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Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

SIGNAL

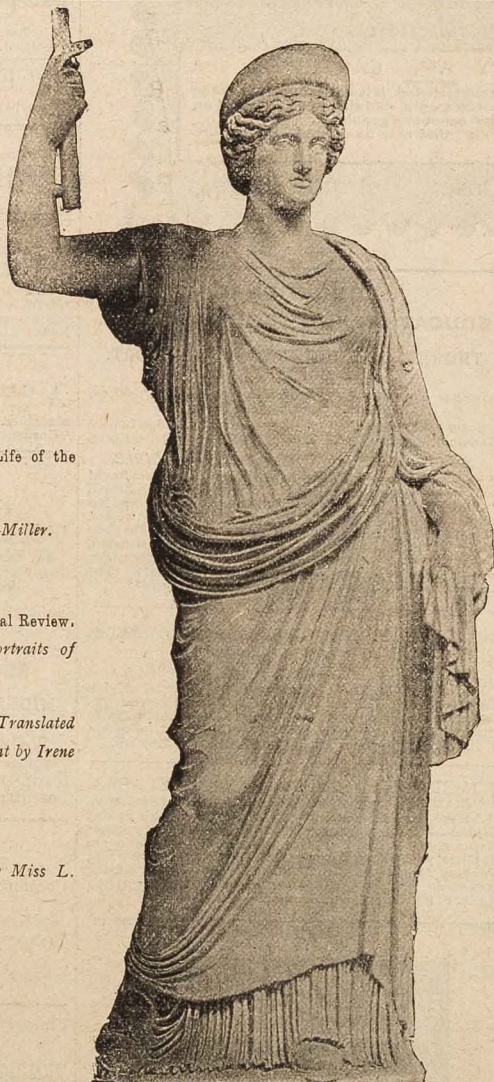
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JUNE 24TH, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Principal Contents OF this Issue.



A Book of the Hour: Mrs. Fawcett's Life of the Queen.

Great Queens. By Mrs. Fenwick-Miller.

The Discovery of America.

This Wonderful Sixty Years: A General Review. By the Editor. Illustrated with Portraits of the Queen.

Our Short Story: The Prisoners. (Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant by Irene Miller-Ford.)

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&c., &c., &c.

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

A Book of the Hour.

MRS. FAWCETT'S LIFE OF THE QUEEN.*

ALMOST every publisher in London has brought out something or the other in commemoration of the Queen's long reign. Amongst the numerous books that have come into this office there has been nothing so distinguished from a literary point of view, or on the whole so interesting, as Mrs. Fawcett's "Life of the Queen." One reason why it is peculiarly interesting is that Mrs. Fawcett takes into account that wider view of the Queen's life as a stateswoman, which most of the more ordinary writers have proved themselves rather afraid to touch. It is impossible that this side of the Queen's career can be properly and fully treated until it has passed into history. Probably what Mrs. Fawcett gives is as much as can be at present discovered or put on record. A very interesting chapter is headed "The Queen and the Empire," from which the following passage may be selected:—

"The Queen fully realised, and has over and over again expressed, in the most definite way, the truth that in England the real ultimate power is the will of the people. They may decide wrong, but their decision is the ultimate authority. Her own private opinions on various political questions have no weight in opposition to the will of the people. A large number of her Ministers have left on record their experience of the Queen's complete loyalty to this fundamental principle. She will never let her private feelings or opinions stand in the way of her duty as a Constitutional Sovereign. This being so, an impression has gained ground in some quarters that a Constitutional Monarch is only a sort of Chinese mandarin, mechanically nodding assent to whatever is proposed by the Ministers. This is very far from being true. All the executive officers of the Crown are directly responsible to the Queen, and she keeps a watchful eye over their departments, requiring constant reports and to have proofs of their efficiency submitted to her. Then in matters involving conflict between parties, she exercises a moderating influence, inducing the 'outs' to use their position with a due sense of responsibility to national interests, and not to think that these may be sacrificed for the mere purpose of defeating the 'ins.' In matters involving conflict between the Lords and Commons, the present Sovereign has again and again prevented matters coming to a dead-lock, reminding the leaders of the House of Lords of the fundamental fact that the will of the people is the ultimate source of authority, and inducing the leaders of the House of Commons to act in a spirit of statesmanlike conciliation and moderation. Two examples will suffice to show how invaluable the exercise of these functions may be, and how they serve to oil the rather cumbrous machinery of the constitution. . . . It will be within the recollection of many readers that the election of 1868 was fought mainly on the question of the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, and that an enormous majority was returned to the House of Commons favourable to its disestablishment. The House of Lords, by a large majority, were in favour of

the Establishment. Here, then, was a fine field for a battle between the two Houses. The new Parliament was opened on February 16th, 1869. On that morning the Archbishop of Canterbury received an autograph letter from the Queen, expressing her anxiety on the subject of the proposed measure, and adding:—

"The Queen has seen Mr. Gladstone, who shows the most conciliatory disposition. He seems to be really moderate in his views, and anxious, so far as he can properly and consistently do so, to meet the objections of those who would maintain the Irish Church."

"She then pointed out the desirability of a conference between Mr. Gladstone and the Archbishop on the subject of the forthcoming Disestablishment Bill; she had already paved the way for this in conversation with the Prime Minister, and was confident that while he would strictly maintain the principle of disestablishment, there were many matters connected with the question which might be open to discussion and negotiation. The interview between Mr. Gladstone and the Archbishop took place almost



THE QUEEN AT HER ACCESSION.

immediately. It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the sagacity which prompted the Queen to bring about this meeting before the introduction and publication of the Bill, rather than after. It is much easier to prevent an irreconcilable hostility by friendly negotiation, than to charm it away after it has once sprung into existence. The Bill passed through the House of Commons practically unaltered; all amendments were rejected by immense majorities; there was, in a word, every indication that the Bill was a practical expression of the national will. Then came its fate in the Lords to be considered; and again the Archbishop, by the Queen's commands, put himself in communication with the Prime Minister on the subject, with the view of averting a collision between the two Houses. The Archbishop gave his strenuous support to the Lords adopting the policy of passing the second reading, and amending the Bill in committee. The ordinary Conservative majority in the Lords in 1869 was about sixty; and the practical question was how many of the Opposition could be induced either to abstain from voting or to support the second reading. Much, the Archbishop wrote to the Queen, would depend on Lord Granville's tone in introducing the Bill in the Lords. He ventured to suggest that Her Majesty should represent this to him. . . . Lord Salisbury, among other well-known Conservative leaders, voted with the Government

in favour of the second reading, which was carried by a majority of thirty-three. The first danger to the Bill was thus safely passed, but the acute stage of the fight between the Lords and Commons occurred over the Lords' amendments, which were both numerous and important. The Archbishop was again in almost hourly communication with the Queen, constantly urged by her that a spirit of moderation must be shown on both sides, in order to secure a successful issue. In one of his letters to the Queen, while the war on the amendments was being waged (July 8th, 1869), the Archbishop suggested that, rather than yield on one point connected with the endowments, it would be better to defeat the Bill and risk another year of agitation. The Queen immediately replied, deprecating this course, and expressing her fear that another year of political warfare would result in worse, rather than better, terms being forced upon the Church. She herself had all along favoured the plan of concurrent endowment, but the majority in the House of Commons was strongly against it, and all the amendments in this direction introduced by the Lords were disallowed. . . . The Government were prepared to give way on the clause relating to the disposal of the surplus, to accord terms more favourable to the commuting clergy of the Disestablished Church, and to concur in the postponement of the date of the disestablishment. On the other hand, they nailed their colours to the mast against concurrent endowment. This indicates the basis of the compromise ultimately arrived at, and without doubt it was largely due to the efforts made by the Queen to bring it about. The Archbishop wrote in his diary, July 25th, 1869:—

"A messenger from Windsor waiting for me with a further letter from the Queen about the Irish Church. It is a great blessing that the Queen takes such a vivid interest in the welfare of her people, and is (e.g.) so earnest to ward off a collision between the two Houses of Parliament."

"He then gives a narrative of his personal activity in bringing about the compromise and his negotiations with Lords Salisbury, Cairns, Grey, and Carnarvon on the one side, and Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville on the other, and adds, 'We have made the best terms we could, and, thanks to the Queen, a collision between the two Houses has been averted.'"

"Through the publication of the Archbishop's life, a detailed account of the Queen's activity in this matter has been given to the public; but in order fully to appreciate it, it should be borne in mind that the circumstances just narrated are only a specimen of what is constantly going on, of the Queen's unwearied watchfulness over national interests, so that necessary changes take place without unnecessary friction and violence. There is a passage in one of the Queen's letters to her uncle, published in the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' in which Her Majesty expresses (in 1852) her weariness of political strife, and says, 'We women are not made for governing.' As this passage meets the eye one can hardly forbear the remembrance that St. Paul wrote of himself, no doubt sincerely, as the chief of sinners. No sovereign has ever shown more diligence, tact and courage in the fulfilment of Royal duties than the Queen, and there can be no doubt not only of her vast knowledge, but also of her intense interest in her work, and of its high utility to the nation."

As in all books upon this subject, the greater part of it has of necessity been constructed from Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort"; that book, having been produced under the personal inspection and assistance of the

*"The Life of Her Majesty The Queen." By Mrs. Millicent G. Fawcett. London: W. H. Allen & Co. Price 1s. 6d.; gilt cloth, 2s. 6d.

Queen, is of necessity a great authority, and the most complete one for the personal life of the earlier part of her Majesty's reign. Nevertheless, as the above quotation shows, Mrs. Fawcett has not failed to refer to all such political memoirs as are now available, and she gives in her appendix a list of many of such books to which she has referred. Personal memoirs, too, such as those of the Princess Alice and Lady Bloomfield (the latter one of the Queen's Maids of Honour in her early married life), are drawn upon by Mrs. Fawcett, and commented upon by her with a freshness and originality that are interesting always and frequently valuable. Here is an amusing and yet just criticism of an expression (doubtless carelessly) used by the Prince Consort:—

"Prior to the birth of Princess Louise, the Queen had gone through a time of very serious anxiety in regard to political affairs. The revolutionary movement of 1848 was at its height, and though England passed through it safely, yet no one could know at the time that it would do so, and especially that the Chartist movement would not develop in the direction of revolutionary violence. In the early months of this year, the Queen had made ready all the rooms at Windsor to receive the fugitive Royal Family of France, who arrived one after another in so forlorn a condition that Her Majesty had to clothe as well as shelter them. The Prince's step-grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Gotha, who had been almost a mother to him in his childhood, died just at this time. On every side there appeared trouble and misfortune in both public and private affairs. The Prince wrote on February 29th:—

"France is in flames; Belgium is menaced. We have a ministerial, money, and tax crisis; and Victoria is on the point of being confined. My heart is heavy."

"It was in this depression that the courageous heart of the loving woman cheered and sustained that of her husband. As soon as she was able to write after the birth of the new baby, she wrote to her Uncle Leopold:—

"From the first I heard all that passed; my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer, quieter, or less nervous. Great events make me calm, it is only trifles that irritate my nerves."

"The letter in which the Prince announced to Stockmar the birth of Princess Louise contains one expression which invites criticism; he writes:—'I have good news for you to-day. Victoria was safely delivered this morning, and though it be a daughter, still my joy and gratitude are very great.' &c. The Prince is only responsible for the sentiment, not for the italics; but why should it be necessary to write in this way of the birth of a daughter even in the dark, backward and abyss of time of 1848? Mr. George Meredith writes of one of his heroines that she had never gone through the various nursery exercises in dissimulation, and 'had no appearance of praying forgiveness of men for the original sin of being a woman.' But here we have an even more perverted sentiment than that presented by a woman apologising for being a woman; it is black ingratitude for one of the best gifts God gives to man when either father or mother begrudges a welcome to a new baby on account of its sex. The Queen, we gather, did not give little girls a grudging welcome to this world: on the birth of her first grand-daughter, the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, in 1800, she wrote of the netts that 'Vicky had a daughter. What joy.'"

Here is an interesting quotation from the account Mrs. Fawcett gives of the Queen's widowed condition:—

"When the blow of her husband's death fell upon her, the effect on the Queen was overwhelming. She was stunned by it. In after years she could hardly remember those dreadful days of the first realisation of her loss; the effect of her anguish was like that of a physical blow, producing insensibility, or at least the inability to record in the tables of the memory the sharp pangs she then endured. . . . She

began after a few days to transact necessary business. On the 20th December, one of the family wrote from Windsor that she had signed some papers, and had seen Lord Granville. One of her political letters to Lord Palmerston, written in January, 1862, has been already quoted. It is entirely characteristic of her that her first public utterance after the death of her husband was an expression of tenderest sympathy with the wives and children of 204 poor men who were killed in the Hartley Colliery explosion in January, 1862. Her own misery, the Queen said, made her feel the more for them. A little later she received visits of sympathy and condolence from her uncle, King Leopold, and from her half-sister, Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe. To a nature like hers, work and the sympathy of loving friends are the best of all balsams; but she was intensely forlorn; she had lost the source of joy and happiness, and nothing could bring it back. The joyous young woman, radiant with light-hearted happiness, ceased to exist on December 14th, 1861. Henceforward our Queen has been a careworn woman acquainted with grief. She has herself told how her sad and suffering heart was cheered by the solemn beauty of her beloved Highlands, and especially that she was taught many a lesson of resignation and trust by her faithful Scottish servants. One of these, John Grant, wheeling her chair, or leading her pony along the mountain paths, taught her that she must not look upon the



THE QUEEN IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

days especially associated with her husband's memory—his birthday, August 26th, or even the day of his death, December 14th—as days of mourning. 'That's not the light to look at it,' he said, and helped her to feel that they were beloved and blessed days, because they were so full of the memories of the blessed past. In recording this the Queen writes, 'There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people.' The lesson was not forgotten, and we find, by various notes in the Diary, that the Queen keeps her husband's birthday by trying to make it a happy day for those about her, celebrating it by giving presents to her children, ladies and gentlemen in attendance, and servants, so that all should feel they had been borne in mind, and had received some 'remembrance of the dear day.'

Mrs. Fawcett, however, dissents, and with good reason, from the view that some persons have recently put forward—that during the life of the Prince Consort the Queen was only his obedient wife, the mouthpiece of his will, that he was really King of England, and she a satellite. This is contradicted by every line in the correspondence from day to day that is published in his 'Life,' and by every reference to state affairs in the memoirs of the Ministers of State of the days when the Prince lived. On the contrary, nothing is more remarkable in the history of this happy marriage than the fact

that it was based on the wife's inevitable and admitted supremacy, and the husband's generous and loyal acceptance of that position—as regards all things, both small and great. The Queen disliked smoking—her husband never smoked. The merest, the most maliciously inventive and baseless scandal would have been intensely painful to the Queen, and her husband guarded against the most distant possibility of such arising by never paying any visits in general society, and never riding out unattended, though this constraint was particularly disagreeable to him. He kept himself in the background, saying that he understood his duty to be to "sink his own individual existence," to be "his wife's private secretary, superintendent of her household, tutor of her children, and her permanent minister." This was in short a marriage based on the exact reversal and the negation of the traditional relation of husband and wife; and as women are generous, loving, and ardently grateful for love and generosity shown to them, it followed that the Prince had more happiness, more influence, and more real power, from his wife's unfailing respect, and care for his honour and repute, than any "lord and master" ever did or ever will obtain.

Yet it was she who was the head of the State; and she has been so as much and as wisely since as before she lost her trusted counsellor and adviser, the Prince Consort. As Mrs. Fawcett says:—

"They realised, as long as the Prince lived, the dream of Tennyson's 'Princess'—

"Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

Sources of information from political memoirs and biographies also become rarer, till they disappear altogether, as we approach recent years. The burning political questions of the present day cannot be handled as those can that have been cooling for nearly half-a-century. It is only every now and then, and as it were, accidentally, that Her Majesty's political activities, during the thirty-four years since her husband's death, have been made known to the mass of her subjects; whereas, during the twenty-one years of her married life, they have been set forth in full detail. There is, however, every reason to know that Her Majesty is fully as active, and certainly has been as efficient in the discharge of her political duties since she has stood alone as she was when her 'permanent Minister' was by her side."

Two useful features of the volume are a chronological table of events, and a very complete index, both of which greatly add to the utility of such a work as a standard book of reference.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns
rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and
wave!

The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would
go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

GREAT QUEENS.

By MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

ON June 20th, 1897, Queen Victoria accomplished the sixtieth year of her reign, and the longest reign of any British monarch.

It is remarkable, when we consider how few Queens have occupied the British throne, that three of the most illustrious reigns have been those of women. In each case, too, they were times of transition, and therefore peculiarly difficult. In Elizabeth's reign, the great religious revolution, that which gave us our intellectual freedom and struck deep and strong the roots from which religious equality could not but grow into one of our institutions, took place, and was carried beyond the reach of danger by the astute policy of the Queen and the men whom she knew how to attract to and keep in her service. In Victoria's reign the wonderful social revolution which has removed power from the hands of a small class and distributed it amongst the masses, has taken effect. In each case the reign has also been distinguished by a brightening of the national intellect felt in every department of life. The reign of Queen Anne, though comparatively brief and not rendered the nobler by the Sovereign's own characteristics, was distinguished also by an efflorescence of talent in the nation—amongst men. Literature, fine art, invention, the arts of daily living, and the destructive warlike genius, each and all have made strides forward under our female Sovereigns, as well as statecraft and political reform.

This is very remarkable. No one has attempted to account for it. Yet that some like cause *must* have been responsible for these like results under similar conditions is an inevitable inference.

The *personal* influence of the Sovereign could not extend through the whole realm and stimulate progress everywhere and in all directions.

But, on the other hand, the influence of having a *woman on the throne* undoubtedly tends to give more importance and more influence to the *sex to which the monarch belongs*. A queen is served by her Ministers of State with a personal affection and devotion in which a chivalrous regard for her sex mingles with duty to her station; and this reverence extends through society, and affects the attitude of all men towards all women, giving an increased respect towards, and value for, the sex to which the Head of the State belongs. Thus the importance of the influence of all women, or rather, of women generally, is increased; and this stimulus to mental and moral excellence produces from men greater and more effective efforts in all departments of life, and brings about nobler results from their exertions.

Perhaps you will not follow me—but in that case what explanation can you give of the fact that queens' reigns in all countries and in all times are so frequently times of great national advancement—times in which every art of living has been improved, and in which literary excellence has kept pace with good government and successful statesmanship?

Of the truth that this *does* result from the reign of queens there is no room for doubt. It has been so in all ages and climes. It has been so, curiously enough, in those Eastern lands where we are apt to suppose women are entirely downtrodden and suppressed, as much as in European history.

To go back to the first great civilisation that the world knew—the ancient civilisation of Egypt, from which the Greeks were taught

their wisdom in the first place. The greatest of living authorities in Egyptian history, Professor Flinders Petrie, states that in the period of Egyptian history that is best known—between about 1,600 and 1,000 years before Christ, which is, it seems, the most glorious part of the story of the ancient civilisation of Egypt—there were two Queens so great that for many centuries after their deaths they were adored as more than human. The war of independence that freed Egypt from the tyranny of certain Arab rulers was begun about the first of the dates given above, and the hero of this effort was succeeded on the throne by his daughter, the great Queen Nefartari. She is represented over and over again in the ancient monuments, and was so dark that she generally appears there as black. "Under her rule the freedom and prosperity of the country took a great onward step."

An extraordinary instance of the same fact is given by the rule of an Empress of China during some quarter of a century and more past. Our recent visitor, the Chinese Prime Minister, Li-Hung-Chang, has been during that period the Lord Bureleigh of a Chinese Queen Elizabeth. China certainly is still "barbarian" and conservative, yet Li-Hung-Chang and his Empress have done as much towards opening it to Western knowledge and ideas as could be accomplished in one generation.

The Dowager Empress of China ruled the country, with the advice and assistance of our recent visitor, for something like twenty years, and so maintained her position in the public eye, and in the mind of the young Emperor in whose name she ruled, that when his Majesty had legally come of age he issued a decree stating that he had begged the Empress to give him the advantage of her aid for a few years longer. When the Emperor was at last installed as the head of the State the occasion was marked by the issue of another imperial decree full of gratitude to the Empress for her labours; and only a few months ago certain high officials were formally and publicly rebuked for speaking disrespectfully of this lady, and told that they must, as a punishment, see their Emperor no more, since the services of the Dowager Empress to her country prevented the Emperor from judging it as a small matter for any persons to show her any other conduct than respect.

Li-Hung-Chang, too, in his farewell address to his English hosts, which was published in *The Times*, "in his Excellency's own words," observed, amongst other things, that he should not fail to speak of the greatness of this country "to my August Master the Emperor and to the Dowager Empress." This remarkable woman, it is said, rose from the lower orders, and was married for her beauty and charm, and then proved herself thus capable of exercising imperial power—a story analogous to that of the first Empress Catherine of Russia, whom Peter the Great married from a kitchen, and bequeathed his throne to at his own decease.

With regard to India, again, Mr. J. S. Mill, who was one of the leading officials at the India House in London for many years under the old "John Company," stated as follows:—

"The list of women who have been eminent rulers is a long one, including Queens, Regents, and Viceroyes. Especially is this true if we take into consideration Asia as well as Europe. If a Hindoo principality is strongly, vigilantly, and economically governed; if order is preserved without oppression; if cultivation is extending, and the people prosperous, in three cases out of four that principality is under a woman's rule. This

fact, to me an entirely unexpected one, I have collected from a long official knowledge of Hindoo governments. There are many such instances: for though, by Hindoo institutions, a woman cannot reign, she is the legal regent of a kingdom during the minority of the heir; and minorities are frequent, the lives of male rulers being so often prematurely terminated through the effect of inactivity and sensual excesses. When we consider that these princesses have never been seen in public, have never conversed with any man not of their own family except from behind a curtain, that they do not read, and if they did, there is no book in their languages which can give them the smallest instruction on political affairs, the example they afford of the natural capacity of women for government is very striking."

One of the most barbarous and roughest countries of the world, was, a century ago, at any rate, Russia. It is a singular fact that women occupied the throne there during the greater part of the 18th century, and that enormous advances were made under them, culminating in the reign of the Princess who earned for herself, no less by the vigour of her foreign policy than by her internal improvements and the advances that her nation took on under the stimulus of her social and political enlightenment, the title of "Catherine the Great."

The succession to the Russian throne for that century and a little more is like a kaleidoscope of phantoms. Thus it went:—

In 1682, Peter I. ("the Great") was declared joint Emperor with his half-brother Ivan, the half-sister of whom on the mother's side, Sophia, really ruled as Regent. In 1689, Peter (only 16 years old) was declared by the soldiery sole Emperor. He was son of the previous monarch by Natalia Narashkina. Ivan died 1696.

In 1725 Peter the Great died, and his widow, a kitchen-wench whom he had taken away from one of his Generals and made his consort, was declared Empress as Catherine I., by the army and the diplomacy of her old lover, General Menshikov. She lived only two years after the death of Peter the Great, but so great and open had been her influence with him that the thirteen years of her married life had been marked by an improvement in the position of the Russian women. Before that, women were not allowed to appear in society with their lords, but Catherine introduced mixed assemblies after the fashion of Europe, and thus accustomed men to polite conduct and attention in conversation towards her own sex. So much had Catherine impressed her personality on the nation—this poor cook-maid of "bad" character—that on the death of the Emperor the soldiery flocked to proclaim her Empress, crying, "Though our father is dead, our mother still lives." Doubtless the popularity of this Catherine, and her success as a ruler, opened the way for her female successors on the same throne.

She died in 1727, and was succeeded, by the terms of her will, by the grandson of Peter the Great (but not of herself), the only child of Peter's son Alexis, who was the offspring of Peter's first marriage, and who was killed by order of that despotic Sovereign because he openly boasted of his intention to cancel all Peter's reforms when he—Alexis—should come to the throne. Catherine's successor was a young child, named Peter also, *i.e.*, Peter II.

In 1730 Peter II. died of small-pox, and was succeeded by Anne, Duchess of Courland, who was a niece of Peter the Great, being daughter of his half-brother Ivan who had at first reigned with him. Ivan was the elder brother.

In 1740, the Empress Anne died, and was succeeded by her great-nephew Ivan, an infant, the grandson of Anne's sister. But, in 1741, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine I., was placed on the throne by a revolution. Her reign, too, was marked by great improvements in many respects. She did away with many cruel punishments, and almost abolished capital punishment in particular. The status of women was raised by laws passed in her reign, and this improvement was of so marked a character that the Russian women have ever since possessed a degree of financial and legal independence, and influence on local public affairs, to which European women are only now attaining. Under her orders, the Russian women were allowed to vote in the village assemblies that form the local government; and they obtained a "Married Women's Property" law, giving wives that justice, freedom, and stimulus in business for which Englishwomen had to wait till 1882, and for which French, German, and Belgian wives have still to ask in vain.

Elizabeth occupied the throne till her death, twenty years after her accession, namely, in 1761, when her nephew Peter succeeded as Peter III. His wife, now Empress Catherine, was born a German Princess, Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst, and took the name of Catherine in entering the Greek church, as she was bound to do on marrying a Russian Grand Duke. Peter III., though the immediate grandson of Peter the Great, was, as everybody of his time admitted, an infuriated and uncontrollable almost imbecile. He hated and designed to kill his wife. The ruin of Catherine was impending; it was to be the downfall and the death by violence of her husband or herself. Accordingly, only seven months after her accession, Catherine and her friends headed a revolt, seized Peter, and declared Catherine II. Empress alone, though by birth she had not the shadow of a claim. Nevertheless, Peter being killed, by Catherine's partisans, whether with or without her connivance and consent, she reigned from July, 1762, to her death, on November 17th, 1796.

It is she, this German woman of only thirty years old, gaining her throne by a crime, and faulty in her private life in another way, who proved herself, nevertheless, so great a ruler, so capable of inspiring devotion and confidence, and of exercising that peculiar stimulating influence of Queens that we are studying, as to become "Catherine the Great." Time fails to tell the story of all her acts—"is it not written in the story of the book of the Czars?" Let her go with a brief record as follows:—

"Catherine stands forth amidst the great conquerors, legislators, and politicians of the world's history, with equal pretensions to the highest. Her resolution, her intrepidity, her presence of mind, her sagacity, penetration, and address are fully allowed—and we may add her magnanimity and benevolence. The excellent code of laws drawn up by the Empress for her empire, obtained her the title of *Mother of her Country*, and gained her the respect of surrounding nations: and by her liberal patronage of literature and talents; by the benevolent institutions she formed; by her endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the peasants, and for the general improvement and instruction of her country, she deserves the highest praise.

"She was often engaged in warlike preparations or in war, though possessing a territory larger than that of ancient Rome. She engendered the design of dismembering the Provinces of Poland; and sought, and

frequently with success, through the medium of diplomacy, to dictate to the Cabinets of Stockholm and Copenhagen. But her principal attempts were on the falling empire of the Turks. By the war of 1768 she acquired the Provinces of Catherinienslaw, the site of Cherson, and the navigation of the Black Sea. She subjugated the beautiful peninsula of Crim Tartary, acquired various districts in the Province of Schiraz, and rendered the Princes of Georgia her feudatories and vassals. Nothing in the North or East could resist her despotic sway; and, to complete her designs, she was enabled to gain over the restless and capricious mind of the Emperor Joseph to her side, and negotiate with him a sort of indefinite project for the conquest of Constantinople, and the partition of Greece. Perhaps Catherine found her safety in war—the factious spirits were thus employed; at any rate, the splendour of her victories threw a lustre upon her name which endeared her to her subjects, and made them forget the darker shades. But she shone not less in the arts of peaceful rule.

"To describe her numberless institutions for the benefit of her subjects, her wise regulations, or the internal commotions which she overcame would require the space of volumes instead of an article. In everything she was liberal-minded, and never a tyrant.

"She abolished the secret court, instituted by Peter I., to inquire into and punish religious and State crimes; she strove to soothe the people by proclamations, in which her maternal interest was much dwelt upon; and the wise measures she took to increase trade and civilisation are entitled to the highest praise. She annihilated torture, as a means of forcing the confession of crimes, and made the laws more mild and equitable. The general toleration she allowed in point of religion, and the invitation she gave to the professors of the liberal arts and the industrious agriculturists, induced thousands to come from foreign countries and settle upon the unpeopled districts of her empire, while she ingeniously beautified her capital by their works, and gave birth to taste amidst a rude and uncultivated people. To make an end, she stands in every respect amongst the greatest and most successful of monarchs.*

One of Catherine the Great's favourite nicknames was "The Semiramis of the North." It recalls another extraordinary Sovereign, the first builder of the great city, ancient Babylon. Her record is so old that it is half lost in the mists of antiquity, but so powerful was the impression that she produced as the head of a mighty empire, which under her won warlike and peaceful glory alike, that for a long time her statue received divine honours. What Catherine was in the latter part of the last century, indeed, tradition tells us Semiramis was 2,000 years earlier in history.

Then there is Zenobia, the famous Queen of Palmyra in the third century after Christ—she who alone proved able to resist the all-conquering Roman arms, and in the respite that her successful warlike resistance gained for her people and her power, made herself the Empress of the East, and gathered round her men able to make her rule respected far and wide, and her city's name glorious.

Or for authentic modern history, turn to the detailed record of the lives and works of Blanche of Castille, Queen Regent of France; of Isabella of Spain, the one friend and supporter of

* This brief and imperfect account of thirty years of social reform and military "glory" is from "A Dictionary of Women," an old work, by Miss Betham.

Columbus and a noble Monarch in every way; or of Maria Theresa, the Empress Queen of Austria-Hungary, who won her own throne by the devotion that she inspired and the love and wisdom that she called forth, and kept it and illuminated it by her ruling faculty. Here is material for volumes of history. The tale must end thus inadequately detailed.

In every case, be it noted, these female Monarchs were famous for breadth of view, for unselfish devotion to the State, and its progress, and for their enlightened opinions generally; and not at all for the timidity, the conservative clinging to tradition and to social or priestly authority, the narrowness of views, the family absorption and selfishness, or the falsity and duplicity of the naturally weak and feeble mind, with which some men are wont to charge the female sex. On the contrary, it is the exact reverse of these characteristics that the great Queens have displayed. And, be it remembered, a very small proportion of the Monarchs of the world have been women; it is only under exceptional circumstances that a woman is allowed to ascend; so that on the scientific doctrine of averages it is clear that the percentage of women capable of rule is considerably greater than that of men.

The faults of temper and of character in Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia have been insisted upon with a frequency and virulence that would not have been shown to men in like case. What was Elizabeth beside Henry VIII. in violence and recklessness in shedding blood? What were Catherine's faults compared to those of Peter the Great? Yet we are happy in that we have lived under a woman Monarch, who has added statesmanlike ability and devotion to her country and her duty towards her people, to an admirable private life, and has shown that a Queen can be a politician and a mother of equal excellence, a figure of prominence and a devoted and tender wife.

It is sad to reflect how constantly the power of women to serve the State is set aside. For one instance, can we help remembering the great abilities, the excellence of mind and heart, and the careful education in the duties of a monarch, of Victoria, Princess Royal of England—Empress Frederick of Germany—the *eldest* child of her Royal parent, yet never to be a Queen or a ruler, simply because she is a woman.

Well, now, is it not worth while to consider the possibility of having Queens only for the rest of the time that Monarchs shall be at all?

It is clear that not only is the sex of Victoria, and Elizabeth of England, and Catherine of Russia, very well suited to exercise power, but that it is also exceptionally adapted to call forth the energies of the men of the day in which Queens govern—to stimulate and encourage the greatness of the sterner sex, and produce from it the highest that it is capable of doing. Noble heart, wise brain, as our Queen has displayed—yet is it not more precious still that she has been able to exercise an elevating influence on society, both by her own example and by the increased consideration that her Queenship has gained for her sex? Now, shall we not reverse the Salic law, and have Queens for all time to come?

THE hope of our future civilisation lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life. There is much evidence around us that a twin movement of this kind is in progress, though considerable advance is yet to be made.

Havelock Ellis.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Who was it that discovered the great continent on which the United States of America are now planted? Every schoolboy knows, of course, that it was Christopher Columbus, a Genoese citizen, under the patronage of the great Isabella of Spain. But the fact is that Columbus has had rather more glory than he deserves, and that an Englishman is much more closely associated with the foundation of North America as a European settlement than most of us are aware. Columbus on his first voyage did not discover the continent, but only one of the Bahama Islands. This, of course, settled the question as to whether there was unknown land in those regions, but it was not in a strict sense the discovery of America. North America, the centre of the civilisation of the continent at present, was discovered by one Sebastian Cabot, who was sent forth about three years later than Columbus in vessels provided by the enterprise of citizens of Bristol. He therefore must be considered the true discoverer of America, and as such the citizens of Bristol are commemorating him at this moment. This is the 400th anniversary of the year of his setting forth on his adventurous voyage. A tower to his memory is to be erected in Bristol, and the foundation-stone is to be laid by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava on the day of our publication, June 24th.

Much interest is felt in this celebration in the United States, where their relationship with the mother-country is cherished by all genuine American citizens; any reverse feeling that there may be belongs to those aliens who have not yet taken root in the soil discovered by Cabot, and colonised by the Pilgrim Fathers. Yet the memory of their ancestors who have helped to build up the history and the separate greatness of the United States is much cherished by the native-born American citizens.

A very interesting Society exists under the name of "The United States Daughters of 1812." It is composed entirely of ladies whose ancestors rendered some service in the establishment of the independence of America, who served in the revolutionary armies, or were members of the Congresses by which independence was declared and main-

tained, or in some other way did special service towards the establishment of the States. Every lady applying for admission has to give her genealogy and distinct proof of her relationship to some such distinguished ancestry.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the famous American woman publisher, making her annual visit to Europe, has been delegated by her fellow-members of this Association to represent them at the celebration. Although the title of the Society is one which recalls memories of the final stand made by the United States against the power of Great Britain, Mrs. Leslie's letter will show how little antagonism remains in the hearts of the daughters of the men and women who won independence for their country in that historic struggle—the latest, and let us hope the last fight between England and her great daughter of the West.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE'S LETTER.

To His Worship The Mayor of Bristol, and the Cabot Commemorative Committee.

Gentlemen,

It has given me great pleasure to receive the honour of an appointment to serve, at your Commemorative Celebration of the Cabots and their Discovery of N. America, as delegate from "The United States Daughters of 1812, and the United States Historic Council." It is a satisfaction and an honour that I fully appreciate to be thus allowed to represent an organisation of ladies, 20,000 strong, including the *élite* of our country in every part, and numbering amongst its members many of the best of our citizens in social standing, culture and wealth, and all that makes for civilisation and social stability. All these ladies are descendants of men who have in some conspicuous manner served our Great Commonwealth in the lands first discovered and opened to European advance by the distinguished Bristol navigator whose achievements you now celebrate. The foundress, Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, a descendant of the illustrious statesman, John Quincy Adams, one of the framers of our Constitution, would gladly have come herself to be with you had it been possible; and I could wish that it had been so in order that you might have seen the sweetness, grace, and intellectual brilliance of a typical daughter of the United States of one of

our noblest ancestral lines—the Adams family. I am privileged in representing such women in the cordial greetings that I am now conveying.

It is the more congenial to me to unite myself with a celebration of the "family tie" that binds Great Britain to the Imperial daughter in the West that has sprung from her, because my late husband, Frank Leslie, was himself an Englishman, and left this country after training in the office of the *Illustrated London News* to become the founder of illustrated journalism in America in the establishment of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly Newspaper*, and *Popular Monthly*, and half a dozen other illustrated periodicals.

I had hoped to attend your celebration in person, but am unavoidably called to Paris, and must therefore adopt this means of expressing the interest of the society by which I am delegated in the quat-centenary celebration of the important event of the English discovery of North America, and the planting there of the flag under which our country was first colonised. The sentiment of affection and admiration for the Mother Country is strong in America, and I do not doubt that in England there is also an affectionate interest in the great and enterprising daughter whom the Mother Country sent forth, all unconsciously, when the elder Cabot, aided by the enterprise of Bristol citizens, started on his adventurous voyage. The early history of England belongs to us; the tongue we speak is the language of your noble literature; our freedom is the outcome of your ever-growing and well-based liberties. These ties that unite us will be constantly brought before the minds of those who see your Memorial Tower, and it will be a permanent source of pride and pleasure to me to remember that I was allowed to be the medium of thus connecting the women of America with that Memorial.

With every consideration of high esteem, I am, yours truly,

(MRS.) FRANK LESLIE.

"That is a pretty big bun for a boy of your size," said papa to Jimmie-boy. "It looks big," said Jimmie-boy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porouses in it."

A COOK'S TALISMAN.

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J. Liebig

THERE ARE IMITATIONS.

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THIS WONDERFUL SIXTY YEARS.

BY THE EDITOR.

When Sir Walter Scott wrote for his sub-title to his first great novel, "Waverley," the words, "Tis Sixty Years Since," he no doubt thought that the sixty years through which he was carrying back his readers were the fullest of change and improvement that could be imagined. Yet all that had happened, not only in the sixty years, but in the preceding two hundred, was trifling beside the alterations that have been seen in our state in the sixty years that are already covered by the reign of our present monarch.

Though the division of English history into periods according to the lives of the successive monarchs is a merely fanciful and arbitrary one—the national life being continuous and unaffected by the change of the occupant of the throne—yet it does seem as we look back as if the eras of the national fortunes were often connected with the personalities on the summit of the nation's greatness; and hence the name and fame of the Sovereign blends with the development of the time that he may have had little or nought to do with producing.

In the case of Queen Victoria, however, though of course there has been much in her reign that she has not personally affected one way or another, there is also much that must in fairness

be ascribed to her own personality and the influence that this has enabled her and caused her to exercise; and in no small degree may we attribute the improvements in our social state directly and individually to the Queen whose name will be placed foremost in the record of our time in future historical summaries of British story.

Social customs, of course, are very largely the personal affair of the monarch; and the contrast between those that the Queen has established,

silence nearly all the average subjects' outspoken objections, and dull and depress the censure that might, if it had been freely expressed, have deterred the weaker spirits from following their bad instead of their good instincts. A decent, clean-living, domestic and refined Queen has been able to give force and courage to the expression of the opinions and feelings of the better elements, and drive the baser ones into silence, and stamp coarse, self-indulgent, vicious ways with disgrace.

A curious illustration of the difference produced by varying influences in the highest of all places is supplied by the habit of smoking. It is an open question whether the habit of snuff-taking, prevalent before the Queen came to the throne, is, or is not, a more offensive one to others than is the habit of smoking. On the one hand, snuffing, followed in all but seasoned cases by sneezes of portentous violence, was apt to offend the eye and the ear of the onlooker. Even refined ladies (Hannah More for one), however, used to take snuff, and to do so in a delicate and careful way that deprived the act of offensiveness. But the many who were careless and indifferent no doubt made it an objectionable practice to witness. On the other hand, snuffing tobacco did not force the noxious herb on the constitutions of the rest of the community for the pleasure of the user, and without regard to their wishes and feelings, as smoking does. To a non-smoker, it



QUEEN VICTORIA at the age of 25.

and those that obtained under the coarse profligate, George the Fourth, who, first as Regent and then as King, so long influenced the manners of society, is greater than description can enable us to fully realise. It is largely in that subtle and indefinable but real thing called "tone" that such changes are brought about. There is no law to prevent a gentleman now from getting drunk after dinner, or taking snuff at all moments, or garnishing his ordinary talk with oaths; but these things have gone out of fashion, together with many other objectionable habits. There can be no doubt that the alteration is in great part the result of the Queen's own influence. Not, of course, that a very large proportion of her respectable subjects of both sexes have not gladly co-operated in the reform; or that her own desire, if in opposition, to the will of the whole community, could bring about the most beneficent change; but that there is so near a balance between the better and more refined and the coarser and worse elements in society, that the enormous personal influence and example of the Sovereign can turn the scale. The drinking, swearing, licentious Prince Regent and King, George, could make his own bad habits followed by many, and



QUEEN VICTORIA at the age of 42.

breath that is obviously charged and contaminated with the fumes that have proceeded from the mouths and lungs of smokers. We doubtless do breathe in over again at all times the same air that has served our fellows for respiratory purposes; but only when it is charged with their expired tobacco smoke do we have the unpleasant fact forced on our consciousness. Again, the tobacco smoke that the smoker forces non-smokers to inhale is painful to the throat, the lungs, the eyes and the nostrils. Yet smoking has obtained such a hold on our society that it is now common to find men lighting up in all sorts of public gatherings, utterly regardless of the feelings and wishes of the non-smokers of their own and the other sex. Now, old persons all tell us that this practice is the result of the virtual social abdication of the widowed Queen, and the assumption of regal functions, as far as purely social matters are concerned, by the Prince of Wales.

In the days when the Queen was the real head of English society, her great objection to smoking in her neighbourhood, or to men coming into her presence with the odour of the weed reeking round them, was quite sufficient to keep smoking in the background. Men never dreamed then of smoking in the presence of ladies. Sir Algernon West, in his recently published recollections, tells how the "smoking brigade" used even to be turned out of the dining room at country houses after dinner, and banished to the harness-room or some equally distant and uncomfortable place while they enjoyed their pipe or cigar. Even on board the Royal yacht, men (of every rank) were only permitted to smoke in one place, and that was in the little house that was built on the forward lower deck to hold the cow that was always taken on the Queen's cruises to provide milk for the Royal tea (condensed milk, like hundreds of

other modern conveniences, by the way, was unknown). This we learn from the recollections of that distinguished sailor, Admiral Hobart, who tells us of the terrible trouble that he got into when a middy by spending part of his enforced seclusion with Mrs. Brindle on the Royal yacht, in order to enjoy his smoke, in painting her horns bright green, out of a paint pot that he unluckily found wait-

Prince of Wales himself smokes everywhere and at all times, and will not submit to be deprived of his tobacco, even by the presence of ladies—is obvious enough.

Against drinking to excess the Queen set her face from the first. It was the universal practice in George the Fourth's time for men to sit over their wine after dinner for hours after the ladies had left the table. The Queen fixed in her own mind that from a quarter to half an hour for the men to drink alone in was sufficient. She would send a servant to tell the men that tea was ready if they remained longer at table than the latter period; and the male members of her circle were encouraged to leave the table even sooner by the knowledge that they soon gained that the Queen would not sit down in her own drawing-room till the men had come up. The Prince Consort coincided with Her Majesty in these views, and their joint efforts ultimately abolished the custom of long sitting and deep drinking that obtained under different influences in previous courts.

While such purely social matters as these are directly to be ascribed to the Queen's influence, it is impossible to gauge the extent of the influence exercised by the "tone" that she introduced and fostered in many other matters. Part of even the social and moral changes would no doubt have come about under a different monarch; other part would probably have not been thought of

or accomplished; but which would or would not have been done without her is hard to say.

Political power would have widened down in any event. This is no small feature in the sixty years. At the beginning of them the experiment had just been tried of doubling the number of male electors; prior to the 1832 Reform Act the representation of the country was confined to some handfuls of the population.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE PRESENT DAY.

[From Copyright Photo, by permission of Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury-street.]

There were about 500,000 electors in a population of 15,000,000, and most of them had to vote as they were bidden by the great landlords on whose estates they lived; for there was no Ballot Act. The Reform Act of 1832 added as many more names to the rolls, the new electors consisting of the well-to-do middle-class men. It was believed by those who passed the Act that it was the lowest limit of enfranchisement. Lord John Russell obtained the name of "Finality John" by his bold declaration that that degree of change in the direction of democracy was "final." But in 1867 every man keeping the smallest house in the boroughs was added to the electorate; and in 1884 the privilege of managing the affairs of the country descended to the male inhabitants of the poorest hovels in the counties, the male lodgers in single rooms, the servants living on their masters' premises, the labourers too ignorant to distinguish between the letters of the names of rival candidates on the ballot paper. There are now over five million male voters for Members of Parliament, amongst whom the unpropertied classes are by far the most numerous represented, as a matter of course. The ultimate results are still "on the knees of the gods"; the immensity of the change that sixty years has brought about is plain enough.

Landed property was not only shorn of much of its political consequence directly by the admission to the franchise of thousands of men living in rented houses in towns, and owing no allegiance to the nobles or great landlords, but a further decrease in the wealth and power of the upper classes was speedily effected by reason of this alteration in the incidence of power. It is one that has brought about far-reaching further consequences, namely, the abolition of all duties on the importation of corn. As a result of that Act, Great Britain has practically ceased to produce its own corn; our staple food comes to us from America, India and Russia; and landed estates return much less clear income in consequence.

This cheapening of food alone could have enabled so vast an increase in the population to take place as has occurred. Sixty years ago the population of England and Wales was (speaking in round, but correct, figures) fifteen millions; it is now exactly double—thirty millions. This is an extraordinary increase. It may be better appreciated by remembering that in the days of Elizabeth the population was about five millions—so that the past sixty years have seen our people increase their numbers one and a-half as much again as the preceding three hundred years had done.

Moreover, the present 30,000,000, though poor enough as regards many of them, yet are far better off than the 15,000,000 were. Their rise in money wages has coincided with an increase in the purchasing power of money; so that men now not only earn more wages, but can obtain more of all the necessaries and comforts of life with every pound. Sixty years ago, the agricultural labourers earned seven or eight shillings a week, and had to eat corn "protected" from foreign cheapness. Weavers earned about six shillings a week, and then were not sure of work more than one week out of two. Women and children worked in mills from 5 a.m. till 10 or 12 p.m. for a weekly starvation wage, and, in some cases, it was shown before Lord Shaftesbury's Commission of inquiry into the children's condition, that nites of eight or ten years old were kept at work twenty to thirty hours without sleep, or with only a couple of hours snatched

in the mill lying on the floor on sacks of waste.

To meet the misery that such wages, together with grain at protected prices, meant to thousands, the Poor Law was made to serve as a sort of public fund to aid wages. Men were given allowances in proportion to their families, and girls were paid so much a week for every child they added to the mass. The poor-rate had thus become an inducement to recklessness and an incentive to idleness and vice, and was a crushing burden on the more industrious and prosperous. Here was a nice condition of things!

What has worked the change in the sixty years? Partly wiser laws, especially the new Poor Law and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, but in far greater part the progress of mechanical discovery; partly the leave to buy cheap food from abroad, but in far greater part the increased means of buying it, given to our labouring classes by improved methods of production, and the use of steam and electricity, and iron and steel, for both production and distribution of goods.

A volume is needed to detail all that has been done in this respect. The combined influence of greater production by means of new machinery to carry on the manufactures; the application of steam to work those new machines, with human skill to direct the machinery alone; of steam railways; of steamships to carry away our goods and bring back to us the food bought with those goods from other lands; of the electric telegraph to advise merchants of the movements of markets and the exigencies of production and trade—all these improvements together have enabled 30,000,000 of us now to live happily and well, where 15,000,000 half-starved, and toiled beyond their powers and without leisure or joy, before the wonderful sixty years' progress set in.

In 1836 our foreign trade was worth £125,000,000—last year its value was £738,000,000. The carrying power of our shipping has increased from a little less than 3,000,000 tons to a little more than 27,000,000; while our share of the carrying trade of the world has risen from 27 per cent. to 52 per cent. The increase of steam power has averaged 220,000 horse-power per annum, the totals standing at 600,000 in 1840, and at nearly 13,000,000 in 1895; while the manufacture of textile fabrics has nearly quadrupled in the same period.

It is difficult to realise the truth that the first steamship crossed the Atlantic in the year that the Queen came to the throne; that the railway train was then hardly an accomplished possibility; that there were only a few miles of railroad in actual existence—only 110 miles in the United Kingdom, where now there are over 18,000 miles; and that the telegraph was still an undreamed-of wonder. Yet so it all was in reality!

It was considered a fair passage to be two months at sea on the voyage to America; this was, in fact, the title under which Harriet Martineau wrote an account of her voyage to the States in 1835. To go to India when Lord Macaulay went in 1834 took four months in the smartest of ships. The going of a ship from England to Australia in three months and fifteen days was a "record passage," an event of importance enough to be recorded in Mr. Henniker Heaton's splendid work, "Australian Dates," and this was near twice as quick as the emigrant vessels could do the voyage.

It followed that when friends emigrated, they

were almost as much severed from home as if by death itself. News several months old, and at a high rate of postage, was of little use in keeping up a feeling of family love or friendly intercourse. Mr. Henniker Heaton tells us that in 1844, "A committee was appointed at a public meeting in Sydney to collect information on the best means of sending the mails to and from England. At this time the latest intelligence from England was generally five months old." Even five years later, in January 1849, the colonists had not received, on the 15th of that month, "the mails that left the mother country on September 1st of the previous year"—four and a-half months before. The *Chusan*, the first steamer from England, arrived at Melbourne on July 23rd, 1852.

A smaller but not unimportant matter touching on the absoluteness of separation between emigrants and home was that photography—cheap, practical photography as we know it—was then not existent. "Sun pictures" on glass were considered wonders till some time later than our sixty years ago, and each of these had to be taken separately. The card picture multiplied in numbers from one negative was undreamed of; and memory alone kept the distant faces in view, and knew nothing of their changes, nor could be helped by vision.

To turn to home affairs; religious liberty was not gained. In England, the Established Church had a monopoly of the seats of learning and of many public offices. A young man could not take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge unless he would sign his name to the Thirty-nine Articles and take the Sacrament in the Church of England. Not till 1854 were religious tests abolished at Oxford for the B.A. degree by vote of the House of Commons; but the religious test qualification was restored by the House of Lords for the M.A. degree; and it was not till 1871, after the lower House had repeatedly passed a measure doing away with the last vestiges of favour to this one sect, that the House of Lords allowed it to pass. Sixty years ago, also, the oath was placed in the way of Catholics, of Jews, and of Quakers, who were not admitted to the House of Commons when elected by the constituencies, because they would not subscribe to the form of oath required. Dissenters were obliged to be married, as well as buried, by the Church of England clergy and the set formulas of the prayer-book, and if they refused that, their marriages were not accepted as legal and no service could be held over their friends' graves. Church rates had to be paid by believers in all other forms of religion. In a word, the religious liberty that is now perfected, so far as individual rights are concerned, was still to be gained.

There was no State provision for education. The poor were doomed also to be the uneducated, unable to read, or to write letters. A few thousand pounds were grudgingly given annually by the State to a private society or two that provided schools, but the majority of working-class persons could not get the rudiments of learning. Now, no child may go to work under eleven years of age, and all must learn the outlines of knowledge; and this is paid for by many millions of public money.

This, amongst other sources of expenditure, has increased the amount raised by taxation; where it was fifty millions, it is a hundred millions per year; but the greater sum is supplied more easily than the smaller one used to be—for the same reasons that make our living more comfortable. In the "good old times" almost everything was taxed. Nearly three-fourths of the revenue was raised by taxes on the food that was eaten, the beverages

that were drunk, the clothes that were worn, the articles that were used in daily life. Even windows to let in the air and light were each separately taxed!

The sixty years of the Queen's reign have brought about an immense alteration in the position of women. They are not, indeed, admitted to the Parliamentary suffrage in spite of strenuous efforts on the part, not only of various leaders of their own sex, but of Liberals like Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett, and the approval of Conservatives like Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Salisbury. But they can vote in all other than Parliamentary elections, and in many a municipal contest the scale is turned by the women electors. They are not only voters, but are also eligible to sit as representatives themselves on several public bodies, and there are many women elected by the open vote of the populace to be members of School Boards, Boards of Guardians of the Poor, Parish Councils, and governing bodies of charities. A constant succession of women are found ready to offer themselves to fill such posts, and they are the very class of respectable and quiet-minded women who, sixty years ago, never thought of being able to do or wishing to do anything at all outside the doors of their own homes.

Innumerable paid occupations are now open to women that were not available sixty years ago, including Government clerkships and the medical profession. Teaching and nursing are better paid than of yore, and are chosen by many ladies, because they have a "vocation" for such work. Trade is no longer considered beneath the dignity of a lady.

The tendency of modern legislation has been to advance wives from a position where they had scarcely any rights at all to a position of almost complete equality with their husbands. Besides the changes that have taken place in the law of divorce, allowing freedom from the marriage bond after certain defined offences, by the passing of the Divorce Act of 1857, most important additions have been made to the rights of women as regards the custody of children and as regards the tenure of property. Before 1839, the father had the sole right to the custody of his children, but by an Act of that year it was granted to the mother in the case of children under seven years of age. Clauses in the Divorce Act of 1857 and the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1878 extended this custody in the case of some children up to sixteen years of age. A more important step in reform was carried in 1886 in the Infants' Act, that gives to the mother that right which nature claims for her, but from which legislation had till then excluded her, the right of being guardian to her children after her husband's death; and requires judges, in case of disagreements between parents, to "consider the wishes of the mother as well as of the father." With regard to property, the wife, sixty years ago, might not hold or possess any at all. Husbands could truly say: "What's yours is mine; what's mine is my own." The ingenuity of lawyers had indeed provided that a dowry might be "settled on trustees," so that the capital itself might be kept out of the reach of a grasping or improvident husband, but the income of the trust fund, and also, what was worse, anything that the wife earned for herself after marriage, became *ipso facto* his, and also anything given or bequeathed to her apart from trustees. Of course, poor women, and even middle-class ones, could not gain even the degree of protection given by trustees, as their earnings were of capital. Hence the labouring woman could

be struck of all she gained at the whim of a drunken, lazy or cruel husband; and the middle-class woman could not engage in business or acquire and deal with property. The Married Women's Property Act of 1870, which carried the important principle that the husband could no longer claim the earnings of the wife gained by work carried on separately, even though they should be living together, was a most important protection to the women of the working classes, as is known to all who have had any practical experience of them; and those who knew most of the question were best pleased when the rights of married women were still further extended by the Act of 1882, the latter frankly placing a wife on an independent footing in regard to property. Another very beneficial Act was passed in 1878, giving power to a magistrate to pronounce a judicial separation in cases of violent assaults upon a wife, which has since been extended to other sorts of grievances on the part of poor wives. Several measures have increased the protection afforded to the persons of women and young girls.

But more important still has been the social change—the greater personal freedom and the higher degree of respect and consideration. In this change, at any rate, the personality of the Queen has counted for much. The influence of so highly-placed an illustration of the fitness of a woman for public life, politics, the sternest affairs of Government, cannot be over-estimated. Some people complain that the Queen has not taken a more active share in the modern "woman movement." But to lead in new paths was not her business; she is Queen of the nation, and not of a section; and to enter into fields of social controversy and doubt would not have been seemly for the sovereign. She has done immense and incalculable service to the woman's cause simply by doing her own duty so well and wisely. Let no women complain that she has not also done the duty of others in leading and teaching reforms.

Sixty years ago, it was not believed that girls and women were capable of receiving higher education. Now, every University in the Kingdom admits them more or less completely both to study and to take degrees. The way in which they have availed themselves of this permission, the honours that they carry off, and the good health and agreeable manners that they manage to retain while doing so, have worked a revolution in opinion on this subject.

In works of charity and mercy, women have engaged in so many ways and so successfully, that it is alarming to think of what would happen to the world if by some cataclysm all the women workers in hospitals, in slum homes, in girls' clubs, in friendly societies, in missions, were all at once led to hold their hands. Ladies of wealth and position, the Duchess of Newcastle at an East End refuge, Lady Henry Somerset in the temperance association, and many others, join with their middle-class sisters in activity in such good works.

Yet "society" never was smarter. Athletic exercises have developed a strength in our women's bodies that enables them to cope with the claims of social intercourse as well as with serious works. Improvements are seen here, too. If less exclusive, society is more amusing, and apparently it is kinder, than of old. In such a matter as the giving of dinners, convention has given place to common sense. Fancy the great improvement of not having the carving done at table! Fancy the horrors of that old time, when soup, fish, and savoury dishes were all put on the table at once, and

called "the first course," and then were all cleared off, to be replaced by a "second course," in which hot game, cold sweets, salads, preserved fruits, hot pastry, dressed vegetables, jellies and creams, were all conglomerated before the guest on the table at one and the same time! Is not the modern social function as civilisation is to barbarism in comparison?

There may be another side. It is certain that we are suffering more and more year by year from the diseases of exhaustion; insanity, paralysis, suicide are all claiming many more victims. Repose and graceful idleness are so hard to get! Politically the signs of the times are far from satisfactory. It may in the end transpire that we of to-day are eating the grapes, and that our children's teeth shall be set on edge.

Whether there may be room for gloomy conclusions of any sort, as to the final results of it all, we need not too closely enquire; for as George Eliot said, "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of human error"; but it is certain that, in the present, we are in the midst of a period that has brought to our race and nation, and especially to our sex, enormous advantages and blessings, and that we may well rejoice and be glad that our lot has been cast in this wonderful sixty years of progress and happiness.

HIS SERVICE.

OVER and over again I wonder
As the years go by and the years go by,
And the clouds of hindrance part asunder,
And new light reddens the changing sky:

I wonder if words of song and story,
Be they never so fitly sung and said,
Are in very deed the "praise" and "glory"
By which the Master is comforted?

The chime of bells and the organ pealing,
The rustle of silks as we kneel in prayer,
The warm, soft light, through the rich glass
stealing,
And the breath of flowers and incense rare—

Is this the homage He bids us render?
Is this the service of sacrifice?
Is this the infinite love, and tender,
That hears humanity's pitiful cries?

How shall the singer's high-priced quaver
Drown a famishing baby's moan?
Or gilded towers win Heaven's favour
With a city's despair at the basement stone?

Poverty's wretches in sin and sorrow,
Drinking the poisonous cup to the lees;
Hopeless to-day and as hopeless to-morrow—
What is our "burden of soul" for these?

Master, awake us to penitent grieving;
Teach us Thy Justice and Mercy is one;
Striving is still the true test of believing,
Doing His will as we pray it "be done."
Eliot C. True.

THE NEW LEMONADE.

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

Our Short Story.

THE PRISONERS.

From the French of GUY DE MAUPASSANT.
Translated by IRENE MILLER-FORD.

(Concluded from last week.)

The cellar in which the prisoners were shut was only ventilated by a small iron-barred window.

Berthine at once relit her fire, and placing on it the large pot, refilled it with soup, murmuring, "Father will be tired to-night."

Then she sat down and waited. There was no sound save the regular tic-tac of the pendulum of the clock.

From time to time the young woman cast an impatient glance at the caldron, that seemed to say, "That is a long while in boiling." But soon she seemed to hear murmuring under her feet. Deep confused words came up through the floor. The Prussians were commencing to guess the trick, and soon the under officer came up the little staircase, and began to strike the door with his fist. He cried anew:

"Open!"

She got up, approached, and imitating his German accent, said:—

"What do you want?"

"Open!"

"I am not going to open!"

The man got angry.

"Open, or I will break down the door!"

She commenced to laugh.

"Break it, my good fellow, break it!"

He at once began to knock with the end of his gun against the oaken door, shut over his head. But it would have resisted blows from a battering-ram.

The forester's wife heard him redescend, then the soldiers came one after another to try their strength, and to examine the covering. But, doubtless, judging their efforts to be useless, they all went down again into the cellar, and commenced to consult among themselves.

The young woman listened to them awhile. Then she opened the front door, and put her head out into the night. A distant baying came to her. She whistled, as a hunter would do, and immediately two enormous dogs appeared in the shadow, and bounded playfully towards her. She seized them by the neck and held them fast to prevent their running away. Then she cried with all her strength, "Hallo! father."

A distant voice replied, "Hallo! Berthine."

She waited some seconds, then again, "Hallo! father."

The voice, which was now nearer, replied, "Hallo! Berthine."

The forester's wife continued, "Do not pass before the air-hole. There are some Prussians in the cellar."

Suddenly the large silhouette of the man became visible towards the left, standing between the trunks of two trees. He asked anxiously: "Prussians in the cellar. How did they get there?"

The young woman commenced to laugh. "It is those of yesterday. They were lost in

the forest; I have put them to cool in the cellar."

Then she told her adventure. How she had frightened them by the blows and shut them up.

The old man was grave as he asked, "What do you want me to do about it at this hour?"

She replied: "Go and fetch M. Lavigne with his troop. He will make them prisoners. He will be delighted."

Father Pichon smiled. "It is certainly true that he will be delighted." "Here is some soup, eat it quickly and go back."

The old man seated himself at the table and commenced to eat the soup, after having put down two platefuls for his dogs.

The Prussians, hearing them speak, were silent.

The "stork-bird" started a quarter of an hour later, and Berthine waited for him with her head leaning on her hands.

The prisoners recommenced to make a noise. They shouted and called now, continually striking furious blows at the immovable door of the cellar with the butt-end of their muskets.

Then they began to shoot out of the air-hole, doubtless hoping to be heard by some German detachment passing near the spot.

The forester's wife did not move, but all this noise unnerved and irritated her. A wicked anger awoke in her breast, she wished to kill them, the rascals, to make them be quiet.

Then, as her impatience grew, she began to watch the clock and count the minutes.

The father had already been gone an hour and a half. He had reached the town now. She imagined it all. He was telling the tale to M. Lavigne, who was paling with emotion, and ringing for the servant to bring his uniform and his arms. She seemed to hear the drummer running through the streets. The frightened heads were appearing at the windows, the soldier-citizens coming out of their houses, scarcely dressed, breathless, buckling on their regimental belts, and coming towards the commander's house with rapid steps. Then the whole party, with the "stilt-bird" at its head, would commence to march in the snow and the darkness towards the forest.

She watched the clock; they could be here in an hour.

A nervous impatience came over her. The minutes seemed interminable. What a long while it was.

At last the hand pointed to the time that she had fixed for their arrival.

Again she opened the door to listen for their coming. She saw a shadow creeping along stealthily. It frightened her, and she cried out. But it was her father.

He said: "They have sent me to see if there is any change."

"No, none."

Then in his turn he sent out into the night a long and strident whistle, and soon something brown silently appeared under the trees. It was the advance-guard of ten men. The "stilt-bird" said at the same moment: "Do not pass before the air-hole," and he trusted the

advance-guard to show the dangerous air-hole to the others who arrived after them.

At last the body of the regiment appeared, 200 men in all, each carrying 200 cartridges.

M. Lavigne, agitated and trembling, placed them so that they surrounded the house, leaving a large clear space before the little black hole on the level of the ground which ventilated the cellar.

Then he entered the house, and informed himself as to the force and position of the enemy, who were now so quiet it could easily have been believed that they had disappeared, vanished, blown off through the air-hole.

M. Lavigne knocked on the trap-door with his foot and called out: "Mr. Prussian Officer!"

The German did not reply. The commander tried again: "Mr. Prussian Officer!"

All in vain! During twenty minutes he summoned this silent officer to surrender himself, with his arms and baggage, promising him life and military honour for himself and his soldiers. But the commandant got no sign, either of consent or hostility. The situation became puzzling.

The citizen-soldiers were stamping their feet in the snow, hitting their shoulders with heavy blows with their hands, as the cabmen do to warm themselves, and looking at the air-hole with a strong and boyish desire to pass before it.

At last one of them, named Potdevin, who was very fleet, risked it. He took a good start, and passed, running as swiftly as a deer. Nothing happened. The prisoners seemed dead.

A voice cried, "Nobody is there."

Another soldier passed over the open space before the dangerous hole. Then it was a game. Every minute a man passed from one group to the other, like children playing at base-ball, throwing up behind them the splashes of snow, which was much kicked about by their feet. They had lighted a large fire of dead wood to warm themselves, and the running profile of each National guard was strongly shown up in the rapid passage from the camp on the right to the camp on the left.

Some one cried, "Now you, Maloison!" Maloison was a fat baker, whose stoutness was a great joke to his companions.

He hesitated. They chafed him. At last making up his mind he started on the way. The whole detachment laughed till it cried. They shouted to encourage him, "Bravo, bravo Maloison!" He was about two-thirds on his journey when a long, sharp, red flame lit up the air-hole. A report was heard and the large baker fell forward on his face with a fearful cry.

Nobody moved to help him. Then they saw him drag himself along on his hands and knees, moaning all the time; when he ended the terrible journey he fainted. He had a bullet in the fleshy top of his leg. After the first surprise and the first fright, a new laugh was heard. But the commander, Lavigne, appeared on the door-step of the forester's house. He had just arranged his plan of attack. In a reverberating voice he commanded:

"The plumber Planchut and his workmen."

Three men approached.

"Unfasten the gutters of the house." In a quarter of an hour they had brought the commander twenty yards of the pipe.

Then, with a thousand precautions, they made a little round hole in the planks of the trap-door, and arranging a conduit of water from the pump to this opening, the commandant declared in an enchanted tone:

"We are going to offer some drink to the German gentlemen."

A frantic hurrah of admiration burst forth, followed by a howl of joy and loud laughter.

The commander ordered companies for the work, to succeed each other every five minutes. Then he commanded:

"Pump."

After a few movements of the pump-handle a small noise crept along the pipe and soon water fell into the cellar, from step to step, with the murmur of a cascade—a toy cascade in a gold-fish pond.

They waited.

One hour passed away, then two, then three.

The commander was pacing restlessly up and down the kitchen, from time to time placing his ear against the floor, trying to guess what had happened to the enemy, asking himself if they were soon going to capitulate.

The enemy was agitated now, and could be heard moving about the barrels, talking and discussing. At last, towards eight o'clock in the morning, a voice came out of the air-hole:

"I wish to speak to the French officer."

Lavigne replied from the window, without putting his head out too far:

"Do you surrender?"

"I surrender."

"Then pass your guns outside."

They saw an arm come out of the hole, then two, three, all the guns were dropped into the snow. The same voice declared:

"I have no more. Hurry up; I am drowned."

The commander ordered:

"Stop."

The handle of the pump fell motionless. Then having filled the kitchen with soldiers, who waited with their arms at the present, he slowly lifted the oaken trap door.

The soaked heads appeared, six blond heads, with long fair locks, and they got out, one after another, the six Germans, shivering, dripping, frightened.

They were seized and bound. Then as the citizens feared a surprise, they returned immediately in two parties, one bringing the prisoners, and the other carrying Maloison on a mattress slung on poles.

They re-entered Rethel in triumph.

M. Lavigne was decorated for having captured a Prussian advance guard, and the fat baker had a military medal for a wound received before the enemy.

But there is no word of reward for Berthine.

SOMETHING FOR CYCLISTS.
AN IDEAL HANDLE-BAR.

Of patents intended for the benefit of cyclists there is no end, but few of them are at once so simple and so thoroughly practical as the new handle-bar for bicycles, recently invented by Mr. J. F. Sargeant, of Bracknell, and already adopted by several lady wheelers.

Its first virtue is that it is easily detachable, though it can be replaced and made perfectly rigid in a moment, a great advantage when the machine has to be stored or packed, and especially when a cyclist goes shopping or visiting, as it enables her to leave her wheel unguarded, yet in perfect safety, since few cycle thieves would attempt to ride off on a machine without handle-bars, while it is the work of an instant to replace them for riding. On the rail, too, the machine becomes safe from theft, as the owner takes the half handle-bar into the carriage with her. And this is not all. The bar is so arranged as to be a combined spanner carrier, which has been much admired by experts, and inside it, not adding to the weight or altering the look, out of sight, and yet literally at hand, and always ready for use, are pump, oilcan, cleaner, and other accessories, very necessary, but somewhat objectionable

when they are either visible or audible, as sometimes happens when they are carried in the old-fashioned way. Moreover, a lady who adopts these new handle-bars (which are cheap, and can be fitted to any machine) may turn her tool-bag into a handy miniature dressing-case, to carry the oddments women riders are apt to need, far more comfortably than they



THE PATENT HANDLE-BAR.

will travel in pockets, or, as some inventive riders have them, tucked into the cyclist's hat or shoes.

Inspirations often come in families, and the new handle-bar suggested to its inventor a complementary contrivance, a bicycle holder. It consists of a metal arm, fixed against a wall or post, and arranged to grasp the bicycle from which the handle has been removed and hold

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it upright and steady without fear of falling and in less space than a bicycle usually occupies. This arrangement is likely to be adopted by several railway companies for use in guards' vans, so that while the new holder will secure for cyclists what they have so long desired—safety from jolts and jars for bicycles that are sent by train, tidy house-mistresses will rejoice in being able to arrange the wheels of their households neatly in hall or passage.

M. JENNIE STREET.

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FREE TRIAL OF SOMETHING THAT WILL DO.

You would be perfectly astonished if you were made aware of the many thousands of pounds absolutely thrown away from year to year upon so-called curatives that are foisted upon a public only too willing to believe the specious arguments laid before them.

Even the hard-earned shillings of the very poor are wasted in this way; in fact it is to the ignorant, anxious to rid themselves of the various ailments which handicap them in the race for life, that such arguments are too often addressed.

Now strength and muscular activity, rosy cheeks, plumpness and health can be obtained without medicine.

The replenishing of the system from the wasting of tissues which is going on every day can only be accomplished by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine. It can, however, be accomplished with a perfect, flesh-forming, palatable and agreeable Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa is such a Food Beverage, possessing, as it does, wonderful nourishing, strengthening, and stimulative powers, unsurpassed by any other Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa is not a medicine. It does simply what it is claimed to do, and its strengthening powers are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation.

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Telegrams: "PROMISING," LONDON.

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

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This preparation, simple and cheap, makes a most delicious lemonade. It is prepared without difficulty, simply by emptying the contents of the packet into a jug and adding loaf sugar and boiling water in the proportions given on the packet, and stirring till dissolved. A tablespoonful or two of this syrup put in a glass of plain or soda water makes a very refreshing drink characterised by the genuine odour of the lemon, and is pleasant to the most critical palate possible. The quantity of sugar given upon the package is one pound to a pint of boiling water; a tablespoonful or two of the syrup thus obtained is added to a tumbler of water for the beverage. This has been personally tested in our office and can be warmly recommended, but for the Editor's personal taste the quantity of sugar makes it rather too sweet, and it is suggested that a somewhat less proportion should be used for a first trial, as it is easy to make the drink a little sweeter if wished.

The Eiffel Tower Concentrated Lemonade is partly prepared in Italy, where scores of peasants gather the finest lemons from the trees. They are then taken direct from the lemon orchards into the factory in all their freshness, to commence their transformation into "Eiffel Tower" Concentrated Lemonade. In this way, thousands of bushels of the finest lemons the world produces are used every year, and it is by this careful selection of the finest fruit only, that the delicious flavour of the "Eiffel Tower" lemonade is obtained.

"Eiffel Tower" Fruit Juices are also supplied in the following flavours:—Orange, cherry, raspberry, pineapple, lime juice. These fruit juices are made from ripe fruit juice and are guaranteed absolutely free from mineral acids.

The analyst's report runs as follows:—"I hereby certify that I have submitted to very careful chemical analysis a sample of Fontaine's 'Eiffel Tower' Fruit Juice, and find that it has been carefully and skilfully compounded from materials of the best quality only.

"It is entirely free from any ingredient of an objectionable character, and when used in the manner directed, produces a delicious beverage of fine flavour, and one that is perfectly wholesome and pure.

"GRANVILLE H. SHARP, F.C.S., Analyst, Late Principal of the Liverpool College of Chemistry."

This scientific testimony leaves no doubt as to the genuineness of the preparation from lemons, but indeed very little doubt can remain in the mind of anyone who has smelt the pleasant odour arising from the drink while warm. It is sold by most grocers, but if it is not easy to obtain, send 6d. for a sample bottle to Messrs. Foster Clark & Co., 269, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone, who will send in return a bottle from which two gallons of lemonade can be made.

ECONOMICAL COOKERY.

By MISS LIZZIE HERITAGE.

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

BANANA COOKERY.

WHAT a remarkable increase has taken place of late in the consumption of bananas; it would seem too, that no praise is too great just now for this delicious fruit, for I have read that in typhoid fever it is often the first solid given after the trying slop period, some medical man having found out its easy digestibility in such cases. My hints have nothing, however, in common with the sick room; my aim being simply to point out that, good as the banana is in its simplicity, it also lends itself readily to the making of tasty and wholesome dishes.

BANANA SANDWICHES

find favour at afternoon teas or any festive occasion. The very best fruit at command should be chosen; not of necessity the largest, but just at the right stage of ripeness, when the skins are in the speckled condition; the fruit should be sound, but still it is better rather over than under ripe, for a full flavour with a creamy softness are essential to its full enjoyment. Cut your peeled fruit in the thinnest slices, and flavour it in one of these ways. A little lemon juice and sugar, in which you will toss it lightly till coated well; or a morsel of apricot jam melted with a little water and used when cool in the same manner; then you may employ also a few drops of good rose water, with or without the addition of grated cocoanut, and here I may add that these two flavourers blend very harmoniously; again, you may use some ground almonds and add a few drops of first class almond essence to your apricot syrup, for stone fruit and almonds always suit each other. And, at a pinch, if you flavour it nicely, good yellow plum jam can step in as a substitute for apricot. Then there is a maraschino syrup with which to flavour the fruit, and there are those who think nothing is nicer, if so nice. Having then got the fruit ready, make up your sandwiches with the white or brown bread of daily life, or the French roll, or buns of the Sally Lunn tribe—they all merit attention; thin slices, dainty shapes, and careful spreading with the best of fresh butter or cream, play the main parts in the sum total of excellence. Or the ever popular clotted cream of Devon, or any other county so that it is thick and good, is delightful.

BANANA TARTLETS

are such a nice change from the usual run of such things, and most handy when you are intent upon portable fare. The patty pans being lined in readiness with a thinly rolled good short crust, mash or sieve some ripe fruit, add a little thick cream, and blend with some strawberries, taken either from jam or bottled fruit; anyhow, they must be drained well;

a little castor sugar will assist in converting all into a creamy mass, and a squeeze of lemon juice will bring the flavour out; half fill the patty pans with the mixture. Then cover with a mixture made by creaming a couple of ounces each of butter and sugar, then adding an egg, and next an ounce and a half of fine flour, with a little baking powder and a flavouring of almond or lemon. Now bake in a quick oven. These are good, hot or cold; in the first form serve as they are, but in the second, some little garnish should be added; pink sugar or a morsel of candied fruit in the centre. By the way, if the banana and fruit compound be coloured pink the appearance is better, for otherwise it will have a rather muddy effect.

A BANANA CUSTARD

is sure to be voted excellent. Prepare the fruit precisely as for the tartlets, and put a good layer of it in the baking-dish buttered a little. Now go over the surface of the fruit with a thin layer of biscuit crumbs, grated or sieved; use finger biscuits only, or if you can, add some ratafias, then pour over your custard. Any pet recipe can be used, but the following is very good and worth a trial. Take a mixture of milk and cream to make three-quarters of a pint; even half a gill of cream will suffice, and it makes a very great difference to the richness; boil, and add when cooled a trifle to the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two first beaten together and strained. Add very little sugar, not more than half an ounce; it is so much smoother when little is used, and more can be served with the dish. Pour this little by little over the fruit and then bake, taking the precaution to set the dish in a tin containing a little cold water; the oven must be moderate. If made and baked right this will be smooth all through, no holes and no water. Any flavouring in the custard is optional. Naturally, the quantities must be regulated by requirement, but the proportions should be borne in mind.

Here let me suggest something very much plainer, but not to be despised on that account. I assure you that a novel note may be struck by serving it for dinner or luncheon; it is simple enough for the nursery, while good enough for the dining room. Take a shallow basin and line it with short crust of moderate richness. Then, supposing half-a-dozen bananas of good size, peel and slice them and put them in the basin with a tablespoonful or more of sugar, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, a pinch of powdered cloves or cinnamon, and about a wineglass of water. Apricot jam supplies an alternative flavouring. I have tasted this with all sorts of variations in the matter of spices, &c., and it is always good alike. The cover should be thin, and the pudding baked in a moderate oven.

Very good dumplings can be had, with a suet crust if liked, and then they may be steamed, and a morsel of jam or some raisins mixed with the bananas; indeed, the recipe gives plenty of scope for originality. Anyhow, whether puddings or dumplings, serve piping hot, and though good plain, a sweet sauce or custard betters them.

I may end with a hint, rather than a recipe, that bananas pulped and flavoured in some of the ways indicated will serve admirably for the spreading of a Swiss roll, or a sandwich, or layer cake. Just warm the mixture, which must be soft enough to spread easily, but stiff enough not to run out.

Very delightful trifles and other sweets of the class are to be got from bananas, but they cannot enter into the present article.

A HINT TO OUR READERS.

From Our Cookery Writer.

DEAR MRS. MILLER,—I sometimes wish that readers of the Cookery Column would express their opinions, or write for any special dishes they may be in need of. It is sometimes rather difficult to decide as to what branch of the cuisine will be most acceptable. I wonder if an occasional menu luncheon or dinner suited to the season would be helpful. Any hints from you, or readers, would be welcomed.—Yours faithfully,
L. HERITAGE.

WHAT TO WEAR.

THE Diamond Jubilee has had a decided influence on the fashions, and the modes which were in vogue when the Queen was young have been adopted in a slightly modified form with great success. Her Majesty is personally unmoved by changes of fashion, having selected a style of dress which is at once comfortable and becoming to her, and having each new dress made almost exactly like the last. But Her Majesty has always taken a great interest in the dresses prepared for her daughters and grand-daughters, and in the case of the former she superintended every article in their trousseau, and was always anxious that they should not adopt any extreme fashions. The sight of the early Victorian fashions cannot be anything but pleasing to the Queen, for it is only natural that she should feel, as everyone else does after a certain age, that the prettiest fashions were those that obtained in the days when she was young.

Many white muslin dresses were worn on Tuesday in company with long coloured sashes, and the large Victorian hats which are so peculiarly becoming to a youthful face. Many of these muslins were made perfectly plain, but the majority were trimmed with many rows of insertion in butter-coloured lace—these rows sometimes extending from hip to hem, sometimes only circling the upper and lower portions of the skirt. Sashes of butter-coloured silk and large Leghorn hats made a pretty finish to these pretty gowns.

There has been a great fancy for red and blue during the last few weeks, and this was a favourite combination on Jubilee day. I saw numbers of dresses in cornflower blue accompanied by hats of scarlet straw covered all over with nodding poppies. Transparent hats were very much worn by young people, large shapes covered with tulle and lined with cascades of blonde, with flowers arranged carelessly round the crown as though they had just been gathered in the garden and pinned into place. These hats were sent over from Paris just before the Queen's Day, and they were eagerly welcomed by many as being exactly the right thing for the occasion.

I was present at the "Women Writer's" dinner the other evening, and I was very much pleased to see what pains the ladies had taken to dress up for one another. There is a silly theory afloat that women only dress with a view to pleasing men, but some of the prettiest dresses I have seen this season figured on the occasion referred to. The handsomest dress was Mrs. Frank Leslie's, whose beautiful toilet of *can de nil* satin, the skirt richly embroidered *tablier* fashion with shades of blues, was set off by many diamonds and a Spanish "Order." Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshaw looked most distinguished in black, with much beautiful old lace and many fine opals and diamonds. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel (the president) was charmingly dressed in mauve brocade, and Miss Montresor looked very handsome in pale pink. Only two favoured the æsthetic style—Mrs. Shakespeare and Mrs. Radford (the author of a recent volume of poems about children, entitled, "A Light Load"). Mrs. Shakespeare wore a grey Empire gown trimmed with white ostrich feathers, and Mrs. Radford wore a crimson satin dress made after the fashion of a smock, with a band of pink and crimson poppies embroidered across the front. Miss Edna Lyall wore a handsome toilette of pink brocade with a very fine white lace flounce. Miss Balmorie was one of the few ladies to appear in a high-necked dress, the colour being the blue that so well suits her. Miss Sarah Doudney's black dress was also made high at the throat. Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of London, had on a dinner gown of grey, brocaded with moons in a darker shade. Dr. Maitland-King wore a charming dress of soft mauve *crepe de chine*, and Dr. Arabella Kenealey black relieved by scarlet trimmings. Mrs. Annie Swan, looking very sweet and gentle, wore a plain brown silk gown with good lace. Miss Ireland Blackburn, the honorary secretary of the dinner, wore a dress of white

silk muslin over blue silk, with a high waist-belt and shoulder bows of pale blue. Mrs. Fenwick Miller's dress was of apricot velvet with some fine lace on the front, and a vest of white *crêpe de chine*. Mrs. Tooley's gown was an harmonious mixture of white and pink, and Miss Anning looked very pretty and young all in white.
CHIFFON.

WHAT HAPPENS IN THE QUEEN'S NAVY.

INTERESTING DETAILS.

MR. J. MURRAY, late of the Royal Marine Artillery, has seen service in India, the Mediterranean and other seas, in well-known ships of war. It was, therefore, with deep regret, that at the age of 33, he had to give up Her Majesty's service, in which, if opportunity had occurred, he might have honourably distinguished himself.

"In the year 1892," he said to an *Aberdeen Journal* commissioner, who called on him at his house (104, Chapel-street, Aberdeen), "I was engaged in operations in connection with the raising of H.M.S. 'Howe' on the Spanish coast, and during the operations I was constantly wearing wet clothes. At that particular time I did not experience any ill effects. Early in November of the following year, I was on board H.M.S. 'Empress of India' at Gibraltar. I then began to feel the lower part of my back getting very sore, so much so that I could not bend without severe pain. In February, 1894, I got much worse, but continued at work, being unwilling to go sick. In May, 1894, I was paid off the vessel in which I was serving, and going into barracks, I was three months in hospital. Temporarily relieved, I went on board H.M.S. 'Royal Sovereign,' and being rather highly qualified, I got a comparatively easy job, and managed to carry on for some time, although still suffering pain. I continued to get worse, however, and in October, 1896, my legs got painfully swollen, and I experienced rheumatic pains and stiffness at the knee joints. My shoulder-joints also swelled up, and I was finally invalided home from Spain, where our ship was lying at the time. I went into hospital, and remained there for about three months, and receiving no benefit I left the hospital on the 10th of March. I then commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and derived great benefit, as I will prove to you."

Mr. Murray at this point appealed to his landlady, who completely confirmed his statement. He added, "Thanks to my cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am taking on flesh rapidly," and a glance at the ruddy, active-looking fellow was sufficient to show he was in the best of health. He had just returned from a visit to Glasgow, and he informed me that while he was there he "walked," as he expressed it, "all over the place." He was so much better that he intended to set out immediately for a situation in Glasgow, which had been offered him by telegraph. His improvement in health had been so manifest that a workman employed in a granite yard in the city had heard about the cure, and called at Mr. Murray's lodgings to make inquiry about the Pills. Mr. Murray was only too glad to be able to do a fellow-sufferer service, and gave the man full instructions as to taking the pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills directly strengthen the blood and nerves, and thus it is that they are so famous among all classes of people, from the highest in the land to the lowest, for the cure of anæmia and rheumatism, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are now obtainable of all chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 18s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Pink pills sold loose or from glass jars are not Dr. Williams'.

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