintel. A short chat with her is thus recorded by our contemporary:—“I was always weakly and unwell from childhood, and almost constantly under medical care. I was in London for about nine months, and was compelled to go into King's College Hospital, where I lay suffering from a bad hip. At last I came home again and hopped about on crutches for a long time, being unable to get my heel on the ground. I had a frightful cough and spat up blood. I could not retain my food. A doctor attended me, and said I was in a consumption, and that there was a hole in the right lung. He said I should never get better, and that if I rallied for a time I should fail again. I was desperately low and anemic through loss of blood, and was confined to the house for over twelve months, unable to do anything. I went into the hospital in Cambridge,



but I had given myself up. I happened, however, to read of ‘Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,’ and my father suggested that I should try them. I had taken nearly one box, when I began to feel better. The sickness ceased, and I lost less blood. I continued taking them, and two other boxes completed the cure. Now I can walk easily, am strong and well, and quite able to get through my work without the slightest fatigue.”

This is not the first time that hip-joint disease, as well as consumption, has been cured by the same means: but sufferers should note that the genuine Pills, which cured Miss Smith, are never sold loose or in glass jars, but only in a closed package, with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People printed outside. They are now obtainable of all chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d. The genuine Pills (all imitations are worthless) act directly on the blood, and thus it is that they are so famous for the cure of anemia and rheumatism, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and to restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are also a splendid nerve and spinal tonic, and thus have cured many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache.

SMITH and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other.

“Oh, dear!” said Smith, “how you did make my head ring!” “That's a sign it's hollow,” said Brown. “Didn't yours ring?” said Smith. “No,” said Brown. “That's a sign it's cracked,” said his friend.

“Six feet in his boots!” said Mrs. Partington. “What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat.”

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