

THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL, JUNE 3, 1897

ANOTHER
COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

13, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, BEDFORD ST., STRAND, LONDON.

100 Rooms. New Passenger Elevator. Electric Light. Telephone. Very Moderate.
Telegrams: "PROMISING," LONDON. Mrs. A. D. PHILIP, Proprietress.

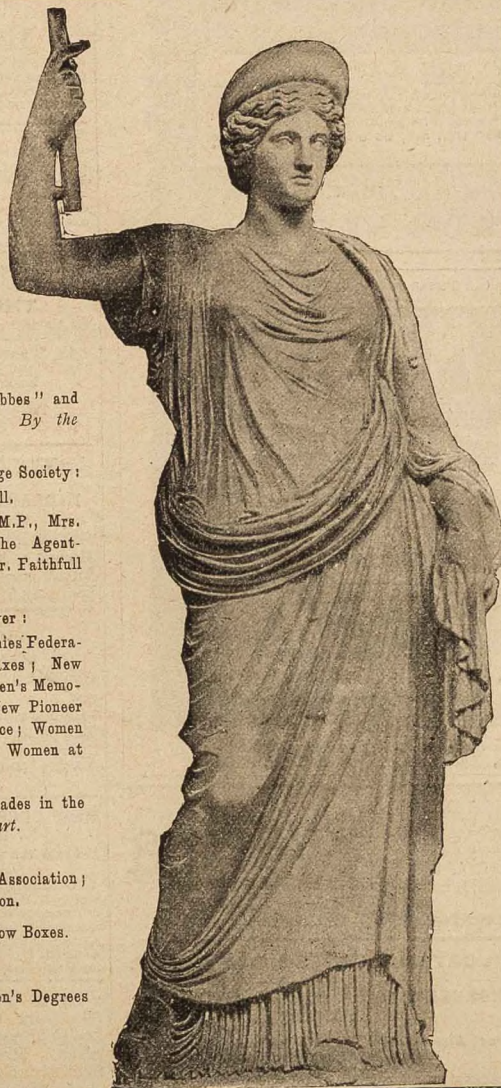
THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

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

Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

No. 179, VOL. VII. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER. JUNE 3RD, 1897. Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Principal
Contents
OF
This Issue.



Character Sketch: "John Oliver Hobbes" and her New Book; with portrait. By the Editor.

Report of the Central Woman's Suffrage Society: Great Meeting at Queen's Hall.

Speeches by Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., Mrs. Fawcett, Lady H. Somerset, The Agent-General for New Zealand, and Mr. Faithfull Begg, M.P.

Signals from Our Watch Tower:

Women's Suffrage and Australian Colonies Federation; Striking against Paying Taxes; New Adhesion to Women's Suffrage; Women's Memorial on the Health of the Army; New Pioneer Club; Women Telegraphists' Grievance; Women Guardians; "Man" in Public Life; Women at the Cape; Married Woman's Union.

Our Short Story: "Lights and Shades in the Wards." By Helen Urquhart.

Public Meetings:

Anti-Vivisection; Woman's Liberal Association; Women Guardian's Association.

Home Gardening for Ladies: Window Boxes.

What to Wear.

Our Open Column: Corsets; Women's Degrees at the old Universities.

&c., &c., &c.

Maggi's



CONSOMMÉ.

In Gelatine Tubes.

Boxes containing 10
Tubes, 1s. 8d.;
Post Free, 1s. 10½d.

Maggi's

FRENCH SOUPS

(34 Varieties).

In Packets of Six
Tablets, each
Packet 1s. 4d.; Post
Free, 1s. 7d.



Of all Grocers, Chemists, and
of the Sole Agents,

COSENZA & CO.,

95 & 97 Wigmore St., London, W.

Where frequent free demonstrations are held. Cards of Invitation to which will be sent on Application.

WALKING SHOES, in Brown or Black Calf, Glace Kid, or Patent
Leather, from 3/6. **HOUSE SHOES**, from 4/6.


PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

H. KELSEY, 482, Oxford Street, Hyde Park, W.


BUTTERFLY of "LADY'S PICTORIAL,"

says: "Go to **KELSEY'S**, in Oxford St., they have
the **SMARTEST** and **PRETTIEST** SHOES in LONDON.

Carter's Little Liver Pills



Is. 11d. at Chemists. Cure all Liver ills. Exact size and shape of Package.



For HEADACHE, For DIZZINESS, For BILIOUSNESS, For PURPLISH LIVER, For CONSTIPATION, For SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Wrapper printed blue on white.

Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion, Bilious Headache.

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS AND STORES.

LEHMANN'S



UNFERMENTED NATURAL JUICE OF THE GRAPE. NON-ALCOHOLIC. DELICIOUS TEMPERANCE DRINK AT LAST.

WINE

Samples and Prices on Application to the Sole Importers: R. LEHMANN & CO. (Dept. M.), 78 & 79, Turnmill Street, LONDON, E.C.

Symonia Sydrina

BEST TEMPERANCE DRINKS OF THE DAY. Made from the Finest Fruits. JNO. SYMONS & CO., LTD., Totnes, Devon & Ratcliff, London, E.

Of all Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, &c.

YOU CAN ONLY THANK YOURSELF IF MOTHS DESTROY BLANKETS OR FURS

For they should be dusted and thoroughly well sprinkled with

"KEATING'S POWDER" before putting away. It is harmless to everything except insects, but unrivalled in killing Moths, Fleas, Beetles, Bugs, Sold everywhere, only in tins, 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

EDUCATION ON SOUTH COAST.

THORNELOE HIGH SCHOOL, BRIDPORT, DORSET.

Principal, Miss BUSSELL (Cambridge Woman's Examination, Cambridge Teacher's Certificate).

Successful preparation for Oxford and Cambridge Locals, Examinations of Royal Academy and Royal College, etc.

SPECIAL PROVISION FOR DELICATE GIRLS,

Who while able to continue some lessons need treatment and watching. Resident Health Mistress from Hampstead Physical Training College. Swedish Gymnastics, Medical Movements, &c. Sea-bathing, Tennis, Hockey, Cricket. The climate of Bridport is very suitable for delicate girls, while Thorneloe House is particularly well situated. References to Educational Authorities, Medical Men, &c., also to Miss R. ANSTEE, South Petherton, Somerset. The Spring Term will commence on Wednesday, May 5th.

Our Private Advertisement Column.

READ CAREFULLY.

TERMS:—Sixpence per insertion for the first twelve words, and one penny for each further four words; four insertions for the price of three if no change made in words. Figures count as one word, if in a group. Advertisements should reach us by Monday morning for the same week's issue. We reserve the right to refuse any advertisement without giving a reason.

In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser and enclose it in an envelope; close this, and write (where the stamp should go), on the outside, the letter and number of the advertisement, and nothing more. Put the reply or replies thus sealed down in another envelope, together with a penny stamp for each letter you want sent on, loose in your envelope to us; address the outer envelope "WOMAN'S SIGNAL, Office, 80 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.," stamp to the proper weight and post. We will then take out and address and forward your replies to the advertiser, and further communications will be direct between you both. Postcards will not be forwarded.

Dress.

A. 100. HOME WORK. Pinaforns "Overalls," Child, 18 Months, 3 at 1s. 8d. each, post free. Petticoat bodices, 1s. 10d.

A. 252. BARGAIN. Bear Boa for disposal. Cost £3 10s., lined quilted satin, in good condition, will sell £1 1s.

To Let.

D. 171. HOUSE to Let, small, but very nicely furnished, nice situation, beautiful country neighbourhood, walks and drives, Surrey, forty minutes rail from London Bridge. Four to six weeks, August and September, £2 12s. 6d. per week, or with Servant, £3 3s. Beds for five. No young children.

Educational.

H. 151. ASSOCIATE Trinity College, London, Teaches Harmony, Counterpoint, &c., by correspondence, and prepares candidates for all theoretical examinations. Terms moderate.

HOTELS, HYDROS, &c.

THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE TEMPERANCE HOTEL
12, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C.
This First-Class Temperance Hotel is centrally situated for business or pleasure in the heart of the City.
Telephone No. 2,485.
Telegraphic Address, "Estiator, London."
H. G. CHALLELEY & SONS, PROPRIETORS.

BOURNEMOUTH.

MIDLAND HOTEL, opposite Bournemouth West Station.
Well-appointed Family Hotel and Boarding House. Electric Light. Excellent Cuisine. Tariff moderate. Buses to all parts. Special boarding terms. Apply—MANAGERESS.

PARIS.
Boarding House, Central, near Louvre.
Comfortable Rooms, with or without board, from 3 to 8 francs.
Ladies and families. Paris Branch of W.C.T.U. Temperance Restaurant. English Reading Room. Moderate Terms.
Apply (enclosing 2d. stamps), Lady Secretary, 205, Rue St. Honoré.

NEW CROSS HYGIENIC HOME AND SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.
Under the Care of Miss RHODA ANSTEE, New Cross, South Petherton, Somerset.
For delicate Girls and Ladies. To strengthen and restore to health by means of Gymnastics, Swedish Medical Movements and Massage, Pure Air, Pure Food, Out-door Occupations, &c. Specially recommended for the Cure of Spinal Curvature, Flat Chest and Round Shoulders, Anæmia, Dyspepsia, and many Nervous Affections. Apply for Particulars.

"THE RIVIERA," OF SOUTHEND (Temperance) Board Residence, Charming Sea and Country. Vacancies for June. Special cases taken. Mrs. WHITE BAMPFORD, "The Oaks," Southchurch, Southend-on-Sea.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOARDING SCHOOL & KINDERGARTEN COLLEGE, THE FOSSE, LEICESTER.
Principal ... Miss MORGAN.
Preparation for usual examinations, Froebel Union Certificates, &c. Inclusive Terms, 30 Guineas per annum. Comfortable Home for Children whose parents reside abroad. Reference permitted to the Mayor of Leicester, J. HERBERT MARSHALL, Esq., J.P. Next Term May 4th.

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

Character Sketch.

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS"
AND HER WORK.*

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" has already made so great a reputation as a novelist in cultured reading circles that it is hard to realise that she is a mere girl, still under thirty years of age, and that the whole of her public writings put together are barely as long as one full-sized three volume novel. The appearance of her new book reminds us of one of the most striking successes of a style that the history of literature can show. Her first work, "Some Emotions and a Moral," appeared in Fisher Unwin's pseudonym series. It was quite short, and it would be difficult to tell the tale of it, apart from the author's own vivid and unusual style, so as to make it appear interesting, yet so brilliant was the writing, and so uncommon and original the whole work, that it made an immediate success.

"Why did you call yourself a name so stodgy and heavy as 'John Oliver Hobbes'?" I asked her. "Why you took a man's name I can well understand, because we both know that you would obtain a much more fair judgment of your work under those circumstances; but why 'John' and why 'Hobbes'?" Names that seem so particularly ill-suited to the personality.

"It was because," she replied, smiling, "I thought that exactly that name would curb my natural extreme sentimentality. You would never suppose how strong is my temptation to be very sentimental, and I purposely chose the name of the great philosopher in order to remind me to control that tendency and be calm and reasonable always."

Mrs. Craigie, as might be inferred, has been



Mrs. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.")

It was not long before the literary world discovered that "John Oliver Hobbes" was the pseudonym chosen by a young lady then but a few years over 20, and one who had never written anything before. Besides being young, "John Oliver Hobbes" is brilliantly handsome. Brilliant is the word that seems to suit both her appearance and her literary style. It is the word that instinctively rises in one's mind when one sees the flashing dark eyes, the rich colouring, and the general look of keen alertness to which no portrait, whether a painting or a photograph, has ever even begun to do justice. There is a portrait of "John Oliver Hobbes" in the recently opened exhibition at the New Gallery; it is, perhaps, more like her than any other that I have seen; but she looks both younger and more beautiful in reality than on the canvas. As to the photograph from which we take our block, it is offered only in default of anything better being procurable, for it is far from doing her justice.

"John Oliver Hobbes" is personally addressed as "Mrs. Craigie." Her home is with her parents, in one of the large houses in Lancaster-gate, and you see her at her best in the great drawing room decorated in white and gold, the handsome ceiling, with its pendants of tiny electric lamps, giving a touch of distinction to the more ordinary gold mouldings and white decorations of the walls, and the large mirror panellings upon which are painted clusters of daffodils, white lilies, and bows and streamers of ribbon. A great green palm grows in the centre of the room, and a striking feature of the apartment is a life-sized marble statue of the Scottish girl martyr of the Covenant, tied to the stake which was driven in on the seashore below high water mark, so that she should be drowned by slow degrees. Mrs. Craigie's father, Mr. Morgan Richards, is one of Dr. Parker's deacons, and his sympathy with Non-conformity is thus artistically shown in the very heart of his beautiful drawing room.

compelling her not to read too hard, led her to turn her attention to literature. The peculiar quality of her style, which can only be understood by those who have read her works, speaks for itself as to the time that she spends upon it, and the elaboration that she gives to it. For the casual and hasty reader her work, like that of George Meredith, is really too polished; its brilliance dazzles the mental eye, and renders the meaning, although really lucid enough, sometimes difficult to catch in a moment. It would be easy to make from her few books a large selection of epigrams; each page is loaded with striking and generally happy phrases. I take up one of her works at random and cull a few to illustrate my meaning:—

"Love is a state of giving—and unconscious giving."

"She spoke her mind—and that is a quality which, if ill-bred, can never be described as commonplace."

"Honest love, or its semblance, will always gain a woman's sympathy even if it fails to win her heart."

"It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be loved; the majority prefer to love—it lays them under fewer obligations."

"That gentleman was ever ready to discuss one friend with another—in fact, it was chiefly for this pleasure that he made them."

"He told himself he was interested, choosing that word because he knew no other, for no man knows his language till he has lived it."

"As he looked at her, it seemed like reading an unfinished tragedy—with the catastrophe to be written."

"Talking to you," she said to him, "is only thinking to myself—made easier."

"All forced virtue is degrading in its effect."

"Her expression was neutral, for her character, like that of many English women, slumbered behind her countenance like a dog in its kennel, to come out growling or amiable as circumstances might demand."

"I would never give money to women, my dear, for of all the humiliations piled upon our sex, there is none so cruel as to be loved or married for our fortune. The worst husband is to be respected while he pays your bills. It is hard to despise a brute, who, after all, likes you well enough to provide for you."

Mrs. Craigie owns to have felt her style influenced by George Meredith and in a lesser degree by Thomas Hardy. She is a great admirer of the finer French novelists, in whose work the same sort of care about style is found that is so strong a feature of her own, but, after all, she believes that the influence that permeates her mind is Greek. It is probable that the extreme modernness of her work translates to the present day the tone and spirit of old Greece rather than repeats any modern influence.

"The Herb Moon," her latest book, issued a few months ago, is the longest and to some extent the most ambitious of her works. Its keynote is precisely the same problem as that of Lady Greville's book reviewed here last week—the problem, to wit, of the wife who is a wife only in name, and who is required to live in the world, young and attractive, but shut out from love. The problem is presented differently, of course, by the two writers. Mrs. Craigie's heroine, Rose Arden, is rigidly correct, even stern to herself. She does not allow herself the

* "The Herb Moon, a Fantasia," by "John Oliver Hobbes." London, Fisher Unwin. Price, 6s.

luxury of repining against her lot, as Lady Greville's does. Yet it was a bitter lot.

"Rose had been born with a spirit of adventure which her uneventful life left undeveloped and her frail body utter belied. The story of her youth caused pity even in Ottley, where human sympathies ran in no rapid stream. Her husband, a Lieutenant in the Navy, had lost his reason from the effects of a sunstroke, and was now in a private asylum. Rose was nineteen at the time of her marriage, and before her twentieth birthday she found herself in the terrible position of a young wife with no one to protect her, with no right to accept affection, with no right to bestow it, and with a craving for companionship so compelling that, in stifling it, she broke her heart. . . . Arden had been a bad husband; he was often drunk, and he did not know how to treat a refined woman. Then, after eight strange months, came all the horror of insanity, and they took him away."

She lives with her brother, the village organist, in a country farmhouse, supporting herself by art embroidery. The farmer's wife, Susan, is "a character"; her quaint talk is the humorous interest of the book. It is she who has invented the name which gives the book its queer title—bitter herbs seem to her to match a long engagement's period, as honey does that of early married love :—

"When he (Mr. Robsart) marries, I hope it will be straight off, without shilly-shally. For there's nothing so wearing as the herb-moon."

"The herb moon?" repeated Rose, stupefied.

"Ay! That's my name for one of those long courtships. Adam and I did all our courting in a fortnight; that's why we are happy. This walking out with each other year in and year out, till all your nerve is gone, and you are sick with talking, was never to my taste, nor to my mother's before me. 'Tisn't natural, and I'm all for nature, I am."

Susan, it is apparent, believes in matrimony. "You want to marry everybody," said Rose, laughing in spite of her grief.

"To be sure," said Susan, "for marriage is natural. Mr. Edward (Rose's brother) would have found a wife long ago if you hadn't taken such care of him, treating him like a pet lamb, and talking to him as if he was an old maid. Never let a man forget that he's a man, that's what I say. It's mothers and sisters who make half the bad husbands you hear about; for no wife worth the name wants to keep her man short-coated. But if many women could have their will, they would make their boys and brothers wear christening robes and eat pap till they turned fifty—aye, and more. And it isn't love so much as wanting to have their own way with 'em, like rabbits in a cage. Lord, I know by myself. I could keep Adam hanging on my arm all day if I hadn't the sense to see it would make him a softie. There's enough real children in the world for women to look after without dilly-dallying about with grown men."

Robsart it is whom Rose loves and who loves her—and they are kept apart by the marriage bond with the lunatic. Only once have they spoken of their feelings, and then have buried them; and Rose deliberately set herself to become as plain and unattractive as possible to damp her lover's ardour.

"Rose's face was not fair; the features, though refined, were too irregular to be gracious, and although her brow and soft brown eyes were beautiful, they showed the marks of over-long fatigue. An expression of intense sorrow veiled the pretty liveliness of her mien, and it was only when she laughed—which was seldom unless Robsart happened to be present—that one saw how well meriment became her. She seemed about five and thirty, although she was, in fact, fully seven years younger. Her skin had that curious waxen pallor often found in women, who, while they live in the country, breathing pure air, lose their colour and fade from lack of amusement. Oh, those long days in the country—days of anxiety without distraction, of patient waiting for letters—no matter from whom, which never come; days of

trivial necessary tasks impossible to shirk, yet so wearisome in their accomplishment; days when life can promise neither love, nor youth, nor joy, nor even death; when the world seems but a mighty grind-mill where slaves eternally toil without rest and without hire. The merest half-belief in a living God will sustain many souls through adversities and trials of any picturesque or stirring order, but only the most exalted faith can give one the strength to bear in patience the misery of loneliness, the constant fret of uncongenial surroundings, the heavy burden of little common woes, which, because they are little and common, are so humiliating."

But though this stern self-repression seems to answer for a time, it will not wear through a life. Robsart supposes himself cured of his love, but when a good appointment is offered him, he finds that he cannot leave the neighbourhood of Rose Arden, and he is obliged to admit that he still loves her and cannot care for any other woman. Poor Rose thereupon makes an heroic resolution, and goes away herself to be companion to a curious old worldly woman, as witty as Susan, but in a cynical, bitter, cultured way. Then the broken-hearted lover enlists! The scene in which the vicar's wife, Mrs. Triptree, and the richest vicar in the parish, Mrs. Crecy, talk over these events, and also over the position of Rose's brother, Edward Banish, is so good a specimen of the peculiar humour of "John Oliver Hobbes" that it may be quoted at some length :—

"The next afternoon, Mrs. Triptree, the vicar's wife, sallied forth on foot to call on her friend, Mrs. Crecy. She wore her best green silk with the brown stripes, and her bonnet had four strings—two to tie under her chin, and two of broad, figured ribbon, to fly in the wind. Her face was round and red, but she had a white sharp nose; her eyes were as black and lustreless as currants, and her lips were like the mouthpiece of a trumpet. She bore in her hand a small silk parasol, edged with long fringe and mounted on a long ivory stick. Her gloves were of white kid with two buttons. On one wrist she wore a gold bracelet; on the other a band of black velvet. And thus she came to the great front door of 'Randalls,' where, it so happened, Mrs. Crecy was alighting from her high barouche drawn by grey horses."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Triptree," said she. "I would not have missed you for a sovereign. The longer I live, Mrs. Triptree, the less heed I give to gossip. But come into the garden, where it is cool, and tell me your news."

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Triptree, as they crossed the hall, "I look to you for that. We are very dull at the vicarage just now, unless some things I heard this morning should happen to be true. But there, what is one to believe? I don't like to mention names."

"Nor do I," said Mrs. Crecy, "for, upon my word, the servants have ears in every tree. But does the name you were thinking of begin with A?"

"One might be said to begin with an A," replied Mrs. Triptree.

"And I'll be bound it has an R in it."

"To be sure there is more than one R in the story, Mrs. Crecy."

"And that other R is the first letter of a name ending in T?"

"'Tis really too bad o' you," said Mrs. Triptree, "you are worse than a judge."

"Mrs. A. has gone to town and Mr. R. has enlisted," said Mrs. Crecy. "Cook heard it at crack of dawn this morning from the milkboy. You could have blown me away like a thistle when she told me. 'Well, I never,' said I, 'well, I never!' Just like that. 'What does the vicar think?' I thought to myself. I would give five shillings to know what the vicar says to this."

"The vicar," said Mrs. Triptree, "has always been of my opinion that Mrs. Arden is a woman with the nicest ideas of propriety. When do you see her decked out? Her best black silk is her wedding dress dyed. I heard that from Susan. When does she put her veil up in church? When does she go out before the

sermon? When does she invite curates or married men to tea? When do you find her gossiping at street corners? She's a very nice woman, indeed, and if she's plain, that's not her fault, and perhaps its her blessing. And if she looks 39, if she's a day, it may be her age or it may be trouble, that is neither here nor there. I don't as a rule trust auburn hair, but we should always hope for the best."

"And I can hear nothing said against Louis Robsart," observed Mrs. Crecy. "You may depend, however, that there is more in this enlisting than we think. Say what you will, it looks very odd, Mrs. Triptree."

"To watch the world from such a corner, Mrs. Crecy, one would swear it was all virtue; the blue sky and the peaceful cows. Heaven above and happy animals, made by the Creator, basking in the sun. A pretty, pretty sight! Do you get your meat from Lauderdale, or do you still kill your own?"

"We kill our own," replied Mrs. Crecy, "and if you would accept a sirloin of beef—the best (though that's not much) that poor 'Randalls' can offer—I should be most happy."

"La!" said Mrs. Triptree, "one would think I had been hinting, whereas such a thought never came into my head. I vow it isn't safe to admire the least object in your presence. The vicarage is already much beholding to you."

"Be that as it may," replied Mrs. Crecy, where gratitude is, I say, there it's worth your while to drop favours. Not that I am able to do all I could wish, for what with the house and the stables, the servants' hire and keep, what with the grounds and victuals, what with clothes for one's back, works of art and the cellar, a thousand pounds seems no more than a sixpenny bit. Yet you are welcome to the beef, Mrs. Triptree, most welcome. I hope, as the old saying goes, it will be cut and come again. But what were you talking about poor Mrs. Arden?"

"La! I have clean forgotten. Ah, well, 'tis all for the best. A tale loses nothing by being repeated—be as careful as you please. A quart of doubt to an ounce of truth is the safest brew. Yet—though I never spoke again—I should have to say my say if a question were put to me on oath. If I were put on my oath, Mrs. Crecy, and anyone were to ask me, 'Have you any reason to suspect this and so?' or, 'Do you think that a certain person is this, that, or the other?' I should feel bound to tell the truth."

"And what would you say, Mrs. Triptree?" "I should say, 'Well, be it far from me to judge, but if I know a pigeon from a beehive, that young man is in love with Edward Banish's sister!'" It all points to it, Mrs. Crecy. She being a God-fearing, superior person, leaves Ottley, and he, in a fit of pique, enlists. 'Tis as clear as anything in a book. There was never a clearer case. And that reminds me. My girls were saying that you had young Banish here yesterday. That was most condescending, I am sure. He owes you a great deal. Let us pray he knows his place, and will give you no trouble. For what is an organist in comparison with a Miss Chloe Crecy? Young men hope very high nowadays."

"So far as birth goes," said Mrs. Crecy, "I have no false pride. If a man is gentlemanlike and has an uncle who is a clerk in the House of Commons—and that means influence, Mrs. Triptree—and if he is a cousin to a Lady Barrow, he may always find a friend at 'Randalls!'"

"You surprise me, Mrs. Crecy. I never heard that Mr. Banish was related to a lady of title. I knew that he was well-connected and had a grandfather in the navy, but more than this I never dreamt of."

"His aunt, my dear, was the Honourable Mrs. Puxter—I heard it all this morning from Dr. Somers, whose godfather was her medical man. She died of dropsy at Brighton, having been tapped nine times. The world is very small."

"Now I think of Mr. Banish," said Mrs. Triptree, "he certainly has an air out of the common. But he's poor, Mrs. Crecy, very poor, and when a man is needy, there's no limit

to his daring. If there's sixty thousand pound to be settled on any one, he won't think the less of them on that account. A word to the wise is my motto. And Miss Chloe Crecy need not waste her time with an Honourable's nephew, while she has a fortune worth an Honourable in his own right."

"La!" said Mrs. Crecy, "Chloe never thinks of marriage."

But "John Oliver Hobbes" is sentimental enough to give a happy ending to the story of all her lovers—to provide Edward Banish with a fortune adequate to a marriage with Miss Chloe Crecy, and to set Rose free by her husband's death. This is how she receives the news :—

"Rose carried Robsart's farewell letter in her breast. She seldom re-read the whole; her memory had adorned itself with a few love-trimmed phrases picked out here and there from the dim, grammatical gloom. "I have enlisted because I am not rich enough to travel as a civilian, and every association here is now so painful that my sole cure lies in flight. For the present, I am ill in mind, so ill that I have neither the time nor the power to take my choice of remedies. I accept, and accept gratefully, the first which offers itself. My soul is drenched with bitterness. This, I know, from your own example, is not right. I have never heard you complain. So I must try to learn the secret of endurance."

"He did not ask her to write, and woman-like, she had felt at once relieved and hurt at this mark of consideration. A correspondence between people who may not, with mutual peace of mind, remain together under the same roof is the very sledge-hammer of woe. It shatters our rock of refuge about our ears; it crushes down every philosophic resolution; it is an unearthing of the buried—a tearing-up of the heart's sleeping grain. What is the secret of endurance but the willingness to concede that certain things can never be? Rose had said this often. She knew that Robsart had been thinking, when he wrote, of her own words. But circumstances were changed now. The impossible had become merely difficult. She sat musing, with her face buried in her hands, and tears trickling through her fingers."

It is Susan who clears away the "difficulty" and lets Robsart know that if he still loves Rose she will be free when he can return to claim her; and by Susan's prompt interference the story ends happily.

"No, love, the only munit that I felt downright bad since you left was when Mr. Robsart went away with the Sergeant. I couldn't watch him go. I stayed in the back pantry, and I kep' saying to myself, 'Whatever will become of poor darlin' Mrs. Arden? You see, dearie, I knew."

"What?" said Rose with a fine blush. "I knew, dearie," said Susan, solemnly, "that you loved him to your life! I knew it all along—but you don't mind me, surely. It used to go to my heart when you would sit at work a-trying to act more Christian than is good for the skin. And it was a cruel test for any man, say what you like, to see a sweet, pretty young creature growing downright plain, just out of duty, so to speak. You are always nice-looking to me, darlin', but I have often wished that you could ha' worn your lovely hair in ringlets and shown off. As for Mr. Robsart, he couldn't deceive Susan. I have caught him—more'n once—picking up your work, after you had left it, and giving it a look in an adoring sort of way as he knew would ha' been wrong to give to you direct! And once he kissed it, and a needle pricked him, which narrower-minded people would have called a judgment, but I think it was an accident and nothing more. I was never one for finding judgments! If a man was to kiss his own wife's sewing basket (to be sure, I never see'd one do anything so affectionate) he'd be certain to get a damning-needle in his chin. There's reason in all things. But now, my poor lamb, you can think of him all day and all night without sin (and after all you've gone through you deserve a little happiness), and you can put flowers on his mother's grave, and behave just as though you was

engaged to him. Won't it be heavenly, dear? And he'll come back to England the very moment he hears that you are free; and sha'n't I cry at the wedding?"

"He won't come back for years and years," said she, "and he doesn't even know that things are different."

"Oh, yes, he does," replied Susan, "for I took and wrote to him myself. 'P.S.,' I says in my letter, 'I suppose you have heard our sad news. Mrs. Arden's husband has been mercifully took away after a heavy meal. Will send particulars in my next.' I thought that would do for a first hint."

"Oh, Susan!" said Rose, "how could you?"

"Because I knew you wouldn't," said Susan, stolidly."

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

FOUNDED 1872.

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

The Society seeks to achieve this object :—

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

Treasurer—Mrs. RUSSELL COOKE.

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

LECTURING CAMPAIGN FUND.

The following donations have been received since last month's report :—

	£	s.	d.	
The Hon. Mrs. A. Pelham	...	0	10	0
Miss Clarinda Boddy, M.D.	...	0	10	0

MEETING IN QUEEN'S HALL.

Under the auspices of the Combined Committee of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, the Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, the Manchester Society for Women's Suffrage, the Edinburgh Society for Women's Suffrage, the Bristol Society for Women's Suffrage and the Emancipation Union, a large representative meeting was held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday, May 26th. The Right Hon. Leonard Courtney presided, and was supported by Mr. Faithfull Begg, M.P., Mrs. Russell Cooke, Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. Walter McLaren, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Miss Flora Stevenson (Edinburgh), Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Eva McLaren, Miss Cons, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Pearsall Smith, Miss Balmorie, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Mrs. Morgan Browne, Mrs. Broadley Reid, Mrs. Bateson, Mrs. Faithfull Begg, Miss Faithfull Begg, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Stewart Browne, Miss Bertha Mason, Mrs. McIlquham, Mrs. Fordham, Miss Garrett, Mrs. John Hullah, Misses Gore Booth (Sligo Women's Suffrage Society), Miss Walker, M.D., Mrs. Owen, Miss Emily Davies, Miss Mabel Holland, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Bright (Liverpool Women's Suffrage Society), Mrs. Mynne, Mme. Schmalh (Paris), Mons. Blois (Paris), Mrs. Walker (Leeds Women's Suffrage Society), Miss Mordan, Miss Gray Allen, Miss A. Nordgren, Miss Pemberton.

THE RIGHT HON. LEONARD COURTNEY, M.P.,

took the Chair punctually at 8 o'clock, and said :—Ladies and gentlemen, we are not yet in a position to put off our armour, neither are we

quite so far backward as when we put it on. It is long since we began our campaign, and if we have not reached the end, yet we have attained the point at which the end can be said to be in view. We have never been able to say before what we can say to-day of the cause of Women's Suffrage. A Bill in favour of giving the Parliamentary vote to women has passed the House of Commons, and, for the first time, the Bill has not only been approved by a triumphant majority, but that majority has been drawn from every section of Members of the House. The supporters of the two sections composing the Government each gave a majority for the Bill, the supporters of the Opposition did the same, the Irish Nationalists no less than the immediate followers of Sir William Harcourt. (Applause.) Therefore we may look upon the future, whatever chances betide Parliamentary life, with the conviction that if our cause does not triumph this Session it is certain to triumph soon; and I, for one, have not abandoned hope that we may still see it come to perfection in this Jubilee year. (Applause.) It is said by those hostile critics, who are not always our worst friends, that the progress we have made is hollow and unsubstantial; that if it betrays that we have a majority voting for us in the House of Commons, yet that majority in their hearts do not support the movement; that they are not sincere in wishing to add to the number of voters, and though they troop into the lobby to say "Aye" to a Women's Suffrage Bill they are in reality most unfriendly to it. I believe that what is said of those supporters is true of many of the nominal supporters of any movement that has been successful; I have never found any political movement of which I have not heard it said, "It is true that it appears to gain a number of votes, but there are masses of men now lying by quietly who, when the hour of peril comes, will rally themselves against this movement and defeat it. It is true that Members of Parliament, thinking they are pleasing their constituents, are supporting you, but wait, and you will see that the very men professing to be now in your favour will in the end vote against you!" That is too stale a story. I remember thirty years ago hearing of a Member of Parliament who was then supporting the ballot. A friend who was then supporting the ballot, "Oh, yes, I spoke to him about it and he said, 'Oh, yes, I have been voting for the ballot but, mind you, whenever it becomes serious, I am heart and soul against it.'" The ballot became serious, the ballot became law, and the poor man who was heart and soul against it supported it to the end. The truth is such men are very numerous; they do not think much of a thing at first, they think it carries no force; but by-and-by, when they think that they are going to oppose its progress, they find that the force has become irresistible, and they are powerless to oppose it. Then they "find salvation" not merely in acquiescence, but in rejoicing, and they are the most strong and hearty to congratulate the victors upon the success. I do not think we count any traitors among our supposed friends, and I will tell you why. All the forces which people believe are leagued on the other side have been active, and the temptation of Parliamentary intrigue, of wire-pulling, the

URGENCY OF THOSE WHO MANIPULATE THE MACHINE

of politics, have been against us and failed. If they have failed it is because those who have been on our side have been sincere. Another observation has been made with regard to our success this session. It has been objected that we despatched the business of the second reading in one afternoon. It is true that we did so; but it must be remembered that the subject is not a new one, the question has been before the House for thirty years. Does the education of thirty years go for nothing? In 1867 Mr. John Stuart Mill—(applause)—brought the subject before the House of Commons, and again and again since has it been brought under discussion and voted upon, and the occasion we took this spring is only the last act, let us hope, of the drama which has occupied the attention of Parliament for thirty years. But, moreover, in these years we have had something more than Parliamentary debates

to teach us what is the strength of opposition to the movement, and what the force of the arguments in its favour. We have had practical experience in these years; we have given votes to women for the election of Town Councils, School Boards, District Councils, County Councils, and every time the experiment of entrusting to women the exercise of these political functions has been tried, it has been pronounced successful. (Hear, hear.) When Mr. Fowler brought in the Local Government Boards Bill, he did not propose to deal with the question of women voting at all, but on the motion of Mr. Walter MacLaren, whose absence from the House we all regret (hear, hear), a resolution was passed insisting upon the consideration of the Women's question in relation to Local Government. Then the Government capitulated, then we were allowed to go to the whole length, and we effected all our desires. Now with this experience, and

DISCUSSION EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN A GENERATION.

It is surely idle to talk of the House of Commons being guilty of undue haste because it passes a Women's Suffrage Bill upon its second reading after one afternoon's debate. Does history go for nothing? We have got a position upon which, as I said before, we may congratulate ourselves; but the end has not yet been reached. We have passed the second reading—we did more—we defeated a little manoeuvre to put off the second reading. There are some persons who are not courageous enough to vote against the second reading, but are courageous to try and prevent its being voted upon, so as to secure more time for reflection, and so we had to move the closure, and defeated them by a good majority, and then passed the second reading by an ampler majority. But we have not yet passed the Bill, there remain other stages. Shall we get through those stages this session? When we had passed the second reading of this Bill the question arose, what day we should fix upon to consider the Bill in Committee, and Mr. Faithfull Begg, taking the best advice possible upon the matter, decided upon the 23rd June. It was the day after the Jubilee Day, and it was thought that the excitement of the Jubilee would be over and the day left free. But, unfortunately, that is not so, for both Houses of Parliament on that day take part in the serious function of going to Buckingham Palace to present an address of congratulation to Her Majesty on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee; therefore the day we had fixed upon will be taken away from us. Then Mr. Faithfull Begg had to consider the day best fitted to take in exchange for this, and

WE HAVE FIXED UPON THE 7TH OF JULY.

Mr. Faithfull Begg has spoken to Mr. Balfour on the subject, and he has promised to leave two Wednesdays free; we have, after deliberation, chosen the second of these, and we may hope that on that day your Bill will be passed through Committee. We cannot say certainly, because we have a rule in the House that Bills must take precedence according to the progress they have made, and if one was a good deal ahead of yours it might be put forward on that day. There are several Bills down for the 30th of June, and it is possible some one of these might be left over till the 7th of July. But I assure you we shall be watchful, and we shall try, on the 30th of June, to assist in the despatch of business by every means in our power, and when the all important 7th of July comes, if our Bill holds its place, we will be most strictly on the watch, so that there shall be no waste or frittering away of one single moment of the sacred afternoon. (Applause.) I am sure we may hope to get the Bill through Committee on that day. We will restrict discussion as much as possible, so that all clauses of the Bill may be passed through Committee. Then we may pause triumphant, for I am firmly convinced that if the Bill got through that stage the Bill will become law, for the House of Lords will, I am sure, respect all constitutional traditions and not interfere with the discretion of the House of Commons in determining who shall be the electors of the House of Commons itself. (Loud applause.)

MRS. FAWCETT

moved the first resolution:—"That this meeting rejoices that the House of Commons has so reflected the growth of public opinion in favour of the claims of women to parliamentary representation as to have passed the Second Reading of the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill on February 3rd, by a large majority; and thanks Mr. Faithfull Begg and all who worked with him for the skill and energy which they showed in the conduct of the measure." She said: "The resolution does well, I think, to speak of the growth of public opinion on this subject. Our Chairman has reminded us of the many signs of the growth of that public opinion, and to those who can look back over thirty years of work, the progress of this movement is very evident indeed; and this year we had the crowning triumph of carrying the Second Reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill by a majority of 71, a majority, as Mr. Courtney has reminded you, composed of every section in the House of Commons. News of that splendid victory reached me when I was in a very distant land—in Egypt. We sometimes hear a little too much of the thin end of the wedge; I should like those who speak of that to have been with me in Egypt, and to have seen a country into which the thin end of the wedge—as far as freedom for women is concerned—has never been inserted. If you had been with me in Egypt you would have seen a country in which a different state of things prevails. I saw there young women in the prime of youth and health virtually imprisoned, shut up for life within the walls of the harem, with no practical liberty whatever. We who have seen that, and the misery and degradation which such a system entails not only on the women, but also on the men, may congratulate ourselves that the thin end of the wedge has been put in for us, and I hope that the day will not be far distant when the thin end of the wedge may be put in for the women of Egypt also. The division on February 3rd gave evidence that the forces in our favour are growing stronger. The forces against us are much the same as they have always been, and we may consider them mainly

MISREPRESENTATION AND PREJUDICE.

These are very hardy perennials; you may lop them to the ground, you may dig to the roots, but in congenial soil they are sure to shoot forth again, and we shall have a bountiful crop of misrepresentations and prejudices, do what we will to root them up. The most important of the new influences in our favour is the growth of women's political organisations, and I think those societies have done more in this field than the direct Women's Suffrage Societies have been able to accomplish. I remember hearing, on the occasion we first carried a Second Reading, a story that illustrated what I mean. There were two Members of Parliament sitting next one another, both of them opposed to the Women's Franchise Bill. A stage was reached when it was possible to block the further progress of the Bill, and one Member said to the other, "Block it, Toby, block it." Toby replied, "Block it yourself, I have the women in my constituency to think of!" The enemy act very differently now to the way they did a few years back. Then they used to gaily court a debate in the House of Commons, gaily to vote against us, defeat us, and think no more about it. Now their tactics are very different. They use against us their utmost energy and skill to

PREVENT THE BILL BEING DEBATED

at all, and that is the reason why they have been so far successful. Between the years 1892 and 1897 there was no discussion in Parliament on the subject of Woman's Suffrage at all, till Mr. Faithfull Begg, by a happy mixture of good luck and tact, managed to baffle their ingenuity on this occasion. (Applause.) He has met with his enemy in the gate and has given him a fall. Well, now, the next round is coming on, and I am almost afraid Mr. Begg may not be quite so successful again. We have heard the reason that we shall not have our day on the 23rd June, we know that the Members of the House of Commons will be so overwhelmed by their emotions of loyalty towards the chief

political woman in this country—(laughter)—that they will not have time on the following day to add to the political privileges of the humbler classes of women among Her Majesty's subjects. I hope Mr. Courtney may be a good prophet when he says all our chances are not gone, that we may yet have hope that further progress may be made in this Bill. This question of representation for women bears many analogies to the struggle for doing away with political and educational disabilities for the Nonconformists of England. Sometimes our friends get a little annoyed and impatient at the length of time; but let them look back and remember that this great struggle for the doing away of political disabilities of Nonconformists took ninety years. All great events take a long time for their development. At the end of the last century there was absolutely no kind of popular representation in the Kingdom of Scotland, either Municipal or Parliamentary. Such was the state of things, that in the county elections the members were elected by some score of electors; in the boroughs matters were worse, the Town Councils elected themselves and also elected some score of Members of Parliament. It was very remarkable that all the great leaders of the Whig party at that time declined to have anything to do with altering this state of things. A deputation waited on Charles James Fox, and asked him to take up this question, and he declined on the ground that he was ignorant of the Constitutional History of Scotland. At last it was taken up by Sheridan the playwright, and he brought it forward twelve times in the House of Commons; but it ruthlessly rejected his proposals. I think that should be an encouragement to us not to get faint-hearted in this matter. It was not until after forty or fifty years of struggle that the representation of Scotland was put upon a thoroughly satisfactory basis, although those fighting the battle had a group of voters in every constituency who could push forward the cause. We women have no voting power behind us, we are obliged to fight through other means, and it places us at a great disadvantage, and therefore you must have heart and patience to go on and do all that you can to bring fair play and justice to bear on this question in Parliament. I have spoken already about the thin end of the wedge. I am not going to speak disrespectfully of the wedge, it is a useful little implement, but in this matter we do not rely on any merely mechanical instrument, we rely upon the principle of growth. You know that when a seed is germinating, and the root growing, delicate and fragile as it may be, it has an immense force behind it, and is able to lift almost any amount of mere dead weight. That is how I look at this question. We believe it has the root of victory and growth within it; we believe that it is a living force, that is changing and developing all human society. It is in that faith we are going forward to press it upon the heart and conscience of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, and that principle in the end we trust will lead us ultimately to victory. (Applause.)

LADY HENRY SOMERSET

read the following telegram that had been received from Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton—"A large meeting of Women Ratepayers of Doncaster to-night asked me to convey warm sympathy," and said:—"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not here to-night to make anything that can be possibly called a speech, I only want to show my warm personal sympathy with the cause. (Applause.) I am glad to hear the note that has just been sounded, because I firmly believe that patience in the long run is perfectly certain to win. All these years, the women of this country are being educated, so that when the time comes, as it must very soon come, that political power shall be placed in their hands, people will not be able to say that it came to them unprepared. We are well aware that those who disagree with us say, 'Women do not want the vote,' and I hope that the great preponderance of women at this meeting to-night will give the lie to that worn-out argument. The enormous changes that have taken place during the last fifty years in the standing of women, and the

way in which they are regarded by the other sex, in itself, an argument that the heaven has been working. We not only require to educate women on this question, but also to educate the men. Nothing is a stronger argument for women's work than the record of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. (Hear, hear.) It is undoubtedly a singular fact, that if women are so incompetent to work in politics and to meet the responsibilities of public life, the two great sovereigns that have marked eras in the history of the English nation have been women, and women not chosen because they had any special advantages to bring to that particular station, but women taken because, in the line of succession, they happened to be obliged to succeed to those honours; therefore, if two selected without any special idea of their possessing certain special qualities have marked so greatly the progress of the English nation, I do not quite see why women as a community are to be considered unfit to take their own place in public affairs. Although I most heartily concur with what Mrs. Fawcett has told us as to the many advantages of Political Societies, I fancy that there is

A LIMIT TO THE WORK THAT WOMEN MUST GIVE

in order to return gentlemen to Parliament who are always opposed to their obtaining any political privileges. When the Members of Parliament leave that august assembly a noble army of women sweep through its doors in order to perform the humble avocations that are necessary to the comfort and convenience of the men. That is much the position in which many women place themselves with regard to those gentlemen for whom they work at elections, and I, for my part, am very tired of this political charring. I think that we must face this question from its real and true bearing. No matter who the candidate may be, he never so closely related to us, that great question which we hold so dear must be always a test question. I speak not so much for those who have all that life can give them as for the working women. To them it is a question more vital than any other, and, in the name of the women workers of this country, I feel that we, who have the leisure and the influence, cannot work too strongly, too patiently, and, above all, with a strong, unflinching hope, that at last that which shall mean righteousness and justice shall be accorded to the women of our land. (Applause.)

MR. REEVES, AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW ZEALAND,

said: I feel that, in order to keep in countenance the opponents of the subject under discussion, a man from New Zealand ought to present to you a somewhat abject and broken appearance; I am not quite sure whether a clanking of chains and a clattering of weapons might not prove a dramatic accompaniment in the background. It might be dramatic, but it would not be true; and I promise you that what I say to-night shall be true. And I am happy to say that, though I am going to stick to the truth, I need not on that account be the bearer of bad tidings. If there was anything to be said against the working of Female Suffrage at the other end of the world I should say it. I cannot. Female Suffrage has come to stay; it is not only the recognised law of the land in one British Colony, but in two. Not so very many weeks' journey away from London Women's Suffrage is an institution of to-day; not a story of Utopia, or of the planet Mars, or of some coming race, but one of the ordinary everyday facts of political life amongst people who speak your language, who belong to your blood and race, and who are, with you, subjects of Queen Victoria and citizens of the British Empire. It is true that these two venturesome colonies are young, that they are far away, that they are small. They are young, but then, you know, it does not follow that because a colony is young everybody is young in the community; young colonies have their share of old heads. They are far away; but people can have good laws even if they do live a month's journey from London. The countries are not small, though the population is sparse, but at the same time a population of 1,100,000 persons, all free, all educated, is, I think, worthy of some small consideration.

They belong to your race, speak your tongue, read some of your newspapers, profess your religion, enjoy your constitutional freedom, and, generally speaking, have your ways of speaking and looking at almost everything. I have known famous historians, great reformers, deep economists, who have paid great attention to the ideas of communities smaller and less populous than New Zealand and South Australia. That being so, I think that Women's Parliamentary Suffrage tried, and successfully tried, is worthy of your attention, even at the Antipodes. It not only proves a good deal, but it disproves a good deal more. I do not think there is a single argument urged against female suffrage here that was not urged almost as monotonously and drearily against female suffrage at the other end of the world."

AWFUL PICTURES WERE DRAWN

of neglected babies, uncooked dinners, judicial separations, a plentiful crop of divorce suits, deserted domestic hearths. We were told that women did not want the Franchise, and yet it was said that no sooner did they get the Franchise than they would be so enthralled, so enthusiastic, that they would neglect all the duties of domestic life. Public platforms would be taken possession of by unattractive terrible persons, attired in ill-fitting clothes, wearing blue spectacles, all having shrill, high voices, all making unreasonable demands and emphasising their demands with gingham umbrellas! Did any of those frightful consequences ensue? Not one; and if I do not approach the subject this evening, with that solemn earnestness which some of you think right, it is because we have outlived the objections and are already beginning to regard them as interesting specimens of political antiquity. Now, if I may begin with that most important of all things, the baby, permit me to say that he is not neglected at all; and the perhaps less important but still necessary husband, finds his dinners are cooked and his buttons sewn on. I have yet to learn that families are estranged and that judicial separations are growing more plentiful or divorce suits more numerous. In New Zealand, women, because they have become citizens, yet have not ceased to be women; their clothes still fit them well, their manners have not lost their feminine charm. Things are very much as they were in our social life. In fact, the complaint of the old prophets of evil now is, not that the skies have fallen or that the country is upside down, but that there is so very little change or alteration. They say now, "What is the use of giving women the Suffrage; we have not had a change of Government. You have simply one hundred thousand more electors, and that is the whole change." Well, if Female Suffrage had only proved that so great and important a constitutional change could have come into being so smoothly and easily, that the only complaint of its opponents was that it had not revolutionized the country it would have proved a great deal; if it had only proved insulted, that when they get the polls without being insulted, that when they get the Franchise they use it, and that because they take an interest in the state they do not cease to take an interest in their homes and families, I think Female Suffrage would have proved something. But it has proved more than that to anybody who has eyes to see or ears to listen. To begin with, it has distinctly affected legislation. Laws have been passed because of it; other laws have been modified; changes have been made in the administration of the public service; changes are being made in public opinion outside the public service; altogether, people are beginning to look at customs and institutions with different eyes. Personal results are taking place. I do not think any politician or public worker would try now in his daily life to outrage the finer feelings of women. It is true that for the most part women do vote not against their husbands and families but with them, and to their class stand with their class and to their class interests. No one, except an Anarchist, could have expected anything else. But it does not follow from that that they do not exercise a distinct influence in politics; they do, and they bid fair to influence politics still more. In addition to that it is not merely the influence

of women upon public life that we have to look to, it is the influence of public life and fuller responsibilities upon women. No one can deny that already the possession of the rights of citizenship has begun to influence women's life and thought and brain in New Zealand, and that

THAT INFLUENCE IS ALTOGETHER FOR GOOD.

On the whole, the part they are taking is quiet, but it is none the less real. They do use the Franchise; they do discuss; they do join associations; they read and listen, and reflect; and they do learn; and it is that that widens their lives, brightens their intellects, makes their lives fuller and more useful to the country, and none the less charming in their domestic circle. As to the suggestion that the Franchise had been abandoned in New Zealand and South Australia, or is in the least degree likely to be abandoned, you may dismiss this as a chimera. It is as likely to be abandoned as vote by ballot in England. That is the position at the Antipodes. It would, of course, be presumptuous of me to dogmatise as to the position here, still you will, perhaps, permit me to say that I am convinced that the grant of the suffrage in New Zealand and South Australia will be followed by a steady increase in every one of the daughter countries in the British Empire, and if it should come slower here than in any other part of the Empire I cannot imagine that the time will last very long during which the men of Great Britain will solemnly admit that their mothers and sisters and daughters are the only women in the British Empire who occupy such an inferior position as to be considered unfit for the rights of citizenship. (Applause.)

The resolution was then put to the meeting, and was carried unanimously.

MR. FAITHFULL BEGG, M.P.,

before moving the second Resolution, was desired by the Committee to intimate that a letter had been received from the Archbishop of Canterbury (hear, hear), in which he said he regretted that he could not attend the Meeting, as he was still an unhesitating supporter of the claim of Women to the Parliamentary Franchise, and had no doubt that it would ultimately be conceded to them. The resolution was:—"That this meeting feels it would be particularly appropriate if the Bill for the enfranchisement of women could be entered on the Statute Book in this year, when Her Majesty's subjects are celebrating a woman's reign, the longest and most glorious in the history of our country; the meeting, therefore prays the House of Commons, as it is prolonging its holiday over the June 23rd, the day on which the Bill is the first order on going into Committee, to give, later in the Session, opportunities for its further stages."

The mover said the resolution points to a very significant fact. Probably the most brilliant periods in our history have been when this country was under the reign of female monarchs. We have had the Elizabethan era, we have the privilege of living in the Victorian age; in one of these periods we had the development of literature and the extension of the Empire; in the other we have the consolidation of that Empire and the developments of arts and industries to a degree never previously seen. I say it is an

ANOMALY AND GROSS ABSURDITY

that a woman should occupy the highest position in the State, and yet be debarred from exercising the franchise, which ought to be the privilege of every subject properly qualified to exercise. On the question of the inclusion or the exclusion of married women from the vote, I cannot see the justice of excluding a married woman from the benefits of the Bill. But householders from the benefits of politics, one thing is clear in connection with politics, and particularly with regard to the conduct of Bills, that, if you are to succeed, you must follow the line of least resistance; take a part if you cannot get the whole, and then try for more. Now Member after Member has come to ask the question with regard to the married woman, and has said unreservedly that if the provision in the Bill was intended to be in

(Continued on page 350)

THE
WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

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

Editor—Mrs. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

Corresponding Editors—THE LADY HENRY SOMERSET and MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Editorial Rooms and Business Offices, to which all letters, advertisements, subscriptions, and enquiries should be addressed, 80 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL will be sent post paid to any address, in Great Britain or abroad, on receipt of subscriptions:

12 months for ...	6s. 6d.
6 " " " " " "	3s. 8d.
3 " " " " " "	1s. 8d.

Or can be had to order, One Penny weekly, from any Newsgent in the United Kingdom; also sold at Messrs. Smith's Railway Bookstalls.

Published Every Thursday, Price One Penny.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED
By MARSHALL AND SONS, 125 Fleet Street.

NOTICE

All communications intended for insertion must be written on one side only of the paper, and the writer's name and address must be given, not necessarily for publication. The Editor cannot answer correspondents privately, except on the business of the paper strictly.

If a stamped and addressed wrapper be attached to a manuscript offered for publication, it will be returned if declined; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the accidental loss of manuscripts, and any not accompanied by a wrapper for return will be destroyed if unaccepted. Space being limited and many manuscripts offered, the Editor begs respectfully to intimate that an article being declined does not necessarily imply that it is not considered an excellent composition.

SIGNALS FROM OUR
WATCH TOWER.

Readers will remember that there is at present a movement on foot for the combining of the various Australian colonies into one, in something the same way that the United States form one nation; and that the question of whether the women of the other parts of the colony shall at the same time receive the right of voting which the women of South Australia now enjoy, is one of the points that the conference will have to consider. The following very well written petition has been presented from the Womanhood Suffrage League of New South Wales to the Convention:—

"1. That in framing a Federal Constitution for Australasia, the determination of the persons to whom the Federal franchise shall be granted, is a question of great importance, and your honourable Convention will probably consider whether or not such franchise shall be uniform throughout all the colonies. 2. That at the present time in New South Wales, Victoria, Western Australia, and Tasmania women do not possess the right to vote for candidates for election as members of the Parliaments of the said colonies, whilst in respect to South Australia such right has been conferred upon the women of that colony, and that, therefore, the women of the colonies first

mentioned are under a disability from which the women of South Australia have been relieved. 3. That (as the Hon. George H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, has said in his article on the "Outlook of Federation": "in this matter the taxpayers have much more at stake than the politicians") the women of the various colonies are taxpayers under their respective governments, and will be taxpayers under any Federal government which may be established. 4. That women are patriotic and law abiding citizens, taking an equal part in the religious and moral development of the people, and doing more than half of the educational, charitable, and philanthropic work of society as at present constituted. Therefore, whatever Federal franchise shall be conferred upon or possessed by male citizens should also be conferred upon or possessed by women. 5. That in view of the facts and considerations above-mentioned we are justified in appealing to your honourable Convention to so frame the Federal Constitution as to give the women of all the Colonies a voice in choosing the representatives of the Federal Parliament, so that United Australia may become a true democracy, resting upon the will of the whole and not half of the people. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your honourable Convention will so frame the Federal Constitution for Australasia that the right to vote for representatives to the Federal Parliament shall be possessed by women and men without any distinction or disqualification on the ground of sex."

It has been suggested from time to time that if women really cared about representation, they might organise a strike against paying their taxes until they got the vote. This would, no doubt, be very effective, and it is possible that some such strong measure may ultimately have to be adopted, but it is of no use for one or two women householders to take this stand alone; they would simply inconvenience themselves without attracting enough notice to compensate. It is often borne in upon me how very much the labours of individuals in great movements are like those of the coral insect: so many toil to the best of their ability, and pass away from the scene of action, without leaving any apparent trace of themselves; and yet what they have done has had its influence in building up and making the ground firmer for those who come after to progress upon. I am reminded of this by the apparent complete forgetfulness of everybody at present of the fact that two ladies, great friends, but living in different parts of London, for quite a number of years did take the suggested method of protesting against being taxed without representation. They were Miss Hall, who lived at Edgware, and Miss Babb, in Camden square. Every time that the Queen's taxes were demanded of them they replied by a formal protest and refusal to pay on the ground that they were not represented; and each time the tax-gatherer's emissary entered their house and confiscated some of their silver. This caused them expense and inconvenience, and produced but little apparent result. If even one thousand women in different parts of the kingdom would do the same thing the effect would be very great.

In the meantime there would be no great difficulty in following the example which has been set by two American women

residing at Milton on the Hudson. They paid their taxes, but accompanied the money with a written protest in which they insisted that they should not be taxed, because they had not also the right to vote. To make such a protest involves but little trouble, and, therefore might easily be done by some hundreds of thousands of women householders if the combined Suffrage Societies were to exert themselves to organise such a form of demonstration.

One after another of the women's societies for various objects comes into line in demanding the Franchise for responsible women. The "Women's Co-operative Guild" has this year, for the first time, determined to throw its influence in favour of the Women's Suffrage Bill. The Co-operative Guild has a very large number of members, nearly all members of the working-classes, and if those members are led to take a real interest in this question they will no doubt be able to do a very great deal for it in quarters that have yet hardly been touched.

I know not when anything so astonishing has happened as, first, the adhesion of Lady Henry Somerset to the State making provision for the safe practice of vice by the army in India, and next the signatures of other women of the highest rank to petitions for the same object. That a daughter and a daughter-in-law of the Queen, and the mother-in-law of the heir to the throne, should head a document, worded like this petition, is a truly singular fact. It is so sad a subject that it is difficult to deal with it; but just now every newspaper is full of it. Thousands of women do not understand the matter in the least. They, naturally, will be led by these noble and influential names—how many thousands will not Lady Henry Somerset alone be responsible for taking over to the side of the Acts with her? Thus, the advocates of the legislation that it was thought was gone for ever from our midst, will have a lever that they never had before—the consent of a large and imposing array of women to such laws!

Mrs. Josephine Butler must receive the sympathy of all who are able to feel deeply on a great moral question. She suffered so much in this cause. Her work seemed done—well done, for at least this generation; and she has lived to suffer the blow of seeing this reverse. The truly wonderful conversion, the name that it is most amazing to see on the list of signatories of the petition, is that of Florence Nightingale. She was one of the original leaders of the agitation against such laws; thirty years ago, her great name was placarded, by her own wish, in contested elections as recognising to the full the evils of legislation of the kind; and now, there is her signature! It seems impossible—yet not more so than Lady Henry Somerset's signature.

A curious and strong indication of how little Lady Henry Somerset was expected to declare in favour of such legislation is afforded by the June issue of a little monthly paper that bears her name on it as editor, and that is supposed to represent her views to the members of the association over which she presides. This issue has evidently been prepared by the actual editor in complete ignorance of the intention of the editor-in-chief to propound

her scheme for the registration of healthy means of vice, and hence the paper is full of articles protesting against such laws in no measured terms, and on the grounds on which the opposition has always been placed by what the *Times* calls the "fanatics" who object to such laws on moral and religious grounds.

Miss Flora Shaw's appearance before the South African Committee of inquiry, and Lady Henry Somerset's before the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws, were both interesting as showing that women individually are recognised as having power to both consider and influence public affairs. Miss Shaw was shown in the evidence to have long been quite an authority at the Colonial Office, her frequent visits there indicating that even the superior person who now holds sway there—the great Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—is not above taking information and advice from a lady in private; no doubt he now "blushes to find it fame."

Mrs. Wynford Philipps has secured 15, Grosvenor-crescent, Hyde Park Corner, opposite the Wellington Club, for the New Women's Institute and Pioneer Club. The house contains a very fine suite of drawing-rooms, and is light and airy, and in all ways adapted for the purpose.

I hear that there is so much discontent amongst the women telegraphists with the conditions and payment of their services that the authorities are somewhat apprehensive of a strike, and have accordingly issued a circular to a large number of those women who left the Government employment in accordance with the regulations on account of their marriage, asking if they would be willing to be reinstated for a time if wanted. It is very much to be hoped that all of those thus appealed to will stand by the women now in the service, and reply firmly that they cannot consent to interfere in this manner. As I have before observed, however, there is but little chance of the present staff obtaining any considerable change in their conditions of service so long as so large a number of girls desire to enter upon those terms.

The grievance of the women telegraphists at present is stated in the following resolution, which was proposed and unanimously passed at a recent meeting of the Telegraph Clerks' Association:—

"Miss Cormack (Dublin) proposed: 'That in view of the fact that the report of the Tweedmouth Committee requires an increased knowledge of technical telegraphy by female telegraphists, and that since the salaries of the body were last revised in 1890, there has been a very considerable increase in the demand on the working abilities of each, this conference is of opinion that a revision of the scales of pay for female telegraphists is imperative, and hereby demands, on their behalf, a salary of 22s. a week after five years' service, with a proportionate increase for those having more than five years' service, annual increments of 4s. 4s., and a maximum of £120 a year, and in the case of London, £130.'

Mr. Fisher, the Chairman of the Manchester Board of Guardians, was much annoyed by the observations made by Canon Hicks at the recent meeting of the Lady Guardians' Association. Incidentally he alluded to the Lady Mayoress's remark

that she hoped, ere long, boards of guardians would consist entirely of ladies, but did not pursue the reference on Alderman M'Dougall observing that he would not have felt annoyed had he seen the smile that was on the lady's face when she made the remarks. Mr. Fisher, however, went on to strongly complain of Canon Hicks' statements that a great many of the male guardians "had no manners; went to the Board drunk, and were capable of any sort of jobbery." These statements Mr. Fisher declared to be libels, and said that, in his experience, ranging over 27 years, he had never seen men guardians of such a character. It is to be regretted that the advocates of women's work should ever make their meetings a medium for attacks "at large" upon men. It will be found that it is very seldom that such things are said by women themselves; it is from their injudicious advocates that such statements emanate, and generally with as little justice as there is in the similarly sweeping censure of women which is frequently heard from the advocates of men's superiority.

We have repeatedly called attention to the folly with which any small blunder on the part of women, or any mismanagement of a woman's affairs, is caught at, magnified to the utmost, and proclaimed in hundreds of journals as proving the incapacity of "Woman" for the matter in hand. When a similar course of proceeding is applied to men, the absurdity (not to say the malevolence) of it becomes apparent. The other day, the newspapers rang with such denunciations of the weakness and the violence at public meetings of "Woman," on the score of the tears of a youthful lady who presided over a meeting of the Ladies Kennel Association, at which discussion on new rules became animated. "Woman," we were bidden to observe, was thus proved incapable of managing public meetings and quite unfit for business affairs. Now, on parallel lines, we might (but we will not be so silly!) assert that "Man" is proved incapable of conducting public business by the following scene, which took place in the Austrian Parliament on Monday last. Surely a President who faints beforehand at the fear of a scene is worse than a chairwoman who weeps. And how disgraceful is the rest of the record!

The debate was to be upon the language question in Bohemia. Even before the session was opened (the *Daily News* correspondent tells us) the President, Dr. Kathrein, was so overcome with excitement in anticipation of the scene which was expected that he fainted and did not recover sufficiently to preside! The First Vice-President took the chair. For many hours the reading of petitions and the calling of the roll seems to have been alternated with outrageous scenes. Scraps of written paper were thrown in the face of the President, inkstands (the *Daily Telegraph's* representative assures us) were hurled at his seat, unceasing cries of "Down with Polish Badeni! To Poland with him!" were accompanied by hisses and whistlings; and the members crowded with clenched fists round the Ministerial table, where Count Badeni sat, as pale as ashes. The *Daily Chronicle's* correspondent telegraphs: "The Obstructionists turned over their desks and smashed the inkstands. Stenographers were noting the names of the offenders

when their notes, rules, and books were torn away from them and flung into the Speaker's face. The coarsest invective was exchanged between the parties. All this went on for hours, and finally the Speaker had to give way and close the sitting after ten hours' duration."

The Women's Liberal Unionist Association last week discussed the treatment of natives under British rule in South Africa. Misses Mary Kingsley and Harriet Colenso spoke, the latter attacking English methods in Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, and adversely criticising the Cape Labour Act.

Another South African Public Library, that of King Williamstown, has followed the foolish lead of Durban and Rondebosch, and boycotted "Trooper Peter Halkett." The reason given by the authorities is that the book is "improper!" As we intimated in reviewing it, we thought it far more dull and ill-judged than we had ever expected to find any work of Olive Schriener's; but it was quite clear of "impropriety," unless the bare mention of the illicit relations, practically those of slavery, compulsorily maintained by many white men with native women, is to be thus stigmatised.

Mr. Du Toit, in his book on Rhodesia, quotes a conversation that he had with one of the Chief Khama's men which throws light on the position of the women of the Bechuanas. Mr. Du Toit says:—"A somewhat elderly Kaffir came to treat with us about exchanging our ten tired oxen for eight fresh ones. Having seen our oxen he said he would now go and consult his 'Missis,' and then bring us his reply. We asked him, 'Is your wife your 'Missis'?' He replied with the counter question, 'Are your wives not your 'Missis'?' We replied, 'Can you not see that we exchange our oxen without consulting our wives?' 'Ah!' he said, 'that is because your wives are not present; otherwise you would surely consult them.'"

In like manner, in the trial of a legitimacy case, where the English estate of a man who had died intestate, Commander Bethell, was claimed for his child by a Kaffir wife, it was shown in evidence that when the white man desired to marry the girl, the question was referred by her father to her mother; and that the ceremony which the Kaffir custom held binding was that the young man gave the girl's mother so many oxen, and himself guided them in ploughing some land for her. This performance, and the mother's acceptance of the oxen, constituted a binding marriage in the eyes of the natives, and it seemed to me a great shame that the union was nevertheless declared illegal by the English Court. But the generally interesting point was the power and position of the savage mother in choosing her daughter's husband.

A novel and beneficent form of "work for your neighbour" has been carried on at Clevedon, Somerset, for some little time past under the name of "the Married Women's Union." Mrs. Barnard, the moving spirit, gives her poorer neighbours occasional amusement as well as instruction and substantial help. It is the entertainment that is so much appreciated.

Our Short Story.

LIGHTS AND SHADES IN THE WARDS.

BY HELEN URQUHART.

"What be doin', Number Five?"

"Just gettin' around for our nurse; now, then, numbers 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, come for thy medicines, look'ee sharp!" For it was medicine time in the wards.

"Right y'are, 'Five,' we be keen on the 'black stuff.' 'Seven,' here, is a-smacking his lips at the thought of it, ain't you, 'Seven'?"

The gentleman referred to did not seem to see the point of this fun. Poor old man, he was crusty sometimes, and spoke up.

"You young chaps, shut up!" he growled. "I takes the glass up straight, and doant give no trouble to the nurse, does I, Nurse? So it ain't no affair o' you'm how I likes it—yah!"

"Now, Daddie, I'm going to help you first, because you are the eldest."

"I'm none too sure o' that Nurse, number three there runs Dad close

And this was how we got through the medicines. Just six o'clock, and the Spring evening waning fast. "One, two, three, four, five, six," and so on up to twenty-four, all human beings, representing by their suffering so many "cases." Twenty-four rough, strong men, and never a hard word or a bad one, and so much joking and goodwill. "Strong," I say, because this is the male-accident ward, into which the big "Casualty" room empties its helpless burdens. "Rough," because work and hard times engendered it. "There's no wearin' the kid glove hereabouts," one of them remarked; and he fully endorsed his theory.

A long row of beds on either side, four walls, a bright hearth, and a table in the centre for use and ornament—flowers ("Law, Nurse holds a deal by them weeds!"—my treasured ferns, by the way), and big blue bottles on the dressing stand; that is our ward. Dear me, how proud we all were of it.

Dust and flicker, polish and brighten, numbers 1, 2, and 3 always at it, while 5, 6, and 7 sat down and admired, or contrariwise. It was a real kindness to let those big men work about as much as they could—if only it meant one arm, or a game leg, certainly there was no half-heartedness about their manœuvres. Day after day for weeks, and even months, the same four walls, bright hearth, flowers—and pain; the same faces, meals, and nurses. Yet they endured, these hulking lads and working men—endured, each in his own way.

We had our varieties, but we did not speak much about them. There was the operation case in No. 12 bed, "Poor'bloke, it's gone hard wi' him!" and then a wonderful stillness and quiet from the comrades, who respected his pain.

Then there's a screen round "No. 10," and it has been so all day. The afternoon's work has gone on just the same, but no play, for "No. 10" is to make room for a new patient—poor fellow, he has not been asked "to endure." "And if it wasn't for his wife and children, he wouldn't take it so hard. The wheel must have crushed heavy by the feel on it."

Then there are the "visiting days"; I must not forget them. Numbers one, two and three have each a friend, and so have most of the others. Nurse gets flowers those days, and the patients little odds and ends, from newspapers to gossip. "Oh, yes, they're sum'at to keen one alive."

Aye, but it's "unco sad" to watch some of them, the visited and the visitors. Scraps of conversation here and there reach my ears at the end of the ward where I retire discreetly, but with both eyes wide open for broken rules. What a life of trouble it is sometimes!

"How be gettin' on, Tim?" in the true West countree dialect.

"Nicely, wife, I shall be up and about soon now."

"An 'ome along o' us, Tim?"

"As soon as iver I gets this ere leg to the groun', out I walks, my girl."

"Thee gets better food and tendin' here," wisely.

"I gets a lot of kindness, and they ain't bad times, but it's not that I looks to, it's you and the childer."

"It's been bad, lately, Tim."

"Ah, no work agin'?"

"Not much," cheerfully.

"You looks a bit low, Nell. Turn thy face. Hast thee had thy dinner?" The woman shakes her head, and the blue lips tremble weakly.

"There ain't none, Tim, 'present till I earns it."

"So bad as that—but there's my waikit left, Nell, ask the nurse."

But "Nell" plainly hesitates, though he overcomes the objection after a while, because when I resume my seat after helping a patient's friend to recognise him, I hear Tim saying determinately, "Thee must, Nell; thee must, I tells'ee." Then I feel more than see that the nervous dark-eyed woman is coming towards me. I feel, too, that the ladies by "7" and "6" are scrutinising the very old skirt, and its scanty breadth and length, so I get up and meet her half way.

"Good afternoon," I say, for she does not speak, and poor Tim's eyes are watching me hungrily; they seem to have caught the reflection of Nellie's.

"Oh! Nurse, would you please let me have—his"—with a jerk of the thumb to number four, "his waikit—to—to mend, Nurse?"

I say yes, and go to fetch it, beckoning with my hand for her to follow. How well I know that the result of these industries never returns. Know, too, as I unfold the slender bundle that there is little left "to mend," poor fellow! But that is not my business, and I must not leave the ward. So I give the "waikit" to Mrs. Four and turn away. She is following me silently, listening to my encouraging report of her husband.

"Oh! Nurse, in a week, you say; not afore?" But I shake my head hopelessly. Then she breaks down. "I mun tell thee, Nurse"—with a sudden burst of regret—"I mun tell thee. I ain't agoin' to mend it, really—leastways"

"I did not think you meant to, I understood."

I answer, reassuringly.

"Oh, Nurse, the childer! the childer! if it wasn't for them!" Then as suddenly she controls herself, and we pass into the ward together. She to tell Jim that "Nurse knows," and I to hear more sad tales. Many such as Nell told me, and yet I cannot help them personally, but I listen and sympathise. God grant I may never lose feeling for them.

Then downstairs there's the women's ward. Old and young, cross, patient or fretful, helpful and helpless, but all with aches and pains.

That's grannie in "No. 2" bed. She isn't quite right, isn't grannie, in her mind that is; but it has taken a good-natured bend, so it does'nt signify. She used to sing once, and does'nt believe she can't now. "She likes to hear her voice uncommon."

Talking of singing reminds me they can all do that, more or less; some sing wonderfully well, and the others help to swell the chorus. Sunday morning, for some peculiar reason, is never a happy one, at least, not early, when the ward work has to be done. I could not explain why, but I know they are more inclined to quarrel with themselves and each other than any other time. Finding this I instituted singing, and for this purpose they used to learn or look up hymns in the week, "so as to give our nurse a treat." It was quite pathetic; but it had its comic side, too. At the time of the concert the "con-valescents" would be "getting around with the work," which meant sweeping, dusting, &c. Then they did not dress for this, but rigged up quaint attires, more crude than elegant. Rugs, quilts, red jackets, dilapidated dressing gowns, draped the odd figures, added to which their towzled hair was more than aesthetic. When their enthusiasm overcame them, as it did sometimes in the choruses, they were very funny, good old things, and so thoroughly enjoying it all.

But my plan succeeded, which was satisfactory.

Number 8 bed is empty just now. I had such a nice patient in there last January. Poor soul! She was quite young, and had been a flower-seller; she was of the gipsy type, tall, dark, black-haired. "Miss," she said, when I went on duty after she was admitted, "Miss, I know your face well. I carries the basket on the Redcliffe Hill. You've bought my flowers now and agin, it's real good to see you inside." Only she didn't speak very clearly, her breath was "too bad." I looked at her under the lamplight, but the reflection cast on the wan features did not help me to recognise her. But this I did see, though I turned down the wick to avoid hurting the dark wistful eyes, and that was sad enough—I never should see her or the basket on the Redcliffe Hill again. Not her, in truth, but her basket, for I saw that again. The next time I went up that way I saw Miriam, her sister, and she had two. I remembered her face at once. Gipsy-like and weather beaten. She used to come and sit with her dying sister in the ward, she and the young husband.

I heard the poor woman gasping at the last to Miriam.

"Mir'am, the childer, my little childer, do'ee mind 'em for me," and I saw the tears stand out on the hard, seamy cheeks while Miriam answered shortly.

"Bide quiet, Lisa, they shan't want for nothing." And then, when poor sunken Lisa was bidden to lie quiet eternally, I heard the rough woman cry low as she hung her face over the lifeless breast. "My God! my God! . . . her little childer!" So that was how I knew her face again. I stopped and spoke to her.

"Why, Miriam," I said, "you have a heavy load, two baskets and so full?"

"Bless you, Nurse, is it you. I'm glad to see thee—" a half inaudible sound came through her closed lips, but I appeared ignorant of the fact, and touched her ivy (bewitching trails of glorious brown ivy for the daffodils!) and admired it.

"Pretty, yes, I calls it pretty—and I carries the two now: this 'ere is Lisa's, I took her basket after she—after she—couldn't take it no more, and this 'un goes for Lisa's childer, 't'other for mine, eight of 'em in all. Good mornin', Miss, and bless you."

I am glad to say that many kind friends know of this, and "Lisa's basket" is always

empty, "the gentry buys wonderful," Miriam told me one day, and she seemed thankful, poor soul, notwithstanding the fact that Lisa's young husband had "gone on the drink," and so "there was nothing else for it now," she said, "but taking all the little ones to keep."

Public Meetings

ANIMAL VIVISECTION.
INTERESTING PROTESTS.

THE annual meeting of the Victoria Street and International Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection took place last week, at the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, Lord Coleridge, Q.C., presiding.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge (hon. sec.) read several interesting letters of apology for non-attendance. Father Ignatius wrote from Llanthony Abbey: "I am not able, from a scientific point of view, to give any opinion on the subject of vivisection; but from a Christian and humane standpoint I should shudder to be in the same company with a vivisector. A man who is able to cut up alive a fellow-creature and feels no pang at its pains must be worse than a murderer at heart, and no one could be safe in such a creature's power. The only explanation of such a psychical phenomenon as a vivisector, to my mind, is that such an one is possessed with a devil, and can have no part or lot in Jesus Christ, the Lord God of pity and love." Sir Henry Hawkins wrote: "I so abominate the practice of vivisection that I should rejoice to see it legally suppressed." Sir Henry Irving, in a sympathetic letter, quoted the answer of Cornelius to the Queen in "Cymbeline," when she proposes to try the effect of poisons on dumb animals, as follows:—

"Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your
heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious."

The report set forth that one of the matters of deepest concern was the necessity for watching the progress of the "so-called British Institute of Preventive Medicine," on the Thames Embankment, which was described as a "new palace of torture." A gigantic memorial praying that the institute should not be registered for vivisectional work had been presented to the Home Secretary. The proposal to have an anti-vivisectional exhibit at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and a moveable home exhibition, had been abandoned, owing to the difficulties attending it. A number of earnest friends of the cause had formed a committee to work for the foundation of an anti-vivisection hospital, from which vivisection and vivisectors would be forever excluded.

The hon. secretary said it would be remembered that he addressed a letter to the Prince of Wales, urging that the hospitals with vivisectional laboratories should not share in the Jubilee Fund, and that the reply was somewhat vague. Therefore he wrote again, and he had received a reply from Sir Francis Knollys to the

effect that, as already stated to the Hon. Stephen Coleridge and Bishop Barry, at Marlborough House, there was no intention of apportioning any part of the grant towards laboratories.

Lord Coleridge, in the course of an address, said the contest between humanity and cruelty had been going on ever since the world was created. Brutal pastimes, such as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, &c., had been abolished, but there was still a great deal of indifference to pain. What they desired was publicity, and that was just what the vivisectors dreaded.

Speeches from Bishop Barry, Mrs. Wynford Phillips, Sir Barrington Simeon, M.P., Surgeon-General Watson, the Rev. Ernest Fischer, Dr. E. Berdoe, and the Rev. J. Baird followed, and a resolution was adopted in favour of the total suppression of vivisection by Act of Parliament.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL
ASSOCIATION.

As most of the speaking at the annual meeting of this association was done by men, it does not come within our scope to report it at length. The opening day was May 25th, at St. Martin's Town Hall, London, there being about 250 delegates present. Mrs. James Bryce presided, and in welcoming the delegates, regretted the absence of their president, Lady Hayter, who, however, was with Sir Arthur Hayter in Bulgaria, doing benevolent work among the poor Armenian refugees. (Cheers.) They had also to deplore the loss of their beloved and respected friend and leader, Lady Fry, who was the real founder of women's Liberal associations in England. With respect to home affairs, she described the Voluntary Schools Act as a measure simply for giving a dole to the Established Church. (Hear, hear.) There was no pretence in it to improve education, to increase their teachers' salaries, or to guarantee that local contributions would be continued. The Act simply gave a large sum of public money to one class, and largely to one particular denomination, without any public control. The board schools were also to have their little share, but a very little share it was. (Hear, hear.) With regard to the future legislation for Ireland which Mr. Balfour had foreshadowed, they ought to be prepared to look upon these proposals with the greatest favour, because, failing Home Rule, they ought to allow the Irish people to have the control of their own local affairs. (Hear, hear.) So far as foreign affairs were concerned, the outlook from a Liberal point of view was exceedingly gloomy. They regretted the rejection of the arbitration treaty between this country and the United States. Then there was a great deal of friction and unrest in South Africa, which might have been avoided if the Government had taken a steady and firm course from the beginning, and had been just and moderate. By our ignoble action in Eastern Europe Great Britain had lost all power in the so-called Concert of Europe, and Russia, Germany, Austria, and France would care no more for what we thought, and would go on their way, whatever we said. The sole outcome of the Concert of Europe had been to strengthen the power of the Sultan, and she was

sure that such a result as that would be condemned by the people of this country. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Reginald M'Kenna, M.P., spoke on the subject of the Employers' Liability Bill, and Mr. Lyulph Stanley on education; the latter moved a resolution objecting to the recent Voluntary Schools Act, which was briefly seconded by Dr. Sophie Bryant, and carried.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bryce gave a long address on the Government's Foreign Policy, and was followed by Mr. J. W. Russell.

A paper by Lady Hayter narrating her experiences in Bulgaria among the Armenian refugees was then read by Mrs. Bryce. In a simple, eloquent way the writer told of the sufferings which the Duke of Westminster's fund far too inadequately met. In the evening a delightful diversion from business was the reception in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Regent's Park, for which invitations had been issued by Mrs. Ainsworth, a very popular member of the executive. Music was provided by the band of the 1st Life Guards.

SECOND DAY.

The chair was taken by Mrs. Byles, of Bradford. In the course of her address from the chair, Mrs. Byles hoped on behalf of the 4,000,000 women and girls who in England earned their own livelihood, the Employers Liability Bill would extend to them. They wanted not compensation for accidents, but prevention of accidents, and she thought they might fairly hope that, when the Bill left the House of Commons, it would be found to do much to mitigate the dangers which had been described as "the butcher's bill of industry." The eyes of trade unionists ought also to be opened to the enormous disabilities of women workers, especially in the case of unskilled labour, by the system of fines and deductions. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. O'Connor gave an address on "Colonial Policy," and a resolution was passed against government by chartered companies. After which Mrs. Tomkinson (Cheshire) brought up the subject of temperance, which was earnestly and warmly debated, although no resolution was submitted. Referring to the evidence given before the Licensing Committee, Mrs. Tomkinson said that they could now see that the system of "tied houses" was a mistake and a danger. Some houses were "tied" to brewers or brewing companies for almost everything; one was tied for everything but sawdust. (Laughter.) The managers or tenants of these public-houses were liable to be moved at a week's notice, and thus they could never get the three endorsements on a license which secured its extinction for disorderly management. Four-fifths of the "tied" houses were open on Sundays; and a peculiarity of the system was that though the brewers charged more for the beer exclusively sold in them, the rents, and therefore the rates, were less. In the borough of Crewe action had been taken which brought up the assessments of "tied" houses to a sum equivalent to a half-penny in the pound. Great harm was done by quarter sessions allowing appeals from petty sessions on licensing matters. The Gothenburg system, she thought, was not preferable to the

SUCCESS. COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL

A N O T H E R

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

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.

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

It will be the finest, largest, and only well appointed HOTEL IN LONDON built from the foundation for the purpose, conducted on strictly Temperance principles. New Passenger Elevator, Electric Light, Telephone, and latest improved Sanitation. Telegraphic Address: "Promising," London.

Mrs. Philip will give her general superintendance to all three of her Hotels, and will spare no effort to make all her patrons comfortable and at home.

NOTE.—In connection with, and under same management—

COCKBURN HOUSE, 9 & 10, ENDSLEIGH GARDENS, opposite EUSTON (Telegrams—"Luncheon," London).
and COCKBURN HOTEL, 141, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, and COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS.

Bergen system. Mrs. Kitchin (Whitehaven), Miss Shaw Lefevre, Miss Bright (Leamington), and Mrs. Andrews (Southampton) also addressed the Council on this subject.

Lady Dale offered a touching tribute to the memory of the late Lady Fry, the founder and leader of the Council.

WOMEN GUARDIANS' ASSOCIATION.
ANNUAL MEETING IN MANCHESTER.

THE annual meeting of the Women Guardians' Association was held on May 17th, in the Lord Mayor's Parlour, at the Manchester Town Hall. The Lady Mayoress, (Miss Roberts) presided.

The Committee, in their annual report, read by Mr. Teague, said it was not necessary to reiterate the special usefulness of women as guardians, but it might not be out of place to point out that the Local Government Board had been urging of late the employment of trained nurses in all workhouse sick wards, instead of the untrained paid or pauper attendants of former days, and that in the country unions where only one nurse was required, a woman on the board was able to do much to help the matron in obtaining proper supplies of food, linen, and appliances for the sick, of which a board of men knew but little, and which till the advent of the trained nurse would have been useless waste of money and material. The remarkable increase in the number of women guardians throughout England and Wales was a striking proof of their acceptability to the ratepayers, and a sufficient guarantee of their general usefulness was found in the large proportion returned over and over again to their boards when their three years' term of office expired.

There were still nearly 300 boards composed entirely of men. This could not be regarded as satisfactory, but if wherever women had been elected they had proved so useful in the administration of the workhouse and on the relief committees, they might surely consider that more effort should be made to help and encourage all the outstanding unions to follow suit.

The Lady Mayoress moved the adoption of the report and financial statement. She said she had no doubt they all believed in women guardians—she was quite sure she did. She understood that three-fourths of the poor who passed before the guardians were women and children, and that the remainder consisted chiefly of sick men. She would ask whether they did not think that women, children, and sick men ought to fall into the kindly care of women, and not men guardians. (Hear, hear.) She hoped the time would come when there would be, not only a few women guardians, but when the boards would consist entirely of women guardians. ("No, no.") That, she saw, was not popular, but she must stick to what she felt. The men might do the secretarial work and treasurer's work, and might be chairmen of committees, but the women should have the executive work.

Mr. William Rathbone (Liverpool) seconded the resolution. He said that they in Liverpool were rather slow in having women guardians, and some of the ablest men were perhaps at first a little afraid of them. But that was all changed now, and they found their women guardians so extremely useful that they were in danger of overworking them. He was not sure that he would go so far as the Lady Mayoress. He thought men should be allowed to sit on boards of guardians, if only for an educational purpose, and to observe the administrative abilities which he admitted women possessed in a great degree. In household matters they found women guardians invaluable both for efficiency and economy, and their tact and gentleness was of the greatest benefit in the management of children and the sick.

The resolution was adopted. Miss Clifford (Bristol) moved the appointment of the officers for the ensuing year. She would say how much it was to be desired, if it could

be accomplished, to conduct the elections on non-political grounds, because politics had no more to do with the work of the guardians than the colour of a cat had to do with its capabilities for catching mice. She recommended, as work of a most valuable kind for women to engage in, a study of the individual cases with which the guardians had to deal.

Mr. James Andrews supported the resolution, and testified to the advantage which had accrued to the Manchester Board in having a woman upon it.

The Rev. Canon Hicks proposed a vote of thanks to the Lady Mayoress for presiding, and to the Lord Mayor for permitting the use of his parlour for the meeting. He said it seemed to him that if they could take a sample of their women guardians, and then a sample of their men guardians, they would find, he was perfectly convinced, that up to the present time the women guardians had been selected with very much greater care in regard to their qualifications. There were men appointed guardians who were a disgrace to any kind of local government—men who had no manners, who went to the board drunk, who were capable of a great deal of jobbery, and were most undesirable persons. One of the reasons why he, for one, rejoiced in the progress of women guardians was that where a suitable woman or two appeared on a board it became impossible to have bad manners, and less likely they would have any gross jobbery.

Mr. G. Rooke, who seconded the resolution, said that the position of guardians altogether had largely improved since women guardians were elected.

The resolution was carried, and with this the meeting terminated.

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, Maidstone.

CAN BE TESTED FREE.

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA

Address (a postcard will do):
Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Limited,
60, 61, & 62, Bunhill Row,
London, E.C.

[Please mention this paper].

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?" No reply. Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Little boy (badly frightened): "It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere las week."

MARY, the nurse, comes in from a walk in the park, carrying the year old baby. "Oh, ma'am, little George spoke this afternoon for the first time." "Really, what did he say?" "Why, when I was showing him the animals he made me stop before the cage of the monkeys, and, clapping his hands several times, he called out: 'Oh, papa, papa!'"

THE late Emperor Frederick of Germany disliked to have anyone speak slightly of women. When he was Crown Prince an officer once remarked of a wounded comrade that he was weeping like a woman. "Never make that comparison," said the Prince with a frown. "Crying like a child would be better; women have more fortitude than men."

Good!

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER

Agents Wanted.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

WITH FULL NATURAL FLAVOUR.

ÆOLIAN AIRS.

A WHITSUNTIDE SONNET.

OUR spirits are Æolian harps, where plays
The holy Breath divine. What wondrous
airs
That "rushing wind" produces! Thoughts
and prayers
Too deep for utterance; wordless songs and
praise
Which upward waft as incense; close by ways
Of long-enduring patience, which declares
Life's plaintive minor. Thus the Lord
prepares
Him music sweet for heaven's eternal days.
O, all ye winds of God, come ye and blow!
Or North or South, in testing cold or heat;
In bright prosperity, or cloud and woe;
Ye cannot harm us, but God's work complete;
It is His way. Within His holy seat
God's harmony of nature we shall know.

Annie Olegg.

Whitsuntide, 1897.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

WHEN the proprietors of an article of consumption are prepared to send over 2,000,000 free sample tins to those who send a postcard, it is fair to assume the vendors must themselves have a pretty good opinion of their speciality; and when in addition, they possess sufficient courage to "put up" £10,000 in hard cash to pay for postage of samples it must be evident they have satisfied themselves they possess a good thing, and that it is better to demonstrate practically at the breakfast table than to depend upon mere assurances by advertisement. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61 and 62 Bunhill-row, London, E.C., are sending daily over 10,000 free sample tins of their special preparation to the public, and as a result the sales are going up by leaps and bounds. This style of advertising has the merit of honesty, and that the public appreciate it is shown by the statement that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can now be obtained from grocers, chemists and stores everywhere, and the trade are unanimous in saying that no preparation of a similar character has ever given equal satisfaction to their customers. To obtain a tin it is only necessary to send a postcard, and the name of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL should be mentioned.

"JUBILEE" COMMEMORATION TABLE LINEN AT MESSRS. WALPOLE'S.

MESSRS. WALPOLE BROTHERS, whose Irish linen is so famous for excellence and cheapness, being all made under their own supervision in a village in the north of Ireland, have prepared for the Jubilee a special design, which our readers visiting London in this busy season will doubtless be interested to see at Messrs. Walpole's establishments, 89, New Bond-street, or 102, Kensington High-street. It is extremely handsome, and will make a lasting memorial of a great event, as it is prepared only in such good qualities of linen as to be a possession for a lifetime and more, and even to descend to future generations if treated reasonably by the laundress. There are two patterns; one, which is very elaborate, has for the border the national flowers entwined around Her Majesty, and the dates of accession and the present year, for its centre, and the emblems of the chief Orders of Knighthood with the royal arms on an escutcheon introduced at intervals. The other, though, perhaps, less intrinsically interesting in its details, is certainly exceedingly beautiful as a design. It has a very well done portrait of the Queen for the centre; it is quite remarkable that weaving should be able to produce so good a likeness. All around the bust of Her Majesty are the scintillating points of innumerable great diamonds. The cloth has a double border; the inner one, which goes on the table, being a very light and elegant one of the heraldic single rose, shamrock and thistle, while the deeper border hanging down round the table has a very handsome ribbon scroll. This is a most effective table-cloth, quite apart from the association which it has with the present occasion, and we are not surprised that Messrs. Walpole Brothers are selling it as fast as they can make it, and have large orders in hand.

The general stock of linen at this house is as good as usual; the embroidered tealoths being very special stock just at present. Everything in the way of linen, from the most ordinary kitchen cloths up to the very finest of table linen, as well as ladies' underclothing and children's dresses in linen and muslin, can be seen at Messrs. Walpole's, and the prices are lower than at ordinary shops in consequence of the fact that, being themselves the manufacturers, they have no double profits to pay.

'BELFAST HOUSE.'

Established 130 Years.

Irish House Linen

OF
Every Description

AT
Manufacturers' Prices.

WALPOLE BROTHERS invite Ladies to write for their New Illustrated Ready-made Price List of Household Linens, &c., which will fully explain advantages they offer the public.

Single articles will be sent of any Goods on List as Samples, which will be taken back and money refunded if not in every way satisfactory.

All Goods Hemmed and Marked Free of Charge.

Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs at Manufacturers' Prices.

WALPOLE BROTHERS, LTD.

Royal Irish Linen Manufacturers,

89, NEW BOND STREET,

AND
102, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

Dublin: 8 & 9, SUFFOLK STREET.
Belfast: 16, BEDFORD STREET.
Birmingham: 45 & 47, CORPORATION STREET.
Manufacture: WARINGSTOWN Co. Down.

Paris Kid, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4-Button
"Suede, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, "
Chevrette, 2/11, 3/11

Price Lists free on application.

Gloves * Gloves * Gloves *
Of any make fitted on previous to purchase at

J. S. GREGG'S,
First Floor, 92 New Bond Street.

SPECIAL

Navy OR FAWN
3/11 'Kals,'
POST FREE (State Size Corset Worn.)

Ladies find these wear four times as long as any Serge Knickerbockers sold NEAR this price.

They can only be obtained direct from the Sole Makers:

MCCALLUM & Co.,
17, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

Children's Size also made like this

MISS SADLER,
High-Class Corsetière,
SPECIALITY: ABDOMINAL CORSET

"One of the most popular Corsetières of the present day is Miss SADLER, of 211, Oxford Street. She thoroughly studies the peculiarities of each individual figure, but is specially successful with ladies who are inclined to be stout."—Sunday Times, May 3rd, 1896.

211, OXFORD STREET.

HOVIS BREAD

Strengthens the Digestion and
Improves the General Health.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING BAKERS AND GROCERS.

6d. and 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits sent on receipt of Stamps, by
S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACGLESFIELD.

Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining *Hovis Bread, Biscuits, and Flour*, or if what is supplied be unsatisfactory, please write—in latter case enclosing sample, the whole cost of which will be defrayed—to S. FITTON & SON.

(Continued from p. 343.)
 favour of including the married woman, and if this measure is persisted in, he will vote against us. These are opinions we are bound to respect, because they carry votes behind them. I disagree with the opinion, but I respect the vote. We want these gentlemen to go into the Lobby with us on the night; therefore I say do not be too scrupulous with regard to the precise phraseology or the precise amount that your Bill gives you, take what you can get; find out how the most votes can be secured, and, later on, go on to something else if necessary. Another point is that many do not seem quite to understand what is possible and what is impossible in connection with a negotiation of this kind in the House of Commons. I have been told to "Decline to renew a painful controversy." I cannot decline to renew it, it is forced upon me. "Resist all amendments and the Bill may pass in half an hour." I cannot resist amendments; if an amendment is moved it must be discussed. Then, another point. There is a widespread misconception that the Bill would only benefit rich women. If I thought so I should be lukewarm in advocating it; but it will benefit a very much larger number of poor women than rich women. It is the working women that I desire to benefit. The rich have means whereby they can bring influence to bear, the others have not. It is the poor working woman, who, perhaps, supports a husband or a brother or other relative, who is the person who needs to impress upon the leaders of the country what are her wants and her requirements, and I firmly believe that statistics will show that it is much more largely to the poor woman among the population of this country that the benefit of this Bill would extend than even to the rich. It is said that indifference exists among women on this great question. I can see no evidence of the existence of such indifference, and I believe in that matter that the wish is father to the thought, but the charge is made and reiterated. I read only a few days ago a remark to the effect that "At the present moment we doubt whether one woman in ten or even one in twenty cares whether she has a vote or not." Well, that is absolutely untrue, and I am perfectly satisfied that you will bear me out in that; I believe that women have a real and a keen interest in this matter. But you must convince the country, you must convince the electors, and, above all, you must convince Members of Parliament that that is so, or the existence of the desire will have no effect on the progress of the movement. I urge on everyone to leave no opportunity untried to make it clearly understood to all those you come in contact with that it is a real earnest feeling in your minds, and by so doing you will produce an enormous effect throughout the country. I think, perhaps, the quickest way to arrive at a result would be to make this a test question at elections; but that is a question of policy, and it would not become me to offer any decided opinion, but without making it absolutely a test question, you can make it a strong lever at times of election. The Member of Parliament in the embryo stage as a candidate is even more amenable to influence than the Member after he has secured a seat, and it would be justifiable if those women throughout the country who have worked so arduously and so well in connection with the various political associations in the past, were now to say, "Our ardour is cooled, our enthusiasm can only be reawakened if you will take up the question of Women's Suffrage as a part of your political creed." Swell the volume of petitions, and if you want to make the effects of your petition felt send it to your own Member, especially if he is against the Bill; he is bound to present it. Sending a petition to one who is already converted can have little effect, but if you compel a man who is against the question to go through the formality of constantly presenting a petition, you will make him feel that there is something in the matter after all. (Applause.)

MRS. RUSSELL COOKE

read a telegram received from Mrs. Duncan McLaren, "The Edinburgh National Society

for Women's Suffrage sends sympathetic greetings to your Meeting," and said that Mrs. McLaren hoped a deep, earnest tone might pervade the Meeting. Mrs. Cooke also read an apology from Mr. Atherley Jones, who was to have represented Liberal Members of Parliament at the Meeting. Mrs. Cooke said, in seconding the resolution, that during the last year several Women's Suffrage Societies had drawn together, and had sketched out a scheme to federate themselves. They had divided up the country so that the committees should not be working in the same places and leave other places unworked, and had found that this union brings increased funds and support. She urged women to feel it impossible to work for Members of Parliament who are against them. Let them get the Franchise first and join in political life after. (Applause.)

The resolution having been carried unanimously, Mr. Walter McLaren moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by Miss Flora Stevenson, and the proceedings terminated with the singing of the National Anthem. Miss C. Lyde, A.R.C.O., presided at the organ.

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

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

THIS SUMMER'S WINDOW BOXES.

LOYALTY and patriotism break out in all manner of unexpected ways this year. The Queen, the Crown, the British flag, are wrought in every conceivable material. It is difficult to guess, for the moment, where a gardener can bring it in, yet the nurserymen who supply Covent Garden have prepared for this season the old-fashioned and, of late, abjured combination of red, white and blue flowering plants for window boxes. The more commonplace and obvious mixture is scarlet geranium, white marguerite, and lobelia. But this can be improved upon, except as regards the lobelia, than which there is no other intensely blue flower available. I would suggest crimson fuchsias for the red, "Cupid" sweet pea for the white, and lobelia in front to veil the box.

"Cupid," it may be remembered, is a dwarf white sweet pea brought out a couple of seasons ago. It always takes a few seasons to get up enough stock of any plant of this kind to enable its being produced in the market for general use. "Cupid" may now be said to have "arrived" in this sense. All Londoners have been amazingly prudent this year as regards outlay in window-boxes. They naturally wish to appear to best advantage in June, and especially towards the momentous 22nd, and so they have delayed the planting of their boxes, a delay warranted not only by the fact of the Diamond Jubilee, but by the late and inclement spring.

The Marguerite—or "Paris Daisy," as it was called on its first introduction—has now become so common that many people are utterly sick of it. I remember coming to town from my country home, the year it was first introduced for window boxes. On my return to the country I ordered some of the plants, and placed them on the sunny ledge of the dining-room windows of a house I was temporarily occupying in a country town. It was a town of cliques; I imagine it has no serious rival, in that respect, throughout the whole kingdom. I had taken a house in the district, and was merely in the town till this should be ready. We had good introductions, but it proved that no introduction had the importance of that brought about by the "Paris Daisies" (*Chrysanthemum Frutescens*). People belonging to every "set" called, wholly and solely because they wanted to know what the novel flowers were that I had in my window.

Now-a-days I laugh on remembering this, because I have friends (one an editress of a prominent woman's paper) who say to me each season, "What is to be used for window boxes? Not those wearisome Marguerites, I hope?"

Well, this year the "Cupid" sweet pea will afford a welcome change, and even if we had

not this entire novelty, it is a wonder to me that people don't make more use of white petunias, the double and sweet-scented kinds are really most charming, only that their mode of growth is not so compact as that of Marguerite and some other flowers. Nor indeed is that of "Cupid"; the plants are dwarf and pretty, but not of that formal shape desired by those who like their boxes to present perfectly even rows of plants.

There are few things more effective for a country window-box than the tuberous begonias, but they will not succeed in large towns, or I might say in streets anywhere, as a street is always more or less draughty, and these plants cannot thrive in draughts.

Boxes filled entirely with foliage plants are very handsome, when a sufficient variety is made use of, but they are decidedly expensive. They will last, however, with proper care, from May or June right on to the Autumn, and so are cheaper in the long run than several refillings of flowering plants.

Suitable subjects are Grevilleas, Dracenas, Aspidistras, Azaleas, small Indiarubber plants, *Pteris serrulata*, and several other cool-house ferns, *Tradescantias*, *Isolepis Gracilis*, and *Echeverria Glauca*. Where the windows are large enough to allow of their height, variegated Japanese Maples are very beautiful. It is sometimes possible to fix boxes rather lower than the bottom of the window-frame, and so permit the use of taller plants, such as lilliums of suitable kinds in flowering boxes, without their impeding the view or excluding the light. This arrangement can only be made where there are no protruding window ledges, and a good many modern houses are without these.

People occupying flats have often a difficulty about boxes; if it is possible to place them they are rather thrown away so far as outside view goes; or often it is impossible to have any. In this latter case hanging pots fixed round the windows are a good substitute, and where boxes, perched up on a fourth or fifth floor balcony are lost to public view they can be contrived so as to present a flowery prospect towards the interior.

WHAT TO WEAR.

The sunny weather has come at last and the park is full of light summer gowns. I saw quite a number of white dresses there yesterday, worn in company with black hats and veils, and many pretty costumes in beige or silver-grey, worn with purple or cornflower blue headgear. Then there were shepherd's checks, trimmed with white, black, or scarlet, and generally accompanied by a poppy-red sunshade, and all manner of pretty cotton dresses, in delicate shades of lavender, pink, or powder-blue, with sashes drawn through antique silver clasps. A great dress authority has recently given it as her opinion that a pretty woman may look well from the beginning of June till the end of August, wearing seldom anything else but the summer cotton; "for in the morning she may wear it in the most puritanical simplicity, and in the afternoon deck herself in its fairer companion of finest lawn, trimmed with much dainty frippery, and worn over a lace underslip." I commend this idea to the consideration of my youthful readers, for it is possible to buy these dresses at such very slight expense, and more substantial dresses need never appear except on a dull or chilly day. Nothing ruins a cloth dress so quickly as wearing it in the heat, so it is better to let the washing-frocks get all the hard wear just at present. This advice applies more particularly to the country, for washing-frocks are rather a costly luxury in town, and we cannot indulge in them quite so recklessly as we should like. On the contrary we are rather disposed to favour summer serge, canvas, and veiling—materials which look light and yet do not require any attention from the laundress. But nothing looks so pretty as the washing-frock, particularly in the old-fashioned lilac hue which is more in favour this season. Turn down collars and cuffs in white French cambic or muslin, furnished with tiny tucks, make a suitable finish to a dress of this kind, in company with a dainty white sash secured by a silver clasp

Our Open Columns.

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

CORSETS.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—I can give no good reason for wearing corsets, except that it has so long been the evil custom for women to hide their natural figure, that now the general idea is that it is indecent or improper to show it.

The reasons for not wearing corsets are very many. Looked at from an artistic side, corsets are entirely at variance with all nature's laws. All the beautiful lines and curves of the body are destroyed; corseted women are lacking in all the natural grace of movement which would otherwise be theirs. Where beauty is to be gained in a figure bound and rigid in a corset, I cannot see.

From the health side of the question, the reasons are too many to write of here, why women should not wear corsets. I can only mention a few.

The great pressure of even a loose corset upon some of the most vital organs of the body is so exceedingly injurious. Then the muscles become weaker and flabby, and quite unfit for their original use, i.e., that of supporting the body. Wrong methods of breathing are induced, and much ill-health is caused in later life.—Yours truly, M. W. U.

WOMEN'S DEGREES AT CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—The scenes recently enacted at Cambridge (and the Oxford riots) prove three things to demonstration:—

First, and most important, that women are not "sufficiently represented by their male relatives." The apotheosis of physical force, of which Cambridge was the scene on Friday last, provides, for the sceptical, a convincing object lesson on this head. Sadder than any class war is this internecine struggle: fathers voting against daughters; brothers hooting sisters! Truly, a pitiful display of sex conceit!

Second, that the "tone" and "form" of our older Universities are not so ennobling as to justify parents in sacrificing the education of their daughters in order to provide funds for giving their sons a university course.

Friday's exhibition of unchecked rowdiness proves also that contact with women of character and ability could only have a restraining effect on these unlicked Cambridge cubs, their female analogies being impossible in any women's college. The fear that undergraduates may find boon companions among their female fellow-students is purely imaginary.

Third, the black-coated contingent, solidly voting against a small measure of the "Justice" they professedly desire to see "established among us," shows that the clergy, with honourable exceptions, are opposed to the advancement of women. Candour, however, compels the admission that the clerical us, when it implies privilege, does not include women! More's the pity.

And the moral? Women must work for the Suffrage—the root reform.

"The vote covers everything" is an axiom formulated by a man, but equally applicable as applied to women.

Finally, although 'tis not in women to command degrees, they may do more, they may deserve them, which is very often more than their unchivalrous opponents can achieve, with honors, obligatory on all women, but not on their "weaker brethren."—Yours faithfully, 15 Queen Street, E.C. MARY AULD.

WORDS are mighty, words are living; Serpents with their venomous stings, Or bright angels crowding round us; With heaven's light upon their wings.

Every word has its own spirit, True or false, that never dies; Every word man's lips have uttered Echoes in God's skies.—A. A. Proctor.

AN OVERWORKED MUSICIAN.

I NEVER heard a more interesting history (says a representative of the *Leytonstone Express*) than that of Mr. Butler. Although he greeted me with a smile, he had a very sad story to relate. Five years ago, when he was quite young (he is only twenty-five years old now), Mr. Butler had occasion to be working frequently up to midnight and sometimes the whole of the night through. His health broke down.

"At first," he said, "I was attacked by a kind of spasm in the stomach, succeeded by a faintness which made it impossible for me to remain at work. I went to a doctor, who put me on low diet, but, although better for a time, I was as bad as ever when I began to take solid food again. I was so weak that I frequently went off into fainting fits in the office, and had to come home in the middle of the day. I went to the London Hospital and also to St. Bartholomew's, but the medicine they gave me did me little or no good. This sort of thing went on until I grew thoroughly melancholy. I was awfully depressed in spirits, had neither appetite nor digestion, and really thought I should never get well again. Anyone who has suffered with dyspepsia and indigestion can easily understand my misery."



And when did you regain your former health?" asked the reporter, for Mr. Butler, who is a musician and whom he found playing very finely at his house, at 36 Latimer-road, Forest gate, London, E., was evidently now quite well.

"About six months ago I saw a pamphlet about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and made up my mind to give them a trial. The Pills soon began to have a beneficial effect, and when I had taken a few boxes I felt a great deal better. I am vastly different from what I was this time last year; indeed, our manager told me a few days ago that I was not like the same person."

Nothing else is so prompt as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in pulling up the system when a tonic is needed. They have cured more than six thousand cases of diseases arising from impoverished blood, such as indigestion, anaemia, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, and consumption of the bowels and lungs. The genuine Pills are sold only in wooden boxes, in a pink wrapper with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed in red. They are never sold in bulk, or from glass jars, and in case of doubt it is better to send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., enclosing the price, 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d.

CHIVALRY OF THE FUTURE.—A crowd of women surged round the centre of disturbance. "Shame! Shame! To think of her striking a man!" It was A.D. 2996, and the equality of the sexes was almost accomplished.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.—"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?" "No, what was it?" "He said, 'There! Mamma's been getting bargains again.'"

CANNIBALISM.—"Where are the children, Susan?" asked a visitor of the nurse. "The ladies up at the parsonage has got them all for dinner to-day, ma'am," was the reply.

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

CEREBOS TABLE SALT is used at every meal by thousands of **DOCTORS** and their families because it adds strength to all the food in which it is used, and by the upper ten thousand **LADIES** on account of its dainty appearance and fine quality. It has been adopted and is exclusively used at all the **Gordon Hotels** at home and abroad, the **Hotel Cecil**, and all the other highest class **HOTELS** everywhere, because it is the nicest, driest, best Table Salt; economical in use, and requiring no crushing or preparation.

REPORT FROM

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., D.P.H. (Cambridge)
F.R.C.S.I.; M.R.C.P.I., F.I.C.,
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, R.C.S.I.,
Medical Officer of Health for Dublin. City and County Analyst.

"I have carefully examined a specimen of 'Cerebos Salt' and find that it includes a substantial proportion of phosphates, such as are necessary to the formation of bone and muscle. I consider it a very nice form in which to take the salt as a condiment, whilst at the same time introducing to the system valuable phosphates."

SOLD AT ALL THE BEST GROCERS AND
- - - STORES IN LARGE LINED TINS.

CEREBOS, LTD.,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

London: 3, MAIDEN LANE, E.C.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

PIONEER WOMEN IN VICTORIA'S REIGN. Being Short Histories of Great Movements.
By **EDWIN A. PRATT.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

"An unambitious work dealing with first efforts in great movements. Mr. Pratt has narrated his formidable array of facts with such determination and skill as to make them absolutely as light and interesting as they are important. His chapters on women's work in emigration and in medicine are admirable, and the book should appeal to a wide circle of readers."—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

Queen Victoria's Dolls.

By **FRANCES H. LOW.** With 40 Full-page Coloured Illustrations and numerous Sketches and Initial Letters, by **ALAN WRIGHT.** Cheap Edition, crown 4to, 5s.

"A charmingly got up book, and most interesting."—*Truth.*
"A more acceptable present for young people of the gentler sex could hardly be devised."—*Whitehall Review.*

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., Southampton Street, Strand.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every Married Woman, and it will not harm the unmarried to read. No book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told; such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in envelope from **DR. ALLINSON,** Box Z, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

The Princess of Wales; A Biographical Sketch.

By **MARY SPENCER-WARREN.** With Portraits of the Princess at various periods, and Illustrations from Photographs taken in Denmark, and at Sandringham, Marlborough House, etc. Fifty-three Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

"An excellent biography . . . narrated with admirable simplicity and lucidity."—*Westminster Review.*

SOUPS. SAVORIES. SWEETS.

With a Chapter on Breads. By **H. B. T.** 2nd

Edition. Price 1s. 6d. Published by

JOHN HEYWOOD, Manchester and London.

THE SAFE PURSE.

Patented by **THE HON. MRS. PERY.**



Prevents all danger of losing money while carrying it about. **CANNOT BE SNATCHED FROM THE HAND.** Adjusted to size, leaving fingers and thumb free for other purposes. Safe and convenient for frequent use. No soiling for pockets. No time lost in opening bags or other receptacles.

To be had at all Fancy Goods Warehouses.

Wholesale at the Depot,

where sample Purses can be obtained by enclosing 3d. extra in stamps at prices from 1s. to 42s. Depot: **SAFE PURSE SYNDICATE, Ltd., 7, Wood Street, London, E.C.**

"THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL."

A Weekly Record and Review of Woman's Work and Interests in the Home and in The Wider World. Price One Penny, every Thursday, from all Newsagents and Bookstalls (to order).

The "WOMAN'S SIGNAL" is sent direct from the office, 30, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C., post paid, for three months, from any date, to any address at home or abroad, for 1s. 8d., for six months for 3s. 3d., or for one Year for 6s. 6d.

SUBSCRIPTION NOTICE.

Subscribers who desire "THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL" by post from the Office should forward name and address with Postal Note for the amount as stated above, addressed:—

To the Manager, "WOMAN'S SIGNAL,"
30, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.