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THE WOMAN'S

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

Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

SIGNAL

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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

A Book of the Hour.

MR. HALL CAINE'S NEW NOVEL.*

MR. HALL CAINE'S theme has no longer the virtue of novelty. It is one that in various forms has of late years been worn threadbare. This central idea is the non-Christian character of Christendom. One and another novelist and essayist has gained an easy victory over modern society by showing how preposterously unlike the ideal taught by Christ is the condition of the nations that call themselves by His name, and how even the professing teachers and verbal followers of His religion are utterly disregarding of His tenets. The special "Christian," who tries to live a Christ-like life in the present-day world in Mr. Caine's novel is one John Storm, the only son of a recluse peer, and the nephew of the Prime Minister of the day. John Storm is an uncompromising young man, who leaves the political life for which his father has laboriously trained him, and goes into the Church instead, straight from the seclusion in which he has been reared in a remote corner of the Isle of Man. The Premier's interest has gained a London curacy under a fashionable Canon for John Storm; but when the cynical and worldly uncle has his first interview with his hitherto unseen nephew, the conviction is forced on him that this is not the material for making a useful curate to a fashionable pastor.

"The young clergyman was of a good average height, but he looked taller from a certain distinction of figure. When he raised his hat he showed a forehead like an arched wall, and a large close-cropped head. He had a well-formed nose, a powerful chin, and full lips, all very strong and set for one so young. His complexion was dark, almost swarthy, and there was a certain look of the gipsy in his big golden-brown eyes with their long black lashes. He was clean shaven, and the lower part of his face seemed heavy under the splendid fire of the eyes above it. His manner had a sort of diffident restraint; he stood on the same spot without moving, and almost without raising his drooping head; his speech was grave and usually slow and laboured, his voice was bold and full. . . .

"I am satisfied, more than satisfied," said John. "My choice is based, I trust, on a firm vocation. God's work is great, sir, and greatest of all in London. That is why I am so grateful to you. Think of it, sir!"

"John was leaning forward in his chair, with one arm stretched out.

"Of the five millions of people in this vast city, not one million cross the threshold of church or chapel. And then remember their condition. A hundred thousand live in constant want, slowly starving to death every day and every hour, and a quarter of the old people of London die as paupers. Isn't it a wonderful scene, sir? If a man is willing to be spiritually dead to the world, to leave family and friends, to go forth never to return, as one might go to his execution."

"The Prime Minister listened to the ardent young man who was talking to him there with his mother's voice, and then said:

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake."

"John Storm looked puzzled.

*"The Christian." By Hall Caine. Price 6s. (London: Wm. Heinemann.)

"I've sent you to the wrong place, John. When you wrote I naturally supposed you were thinking of the Church as a career, and I tried to put you in the way of it. Do you know anything of your vicar?"

It is not possible for the Premier by anything he deems it proper to say to convince John that his Christian enthusiasm will be considered excessive, affected, troublesome, and out of place by the average clergyman. The young man's faith and hope are invincible.

"God forbid," said John. "No doubt there are Pharisees in these days just as in the days of Christ, but the Church is still the pillar of the State."

"The caterpillar, you mean, boy—eating out its heart and its vitals."

"The Prime Minister gave another bitter little laugh, then looked quickly into John's flushed face and said—

"But it's poor work for an old man to sap away a young man's enthusiasm."

"You can't do that, uncle," said John, "because God is the absolute ruler of all things, good and bad, and He governs both to His glory. Let Him only give us strength to endure our exile—"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, John. I think I know what the upshot will be. There's a gang of men about—Anglican Catholics they call themselves; well, remember the German proverb, "Every priestling hides a popeling." . . . And if you are to be in the Church, John, is there any reason why you shouldn't marry and be reasonable? To tell you the truth, I'm rather a lonely old man, whatever I may seem; and if your mother's son would give me a sort of a grandson—eh? . . .

"John Storm had been sitting in torment, and now he rose to go. "No, uncle," he said in a thicker voice, "I shall never marry. A clergyman who is married is bound to life by too many ties. Even his affection for his wife is a tie. And then there is her affection for the world, its riches, its praise, its honours—"

"Well, well, we'll say no more."

The fact is that this stern young enthusiast is already in love with a girl with whom he has played in childhood, and boated and studied in youth. She has left the Isle of Man at the same time as Storm, to come to London to be trained as a hospital nurse. Of course, as we have just heard, John Storm has no thought of marriage, nor is Glory in love with him; but of his sentiments for her the reader has small doubt from the first.

Glory Quayle, the young woman in question, is the most repulsive heroine in even man's efforts at drawing a female character. She is physically described as rather a candidate for treatment in a "nervous" ward than as a fitting candidate for training, as our readers will observe:—

"She was taller than the common, and had golden red hair and magnificent dark grey eyes of great size. One of her eyes had a brown spot, which gave at the first glance the effect of a squint, at the next glance a coquettish expression, and ever after a sense of tremendous power and passion. But her most noticeable feature was her mouth, which was somewhat too large for beauty, and was always moving nervously. When she spoke her voice startled you with its depth, which was a kind of soft hoarseness, but capable of every shade of colour. There was a playful and impetuous raillery in nearly all she said, and everything seemed to be expressed by mind and body at the same

time. She moved her body restlessly, and while standing in the same place her feet were always shuffling. Her dress was homely, almost poor, and perhaps a little careless. She appeared to smile and laugh continually, and yet there were tears in her eyes sometimes."

This hysterical young woman has a disposition without a redeeming feature; selfishness, hatred of other women, love of luxury, fickleness, a passion for display and self-assertion, are the traits that she uniformly shows. We would like Mr. Hall Caine to compare the "Short Sketch" in our columns this week—a genuine nurse's account of her ward-Sister—with the offensive way in which he makes his creation talk about the Sister and the Matron of the hospital to which she goes. The whole of the nursing scenes, however, are too preposterous. This probationer goes to work in the operating theatre in the first weeks of her stay. She finds the house surgeon in the ward "gloriously drunk," and trying to inject morphia into an unsuitable case, on which the "pro" loses or pretends to have lost the syringe and so saves the patient! The Ward Sister is described by this very natural nurse-probationer as "an example of delicate femalism just verging on old-maidism," and as "showing her tusk" from time to time—synonym in Hall-Caineese for scolding. Sisters and Matron address the nurses as "Miss." Balls are held in hospital lecture theatres, and the dancing goes on till daylight; meantime, "the fun grows fast and furious—one young student was pulling down his partner's hair, another was waltzing with his partner carried bodily in his arms" while the lights are lowered and they all sing in chorus. Glory runs in and out of the hospital, goes to the theatre, to an afternoon rehearsal, and to tea in a man's room, where she dresses up in his clothes, and apparently finds no more restraint in her duties or her uniform than she does in reporting all her outrageous conduct in her letters to her aged clergyman father and maiden aunts at home in the Isle of Man. In short, the whole of this part of the story, at any rate, is as unnatural and impossible as if it were a fairy tale, and not at all so pleasing or inoffensive.

The hospital holds Glory for only about one-fourth of the book, when she is very properly discharged, and follows in succession a variety of avocations, including serving in a tobacco shop, dressing music-hall singers, selling programmes in a theatre, and finally becomes herself an actress. Meantime, John Storm is finding out the difficulty of living the life after Christ that he had imagined to be the ideal followed by at any rate many of his clerical brethren. John falls into ever deeper disgrace with his Canon, and there are stormy scenes between them.

"The perpendicular wrinkles came between the Canon's eyebrows, and he said: 'My dear Storm, I have postponed as long as possible a painful interview. The fact is, your recent sermon has given the greatest offence to the ladies of my congregation, and if such teaching were persisted in we should lose our best people. Now, I don't want to be angry with you, quite the contrary, but I wish to put it to you, as your spiritual head and adviser, that your idea of religion is by no means agreeable to the

needs and necessities of the nineteenth century. There is no freedom in such a faith, and St. Paul says, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' But the theory of your religion is not more unscriptural than its application is unwholesome. Yours is a gloomy faith, my dear Storm, and what did Luther say of a gloomy faith?—that the devil was very apt to be lurking behind it. As for himself, he married, you may remember; he had children, he played chess, he loved to see young people dancing.

"I don't object to the dancing, sir," said John Storm. "I only object to the tune."

"What do you mean?" said the Canon, not without insolence, and the perpendicular wrinkles became large and heavy.

"I mean, sir," said John Storm, "that half the young people now-a-days—the young women in the West of London especially—are asked to dance to the 'Dead March.'"

"And then he spoke of the infamous case of Mercy Macrae, how she was being bought and sold, and how scandalous was the reputation of the man she was required to marry."

"That was what I was coming down to speak about, sir—to ask you to save this innocent girl from such a mockery of holy wedlock. She is not a child, and the law cannot help her, but you can do so, because the power of the Church is at your back. You have only to set your face against this infamy and say—"

"My dear Mr. Storm" (the Canon was smiling condescendingly and swinging his glasses), "the business of the Church is to solemnise marriages, not to make them. But if the young lady comes to me I will say, 'My dear young lady, the conditions you complain of are more common than you suppose; put aside all foolish romantic notions, make a nest for yourself as comfortably as you can, and come back in a year to thank me.'"

"John Storm was on his feet; the blood was mounting to his face and tingling in his fingers. "And so these men are to make their wives of the daughters of the poor first, and then ask the Church to solemnise their polygamy."

"But the Canon had lifted his hand to silence him."

"My dear young friend, a policy like yours would decimate the House of Commons and abolish the House of Lords. Practical religion has a sweet reasonableness. We are all human, even if we are all gentlemen, and while silly young things—"

But John Storm was out in the hall and putting on his hat.

Later, when John finally resigns his curacy, he is even more plain in his denunciation of the fashionable priest. He tells him:—

"God has given good gifts to you also—gifts of eloquence with which you might have raised the fallen and defended the downtrodden, and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices, and peddled them for popularity; you have given them in exchange for money, for houses, for furniture. Therefore you are the prostitute. Yes, ten thousand times more than that poor girl with her taint of blood and will. There would be no such women as she if there were not such men as you to excuse their betrayers and to side with them. Who is the worst prostitute—the woman who sells her body, or the man who sells his soul? You are the worst prostitute in London, and yet you are in the Church, in the pulpit, and you call yourself a follower of the One who forgave the woman and shamed the hypocrites and had not where to lay His head."

But the Canon had faced about and fled out of the room.

John Storm, thus disappointed in the orthodox Church, gives up the struggle so far as to enter a "retreat" in a sort of Protestant monastery. Mr. Hall Caine has proved so unreliable in the scenes of life that we do know that we are inclined to read with doubt of those that are strange to us. The description of the monk's abode and customs, however, is so precise and detailed that we must suppose it to be intended for fact.

"John's cell was on the topmost floor, next to the quarters of the lay brothers. There was nothing above it but a high lead flat, which was sometimes used by the religious as watch-tower and breathing-place. The cell was a narrow room with bare floor, a small table, one chair, a praying-stool, a crucifix and a stumpy bed, having a straw pillow and a crimson coverlet marked with a large white cross."

"Here," he thought, "my journey is at an end. This is my resting-place for life." The mighty hand of the Church was on him, and he felt a deep peace. He was like a ship that had been tossed at sea and was lying quiet in harbour at last.

"Without was the world, the fantastic world, for ever changing; within were gentle if strict rules and customs securely fixed. Without was the ceaseless ebb and flow of the financial tide; within were content and sweet poverty, and no disturbing fears. Without were struggle and strife and the fever of gain; within were peace and happiness and the grand mysteries which God reveals to the soul in solitude."

"He began to pass his life in review and to think, 'Well, it is all over, at all events. I shall never leave this place. Friends who forgive me, good-bye! And foes who are unforgiving, good-bye to you, too!'"

"And the world, the great, vain, cruel, hypocritical world, farewell to it also! Farewell to its pomp and its glory! Farewell to life and liberty and—love!"

"The wind was rustling the leaves of the tree in the courtyard, and he could not help but hear again the voice he had heard when crossing from the Church. His eyes were closed, but Glory's face, with its curling and twitching lip and its laughing and liquid eyes, was printed on the darkness."

"Ave Maria," he murmured, and saying this again and again, he fell asleep."

The picture of the tyranny of the Superior, and of the enforced utter uselessness of the brothers' lives for every natural human relationship, is a very sad one. John Storm, with his intense humanitarianism and longing for use to mankind, is foredoomed to revolt against such a life, and, happily, the monkery not being Catholic, his return to the world and its efforts and struggles is within his power. It is artistically to be commended that Mr. Hall Caine makes Storm's revolt come about, not consciously from any longing of his own to find the outer life again, but from the antagonism aroused in him by the treatment accorded to another. This is a brother named Paul, whose sister was a nurse with Glory in the hospital, and who has gone astray. She is living under the protection of Lord Robert Ure. John knows what has become of her, and Paul manages to extract the story from him. Then his one longing is to go to see her. "I could say something that would stop her and put an end to everything," he pleads. But so strong is the tyranny under which he lives, that he dare not even ask the leave of the Superior to see his sister. "Stay here, and I'll ask for you," says John. So he enters the Superior's room to prefer the request:—

"It was morning, and the Superior was reading in his room."

"Come in, my son," he said, and he laid his book on his lap. "This is a book you must read some day, the 'Inner Life of Père Lacordaire.' Most fascinating! An inner life of intolerable horror until he had conquered his natural affections."

"Father," said John, "one of our lay brothers has a little sister in the world and she has fallen into trouble. She has gone from the place where he left her, and God only knows where she is now. Let him go out and find her."

"Who is it, my son?"

"Brother Paul—and she is all he has, and he cannot help but think of her."

"This is a temptation of the Evil One, my son. Brother Paul has newly taken the vows, and so have you. The vows are a challenge to the powers of evil, and it is only to be expected

that he who takes them will be tested to the uttermost."

"But, Father, she is young and thoughtless. Let him go out and find her and save her, and he will come back and praise God a thousand times the more."

"The temptations of Satan are very subtle; they come in the guise of duty. Satan is tempting our brother through love, and you also through pity. Let us turn our backs on him."

"Then it is impossible?"

"Quite impossible."

"When John returned to the door, Brother Paul was standing by the alcove gazing with wet eyes on the text hanging above the bed. He saw his answer in John's face, and they sat down on the form without speaking."

"The bell rang for service, and the religious began to pass through the hall. As the Father was crossing the threshold, Brother Paul flung himself down at his feet and clutched his cassock and made a frantic appeal for pity."

"Father, have pity upon me and let me go!"

"The father's eyes became moist, but his will remained unshaken. 'As a man I ought to have pity,' he said, 'and as the father of all of you I should be kind to my children; but it is not I who refuse you, it is God, and I should be guilty of a sin if I let you go.'"

"Then Paul burst into mad laughter, and the religious gathered round and looked at him in astonishment. There was foam on his lips and fire in his eyes, and he threw up his hands and fell back fainting."

"The father made the sign of the cross on his breast, and his lips moved in silence for a moment. Then he said to John, who had raised the lay brother in his arms:—"

"Leave him there. Damp his forehead and hold his hands."

"And turning to the religious, he added, 'I ask the prayers of the community for our poor brother. Satan is fighting for his soul. Let us wrestle in prayer that we may expel the spirit that possesses him.'"

The later history of poor Brother Paul is unspeakably sad; but the end of it all is that John Storm breaks his vows and returns to the world, to ask his uncle, the Premier, for money, and to open a Mission Church in a poor and miserable district of London.

Meantime, Glory has gone through many painful experiences in the course of finding a living, and has reached the stage through the medium of drawing-room entertainments. She writes to her home circle, in the flippant and wild style that her inventor always makes her use in addressing her aged relatives:—

"Permit me to introduce myself in my future style and character—Miss Glory Quayle, the eminent social entertainer! You don't know what that is, dear people? It is quite simple and innocent, nevertheless. I am to go to the houses of smart people when they give their grand parties, and sing and recite, and so forth. Nothing wrong, you see—only what I used to do at Glenfabla."

"The smart folks always add musical accompaniment to the confusion of tongues, and Mr. Koenig, who has a choral company, goes to the cream of the cream of such gatherings, and sings and plays from Grieg and Schumann, and Liszt and Wagner, and Chopin and Paderewski, and the place intended for me in this grand organisation would appear to be that of jester to my lords and ladies. 'Ach Gott!' says Mr. Koenig, who 'speaks ver' bad de Englisch,' 'your great people vant de last new ting. One lady she say to me, 'Dear Mr. Koenig, I think I shall not ask you dis season. I hear you everywhere I go to, and I get so tired of peoples.' But when I takes anoder wis me I am a new beensness. You shall sing and recite your liddle funny tings. Your great people tink dey loof music, but dey loof better to laugh. 'For mercy's sake, make dem laugh, Mr. Koenig'—dat's what a great man say to me. But, my goodness, how can I? I am a musician, I am a composer, I am an arteeste!' For this high and noble office I have been going through a purgatory of preparation, in which I have

sometimes hardly known whether I am a hardy-gurdy or an explosion of cats, and the future female jester has even been known to lie down on the floor and cry in her dumps of despair or some such devilry. However, Mr. Koenig begins to believe that I am passable, and my first appearance is to be made immediately after Easter, at the house of the Home Secretary."

Yet Glory indulges in serious reflection sometimes.

"But all's well that ends well, you know, and now that my wanderings seem to be over and I am in my right place at length, I feel like one who is coming out of a long imprisonment, a great peril, a darkness deeper even than John Storm's cell. And if I ever become a famous woman, and good men will listen to me, I will tell them to be tender and merciful to poor girls who are trying to live in London and be good and strong, and that the true chivalry is to band themselves together against the other men who are selfish and cruel and impure. Oh, this great, glorious, devilish, divine London! It must stand to the human world as the seething, boiling, bubbling waters of Niagara do to the world of nature. Either a girl floats over its rapids like a boat, and in that case she draws her breath and thanks God, or she is tossed into its whirlpool like a dead body, and goes round and round until she finds the vortex and is swallowed up!"

"Yet was't me! Sometimes I think how many poor girls there must be who have never had a chance, while I have had so many and such glorious ones; who cannot get anybody to listen to them, while I am so pampered and praised; who live in narrow alleys and serve in little dark shops, where men and men-things talk to them as they can't talk to their sisters and wives, while I am held aloft in an atmosphere of admiration and respect; who earn their bread in clubs and casinos, where they breathe the air of the hotbeds of hell, while I am surrounded by everything that ennobles and refines! O God, forgive me if I am a vain, presumptuous creature, laughing at everything and everybody, and sometimes forgetting that many a poor girl who is being tossed about in London is just as good as me, and as clever and as brave!"

The rest of the book may be briefly described as a struggle between John Storm and one Robert Drake, a man of means and fashion, for the paramount influence in Glory's life. Through everything, even while he is struggling most resolutely to put her out of his mind, Glory is the uppermost thought in John's mind, and the natural man's love fights with the ascetic enthusiast's devotion. For Glory, the struggle is different yet the same. She loves John Storm, but she cannot give up the world. Shifting and undecided as her face, she alternately entices and forsakes him, till it is hardly unnatural or surprising that he goes half-mad to kill her, only to fall a victim to her fascinations once more. Here are the antagonistic, the impossible to assimilate ideals that fight against the underlying passionate love.

"Behind my church," writes Storm, "in a dark unwholesome alley called Crook-lane, we have a clergy-house, at present let out in tenements, the cellar being occupied as a gin-shop. As soon as these premises can be cleared of their encumbrances I shall turn them into a club for working girls. Why not? In the old days the church came to the people: let it come to the people now. Here we are in the midst of this mighty stronghold of the devil's kingdom of sin and crime. Foreign clubs, casinos, dancing academies and gambling houses are round about us. What are we to do? Put up a forest of props (as at the Abbey) and keep off touch and contamination? God forbid! Let us go down into these dens of moral disease and disinfect them. The poor working girls of Soho want their Sunday; give it them. They want music and singing; give it them. They want dancing; give them that also; for God's sake give it them in your churches, or the devil will give it them in his hells!"

"I expect to be howled at, of course. Some good people will think I am either a fanatic or an artful schemer, while the clerical place-seekers, who love the flesh-pots of Egypt and have their eyes on the thrones of the Church and the world, will denounce my 'secularity,' and tell me I am feeding the 'miry troughs' of the publican and sinner. No matter, if only God is pleased to vouchsafe 'signs following.' And one weary-faced, lonely girl grown fresh of countenance and happy of mien, or one bright little woman snatched from the brink of perdition, will be a better fruit of religion than some of them have seen for many a year."

"As soon as the workmen have cleared out I am going to establish a daily service, and keep the Church open always. Already I don't seem to have time to draw my breath. No income connected with St. Mary Magdalene's, or next to none, just enough to pay the caretaker; but I must not complain of that, for it is the accident to which I owe my church, nobody else wanting it under the circumstances. I had begun to think my time in the monastery wasted, but God knew better. It will help me to live the life of poverty, of purity, of freedom from the world."

"It is impossible, dear John," writes Glory to the man whom she has promised to marry and help in his work. "I cannot go with you. I have struggled, but I cannot, I cannot! It is the greatest, noblest, sublimest mission in the world, but I am not the woman for these high tasks. I should be only a fruitless figure, a sham, a hypocrite. It would be like taking a dead body with you to take me, for my heart would not be there. You would find that out, dear, and I should be ashamed. And then I cannot leave this life—I cannot give up London. I am like a child—I like the bustling streets, the brilliant thoroughfares, the crowds, the bands of music, the lights at night, and the sense of life. I like to succeed, too, and to be admired, and . . . yes, to hear the clapping of hands in a theatre.' You are above all this, and can look down at it as dress, and I like you for that also. But give it all up I can't; I haven't the strength; it is in my blood, dear, and if I part from it I must die. And then I like to be fondled and coaxed and kissed, and I want so much—oh, so much, to be loved! I want somebody to tell me every day and always how much he loves me, and to praise me and pet me and forget everything else for me; everything, everything, even his own soul and salvation. You cannot do that; it would be sinful, and besides, it wouldn't be love as you understand it, and as it ought to be, if you are to go to the solemn and awful task. When I said I loved you I spoke the truth, dear, and yet I didn't know what the world meant, really, I didn't realise everything. I love you still, with all my heart and soul I love you; but now I know that there is a difference between us, that we can never come together. No, I cannot reach up to your austere heights. I am so weak; you are so strong. Your 'strength is as the strength of ten, because your heart is pure,' while I—I am unworthy of your thoughts, John. Leave me to the life I have chosen. It may be poor and vain and worthless, but it is the only life I'm fit for. And yet I love you. . . . and you loved me. I suppose God makes men and women like that sometimes, and it is no use struggling. One kiss, dear—it is the last."

There can be but one end to poor John Storm—it is the moral of the book, as of all like it—that the more nearly the Christ-like life is lived, the more certain is crucifixion, and failure of the whole scheme of existence that is so at variance with the customs of the times. It is a tragic lesson, the more so that one cannot deny its measure of truth.

Certainly Mr. Hall Caine has produced an original novel, and one that is interesting. But the higher praise of being a true and natural picture of life, or that of being a presentment of sympathetic and natural character, cannot be accorded.

Our Short Sketch.

"SISTER."

By HELEN URQUHART.

A SHORT square-made figure, white face and large earnest brown eyes, luxuriant hair gathered tightly under a soft white cap—and this was "Sister."

I remember so well how and when I first saw her. It was my introduction into hospital life—that vast unknown world seeming even vaster than it is to the uninitiated. Everyone was kind to me, even the Matron. Somehow I had steeled myself to face the Matron. The very name had suggested to me all that was terrible and terrifying (such gross ignorance as I soon discovered it to be!). "Come," she said, "we will go and find 'Sister.' It is a quiet time now, and there will be fewer nurses waiting her. I am putting you in Sister A.'s ward, which I consider a privilege, and I daresay you will thank me by-and-by," she said kindly. And this was how I first saw Sister.

When we entered there appeared to be no one in the long bright ward, till at the sound of footsteps someone emerged from the interior of a "steam tent," and came forward to greet the Matron. I have described her appearance as she looked then to my curious gaze, and I must confess my heart sank—sank—till I never thought to pick up courage again.

Somehow this was not my ideal: my clearly conceived ideal of a "sister of mercy" or "nursing sister." In story books they were not the same, and upon those had I pinned my faith. She should have been tall, I thought unreasonably, tall and slight, with a sweet face and soft white hands for smoothing ruffled pillows. A foolish mistake, born of ignorance, and dying an ignoble death, for I soon learned that this one was an ideal Sister, and went far to surpass in her great charity anything I had ever conceived. Her hands—small, nervous-looking hands—were steadied to use in the time of necessity, such times as were constantly to the fore. They were so quick, so prompt to obey their summons from headquarters, handing instruments with cool unconcern, and bandaging wounds unflinchingly, till beyond the pale of doctors and their assistants they changed into soothing implements of loving caress.

I felt my scrutiny was returned; the searching eyes were raised to mine for a moment, but there was little or no curiosity apparent in the gaze, and nothing of that paramount sympathy which at other times characterised her expression. Nervous of strangers she had yet the courage of a lion—or may I say a woman—in time of danger. Retiring, reserved to painfulness, she could speak, and speak well, if she must.

"I am only the new 'Pro.'" I thought bitterly as Sister turned from me and followed the Matron. "Only a fresh stupidity, of very little use and a great deal of anxiety." There was no "romance" in being a "fresh stupidity," and when one is young and ardent that element will creep in almost unawares.

Then Matron went away, "leaving me in good hands," as she expressed it? Who was to guess I was foolish enough not to see it? Certainly not the Matron, Miss Dunlop. She knew she had conferred a privilege upon me. Sister took very little notice of me after that. "Nurse," she said, gently, "I shall not expect you to do much to-day; take notice of everything and you will soon get on." And with that and a smile she left me. Perhaps it was her smile that won me over from my hastily

judged opinion. And oh! how I learned to love her! To love with a great reverence her quiet face and unpretentious manner; to respect and honour her capabilities, and to aim at a feeble imitation.

Sister seldom spoke on duty, and seldom still reproved. The greatest reproach she had to offer us, her nurses, was to find her doing something we had left undone. None of us lightly forgot it, though Sister would look the guilty one when we came with our stammered excuses. She hated apologies or thanks. "Silly child," she would say, "don't fret, you will remember next time." And we did, most assuredly. I have known as no uncommon thing that Sister would wash patients, make beds, take temperatures, do anything in fact, from dusting the ward upwards, to help either a tired nurse or one who was to have her "day off" when morning work was done. I do not know if there was any distinct rule concerning the duties of a ward sister, but there was a tacit and general understanding that beyond waiting upon and answering the doctors, giving medicines, writing and receiving requisitions, reports, &c., besides carrying all the load of responsibilities for the ward, Sister was not expected to help the nurses. However that might be in other wards, ours did, but then Sister A. rivalled in her nurses' estimation any other that ever lived. I have seen her watch some of us whom she thought to be either tired, worried, sick, or all three, and quietly ease the burden which at such times is necessarily harder than at others. Judging, too, if such an one were unfit for duty, whether it must be "total cessation" or just patching, and act accordingly. If a little timely rest in her room by the fire would do, why in we went; but if that did not answer we were assigned to the sick room. Not without a struggle, however, on the part of the victim, for with so many cases and few nurses, how was Sister to manage? "Never mind that, dear, Matron will send me some one, and if not I will look after your babies myself—there." And so you did, often enough, you dear, good Sister, and are still doing I doubt not!

Ah well! I must not rhapsodize. It might make others less blest in this respect than we ourselves were feel envious. After her day's work, lasting often from eight to ten, not counting the many calls to night duty, she would come and sit with us in turn upstairs in our room, hearing troubles, listening to the many tales of shortcomings, jealousies and consequent heart-burnings. Sometimes she would not speak, she would just open the door, come in, and sit down; presently we had told her all, and were comforted.

And the children, the little patients, how they loved her! Sunday was their special day—a day on which the ward was comparatively quiet, robbed of the greater number of nurses, and only casually visited by doctors if all went well. Of course, a serious case altered everything. Sister on this day of all days gave her morning up to the children. Convalescents were placed side by side on couches in front of the fire in winter; convalescents of all kinds, from amputations downwards to a little delicate "empyema." The youngest and most delicate had the place of honour on Sister's knee. Then she generally read to them fairy tales or something bright and attractive. She would say—"These poor children understand sadness and poverty too well. I like to change the current of their thoughts into something more childish and unreal." One of us took it in turns to stay from church and take "morning duty," and a really busy morning it was. With a certain

amount of method one could "get done," as we phrased it, by one o'clock, when the Churchites returned, but it meant constant working, putting down one thing to take up another, in and out, to and fro, with a "weather eye" on the clock, and wings for feet.

Sister never interfered with us. Her time, energies and love were entirely at the children's disposal, except in the weighty matter of dinners, when, as usual, she presided.

The babies loved Sister, crowing at her notice, and pausing in their tearless "yells" to listen to her soft voice of persuasive coaxing. The sick ones, the very sick ones, fell asleep oftentimes clasping her cool hands with both their hot fevered palms, and she would sit on and on seeming to forget the long hours of duty—not the eight-hour system—but gladly taking the cup of tea it was our joy and privilege to prepare. If one made this, another toasted that, and another carried it in, while the fourth drew up a chair or small table. "Sister, dear, you must be so tired," one would say, and she would answer, speaking softly for fear of the little sleeper, "No dear, not tired at all, if it was not for this stupid headache." She was a martyr to migraine of the worst description, the traits of which lingered about her eyes and whitened her face, marking its silent ravages with indelible finger prints. "Are you not going out to-day, Sister," another would ask on one occasion. But she could not manage to leave, and Sister said so. Nurse So-and-so was on duty and the ward a heavy one. Then would one or other of us—generally all—offer to take her place, as far as possible, while she went out for a blow. Rarely the offer was accepted, to our untold delight, but oftener not. "No, my dear; why should you give up your time, you have had cases lately"; or, "I noticed to-day how heavy your work was." And so she passed each day, and every day, very much in the same way, working for other people, and, what is rarer still, thinking for and loving them at the same time. The very doctors, especially the junior ones, came to her in their troubles and perplexities, and the staff surgeons considered it an honour to shake her hand on leaving. This is a very poor, bare picture of a very beautiful life. Not a "saint" by any means, very human in many ways and all the more lovable for that; faults and failings a few, but they were so merged into all that was noble in her quiet nature that few beheld them, and fewer still believed in them. And Sister still goes on working thus day after day, the "daily round and common task" affording her ample means for "sacrifice." Fitting herself to the level of every day's most quiet need; no boasting, no vain show, and less affectation. At least, she has glorified her profession, and influenced the lives of those around her. At best, she is a "faithful servant." "God bless our Sister," say her nurses.

A LITTLE extract of liquorice destroys the taste of aloes; peppermint water disguises the nauseous taste of salts; milk is a good abater of the bitter flavour of Peruvian bark; and cloves that of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another method of covering the nauseous taste of castor or cod-liver oil is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a wineglass, pour the oil into the centre of the juice, and then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil and upon the edge of the glass.

MARY WOLLSTONE-CRAFT'S

"VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN" (Published 1793).

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

SEX VIRTUES AND VICES.

THE baneful consequences which flow from inattention to health during infancy and youth, extend further than is supposed—dependence of body naturally produces dependence of mind; and how can she be a good wife or mother, the greater part of whose time is employed to guard against or endure sickness? Nor can it be expected that a woman will resolutely endeavour to strengthen her constitution and abstain from enervating indulgences, if artificial notions of beauty, and false descriptions of sensibility, have been early entangled with her motives of action. Most men are sometimes obliged to bear with bodily inconveniences, and to endure, occasionally, the inclemency of the elements; but genteel women are, literally speaking, slaves to their bodies, and glory in their subjection.

I once knew a weak woman of fashion, who was more than commonly proud of her delicacy and sensibility. She thought a distinguishing taste and puny appetite the height of all human perfection, and acted accordingly. I have seen this weak sophisticated being neglect all the duties of life, yet recline with self-complacency on a sofa, and boast of her want of appetite as a proof of delicacy that extended to, or, perhaps, arose from, her exquisite sensibility; for it is difficult to render intelligible such ridiculous jargon.

Women are everywhere in this deplorable state, for, in order to preserve their innocence, as ignorance is courteously termed, truth is hidden from them, and they are made to assume an artificial character before their faculties have acquired any strength. Taught from their infancy that beauty is woman's sceptre, the mind shapes itself to the body, and, roaming round its gilt cage, only seeks to adorn its prison. Men have various employments and pursuits which engage their attention, and give a character to the opening mind; but women, confined to one, and having their thoughts constantly directed to the most insignificant part of themselves, seldom extend their views beyond the triumph of the hour. But were their understanding once emancipated from the slavery to which the pride and sensuality of man and their short-sighted desire, like that of dominion in tyrants, of present sway, has subjected them, we should probably read of their weaknesses with surprise.

This argument branches into various ramifications. Birth, riches, and every extrinsic advantage that exalt a man above his fellows, without any mental exertion, sink him in reality below them. In proportion to his weakness, he is played upon by designing men, till the bloated monster has lost all traces of humanity. And that tribes of men, like flocks of sheep, should quietly follow such a leader, is a solecism that only a desire of present enjoyment and narrowness of understanding can solve. Educated in slavish dependence, and enervated by luxury and sloth, where shall we find men who will stand forth to assert the rights of man—or claim the privilege of moral beings, who should have but one road to excellence? Slavery to monarchs and ministers, which the world will be long in freeing itself from, and whose deadly grasp

stops the progress of the human mind, is not yet abolished.

Let not men then in the pride of power use the same arguments that tyrannic kings and venal ministers have used, and fallaciously assert that woman ought to be subjected because she has always been so. But, when man, governed by reasonable laws, enjoys his natural freedom, let him despise woman, if she do not share it with him; and, till that glorious period arrives, in descending on the folly of the other sex, let him not overlook his own.

Women, it is true, obtaining power by unjust means, by practising or fostering vice, evidently lose the rank which reason would assign them, and they become either abject slaves or capricious tyrants. They lose all simplicity, all dignity of mind, in acquiring power, and act as men are observed to act when they have been exalted by the same means.

Why do men halt between two opinions, and expect impossibilities? Why do they expect virtue from a slave, from a being whom the constitution of civil society has rendered weak, if not vicious?

Still I know that it will require a considerable length of time to eradicate the firmly-rooted prejudices which sensualists have planted; it will also require some time to convince women that they act contrary to their real interest on an enlarged scale, when they cherish or affect weakness under the name of delicacy, and to convince the world that the poisoned source of female vices and follies (if it be necessary, in compliance with custom, to use synonymous terms in a lax sense) has been the sensual

homage paid to beauty:—to beauty of features; for it has been shrewdly observed by a German writer, that a pretty woman, as an object of desire, is generally allowed to be so by men of all descriptions; whilst a fine woman, who inspires more sublime emotions by displaying intellectual beauty, may be overlooked or observed with indifference by those men who find their happiness in the gratification of their appetites.

I foresee an obvious retort—whilst man remains such an imperfect being as he appears hitherto to have been, he will, more or less, be the slave of his appetites, and, those women obtaining most power who gratify a

predominant one, the sex is degraded by a physical, if not by a moral necessity.

This objection has, I grant, some force; but while such a sublime precept exists, as, "Be pure as your heavenly Father is pure," it would seem that the virtues of man are not limited by the Being who alone could limit them; and that he may press forward without considering whether he steps out of his sphere by indulging such a noble ambition. To the wild billows it has been said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Vainly then do they beat and foam, restrained by the power that confines the struggling planets in their orbits, matter yields to the great governing Spirit. But an immortal soul, not restrained by mechanical laws and struggling to free itself from the shackles of matter, contributes to, instead of disturbing, the order of creation, when, co-operating with the Father of spirits, it tries to govern itself by the invariable rule that, in a degree before which our imagination faints, regulates the universe.

(To be continued.)

SAVINGS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury.

Omissions no less than commissions are oftentimes part of injustice.

As the world goes, a moderate reformation is a great power, and therefore rest contented.

Since you are to give at any moment quit life, manage all your actions, words, and thoughts accordingly; work.

Do not return the temper of ill-natured people upon themselves; treat them as they do the rest of mankind.

As for fame, consider the intellect of the people that are to commend; how insignificant they are, and how little in their pursuits and aversions.

Your face ought to vouch for your speech. I would have virtue look out of the eye, no less apparently than love does in the sight of the beloved.

A fleet horse or greyhound does not make a noise when it has done well, nor a bee neither when she has made a little honey. And thus a man, of a certain sort, when he has done a kindness, never proclaims it, but does another as soon as he can, just like a vine that bears again the next season.

Accustom yourself to think upon nothing but what you could freely reveal, if the question were put to you; so that if your soul were thus laid open, there would appear nothing but what was sincere, good-natured, and public-spirited—not so much as one voluptuous or luxurious fancy, nothing of hatred, envy, or unreasonable suspicion, or aught else which you could not bring to the light without blushing.

Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on. When you have a mind to divert your fancy, consider the good qualities of your acquaintance—as the enterprising vigour of this man, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and so on; for there is nothing so entertaining as a lively image of the virtues exhibited in the character of those we converse with, occurring as numerously as possible.

A RECORD IN ADVERTISING.

WE have pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the advertisement of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa which appears in this issue. This is only a small fraction of what is being done throughout the country in advertising this new beverage. It is not generally known that the price of a page, with illustration, in the London Daily Telegraph is £200 each insertion, and an order has just been completed for ten consecutive pages in that paper. We believe this is a record in advertising. The whole of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa advertising is placed by Smith's Advertising Agency, 132, Fleet-street, London, E.C., who issue "Successful Advertising" annually (2s., post free), and a monthly publication called *Advertising* (price 2d. monthly, or 2s. 6d. per annum, post free). A small pamphlet, entitled "A Rich Field for Advertisers," will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed Smith's Advertising Agency, 132, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

A NOVEL device for attracting custom is said to have been recently adopted by certain beer retailers at Sunderland, particularly in the Hendon district. This is a system of giving checks with every pint of liquor sold, upon which a dividend is paid to the customer, ranging from one to three shillings in the pound. It is said that at the houses where the experiment is being tried there has been an appreciable increase in the business done.


* * *
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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.

A feature of the recent Brewster Sessions has been the objection taken by licensing magistrates, not in one or two, but in many of the principal towns, to children being sent to public-houses for drink. This is in part a consequence of the action of some of the publicans themselves, who invented the miserable plan of bribing children to come to their houses as often as possible by a gift of sweeties. Attention was thus called to the number of little children who are habitually sent for intoxicating liquor, and the general feeling of magistrates has been evoked that this practice is mischievous. Especially in the case of female children, the habit of entering public-houses, thus formed in early childhood, is likely to be a source of danger in later life. The publicans argued that it is better for the children to be sent for a limited portion of beer than that the parents should have to come themselves, as the latter would probably drink some beer there, and so loiter away the time in the public-house that should be spent in eating a proper meal. But somehow there is a difficulty in giving serious consideration to the arguments of an ingenious tradesman who says that he wants a certain course maintained because the opposite one might

increase his sales! In Liverpool and several other towns, therefore, the magistrates have "recommended" publicans to refuse to serve children under 13 years of age, that limit being fixed as a practical one at which the publican can fairly easily judge of the child's having arrived. It is also the age at which the law permits a child to buy liquor for consumption on the premises, so that the new rule (for such it is in practical effect) is only an extension of an existing one.

One of the charities most needed at present appears to be an asylum for male inebriates who cannot pay a remunerative fee for the time needed for their treatment. No single inquiry is so often addressed to this office as whether such an institution exists; some man, a victim to drink, has been induced to promise to go into a curative asylum, but his friends cannot pay more than about a pound a week, and they find that no place exists that will take the patient for that rate. Of course, any institution that did so would have to be partly supported by charity, for it would not pay anyone to keep up a home for inebriates, with the necessary watchful care and medical attendance, at so low a price. And it is held by specialists in this disorder that at least two years' restraint and treatment are required to give a fair chance of safe return to the world and its liberties and temptations. Even then, however, there are so many relapses that charity will be discouraged by the small use for great expense. Naturally at various "Retreats" that exist in the most favourable returns possible, he it in the report of the inspector of these institutions that are under the Inebriates Acts, we find the following figures, given by Dr. Braithwaite, of the Dalrymple Home at Rickmansworth:—

Since the opening of this home 442 cases have been discharged. The patients were recruited from all professions and callings, including 19 retired military officers, 32 medical practitioners, 21 solicitors, 42 clerks, 51 merchants, only 3 journalists, and 99 gentlemen of no occupation. The family history of most of the patients is, of course, instructive. In 29 cases there was insanity in the family and in 211 inebriety. With regard to the kind of intoxicant used, it is noteworthy that only 7 cases was beer the sole cause, whereas spirits of themselves claimed over 300 victims. In more than half the cases the exciting cause is given as "sociability." The after-history is, 173 are doing well or have improved, as against 164 who have not improved, the remainder being dead (81), insane (4), or not heard from (70).

It thus appears that considerably more than half of the patients are not known to have even "improved," and then that is a vague term, and should not be included in the same set of figures with the "cured."

The Oswestry Guardians have again chosen Mrs. Price to be their Relieving Officer, and Mr. Chaplin will have, if he persists in refusing to sanction her appointment, to absolutely override the local authority. There is no objection to be made to Mrs. Price, except that she is a woman; it will be remembered that she did the duty for several months during her late husband's illness, and that it is because she was so perfectly efficient as his substitute that the Guardians elected her to succeed him. Mr. Chaplin raises the objection that she would not be competent

to take lunatics to the asylum, but Mrs. Price makes this reply:—

Since Lady Day I have myself taken to Bicton twenty-one cases, including one case of removal from Cane-hill Asylum (beyond Croydun) to Bicton, and one case to Denbigh. With these I have not found any unusual difficulty, and have absolutely no fear of taking any case with the usual assistance. On December 5th, last year, I took three females on one journey with the help of two male assistants, and on July 12th last took two patients with two attendants.

Mrs. Price points out that there are cases, much more numerous than those of lunatics to remove, in which a woman relieving officer is far more in place than a man, and gives the following instances with which she has had recently to deal:—

I. Amelia Griffiths, twenty-eight, delicate from birth, whom I had to get out of bed and dress prior to removal to the Workhouse Hospital, without any assistance. She was totally unable to do anything to help herself. II. Elizabeth Reynolds, seventy-eight, who was in a similar condition to the above, and who refused to allow anyone else to dress her. In this case the woman was so helpless, I was obliged to have the help of her sister-in-law with whom she lived. III. Hannah Hughes, thirty-four, whom I had to remove to the Workhouse Hospital. She had been confined six days previous to removal. She was in a dreadfully disgusting condition. It was impossible to dress her; she had to be rolled up in a counterpane and carried a distance of one hundred yards to the conveyance. IV. Margaret Delaney, about fifty years of age, lying on a heap of filthy rags, with a sack to cover her. She had only one under-garment, which was completely in shreds, otherwise she was naked. I had to apply to the workhouse for blankets to wrap round her before I could convey her to the House. It was, without doubt, a case which it would have been indecent for any man to deal with, as was also the case before mentioned—viz., Hannah Hughes.

To add further force to this forcible plea, a correspondent assures the Daily News that the appointment is not without precedent. He says:—

In stating that there was no precedent for the appointment of a woman as relieving officer, the people of the Local Government Board give evidence that they do not know their own business. At the beginning of 1893 a woman relieving officer—the first of her kind—was appointed for a Warwickshire district. The cutting I have does not, unfortunately, give any other particulars, but its genuineness is beyond doubt.—Yours faithfully, J. H. SETTLE. 14 Springcliffe-street, Heaton-road, Bradford.

It is, therefore, to be hoped that Mr. Chaplin will withdraw his objection, and allow the Oswestry guardians to employ the person whom they consider most fit to do their work.

Lady Butler's famous picture, "The Roll Call," is among the exhibits at the Walker Art Show at Liverpool, the Queen having kindly lent it for the occasion.

It is suggested that there is a large increase of business open to any one of the great banks which will be the first to start

a special "Ladies' Department." Such exist in the great American banks, in most of which there is not only a specially and comfortably furnished room reserved for the accommodation of the women customers, but also special receiving and paying cashiers, a separate number of book-keepers, and even, in some cases, a separate organisation. The experience derived from these institutions, it is added, tends to show that the accepted traditions with regard to the unbusinesslike attitude of women, their ignorance of the rules of banking establishments, their unpunctuality, their carelessness in the matter of simple arithmetic, and their consequent liability to overdraw their accounts, are not only gross exaggerations, but merely figments of the imagination. But though the ladies thus show themselves ordinary "good men of business" in their banking doings, yet they so far prefer the greater quiet and privacy of a place to themselves that they patronise the banks that provide it in preference to others.

In the unceasing discussions on the dissatisfaction of domestic servants, it is amusing to note the regularity with which men assert that the disputes and ill-will too often prevailing between mistress and maid prove that they are inferior to men, for men do not have these troubles with their male employés. Do they not? What, then, mean the everlasting tales of strikes and trade disputes? What of the Engineers' Strike, which, even as we read the vain boasts of masters of their superior powers of managing their servants, is said to be costing the country £30,000 per week? Under the title of "A Melancholy Sight," a graphic writer gives the following description of the result of the present failure of masters to control and guide their servants in one of the most important of the nation's industries, to the loss of every class, and perhaps to the ultimate ruin of the country in which such foolish and unreasonable contests are of frequent occurrence:—

In busy times, an engine shop, well lighted and in full swing, is a cheery place to work in. There is no stagnation, everything is in motion, and that keeps the human machine at work too. Alas! how pitiable it is to-day to enter these hives of labour, and hear nothing but your own echoing footfall. The great slotting machines and planing machines rear their bulky forms, but they are motionless, the bright parts are coated with "Anti-rust" compounds to preserve them, and it is with a feeling of awe, as when passing through a cemetery or an empty cathedral, you emerge from inspecting these mammoth workshops with their hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of machinery—lying idle. The sight is melancholy and dispiriting, and one asks himself as he heaves a regretful sigh—"When will men have the good sense to settle their differences round a table, instead of trying to ruin each other, and destroy by their joint efforts the industrial welfare of the country?"

If there were good feeling and mutual confidence between the masters and their men, these expensive disputes, laying idle the great machines that need to be constantly employed to earn their profit on their prime cost, and the even more costly laying idle of the skilled hands of the artisans, could not take place. The masters would give good reasons for their demands, and the men would listen with good will,

and on their side produce reasonable and friendly arguments to be met or yielded to. It may be that the unkind feeling and the distrust between employer and employed that both discontented domestics and strikers show can rarely be entirely avoided; but for men to say that such unfortunate discontents are exclusively known to mistresses and women servants is the most idle and false searching out the mote in another's eye and overlooking the beam in the speaker's own.

A master has declared, behind the safe shield of the anonymous, that an eight hours day, if got, would not be a success, because the working man would then want his breakfast before going out at all, and would find that his wife would be too lazy to get up in time to prepare it. The Westminster Gazette sent out a reporter to make inquiries of the working men on strike if, in their opinion, this statement was true of their domestic servants—their wives? The reply is satisfactory:—

"It is a rather delicate job," writes the Westminster representative, "inquiring into anyone's domestic arrangements, and the British workman has an idea that his home is his castle. Any inquiry as to the habits of his wife as an early riser are apt to be met by 'What's that to you? Go home and mind your own missus.' Those who would talk a bit were all up in arms for their wives. It was a libel, a shame, and a lie—the missus not up in time to give a chap his breakfast for eight o'clock work? Why, they all had model wives, who were ready to give them breakfast at any hour of the day or night. If he had to be at work at six, or even earlier, the domestic model was always up to give the early riser a mouthful and a cup of tea before he went. It is admirable that the British workman should be so loud in praise of his wife. Perhaps an employer who works on the eight-hours-a-day system would tell another tale? But no, he was perfectly contented with the punctual appearance of his men, which looked as if they had no difficulty in finding wives who gave them breakfast between seven and eight o'clock."

A reception is being given at Mitcham Hall, Surrey, on September 30th, by Miss Millington and Miss Hurlston, to meet Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, and to welcome home the nurses who served in the Græco-Turkish war.

It has been arranged that a public meeting shall take place at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, on Wednesday, October 13th, at 4 p.m., under the auspices of the Members Rights' Defence Committee of the Royal British Nurses' Association, when the reasons for the public inquiry which is now being demanded into the management of the Royal British Nurses' Association will be explained, and important resolutions will be proposed. The subject is evidently arousing a large amount of public interest, and a considerable number of influential Members of Parliament have already promised their support to the demand for a public inquiry.

The African Critic says:—"The nigger New Woman is 'coming on' in South Africa. Amongst those who matriculated at the recent Cape examinations were two native girls trained at Lovedale. Their fathers are said to be ministers of the Free Church of Scotland."

According to the St. James's, Li Hung Chang's visit to England is likely to have a most beneficial effect on the future of women in China. Since his return he has appointed the first Chinese lady practising medicine in her own land to be physician to the women of his household. Dr. Eng is the daughter of a mandarin who was converted to Christianity, and graduated in an American University, and she obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia. She has been so successful in the healing art that she is now known as the Miracle Lady.

Attention may, perhaps, be called to the fact that this number completes the second year of the present Editor and Proprietor's management of this journal. The business of the paper has greatly improved during that time, and it now pays its own expenses; but I have never concealed from my readers that this has been done at a great personal sacrifice, that the paper does not yet pay me for the work I give it, and to this, as to any other form of public service, I could not be bound beyond a certain time. It is for this reason that I venture from time to time to beg my readers who value the paper to try to extend its circulation; could we but double the circulation the future would be assured. The time is now at hand when public meetings and meetings of women's societies take place, and we shall be glad to send copies for free distribution to any friend who will so use them. Some of our friends, perhaps, might regularly subscribe for two copies, and give one away to different people. Many very kind letters have been received during the past few weeks, for which the editor is very grateful. If those kind friends who tell her how much they value what the paper gives them will help to make it more widely known, the assistance will be much valued.

During the past four weeks, ever since my return from Belgium, I have been confined to bed with a gastric trouble, brought on by drinking the bad water there. Though now fairly recovered, part of the time I have been almost too ill to attend to business. This has brought to my mind very forcibly the fact that I have not enough assistance in my work here, and that too much hangs upon my sole health and strength. The paper is doing well and steadily improving its position, but it needs a good lift to put it into safety. Will my readers do anything they can to help it?

It is to be remembered that a reforming journal of any sort has always some special difficulties to contend against. A correspondent this week writes:—"You will be amused to learn that a lady to whom I introduced our SIGNAL was very greatly pleased with it, but after she had enjoyed it a few months her husband, catching sight of some, to him, dangerous doctrine, forbade it in his house!"

This sort of drawback to prosperity ought to be compensated for by the greater interest and support of those in sympathy —of all who are in harmony with the views expressed on the whole, and in general tone, that is to say, for it is impossible for every word or idea to be always acceptable to any individual reader; but those who want the women's news, or are interested

in the cause of equal rights for men and women in every respect, for which the SIGNAL alone amongst English newspapers stands, should do what they can to support it and enlarge its sphere of usefulness and influence. I have, however, been frequently surprised to find (generally by the ignorance of a speaker on some topic on which she would have been correctly informed if she had been a SIGNALITE) that some women, supposed to be in the very centre of the woman's movement, do not read or subscribe to their own special paper. If I diffidently inquire why, the answer frequently is:—"Oh, I take so many papers." But it is impossible that the non-reader takes any other paper that would give her what the SIGNAL would give her, and what she ought to need; and though one penny a week is of no importance, the inference of those who should be interested cannot be so described. Besides, the aggregate of pennies pays a paper's way, so I hope this appeal will induce even the busy woman who ought to like the SIGNAL to spare her little penny for it regularly! And may I beg those who are our readers to send this paragraph, marked, on to anybody they know to whom it should appeal?

WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.

THE work of women as duly ordained and fully recognised pastors in churches of any denomination is peculiar to America. In England, only the "irregular forces" of the Salvation Army, and the quiet and retired "meetings" of the Friends, are led by women. The following selections from various American newspapers on this novel topic will be read here with interest:—

JOINT PASTORATE OF TWO YOUNG WOMEN OF CLEVELAND.

Women have full control of Unity Chapel, a Unitarian church in Cleveland. There are two women pastors and a woman organist. This does not prevent men from attending services there or lending financial assistance. In fact, Unity Chapel congregations of a Sunday morning seem to have more than the average number of men seen at church. It is noticeable, too, that there is little or no nodding of masculine pates during the service.

The Rev. Marian Murdoch and the Rev. Florence Buck are the ministers of this church. They are young women of pleasant address and high education. They are unmarried, and share the same home as well as the same work. As far as possible the duties of the parish are divided between them. One woman preaches one Sunday and the other the succeeding Sunday. Both appear in the pulpit, though. The one who does not deliver the discourse assists her sister by reading the Scripture lesson.

In these days of balloon and skeleton sleeves, voluminous skirts and elaborate bodices, it would seem difficult for women ministers to preserve a clerical appearance. The Rev. Marian Murdoch and the Rev. Florence Buck have found a happy solution for this dilemma. They wear in the pulpit black silk gowns, with moderately full skirts and sleeves, and a modest jet or ribbon garniture on their bodices. The addition of plain white linen cuffs, collars and neckties give them the air of dignity which their profession demands. They wear their hair loosely thrown back from the face into a coil at the back of the head, with short, natural waves at each side of the forehead. When not in the pulpit, these women wear gowns of colours and styles just like those of other sensible women.

It is easy enough for these pastors to divide the work of preparing sermons, but with the other parish work it is more difficult. As the Rev. Miss Buck said: "If one of us makes a social call, every one wonders why the other did not come too. So that, in reality, each pastor has to do as much visiting as if she were alone, except in cases of sickness and

other trouble. Then there is a difference. Our parish is so large in territory, and the members of the congregation so scattered all over the city, that it would be impossible for one person to make frequent calls." When there are weddings, funerals or christenings, of course both ministers must be present.

A striking feature of the work of these women is the harmony which surrounds them, the ease with which one supplements the gifts of the other, although they apparently are widely different in temperament. They felt sure of their compatibility, though, before they undertook a joint pastorate here four years ago. Miss Murdoch is an Iowa woman, and was engaged in ministerial work there. It was while resting from her labour that she met Miss Buck, a Michigan woman, who was a high school teacher in her native state. The result of this acquaintance was that they studied together at Meadville, Pa., where Miss Murdoch took a postgraduate course and Miss Buck secured a degree.

Then they went abroad together and studied at Oxford. Finding that their friendship could stand the strain of intimacy at college, sea-sickness and the strangeness of a foreign country, they believed that it could endure the trial of joint work.—From The Lever.

WOMEN PREACHERS AND THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

In the Lutheran Observer, Mrs. H. E. Monroe has an article on "Women Preachers." She says, among other things:—

So far as I know, there is not a woman in the Lutheran church who desires to be a preacher; but let ministers talk against them, and some of our girls educated at Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, will say, "I shall put myself in the hands of God as a soul-winner, and if it leads to the pulpit there is where I am going."

Two-thirds of all the piety of this land is in the hearts of women, and it is too late in the century for the one-third to dictate in Christian work to the majority. There are women whose prayers take hold of God, who walk and talk with Him daily, in almost every Lutheran church; women who are never asked to pray in the prayer-meeting.

What synod would like to stand with blood-guilt upon their individual souls for denying to sinners the services of Mrs. General or Mrs. Ballington Booth? Go slow, brethren, lest ye be found to fight against God. Look how coldly most of the preachers received Moody at first because he was a layman! God took Moody to remind us of a universal priesthood, which God revealed and Luther declared to the world, and God now uses Moody to train ministers how to preach to win souls for Christ.

What would our men say to Amanda Smith, that miracle of grace, a coloured woman, so black that black paint would not show upon her face? Twenty years ago a washerwoman in Philadelphia, now, next to Bishop Taylor, the greatest evangelist of the century. She has visited every foreign mission of the Methodist church; she spent twelve years in Africa, singing with voice like a silver trumpet, and preaching with eloquent words the gospel which brought salvation to thousands in India, in England, in Scotland among the Presbyterians, and in our own land. Should she be suppressed because God placed her strong soul in a woman's body?

Or would they suppress beautiful Miss Sites, who took up the work of her father, a devoted missionary in China, where after a ministry of thirty-five years he dropped in the harness? She stands in her father's pulpit, called of God, bringing souls to His kingdom, souls who would never hear the Word if she retired to private life. Once when she was preaching on the street, a woman, whose face was fierce, pressed up and said, "Are you speaking the truth? If you are, why did you not come sooner? I have had three little girls; I strangled them with my own hands, and now you dare tell me there is a religion where a woman can breathe. I loved my little girls, but I thought it better that they should die than to live to womanhood such as I know."

"Stop, Miss Sites, stop!" some little preacher may call out, because he thinks you are not doing right! "Stop, Miss Sites, stop! You

might be the means of the conversion of some men, and you know women must learn of men. Get a husband, Miss Sites, and cook three meals a day, and let those souls perish!"

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, of Kalamazoo, Mich., invited her friends and parishioners to a reception in the church on New Year's Eve, and when they arrived they found that they were to witness a wedding, the contracting parties to which were their pastor and Dr. A. W. Crane, city pathologist of Kalamazoo. Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones performed the ceremony. Miss Bartlett was a Wisconsin girl, and at the age of sixteen determined to enter the liberal ministry. At twenty she graduated with honours from Carthage College, Illinois. After two years passed in teaching, she took up newspaper work, and spent three years on the staff of the Minneapolis Tribune and as city editor of an Oshkosh paper. Her first charge was at Sioux Falls, S. D., where three years' work resulted in a handsome brick church for a congregation which had previously worshipped in a law office. From Sioux Falls she went to Kalamazoo to take charge of the First Unitarian church, which had been in existence thirty years. She was so successful that the society adopted her suggestion that it should build a seven-day institution church. It is absolutely free, and is known as the People's church. The congregation is large and prosperous, and the average attendance at service is about 500. It is announced that Mrs. Crane will remain pastor of the People's church. Dr. Crane is a prominent physician of Kalamazoo, and a graduate of the medical department of the University of Michigan. A host of friends will wish that all earth's choicest blessings may come to the beloved preacher and reformer in her new and enlarged relations.

MISS JESSIE ACKERMAN.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, the W.C.T.U. round-the-world missionary, has settled in Chicago, and will share the pastoral duties of Rev. J. K. Wheeler, of the Fourth Baptist Church. Miss Ackerman is to be the superintendent of the gospel and mission work of the church, a charge which is meant to include nearly all Dr. Wheeler's active pastoral duties, leaving him free to devote his time and study to pulpit discourses.—Woman's Journal.

OBJECTIONS OCCUR.

There are reverends among them till you have to quit counting them. One—Rev. Elizabeth W. Greenwood—preached the annual sermon Sunday morning at the Union M. E. Church. It is written in the nature of woman and in the Word of God that the office of preacher of the gospel is not hers. I wish the W. C. T. U. did not stand for woman suffrage and woman preachers, but just pushed those other Christ-like purposes of theirs!—Baptist Standard.

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS. CHOPPING WOOD FOR THE CHURCH.

Two young ladies of Wayne County, Pennsylvania, have agreed to cut and pile 250 cords of wood at one dollar per cord, for the benefit of the Methodist Church of that place, and have called upon the other women to lend a hand. How like the members of my sex! We don't mind a little thing like being turned out of the conference, or turned down generally, and even called names and accused of being intruders; we are still staunch sisters, who bob up serenely and offer to drive street cars, paper the parsonage, work for missionaries, or chop wood. I wish we were not possessed of so much zeal that we must even chop wood, and pile it up, and for one dollar per cord at that.

I recall from memory the stalwart figure of a woman who dwells in the South-west and belongs to the class known in that section as the poor white trash. Every morning during the spring and summer she brought fresh vegetables to my door. Over her right shoulder hung a bag, with its contents equally divided in each end, so as to balance itself. With her right hand she dragged a well-filled cart, and on her left arm she carried a basket, also well filled with green stuff. Sometimes as she measured out potatoes

A BUSY MAN



Some of us are wise enough to see that the very intellectual superiority of which we boast must of necessity be ministered to by a very different diet to that which appealed to the digestive organs of men who underwent more bodily exertion than the most stalwart navy or the most muscular prizefighter of this steam and machine ridden era. The case of Mr. H. Stockland Knight, 28, Stockmore-street, Cowby-road, Oxford, is a good illustration of this fact. Mr. KNIGHT writes as follows:—"I have now made a thorough trial of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and on that account feel somewhat qualified to make a statement as to its excellent qualities. I used at one time to take a good deal of hot and scalding tea, which brought me to a state of great weakness and loss of nerve power. After taking tea I felt quite unable to summon any energy, and totally unfit for work of any kind. Some four months ago I determined to give up tea altogether, and use Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa instead. I did so, and in a remarkably short space of time I felt greatly benefited. I no longer experienced loss of energy after breakfast or tea, but I found

ITS SUSTAINING PROPERTIES MARVELLOUS, for it is undoubtedly a food as well as a beverage, a cup of Vi-Cocoa alone being more sustaining than solid food with tea or ordinary cocoa. I have gained in weight and am better in every way, and am improving daily. I take two cups at breakfast and the same at tea-time. I would not relinquish it now on any account, as I consider it has, in a very great measure, restored my impaired health. I may say in conclusion that my business takes me out at all hours of the day and night, making sleep and meal times very irregular. To all those living under such and similar conditions Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is especially beneficial."

MASSON HALL, EDINBURGH.

THE Scottish Universities, unlike their English sisters of Oxford and Cambridge, have now for some years recognised the justice of bestowing degrees on all students who have passed the qualifying examinations. As a natural consequence, there have been opened of late various halls of residence for women students in the different Universities of Scotland.

One of the most recent efforts in this direction has been made by an influential committee in Edinburgh, who, in connection with the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women, are about to open in the pleasant old-fashioned region of George-square, a residence to bear the honoured name of the Masson Hall, in recognition of the unwearied services rendered in the cause of securing university education for women by Emeritus Professor Masson.

The Masson Hall is large and well built, with library and reading room and dining hall, in addition to the ordinary accommodation of a comfortable town residence, and is so situated as to look out on the fresh open meadows at the back as well as on the green lawn and trees of the quiet enclosed garden to the front of the house. A good appointment, it is believed, has been made in the selection of Miss Frances H. Simson, M.A., as Warden, who was one of the first eight women to graduate in Scotland. In this well-appointed Hall it may be expected that students will find more readily the quiet comfort conducive to steady work, as well as the stimulating sympathy of like-minded companions, than can be the case in a lonely lodging, or even amid the distractions of home life. Indeed, we understand it is intended that this Hall shall be to Edinburgh very much what the Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls have been, and are, to Oxford. Any one who knows the earnest, happy lives led by the students in these Halls will rejoice that similar advantages are to be offered to women desirous of studying in the University of Edinburgh.

One specially to be commended feature in the new hall is the arrangement by which outdoor students on payment of a small fee will be admitted to the library and to luncheon and tea in the dining room, thus securing many of the conveniences and social comforts of a students' union. We observe that the terms for residence in the Masson Hall are somewhat lower than is customary at most of the English halls. What these terms are, as well as all particulars regarding residence in the hall, may be learnt on application to Miss F. H. Simson, M.A., 9, Eton Terrace, Edinburgh, Warden; or to Miss Louisa Stevenson, 13, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh, Hon. Secretary.

THE BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

Let us glance at the ordinary breakfast beverages of the people. TEA, even if properly infused, is only a stimulant. It is not a nourishing beverage, and as usually decocted is wasteful, trashy, and deleterious. COFFEE, even when of the best, and prepared in perfection, as you will find in the East where Mohammedans are forbidden by their religion to use alcohol, is only a cardiac or heart stimulant. It increases for a short time the power of that organ without being in any sense of the word a nourishing beverage. COCOA.—The ordinary cocoa is not by any means a nourishing beverage. Its good qualities, either in the English or foreign varieties, are smothered in starch and sugar that induce or promote indigestion. DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCO is a nourishing beverage, containing four great restorers of vitality—Cocoa, Kola, Hops, and Malt. It stands out as a builder-up of tissues, a promoter of vigour, and in short, it has all the factors which make robust health. Being a deliciously-flavoured beverage, it pleases the most fastidious palate. Its active powers of diastase give tone to the stomach, and promote the flow of gastric juice, and however indigestible the food taken with it at any meal, it acts as a solvent and assimilative. All the leading medical journals recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and Dr. G. H. Haslam writes: "It gives me great pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Vi-Cocoa, a mixture of Malt, Hops, Kola, and Caracas Cocoa Extract. I consider it the very best preparation of the kind in the market, and as a nourishing drink for children and adults, the finest that has ever been brought before the public. As a general beverage it excels all previous preparations." No house should be without it. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., and 1s. 6d., can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles Vi-Cocoa (Limited), 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. As an unparalleled test of merit, a daily sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address, if, when writing (a postcard will do) the reader will name THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

SUPERIOR COOKERY.

FRITTERS DE CHAMPIGNONS.

For the Pastry:—Four ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, half teaspoonful of baking powder, and just a pinch of salt. Make into short crust by putting the flour, salt and baking powder in a basin, rub in the butter and mix into stiff dough, with a little water; roll out and cut into rounds. Brush the edges lightly with water, and lay on each a spoonful of the following mixture, fold over and press edges together: egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in bath of fat.

Mixture to fill the Pastry:—Quarter of a pound of mushrooms, finely chopped and sautéed in one ounce of butter, remove from saucapan and add one tablespoonful of white sauce, one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, quarter teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of pepper, and use as above.

RABBIT AND STEAK PIE.

Take one rabbit, half a pound of bacon or salt pork, half a pound of beefsteak; salt and pepper, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley; three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of clarified dripping. Make the paste the same as you make it for meat pie. Wash the rabbit well in cold water, wipe it dry, and cut it up into neat pieces of an equal size. Cut the pork and beefsteak into slices; arrange the rabbit, bacon, and beef in a pie dish, and sprinkle over them the chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and a little cold water or stock. Cover with the paste, and bake it in a hot oven for two hours till it is a pale brown.

PARTRIDGE SALAD.

Boil eight eggs hard, shell them, throw them into cold water, cut a thin slice off the bottom to facilitate the proper placing of them in the dish; cut each one into four lengthwise; make a very thin, flat border of butter about one inch from the edge of the dish you are going to serve them on; fix the pieces of egg upright, close to each other, the yolk outside, or alternately the white and yolk; place in the centre a layer of fresh salad that may be in season, and having previously roasted a young partridge rather underdone, which you cut into eight or ten pieces, you prepare sauce as follows:—Put a tablespoonful of shallots, finely chopped, in a basin, one ditto of pounded sugar, the yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, tarragon, or chervil, and a quarter of an ounce of salt; mix in by degrees, with a wooden spoon, four spoonfuls of oil and two of Chili vinegar; when all is mixed, put it on ice or in a cold place; when ready to serve up, whip a gill of cream rather thick, lightly mix this with it, lay the inferior parts of the partridge on the salad, sauce over so as to cover each piece, then lay over the salad the remainder of the partridge; again sauce over and serve.

LANGTRY SANDWICHES.

Cut up chicken and cooked ham in the form of small squares or dice, in the proportion of two-thirds of chicken to one-third of ham. Stir two tablespoonfuls of white sauce with one of Crosse & Blackwell's curry paste in a stew-pan, and when it boils, add the chicken and ham; mix, and with this preparation make the sandwiches in the manner following:—Cut some thin slices of stale bread-crumbs, stamp out these with a plain round tin cutter, the size of a crown piece, and fry them in clarified butter of a light brown. Between two of these crusts place a thick layer of the preparation, and as this is done arrange them in order on a baking sheet; then put upon the tops a ball—the size of a small walnut—composed of grated Parmesan cheese and butter in equal parts, and kneaded into a paste; put into a brisk oven for five minutes, and dish up on a napkin in pyramid shape. This is a good entrée.

A DAINY DISH FOR A COLD SUPPER OR PICNIC.

Take a quart mould, put in some green finely chopped parsley, slice a couple of hard boiled eggs, put one or two slices in the bottom of the mould (according to the shape), then put a limb or two of tinned rabbit or chicken, place the slices of eggs at intervals round the sides of the mould, then add the rest of the rabbit or chicken.

Have ready, soaked, half a packet of Swinborne's gelatine, stir boiling water to it making one pint, pour it over the whole and put in a cool place, only turn it out when required.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN.

To make a gratin of a cauliflower, you must take a cold one; carefully divide it, plentifully endue each separate sprig with oiled butter; build together again; do the top with pieces of butter, plentifully sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and a few brown crumbs; place in a baking-dish, heat in the oven, and brown of a rich golden hue with a salamander; or if you have not got a salamander, let the oven do the browning. There is a cheaper as well as a dearer way of preparing this delicious dish. The expensive way is to make a sauce in a stew-pan with cream, pepper, salt, and cayenne, reducing it over a sharp fire till it begins to get thick, adding grated Parmesan mixed with half its weight of Gruyere cheese, and stirring in two yolks of eggs. Then pour your sauce over the cauliflower, garnish with egg and bread-crumbs, place in a warm oven for a quarter of an hour, salamander and serve. For the cheap, and very cheap, and quite as savoury way, treat your cauliflower with dripping instead of butter, and sprinkle, not with expensive Parmesan, but with Dutch or any other cheese that comes handy, which you may grate down to the very rind.

SHEEP'S TAIL A L'ANGLAISE.

Put the sheep's tail into a saucepan to boil; take it out when cooked; egg and bread-crumbs it and broil it till it is of a nice colour. This dish is served also as a *hors d'oeuvre*.

OX-TAIL, CRUMBED AND GRILLED.

Cut the tail into large pieces, boil them in a saucepan and let them get cold; season them with salt and pepper, and, having warmed some butter, soak them in it, and then cover them with crumbs of bread; repeat the soaking and the crumbing, then broil the pieces on a grid-iron, or fry them, and serve them in a sharp sauce.

A GOOD MADEIRA CAKE.

Beat six ounces of butter to a cream, then add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, stir in half a pound of sifted lump sugar, two eggs, half a gill of new milk, a little essence of lemon, and three-quarters of a pound of flour. Bake in a well-greased mould.

A GOOD PLUM CAKE.

Beat half a pound of butter, then add one tablespoonful of baking powder, half a pound of sifted castor sugar, three eggs, half a gill of new milk, one pound of currants, quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, sliced, half a pound of flour, half a pound of ground rice.

COCOA-NUT FINGERS.

Three eggs, two ounces of flour, quarter of a pound of desiccated cocoa-nut, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, quarter of a teaspoon of baking powder, half a pound of icing sugar. Beat the butter and castor sugar to a cream, then add the eggs, one at a time with a little flour, last of all the baking powder and cocoa-nut. Bake in a brisk oven in a Yorkshire pudding tin lined with greased paper about thirty minutes. Turn the cake on to a sieve, and when cool ice with French icing made with half a pound of icing sugar worked well with a little lemon-juice and water and just warmed over the fire. Cut the cake into fingers before the icing gets set.

RICE BUNS.

Two ounces of flour, quarter of a pound of ground rice, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Cream the sugar and butter, add half the flour and rice and one egg, beat, then the remainder of the flour, egg, and baking powder. Grease some patty pans, and fill them two-thirds full with the mixture. Bake them for fifteen minutes.

LUNCHEON CAKE.

One and a half pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder rubbed in six ounces of sugar, half a pound of currants, one egg, about a pint of milk. Add the milk and eggs and put in the oven at once.

ECONOMICAL CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Take a quarter of a pound of Savoy biscuits, half a tin of condensed milk, three quarters of a pint of water, three-quarters of an ounce of Swinborne's gelatine, one white of an egg, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Line a Charlotte mould with the biscuits, cutting each biscuit into pointed pieces for bottom; brush with white of egg to make them stick together, and place enough pieces to cover the mould at bottom in form of a star; brush the edges of remaining biscuits and put them standing up all round the tin, place in oven for a few minutes to dry. Mix the condensed milk with half a pint of water, melt the gelatine in remainder, and add to milk, also vanilla essence, and whisk until it begins to set, then put into mould. When quite set, turn out. *N.B.*—The condensed milk is sweet enough without adding any sugar.

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

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

PLANTING AND SELECTION OF ROSES.

Those who mean to plant roses this autumn should now decide what kinds to order. Planting may be performed from the middle of October till March, but the earlier time is much the best. Those put in after November scarcely get hold enough to withstand the rigours of winter, or to bloom satisfactorily the following summer.

It must be remembered that no hard-wooded plant can safely be reset lower in the soil than it stood in previous quarters. In other words, the tree or bush must be held steadily in the hole prepared for its replanting, at such a point that when the hole is filled in the surface surrounds the stem at the same level as before.

The hole must be large enough for the roots to be well spread out all round. Suitable manure may be placed at the bottom, but it is a good plan, especially with delicate roses, to put a slight layer of soil between it and the roots, which will soon grow into it. Established beds of roses may be manured at this season by a top dressing of half-rotted stable manure, which will become wholly rotted, and can be dug in next spring.

In soils that are very retentive of damp, or in positions immediately near the house-door or windows such top-dressings are not desirable. Delicate roses, such as teas, that need protection from winter, must have mulches of dry bracken fern, or of clean straw, and all stimulating matter must be dug in at the roots. Bone dust, basic slag, road sweepings mixed with rotted oak leaves, are all valuable rose manures. The following kinds of roses will be found eminently satisfactory.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

Maroon, or very dark crimson.—Abel Carrière, Auguste Neuman, Empereur de Maroc, Grand Mogul, Jean Cherpin, La Rosière, Reynolds Hole, Sir Rowland Hill, Sultan of Zanzibar, Xavier Olibo.

Bright crimson.—A. K. Williams, Beauty of Waltham, Charles Darwin, Duchess of Bedford, Duke of Edinburgh, Harrison Weir, John Bright, John Hopper, Ulrich Brunner.

Rose-colour or dark pink.—American Beauty, Duchess of Morny, E. Michael, Therèse Levet, Marie Coinet, Marquise de Castellane, Paul Néron, Victor Verdier.

Bright pink.—Alphonse Soupert, Clara Cochet, Dupuy Jamain, Jeannie Dickson, Laurent, Magna Charta, Marguerite de St. Armand, Mrs. John Laing.

Pale pink and blush.—Edouard Morrel, Queen of Queens, Clio, Duchess of Fife, Her Majesty, Gabriel Liezet, Vidot, Marchioness of Dufferin, Marquise de Montemart, Pride of Waltham.

Blush-white.—Coquette des Blanches, Helen Paul, Madame Alfred de Rougemont, Merveille de Lyon, Miss Ingram.

White.—Barronne de Maynard, Boule de Nieve, L'Imperatrice Eugénie, Madame Lacharme, Mm. Bonnaire, Perle des Blanches, White Baroness.

WHAT TO WEAR.

GLOVE FITTING. BAZAR AMERICAN PATTERNS.

Head Office: 130, 132, White Street, New York, U.S.A.

(Hints by May Manton.)



7018—Ladies' Bicycle Skirt.

Brown and grey mixed tweed was the material selected for this graceful and becoming cycling skirt so admirably adapted to the needs of the modern wheelwoman. It is of the divided order and worn with knickerbockers that are dart-fitted at the top and have inside and outside leg seams, elastic at the hems regulating the fulness at the knees. The skirt, of circular shaping, is in two sections, and is attached to the knickerbockers at the inside leg seams and again at the waist, rendering the adjustment exceedingly comfortable and practical. It is of becoming and convenient length, fitting smoothly at the sides, while at the centre-front and back are laid deep underlying plaits, causing the fulness below the hips to fall in graceful effect. The pattern provides for an added front gore that is fastened at the top and each side for a short distance below the belt, and again at the bottom with handsome bone buttons. The use of this front gore is optional, as it may be omitted if not preferred. It possesses the advantage, however, of rendering the adjustment attractive when off the wheel.

Tweed, cheviot, homespun, covert, whipcord, and corduroy are among the materials sharing fashionable favour, while for summer wear grass linen is frequently used. This skirt may be worn with Hussar basque, Eton jacket or Norfolk waist of material to match, or made up as a separate skirt and used in conjunction with the popular shirt waist.

HYBRID TEA-ROSES.

Red.—Chestnut Hybrid, Longworth Rambler, Reine Marie Henriette, W. F. Bennett.

Deep pink.—Danmark, La Fraichur, La France.

Pale pink.—Captain Christy, Caroline Testont, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, Princess May.

Blush-white and cream-white.—Augustine Guinoisseau, Gloire de Bordeaux, Grace Darling, Margaret Dickson.

Yellow.—Gloire de Dijon, Gloire de Lyonaise, Gustave Regis.

TEA ROSES.

Red.—Alphonse Karr, Madame Lambarde.

Pink.—Adam, Catherine Mernet, Homère, Souvenir d'un Ami.

Salmon-pink.—Madame Bérard, Goubault, Jean Ducher, Madame Camille.

Yellow, apricot, or copper-tinted.—Belle Lyonnaise, Madame Caroline Kuster, Madame de Watteville, Madame Falcot, Madame Hoste, Marie Van Houtte, Madame Margottin, Perle des Jardins, Safrano, Sunset.

White.—Niphotos, Souvenir de S. A. Prince, The Bride.

NOISSETTE ROSES.

Yellow.—Celine Forestier, Cloth of Gold, Maréchal Niel, Reve d'Or, William Allen Richardson, Fortune's Yellow, Bouquet d'Or.

White.—Amiée Vibert, La Marque.

BOURBON ROSES.

Souvenir de Malmaison, Mrs. Paul, both bluish-white.

Some of the above will be recognised as old well-established favourites, other are new. I will add the names of a few new varieties which I noted as specially good at this season's shows. Lady Wolseley, deep cherry red; Mrs. McLeod, deep red, with very handsome foliage. Mrs. Ramsey, pale pink, said to be particularly proof against mildew.

Climbing Earl of Pembroke, a very good wall or pillar rose, handsome and very free flowering. Enchantress and Sylph are exquisite-tea-roses, the first creamy-white, the second flushed with pink. Marthe le Troye, is a pretty and curious rose, a sort of Eau-de-Nil, green, changing to salmon pink.

I am asked to recommend roses for a East wall. The most dependable for such an unfavourable site are the Ayrshire and Polyantha (or cluster) roses. The old-fashioned blush-pink Felicité is perhaps safest of all.

Good Ayrshires are Dundee Rambler, white-edged pink; Ruga, flesh-tinted and very sweet; and River's Ayrshire Queen, reddish, and semi-double. The famous Crimson Rambler heads the list of Polyantha roses; Red Pet and White Pet are good also.

China roses are also very hardy, some beautiful hybrids of these have lately appeared. The Duke of York is a crimson, larger and fuller than the type, and Laurette Messimy is yellow, an entire novelty in this class of roses.

"So you're going to stay in your old flat this summer, eh?" "I guess we will; you see baby doesn't need a perambulator any more, and that practically gives us another room."

For INFANTS

and INVALIDS.

MELLIN'S FOOD

When Prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

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

Current Delus FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

IS BREAD A GOOD FOOD?—This was the course discussed in a lecture given at the Agricultural Hall, London, by Dr. John Goodfellow to an assembly of bakers and the visitors at the great Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition, just now in full swing. Dr. Goodfellow is professor of physiology and hygiene at the Bow and Bromley Institute, and author of an established work on "The Dietetics of Bread." Regarding the staple foods of a nation as a matter of vital importance, he dealt first with the physiology of the subject, and in that connection showed by illustrations on the screen and by chemical experiment that the starch in wheat is converted into sugar by the action of the saliva in the first instance, and later by the pancreatic juice. Bread, he maintained, and especially whole meal bread, was not only more digestible, but contained more nutriment per pound weight than any other ordinary food. The fact that the people of India lived largely on rice, Americans on maize, the Scotch on oats, and the English on wheat, was proof positive of the nutritive and healthy value of cereals. Admitting that wheaten bread was not in itself a perfect food any more than any other single diet, he argued that the honest loaf—and it was honest—still held pre-eminence as "The Staff of Life."

THE QUEEN AND THE POOR.—One day in the course of a specially severe winter, my (departed) friend, Canon Rowsell, called at my East End rectory, and handing me a ten-pound note, said it was from the Queen, who did not wish her name to be mentioned as its donor, but would I spend it in relieving such sufferers as I knew of? And here I might record another of the many proofs of her concern for her poorer subjects. While I was at St. George's I had the honour of being appointed one of Her Majesty's chaplains, and on the first occasion of my being summoned to preach at Windsor, she sent for me after the service into her private apartments. On my presenting myself there she called me up to her chair and asked a number of perceptive questions about East London, the state of labour at the docks, &c., making the interview more gracious by telling me of her dealings with the cottagers at Balmoral, especially in reference to a certain school in which she was much interested. I could hardly realise that I was talking with the Queen, who dismissed me filled with an actual perception of her fine Royal courtesy (till then only heard and read about by me), as well as of her personal knowledge of and concern for the needy in her realm.—Prebendary Harry Jones, M.A.

FEMALE CONVICTS FOR SIBERIA.—The Odessa correspondent of the London Daily News says: "Within the last few days there have arrived here eighty-five female convicts from the central forwarding prisons at Moscow and Kharhoff, for embarkation to the penal island of Sakhalien. Nearly the whole of these wretched women have been condemned to deportation and hard labour on capital charges or other equally

HUGON'S ATORA BEEF SUET THE ORIGINAL AND BEST FOR PUDDINGS, FRYING, COOKING, NO CHOPPING, NO WASTE, 1LB EQUALS 2LBS RAW SUET It supersedes Raw Suet, Lard, and Cooking Butter. Ask your Grocer for it, but if he does not keep it send 8d. in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers:—HUGON & CO. LTD., PENDLETON, MANCHESTER for a sample 1 lb. box and book of recipes. Be sure also to give the name of your dealer.

heinous crimes. About one-third of them are guilty of child-murder. Infanticide is always so rife in this country, and so generally condoned by Russian juries in the cases of unmarried women, that the convicted mothers are seldom severely punished, except in such instances where the crime is aggravated by some peculiarly cruel and brutal features. There is no more depressing sight than to see these unfortunate creatures clad in coarse grey gaberdines, and in the worst cases their movements constrained by waist and ankle chains, escorted under a strong military guard from the railway prison vans at the quarantine station to the convict ship which is to carry them to the Far East. There are among them women of all ages, from 20 to 60; girls with innocent but sad and careworn faces, young women of prepossessing but hardened features and callous demeanour; and middle-aged and elderly women of degraded and dejected appearance, and apparently utterly indifferent alike to their present surroundings and their future fate. About a score of these female convicts have been convicted of murdering their husbands, some of them no doubt driven to the capital crime by the brutal ill-usage which the Russian law permits to the husband's 'discretionary correction'; while others are the heroines—or the victims—of more or less romantic tragedies."

THE CUBAN GIRL MARTYR.—The sentence of twenty years' exile in Africa on Senorita Cisneros has not yet been confirmed by General Weyler. This young Cuban girl is descended from a high Spanish family, and she is a niece of the Marquis of Santa Lucia, now President Cisneros of the Cuban Republic. Early in 1896 her father's estates were confiscated, and he was deported to the Isle of Pines. His wife did not long survive the shock, and after her death the daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl of sixteen, went down to share her father's exile in the Penal Colony. Colonel Berris, an adjutant of General Weyler, was Military Governor of the island, and he became at once attracted by the beauty of this girl. Her story is that he forced his way to her room at night, but her cry of alarm attracted attention, and several people rushed in and bound the Governor. The troops turned out, and the Cubans, fearful for their safety, fled to the woods. They were all eventually captured, and many shot, the girl

and her father being taken, and brought manacled into Havana, charged with rebellion. For thirteen months this maiden, used to a home of luxury and refinement, has languished in the foul Real Casa de Recogidas prison in this city, herded with the lowest women criminals. Her trial is now in progress, and Colonel Berris claims that the girl enticed him to her room to murder him, and then raise a rebellion among the prisoners. Many of the leading families in Cuba are ready to testify to her character, but the fiscal asks for twenty years' sentence. To those who appreciate Spanish procedure in this island it is evident that the girl's chief crime is her relationship to President Cisneros. During the last few days, however, her case has attracted much attention in the United States, and Mrs. McKinley, sen., and other prominent American ladies, are taking steps to raise a monster petition to the Queen Regent of Spain on her behalf, so it is likely that she will be set at liberty eventually, and expelled from Cuba.

LADY CECILIA ROBERTS addressed the annual meeting last week of the North of England Temperance League. She said she always regarded the gatherings of the North of England League as very valuable, for they gave encouragement, and were very inspiring.

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

SUCCESS. ANOTHER TEMPERANCE HOTEL

13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Bedford Street, Strand, LONDON. Mrs. A. D. PHILP, appreciating the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her at Cockburn House, 9 and 10, Endsleigh Gardens, and regretting her inability to accommodate many intending patrons for lack of room during the past two seasons, is pleased to announce to the public that she has secured the above Hotel premises, containing large and numerous public rooms, and accommodation for 150 guests, by which she hopes to cope with the expected large influx of visitors to London during the coming season, due to Diamond Celebrations. Bedrooms very quiet. It will be newly and comfortably furnished throughout, and open for reception of guests early in March. Owing to its excellent position, in close proximity to the Strand, Trafalgar Square, Westminster, New Law Courts, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and all Places of Amusement and Railway Stations, Mrs. Philp hopes by her close personal attention to the comfort of guests, combined with Moderate Tariff, that she will continue to receive the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her. Large Halls for Public Dinners, Meetings, Concerts, &c. It will be the finest, largest, and only well appointed HOTEL IN LONDON built from the foundation for the purpose, conducted on strictly Temperance principles. New Passenger Elevator, Electric Light, Telephone, and latest improved Sanitation. Telegraphic Address: "Promising," London. Mrs. Philp will give her general 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) COCKBURN HOTEL, 42, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C. (Telegrams—"Awfully," London) and COCKBURN HOTEL, 141, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, and COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS.

They needed inspiring, for there were increasing temptations in existence, and women were being asked to do more and more hard work. Working women had to experience still greater stress of competition, and the women who were better off had severer examinations to fret and worry over. She did not wonder that some of them took to drink. Working men had greater temptations. In some districts they had earned more money and had more leisure to spend in drinking. The "trade" was getting beautifully organised; it had a great deal of spare cash; the public houses were getting larger, more golden, were displaying more glass and light, and becoming more attractive. Still they must not be downhearted, for they had had some encouragement since their Penrith meeting. As loyal subjects they would rejoice that the Queen had become patroness of the Band of Hope. (Hear, hear.) Though a small thing, that was a sanction and approval of the movement. (Hear, hear.) Then there was the Royal Commission, which was supplying them with a great deal of information, and of literature, at the expense of the Government. Then they had had the decision in the Dover case—(applause)—which made it possible to give evidence against a bad public-house without being saddled with costs. (Applause.) What had given her more pleasure than anything else was the action of the Liverpool magistrates in advising the publicans of their city—they had no right to say they must not—not to serve children. The advising of publicans by magistrates was like the cat advising the mouse not to go into a certain corner. (Laughter.) And so under the age of 18 children were not to be served. She hoped other magistrates would follow this example—(hear, hear)—and that a stop would be put to the giving of sweets and toys to children in public-houses. Relating an instance of having seen a drunken woman with a child in her arms, her ladyship said the law dealt with a man who was drunk if he was in charge of a horse, but took no notice of a woman with a child. She appealed to women to see that localities were properly supplied with water, and advised that where there was a difficulty in obtaining milk, assistance in the direction of securing cooperative pasturage for cows would be valuable.

VERY FUNNY INDEED.—Note the "laughter."—In the course of the checking of the old register, at the Ealing Court, Mr. Pryce, the Conservative agent, called attention to the fact that the name "Manama Webb" should be "Miriam Webb." Mr. Athawes (deputy Liberal agent): A lady? Mr. Pryce: Yes; the name should come out altogether. Mr. Athawes: No objection has been taken, and you can't remove a name on a mere ex parte statement. The Assistant Overseer said the rate book only gave the surname Webb. Mr. Pryce pointed out that if the name remained on the list Miss Miriam Webb might, on the occasion of an election, make oath that she was the person referred to as "Manama Webb," and claim to vote. Mr. Athawes: Then the returning officer will have to explain to her the limitations which the law is cruel enough to put upon the electoral activities of her sex. The Revising Barrister: But suppose she is a cyclist, and he doesn't know her sex. The costume is very little indication nowadays. (Laughter.) However, in the absence of formal objection or better information I must leave the name. The returning officer must take the risk of ascertaining the sex of "Manama Webb" if she or he turns up. (Laughter.)

Needlewomen and seamstresses in England have long had to compete with the inexpensive but showy mantles "tailor made in Germany" which fill the windows of "pushing" drapers. It appears, however, that fashion has suddenly become an unwitting friend to these downtrodden craftswomen, and that the capes now in such universal wear can not only be produced quite as cheaply in London, Manchester, and other large industrial centres as in Berlin, but are also better adapted to meet English demands. On the other hand, manufacturers here note with regret that Germany is increasing her exports to this country of shoddy "covert

coatings," plushettes, and velveteens used in the making up of these garments to be sold in obedience to "the inexorable law of elevenpence halpenny." WOMEN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.—The autumn meetings of the Women's Total Abstinence Union will be held in Bristol from October 9th to 13th inclusive. The services of many lady speakers are in request for Gospel Temperance services on Sunday, October 10th. The engagements include a public meeting on Tuesday, October 12th, with the President, the Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, in the chair, and Mrs. Brooks (hon. sec.), Mrs. Servante, Mr. W. S. Caine, and others as speakers, drawing-room meetings, public conferences, and prayer and praise meetings, a meeting for nurses, &c. Among those taking part are the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, Mrs. Talbot Greaves, Mrs. W. S. Caine, Mrs. Finlay, P.L.G., Miss M. E. Docwra, Mrs. Vause, Mrs. W. Atkinson, Mrs. Terrell, Mrs. James Baillie, Mrs. Lynn, Dr. Crabbe (of Birmingham), and others. Much interest has been aroused locally, and successful meetings are confidently looked for.

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.] BOARDING HOUSE FOR LADIES IN PARIS.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL. DEAR MADAM,—Through an advertisement which appeared in the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, a friend and I were induced to stay at the rooms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, 205, Rue St. Honoré, during a recent visit to Paris. The secretary, housekeeper and staff made us most comfortable during our stay. The cooking was good, the attendance all that was necessary, and the charges most moderate. There was a quiet, homelike atmosphere about the small establishment, which was attractive to us, as it would probably be to other ladies who visit Paris for pleasure or business. In addition to the sleeping accommodation there is a restaurant, and also a reading room on the same premises, where ladies who are studying or teaching in Paris can come at any time for refreshment or rest.

Of the work which the President of the Union, Miss de Broen, carries on in Paris in connection with the Temperance cause, other readers of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL may be able to give a fuller account than I can do with my but recent introduction to one branch of it. All questions on the subject will be answered by the Secretary, at the office, 205, Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, if a 2d. stamp is enclosed to her for the reply. The object of the secretary is to have the rooms of the society always occupied, so that any profit made by them can be handed over to the Mission for the good work it is carrying on in various directions in Paris.—I am, yours, &c., H. B. TAYLOR (Mrs.). Park Avenue, Southport.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL. DEAR MADAM,—May I be permitted to say in reference to the action of the Bridport W.L.A., that they are not alone in having taken action with regard to Mr. Labouchere's now famous circular. At a meeting of my Committee, held a month ago, we were unanimous in agreeing his conduct was insufferably impertinent, and I was instructed to write, which I did, and inform him that we should be pleased to take his circular into consideration, when he favourably considered the legitimate demands of women for the suffrage. Wishing your paper every success, with the conviction that it is now better than it has been during the five years I have known it in its various forms,—Believe me, faithfully yours, JANE A. GRANDEDGE, Hon. Sec. Women's Liberal Association, Pontefract, September 14th.

[The Croydon W.L.F. send a similar statement of their action in this matter.—Ed. W.S.]

A BABY TAKEN AWAY.

THE People's Journal of Dundee, one of the most important Scotch papers, calls attention to this case. "Up to July I was a healthy woman," said a lady in Fifeshire; "it was a cold I caught in the holidays, and that I could not get rid of, which began my troubles. I first had a pain in my side, and then an awful cough. I became weaker and weaker. The doctor ordered my baby to be weaned at once, and I was sent to bed. My kidneys were attacked by the cold. I lay in bed suffering from severe pain. "Two months after my illness commenced, the doctor was specially sent for one forenoon, as I had become dangerously ill. After examination, he asked me, among other things, if any of my people had died of consumption. "My mother," I answered, 'had gone in that way, but I did not think consumption was in the family.' "He said—'I think you are going into a consumption.' I was ordered brandy, eggs, and beef tea, but I could not take anything; my appetite had completely gone. Relatives were sent for from Edinburgh to take away my child, then eleven months old. When



my husband returned from going to the station with them, he said:—"I think, Jeannie, I will get this wonderful new medicine I have seen so often mentioned in the newspapers. It is not like ordinary medicine, and the papers have reported some of its wonderful cures. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they call the thing. They are only 2s. 9d. a box." "He went and brought me up a box. I took a little bread and milk to have something on my stomach, and he gave me three of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Through the night my cough seemed to get a little easier. When I wakened I said, 'Alec—I feel so hungry.' He gave me a lamb chop and a cup of tea. I am sure I had not tasted as much food for about two months before. When the neighbours came in and saw me they were really astonished. I took other three pills, and had a refreshing sleep. I got better every day after that, and my cough and the pains gradually went away." "Had you suffered a great deal of pain?" "Yes, and I was poulticed until the skin came off my body; I had such a racking cough that I could not get up, and it cut through me from my back to my chest. It was dreadful at night." "What did doctor say when you recovered?" "The doctor said to his assistant he thought I would never get better: my recovery was a miracle. I will persist in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life." Mrs. Walker lives at 120, High-street, Cowdenheath, and her case is only one of many in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured Consumption and all diseases arising from debility and impoverished blood, rheumatism, influenza, anemia, scrofula, and chronic erysipelas, as well as nervous disorders such as paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are obtainable at all chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Pills are not purgative and cannot harm the most delicate.

Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

IS BREAD A GOOD FOOD?—This was the question discussed in a lecture given at the Agricultural Hall, London, by Dr. John Goodfellow...

THE QUEEN AND THE POOR.—One day in the course of a specially severe winter, my (departed) friend, Canon Rowse, called at my East End rectory...

FEMALE CONVICTS FOR SIBERIA.—The Odessa correspondent of the London Daily News says: "Within the last few days there have arrived here eighty-five female convicts from the central forwarding prisons at Moscow and Kharkoff..."

HUGON'S "ATORA" BEEF SUET THE ORIGINAL AND BEST FOR PUDDINGS, FRYING, COOKING, NO CHOPPING, NO WASTE, 1 lb. EQUALS 2 lbs. RAW SUET. It supersedes Raw Suet, Lard, and Cooking Butter.

heinous crimes. About one-third of them are guilty of child-murder. Infanticide is always so rife in this country, and so generally condoned by Russian juries in the cases of unmarried women...

THE CUBAN GIRL MARTYR.—The sentence of twenty years' exile in Africa on Senorita Cisneros has not yet been confirmed by General Weyler. This young Cuban girl is descended from a high Spanish family...

and her father being taken, and brought manacled into Havana, charged with rebellion. For thirteen months this maiden, used to a home of luxury and refinement, has languished in the foul Real Casa de Recogidas prison in this city...

LADY CECILIA ROBERTS addressed the annual meeting last week of the North of England Temperance League. She said she always regarded the gatherings of the North of England League as very valuable...

Good! it's Mason's MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER. The most palatable thirst-quenching, refreshing, animating tonic drink producible.

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13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Bedford Street, Strand, LONDON. Mrs. A. D. PHILIP, appreciating the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her at Cockburn House, 9 and 10, Endsleigh Gardens...

They needed inspiring, for there were increasing temptations in existence, and women were being asked to do more and more hard work. Working women had to experience still greater stress of competition, and the women who were better off had severer examinations to fret and worry over...

coatings," plushettes, and velveteens used in the making up of these garments to be sold in obedience to "the inexorable law of elevenpence halfpenny."

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.]

BOARDING HOUSE FOR LADIES IN PARIS.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL. DEAR MADAM,—Through an advertisement which appeared in the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, a friend and I were induced to stay at the rooms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, 205, Rue St. Honoré...

VERY FUNNY INDEED.—Note the "laughter."—In the course of the checking of the old register, at the Ealing Court, Mr. Pryce, the Conservative agent, called attention to the fact that the name "Manama Webb" should be "Miriam Webb"...

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL. DEAR MADAM,—May I be permitted to say in reference to the action of the Bridport W.L.A., that they are not alone in having taken action with regard to Mr. Labouchere's now famous circular.

At a meeting of my Committee, held a month ago, we were unanimous in agreeing his conduct was insufferably impertinent, and I was instructed to write, which I did, and inform him that we should be pleased to take his circular into consideration...

JANE A. GRANDEDGE, Hon. Sec. Women's Liberal Association, Pontefract, September 14th. [The Croydon W.L.F. send a similar statement of their action in this matter.—Ed. W.S.]

A BABY TAKEN AWAY.

The People's Journal of Dundee, one of the most important Scotch papers, calls attention to this case. "Up to July I was a healthy woman," said a lady in Fifeshire; "it was a cold I caught in the holidays, and that I could not get rid of, which began my troubles."

"Two months after my illness commenced, the doctor was specially sent for one forenoon, as I had become dangerously ill. After examination, he asked me, among other things, if any of my people had died of consumption."

"My mother," I answered, "had gone in that way, but I did not think consumption was in the family."

"He said—'I think you are going into a consumption.' I was ordered brandy, eggs, and beef tea, but I could not take anything; my appetite had completely gone. Relatives were sent for from Edinburgh to take away my child, then eleven months old. When



"Come to take away my child."

my husband returned from going to the station with them, he said:—

"I think, Jeannie, I will get this wonderful new medicine I have seen so often mentioned in the newspapers. It is not like ordinary medicine, and the papers have reported some of its wonderful cures. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they call the thing. They are only 2s. 9d. a box."

"He went and brought me up a box. I took a little bread and milk to have something on my stomach, and he gave me three of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Through the night my cough seemed to get a little easier. When I wakened I said, 'Alec—I feel so hungry.' He gave me a lamb chop and a cup of tea. I am sure I had not tasted as much food for about two months before. When the neighbours came in and saw me they were really astonished. I took other three pills, and had a refreshing sleep. I got better every day after that, and my cough and the pains gradually went away."

"Had you suffered a great deal of pain?" "Yes, and I was poulticed until the skin came off my body; I had such a racking cough that I could not get up, and it cut through me from my back to my chest. It was dreadful at night."

"What did doctor say when you recovered?" "The doctor said to his assistant he thought I would never get better; my recovery was a miracle. I will persist in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Mrs. Walker lives at 120, High-street, Cowdenheath, and her case is only one of many in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured Consumption and all diseases arising from debility and impoverished blood, rheumatism, influenza, anæmia, scrofula, and chronic erysipelas, as well as nervous disorders such as paralysis, locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are obtainable at all chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Pills are not purgative and cannot harm the most delicate.

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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.

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Choicest named sorts, dessert and cooking at 5s. per 28 lbs.; Special selection, 7s. per 28 lbs.; Secondaries, 14s. and 16s. per cwt. Delicious Butter, 1s. 4d. Devonshire Cream and New Laid Eggs, 1s. 6d. per lb. and doz.; Splendid Cheddar Cheese, 9d.; 3 lbs. and over 8d. per lb. English Honey, 1s. per lb. section; 2s. 6d. per 2½ lb. bottle. Cob Nuts, 4d.; Filberts, 8d. per lb. Pure Fine Wholemeal, 4s. 6d. per 28 lbs.; 16s. per cwt. Carriage paid on orders over 6s.; Empties returnable.

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