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THE **WOMAN'S**

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

Edited by  
**MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

**SIGNAL**

No. 208, VOL. VIII. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER. DECEMBER 23RD, 1897. Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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**FACTS AND SCRAPS.**

A TIMELY reminder of the unwisdom of giving drink at Christmas to "postmen, porters, cabmen, carmen, and others" is uttered by the National British Women's Temperance Association. The "friendly glass" offered to these servants of the public, though kindly meant, may be only one of many given the same day, and may lead to disastrous results. A cup of warm cocoa, coffee, or tea might be a real boon, and this may be given without any risk.

SOME children were trespassing in a field gathering flowers. Presently a keeper went up to them, saying angrily, "Now, then, what business have you to be in here? Didn't you see the notice at the gate?" "Oh, yes, please sir," answered one little girl; "we saw a notice, but it had 'private' on it, so we didn't like to look."

THE translation of a French novel contains these ludicrous sentences:—"Her hand was cold like that of a serpent." "The countess was about to reply, when a door opened and closed her mouth." "Ha! Ha! he exclaimed in Portuguese." "The colonel paced backwards and forwards with his hands behind his back, reading the newspaper." "At this sight the negro's face grew dreadfully pale." "The man was dressed in a velvet jacket, and his trousers of the same colour."

BREWERS' PROFITS.—Sworn evidence was given at an arbitration court held at Leigh re the Drill Hall Inn, Leigh, required by the Leigh Council for street improvements, that a brewer's profits on a thirty-six gallon barrel sold to "tied" houses are 24s. for best bitter beer, 18s. for sixpenny, and 10s. for fourpenny ale. The owner claimed £4,000 for this freehold inn, the business done being four barrels weekly.

AN eye specialist says it is within the experience of every ophthalmologist that the wearing of veils is productive of weak eyesight, headaches, and sometimes vertigo and nausea. Not only are these effects produced by the eye-strain consequent upon the increased efforts made by one or both eyes to see through or around an obstruction, but the irregular figuring on the veil itself is, in some instances, an annoyance to the wearer.

THE "FATHERS" ON WOMAN.—Notwithstanding that the central figure in mediæval Christianity was a mother with a child in her arms, the early Church was imbued with the notion that women were to be shunned and avoided by every good man as he valued the salvation of his soul. St. Chrysostom wrote of women that they were "a necessary calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill." The holiest of men, according to this notion, were those who retreated to solitary places where the voice and face of a woman was never heard or seen. Charles Kingsley summed up this extraordinary phase of human folly by saying "woman was regarded by the theologians of the Middle Ages as a noxious animal, the temptress, the source of earthly misery in a word as a necessary evil, to be tolerated, despised, depressed, and, if possible, shut up in nunneries."

THE BODY.—I believe—I do more than think—I believe it to be a sacred duty, incumbent upon everyone, man and woman, to add to and encourage their physical life by exercise and in every manner. A sacred duty each towards himself, and each towards the whole of the human race. Each one of us should do some little part for the physical good of the race—health, strength, vigour. There is no harm therein to the soul; on the contrary, those who stunt their physical life are most certainly stunting their souls.—R. Jefferies.

FAMILY.—Each child is the only one of the sort that God ever made. God has made all different, that they may help and supply the wants of each other.—Charles Garrett.

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

VOL. VIII., No. 208.]

DECEMBER 23, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

**Books of the Hour.**

**SHORTER NOTICES.**

"A BOOK OF THOUGHTS." (1)

MRS. CURRY, who is one of the daughters of the late John Bright, has arranged in the form of passages for daily reading a series of extracts from prose writers and poets, including those she knows to have been favourites with her illustrious father. Amongst them is one which Mr. Bright inserted in the envelope with one of the last letters that he ever wrote. This is a poem by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, beginning:

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows will contend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,  
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully,  
And no rude storm—how fierce so e'er he fieth,  
Disturbs our deeper rest, oh Lord, in Thee!

The quotations are not infrequently taken from the Bible, to the study of which volume Mr. Bright frequently in his life-time attributed his English style, and from which students of his speeches will find quotations, either literal or only slightly altered, continually occurring. Several passages are here given from Mr. Bright's own speeches on special occasions. Mrs. Curry notes on suitable opportunity dates that have witnessed some special event in the history of humanity's progress, such as Lincoln's proclamation enfranchising the slaves, and the signature of the first commercial treaty between England and France, and gives an appropriate quotation for the day. Less known authors, as well as the more ordinarily quoted ones, are drawn upon; and it is especially noteworthy how many of the noblest, bravest thoughts belong to the group of American writers who were developed by the trying period of the anti-slavery struggle. Amongst the less commonly known but most inspiring and beautiful poems will be found two by Arthur Hugh Clough, which have long been special favourites with the present writer: "Say not the Struggle Nought Availeth," and the supposed address to good men of their guardian angels, "When the Enemy is near Thee, Call on Us," with its subtly wise insight in the last verse, "And if e'en thou dost not call, But be faithful, that is all"—that the performance of difficult duty will in itself bring "Following swift and sure to find thee—Help, sure Help." The whole of the quotations have a high moral tone, and are well fitted to serve as inspiration for the day, drawn from the few moments that may be given to reading at the dated passage before starting to meet the world and its occupations. It would be a capital New Year's gift, being attractively bound and well printed.

\* "I do not know what to say about 'Guardian Angel'; we know so little! Why not pray Him to 'give His Angels charge?'"—DEAN BUTLER.

(1) "A Book of Thoughts," by Mary B. Curry. Headley Brothers, 14, Bishopsgate-street Without, E.C. Price, 3s. 6d.

"THE PROPHET'S MANTLE." (2)

MISS COLERIDGE has written one of those quiet, harmless, readable tales that are the sort of book the mother of a family of girls in the country likes best to find in the Mudie box. There are no "problems" in it, no coarseness either of thought or speech, no very exciting situations; yet the characters are pleasing, and the tale possesses interest to carry the reader through. It is all about the marriage of a lad and a girl under age, procured by the mercenary intentions and artful falsehoods of the father of the youth acting on the sentiment and foolishness of the girl's guardian aunt; about how the young couple separate, are divided by one misunderstanding and another, and finally united. Miss Coleridge's ideas of the law of married women's property are quite wrong. She supposes that at the marriage a third of the bride's property became the bridegroom's, and his generosity in leaving it back to her by his will is repeatedly insisted on. Of course, this is neither ancient nor modern law. Under the latter, the bridegroom does not get any of his wife's fortune, and the bride does not get any of her husband's property. Each remain in full possession of their own purses. Under the old law the man confiscated (in the absence of a settlement) not one-third but the whole of his wife's property on marriage. However, this detail does not prevent Miss Coleridge's story from being a nice one for girls.

"OTHER PEOPLES LIVES." (3)

MISS NOUCHETTE CAREY has written a series of little tales on the model of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." All the characters live in one small village, and their stories are told by an "outsider," one who lives amongst them familiarly, but is not too familiar with them to perceive that "Sandilands has its saints and its sinners, its comedies and its tragedies." Little, indeed, is there of the latter in these simple annals: the story of the gay, bright girl, one of a large family, who marries the dark, heavy-tempered workman and goes to live with him and his jealous, gloomy old mother, is the nearest approach to a tragedy; yet even that ends happily. There is not one exciting moment in the whole series of tales; but they are all readable, and carry one on with a gentle, undisturbing interest. Miss Carey has a perfect belief in lasting and faithful love. Even the "dour" artisan, when he pinches his girl-wife's arm, declares that he is only "mad with love," and would be "as grateful for a kind word as a dog for a bone;" and the cottage wife who will not believe that her sailor husband is lost; the vicar's sister who cherishes her secret love for her brother's friend till she dies; the faithful village girl who is by a special grace educated up to the level of her betrothed—all are models of changeless fidelity to an affection once conceived. The stronger passions are altogether out of the range of the book, which would be a suitable present for a quiet-minded girl.

(2) "The Prophet's Mantle," by Christabel Coleridge. Price 3s. 6d. London, Isbister & Co., 1897.

(3) "Other People's Lives," by Rosa Nouchette Carey. London, Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s.

"SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISING." (4)

"SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISING" will interest everyone concerned in trade which may possibly be increased by greater publicity. The volume forms a complete Press Guide, giving the names and addresses, with dates of publication, of all magazines and newspapers, London and provincial, together with a brief description of their peculiar characteristics, where they have any. Apart from this, there is a good deal of literary matter, all having relation to the important question indicated by the title of the volume. The proprietors of "Smith's Advertising Agency" are well known to have the management of several of the most enterprising and successful businesses which have been built up of recent years, by means, first of judicious announcements, and secondly of supplying a good article after inducing the public to try it. Amongst the businesses worked in this department through this firm of specialists it is sufficient to mention Vi-Cocoa, Chivers' Jellies, Foster Clark's Eiffel Tower Lemonade, and Newball & Mason's Temperance Drinks. The house does not therefore unduly boast when it remarks: "Ours is not a business of three or four large clients only; we have clients spending but £10 a week in advertising; we have others spending £100, £200 and even £500 and £1,000 per week at the proper season. We have clients whose business is so good, created by advertisements done through our agency, that they cannot logically increase their advertising simply from inability to cope with the trade that such increase of advertising would assuredly create." In the article on "Successful Advertising," which begins the book, and which is really readable and interesting even to persons not immediately contemplating such business, a novel feature is a series of portraits of the principal large advertisers. It has been usual in similar publications to give portraits of distinguished journalists, but surely those of the successful business men who do the advertising are most in place!

"THE STORY OF KARO." (5)

IN a series of charming sketches, the history is given of the dear little doggie called Karo. From a neglected home, Karo passes to the guardianship of an aged and almost blind man, loving to his dumb companion and friend, Karo is seen cheerfully working with the blind musician, watching by his sick bed, and, alas! mourning over his grave. Thence he is dragged away, and all his tender devotion is requited on the brutal vivisector's trough. The little life history appeals powerfully to the generous sympathies of the young, and those who will not read serious papers on vivisection may be thus led to realise its enormity. Miss Cobbe will generously give one copy free to any of our readers who write and ask for it. Her address is Hengwrt, Dolgelly.

(4) "Successful Advertising," by Thomas Smith and J. H. Osborne. "Smith's Advertising Agency," 132, Fleet-street, E.C. Price 2s.

(5) "The Story of Karo," told in 21 pictures, by Siegwald Dahl. Reproduced by Miss Frances Power Cobbe.



## LORDS WHO REFUSED THEIR TITLES.

By MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

WHEN one is aware how great are the sacrifices and how vast is the trouble that most men will undertake to get a title, it is remarkable to find that there have also been a considerable number of men who were entitled to be called "My Lord," and have declined to avail themselves of their right. In olden days this was sometimes needful to save a man's life from his enemies; but there are modern instances of choice, too, which are very romantic.

The Earl of Lovelace, who died only in the first week of 1893, was the son-in-law of the poet Byron, having married the only child of Byron's marriage, the Hon. Augusta Ada Byron, in 1835. Lord and Lady Lovelace had a son born in 1836, to whom they gave the names of Byron Noel. This boy was entitled to the courtesy title of Lord Ockham, as his father's heir. But beside this, he was the heir to a barony from his grandmother, for the unhappy wife of the poet had proved her own right to be Baroness Wentworth. So on the death of Baroness Byron and Wentworth, in 1860, Lord Ockham, her grandson, became a peer by inheritance on that side, and as Lord Wentworth he had riches and a seat in the House of Lords at his command.

But the man who was born to all this was of opinion that a man should have nothing but what he had earned for himself; he refused to touch his income from his estates, and as soon as he was come of age, he left his friends, and went under an assumed name to work as a shipwright in Scott Russell's yard at the Isle of Dogs. He there earned his bread by hard manual labour for some years, and lived on what he earned; nor did he allow his fellow workmen to guess that he was in any way different from themselves. He died at the early age of twenty-six, and so deprived the world of the opportunity of seeing how long this practical socialism would have stood the test of time, struggle, and perhaps want of work.

Another very similar case was that of the last Earl of Aberdeen, the brother of the present illustrious and popular peer. The last Lord Aberdeen and the present one were both grandsons of the Prime Minister of the same name in the Crimean War days. George Hamilton-Gordon succeeded his father as Earl of Aberdeen in 1864, being then twenty-two years old. Besides his earldom, he rejoiced in the titles of Viscount Gordon, Viscount Formartine, Baron Haddo, Methlic, Tarris and Kellie. To say that he rejoiced in all these dignities is, however, hardly correct, for he left his home shortly after his accession to the estates and titles, and dropped off himself all that he had hereditarily, to make his own way in the world. He went to see his uncle, the Hon. Sir A. Hamilton-Gordon, in Canada, and after a short stay with him, during which, of course, the young peer was "made much of," Lord Aberdeen went to the United States alone, and disappeared. His relatives never saw him again, and only once did he draw on his bankers; but he continued to write affectionately to his mother.

Calling himself "George Osborne," he shipped as an ordinary seaman on a small ship. One of his fellow-sailors was found afterwards who testified that the new man was a sufferer at first from his freak. "His hands were soft, and got blistered. In helping to discharge cargo, his legs seemed to totter under him with the weight of the bags of corn, but he never gave in." His comrade (still not knowing who he was) also testified that though he (the friend) occupied the high and mighty position of mate on the vessel, he had made quite an intimate of Osborne, "because he never presumed on it with me."

Somewhat similar was the testimony of his landlord in Boston, when Lord Aberdeen took up his residence there for some months to study navigation. The landlord gave him, at his own request, the following certificate of conduct: "Mr. George Osborne has lived in

my house the past four months, and I can cheerfully recommend him as a young man of good habits and kind disposition. Signed, F. E. Pearson." The certifier was a riding-master, and the certified was a peer of Great Britain, the owner of vast estates, and an hereditary legislator. It is certainly a little quaint.

He was scrupulous about living on what he earned, and even about saving a bit out of it for sickness or slack work. In small instalments this frugal young Scotch sailor saved and banked no less than fifty dollars—ten pounds. Once, when he had been about a year a sailor, he yielded to some unknown temptation, and drew on his bankers for a hundred pounds. But he shortly after wrote to his mother: "I have never had any self-respect since I drew that money in New York. I despise myself for the foolish weakness."

When he had followed the sea for about four years, he obtained a mate's certificate, and as such he shipped on board a tiny vessel, the *Hera*, that was going from Boston to Melbourne. It had a crew of only eight. In very bad weather, the young earl and another sailor were caught in the bight of a rope as the vessel suddenly rolled, and were swept overboard. In the heavy sea the few others on board could do nothing to save the castaways, and so perished at the age of twenty-eight, on January 27th, 1870, the sixth Earl of Aberdeen.

Another equally interesting and romantic instance of the refusal of a peer to take his title was that of the sixth Earl of Berkeley. This is also a story of the present day, the hero of it not dying till 1882. He had been entitled to be in the House of Lords as Earl of Berkeley ever since 1810, and never took his seat or allowed himself to be called by his title. On the contrary, he in his young days once challenged the Lord Chancellor for sending him a writ of summons to take his seat in the Upper House, on the ground that "it is an insult to my mother to call me Earl of Berkeley while my elder brother lives."

His story was this: Some time or other, the fifth earl was married to Miss Mary Cole, a Gloucestershire servant-girl. Both the earl and his wife declared that their marriage took place secretly in 1784, and a register of this marriage, apparently duly signed by the officiating clergyman and a witness, was found in the parish church books. But, unfortunately, it was a separate sheet, only stuck to the next leaves with gum. The theory of the enemy was that it had been manufactured and stuck in there at a later date. The theory that Lord Berkeley wanted to get accepted was that he had really designed to deceive Mary Cole, and to repudiate his marriage, and in order to be able to do so had at first concealed the register of its celebration, but that, instead of tiring of his humble bride, he had become more and more devoted to her, and finally quite repented of his wicked intention of disowning her, and so got the certificate replaced where it belonged in the register. It was certain, however, that Lord Berkeley was again married, publicly and openly, to the same lady, in 1795. Now, said the opposition, why did he marry again if he knew that he was legally married already? Lord and Lady Berkeley replied that it was because the witnesses of their original marriage were dead, and the secrecy and the tampering with the register made them fear that it would be disputed that they had been married. So they were again publicly united in 1795, when they were already the parents of three sons.

In any case, Mary Cole was a truly wonderful woman; for this girl of humble station not only became the undoubted Countess of Berkeley, but also so influenced her fourth son, Moreton, that when the House of Lords refused to believe in his parents' earlier secret marriage, and declared that Moreton, as the first son born after the public marriage in 1795, was to be the next earl, to the exclusion of his elder brothers, the young man—then a lad of seventeen—declared that he would not be a party to such a decision against his mother. He was, therefore, legally a peer for seventy years, and never allowed himself to be called by his title, or signed it under any provocation or necessity.

Though his mother died about 1840, and he lived till 1882, he never wavered, and he also remained unmarried in order that no son of his might traverse his action after his death. He had a younger brother (Grantley Berkeley), who used to openly say that when he succeeded to the peerage, he should assume it; but as fate would have it, Grantley and both his sons died before Moreton, and the peerage passed to a distant cousin. The actual eldest son of Lord and Lady Berkeley was created Lord Fitzhardinge.

Sometimes the refusal of a title's assumption has been caused by the consciousness of the lawful possessor of it that he had neither means nor social position to justify the use of it.

A few years ago there was an outcry about a viscountess being found by a charitable society starving in a London garret, and making shirts at half-a-crown a dozen. The poor woman was certainly legally Viscountess Kingsland, but her husband had been simply an Irish peasant, uncultured and penniless.

Some enterprising person found out that he was the lineal eldest descendant of the family to whom the title belonged. His elder brother, the first person to whom the proposal to claim the title was made, had the sense to refuse to take it; he was convinced plainly that he was Lord Kingsland by hereditary right, but as no estates went with the empty name, this man refused to be called a lord. On his death, his brother, as his hereditary successor, however, did take it up, and his claim was pressed to a decision by a speculative lawyer, and admitted by the House of Lords; but an attempt to recover some lands for him failed, and the result was that his viscountess, who was originally a small shopkeeper's daughter, was left a widow, a peepess indeed, but without a penny, to keep her from starvation, and obliged to make slop shirts. She died about four years ago.

## A CHRISTMAS SONG.

By KATHERINE LENTE STEVENSON.

O Thou, who with toil-hardened hands Taught men who toiled the worth of life, Teach us to-day; let our souls hear Thy words ring clearly o'er our strife.

Speak once again:—"Life's more than meat,  
The body more than raiment fair;  
The soul of service unto man  
Is more than creed, or psalm, or prayer."

So much we have forgotten, Lord,  
We rear vast domes unto Thy name;  
We build our Church walls broad and high,  
They hide, from us, our dearest shame.

Daily, O Christ, Thou'rt crucified—  
We fix the nails and point the spear;  
Wherever wrong is done to man,  
Oh, man's own Man, Thou'rt needed there.

And yet, again, we hear Thee say:  
"Father, they know not what they do."  
Oh, heart of pity, infinite,  
Forgive us that these words are true.

Open our eyes, that we may see;  
Unstop our ears, that we may hear;  
Quicken our soul's sense, till it grasps  
The scope of Thy life's purpose here!  
Then fill us with Thy love's own might,  
"Peace and good will," help us to bring;  
Anew incarnated, O Christ,  
Thy Christmas song may all earth sing.

Old Christmas fare did not include the modern Christmas bird—the turkey—a roasted peacock taking its place on the festive board.

In feudal times the boar's-head was the distinguishing Christmas dish. It was served on a gold or silver dish, and brought in to a flourish of trumpets.

The Christmas tree is quite a modern innovation, so far as this country is concerned. It has only been introduced during the present century, and was brought over from the Continent.

## A LITTLE WHITE SLAVE.

By ADELA FRANCES MOUNT.

It was six o'clock, and a number of women and girls came trooping out of one of the large factories in the East End of London. They all looked tired and weary, with that jaded expression on their thin faces which tells its own sad tale of overwork, of cruel, grinding poverty, of hardship and starvation, of long hours in close, crowded, noisy workrooms.

It was a belt-making factory which had just opened its gloomy doors to release for the night its hundreds of weary prisoners. For ten long hours had they sat in one position, with the exception of a short interval at mid-day, during which they had eaten their scanty dinners. All through the long day they had plied their monotonous tasks, working as fast as their fingers stiffened with toil would allow. There was no variety in the work, though there were different kinds of belts to be made ready for sale. Eyelet holes had to be firmly fixed in those constructed of leather, and in the ribbon and elastic ones buckles, clasps and slides must be sewn firmly on. Perhaps it does not sound so very formidable to us; indeed, we may be inclined to exclaim, "Why, there is not any hardship in work like that!" But if you or I could take our place for one single day amid those weary labourers, and all through its long hours stitch, stitch, at those endless strips of stiff leather, elastic and ribbon, no one would hail the signal for dismissal more gladly than we.

And then after our one day we might get a faint glimpse of what such a life must be to live week after week, month after month, year after year, toiling for a miserable pittance: struggling to earn a few pence in order to keep the spark of life alight in those poor frail bodies. Hot tears come rushing to our eyes as we think of the misery of it, and remember that this belt-making factory really exists, and sadder still that it is only one of numbers; for are there not factories of all sorts in our land, great, busy, noisy factories, where many, many young lives are being weighed down with misery? We all know it is a sad truth that thousands of the factory hands are maidens of tender years, children who by virtue of having passed all their standards at school, or by having attained the age of fourteen, have reached the time when they must face the stern necessity of earning their own livelihood as best they can, and in numberless cases, of helping to contribute to the support of the family.

Our very hearts cry out against it all, for though work is right and good, over-work is wrong, and we pity these child-women who are condemned not only to toil all day, but in many cases are compelled to work on far into the night because the wages they receive are so low. As we think of it, we almost fancy we can hear the bitter wail from the lips of these little white slaves who are toiling on at their monotonous work, sitting in one position till their fair young limbs grow cramped and crooked, their statures often stunted, and the faces that ought to be fresh and healthy, become white and wan, and the lips that should curl with laughter are wreathed with lines of pain.

If after the long weary hours of labour, there was some haven of rest awaiting them, their lives might be more bearable, but such places as most of them have to go to would make us shudder could we but get a glimpse within the four walls that hide so much poverty, suffering, and vice. Let us follow one of these tired workers to the shelter she calls by that sweet word "home." Alas, there is no sweetness in the word for her; yet Matty is better off than many of her companions, for numbers have drunken and cruel parents, who beat and ill-use them.

She was fifteen, and tall for her age, her stooping shoulders gave her an old look, and the quick but hesitating gait showed signs of physical weakness. If the girl had been well fed, and tenderly nurtured, instead of bending constantly in the same position just when developing into womanhood, she would probably have grown into a comely maiden. But as it was, one glance at the slender drooping figure with its hollow chest, was enough to convince anyone who took the trouble to notice

her that ere a few more years of dreary sunless existence had dragged by, poor Matty would fall a victim to that dread disease consumption, which claims thousands of the overworked, underfed poor in our land. Her complexion was pale even to pallor, and the features, which were small and refined, were wan and pinched. Her eyes were hazel, with a pitiful imploring look in them, and the fair straight hair which fell round her shoulders, was as silken as a baby's.

Altogether, Matty's face would have been very pretty and she herself a winsome maiden if only—but let us draw a curtain across the beautiful vision of "what might have been."

She was very tired, poor child, but then Matty was always tired, so it was not the thought of that which brought those grave shadows to her soft eyes as she hurried along. She was thinking of the sick mother whose face would brighten at the sight of her, and the two little sisters who would run to greet her, though they well knew that her home-coming meant work for their small fingers, and that long after the time when they should be wrapped in sweet childhood's slumber, they would be forced to sit stitching at those endless belts in order to earn the sum of three farthings an hour.

Frequently, Matty, like many others, carried work home after factory hours were over, and this evening she had a parcel containing twelve dozen strips of elastic, which she had undertaken to bring back completed when she went to her work the next morning.

Every buckle, clasp and slide must be securely fastened with strong thread, which was found at her own expense. Though it was a frequent occurrence the girl felt a shrinking from the prospect, her head ached so, and the short dry cough brought a sharper pain to her chest than usual. But Matty was a brave little woman, and though two large tears did roll down her pale cheeks, she brushed them resolutely aside, as she told herself how thankful she was to have the extra work, for it meant a whole shilling, in addition to what she had earned through the day. Her only regret was that she must obtain the services of another child in order to complete the belts, for hard though her sick mother, herself and two sisters might work, they could not possibly finish without extra labour, and that meant, of course, division of profits. The payment for the gross of belts would be one shilling and threepence, out of which the little hired helper must have her share.

Matty threaded her way through crowded streets, until she turned into a narrow one which led into a passage so dark that had she not been used to it she must have been quite bewildered. But Matty knew her way well, having lived her fifteen years of life in the slum to which the passage led.

On she went, and presently emerged into a small court with dingy, dirty-looking houses on either side. A number of noisy, uncaared-for children were quarrelling and playing in the gutters and on the doorsteps, but Matty, beyond an occasional attempt at a smile into a dirty little face, took no notice of them. She hurried on till she reached the further end of the court, and entered one of the wretched houses, and in a few minutes had ascended a dark staircase, and, opening a door, found herself in the place she called "home."

There is no need to describe it; we can picture what a room in such a building, tenanted by one family, must be.

Janet and Susie, children of nine and ten, who more than two hours since had returned from school, sprang forward with a cry of delight to meet her, and a woman who was cowering over a miserable fire, raised her thin face with a smile of welcome as Matty bent over her, and imprinted a kiss on the thin cheek.

"How are you, mother?" the girl asked, cheerily.

Mrs. Rogers shook her head, and there was a sorrowful ring in her voice as she answered, "I don't feel no better, my girl, and it's my opinion as I never will be: I've give up all hopes now; I don't do nothin' but cough, cough, from mornin' till night, and from night till mornin'." Mrs. Blake was in to-day, tidyin'

up a bit, and she was sayin' she believes I'm struck for death—" A violent fit of coughing checked her utterance for a few minutes.

Matty stood staring at her mother with a wild, dismayed expression in her soft, hazel eyes. She strove to speak, but somehow the words would not come, and presently the sick woman continued:

"It's all the hard work at the factory as has done the mischief; you know I kept to it steady for more than two years till six weeks ago, and every day I've been hopin' I'd be able to go back, not that I want to, God knows I've had enough of it; but you ain't able to go on earnin' enough for us all, and neither you nor the children gets enough; you can't go on much longer, and clothes wantin', and—" but the sense of her sorrow was too much, and the poor woman buried her face in her ragged dress and sobbed. "It was all so different once," she said through her tears, "it was all so different before your poor father was took; he was such a good workman, and not given to drink, like most men in the place, I'm sure it 'ud nigh break his heart if he could see how you and the little ones has to slave o' nights when you ought to be asleep; it ain't so bad for them as you, poor girl, for I know—nobody better—how you must hate the very sight o' them belts; it's bad enough to work at 'em all day long without havin' to go on at night." Matty made no answer; the poor child was struggling with her tears, and now she stood unfolding the parcel she had brought.

"How many have you got?" asked her mother.

"Twelve dozen," was the reply, in a low trembling voice; then suddenly the girl crossed the room, and throwing her arms round her mother, said imploringly, "Oh, mother, mother, maybe you're mistaken, maybe you'll get well again!"

It was only the wild cry of a crushed and almost breaking heart, for Matty had known the truth before; by some strange intuition she knew weeks ago that her mother was slowly, yet surely, slipping away from her; and it was this knowledge that made the long hours in the factory more hateful.

Constantly the pale face seemed to rise before her as she bent over her tasks, and sometimes the longing to rush away from it all, and go and cheer her mother's loneliness was almost more than she could bear. Over and over again Matty would murmur to herself. "She is dying, I know she is dying; she won't be alive long, and yet I have to leave her alone every day while I earn bread."

It all came surging over the girl now as she sobbed out her bitter wail, "Oh, mother, mother, maybe you're mistaken, maybe you'll get well again!"

The sick woman shook her head sadly. "I'll never be well in this world, child," she said; "but I'm real sorry as I told you anything. There, there, don't take on so, nor you neither, Janet and Susie," for the two younger girls were clinging to Matty's ragged dress, and sobbing bitterly. "Don't take on so," repeated their mother, who half repented her words, "maybe it'll be a long time yet before I go, and the good Lord'll take care o' you, never fear."

With a strong effort Matty dried her tears, and after making some gruel over the meagre fire for her mother, and dividing some bread between herself and sisters, she left the room to solicit the services of someone to help with the belts.

In a few minutes she returned, accompanied by a delicate looking child of about eleven, who, tired though she appeared, was only too pleased at the prospect of earning threepence in return for four hours' monotonous labour.

Presently the five occupants of the miserable room had set to work, and almost silently stitched on till the daylight grew dim; then Matty lit a candle, and by its faint light they continued their work with bent heads and burning eyes. It was more than half-past ten before the last belt was finished, and the three weary children were at liberty to seek the rest they so sorely needed; and Matty, after helping the sick woman to bed, lay down



beside her and tried to sleep. But it was long before merciful slumber came to make her forgetful for a brief space to the sorrows that lay athwart her young life. Every time her mother stirred restlessly, every time that hollow cough echoed through the room, a stab of pain seemed to clutch at poor Matty's heart, and over and over again as the hours dragged by, she would tell herself that come what would the invalid must not be allowed to take part in the nightly tasks again.

"But what am I to do?" Matty moaned in her utter helplessness; "the rent must be paid, and we must have food." Then from sheer exhaustion the poor child fell asleep, with the sound of her mother's laboured breathing in her ears.

Early the next morning a pale, frightened-looking girl took her usual place among the long row of workers in the belt factory. The payment for the toil of the previous night lay in her pocket, but the thought brought Matty no satisfaction, no gladness, though she knew those few pence represented bread for herself and her sisters. Hour after hour she worked on from very force of habit; she did not feel like a human being, but like a piece of machinery doing its appointed task; her heart was sore and heavy, and great scalding tears kept rolling down her thin cheeks. But Matty hardly seemed to notice them, for as her needle was drawn in and out through the stiff material she was trying to realise that she and the children were motherless; that while she lay sleeping wearily the Angel of Death had come into the little room she called home, and that when the morning dawned, she had awakened to find only the worn out body of her who had been "mother." The spirit had entered that land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

### THREE MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

By FLORENCE HOPE.

I HAD entered the Roman Catholic Church more than two years before I made up my mind to "try my vocation" as a nun. By the advice of my director, a stern and exceedingly strict Belgian priest, I chose the "Order of the Perpetual Adoration," as, owing to my imaginative mind rather than to piety, I was able to kneel for hours meditating on the "Passion" or other scenes in the life of our Lord. And in this special order, which is an "enclosed" one, prayer is made the chief and most important thing. Not that the nuns lead an idle life, far from it; they work for the poor, and send huge bundles of clothes to the different refuges and poor houses. They also do wonderful needle-work for the churches, and send finely-wrought altar-cloths, exquisite hand-made lace, richly-embroidered vestments, wherever they are most needed. But the great idea, as I said before, is constant prayer for the sins of the whole world. The nuns in turns take their two hours through the day and night to watch, as they call it, in front of the high altar, where they kneel motionless, or stretch themselves prostrate on the polished floor in silent meditation.

I had been living for two years in the midst of Catholicism in that most Catholic of Belgian towns, Bruges, the Venice of the north, and had given myself up heart and soul to the spirit of the place. I revelled in the gorgeous ceremonies of the churches, joined in the stately processions that wended their way through the quaint old streets, and returned sore-footed and weary with feet smarting from the huge cobble stones that pave the roadways—stones that seem to pierce through the stoutest of shoe-leather. But such little discomforts were nothing to me then; I took them gladly as penances for my sins.

It was in the autumn that I entered the beautiful convent of St. ——. It is a very ancient priory, situated in the depths of the country, though within a stone's throw of a tiny railway station. The trains are, however, few and far between, and the snort of the

engine, the shrill whistle and rush of the trains, only serve to accentuate the stillness that reigns around the cloister walls.

It was a lovely evening in early September when I rang at the massive oaken door of the Priory. I was quite alone, and my heart beat fast as I stood there on those worn stone steps, praying for courage and strength to go through with what I had begun. I was only a girl, barely twenty-one, and it was not to be wondered at that I felt a little lonely and sad waiting for those doors to open that might close on me for ever. I had walked from the station, leaving my box to be sent on, as there was no conveyance of any kind. It seemed to me ages that I waited in the grand old porch. I felt afraid to ring a second time, and was very glad I had not done so when at last I heard in the distance the opening and closing of a door, and then the clanking of a nun's rosary rattling against her as she walked, drawing nearer and nearer to the outer door.

I was admitted in silence by a meek-faced lay sister, who, motioning me to follow her, led me through endless stone passages, bare and cold looking, but spotlessly clean, till we came to what is called the guest chamber, and the nun, placing a chair for me on one side of a high, very broad counter, withdrew.

This was the barrier between the world and the cloister. In former times there had been a grille or iron grating reaching to the ceiling, through which the nuns were allowed now and again at long intervals to see their relations and friends. But since the reformation of the Belgian Convents this had been done away with, and replaced by the broad oak counter. I was just meditating as to the manner in which I was to pass this barrier, wondering rather frivolously if I should be expected to jump over it, when a door on the cloister side was unlocked, and the Mother Prioress came forward to greet me. Never shall I forget the sweetness and holiness of her dear old face. For youth was as a dream to her, middle age far away in the past, yet she still possessed the keenest insight into the characters and dispositions of those under her care. She raised her black veil which drooped over and completely concealed the upper part of her face, and stretching both hands across the barrier took mine in a warm sympathetic clasp. "Welcome, my very dear child, welcome to your new home," she said.

After a few questions as to whether I still really wished to enter the community, she bade me go through the adjoining vestibule and knock at a certain door which she described, and she would open it and receive me within the convent itself, the precincts where only the nuns are admitted.

I followed her directions, and had scarcely rapped at the door when it was opened by the Mother Prioress. She drew me gently in her arms and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Now, you would, I am sure, like to make your first visit at once to our Lord," she said, and taking my hand she led me through a labyrinth of passages again to the chapel. As we approached, I heard the monotonous chaunting of the nuns, their sweet voices rising and falling in melancholy cadence.

I cannot attempt to describe that convent chapel; my words would be too poor and inadequate to give any idea of its exquisite beauty. The rich, subdued splendour filled me with awe, and I knelt down against the tall iron and brass wrought gates that divided the choir from the sanctuary with feelings of emotion that quite overcame me.

Ten days passed before I was really received as a postulant, during which time I wore my dress of the world; had my meals—which were exceedingly good—brought to me in a comfortably furnished sitting room adjoining my bedroom; received daily instructions as to my future duties from the novice mistress; went to the chapel at stated times, and read, wrote, and sewed as I chose. But these days seemed tedious and lonely, and I longed to be leading the regular life of a nun.

It was on the eve of St. Michael and All Angels that I was told by the novice mistress that I was to ask for "the little habit" on the morrow. She instructed me to go on my knees in great humility to the reverend mother, and,

kissing the hem of her robe, beg to be allowed to be received into the noviceship.

It was a solemn little ceremony, though not, of course, anything like so solemn as the real "clothing," which takes place much later. All my worldly garments and things were taken from me, even to my rosary, which, being of silver and ebony, was considered too smart for one who discards the pomps and vanities of the world. Then I was led to my cell—a tiny slip of a room, with white-washed walls and bare boards, the furniture consisting of a narrow bedstead, curtained all round with dark green curtains, a blanket to lie upon, another for covering, but no linen allowed. A small deal washing-stand, the basin of which was scarcely larger than a pudding bowl, one chair, a deal table, on which were placed ink-stand, blotter, my missal and a few religious books; above it hung a black wooden crucifix with plaster figure, and a small picture of "The Blessed Virgin." There was a narrow, diamond-paned window with bars across it. A dark green curtain hung against the wall from an iron rod, under the folds of which I discovered a small mirror, that was only to be used to adjust one's coif by, as a crooked veil or coif would be unseemly in the appearance of a nun.

From the moment I put on "the little habit," I began the life of a nun in good earnest, though I still had certain privileges allowed me, such as rising at half past five instead of half past four, retiring to my cell half an hour earlier at night, namely, at nine; and having recreation twice a day instead of once. This recreation consisted of two half hours in the day to myself to do as I pleased, that is to say, spend in reading, writing, or wandering about the grounds, which were extensive and very beautiful. Unfortunately for me, I was the only "postulant." The order being a severe one, and strict silence maintained, there are fewer "vocations tried" there than in other orders.

Now to give a brief idea of my daily life. I rose at half-past five; my toilet not taking more than a quarter of an hour, I descended to the chapel at a quarter to six, where I said my morning prayers and made my half hour's meditation. I then returned to my cell, which I swept and dusted, and then proceeded to the noviceship adjoining, a large sunny room where I spent most of my time when not in the chapel. This room was my care to keep clean, the boards to be thoroughly polished and fresh flowers always on the dainty, though simple, altar. At 7.15, I descended again to the chapel for mass, and was upstairs again at 8.15 for breakfast, which consisted of a cup of coffee without sugar and piece of dry bread. This frugal repast I took sitting alone at the large centre table, whilst the novice-mistress had hers at her own small side table. Work of various kinds took up the entire morning, broken by half an hour's reading aloud from some devotional book. I forgot to mention that I had two long flights of stairs to sweep down every day, coals in heavy scuttles to carry up when the winter had set in, rooms to scrub out, and other rough work, which I need scarcely say was quite new to me.

The novice mistress discovered one day that I had the greatest antipathy to spiders. It is her business to find out what is most repugnant to those under her charge, and to try them in every possible way. What was my horror one day when she called me to pick up a huge black spider, and told me to put it out of the window. I declared I could not do what she commanded. She was a sweet-looking, beautiful woman, but her eyes flashed with anger at my daring to disobey her, and, with a fervent prayer for courage, I grasped the horrible creature in my handkerchief and managed to get rid of him.

Once a week I had to polish the floor of the chapel. This was done by first thoroughly rubbing into the boards a polish made of linseed oil and vinegar, and then I had to slide over it in slippers of list made for the purpose. I rather enjoyed the exercise of this, especially in the winter, when it was difficult to keep warm. But I must return to the account of my daily life.

At twelve we had dinner, a meal consisting of one portion of meat and pudding, and sometimes fruit, Wednesdays and Fridays excepted, when fish or eggs took the place of meat, and, of course, during Advent and Lent, we only indulged in meat on Sundays. The food was excellently cooked, and plenty of it for that one meal. If any remained of the portion given it was put before you again at supper, or collation, which was at seven, and it was expected to be eaten up then. I had always been excessively dainty, so my meals now were a great trial to me, as I knew every morsel of fat and gristle must be consumed. Also having only one plate (a tin one), which had to serve for every course, was a real trouble to me. I sat alone at a table in the middle of the room, the nuns at a horse-shoe table all round; this was trying in the extreme for the first week. There was a pulpit at one end of the refectory in which the nuns by turns took their places to read aloud during dinner and collation. I shall never forget my nervousness when I had to mount those steps, and read out of a huge volume of the "Lives of the Saints." After dinner a grace of thanksgiving was chanted as we walked in line to the gardens if fine, if wet to the recreation room. Now at last we were allowed to talk for recreation, and a subdued babel of voices was heard.

In twos and threes the nuns strolled round the grounds. I noticed that not one ever referred to the world outside, or questioned me about my family or my social position. All this was ignored. In the convent all were equal. An earl's daughter might associate with the child of a shopkeeper; one who had formerly been a poor struggling governess with a wealthy heiress. We did not know. We all had the same object in view—to live for God, therefore we were entirely on an equality.

In the afternoon I had Latin to study, the organ to practice, music to copy, and occasionally gardening to do. Tea was at four o'clock, with a piece of bread, and we took it standing. Then came "Benediction" in the chapel at half past four, and again at eight there was another service, which lasted till nine.

I did not mind the work, I did not mind the praying, but I did mind the silence. And many a time I have gone to my cell at nine o'clock, drawn back the little curtain of my slit of a window, and gazing out at the moonlit landscape felt as if I must scream! I suffered from headaches too, and as time went on, from intense depression. I wondered at the bright, indeed merry, faces of most of the nuns, at their gaiety during recreation, *une gaieté incroyable*, and their cheerful voices and charming manners.

This heavy weight of depression increased, and, try as I might, I could not shake it off.

I was happiest when I was doing hard manual work, such as scrubbing, sweeping, and digging in the gardens. I also loved arranging flowers for the altar in the noviceship; it was not my privilege yet to do so for the chapel. After a few weeks I was given the care of the mortuary chapel, a tiny building standing in the little cemetery only used for the burial of the nuns.

I used to linger over my work there with a melancholy pleasure, and wander in and out amongst the grassy mounds, with their simple crosses bearing only the sisters' names in religion, the date of their death, and the letters R.I.P. upon them. God rest their souls, and may they rest in peace!

And so the days passed; and dearly as I grew to love many of the nuns, and sweet and peaceful as the life was in many respects, the weight of sadness grew each day heavier and harder to bear.

The lovely warm days glided into the chilliness of late autumn, and early in December frost and snow set in.

I suffered intensely from the cold, but not more so than others. One of the younger nuns showed me her hands one day; they were rough and cracked and bleeding. She laughed at my face of horror and pity, and remarked that she was proud of them, for it showed they had not been idle.

One night, just as I had fallen into a sound sleep, I was awakened suddenly by being called to take a two hours' watch in the chapel. We were to obey implicitly without question or hesitation, so I hurried into my clothes, groped my way in the darkness down to the chapel, and relieved the watch of the nun kneeling there. It struck midnight, and I was still sleepy from being aroused so suddenly, but I knew it would be a sin to give way, so knelt with my arms held out in the form of a cross, thinking I should be less inclined to doze in a more or less uncomfortable position. The chapel itself was in darkness, but the lights on the altar, and the glow of the red hanging lamp before the sanctuary, cast faint gleams around me. As I knelt there praying, my arms suddenly fell to my sides in terror; I crouched lower on the oaken floor, and listened with all my senses alert, my nerves strained, and a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead. I heard a swift rustling sound which came backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards from the chapel doors to the iron gates enclosing the sanctuary. What could it be? I knew it would be considered a sin to quit the chapel before the nun came to take my place, so I remained for nearly two hours crouched in one of the choir stalls, still hearing the soft rush back and forwards of the ghostly visitant. At last I heard the step approaching to take my place. I rose, and hurried to the door to meet the nun, caught

her arm in the darkness, and half sobbing with fright, described what I had heard. As I spoke we heard a movement near the sanctuary. We stepped stealthily forward to look, creeping close up to the gates. There in the circle of light thrown on it by the sanctuary lamp was a huge black rat, staring at us with its sharp eyes.

After three months, when I found that I could not get rid of the terrible depression that weighed me down, I sought the reverend mother, and, seated on a stool at her feet, with many tears I told her I could not remain in the convent. I had made up my mind to go back to the world.

She begged me to consider my resolution a little longer. "Wait a week, my dear child," she said, "and then come again to me."

The week dragged on, but my resolve was intensified, and after another interview with our dear Mother Prioress, I came away with the date fixed for my departure.

The last day arrived, and I went sadly through the grounds, bidding farewell to my favourite haunts, lingering long in the little mortuary ground, and finally knelt in the chapel praying for help and strength to meet the temptations of the world once more. A few farewells were allowed to be taken of those nuns I knew and loved best, and, last of all, I was clasped in the reverend mother's arms. There was a tear on my cheek when we parted which was not mine. The lay sister walked with her bunch of keys to show me out. I followed her, sobbing, and passed through the different doors that led to the outer world. The last was opened wide, and closed silently behind me. I stood in the broad sunshine gazing at the world before me, alone, and left behind me the peaceful safety of the cloister.

### CONFESSION OF FAITH.

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

CREEDS and confessions? High Church or the Low?

I cannot say; but you would vastly please us

If with some pointed Scripture you could show To which of these belonged the Saviour, Jesus.

I think to all or none. Not curious creeds Or ordered forms of churchly rule He taught, But soul of love that blossomed into deeds, With human good and human blessing fraught.

On me, nor priest, nor presbyter, nor pope, Bishop nor dean, may stamp a party name; But Jesus with His largely human scope The service of my human life may claim. Let prideful priests do battle about creeds, The church is mine that does most Christ-like deeds.

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### SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

A philanthropic society which has existed for a good many years under the title of the Workhouse Infirmary Nursing Association has just had to come to an end. Miss Louisa Twining, one of the founders of the Association, pointed out at the meeting that a recent order of the Local Government Board, prohibiting pauper nursing in the workhouses, and requiring each infirmary to have a Superintendent nurse who has been trained at some large hospital, has to a great extent superseded the work that the Association was formed to do. It has been quite a Woman's Charity, Miss Twining perhaps the leading spirit. When it began its work, the infirmary patients generally were nursed by other paupers, absolutely untrained, and in the nature of the case almost sure to be incompetent, for had they been fit, physically and morally, for such a task as nursing their sick fellows in the work-

house, they would not have been there at all, but would have been earning their own bread outside. But it appears that it is very difficult to get trained nurses for the workhouse infirmaries. The pay is hardly on a level with that offered for hospital or private nursing, and the conditions are extremely undesirable. A large proportion of those who have to be nursed are aged and bedridden people, so that the work is quite monotonous and often repulsive. There is no ebb and flow of patients, no going round of doctors and students, the variety and interest of hospital life are lacking, and there is not the comfort and the change that a private nurse can generally expect; hence the workhouses advertise in vain for trained nurses, even when they are willing to pay a reasonable fee, while prior to the order of the Local Government Board above referred to a large number of the Boards of Guardians would not consent to give a payment that was even equal to that current in the more attractive branches of the profession. The Workhouse Infirmary Nursing Association has for years first specially trained nurses, and then supplied them to Boards of Guardians at a low remuneration; the necessary sum required to induce nurses to undertake the work being supplied by the charitable subscribers of the Association. This source of charity has so far diminished in volume recently that Miss Twining and the majority of the members of the Association have decided that the work must cease. Lady Lothian, who was one of the founders, made a strong appeal for the work to be continued, and all the representatives of Boards of Guardians who attended the meeting urged the same plea, but Lord Montague de Beaulieu, whose wife has been one of the most active members of the Association, pointed out so clearly the difficulties which have to be contended with, partly from lack of money and partly from lack of recognition from the Local Government Board, that the meeting could not gainsay the arguments, and the society has come to an end.

It is wonderful how much energy is exerted sometimes, so to speak, subterranously. There is an active effort going forward just at present very quietly to obtain an Inspection of Convents, in order to see if any of the nuns are imprisoned against their will, or suffer from any abuses of power. Quietly as this movement is being conducted, it has collected no fewer than 300,000 signatures to a petition to the Queen asking for what is described in the petition as "the extension of civil and religious liberty to women confined in convents."

Many of our readers will be pleased to spend a quiet hour of the holidays in looking out the references to texts that Miss Willard chose to telegraph from the recent World's Convention of the W.C.T.U. to various friends:—

To Mrs. Zerelda Wallace.—Loving remembrance from National Woman's Christian Temperance Union: read Colossians 1; 3. To Mrs. Anna Hammer.—Loving greeting from your comrades of the National; absence regretted: read Hebrews 6; 10. To Mrs. Eliza Thompson.—Loving greeting from sisters of National Convention; regret absence: read 1 Thess. 1; 2, 3. To Mother Stewart.—Loving greetings from National Convention; regret absence: read Isaiah 58; 11, 12. To Mrs.

Mary Lowe Dickinson.—Loving greeting and sorrow for your illness: read 2 Corinthians 1; 2, 3, 4. To Mrs. Alice J. Harris.—Loving sympathy from your sisters of the National Convention: read Isaiah 43; 23—John 11; 25. To Miss Susan B. Anthony (the Woman's Suffrage leader).—Loving greeting and appreciation of your work: Proverbs 31; 31. To Rev. S. C. Swallow (who opposed a "bar licence" for the Presbyterian University).—Appreciation and gratitude for your splendid leadership and vote: read Joshua 1; 9. To Mrs. Justice Miller (who has just been widowed).—We sympathize in your sorrow, and feel bereaved in your loss: read 1 Corinthians 15; 57. Mrs. Thompson responded.—Greetings of love and loyalty: read Galatians 6; 9—Jeremiah 32; 27.

I have been reading a recently published book called "The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd," who was the grandmother of the present Countess of Carlisle and Hon. Lyulph Stanley. I do not mention the book to recommend it as a whole, for the letters of a young girl are hardly worth the time spent in reading them, but towards the end it becomes interesting, and I refer to it because of the extremely happy relation which her stepmother managed to establish with the young lady. It is so difficult a relation—that of a stepmother—and yet it is one that is often necessary, for few men widowed before old age will consent to remain so; and, indeed, if a stepmother can accommodate herself to her position and win the affection of her step-children, it must be much more desirable than children who have lost their own mother should be cared for by such a relation rather than only by a servant. Therefore I am always pleased to come across any indications in experience that it is possible for a stepmother to be perfectly happy, and a recognized blessing, in her relationship with the children of her husband's deceased wife.

Miss Holroyd was 23 when her father married again. Almost from the first the new Lady Sheffield made herself valuable to her stepdaughters, making their home more bright and gay than it had been, and keeping their father in a good temper. Miss Holroyd certainly had a lively pen; her description of what her father's temper used to be is delightfully conveyed in a phrase. She says: "Indoors I bless the change, for we do not know what it is to be out of humour, or to stamp like a sheep." Anyone who has ever seen a sheep in a passion, as, for instance, when valiantly defending its young against a terrifying dog, will have an immediate vision of Lord Sheffield as a widower of a more vivid than complimentary character. There were painful moments, of course, as when their father gave his new wife, in the presence of his daughters, all the jewellery of their late mother, including "her pocket-book with the gold clasp and fittings, and her little dew ring"; but the constant attention and kindness of Lady Sheffield so gains upon the good-hearted girls that when the stepmother is ill in London, Maria, down at "Sheffield Place," in Sussex, herself rushes to the door to get the letter with news in such a hurry as to pay the postman 5d for it, without perceiving that it was prepaid (that is to say, franked), and, finally, the new lady

becomes "that angel, Lady Sheffield; my pen cannot do justice to her; I am only convinced that, for what merit of ours I cannot say, she was sent into our family as a blessing from Heaven."

But now let purposing stepmothers take notice that Lady Sheffield courted her stepdaughter to gain this affection. Here is her first letter to Maria, and another nine months later, when she was expecting the birth of the baby who, if a son, would deprive the daughters of their position as heiresses to their father:—

Sheffield-place,  
December 28th, 1794.

MY DEAREST MARIA,—Don't give yourself the trouble of answering this but by word of mouth on Wednesday, at which time I hope most sincerely to see you with Dear Louisa and your valuable Aunt. I do assure you I expect your Arrival with great Impatience, as I am most anxious to show you by every Attention in my power, how sensible I am of every affectionate Sentiment you have so very kindly expressed towards me, and how earnest I am in hoping that our Affection and Attachment to each other may be such as I wish, and if you could read my Heart, whilst I write this, I flatter myself you would all be thoroughly persuaded that the preserving and improving our mutual Regard and Esteem will ever add very considerably to the Satisfaction and Happiness I now feel in subscribing myself,—Your much Obligated and Affectionately-Attached Friend,  
LUCY SHEFFIELD.

LADY SHEFFIELD TO MARIA JOSEPHA.

Privy-gardens, London,  
Tuesday, October 20th, 1795.

I send you some Gloves. Your Clogs and your Satin are likewise sent. And now, My dearest Puss, I am going to ask a favour, which, if you grant, you will doubly increase every comfort you have already so tenderly assisted in procuring for me, and add very much to the satisfaction and pleasure the Dearest of Fathers feels in your sweet and constant attention to me. It was my Idea, from thinking it an attention I owed to Dearest Aunt, that she should be solicited to answer for my poor little Dear Babe, if it should live to become a Christian (jointly with Mama), as there is nothing uncommon now in having Four, whether a Boy or a Girl. I find by what I have endeavoured to collect, that Dearest Aunt and the Good Dear Man will be both as well, and the latter better, pleased if you would undertake it. I had a sweet and dear letter from Bath on receipt of the Pictures, and from what she says I think it would be more gratifying to her not to be answerable the first, but stand the chance of a second opportunity rather than that I should not have the comfort of your being one of them. My intention therefore is, that if it is a Lord Herbert, the Sponsors should be my Father, Yourself, another Man, and Mama. If a Queen Mab, my Brother, Mama and you. Both ways, I hope to have the Dearest Puss, so let me know what you like about it now I have told you what we shall be delighted with. I have not seen Lady Shelley, as I am positively forbid the Streets, they have not been new paved, and some carriages have been actually overturned from the badness of the Pavement. What a Shame! Bless you, Dearest! Once more, Adieu! The Dearest Dear Man desires his Love and Blessing to the Dear Bratts, and wishes they would let him know how the Weir looks, and whether the Water falls over the Bay properly.

Good night, and Love me as Your sincerely and truly affectionate  
LUCY SHEFFIELD.

Maria's *purring* letter of satisfaction to her aunt over this request is instructive, but space forbids more quotation from this "Lesson for Stepmothers."

The Jersey Board of Health has passed an ordinance making expectation on the floors or platforms of public conveyances of any kind punishable by the imposition of a 10 dollars fine. This is a purely sanitary proceeding, undertaken with the object of protecting the public health, and as such deserves the support of all good citizens. It is interesting to learn from the papers, however, that, though the ordinance was recommended by the health inspector, "its passage was urged by many women, who complained that the filthy habit had frequently caused the destruction of their dresses." It appears to me that the disgusting habit of spitting about the streets and in public places has much increased within my memory. I do not think that it was so common some years ago as it now is, and the great stress that was laid in books in past times on America, such as Charles Dickens' "American Notes," on the prevalence of the habit there—evidently different then from English custom—seems to bear out this personal impression; yet we ought to have improved, not retrograded, in this respect—for reasons. Apart from any disappointment that one might feel, if this supposition that our present-day habits are worsened be correct, at the lack of progress in refinement and cleanliness after a quarter of a century of popular education, there is the further consideration upon which the Jersey Board lays stress, that the public health is now known to be affected by this cause to a degree which was not understood to be the case until recently. It is now known as a certainty that the germs of disease which may be contained in the saliva, or in the excretions which are coughed up from the lungs, can dry, and then be blown about in dust, and develop the disease afresh when they come in contact with the soft surfaces of other lungs.

Amongst the other common dangers to health which have not yet received their proper attention is the smoke of large towns. Every year a very striking illustration is given in London of the fatal effects of the smoky fogs, which would be absolutely prevented if half the money were spent and trouble taken for their prevention that has been expended upon obtaining proper drainage for the great City. The death rate of London rises in the winter, and is accentuated whenever there is a day or two of dense fog, in a manner so marked and so consistent as to make it quite certain that a very large number of preventable deaths are due to this cause year by year. London was steeped in fog day after day for nearly a week in November; the consequence was that the death-rate rose to 21 per 1,000, having sunk during the favourable summer weather to as low as 15 per 1,000. This difference works out, to put it in a more easily comprehended form, in this way: In the first week of October the deaths in London every day were fewer than 200; in the foggy week of November they became over 250 a day, or for every four deaths in the non-foggy week at the

beginning of October there were five in the foggy week of November.

It must be remembered, too, that the death-rate is only an indication of a very much greater amount of sickness. The first authority on the laws of sanitation in this country, Dr. Simon, calculated from facts in his possession that there is 12 times as much illness as the death-rate shows; that is to say, that of 13 people who are ill, one will probably die and 12 will recover, and therefore not be in any way "tabulated" or reported to the public. The amount of personal suffering and loss of wealth that it is clear is caused by the bronchitis and pneumonia resulting from the London fog is so great that it would be decidedly in the interests of the community to set to work and substitute smokeless fires of one kind or another for the open fire-places which are now almost universal; and also to put in force against manufacturers, restaurant keepers, and all using large fires, the laws which now do exist to prevent them from poisoning the lungs of their neighbours with great clouds of smoke. There have been many smoke-consuming grates for private houses invented, but builders will not take the trouble to test them, and put into new houses those which they find really answer the purpose, nor will landlords or tenants replace the present unscientific grates in existing houses, until the law, which does so much that is unnecessary, takes in hand this highly necessary reform.

It is not, of course, London alone that is in this miserable condition of smoky fog instead of fresh air being breathed, at the time of year when every house, and almost every room, contains an open fire. Most of the large towns are, at all events from time to time, in a similar condition, and the manufacturing towns are further at the disadvantage of having the smoke from numerous factories insufficiently consumed, and mischievous fumes of various kinds poured forth through the chimneys likewise. But London, standing on and near the large marshes which mark the outlet of the Thames to the sea, is perhaps more subject to the inevitable damp fogs which are the speciality of our island, than is the case with most large towns. Still the question wants ventilating with a view to some practical steps being taken for the whole country. Dr. Tatham, the late Medical Officer of Health for Manchester, has prepared a series of tables of expectation of life which is issued with the Registrar General's 55th Annual Report. He finds, to put it briefly, that the expectation of life for all males aged 65 is 10-31 years for England and Wales generally; 11-60 in selected healthy districts, and only 7-45 in Manchester "township."

The Editor wishes all her readers very cordially a happy season. It is chiefly *gay* to the children; rather a time of innumerable bills to paterfamilias, and house-keeping cares to the mother. But most of our readers have the advantage of not spending their money on injuring their constitutions with strong liquor in honour of "Christ's birthday," and at the same time refrain from so thereby wasting their money that it becomes a grievance to be asked to pay just debts—thus enjoying the best of conditions for a Merry Christmas.



## SIGNALS FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

Mrs. PROWSE forwards some questions sent to her by a Scotch gentleman who intended to take part in a Woman's Suffrage debate, and being imperfectly acquainted with the subject asked for information. She sent him for his guidance the WOMAN'S SIGNAL of September 2nd, and has received a letter saying that the gentleman is quite converted by what he has read, and is now prepared to warmly advocate Woman's Suffrage. He wants to know the authority for the following statements in the article in the SIGNAL referred to:—

(1) "Paupers are being placed upon the voters' list. All over the country there may be seen upon the church doors at present little bills, signed by the overseers of the various parishes, informing men who have received relief from the rates, under the order of the parish doctors, that their pauperism is not a barrier to their voting. Thus a man does not need to be self-supporting in order to share in the government of the country, and in the imposition of those forced contributions of all taxpayers (women included) to the State expenses, of which he receives a share in charity. The thousands of women who support themselves in proud even if poor independence are of less importance in the nation, and are held less worthy of influence, than male paupers."

The Act under which male paupers are allowed to have their names placed upon the register, provided their pauperism only extends to medical relief, is "The Medical Relief Disqualification Removal Act, 1885, 48 and 49 Victoria, cap. 46." This Act allows medical paupers to vote both in municipal and Parliamentary elections, if otherwise duly qualified. The Liberal Party, it may be noted, are now pledged to give the vote when they come back into office to all male paupers, provided they are not continuously "on the rates," and not to those who have received medical relief alone.

(2) "It has been decided by the Revising Barrister of Faversham that an insane person may be put on the register as a voter. The Liberals objected to the claim of one gentleman to vote because he was in the Chatham Lunatic Asylum. But the Conservative agent maintained that this was not a valid objection, because insanity was not necessarily a continuous disease. The Revising Barrister admitted the justice of the contention, and added the name to the list. In due course, therefore, when the elections take place, a Tory canvasser will call at Chatham Asylum, and take Mr. Lunatic down to express his views about the proper government of the country. I do not say this in jest. No objection can legally be made at the polling booth to any person whose name has been accepted by the Revising Barrister. So we have at last come to this, that a male madman is a part of the nation that ought to be represented in the House of Commons."

Our correspondent must please accept my personal authority for the statement that this case was reported as a part of the proceedings of the Revising Barristers in all the London newspapers: the name of the Revising Barrister being of course given, as well as the name of the Court as quoted above, so that it would have been contradicted if incorrect, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to its accuracy. The point is that the law does not definitely exclude even an actual lunatic, if male, from being placed on the register, the ground for including him being as stated above.

(3.) Our correspondent's third question does not arise out of the SIGNAL article, but is as follows:—

"INTESTACY ACTS.—Is this the case in the law of England: Suppose a woman die intestate, leaving husband and children, does the husband get all her estate to the exclusion of the children? Further, assuming that this is the law, would this case be correct. Suppose a woman married twice and died intestate, would the children by her first husband be dependent on their stepfather's generosity, their mother's money belonging to him, and could he in case of quarrel cut them off with a shilling?"

The reply is that our correspondent states the English law quite correctly. If a married woman dies without making a will her husband takes her entire estate. Until 1882, the law did not even allow a wife to make a will if she desired, except as regarded property her right to dispose of which by bequest had been expressly reserved in a settlement made before marriage. The second supposititious case would certainly be as put by our correspondent. Suppose a rich woman married a penniless man, and died intestate, her children would be dependent upon their stepfather's generosity; the mother's fortune would be his property alone. But if a man die intestate his widow does not in like manner become his legal heir—she has only a share of what he leaves—a third of his personal property if there are children, and none of his freeholds, having in this respect been placed in worse position than formerly by an Act "barring the widow's

Dower-Rights," passed during the reign of William IV. By a very recent Act, however, a widow has been made to inherit the property of an intestate husband up to the amount of £500—a great boon to poor wives. But even this concession does not apply to freehold property, which descends to the eldest son; so that, supposing a man to have invested his small savings through a building society in a freehold house, and to die leaving a widow, and perhaps four or five girls growing up, and a baby boy of a year or two, the little property which should help the widow to rear and educate the whole family is not available for the purpose, but is reserved as the property of the small eldest son. Cruel hardships arise from this state of affairs. The amendment of the Law of Intestacy is one of the objects of the Women's Franchise League, but it is extremely difficult—in fact, really impossible—to make any progress in women's law reform because we have not the assistance of the vote to compel the attention of the already over-taxed House of Commons to the interests of women.

IGNORAMUS writes:—"I am so fond of THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL, and look for it with great eagerness every week. I am writing to ask you to tell me of some book I may read which makes politics easy to understand—which deals with the questions of to-day both from a Liberal and Tory side? I shall be greatly obliged if you will answer me this in THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL."

Such a book as our correspondent wants was prepared by Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., and was called "Political Questions." It was sold at, I think, 3s. 6d., and could doubtless be had through any bookseller.

MISS CLOUGH'S LIFE.—Miss Amy Mander writes the following interesting note on this subject:—

"My dear Mrs. Fenwick Miller.—As an old Newnham student and a dear lover of Miss Clough, I was greatly interested in your sympathetic notice of her life in this week's SIGNAL. I was with her in 1874 for a year, and again in 1879-81 and was much in her confidence, and know how true is every word you say generally in lines 10-48. I don't copy out your words, as I have been very ill, and cannot yet write long together without fatigue. Your words are marvellously accurate and amount almost to "second sight": That last awful day at Cambridge would have broken her heart, and my first thought when the news was telegraphed to me was of gratitude she had not lived to see it. On the other hand, many of her old students feel that if she had been at the helm, with her wonderful wisdom, courage and sweetness, such a disaster could never have happened. All women, indeed, owe her life-long gratitude for her noble, unselfish and inspiring work. I think THE SIGNAL becomes more interesting and valuable every week."

## THE DOCTRINE OF WORKS.

The resurrection of Christ is the need of our day. He has dwelt behind a curtain of mysticism; He has been buried in the grave of ecclesiastical formulæ, wrapped about by the ceremonies of superstition, until the common people, who would hear Him gladly if He were permitted to speak the language of their common life, have grown weary and sad, saying, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

The worthlessness of the idle rich and the wickedness of the idle poor offset each other. The tramp, who, on being asked to saw wood before eating breakfast, left this scrawl on the pile as he disappeared, was the representative of that large constituency of rich and poor who stand on the same level: "Tell them you saw me, but you didn't see me saw!"

Beloved comrades, an age is hustling to the front that will see them all saw or know the reason why, and that is the age of the carpenter's Son. We have worshipped Him with our words, but henceforth we must worship with deeds or be set down as infidels and hypocrites. We have murmured, "We beseech thee to hear us, Good Lord!"; hereafter it is Himself we have to hear saying in the same tones in which He rebuked the money-changers in the temple: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, but do not the things that I say?" We have consecrated our knees to Him when it was our hands He wanted; we have courted to a man-made altar when He asked our obeisance for humanity itself. Science is killing out superstition as disinfectants kill microbes; no set of men can make any other set believe that they are custodians of any charm that makes men free from sin save love to God and love to man, wrought out into the enduring form of everyday work to

help others to be less miserable. A bad life is the worst of heresies. Conferences and synods, revival meetings and prayer circles will have written as their epitaph, unless they make direct, honest, hard work to help men in the daily business of life: "Behold your house is left unto you desolate." All this must be stopped, and we are the Christ-men and Christ-women to stop it, or else we are pitiable dreamers and deluded professors of what we don't believe. I say this as a loving and always loyal daughter of the Church, and I say it more to myself than to you, "O that I were less at ease in Zion! But by Christ's name and life I mean to be—so help me, God."

On my recent birthday it came to me that I could gain no truer concept of God than by holding to the presence of Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, as ever tenderly smiling on me and saying, "Receive My spirit," and that in the halo round His head I saw the words, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "Receive My spirit!" That is life's safest and most alluring utter, but there will come a day when we shall utter those great words back again, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and then the mystery of life, its discipline, its joys and grief, will end, and the glad mystery of death will work out the transfer to other realms of the Infinite Power.—Frances E. Willard.

## GRACIOUS GIVING.

THERE has been for many days a Christmas-coming gladness in the air inciting one to effort, to fulfil worthily the day and the season in its significance of gift-giving, thanksgiving and praise. Gifts that are elaborate and beautiful, and gifts that are simple and plain, are in waiting for those best loved, and the friends most cherished—not forgetting the worthily poor, and those dependent upon others for the cheer and brightness that shall come into their lives, if such brightness is to come at all.

Being "just before generous" will necessitate a careful looking into the state of family finance throughout the homes of the masses, to which class of individuals the greater majority of the great world belongs. And the prudent, far-seeing housewife is ever just to the inmates of her household realm, and to the good husband upon whose labour she is usually dependent for the silver in her purse.

The most simple of gifts, in a graceful manner presented, become to the recipient many fold more valuable than their intrinsic worth, representing, as they do, the thoughtfulness and love of the donor. Ofttimes it happens that one little knows the far-reaching influences of the gift that may have seemed simple to them in the giving, and like bread thrown upon the waters, is returned, if not to them, to others, at least, a thousandfold. One cannot measure or understand the breadth of God's blessing upon gifts thus bestowed.

At the ushering in of the Yule Tide of 1895 there came to the home of one little home-keeper a strangely light weight yet bulky appearing envelope giving no trace of from whom or where. Upon opening and disclosing the contents of the letter—supposedly—there dropped therefrom, into the pleased and surprised little woman's lap, a seemingly inexhaustible supply of postage stamps. "And to think! This makes it possible for me to write an entire one hundred letters to my shut-in friends." And for very joy did the tears unbidden start.

For years our little friend had lived the life of a helpless invalid, and through her helplessness had come to her the knowledge of the world's great number of suffering, helpless ones, throughout its length and breadth. Regaining partially her health and strength, she had not with it forgotten those whom she knew to have never recovered. She longed intensely to write the helpful, cheerful letters they loved and looked for so eagerly, and she longed to reach even farther from home than she had been able to do in the years when herself bed-fast. But postage stamps, though but one penny apiece, count more rapidly into the

## THE LADIES OF THE SAVOY.

THE STORY OF A GARDEN.

BY BACHELIERE.

IN the Strand, 500 years ago, between Northumberland-street and St. Dunstan's Church, ran a garden by the riverside. It was graced by a rambling house, and planted on land made over by Henry III. to his bride, Eleanor of Provence. Eleanor!—the king's idol, *état* sixteen, wilful and very beautiful, given to good works despite her pride, and determined before all other things to help the women of her native country.

"I will have the house in my garden greatly enlarged," she said, "and my Provence ladies, fifty at a time, shall come and live there."

The King started. Already Count Peter of Savoy, uncle and guardian to the Queen, was living regally, with a host of followers, at the expense of the English nation. He muttered something about "cost": his coffers were empty.

"The money I must have at once," said Eleanor. Her word was law to the King. At nightfall a goody sun lay at the Queen's feet. Henry, true son of John, had extracted, amid deep-mouthed curses, the requisite amount from the Jew merchants of London, and a palace, to be called the Palace of the Savoy, was to be erected forthwith to please the Queen. Peter of Savoy was to live there. Eleanor was radiant with happiness. Her childhood long, stories of Provençal crusades by crusading had filled the heart of the Queen with pity, and the loved troubadour of the Court of her uncle—no less a Crusader than Count Raymond of Toulouse—had called forth in Eleanor an intention which nothing could shake of helping her fallen friends directly she got the chance. And now she was rich; her husband was King of England; she would set to work. It was arranged that as soon as the house was ready Count Peter should set out for Provence and bring back with him Eleanor's ladies. Women of the highest birth had again and again been reduced to poverty through the disasters of their lords at the last crusades; the Queen of England would help the daughters.

"Choose me them fair as well as poor," said the Queen, as her uncle next year sailed for France, "for it is my plan, Count Peter, to marry them as they arrive, to such rich, honest men of our Court as will take a Provençal wife."

Meanwhile, operations went on with zeal. Eleanor and her ladies working on the spot, and bringing exquisite taste to bear on everything connected with their scheme. The garden was enchanting, plums, nuts and apples grew on its sunny slopes. At length one autumn afternoon news came that a ship, expected by her Majesty, was sailing up the Thames. The Queen in person went to the Watergate. A vessel crowned with flowers and fair women touched the landing place, and Peter of Savoy stepped on shore. "The Queen's guests," he said gaily, and one by one there filed past their Royal hostess the loveliest Frenchwomen ever touched on in our British Museum archives.

One reads that Eleanor's scheme, at least in its matrimonial aspect, was an unprecedented success, although her ship contained more people than even she had ventured to ask for; one reads, too, that, despite the anger of the people, her guests were sumptuously fed and lodged. For, like her husband, Henry's wife cared nothing for the masses; in fact, Eleanor looked on them simply as money providers, who ought to feel honoured that they were asked to lend.

Again the Queen stands at the Watergate, but she is old, and sad, and alone. An hour later, in a wretched boat, without a friend, screamed at by the populace, pelted by the Jews, she is fleeing for dear life down the river, to end her days in a nunnery. Henry could not help her; he was a prisoner in the hands of his own people.

But at least for the Savoy garden happier days are in store, Eleanor's son, Edmund, Duke

of Lancaster, to whom the Palace fell at the death of his mother, journeyed to Provence, and brought thither not only a wife, but the lilies and white and red roses which wreathed her garden. The roses grew wonderfully on English soil. To their off-shoots have been traced the very roses of the Temple Gardens, immortalised by Shakespeare, badges of the Houses of York and Lancaster (Loftie, "Memoirs of the Savoy.")

Edmund had no child but one, the Lady Blanche. Her name will live as long as our language. Picture an unknown poet with shaggy hair and mean attire (albeit a vintner's son, of a family well-to-do, but a runagate), gazing over the garden gate at the loveliest woman of her time, and you will see, as if Mrs. Spartali Stillman had painted him, a humble *protégé* of the Lady Blanche and of her father; picture him a year later in scarlet raiment in the Duke's household, and you will see Chaucer—Chaucer, his whole soul stirred into poetry by the only woman whom he ever loved. And his Muse! Alas, poor Blanche! . . . She is enthralled with his genius. But two quiet meetings in the Savoy gardens, and he has whispered his love to his Princess. Then it is all found out, or at least suspected; in haste the Lady Blanche is married to the highest bidder—none other than John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster—and, in scarcely a year more Chaucer is writing his first great poem, "The Death of Blanche."

Some time after this, a strange pageant, surveyed by Philippa of Hainault, passed one morning through the Palace grounds; King John of France, captured by the Black Prince, rode on a noble steed surrounded by courtiers, to his prison at the Savoy. "Here he was entertained sumptuously, and consoled with all her power," by the noblest woman of her age, Queen Philippa, who could raise a force herself and crush the Scots at Neville's Cross, when her husband was away winning Creecy, and yet, with tears not to be withstood, beseech pardon for the prisoners of Calais.

It was through a woman that the garden of which I write grew into loveliness, it was through a woman, though indirectly, that it came to a luckless end. Wat Tyler's daughter of fifteen had been insulted by a taxgatherer of Richard II. Tyler killed him on the spot, then, using his child's name as a watchword, he marched from Kent to London, vowing vengeance on the king's advisers. An immense mob joined his band of earnest men. Shouting "Justice," they rushed through the Savoy gates and trampled every green and living thing beneath their feet. Then they set fire to the Palace, for its lord was chief adviser to the King. Thus perished, June 13th, 1381, Queen Eleanor's garden, of which, to show the utmost landmarks, there lingers to-day in quiet Savoy Street, a grassy corner shaded by trees; the Palace, it is true, was rebuilt, but the garden was cut up into streets by Henry Bolingbroke. Queen Mary, in a moment of mercy, for which she is never given credit, after much anxious planning, tried to found a hospital in the new building, but the Bishop of London over-ruled her. (Was he a Cambridge man?—it was Mary, not the Bishop who had really studied the question, but she deferred to a novice in the matter because—he was a man!) The streets were further cut up by the Stuarts.

One last word on Eleanor's garden. Where once grew the lilies of Provence now flourish innumerable women at work; but for those amongst them who are trying in some way to improve the condition of their sex, there are now no paths strewn with roseleaves. Yet, amongst the many schemes which women put forward, why not devise one—though at the eleventh hour—to better the condition of those sisters whom we survey with sorrow at the Savoy gates?

Baroness Hirsch, in addition to carrying on the charitable plans of her late husband, has undertaken new works of charity of her own. Among these are the establishment of a maternity hospital in Munich, the founding of annuities for twenty-five destitute gentlewomen, and a large donation to a Warsaw Hospital.



## Current Notes FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The Queen values the devoted service which she receives, and has often erected memorials to departed faithful friends of humble rank. Her Majesty has just paid similar testimony to another of her old servants. In Crathie churchyard she has placed a tombstone with the following inscription:—

This Stone is placed by  
QUEEN VICTORIA  
in grateful and affectionate remembrance  
of  
ANNIE M'DONALD,  
daughter of  
WILLIAM MITCHELL, of Clachanturn,  
and widow of  
JOHN M'DONALD.

She was in the Queen's service for 41 years, and during 31 years was wardrobe maid and the faithful servant and devoted friend to the Queen, by whom her loss is deeply deplored. She was born at Carn-na-Cuimhne, January 3rd, 1832, and died at Clachanturn, July 4th, 1897, beloved and mourned by all who knew her.

"Let her own works praise her."  
Proverbs xxxi., 31.  
"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

Already some four women are usefully employed as visitors under the London School Board—two in the Tower Hamlets district, one in Southwark, and a fourth in Hammersmith. At the annual meeting of the Women's Metropolitan Union, Mrs. Homan, of the London School Board, supported a resolution urging the need of more women visitors, on the ground that such work is specially suited for women, and that the employment of women in that capacity would result in a better attendance.

Miss M. G. Frodsham has been appointed lecturer in the Cambridge Training College for Women Teachers. Miss Frodsham was elected to an entrance scholarship at Holloway College in 1895, where she subsequently obtained the first founder's scholarship for mathematics, and the Driver prize for mathematics. She took the London B.A. degree and also second-class Oxford Honour Modulations in Mathematics.

MEMORIALS TO MISS BUSS.—A Memorial window and bust having been paid for, there is a balance in the hands of the trustees of the Frances Buss Memorial Fund of £1,717, which is to be devoted to a Frances Buss travelling scholarship for a woman who has taught in a secondary school or schools, and who is a fully qualified teacher. The decision as to the award will be made by the following individuals, acting as local trustees:—The head mistress of the North London Collegiate School, the president of the Head Mistresses' Association, the chairman of the Council of the Teachers' Guild, the Mistress of Girton College and the Dean of the College of Preceptors. The sum available will be about £40 per annum, and the trustees have thought it best to award the scholarship biennially, the first award to be made in May, 1898. In that year and in the year 1900 the value of the scholarship will be £60, but afterwards it will be of the value of £80. Candidates will be required to hold a University degree or its equivalent, and will also be required to possess some certificate of efficiency as a teacher, and in addition must have taught not less than five years in a secondary school. The scholar will further be required to satisfy the trustees as to a scheme of work during her residence abroad, and must undertake to submit a report of that work to them afterwards.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN IN COUNCIL.—The Wanstead branch of the above association held a most successful meeting on Friday, the 12th inst., at Dunster, Spratt Hall-road, Wanstead. Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Somerville attended on behalf of the mother Association. The principal points dealt with by the

speakers were the necessity for women to meet together for mutual education, the pressing need for women to support and promote measures to secure to them the same parliamentary rights as men possess, to put down the evil effects of class bias and to break down class prejudice, also to educate public opinion as to the importance of the economic independence of women, and lastly to promote education and thus encourage the combined action of men and women in all public work. A debate followed, in which several of the members joined. The meeting then resolved itself into an informal "At Home." A hearty vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Somerville.

MAIDSTONE GRATEFUL TO THE NURSES OF THE TYPHOID EPIDEMIC.—The grateful citizens of Maidstone have raised a special subscription amongst themselves, with the kind intention of bestowing a souvenir of the town on every nurse employed during the typhoid epidemic. Pretty silver medals have been designed for this purpose, and were formally presented on December 8th. A large number of nurses are still in the town, but their work is decreasing, and their services will probably be dispensed with at no distant date. Private persons, who desire that the nurse who has attended them during the epidemic shall receive the same token of recognition, may purchase a medal and present it to her.

Lady Griselda Ogilvie, daughter of the Dowager Countess of Airlie, is about to renounce the profession of nursing, of which she is a fully-trained adept, and to enter the bonds of matrimony. She is much attached to her hospital work in Newcastle, which she was about to resume when these new interests prevented her doing so.

An interesting feature in last year's history of the Lahore (India) Medical College is the award of the Neil medal in surgery to Miss Grace Marston, who came out above all the other competitors in the subject.

Just outside the town of Cape Porpoise, Miss., live the oldest married couple in the United States. They are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mantel, and they are one hundred and one and ninety-eight years of age respectively. The aged pair have lived together for seventy-one years and are still happy.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has been appointed one of the "Regents" of the California State University. It is her intention to spend large sums of money for buildings and equipment of the university. Mrs. Phebe Hearst supports several free kindergartens in Washington, D.C., in addition to other benefactions, giving away each year a large portion of her income.

A new building, to cost 25,000 dollars, is being built by Mrs. M. R. Bissell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., as a gift to the Kindergarten Association of that city.

American Women have recently made several steps forward. Miss Estelle Reel has been successful as superintendent of public instruction in Wyoming. She has charge of the leasing and selling of the school lands, and under her administration the income of the State from this source has grown from 100 dollars to 1,000 dollars a week. Miss Margaret Reeve bears the distinction of having been, for ten days, *de facto* governor of Idaho. Miss Reeve is private secretary to the Secretary of State, and she acted as governor during the temporary absence of most of the State officials, who had left signed documents in blank for her to use. For what is believed to be the first time in the history of this government, a woman is acting as one of its representatives abroad, Secretary Sherman having approved the request of J. Adolphe Guy, consular agent of the United States at Edmunston, New Brunswick, for two weeks' leave, and appointed Emma Hart to act as consular agent during

his absence. Obviously, if these ladies can be satisfactory substitutes they might hold the posts in their own personalities. The designs for the new buildings of the female seminary at Washington, Pa., were made by Miss Elise Mercur, of Pittsburg. Mrs. Clara Meade, of Chicago, is the contractor. The Pittsburgh Dispatch states that both these women show the same thoroughness and business energy that characterise successful men in similar callings.

## WOMEN IN AUSTRALASIA.

From our Special Correspondent,  
MRS. JESSIE ROOKE.

AN influential Franchise meeting was lately held at Perth, Western Australia, in connection with the annual Convention of the W.C.T.U. Amongst the speakers was Mrs. Nicholls, Australasian President, who said that the W.C.T.U. had taken up the franchise cry because it had been found that the liquor traffic could not be coped with unless proper legislation were provided. While she had heard a great many objections to the franchise, she had not heard any real arguments against it, and she believed that woman should have a voice in making the laws simply because it was her right. The women of South Australia had proved their appreciation of their enfranchisement by using the privilege, as a greater percentage of women than of men voted at the last General Election.

In supporting the motion, "That in the opinion of this meeting the best interests of the Colony would be served by the granting of the franchise to women," Mr. G. T. Simpson, M.L.A., sketched the progress of the political movements in that Colony. In the first, the supporters of the motion before the House were outvoted by one only, and on the second by two. The individuality of women was becoming much more pronounced than hitherto, and it was necessary that men should seek their aid at the ballot-box. The speaker said that when in New Zealand he had learned through the leading men of that colony, that they had but one opinion, and that was that the enfranchisement of women had worked with unalloyed advantage to the colony. He thought that the supporters of the movement in Western Australia were on the eve of victory, and during next session he hoped the question would be brought up and carried.

The women of Launceston and the northern part of Tasmania have in a very practical and beneficent manner commemorated the long and happy reign of our good Queen Victoria. They have sent to Her Majesty a congratulatory address, signed by 4,000 subscribers, and also have established a hospital for women. An energetic committee has received warm support, and the outcome of their efforts was that on September 29th the new "Queen Victoria Hospital" was formally opened. It is pleasantly situated, has large grounds, and is in every way adapted for the purpose for which it was purchased. This Hospital is meeting a long-felt need, and, so far, has met with liberal contributions. These have not been confined to money—gifts of shrubs, plants, furniture, house linen, labour, &c., have greatly assisted this good work. Several medical gentlemen in Launceston, with the usual liberality of their profession, have offered gratuitous services in turn. The officers and committee are ladies, with the exception of the honorary auditor and one of the honorary treasurers.

There are over twelve women in Tasmania who hold the position of Government Registrars of births, deaths and marriages. By reason of their official position they can perform the sacred ceremony of marriage, and in the eyes of the law it is as binding as if transacted by any ecclesiastical dignitary.

(Signed) J. S. ROOKE,  
Ingleside, Burnie, Tasmania.  
Col.-Sup. Press Department.

## WOMEN IN CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

If ever there were good ground for a boycott, there certainly is in the gage of battle that has been thrown down by the female members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Nebraska. This boycott was suggested by Mrs. Caroline M. Woodward, of Lincoln, who is said to be, what can readily be believed, a woman of great mental vigor and religious zeal. She is associated with the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and has long been identified with the Methodist Church in Nebraska. She has struggled for ten years to secure recognition of the rights of women of the church, but without success. At the last general conference Mrs. Woodward made a strong plea for women, explaining in detail the work they performed in the church and the fact that two-thirds of the members of the Methodist Church were women. After briefly considering the subject, the bishops told Mrs. Woodward that she and other advocates of equal rights were wasting their energies, since the conference was opposed to them, and the constitution of the church would prohibit the plan, even though the conference favoured it. But Mrs. Woodward was not discouraged. She declared that the constitution was man-made, and could be revised by man with special regard for the advancement of the church and civilization. Then she returned to Nebraska and put herself in communication with other women who thought they ought to share in the government of the church. They decided upon a boycott, which it is intended later to extend to other States, and thus to force the conference to take steps to grant the wishes of the women. Mrs. Woodward has issued a general proclamation advising her sisters in the church to cease active co-operation in the church work of their communion until the officials of the denomination come to their senses. "We propose," she says, "to continue this strike until the rights of the female members to participate in the administration of the organization are conceded by a change in the constitution and book of discipline, or the removal of any other obstacle in the pathway of the conference to our end. It is not our purpose to disrupt the church, but merely to show the conference our material strength. Why, the women constitute the great body of the members who do the real work. Take any community; what would the local church amount to if the women remained at home as the men do? Certainly the church could not remain open."

Mrs. Woodward estimates that three months will be sufficient to show the general conference the power of the women of the Methodist Church, and she says that there is no other religious denomination in existence where the membership of the women predominates so largely, and there is no denomination where the latitude permitted to women in the administration of the fundamental church government is so small. Mrs. Woodward says further: "I expect to see this movement extended to other churches until it creates a radical reform in the religious organization of the

United States. It is spreading rapidly in Nebraska. Many ministers are with us in the fight. The boycott will remain until the officials of the church grant our rights. We do not care whether it is called a strike, boycott, or what not. The truth is, that it is a movement for religious emancipation, probably not so great in a sense as the one inaugurated by Martin Luther, but equally just, and as certain to win."

Here indeed seems an opportunity where woman can show her strength, and an opportunity too wherein she ought to show it. In addition to refusing to take part in church work until they are given a voice in the government of the church, women should carry their boycott a step further and refuse to attend church services, what would become of the church? The women have the power to enforce their claims to recognition, and the only wonder is that they have not exercised that power long ago.—*Boston Transcript*.

## SHOPPING.

PUT money in our purses and let us go a-shopping an' you would have us full of sweet content. It is a simple if expensive recreation, and it is one that appeals very strongly to most women, though not so strongly to all as it is generally supposed. As a pathetic fact it is to some women almost the only amusement. The rest of the time they are domestic drudges; they cannot even take their children out for an airing, for this being an inferior kind of job the small general of fourteen years or so can be trusted with the precious little bodies, while the mother must stay indoors to attend to the far higher duties of cleaning house and cooking meals. To her, then, there is a pleasure even in the ordinary marketing, which affords excuse for something so rare as an outing. There is an art in that, too, for one must learn how to make one's purchases various, yet keep them within the modest limits of meagre income, know exactly how much one wants for comfort without a margin of waste, and distinguish between luxuries and the indispensable. To spend a sixpence here and there on some dainty—a few cookies to make afternoon tea more tempting, or something equally modest, or to substitute chops for stewing steak for the family dinner, these are but trifles far beneath the consideration of an intellectual woman, but they do make all the difference in the world when it is a question of keeping out of debt on a tiny income.

Some of us might like, with lordly indifference to cost, to distribute our orders according to our desires, but that is to proceed to the other extreme, which we cannot afford to do. Therefore, we bargain and weigh the merits of each article offered to us, though we may find it irksome enough to do so. All shopping is not pleasant. It is hard to be reproached with being late for dinner, gadding about spending money and all that sort of thing, when you have been doing your honest best with the £5 your husband gave you to invest for him in underwear, shirts, hose, and other troublesome

and uninteresting items that he can't be bothered purchasing for himself, as well as to renew the boys' school trousers and replace their well-worn shoes. With all the calls upon it £5 will not go very far, and its judicious laying-out will sometimes cause headache, if not heartache. Nor is it an enthralling occupation to buy the necessary pots and pans and renew the household breakables, resisting the temptations of glass and china counters in favour of the necessary but commonplace delf, or to choose kitchen sheets and tablecloths, glass towels and dusters, when one is hankering after fine Belfast linen and Mountmellick work. The amount of hard physical exertion, to say nothing of self-sacrifice, in domestic shopping, is not to be lightly estimated. But if the result of it is to leave us with somewhat ruffled tempers, we have the bright home fireside and the bright welcoming smiles of the husband to look forward to; or why shouldn't we, since our bright smiling faces must, according to every authority upon the duties of a wife, be ready to welcome them whenever they seek us, no matter what may be our mood?—*Glasgow Evening News*.

## HOW TO CURE SLEEPLESSNESS.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of September 25th, 1897, Dr. J. B. Learned describes the following method, which he used in his own case. For some years he suffered from insomnia following a fall from his cart. He tried many methods of treatment in vain—drugs, hot water and cold water internally and externally, friction, over-feeding and under-feeding, exercise, gymnastics, deep inspirations, and numberless mental occupations. At last the following method proved a success. The principle is to induce muscular fatigue by exercises carried out in bed. Lying on his back the patient first reaches for the foot and head board at the same time. He then raises his head half an inch; at the same time he breathes slowly and deeply about eight inspirations to the minute, which are counted. After about 20 inspirations, the head, which begins to feel heavy, is dropped. The right foot is then raised (the reaching for the boards and counting being continued) and similarly dropped when fatigued. The left foot goes through the same process. The muscles which are used in reaching for the head and footboards are then relieved, and the body is elevated so that it rests on the head and heels. He then turns on the right side and reaches for the head and footboards again, and raises first the head and then the foot as before. The same process is gone through on the other side. Thus eight positions have been assumed and a large number of muscles used. If sleep has not been induced the same cycle is gone over again.

UNITY.—The family harmony (Gurney family) was in no way disturbed by differences of opinion on religious points. For in one thing they all agreed—to love one another.

TRUST.—Changing the D of disappointment into an H makes everything right.—*A.W.C.*

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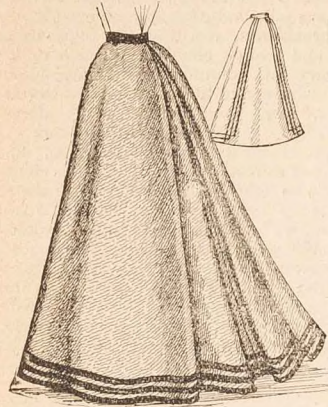
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## WHAT TO WEAR.

## BAZAR PATTERNS.

(Hints by May Manton.)



7178.—Ladies' New Skirt with Fan Back.

The stylish model here shown will meet with universal favour, and can safely be worn throughout the entire winter. The material selected is rich novelty goods. The decoration consists of braid, tastefully arranged so as to define the front gore, and, continuing around the lower edge, forms a neat foot decoration. The shaping is accomplished by five gores, the front and sides fitting smoothly over the hips at the top, while the back gores are laid in close overlapping plaits that meet at the centre-back, where the placket opening is finished. Below the hips the gores gradually expand, producing a slight flare. The top finishes with a narrow belt, and the lower edge has an interlining of light-weight hair-cloth to the depth of six inches. Taffeta silk forms the lining, for which, however, can be substituted percaline, nearsilk, or any one of the less expensive linings. Serge, chevot, cloth, velour novelties and silks are suitable for making. The skirt may be trimmed as illustrated, or with any preferred decoration. It should be noted that all the newest skirts are a little trimmed, so that a dress intended to wear into spring should certainly have a decorated skirt.

To make this skirt for a lady in the medium size will require five and three-eighths yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7178, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

Pattern will be mailed on receipt of 6d. in stamps by the English Agency (Department W.), Bazar Pattern Co., Belper.



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## "SPICK AND SPAN."

THE above is the title of a small booklet issued by Messrs. McCallum, of 17, Stonehouse, Plymouth, the proprietors of the registered "Kals" shape lady's knickerbockers, and the exclusive makers of those goods. The little booklet is devoted to describing the "Kals" knickers, and will be gladly sent to anyone who applies for it by means of a postcard. If any of our readers are still so far in the dark ages as not to have tried knickerbockers in place of petticoats, they are hereby strongly adjured to no longer remain in such a backward condition, but to forthwith experiment in the much greater comfort of clothing each limb separately, and we will venture to prophesy that extremely few will desire to go back to the absurd old-fashioned system! This is a degree of Dress Reform which it is open to everyone of us to carry out, not only without interference from any laws, but without in any degree outraging custom, since it is a departure from older unhygienic costume habits which is quite imperceptible. Knickers made in a sufficiently warm material and worn over woollen combinations are quite sufficient clothing even in the depth of winter, but a silk or other light petticoat may be worn above the knickers without much inconvenience, and is useful simply to be able to hold the dress up over it when the weather is muddy, the real reliance for the necessary warmth of clothing being given to the knickers. The saving in weight, dragging upon the hips, and also the greatly increased warmth, can only be understood by experience.

"Kals" knickers can be had, by post, to begin with at the very low price of 3s. 11d. This small sum provides the garment made in a special fabric called "Kal Roy," made on purpose for Messrs. McCallum. It is woven with a soft swansdown back and a fine cord face, and dyed fast indigo, the same as the best serges. It is a wonderful material for the price; indeed, when one considers that 3s. 11d. includes entire making and forwarding by parcels post, it is very surprising that it can be done for the trifling sum. "Kals" are sent off immediately on receipt of a postal note for 3s. 11d., and a memorandum stating waist measurement and the length from the waist to the knee of the intending wearer. These low-priced garments are intended chiefly to encourage ladies to make a trial, but when the system of dress has been adopted, it will generally be found preferable to have a higher-priced garment, such as the 8s. 6d. navy serge, or the coatings, which run from 8s. 11d. to 13s. 6d., and of these superior "all wool" materials patterns will be sent on application. One happy thought of Messrs. McCallum is to always send a gratis piece of material with the "Kals" for repairing, provided it is asked for at the time of ordering, and another is to refrain from putting any label outside their packages, so baffling inquisitive servants.

## EVENING GOWNS.

SOME pretty evening dresses have been sent out recently by Mrs. Enfield Price, and a description of these may be of interest to some of our readers. The first was in white moiré velours arranged over pink silk, which gave it something the effect of a sea-shell. The bodice was brightened by a zouave of spangled net trimmed with bars of pink bébé ribbon. A pretty dress for a young girl was in white spotted silk, with a square bodice cut very full in front and fastening at one side, and edged with a cascade of chiffon. The sleeves were made of pleatings of chiffon, and the neck was edged with little frills of the same, caught down here and there with sprays of heather. Two charming dresses for two young sisters were in white striped satin with the bodice and sleeves draped in silver gauze. A white silk dress had a very original bodice, made in the pouched form, and fastened down one side with rosettes of pale blue satin ribbon, loops of the same ribbon falling over the sleeves. The bodice was edged with very effective passementerie made of crystal beads. Very stylish for an older lady was an evening toilette of black satin merveilleux, mixed with some beautiful yellow and white brocade, figured with a pattern of foliage. The waistcoat was formed of the brocade, and the back of the basque was arranged in hollow pleats to reveal the brocaded lining. The sleeve was arranged with three upward pleats caught with a strap so as to throw all the fullness to the back.

A pretty Russian blouse that Mrs. Enfield Price has just made for day wear is in smoke-grey corduroy-velvet, which makes a beautiful harmony with revers and collar of electric seal. A blouse of black chiffon for demi-toilette was very useful and pretty, the long rucked sleeves producing a very dressy effect. High bodices and long sleeves are being a good deal worn in the evening this winter, and are quite permissible on the smartest occasions provided they are made in a sufficiently dressy style. Mrs. Enfield Price's address is 35, Kempford-gardens, Earl's Court. She is very ingenious and painstaking, her prices are decidedly moderate, and she undertakes to make from a pattern-bodice, for ladies living too far away for a personal fitting.

CHIFFON.

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WILL anyone help to give a new start to a most useful woman, who is longing to show her determination to lead a temperate life, but for whom funds are urgently needed? Full particulars given. Address, E. 148, WOMAN'S SIGNAL office, 30, Maiden-lane, London, W.C.

## 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.]

## ARE WOMEN LIARS?

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—With your permission, I should like to offer some remarks on the subject opened by your correspondent, S. Woolcott. "Feminine mendacity" undoubtedly has its parallel in masculine mendacity! Being a human vice it is practised alike by men and women of a low moral type. Sex has much to answer for in the way of sex vice and crime, to say nothing of conceit, but sex belongs to man as an animal only, whereas lying is a lapse from a noble attribute of our spiritual nature. It follows then that a mendacious woman is a liar who happens to be of the feminine gender—not a woman, therefore a liar! Similarly, a man of evil life is one whose animal nature predominates over his spiritual nature, his gender happening to be masculine—not a man, and therefore vicious! It is curious, and goes to prove the truth of the saying that one sees only what one is looking for, that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, while searching the criminal records came upon nothing to remind him that fraudulent trustees and bankrupts, promoters of bubble companies and syndicates, absconding cashiers, blackmailers, deceivers of women and plausible hypocrites who swindle under a cloak of religion and philanthropy are frequently men—men, too, "capable of extraordinary mendacity." Not infrequently, indeed, their whole lives have been one cruel lie! He might also find, and deduce therefrom the depravity of men, that men of unblemished character to outward seeming, sometimes even unsuspected by their wives, have led lives of the grossest immorality, the deception ending only with their lives. Possibly a knowledge of such facts may influence juries when estimating the value of evidence to character in cases of a certain kind.

In all cases, of whatever nature, the prisoner, woman as well as man, should have the full benefit of any doubt, but to lay it down that women are liars, and therefore that assaults on them should be leniently dealt with, is a dangerous and cowardly doctrine: dangerous because if the accused man cannot be proved guilty he should not be punished at all, and cowardly because it cheapens criminal assaults on women by depriving the punishment for such dastardly offences of its deterrent severity.

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Possibly the experienced judges and counsel who desire to give increased protection to women and little girls are hampered less by their conviction of the "extraordinary mendacity of which women are capable" than by the knowledge, common to "men of the world," that offenders under the Criminal Law Amendment Act are not always of the criminal class, while gentlemen must not be "subjected to physical degradation."

The injustice of generalising from a few individuals to half the species is only equalled by its silliness. Yet this is what male writers are constantly doing, and not the "smart" among them only. Where men are concerned they generalise from the intellectual giants—a Shakespeare, a Newton; while they ransack the police and divorce courts for types of womanhood!

Women should be on juries in all cases affecting women, but not on the "Set a thief to catch a thief" principle.—Yours faithfully,

15, Queen-street, E.C. MARY AULD.

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