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THE **WOMAN'S**

A Weekly Record and Review devoted to the interests of Women in the Home and in the Wider World.

Edited by

MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

SIGNAL

No. 188, VOL. VIII. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

AUGUST 5TH, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Principal
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OF
This Issue.



- A Book of the Hour:
- Mr. Clarke Hall's Children Under Queen Victoria.*
- Second Notice. Reviewed by the Editor.
- Children. By Rev. Dr. Talmage.
- Conjugal Sympathy and Likeness.
- Report of Central National Society for Women's Suffrage.
- An Early Suffrage Meeting in America.
- Signals from Our Watch Tower.
- Refusal to Pay Taxes; Is it a Lawful Course?
- Precedents. The First Reform Bill, and Others.
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- How to Provide for Sickness and Old Age: The United Sisters Friendly Society.
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- Hans Dunderkopf on Equality: Verses.
- Home Gardening: Watering.
- The Enchanted Shirt, &c., &c., &c.

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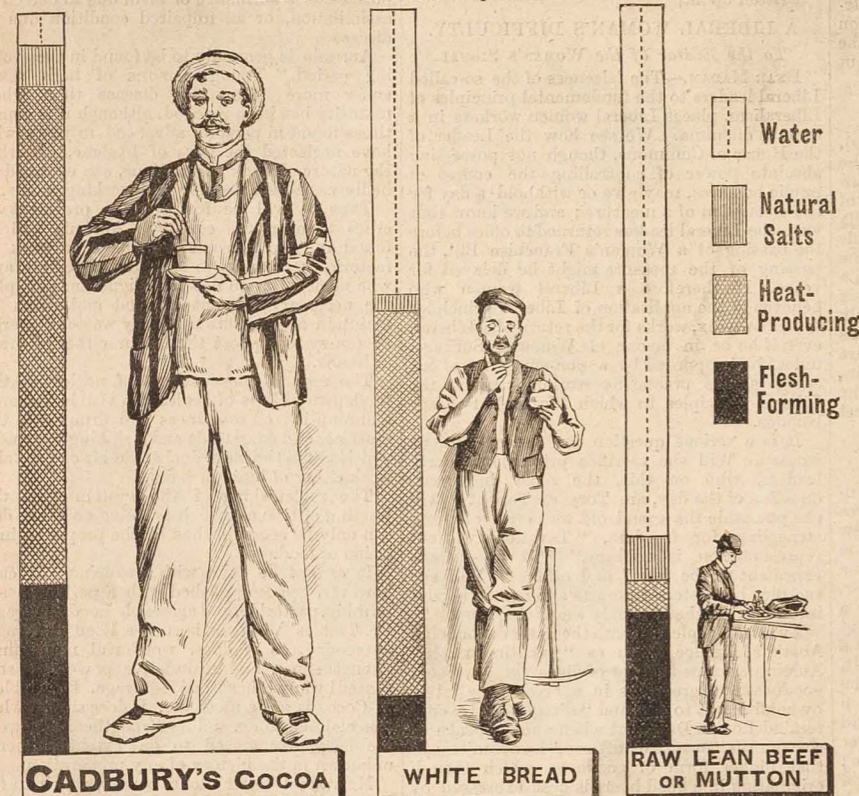
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In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser and enclose it in an envelope; close this, and write (where the stamp should go), on the 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. 188.]

AUGUST 5, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

THE QUEEN'S REIGN FOR CHILDREN.*

SECOND NOTICE.

It is not often that we carry on our notices from one to another week, but in this case the lessons to be learned are so important that it seems worth while to devote more space to the work of Mr. Clarke Hall than one week would allow. It is important to see how unfit the average man is for the exercise of irresponsible power, such as a parent exercises over his children; for it is this incapacity for benevolent despotism that is at the root of the necessity for the self-government of all classes of adults in a community. But in the case of children, as neither their judgment nor their circumstances allow of their exercising useful self-protection, it is the more necessary that the State shall watch over them, and that all that can be done is done to increase the sense of parental responsibility for the well-being of the child, as a citizen in the making, and not as a creature belonging to the father as his property. Both these points need more pondering over than they have as a rule received, and the contents of this volume should tend to that end.

To resume the record of the state of things in the past, the existence of which is so strong a proof that neither impersonal goodness nor personal affection can be trusted to make the possessor of power over the weak and defenceless use it aright when self interest comes into play. We continue from last week.

The next cause taken up by Lord Shaftesbury was that of the children working on the land. Here, again, the little ones of tender years were sacrificed to profit with the same heartless cruelty. The children were hired from their parents by men who were called gangers; some of the little ones engaged in weed-pulling and the like being only six or seven years of age. Lord Shaftesbury got a commission which took evidence, and some 70 doctors proved that so ruinous was the system to health that the death-rate amongst children in places where it prevailed was from two to three times that of other districts, while of those who survived many were crippled. All through this record, too, we find the same horrible tale of personal cruelty on the part of overseers and men placed in control of the children; testimony that ought to make it certain for ever that it is not safe to give absolute power over the weak into the hands of the average man. There is something singularly pathetic about the little story told by one mother to the Commission:—

"Sometimes," says another witness, "the poor children are very ill-used by the gang-master. One has used them horribly, kicking them, hitting them with fork handles, hurdle sticks, &c. My own children have been dropped into across the loins, and dropped right down, and if they don't know how to get up he has kicked them. . . . He don't knock the big one, it's the little ones he takes advantage of. . . . My boy, when about ten or eleven, had a white swelling on his knee, and lay suffering nearly six years before he had his leg and thigh taken off. He came back one day and said he

* "The Queen's Reign for Children." By W. Clarke Hall. T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d.

had a thorn, but others told me about the man kicking him. He was a very quiet boy, and was for peace. The doctor said it was from ill-usage, a fall or a kick; there was no thorn."

In consequence of the Report of the Commission, Lord Shaftesbury obtained an Act of Parliament, making regulations as to hours, &c., that broke up this cruel gang system.

One more employment unfit for children was to obtain the attention of the good Earl. In 1871 he brought the condition of the children in brickfields, some 30,000 in number, before the House of Lords. Their ages ranged from 3½ to 17, the larger proportion of them being girls. Lord Shaftesbury told the House how he saw tiny children, three-parts naked, tottering under the weight of wet clay on their heads and shoulders, and exposed to the sudden transition from the cold outside to the heat of the kiln, so fierce that he himself could not remain in it for more than two or three minutes. Lord Shaftesbury secured the insertion of a clause in the next Factory and Workshops' Act, forbidding the employment of children under 16 in this manner, with the result that it is now practically obsolete.

The next chapter deals with reformatory and industrial schools, and I am very glad to see that Mr. Clarke Hall is not blind to what is very strongly impressed upon my mind by my personal study, of cases that came before the bodies of School Managers on which I used to sit, namely, that industrial schools are very likely to do more harm than good to children, by giving a direct encouragement to idle and drunken parents to ill-treat their children and to drive them out to beg or to steal on purpose to get them taken away and put into the schools. In the last report of the Industrial Schools Inspectors it is shown that 3,896 children were in the industrial schools, of whom no fewer than 1,622 had both parents alive. These parents assuredly ought to have been able to take care of their own children; and no one who sees the way in which the children are brought by their parents before School Board committees and magistrates as being "beyond parental control," can possibly doubt that a very large proportion of those children are the victims of their parents, and have no business at all to be removed from liberty and the ordinary life of a child and to be shut up in what is practically a prison, too often far from a kind one, and a prison in any case, however well conducted.

Another objection to the industrial schools, of which Mr. Clarke Hall may not be aware, but of which I heard several times, is that a permanent taint of more or less degradation is considered to attach to boys who have been brought up in such schools. When they are released and go out to work, they find it necessary to hide as carefully that they are industrial school boys as if they had been in prison. The disgrace ought to attach to their parents, and it is only an additional wrong to the child in a very large number of cases that he has to carry a slur through life by the fault of his parents.

But the final chapter of this book, giving an account of the foundation and the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Chil-

dren, shows clearly how very feeble is the sense of parental duty amongst us, and how very necessary it is that the law shall not diminish, but shall in every possible way increase, the responsibility enforced upon fathers.

What is really wanted is a better law, and a more steady application of it, to force idle, drunken or cruel parents to do their duty to their own offspring. Mr. Clarke Hall observes with regard to the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that this Society finds its chief work in this direction.

"The light estimate," says the Society's report of 1889, "on the bench and off it, of a man's ill-usage and neglect of his children, the want of clearness and directness in the laws upon these points, with almost universal neglect to enforce such laws as there are, have resulted in untold money cost to the country for the maintenance of children, and in untold moral degradation of the parents of the children maintained, as well as the general lowering of the parental idea, which is far the worst of all. . . . If a man to-day make an application to 'get his child away,' and our officer appears on the scene to find out his treatment of it, and points out the law as to neglect and ill-treatment, . . . food rather than 'buckle-strap' lies to hand, and everybody says the man is thence 'another man. The boy, no longer treated as in former days, does not stop out all night, for he dare go home. The only reward the man of 'buckle-strap' applications has hitherto known has been that somebody relieved him of his child.

"Take an instance. A child was discovered and charged by the police with being 'found wandering and having no visible means of subsistence.' The case was referred to the Society, with the result that the charge was turned into one against the mother of systematic ill-treatment. For six months, since his father would not live with her, his mother had ill-treated him. She ran him out of the house with a carving knife in her hand, tied him to the wringing mangle and beat him severely. He was kept locked up in the garret all day, with nothing to eat. The prosecution succeeded, with the result that there was a place kept vacant in an industrial school and one filled in a prison."

Lord Shaftesbury was much interested in the formation of this Society. One of his last public acts was to speak at a meeting at the Mansion House in its favour. His biographer says that when the latest phase of the subject for which he had done so much was revealed, he was almost heartbroken that he no longer had the strength to stand forward as the champion of ill-used children. It was not long before that, in conversation with a friend, he had said: "When I feel age creeping on me, and I know I must soon die, I feel that I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery there is still in it."

But he had so far done his work that he had to a great extent created a public opinion. The society to which he thus gave his dying blessing has prospered to a degree which would be satisfactory but for the reflection of how much unjust misery must have gone on in all the years before, when in the seven years that have elapsed since the society obtained its Act of Parliament no fewer than 94,700 parents have had to be warned and threatened with prosecution, and over 16,000 have been actually prosecuted, with the result that the judges and magistrates nave

inflicted a total of £3,694 fines and 2,224 years imprisonment upon parents guilty of ill-treating their own children.

Mr. Clarke Hall is very strong in the demand that some State body should be appointed to see to the carrying out of this Act, and that it should not be left, as it is now, entirely to the voluntary efforts of the Society for the Protection of Children and its friends. He says:—

"The commission of a crime implies almost of necessity an injury done to someone, and the assumption that the injured person, if an adult, will at once call in a policeman is wholly reasonable; if the injured person be a child, however, the case is entirely different. As the law made no special provision for the discovery of offences against children, it is hardly to be wondered at that 18 years ago the great majority of people slept in blissful ignorance that such offences were ever committed. Not only was there no provision for the discovery of these wrongs against children, but if Mr. Justice Field was right in his view of the law, the police had no business to interfere even if informed of them.

"It is no part of the duty of a constable," he said, at the Lewes Assizes, when trying a case of starvation of a child, "on a general complaint being made to him with respect to such matters as formed the subject of the present charge, to investigate those complaints, or to qualify himself to act as a witness on any prosecution that might be instituted; he was not justified in taking any step in the absence of a definite charge."

"Here, surely, we have the *reductio ad absurdum* of the attitude of the law towards the child, and the fullest justification, if indeed any justification were needed other than that apparent in the very nature of things, for the establishment of some authority for the protection of wronged children, of some voice to articulate the 'definite charge,' which alone can set the law in motion."

It is comforting to feel that matters are so much better now for children than in earlier days; yet the impression of horror and disgust at the record of inhumanity and cruelty cannot be evaded. Alas! this cowardly vice, cruelty, is evidently one to which the common mind is most prone; and especially when self-interest prompts to its indulgence, only the very strongest legislative efforts can hold it in check, apparently. The lesson must not be forgotten.

TRAINING THE BOY.

The boy whom you wish to see a courteous man must be taught to be considerate and courteous to his mother and sisters, and to the maid who waits upon him. He should learn that every service worth receiving merits a "Thank you," and never to be in too great a hurry when he enters the breakfast room to say "Good morning" to every one. He should take off his hat or cap when he greets a lady in the street, and never forget to do it when he enters a house. A boy trained to courtesy on these points will naturally develop thoughtfulness in many little ways manifested in the pleasant attentions so grateful to every woman and girl. While refining the boy you need not fear, in the least, its making a "girl-boy" of him; it has quite the opposite effect, developing all the manliness and chivalry in him.

The atmosphere of a home where this pleasant interchange of little courtesies and attentions is habitual is congenial for the growth of strong attachments and life-enduring friendships, and to the development of boys and girls into noble men and women who will go out from it to extend its influence. Indeed, every such home exercises a silent but irresistible influence in its immediate neighbourhood, and upon all the friends who enjoy its hospitality.

A WOMAN cannot fashion an immortal soul for a worthy immortality without a worthy cultivation of her own soul. A woman who is not the equal of men is not fit to be the mother of men.
Gail Hamilton.

CHILDREN.

A SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

TEXT: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, my head, my head! And he said to a lad, 'Carry him to his mother!' And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother he sat on her knees till noon, and then died."—II. Kings iv., 18, 19, 20.

There is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendour of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the Angel of Life brings a new soul to the poor man's hut, a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come—days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of the house the brightest was the boy. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afield. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the sun-burned reapers feel young again as they look down at that lad, as young and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaming after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. I see the swarthy labourers drop their sickles; and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him and they try to cool his brow; but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness, he puts his hands against his temples and cries out: "My head! my head!" And the father said: "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said, for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child, if there be in our home a gentler voice and a gentler hand and a stiller footstep.

But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but oh, what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest-field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood; its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

THE CHILD'S BEAUTY

does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her, even under her destitution. With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the playground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily, and say: "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs, and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the playground yourself. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have

not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the East, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the cloud; but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life! There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no colour like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice, its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burdens off our back. Oh, what a dull, stale, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But when the grace of God comes upon a child, how unspeakably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation—how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because they have the idea that

GOOD CHILDREN ALWAYS DIE.

The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead, excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed, there are some people that seem marked for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The hues of heaven are in the petals. There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying: "Let this one come to Me, and let it come to Me soon." While that one tarried in the house you felt there was an angel in the room, and you thought that every sickness would be the last; and when, finally, the winds of death did scatter the leaves, you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night; for you had often said to your companion: "My dear, we shall never keep that child." But I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel the pious boy became Samuel the great prophet. Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country to-day children who love God and keep His commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians and the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills anyone. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarials floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF CHILDHOOD.

Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is this determination of soul that so often drives back the gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and scepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle-proof against God's battle-axe. But childhood; how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob;" for when religion starts in a family, it is apt to go all through. Jezebel, a mur-

deress, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. Oh, what a responsibility upon the parent and the teacher! The musician touches the keys, and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the chords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life; if you touch a child, the result will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath-school teacher will this afternoon whisper in the ear of the class, will be echoed back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilisation; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing of it. Higher than Parliament or Congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the Kingdom of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulsion?

There were some harvesters in the fields of Scotland one hot day, and Hannah Lemond was helping them gather the hay. She had laid her babe under a tree. While she was busy in the field, there was a flutter of wings in the air, and a golden eagle clutched the swaddling band of the babe and flew away with it to the mountain eyrie. All the harvesters and Hannah Lemond started for the cliffs. It was two miles before they came to the foot of the cliffs. Getting there, who dared to mount the cliffs? No human foot had ever trod it. There were sailors there who had gone up the mast in the day of terrible tempest, they did not dare risk it. Hannah Lemond sat there for a while and looked up and saw the eagle in the eyrie, and then she leaped to her feet, and she started up where no human foot had ever trod, crag above crag, catching hold of this root or that root, until she reached the eyrie and caught her babe, the eagle swooping in fierceness all around about her. Fastening the child to her back, she started for her friends and for home. Oh, what a dizzy descent sliding from this crag to that crag, catching by that vine and by that root, coming down further and further, to the most dangerous pass, where she found a goat and some kids. She said: "Now I'll follow the goat; the goat will know just which is the safest way down"; and she was led by the animal down to the plain. When she got there, all the people cried: "Thank God! thank God!" her strength not giving way until the rescue was effected. And they cried: "Stand back, now. Give her air!" Oh, if a woman will do that for the physical life of her child, what will you do for the eternal life of your boy and your girl? Let it not be told in the great day of eternity that Hannah Lemond put forth more exertion for the saving of the physical life of her child than you, O parent, have ever put forth for the eternal life of your little one. God help you!

I pass on to consider the

POWER WHICH A CHILD WIELDS

over the parental heart. We often talk about the influence of parents upon children. I never heard anything said about the influence of children upon their parents. You go to school to them. You no more educate them than they educate you. With their little hands they have caught hold of your entire nature, and you cannot wrench yourself away from their grasp. You are different men and women from what you were before they gave you the first lesson. They have revolutionised your soul. There are

fountains of joy in your heart which never would have been discovered had they not discovered them. Life is to you a more stupendous thing than it was before those little feet started on the pathway to eternity. Oh, how many hopes, how many joys, how many solitudes that little one has created in your soul! You go to school every day—a school of self-denial, a school of patience, in which you are getting wiser day by day; and that influence of the child over you will increase and increase; and though your children may die, from the very throne of God they will reach down an influence to your soul, leading you on and leading you up until you mingle with their voices and sit beside their thrones.

The grasp which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. A great lawyer, when yet unknown, one day stood in the court room and made an eloquent plea before some men of great legal attainments; and a gentleman said to him afterwards: "How could you be so calm standing in that august presence?" "Oh," said Erskine, "I felt my children pulling at my skirts crying for bread." What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? Your children! Your children must have bread though you starve. Your children must be well clothed though you go in rags. You say: "My children shall be educated though I never had any chance." What to you are weary limbs and aching head, and hands hardened and callous, if only the welfare of your children can be wrought out by it? Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. And oh, if the last sickness comes, how you fight back the march of disease, and it is only after a tremendous struggle that you surrender. And then when the spirit has fled, the great deep is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs, crying: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, oh Absalom, my son, my son."

Oh, there is nothing sad about a child's death save the grief in the parent's heart. You see the little ones go right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape! how many temptations! how many troubles!

CHILDREN DEAD ARE SAFE.

Those that live are in peril. We know not what dark path they may take. The day may come in which they will break your heart; but children dead are safe—safe for ever. Weeping parents, do not mourn too bitterly over your child that has gone. There are two kinds of prayers made at a child's sick bed. One prayer the Lord likes; the other prayer He does not like. When a soul kneels down at a child's sick bed and says: "O Lord, spare this little one; he is very near to my heart; I don't want to part with him, but Thy will be done"—that is the kind of prayer the Lord loves. There is another kind of prayer which I have heard men make in substance when they say: "O Lord, this isn't right; it is hard to take this child; you have no right to take this child; spare this child; I can't give him up; I won't give him up." The Lord answers that kind of a prayer sometimes. The child lives and lives on and travels off in paths of wickedness to perish. At the end of every prayer for a child's life, say: "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

The brightest lights that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once; you love them now, and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upwards. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it, it has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Towards that good land all Christians are bearing. This snapping of heart-strings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms, and through summer harvests, and across autumnal leaves, and through wintry snowbanks, we are passing on. Oh, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up! Oh, how we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain

We only meet to part again;

But when we reach the heavenly shore

We there shall meet to part no more.

CONJUGAL SYMPATHY.

It is an old theory that a man and his wife grow like each other after a number of years, and that when they are in perfect sympathy and in close accord their mental likeness is transferred to the lines of their faces. Seldom has a more extraordinary case come to notice than in the faces of President McKinley and his invalid wife. Often in other cases the resemblance is of that fleeting, intangible sort which belongs to the soul rather than to actual flesh, but in Mrs. McKinley's case the cold and calculating camera can catch the wonderful similarity. But, after all, this phenomenon is not inexplicable. It is easily accounted for when one knows the life of complete sympathy and understanding which the two have led. Since their marriage in 1871 they have scarcely ever been separated. Never once, when private or political business has compelled him to leave her, has he neglected to send her three telegrams a day—one at early morning, another at the dinner hour, and another to say good night—so that her first and last thoughts of the day should be the knowledge that, in the busy scenes of life, he did not forget her. Little wonder that their lives being cast in the same mould, their features should partake of the same character.

GOOSEBERRY CHAMPAGNE.

DR. GEORGE D. POLLOCK, at St. George's Hospital, impressed upon the students "the importance of considering temper and temperament in dealing with patients, and strongly urged upon them the necessity of having regard to idiosyncrasies." Among other illustrations showing the importance of attending to these matters he mentioned the case of a man who "could not eat gooseberries without a certain rash manifesting itself." One day this gentleman was at a fashionable dinner-party, and "soon after the champagne had been handed round he pulled up his sleeves and showed a friend that particular rash appearing"—the rash in this case revealing the origin of the fashionable champagne!

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE CENTRAL NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

FOUNDED 1872.

The object of the Society is to obtain the Parliamentary Franchise for Women on the same conditions as it is or may be granted to men.

The Society seeks to achieve this object:—

1. By acting as a centre for the collection and diffusion of information with regard to the progress of the movement in all parts of the country.
2. By holding public meetings in support of the repeal of the electoral disabilities of women.
3. By the publication of pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature bearing upon the question.

Treasurer—Mrs. RUSSELL COOKE.

Subscriptions and donations should be sent to Mrs. CHARLES BAXTER, Secretary, Central Office, Albany Buildings, 39, Victoria-street, S.W. Subscribers are entitled to receive the Annual Report and copies of all literature. Cheques or Post Office Orders may be made payable to the Treasurer or the Secretary.

Since our last Report the enemies of Women's Suffrage have, by means wholly unworthy, so manoeuvred that the Women's Suffrage Bill can make no further progress this Session. So much has been said and written on the subject already, that it only remains for me to add that far from feeling disheartened or despairing, the Women's Suffrage Societies feel assured that the tactics adopted on July 7th will work for good in the women's cause, as they are not likely to be forgotten by fair-minded people who like to see a fight boldly fought on open ground.

The result of all this is that the Societies feel nerved to greater activity than ever before, and they appeal strongly to the women throughout the country to come forward and assist them by any means in their power. Every one can do a little, and no one should feel his or her help too insignificant to offer it. To show the opinion of our Societies, represented by the combined Committee, the following letter appeared in all the principal daily papers on July 12th:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE

SIR,—The outcome of last Wednesday's debate in the House of Commons is that the representatives of the people preferred to spend three hours in useless talk on an insignificant and repulsive subject rather than be called upon to say "Aye" or "No" on the question of making further progress with the Woman's Suffrage Bill. This is a new illustration, if one were wanted, of the difficulty and disadvantage at which any unrepresented section of the community stands when it asks for the time and attention of the representative Chamber. Time is wasted, the dignity of Parliament is sacrificed, rather than give any attention to the wants and wishes of women. We have no votes, and therefore can safely be neglected and treated with contempt by Parliament. The occurrences of last Wednesday will not fail, we imagine, to make this clear to many who have not seen it before, and if this be so we shall eventually gain rather than lose by what has taken place. May we venture also to put a question before your readers? Why do the opponents of Women's Suffrage in the House of Commons seek above all things to avoid a direct vote upon the

subject? We cannot think that it is a symptom of conscious strength on their part. It appears as if Members of Parliament were beginning to be obliged to think of their constituencies in this matter. We have no votes, but there are a considerable number of those who have who are convinced that justice and reason are favourable to the claim of women to representation. Members of Parliament, too, on all sides have encouraged the political activity of women during contested elections. It is not easy to do this and to say at the same time that women ought never to have the power to give a vote themselves. The events of last Wednesday will stimulate our societies to renewed activity; they illustrate our case for the representation of women. With its lessons fresh in all minds we shall appeal to the feelings of justice and fair play which animate the majority of our countrymen, and perhaps the Jubilee rejoicings may also have a share in convincing them that women are not necessarily, on account of their sex, unworthy to be trusted with political responsibility.—Yours, &c.,

M. M. RUSSELL COOKE,
MILICENT GARRETT FAWCETT,
LILIAS ASHWORTH HALLETT,
KATHLEEN LYTTELTON,
PRISCILLA BRIGHT McLAREN.

PARLIAMENTARY PETITIONS.

From the Report of the Select Committee on Public Petitions we learn that the Petitions between January 19th and July 12th which had most signatures were those in favour of the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill.

The number of Petitions sent in was 1,281, and these were signed by 43,265 persons.

MR. FAITHFULL BEGG'S WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL, 1897.

Most of our readers will doubtless have seen the correspondence which has taken place in the newspapers lately on this subject. In order to show their position in the matter the combined committee caused the following letter to be circulated throughout the press:—

"In consequence of the correspondence which has taken place on this subject we think it right to state that we have the utmost confidence in Mr. Faithfull Begg's leadership, and feel that we owe much gratitude to him for the skill and tact which led to the large majority on the second reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill on February 3rd. We also acknowledge with pleasure the constant courtesy and kindness which have characterised his communications with our several societies.

"FRANCES BALFOUR, President, MILICENT GARRETT FAWCETT, Hon. Secretary, Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage.

"M. M. RUSSELL COOKE, Central National Society for Women's Suffrage.

"KATHLEEN LYTTELTON, Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage.

"LILIAS ASHWORTH HALLETT, Bristol National Society for Women's Suffrage.

"PRISCILLA BRIGHT McLAREN, Edinburgh National Society.

ORGANIZATIONS.

During the past month Mrs. Stanbury has been working steadily in Hampshire. She has held several successful meetings and paid many visits.

A local committee has been formed at Southampton; it has started under very favourable auspices. Mrs. Stanbury has also visited the Isle of Wight, and when there addressed a meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association at Newport.

We would earnestly impress upon our readers the importance of this branch of our work, and the impossibility of carrying it on without special funds for the purpose. It is necessarily slow and expensive work, but we feel convinced that only by systematic and regular education in the constituencies shall we be able to succeed in our endeavours.

At the International Congress of Women in Brussels, Mrs. Morgan Browne and Mrs. Montefiore have kindly undertaken to represent the Society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We would call the attention of our readers to a new book which has just been issued by this Society and the Central Committee of the National Society. The book is called "Some Supporters of Women's Suffrage," and is a collection of the names of prominent men and women, classified under the following heads:—

1. Members of Parliament who have backed Bills or spoken in favour in the House of Commons.
2. Members of Parliament who have given steady support by frequent votes or otherwise. Peers and Professional men.
3. Ministers of Religion, University Professors, Literary Men, &c.
4. Resolutions passed by political associations.
 - (a) Organisations amongst men.
 - (b) " " " women.
5. Women filling public offices by popular vote or by Government appointment.
 - (a) Members of School Boards.
 - (b) Poor Law Guardians.
 - (c) Civil Service.
6. Women in Medicine.
7. Women in Education.
 - (a) Founders and Heads of Colleges.
 - (b) Principals of High Schools, &c.
 - (c) Lecturers.
8. Women in Literature.
 - (a) General Literature.
 - (b) Fiction.
 - (c) Journalism.
9. Women in Art.
 - (a) Painting.
 - (b) Music and Drama.
10. Women in Social and Political work.
 - (a) Leaders and founders of organizations and philanthropic workers.
 - (b) Women sharing in social and political movements.

The book is edited by Miss Helen Blackburn. The first edition is limited to 250 copies only, and the price is one shilling.

Another new publication is a booklet, "Words of a Leader: Being extracts from the works of the late Miss Lydia Becker." Price 3d. each. Both books can be obtained by application to the office.

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

Until August 15th, the office hours will be 11 till 4, closed on Saturdays. From August 15th until October 1st, the hours will be from 10 till 12 only.

The Committee has arranged that there will be no Monthly Report issued by them for August and September.

The WOMAN'S SIGNAL for the first week in those months, will, however, as usual, give Special Suffrage News, and will be sent to our members.

MARIE LOUISE BAXTER,
Secretary.

AN EARLY SUFFRAGE MEETING IN AMERICA.

(From the Reminiscences of Mrs. Tracy Cutler.)

EARLY in the summer of 1851, I received a pressing invitation from Mrs. Frances D. Gage to attend a woman's rights convention at Akron, O. Accordingly I met Mrs. Gage, and we journeyed together to Akron. On our arrival at the hotel we were informed that Mrs. Judge Tilden was to entertain us, and we were to wait till they sent around. We met L. A. Hine, who has since been known as a land reformer. In the hall, also, we saw a tall coloured woman walking back and forth, with a small basket on her arm in which she carried some little books. As we went into the parlour Mr. Hine remarked:—"This, I suppose, is one of the delegates to your convention." We disclaimed any knowledge of this particular delegate, but she soon approached us, and told us that she was Sojourner Truth; that she had some little books that told of her life, which Mrs. Stowe had written for her, that she had them on sale to help herself on her journey, that she sold them and her photographs, the shadow to keep the substance. She heard we were going to hold a convention here, and she thought she would attend. We bought each a copy of her book, but I fear we did not feel ready to give her as royal a welcome as her merits deserved, for Mr. Hine sat grinning behind his newspaper in the corner of the room.

Most of our speakers were little accustomed to public speaking, but in place of experience they were filled with zeal, if not always according to knowledge. Mrs. Gage's ready wit stood her in good stead of parliamentary experience, in the midst of a very incongruous audience, for we did not have it all on one side. Our opponents claimed the right of free speech, and hurled the Apostle Paul at our heads with great violence.

We had remarked that Sojourner Truth had taken her seat on the steps leading to the pulpit, and, sitting there fanning herself with her flat sun-bonnet, watched eagerly every word that fell from the lips of the speakers. One clergyman, whose name I have forgotten, undertook to remand us women to our homes, our husbands and children, remarking that Christ and His Apostles were men. With flaming eyes Sojourner rose to her feet, her tall form towering over the audience. "You men claim all for yourselves," she said. "You feel very important 'cause your Lord Jesus Christ was a man. But where did de Lord of Glory come from? God and the woman! Man had nothin' to do with it." A young clergyman in the back part of the audience expressed his fear that he should not be forgiven for coming to such a

convention. Again she rose and said: "Neber you fear, honey, I don't suppose de Lord knows where you be."

The zealous advocates were much disturbed by the objections so persistently offered, claiming the sanction of the Bible. After one of these outbreaks, Emma Robson Coe rose, and in an impassioned manner said:—

"Pile Bibles high as the skies, and tell me the Bible teaches such doctrine, and I will not accept it." The audience was greatly disquieted. Up to this time I had not spoken, nor did I expect to, but I said to myself, "Now it is a duty to speak." So I rose and called the attention of the audience. I said:—"You will observe the exact expression of Mrs. Coe. She did not say she would not accept the Bible, but she would not accept such an interpretation of it. I am told she is a member of the Methodist Church in regular standing, but she believes in a more liberal interpretation of its teaching than some of you seem to hold. As for myself, I so firmly believe in the sacred Word that, if I saw its teaching in the light that many do, I should no doubt oppose this movement. But to me it reads far otherwise. If, through sin, man was doomed to toil and death, and woman to subjection and sorrow, bringing forth her children to sickness and death, by the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ came the restoration of all things: 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' We also read, 'There is neither Jew or Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Thus in the work of restoration all tends to the equality of man and woman, and for this should all true and enlightened Christians earnestly work." I had evidently carried the bulk of the audience with me, and the disputatious spirits subsided. The convention closed after two days' session, and it was voted a success.

We held a sort of reunion at New Marlborough, where we held a public meeting, and prepared notes of the convention. Among the speakers there were some who did not see clearly the doctrines that are now generally accepted; among them I recall Mrs. Swisshelm as insisting that woman should claim her right to be helped over bad roads, and to be well fed whether she worked hard or not; but Sojourner Truth replied that she had never found any men ready to carry her over the mud puddles, and she could do as big a day's work as any man, and eat as much, too, if she could get it. Sarah Coates, too, was rather afraid of too radical expressions, as rendering men disgusted with our efforts to attain equal rights. But on the whole the convention, considering the unassimilated elements, was a success.

At parting with the good friends in Akron, many good members of the Church pressed me

warmly by the hand and said:—"If you had not said what you did, we should have gone away with the feeling that the movement was antagonistic to Christianity. Now we see it is in harmony."

We had heard a great deal about the duty of mothers to stay at home and take care of the children, but on our way to New Marlborough we met crowds of people, men, women and children, in all sorts of conveyances, going to attend the circus, the great Van Amburgh display, out on its summer tour to amuse the people and keep the animals in health. We concluded that ministers should preach to them instead of to us, if indeed it were such a sin for women to leave their homes.

RELATION OF INTEMPERANCE TO PROSPERITY.

Lovers of temperance will rejoice, perhaps prematurely, when they learn that in the colony of Victoria the expenditure on alcoholic liquors, which in 1890 was six and three-quarter millions, or £3 4s. per head, fell last year to three and three-quarter millions, or some 36s. per head. The improvement may be attributed to better education. It may possibly be set down to the local option law (with compensation) which Victoria had adopted. Really, however, it seems to be due to the extreme depression in Victoria. Less money has been spent in drink, because there has been no money to spend. It is said that as no nation was ever prevented by bankruptcy from going to war, so no habitual toper was ever stopped by want of cash; and there is a measure of truth in the saying. But in both its clauses the proverb is only partially true; and it is a fact that distress not only reduces drunkenness but restricts crime. An example very near home may be found. In 1894 52,658 persons were committed to Scottish prisons. It was an unexampled number. And the Prison Commissioners explain the record by reference to the prosperous state of the country. Drunkenness was largely responsible. The tide of fortune changed. In the first three months of that extraordinary year, 1896 of ever-changing climates, the temperature in Scotland was so low that outdoor labour was impossible, and distress was general. Result—the prison population, which had so recently been at its highest, fell to its lowest; the highest and the lowest "record" were brought into juxtaposition. The explanation seems to be that when men fall into despondency through distress they lose the spirit of adventure—the spirit which in more prosperous days tempts them both to heroism and to crime.—Daily Chronicle.


A COOK'S TALISMAN.

Just as we place labour-saving utensils in the hands of our Cooks, so ought we to allow them

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

of Beef as an unfailing adjunct; permitting as it does the rapid preparation of appetizing dishes at a minimum expenditure of time, material, and labour.

Mrs. G. BEATY-POWNALL.



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE BLUE SIGNATURE

Jos Liebig

THERE ARE IMITATIONS.

THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

A Weekly Record and Review of Woman's Work and Interests at Home and in the Wider World.

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SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

The Yorkshire Herald has no good opinion of the proposal of Mrs. Montefiore in our "Open Columns" for the formation of a league of tax-paying women to refuse to hand over the amount demanded until the vote is given. The Yorkshire Herald says:—"It would be rash to predict that such an extreme proposal as this will not obtain considerable support from the foolish or the fanatical of the fair sex. But it may be as well to warn the women who contemplate joining the suggested league that such an extreme course is likely to alienate, rather than to attract, sympathy. The 'plan of campaign' in Ireland did more than many speeches from Unionist to excite opposition to Home Rule; and a plan of campaign with women ostentatiously, and needlessly, playing the part of martyrs would indefinitely postpone the enfranchisement of the sex."

Our contemporary is apparently unaware that, upon several occasions in our political history, the course suggested has been adopted by men, notably in the case of the first great Reform Bill, that of 1832, when an enormous league was formed with precisely this object, and the difficulty which loomed before the Government from

this circumstance had much to do with the passing of the Bill. As to the "plan of campaign," that was an entirely different thing, being a refusal to pay the rents due on the land, and not a contest directly between the Government which demands money, and the people from whom it seeks to take that money without giving them any voice in its amount or its expenditure. Of course, the great constitutional struggle of Charles I.'s time started with precisely the action now suggested for women, namely, in a general refusal by influential persons to pay the tax, which the King maintained he had a right to exact without the consent of the people themselves through their chosen representatives.

With regard to the Reform Bill of 1832, Harriet Martineau in her "History of the Thirty Years' Peace" says:—"Meantime, in the March and April of 1831, the great middle-class, by whose intelligence and determination the Bill must be carried, believed that occasion might arise for their refusing to pay their taxes. The cry was vehement that the measure was to be carried by intimidation, and this was true, the only question was whether in this case the intimidation was wrong. The National Union informed the Lords that if they denied or impaired the Bill there was reason to think that the payment of taxes might cease, that other obligations of society would be disregarded, and that the ultimate consequences would be the extinction of the privileged orders." The "Union" referred to numbered hundreds of thousands of honourable men. One of its meetings, held at Birmingham, contained 150,000 persons, and all these were ready to pledge themselves to refuse their taxes. Manchester sent 25,000 signatures to a petition to the House of Commons to refuse ministers "Supply" till the Reform Bill was passed, and the Member who presented it added on his own account, "If the House would not stop the supplies, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he might be, would very soon find that his coffers were un replenished. Whether such a line of conduct might be right or wrong it was not for him to argue then; but it was his duty as a reformer to state his firm conviction that if a borough-mongering faction should prevail, the people would take the most effectual mode of stopping the supplies by telling the tax collector to call upon them when the Reform Bill had passed into a law." So much of this kind of statement was made in the House, the petitions against votes of Supply were presented and received with such hearty concurrence, that "it became a question everywhere what the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst could possibly propose to do." Again, was it not Mr. Gladstone himself who told us that the '67 Reform Bill was passed because of the fall of the Hyde Park railings under the wrathful pressure of a mob? Will amiability ever get any extension of the franchise?

Coming down to much more recent times, Church rates were resisted in exactly the same manner. The Quakers bore the brunt of that resistance, but all lovers of civil and religious equality joined the league, and it is a fact that Harriet Martineau was selected for distraint by the emissaries of the law when she, with many others, refused to pay her Church rates,

although she was at the time a very old lady, and in such bad health that any sort of excitement imperilled her life. So there is an excellent precedent for refusing to pay taxes as a protest against disfranchisement, and there is no doubt at all that if this method of proceeding were adopted simultaneously by several thousands of women, it would put a very different complexion on the Women's Suffrage movement, and would give an assurance of its seriousness, such as it is difficult to give by milder means. Whether the time has come to resort to such stronger action, or whether there are enough women prepared for it, even if it be quite certain that the day for simple argument and persuasion is over, are the doubtful points.

The record of petitions to the House of Commons during the sessions is significant. Petitions are sneered at nowadays by Members of Parliament, but at least they must admit that the number of signatures forms a "rough and ready" gauge of the interest felt in the country on the questions to which the petitions refer. In the Report of Petitions just issued, giving the total of petitions presented up to July 12th, those in favour of Women's Suffrage numbered 1,281, with 43,265 signatures, one hundred and five of these petitions being signed officially. The next largest number of petitions was in favour of the Mines Eight Hours Bill, four hundred petitions, they being all signed officially, but bearing only 759 signatures. The next largest number of signatures amounted to 25,550, in three petitions, praying for the restoration of Maharajah Salim Singh. Next came trout fishing, this time from Scotland, with 10,789 names (in 39 petitions). Next in point of numbers came 8,982 signatures (in 119 petitions) against the Voluntary schools' grants.

Miss Jean Ingelow, the sweet poetess who has lately passed away, was very retired in her habits. For many years, she has lived in one of those old houses at Kensington that still retain the big, prolific gardens of the times when Kensington was a countrified suburb. In that garden and her conservatory she took great delight, and prided herself on the flowers and ferns she was able to grow. She had many American acquaintances—Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes among them. The latter has left a word-picture of Miss Ingelow. "Miss Ingelow came in with a little air of shyness that invested her with quaint personality. In her black satin striped dress and velvet bodice, with a white lace cap adorned with ribbons, the poet looked a thorough English gentlewoman. Her refined features had a smile of welcome, and her bright eyes had a droll glance that seemed to say that, on the whole, she had found the world very amusing, but more practical than romantic—a field for charity and social usefulness, perhaps, rather than for poetry." She was very charitable, giving a dinner to some poor people twice every week, which she called her "copyright dinner."

The St. Pancras Vestry have elected Miss Mabel Mary Vines as a sanitary inspector of the parish in succession to Miss Thurgood, resigned. Her main duties in St. Pancras will be the examination of factories, workshops and laundries where women are employed. It will be

remembered that the late lady inspector resigned because her salary was much below that given to the male inspectors for similar work. It is to be regretted that the ladies resident in the parish have not tried to get that brave and competent worker reinstated at an equal salary with the men's.

Even into the Church of England itself, the new ideas as to the work and position of women are making their way. An animated correspondence, in which, of course, the name of St. Paul figures abundantly, is going on in the columns of the Church Times. "Church Councils" have been adopted very largely of late, it seems; they are described by one correspondent as "springing up around us;" and the question under discussion is whether the women who form so large a proportion of the congregations and do so much of the work of the Church shall be entitled to a voice in those local Parliaments? The ladies who want to be heard in person quote such matters as the direction of Paul to Onesimus, the slave, to return to his master, unaccompanied by any rebuke of slavery, and the direction to "salute the brethren with a holy kiss," as illustrations of details in Paul's dicta that are now disregarded, and they maintain that in like manner his injunctions as to the subject position of the female members of the Church should be disregarded now, as only local and temporary, and not applying to all women and all times. But other correspondents crush down any suppositions that Paul spoke only for the special circumstances of his time and place by the following sort of very conclusive argument:—

"In the religions of Asia Minor, and among the heathen generally, priestesses were a familiar and necessary part of the religious equipment of the time. Had St. Paul been content to adopt what he found, he would have spoken in favour of the authoritative and ministerial position of women. That he did the exact contrary surely proves that it was on principle. Mrs. Donaldson is thus mistaken in contrasting St. Paul's 'general principles' with his 'small regulations' about woman's position. On the contrary, St. Paul, in the passage at issue, bases his prohibition on essential principles, not on local use, which was in the contrary direction. 'I suffer not a woman to teach. . . . for Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, &c.' In other words, the prohibition of female usurpation of authority is based on the very circumstances of the Creation and the fall, universally applicable. Again in 1 Cor. xiv., after a similar prohibition, the Apostle definitely says that the things that he writes are the commandments of God (v. 37), and makes the acknowledgment of this the very test of spiritual gifts and insight. Furthermore, even a person little versed in criticism might gather that these passages point to an attempt at female usurpation, which the Apostle puts down on principle. What is forbidden is the usurping authority over the man, and thus Mrs. Donaldson's remarks as to Sunday School teaching, which is done under authority, are beside the point."

This rather out-of-date effusion is signed "Presbyter Cantuarien." To it Mrs. Harcourt-Mitchell and Mrs. Donaldson make vigorous replies. The first-named says:—

"I wrote to call attention to the anomaly of women being able to vote on the Central Church Committee and other assemblies, and yet dis-

franchised with regard to the much smaller parish vote. Mr. Warren turned the discussion to the consideration of the inferiority of women to men, which is not at present in debate. "Presbyter Cantuarien" continues on the same lines as Mr. Warren. I have always understood that women who took a prominent part in the society of Greece and Asia Minor were not of the best character, and that domestic women were carefully barred from political and intellectual life. Christianity has, however, changed all that, and even St. Paul mentions Priscilla before Aquila, whilst we know that the daughters of Philip "prophesied" or taught. "Presbyter Cantuarien" quotes the so often quoted "I suffer not a woman to teach"; is he prepared to get rid of his female teachers? or perhaps his parish is a small one, and he does not require any. I deprecate rivalry between men and women; the only rivalry should be emulation in good works, and it ill becomes Christians of either sex to blow their own trumpets.

Mrs. Donaldson, dating from St. Mark's Vicarage, Leicester, writes a very vigorous letter, of which the following are most noteworthy points:—

He overlooks the argument entirely. At the risk of being wearisome, I repeat it. That as the Church makes no distinction of sex in her members; as she admits every human being by the same form; exacts from each the same vows; gives the same confirmation, and the same dismissal from this world to men and women alike, there can be neither logic nor justice in now introducing a disability and excluding half the laity because of their sex from the new Church Councils.

St. Paul was introduced by Mr. Warren as a champion for the general inferiority of women, and now "Presbyter Cantuarien" has come to his support. But I still believe, and there is at least one school in our Church which teaches that St. Paul's Christian principles carried him a great deal further than even he understood. Just as when a priest takes into his arms at the font the humblest infant he negatives any false ideas he may have of class distinctions, so St. Paul, even while giving directions to slaves, was teaching a faith which would have to shatter the bonds of every slavery, including that great one of sex. And when St. Paul gave instructions that the women of Corinth should only worship "covered" or "veiled" (which terms can hardly be said to refer to the modern bonnet), these directions no more apply to the women of 19th century England than the advice to Timothy to "take a little wine" does to the priests and deacons of the English Church. It seems to me that a person of only common sense and not even "a little versed in orthodoxy" is needed to see this. I hesitate to hint that the revolution of nearly nineteen centuries of Christian thought may have shed a new light on even Adam and Eve. . . . Of course, usurpations of authority are bad. That is just why it would be so disastrous for the "male communicants of full age" to regulate everything in Church matters. It would be very bad form for women to usurp authority over men, and it would be just as bad as—and no worse than—for men to usurp authority over women. . . . Are the clergy of our church going to treat this forward movement as they have treated others in the past, very often with disastrous results? There is plenty of scepticism amongst intellectual men. Authorities assure us that it is on the increase amongst intellectual women. Such teachers as Mr. Warren and "Presbyter

Cantuarien," will not help to keep these women within the fold of the Church by insisting on obsolete regulations, and supporting new disabilities.

However, even the Established Church moves with the times. It is but a few years ago that no lady's voice was ever allowed to be heard in that great annual democratic council of the Church, the Church Congress, which is the parent no doubt of the local Church Councils. Then ladies were allowed to write and send in papers, on condition that they were read by men. Finally, women were allowed ("under authority," as the correspondent quoted above puts it) to speak in person. And still many churchwomen are not satisfied, for I read that there is some dissatisfaction because the lady speakers are only to deal with such subjects as suit mothers' meetings; "many ladies ask why they are not supposed to be worthy of stronger meat than these sort of topics." All Church changes are, however, in the nature of the case, very slow, and the Church ladies must be glad that they have got their right of speaking at all admitted, and are not still altogether relegated to the position of learners from men.

AN amusing little set of verses was published in an American paper, calling attention to the great degree to which religious bodies are really "worked" by the efforts of women, in the following humorous way:—

THE STRIKE, OR, WOMAN IN THE CHURCHES.

By VANDALIA VARNUM.

THERE'S a cloud on the church at Millville, There's a frown on the Deacon's face, There's a cyclone a-flitting around the pews And filling with gloom the place.

For the Parson had read a notice For the W.C.T.U.— That a woman would speak in the church that night, And added, he hoped every pew Would be filled, for a treat so rare Had seldom come to the people there.

Then up rose the Deacon at once And said, growing red in the face, "There order something be done to keep The wimmen into their place. This dreadful pervertin' of scripiter, This strumming over the lan', This makin' the sister oneasy like, This tryin' ter speak like a man—I tell ye they're getting too uppish, Bein' as they're only a rib, Their place is at home with the childer A cookin', and joggin' the crib."

There was a blank o'er the church in Millville, As an army of ribs arose, Marched down the aisle, out of the church door, A hundred women in Sunday clothes, Leaving behind in mute surprise Just seventeen pairs of masculine eyes.

"Prayer-meeting as usual on Wednesday night, A cordial welcome to all." And each man thought of the crowd of men That responded to such a call! "The Sabbath school right after church For old and young alike," And there in the house sat seventeen men, But only one teacher in sight! A smile quivered over the parson's face As he glanced at Deacon Rose, And announced, "The Ladies' Aid will meet At the house of—no one knows." "The Y. P. S. C. E. to-night At six o'clock will meet,

And be led by Miss—," the speaker paused. And the Deacon blinked at his feet; "The Woman's Home Mission Society will pack its barrels—," but no, The women had "struck," the "society" gone, And the barrels would have to go! "We'll open the service by number six," And he glanced at the choir around, But for choir, and organist, leader and all, Only one bass singer was found.

Then up arose the Deacon again, "I never afore seed the like, I never afore heard a sermon through Without a woman in sight. And if that air woman wants ter speak, I move we hear her to-night."

There's a smile on the church at Millville, There's a gleam on the Deacon's face, There's a cyclone of woman's prayers and songs Filling with joy the place.

The Corner Stone.

The members of the Woman's Circle of the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis, Ind., removed their hats and bonnets at the service on a recent Sunday, and propose to do so hereafter, "thereby adding," they say, "to the comfort of themselves and others." The Circle has 125 members, including some of the leading women of the city, and so much favourable comment has been made that it seems likely that others will follow their example, and "sit uncovered in the church." The pastor, Dr. Ellison, approves of the new departure.

The ladies claim that there is no more reason for their heads being covered in church than for their faces being shielded from public gaze, as in Oriental countries. But there are two very strong though different reasons why their example is not likely to be generally followed. One is St. Paul, who must be supposed to have some influence still with people who go to church; and the other is the fact that when a lady has carefully put on her hat or bonnet at the most becoming angle, and pinned it there tightly with long ornamental headed pins, she is not at all prepared to disturb the arrangement without the advantage of a looking-glass! Indeed, the idea seems not very sensible. Such a hat or bonnet as goes on a reasonable woman's head is not a thing of such discomfort as to be unendurable for a couple of hours, and it would be truly foolish to insist on taking off the hat merely to show defiance of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Nevertheless, this is what was done at one time by a lady whose real name I either never knew or have forgotten, but who used to write me long letters on the subject, and also published them in pamphlets which she signed "Sybilla, A Loyal Daughter of the Church." Her theory was that just because St. Paul, with his Oriental ideas, finds some association between wearing a hat and a subjective position for women, therefore women ought not to wear hats in church just out of protest. This lady not only used to go to church herself, despite a reproval from her Bishop himself, on the request of the vicar of the parish, but used also to take her little daughter hatless. I remember writing to her to tell her that I thought this was not justified. Martyrdom is all very well when one chooses it for one's self, but as it is even then an unpleasant process, it ought not to be enforced on those who are too young to have the internal spring of revolt which gives power to bear the suffering

HOW TO PROVIDE FOR SICKNESS AND OLD AGE.

UNITED SISTERS FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

THE need for making a sufficient and safe provision for old age, and to meet the expense of illness is being more and more felt by all women who depend for a livelihood on their own exertions, and especially by those who in addition support aged parents or other relatives.

There are life insurance societies and burial clubs without number, but these do not meet all the requirements of thrifty people with small earnings who are liable to be thrown out of work by sickness or accident. Most people are acquainted with the term Friendly Society, and everyone has heard of Oddfellows, Foresters, and similar clubs; but few women know that the benefits of Friendly Society clubs are open to them, and that they have an affiliated order of their own, managed for the most part by women, who hold the chief offices in the Society.

To the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, now rector of Barley Royston, Herts, the credit is due for founding the United Sisters Friendly Society, in 1885, the first affiliated society for women.

There are branches of this society, called Courts, all over the country. The first Court to be opened was Court Catherine, at Long Melford, in Suffolk, which now has over 120 members, and there are now Courts at Allesley, near Coventry, Aylsham, near Norwich, Bridgwater, Brough in Westmoreland, Bristol (2), Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Dallington in Sussex, Glensford, London, Northampton, Nottingham (2), Paignton, St. Albans, Sawston, near Cambridge, Sudbury, Swindon, Teignmouth, and Witham, in Essex. These Courts form branches of the central body, which together form the "Suffolk Unity." The government of the Unity is carried on by an annual committee, which is composed of representatives elected by each Court. In addition to this, each Court has its own committee to carry on the local business of the Society. Each Court is governed under its own rules, made with the sanction of the Unity and registered under the Friendly Societies Act. The Courts are all affiliated, so that in case of an unusual amount of sickness occurring in one Court, the others may contribute to help it. A larger experience is gained by an affiliated Society, and better government and greater security are secured for each Court than can be obtained for isolated clubs.

The Society at present numbers over 1,200 members, and has paid £648 in sick claims during the year 1896.

The contribution tables have been drawn up by competent actuaries, Messrs. R. Watson and Sons, and have been revised during the present year to accord with the experience of female sickness and mortality published by Government in 1896. The society offers a variety of contributions and benefits to suit the different rates of remuneration obtained by women. Special advantages can be gained by members who join at an early age, for the scales are graduated, and the younger a member is on joining the less she has to pay for the benefit assured. Thus a woman of 26 to 28 years of age desiring a benefit of 8s. a week during sickness, with medical attendance and medicine, and a sum of £5 at death, must pay 1s. 9½d. a month—but if she had joined under 20 she could have obtained the same benefits for 1s. 7d., while if she waits till she is 40 she must pay 2s. 5d. The annuity tables are graduated in like manner; the contributions vary from 11d. or 1s. 0½d. per month for mem-

bers joining at 16 years to 3s. 11d. or 4s. 11d. for those joining at 44 years—the superannuation allowance being 4s. or 5s. a week after 65 years of age, when all contributions cease.

Special mention must be made of Court Work and Leisure (7c, Lower Belgrave-street, London), which was founded in 1889 by Miss Louisa Hubbard for the convenience of professional women desiring higher rates of benefits than those offered by ordinary branches. Members of this Court can obtain sick benefits of 8s. to 10s. a week, annuities of 8s. to 10s. a week, and a funeral of £6 to £12. This Court admits single women or widows resident in any part of the United Kingdom. Benefit members must be women between 16 and 45 years of age, of good character and sound health. They must undergo medical examination and receive a certificate of good health from a qualified medical practitioner before they can be admitted to membership.

Married women too are admitted to the ordinary Courts of the society. In several Courts there is a maternity fund, which grants £1 to married members during confinement; ordinary sick pay is not allowed for this purpose. Girls under 16 are admitted as junior members, and are not allowed to take part in the business of the society.

The U.S.F.S. commends itself to ladies who have leisure and ability to help their less prosperous sisters. The management of a Court entails a considerable amount of correspondence and careful keeping of accounts and records, so that willing and capable women are much sought after to undertake the duties of president, secretary and treasurer of branches, which are generally honorary offices. The cost of management of a Court, after the initial expense of starting is paid, is small, and is defrayed partly by the contributions of benefit members, and partly by the subscriptions of honorary members, who pay 5s. a year for the right of membership.

Anyone wishing to join the society as an honorary or a benefit member, or to open a Court, should write for particulars to the Corresponding Secretary, at the Registered Office, 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W., or to the Hon. Organising Secretary, Miss Worsley, Rodney Lodge, Clifton, Bristol, who will be glad to arrange for speakers at women's meetings in places where it may be desired to establish branches.

The United Sisters Society fills a long-felt want among women, it sets them free from the grinding anxiety of poverty caused by sickness and old age, it trains them in business habits, unites all classes in a common interest, and helps to break down that isolation which is a frequent evil in women's work.

WOMEN may fancy they have influence, and may hold great meetings or pass resolutions, and forward them to Parliament in favour of peace, or temperance, or any other holy cause, believing they are doing a great work, but Professor Stuart, M.P., says it is like pulling a bell rope to which no bell is attached, or speaking into a telephone when no one is listening—because there is no link between women and the House of Commons. That link is the vote, and if women would help no candidate into Parliament who is opposed to their enfranchisement, that link would soon be forged, by the passing of the Women's Suffrage Bill.

Miss Priestman.

BUT it is sentiment not logic, against which we have to struggle, and we shall best do so by endeavouring to understand and make allowance for it, and then by steady working, shoulder to shoulder, so as to conquer, or rather win it over to our side.—*Miss Cobbe.*

Our Short Story.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

ANDREW LEE had come home from the shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits—came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband. There was invitation in the word only; none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop and the home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inner man if there had been only a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so in moody silence the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their breakfast-room with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast. After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and, placing a freshly-trimmed lamp on it, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He drew a deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then, drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and began to read. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather increased the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the page and read on:—

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered: "Oh! yes, that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough; but praise her for what? For being sullen and making your home the most disagreeable spot in the world?" His eyes fell again on the paper:—

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, food agreeable. For pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good, for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written for him, and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it to be a rebuke. He read no further, for thought became too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable as her hands could make it, and had he offered the slight return of praise for the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them: but he was not ready for this

yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression on his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill nature, and with ill nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper spread out before him, and he read the sentence:—

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer; his own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her and taking hold of the linen upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness, "You are doing this work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that the motion of the needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness, she did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little towards him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was a light in it and a light in the eye, but there was something in the expression of the countenance that puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew, standing up and going around to the side of the table where she was sitting. "What a question, Mary," he repeated, as he stood before her. "Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer. "How strange that you should ask me!"

"If you would only tell me so, now and then, Andrew, it would do me good."

Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

A strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given his wife even the smallest reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul and made all around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, and what he considered moodiness and ill nature took possession of her heart!

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife; I am proud of you, I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh! if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"These are precious words to me, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming in and flooding the home with joy and beauty.

LADY MAGISTRATES.—"Queen Mary, having overcome the repugnance of the English to be governed by a Sovereign Lady, was desirous to place her own sex in stations of authority of which there have been few examples before or since. She made Lady Berkeley a justice of the peace for Gloucestershire, and Lady Rous she appointed of the quorum for Suffolk, 'who did usually sit on the Bench at assizes and sessions among the other justices, *cincta gladio*, girt with the sword.' (Miss Strickland's "Life of Mary," pp. 424, 425, in Vol. V. of Queens of England, 1842.) For this assertion Miss Strickland in the note cites "Harl. MS. 980, 1, in MS. notes of Mr. Attorney-General Noy."

What Can Our Daughters Do for a Living?

MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

By LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

READING AT SIGHT.

THERE is an accomplishment which is seldom taught at musical academies in this country, although it forms a most necessary part of the equipment of a musician, and that is "reading at sight." In foreign conservatories I believe this power receives its due share of attention, for several students who came from Leipsic have told me how they would sometimes pass the whole time of the music-lesson in reading pianoforte duets with their professor. But in English Academies it is very rare for a pianist to find any opportunity of reading at sight; only those who play with the orchestra get any practice of this kind, and these, of course, are the pick of the whole Institution—people who are sufficiently proficient to be entrusted with such a responsible task, and not likely to be turned away from it as long as they do well. The ordinary rank and file get no chances of this kind, and I do not see that they get much opportunity of preparing themselves for such an arduous task.

Time is very precious at all our musical schools, and the professor has probably only twenty minutes to bestow on each pupil who is hungry for instruction. It will be found that the time spent in English academies between professor and student is entirely devoted to wrestling with new work. The one idea is to get through a quantity of fresh work, an old piece is never asked for, and the time devoted to the lessons is not sufficiently long to allow of any practice in reading at sight. Yet the acquirement of this gift is of enormous importance to the student, and may prove the most important factor in determining her future career.

No one could become an accompanist who could not read at sight, and we must remember that a good accompanist is always wanted though there is comparatively little scope for solo players. No one can accompany singers or take a part in an orchestra unless she can read at sight, no one can be an efficient teacher if he cannot read music at a glance. The cultivation of this faculty is by no means an easy task, but its exercise always obtains great *fruits* for its possessor. The exercise of this gift is always a great delight; what can give greater happiness than the rapid interpretation of the thoughts of a great mind? the lightning sketch of the meaning of a master? Every time you read music at sight you are adding some item to the store of your musical knowledge, and the possession of this power is well worth the enormous trouble, by which alone it can be obtained. The way to acquire it is rarely taught in schools, nor is it sufficiently insisted on; but the student must work out her own salvation in this respect, if she does not receive help from her professor.

Reading at sight is a great refreshment to the musical student herself, too, and a delightful change after hours spent in ordinary practice. A "good reader" is always able to be of use in the world, and though we cannot all shine forth as great soloists the person who can read an accompaniment at sight is always sure of appreciation. And there is another reason for the cultivation of this gift, it makes the student acquainted with a larger range of music than she could come across in any other way. Life is not long enough to make one acquainted with a hundredth part of all the splendid things which have been written, and the amount of music

one gets through in the course of one's ordinary studies is comparatively small. Reading at sight is necessary in order to enlarge our musical knowledge, besides forming an important factor in our musical progress.

The student should endeavour to set apart a portion of each day for the practice of this useful exercise, half an hour a day might be devoted to this purpose with advantage, and more when time allowed. She should also try to get a good practice at reading in company with one of her fellow-students once or twice a week in addition. For good as it is to read by sight by oneself, the exercise is not to be compared with reading in company with someone else. No lagging and dawdling is possible when one is playing in a duet (either with a violinist or with another pianoforte player), and a mistake in the time is instantly apparent. The weaker student learns from the stronger one, and gets many a hint as to the correct rendering of a difficult passage.

Reading at sight is not idle strumming, it is not lazily trying to pick out the notes of a new piece, playing the pretty parts and leaving out the difficulties; it is taking some work that is perfectly fresh, and playing it right off, up to time, with precision and courage. The piece must not tax the fullest powers of the student, it should be something well within reach, as it were, far below the difficulty of the pieces she studies. The player must endeavour never to slacken for an instant, nor to get the time slower. Once she has started she must go on to the finish. If she gets a bar wrong she must not go back again, as this is practising, not reading.

She should try to think of the performance of this piece as though it were a kind of machine which there was no stopping when once it was started.

A very good way for the beginner is to beat time all the way through (or at any rate, until she is fairly started) with the heel of her right foot (keeping her toe on the ground), as this will keep the time up to the mark, and is very little exertion. Give four beats in the bar at the commencement, afterwards a beat at the beginning of the bar will be enough.

The student must always try to read a little ahead, remembering the rule never to rob the bar which is coming. When she is playing Bar 1 she should be looking at Bar 2, and as she gets more proficiency she will be able to read several bars ahead. A knowledge of harmony is of the greatest service in reading, as it enables the student to take in certain progressions at a glance. When very heavy and tiring passages are at hand the student must reserve her strength a little in the bars which precede them.

Before beginning to play a piece it is as well to look it through. Say to yourself, "What key is it in?" and play the scale of that key with its principal chords, also the scale of its relative minor, which is pretty certain to make its appearance sooner or later. Next look at the time signature, and try to realise the measure. If it is in 6-8 or 19-8 try to realise the swing of the dotted time before beginning to play, and decide to take the piece as far as possible at the exact tempo the composer intended. Try not only to play the notes, but to render something of the character of the piece—for playing a piece *agitato*, *staccato* or *legato*, as it happens to be written, is a help and not a hindrance to the rendering, as you get hold of the composer's meaning more easily when following his exact instructions.

The first time a piece is read you should try to play all the notes, the second time all the expression marks should be added. You should only read at sight when the mind is perfectly fresh. Perfect concentration of mind is necessary, shut out the whole of the external world for the time being, and give yourself entirely up to the correct rendering of the music.

With regard to the music the greatest possible variety of matter should be gone through, classical one day, romantic the next, and light modern music besides. Kuhtan's tiny old-fashioned sonatas or Clementi's sonatas are good things to begin with, as they are very simple yet pleasing, or anything in the shape of a sonata is always good for reading (as long as it is not too difficult) as the "subjects" and ornamental phrases are sure to be repeated often, only in different keys, and it is both instructive and delightful to find oneself repeating the same idea better every time it reappears.

Begin with very simple music, else you will be discouraged, but you will soon get on from strength to strength, and feel the joy of increased power.

It is often difficult to get hold of enough new music when one requires something fresh every day; the best plan is to belong to a music library, and change once a week, so that one has no time to linger over the music until it is too familiar to be of use. Or one may exchange music with fellow students, or borrow some appropriate work from the library of the music school one is attending—even the old bound-up music books belonging to our mothers and aunts may yield a certain amount of matter for reading.

And by degrees one becomes a good reader, and is able to play new works with other people with a certain amount of confidence. Overtures and symphonies and all manner of

difficult works can be read at sight, if not with absolute correctness, at any rate with a fair amount of spirit, and so as to give a good notion of the composer's meaning, and the pianist is never at a loss when called upon to accompany a singer, or to play a violin accompaniment at sight. And even when the day of the soloist is over, and the physical strength is not sufficient to allow of the vigorous practising of former days, the pleasure in reading at sight continues, and the musician can always be happy in tracing the thoughts of a great composer.

Courage and industry are the only means for the acquisition of this gift, but it is worth any trouble to acquire.

Every student will find out things which are helpful to herself in reading at sight, as in every other branch of study, when once she knows the way to begin. I will close my article with one more practical hint—a recipe which is rather an attraction, but productive, if continued, of the very best results. Here it is. Take any hymn tune of eight or sixteen bars, and read it at sight in a different key from the one in which it is written. If you did this steadily every day for a year before you began your ordinary practice all other reading at sight would become easy to you by comparison. Transposing is simply an invaluable aid to the mastery of this art, and the time occupied by the exercise referred to is naturally very light. It is the perseverance to continue it that is wanted, and I am afraid that cannot be given along with the advice!

EXPOSURE TO WIND.

A MISTAKE by no means yet exploded is that the north-east is the direction in which houses want most protection from wind, and this despite Charles Kingsley's eloquent defence of that "wind of God" in his well-known ode. East winds, says an eminent authority, Sir Edmund Beckett, are undoubtedly odious, though valuable for a certain time; but they are the least violent of all, and their qualities not such as are affected by mere screening, at least with reference to the side of a house, though it is different for a garden, which certainly should not slope to the north-east. The highest winds and the hottest are the south-west, and the south-west side of a house is the most liable to damp, from the wind blowing the rain against it. Accordingly, that is the side on which protection by trees, not too near, is most important. Even a low wall with a sloping top is said to throw the wind upwards so much as to protect gardens and other things behind it, and a very open screen will break the force of the wind.

EXPERIMENTS have been made in a Cincinnati hospital which show that the veils now so much worn by women are often the cause of headaches and serious injury to the eyes.

ECONOMICAL COOKERY.

By MISS LIZZIE HERITAGE

(First Class Diplôme Cookery and Domestic Economy; Author of "Cassell's New Universal Cookery," &c., &c.)

SALADS FOR SUMMER.

A REQUEST has been made for a recipe for a vegetable salad, but I am leading off with something rather different from a vegetable dish pure and simple, feeling sure that it will appeal to many who are on the look out for some new form for the tasty disposal of scraps. And this should be particularly useful, inasmuch as there are no precise amounts of the materials. Now imagine that the larder boasts a bit of cooked poultry and lean ham; or some veal with or without the poultry, though even a modicum of the latter is well bestowed. Take some small dice of the meat, having freed it from anything gristly or skinny, and blend with about an equal amount of cooked potatoes and tomatoes, also in dice; then add sprigs of cauliflower, or some of the stem cut small; now take a small pickled gherkin sliced very finely, two or three anchovies filleted and cut up (for about a pint of the meat and vegetables), then add a large teaspoonful of minced capers and a couple of hard-boiled eggs in dice. The ham is really better chopped, as the idea is to spread the flavour throughout the mass. It is important that these items be mixed just before serving, or at any rate the tomatoes should be left till last, or they become watery. Then pour over a dressing, which may be simple or otherwise; needless to say, a mayonnaise gives a high class character to the dish, but in quite a simple form it will be approved.

Almost every salad "mixist" has a pet formula for the dressing, but given the nicest possible dressing, care is required that the vegetables are not watery. With this precaution almost all sorts may be used. Beetroot can be used in place of, or blend with, tomatoes; a modicum of young carrot is very nice; and when the dish is to replace the joint, haricots are well borne in mind, being so nutritious.

A FISH AND VEGETABLE SALAD

is obtained by using cooked fish in flakes in place of the meat. It is bettered considerably if seasoned before mixing with the rest, with salt and pepper, a little lemon juice and anchovy essence; also, if a dry fish, bear in mind some good oil; these ingredients for the preliminary seasoning are supplementary to the actual dressing.

FOR A VEGETABLE SALAD,

take the vegetables named, not forgetting haricots, and mix them well, all being cooked and drained; and many like a little chopped macaroni put in. Then add some hard egg yolks, sieved or cut up; the whites may be reserved for the garnishing, with some little red radishes, or whatever may be handy. To give piquancy, one or two radishes, cleaned and grated, will be found very nice, and many can digest them in this form who must shun them in all others. Cress, lettuce, and other "green

meats" may be used as a garnish. The dressing should be nicely seasoned, or a vegetable salad is often voted insipid. A small quantity of curry paste is admirable; chopped, thick pickles, with some of the liquor, or some good chutney, may also be borne in mind.

It is so easy to obtain ordinary salad dressing recipes, and to alter them to suit particular palates, that I am giving instead a hint or two respecting salads made from one sort of vegetable only, for when properly prepared they are very delicious. For instance, green peas: Put a breakfast cupful, after shelling, in an earthen jar with a teaspoonful or two of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of sugar, a good pinch of salt and white pepper, and a couple of ounces of fresh butter; cover tightly and cook by steaming in boiling water. The jar is to be uncovered, and the contents left to get cold in it. Then, all to be done is to squeeze more lemon juice over, with seasoning as required. Owing to the butter, oil is not called for here. A spoonful of mint sauce is a suitable addition.

FRENCH BEANS

are excellent if cut thinly and cooked in a similar way, except that no lemon juice need be added. Less butter suffices. When stone cold dress them with oil and vinegar in equal parts, some of the vinegar should be Tarragon; naturally a little lemon juice may be mixed with it.

WITH REFERENCE TO TOMATOES,

here is something decidedly novel to many. Plunge them into boiling water, then into cold, so as to remove the skins; pass the pulp through a hair or china sieve and mix it with some thick salad dressing, so that the whole is a smooth, piquant *purée*. It will be found as delicious with hot meat as with cold, or with game it is famous. I am indebted to an Indian cook for the idea, and while there is plenty of scope for originality in the making of the dressing, the following was suggested as one of the most suitable:—

Work together the yolks of two large eggs, boiled quite hard, and a tablespoonful of salad oil, a little sugar, salt, and dry mustard to suit the taste, say a small teaspoonful, about as much vinegar as oil, and a few drops of onion juice; after mixing with the tomato pulp, a spoonful of cream can be added, drop by drop. Should cress or lettuce be used as an outer edge to this *purée*, the hard whites, stamped into pretty shapes with a cutter and placed about will enhance the colour.

To return to radishes, it may be added that a teaspoonful or so, scraped or grated, mixed with a thick salad dressing highly flavoured with mustard, chopped capers, and Tarragon, is a capital relish to cold beef, and other fare of a substantial kind.

It may not be inconsistent with this paper, to add the warning, so often ignored, that when salads of the watery class (lettuce for example) are consumed freely, it is inadvisable to drink much tea or other beverage at the same time. This habit gives rise to a feeling of distension, and the salad is often unjustly blamed.

As to the oil used, let it be good; nothing is more unpleasant than oil with even a slightly rancid odour, and unfortunately this is the only quality with which many are familiar. Low priced oil is not cheap, is calculated to disgust those who partake of it, and to derange the digestive organs; on the contrary, good oil is nourishing, but to get the right thing, a first-class dealer who turns his stock over quickly should be applied to, and a fair price must be paid for it.

A LEADING HOUSE.

THE representative of the Confectioners' Union went to Histon, a village near Cambridge, on a summer's afternoon, to view the factory arrangements of Messrs. Chivers, and we wish we could print *in extenso* his report to the Trade Journal on whose behalf he was engaged. But space unfortunately forbids, and we must rest content with a few items only of the report. After eulogising the excellence of material, great attention and cleanliness, &c., he continues: "There is hardly anything more for me to say about this remarkable business—remarkable because in 21 years its manufactures have made such gigantic strides in popular favour. In all parts of the country the name of Chivers is known. It is associated—indissolubly associated, I hope—with pure food stuff. The firm have always maintained the standard of excellence they set up in 1873—a standard that has lifted up the trade. Continue to conduct your business on this basis, ye House of Histon, and you will have thousands of your fellows echo the words of Mr. H. E. Hoare, M.P., the member of Parliament for your division: 'I had the pleasure of tasting some of your fresh Strawberry Jam; and when I say I think jam is good enough, I always say it is like home-made jam. I can only say this, that I never had in all my life better home-made Strawberry Jam. I am quite certain that as long as that excellence is maintained, so long will the prosperity of the firm continue.'"

The pans, ladles, etc., used in the preparation of Chivers' Jams are silver electro-plated, to ensure thorough cleanliness and positive purity. The fruit also is boiled the same day as picked, and being grown in and near Histon the fruit is naturally of the sweetest, and most wholesome. The firm have also a great reputation for their Gold Medal Table Jellies, which are flavoured with ripe fruit juices, set quickly, firmly, and are brilliantly bright and appetising in appearance. 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.

SIR GEORGE; "Look here, John, my lady complains that when you meet her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it." John: "Beggin' your pardon, Sir George, but in a book on etyketty which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."

For INFANTS

MELLIN'S
FOOD

When Prepared is
similar to Breast Milk.

and INVALIDS.

Samples post free from
Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.

SARGEANT'S PATENT IMPROVED DETACHABLE CYCLE HANDLE-BAR.

CONTAINS (Inside and out of sight) PUMP, OIL CAN, CLEANER, ATTACHED COMBINED SPANNER & CARRIER.

BY means of a beautiful piece of mechanism half the Handle-Bar can be easily detached or refixed by the rider by one turn of the wrist.

CONVEYANCE BY RAIL.—The detachable Handle-Bar is retained by the rider, and its production is proof of ownership, the same number or name being engraved on each handle.



THE Bar can be fixed to any machine, and when used prevents loss of pump, spanner, cleaner, oil can, carrier, or cycle. RISK of THEFT is reduced to a minimum by the use of the Handle-Bar so long as the owner retains the detachable portion in his possession.

Price, Single Bars, £1 12s. 6d. nett. Five Bars and upwards, £1 10s. each.

Orders must be accompanied by cash, and Bars will be delivered according to date of order. To be obtained of all Cycle Agents, or from the Foundry direct.

N.B.—The Patent can be applied to old handles (which will be repaired), at a charge of 1s. 6d., or post free, 1s.

Sargeant's Patent Bicycle Handle Co., The Foundry, Wokingham.

HANS DUNDERKOPF'S VIEWS OF EQUALITY.

HANS DUNDERKOPF stood on the stack;
His wife stood on the load;
An advocate of equal rights
Came walking down the road.
Said he, "I have a paper here
For all good men to sign,
Who think that woman's rights should be
The same as yours and mine."
Said Hans, "I sign that paper shoor,
I always tink, you see,
Dot on der farm mein vife got right
To work so much as me.
It likes me not to plow alone;
I quicker wheat can sow
Denn when mein vife undt mein big girl
To help me both shall go.
"Dey seed, dey dig, dey planzen corn;
Dey vorken mit dem hay;
Dey bindt them barley first goot up,
Den trash it. What you say?
I help to do not work ins house?
Ach, mein! I like dot no.
I be no voman anyhow,
I not can cook undt sew.
"Das vater bringen? Das is goot;
I make mein frau von yoke;
If I mein selbst das vater bring
I get no time to schmoke.
Mein vife she feeds mein horses all;
She clean dot stable outd;
She milk dem cows, she feed dem calfs,
Und lead dem all about.
"She coffee makes tree times ein day,
She bring it twice to aus;
Der sun be hot, I rest me den
While she bin gone to hause.
She vant me not das fire to make;
She tink I know not how;
Mein hans not right for voman's vork;
I not can milk von cow.
"But ven it comes to farmer vork
I do it always half;
I always bleef in equal rights.
Mein freund, vhat for you laugh?"
"To see the equal rights you grant!
They're not the rights that I
Would ask my mother, sister, wife,
Or daughters dear, to try.
"Women are taxed as well as men;
The laws they must obey;
Should they not vote as well as we
At each election day?"
"Coot gracious! Die vimmen at die polls
Undt vote! Dot vhat you mean?
It couldn't vas, it never vas,
Undt never vill pe seen.
"Mein cracious! If Katrina dere
Should try to pe a man,
Undt veard die britch undt go to vote
I tell her somdings denn.
She find quick outd vho ist der boss,
Der dickens ist to pay—
I got not time to talk mit you,—
Katrina, pitch der hay."

Mrs. JULIA B. NELSON.

COMMON DISEASES.
II.—THE LUNGS.

LUNG troubles in the British Isles are more common than any other diseases. Simple catarrhs or colds lead to bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. In addition to these minor troubles the lungs are subject to diseases due to germs, such as consumption. When at a mean sea level the oxygen is plentiful, all the breathing capacity of the lungs is not used; but ascend, say, a mile above sea level, and all the lung substance is called into play. That is how consumptives are sent to places a mile and more above sea level, where they are benefited and sometimes cured. Pneumonia is another disease due to germs. More care is required in cold, damp weather to keep them free from trouble than any other organs of our body. The question of pure air is a vital one, and exercise in all weathers in the open air is of the utmost importance. But over and above all is the absolute necessity for keeping the body in robust health. See how quickly a weakly, anæmic person catches cold, and how soon it flies to the lungs.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, with its pure Caracas Cocoa, Kola, Extract of Malt, and Extract of Hops, is not a medicine, but imparts nourishment, and comes to the rescue by building up strength and vigour.

Mothers who would keep their children in good health should give them morning and evening Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa made with hot milk. Delicate men and women who have weak lungs, to be hale, robust, and healthy should use Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa morning and evening, and all men who have to be exposed to the bleak uncertainty of our trying climate should fortify themselves before they face their daily toil with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and they can then brave the fury of the elements with equanimity. The writer speaks from personal experience and from observation of beneficial effects on others. Tea opens the pores and temporarily excites, coffee stimulates the action of the heart, whilst Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the lung tissues. It is indeed a wonderful food beverage. Nothing has ever been discovered that can approach it in giving lightness of heart, joy of life, fleetness of foot, and that general feeling of comfort which only comes from a full capacity to enjoy every pleasure—moral, intellectual, and physical.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is made up in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. It can be obtained from all chemists, grocers and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61 and 62, Bunhill-row, London, E.C.

Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader (a postcard will do) who names the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

A SMALL THORN or splinter may frequently be brought to the surface and taken out by pressure on the soft surrounding parts, which may sometimes effectually be done by firmly pressing a key with its hole immediately over the wound.

ONE of the best and quickest ways of cleaning the isinglass windows in a stove is with vinegar and water. Dip a soft cloth in the vinegar and water, and quickly rub the windows over, going well into the corners. The windows will remain clean for a long time.

To tighten cane-seat chairs, turn up the chair-bottom and wash the cane-work thoroughly with soapy water and a soft cloth. Let it dry in the air, and it will be firm as when new, provided the cane has not been broken.

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, in halfpenny stamps, to G. FOSTER CLARK & Co., 264, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.



HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

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

MORE ABOUT WATERING.

I PROMISED to say more on this subject, especially with reference to its use in dry seasons, in the fruit and vegetable garden. What I urge is the watering of plants in the open, not those only under cover. Everybody considers that these last must have artificial supplies, whether they know how to regulate the amount given or not. But although a drought may be injuring the outside crops ever so severely, you will be told by the ordinary gardener, "It's no use watering them: it will only do more harm than good, unless you mean to go on."

Well, why not go on? there can be no reason, unless it be a deficit of water. Laziness is the only other excuse. The lazy gardener will make a great show of watering for one or two evenings, not giving enough to anything; then call on you to witness, that "it is no use," and so that is an end of the attempt. The watering only hardens the ground, making it cake on the surface, he argues, and so does real harm, instead of being beneficial.

Of course a surface watering will cake the surface of the soil. What should be done, is to thoroughly saturate the beds containing certain crops about twice a week, taking some one evening, some another. "A thankless and interminable task," did you remark?

Not at all; in this changeable climate the weather may break any day, and far from thankless, for you will have saved your crops. The break in the weather may come in time to save their existence, but your attention will save their succulence, which, if once lost, could not be recovered by torrents of rain. A lettuce that has become tough, flabby and bitter in the prolonged struggle, cannot renew its youth when "washed by a shower," but remains bitter and tough though it may cease to be flabby.

What housekeeper will not remember how bad celery was last autumn and winter? I only tasted really good celery once, and that from a country garden where the trenches were assiduously watered in the drought of early summer. Where it was not done the heads ceased growing, got stringy and prematurely ripe, so that when the rains came, which spoiled the summer holidays of so many of us, they also spoiled the celery; it began to decay on the outside, and so we had to cut away quite half the sticks and had only little miserable pieces left, scarcely fit to eat, and with no heart among them.

This is the time of year to secure the welfare of strawberry plants, to a great extent. If after fruiting the beds are allowed to become parched and the plants flag, good crops cannot be expected next year. Neither celery, trench nor strawberry plot will be any better for a nightly sprinkle, but three or four thorough soaks will make all the difference to them. In large gardens this must be administered by a hose or garden engine, in small ones by hand.

Raspberries, if supplied with sufficient moisture, keep on ripening fruits for two or three months, but if dry the secondary fruit shrivel up and are lost. This plant, in a wild state, grows in damp places, often in swamps, yet we frequently see it planted in the driest, sunniest spot in the garden.

Apples, pears and plums will often stop swelling, turn yellow and fall when insufficiently supplied with moisture, and when bearing heavily. Sometimes the entire crop goes in this provoking way. Often it might have been saved by timely watering. These, again, are no cases for sprinkling, but a complete saturation of the surrounding soil is needed. The proportion of water must be regulated by the size of the tree, five or six gallons will be none too much for a medium-sized espalier for instance. And the water should not be poured at the foot of the stem, but some little distance from it, as it is through their fibrous roots these trees take up water and nourishment, and these grow out and away from the main roots, in search of the substances which it is their function to supply to the parent plant.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

By COLONEL JOHN HAY.

(Present American Ambassador to England.)

THE king was sick. Yet his cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright:
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.
But he said he was ill and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score,
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the college for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
The one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.
The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:

They who recovered, paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,

As the king on his couch recline;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old doctor said, "You're as sound as a nut."

"Hang him up!" roared the king in a gale—
In a terrible gale of royal rage:
The other doctor grew pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
"The King will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a Happy Man."

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you,
friend!"

You seem to be happy to-day."
"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright,
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it," cried he, as he roared with
the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back!"

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes;

Till he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And of fancied illness and gloom;
And he opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room;

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him; the land was
glad,
And the king became well and gay.

"The horrid thing," said Lottie. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Pollie. "Why, I have just received a letter from my brother in India. He shot an elephant the other day, and writes that if he can kill another he will have a pair of slippers made out of their hides for me."

"I wish my little boy would try to be good all the time," said Bobby's mamma, as she was rocking the little fellow to sleep. "I do," replied Bobby. "But I don't think I am big enough to do very well at it yet."

THE TRUMPETER'S CHRISTMAS.

(From the *Wednesbury Herald*.)

To talk of a trumpeter who cannot blow a trumpet sounds rather anomalous. Yet a bandman acknowledged that he had been in the unfortunate predicament of being unable to perform even this simple and elementary piece of work.

"Yes, I was taken with what the doctor—who was called in by my friends—told me was bronchitis and influenza. I felt very low and weak. I had a bad pain in my side, and my head was all wrong. The sensation of giddiness was never absent. Work was out of the question, and I could not read or do anything to pass the time. I could not even blow my trumpet—for I am a member of the Aston United Brass Band. I took quinine to strengthen me, besides a lot of doctor's medicine. But nothing seemed to do me good. One feature of my complaint was persistent diarrhoea, which weakened me very much. Altogether I was very ill and low-spirited."

"But you are looking very well now?"
"Never felt better. I read in a newspaper about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the wonderful cures they have worked in cases which seemed to be like my own. I procured a box and received immediate benefit. By the time the pills were finished I was quite well again and able to spend a happy Christmas. I am back at work now, and I have had no recurrence of the unpleasant symptoms of my illness. I have no hesitation in ascribing my cure to their action, and if I am ill at any future time it is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I shall fly."

This is only one case out of many which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured. They are praised amongst all classes as a strengthening and tonic medicine for men, women or children. They are not like other medicine, nor can they be imitated, as is sometimes dishonestly pretended; take care that the package bears the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in case of doubt, send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C., as the Pills can be had post free at 2s. 9d., or six boxes for 13s. 9d. They have cured numerous cases of rheumatism, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, influenza, anaemia, palpitations, and the disorders which arise from impoverished blood, such as muscular weakness, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, pain in the back, nervous headache, early decay, and all forms of female weakness.

The trumpeter whose cure is described above kindly consented to the publication of his name and address. He is well-known and widely-respected, and will be instantly recognised by thousands of readers—Mr. Alfred Partridge, of 61, Franchise-street, King's-hill, Wednesbury, a forger by trade. He follows his employment at Aston, almost within sound of the roar of the traffic in the busy streets of Birmingham.

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THE *Muscari*, or grape-hyacinths, are suitable for collection; there are about forty distinct species, and some varieties produced by Lybri-disabis. For example, the *M. Corsicum*, one of the finest as to size of head, and intense blue colouring, used to be scentless, but has now been invested with that charm. With them, however, as with some other flowers, the strongest fragrance belongs to the least conspicuous blossoms; *Muscari Moschatum*, for instance, a very small, dull flower, having a penetrating spicy odour, distinguishing it from all others.

Last, but by no means least, I will mention the *Eurythronus*, or "Dog-tooth" violets. Natives of Russia, Siberia, Japan and North America. They have everything to recommend them, handsome leaves, graceful habit, exquisite colouring; their short period of blossoming is the only drawback.

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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. Philip 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.

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