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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. 174, VOL. VII.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

APRIL 29TH, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

VOL. VII., No. 174.]

APRIL 29, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

MRS. TOOLEY'S LIFE OF THE QUEEN.*

MRS. TOOLEY'S skill in portraying living characters is well-known, but she has never produced anything more interesting than her latest work, the Life of Queen Victoria. Although it is, of course, impossible to relate any facts now unknown to the public (owing to the numerous books and articles on the same interesting subject, and particularly to her Majesty's own account of herself in the life of Prince Albert), Mrs. Tooley must have taken much trouble to glean together all the amusing little anecdotes, and useful information, of which her book is composed.

Another feature by which this book will be distinguished amidst the many similar publications of this "Diamond Jubilee" is the great number of its illustrations, and the novelty of many of them. Portraits of the Queen herself at all ages, of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and also of the noble lady who bore the title of governess-in-chief to the young princess in her childhood—the Duchess of Northumberland—and of her Majesty's tutor—Canon Davys—are given in the early part of the volume, and later on, there are rare illustrations given of many interesting events, such as the Queen opening the great Exhibition, portraits of her Majesty and the Prince Consort as Queen Philippa of Hainault and Edward III. at their "Plantagenet" fancy dress ball, of Mr. Gladstone on the occasion of the "Stuart" ball in a dress of the time of James the second, and of the Royal children at various ages, as well as of the Queen's homes, both inside and outside. Altogether, no better souvenir volume of the Queen's year could be found than Mrs. Tooley's, unique as it is in many important respects, and in every way well done.

Many details will be new to the majority of readers. Regarding the Queen's childhood, Mrs. Tooley tells us:—

"Sketching was a favourite occupation with the Princess, her love of form and the beauties of nature having been observable at a very early age; when taking walks about Esher with her Uncle Leopold, she often pointed out beautiful bits of landscape, and it was at Claremont that she first began sketching from nature. She was fond too of looking at pictures and of imagining what the people in them might be saying to each other, a dramatic element in the character which found further expression in the mock ceremonies which she enacted with her retinue of dolls. Upon a long board full of pegs, into which the doll's feet fitted, she rehearsed court receptions, presentations, and held mimic drawing-rooms and levees. Her dolls numbered 132; a large number of them were dressed entirely by herself in artistic costumes to represent historic characters or people she knew. A list of them with their names and history, was kept in a copy-book. She was passionately fond of animals and of seeing natural history collections; her first visit to the British Museum was an unbounded joy, and she begged to be taken there often.

* Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By Sarah A. Tooley. Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s.

Botany too delighted her, and she began the study under the tuition of her Uncle Leopold, among the bowery groves of Claremont. Lord Albemarle remembers seeing her watering her flowers at Kensington Palace, and tells that it was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of her watering pot between the flowers and her own little feet."

The story of the Queen's youth and early married life is told by Mrs. Tooley, very much as it was told in these pages under a similar title; and, both being drawn from the same sources, Mrs. Tooley's story, of course, greatly resembles the account printed here, but with much more detail. Mrs. Tooley depicts closely the life of the Queen in those early days, reciting her yearly doings, her journeys, and even the more important of her private entertainments. Before her widowhood the Queen was in fact, as always in right, the leader of English society. As Mrs. Tooley says, "In those bright, happy days Victoria stood in the forefront of the national life. She patronised all that was best in literature, art, and the drama, and gave her sympathy and help to the philanthropies of the time."

It cannot be fairly regarded as a defect in a book with such a title that nothing is said of the more serious side of the Queen's life. To form any correct idea of her personality, indeed, it is essential to remember that all the amusements, the pageants, and the fetes of which Mrs. Tooley tells, and all the domestic interests, the building of houses, the bringing up of children, and the rest, were but a small portion of a life which was mainly devoted to wide public interests and to the serious study of political affairs. Sir T. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" gives a far truer impression of the Queen than any biography treating merely of her personal and private career can convey, for there we find the national interests and the statesmanlike cares of her life indicated, the State papers, written so frequently by the Queen, copied, and the progress of public events that bear so closely and directly upon the life of the ruler of the State indicated as they arise. But Mrs. Tooley undertakes only to give us the "personal" life of the Queen, and while it should be ever remembered that her Majesty's life, regarded as a purely private one, gives an entirely inadequate view of her, still, if this be borne in mind, it is interesting to have attention concentrated for a time upon this particular aspect of the Queen.

Mrs. Tooley very rightly emphasises the kindness of the Queen to those who have personally served her. That she has been abundantly repaid for this consideration is apparent by the years that those most immediately connected with her have remained attached to her person. It is probably rare for a person who has been trained from early infancy to believe himself the principal object of everyone's attention, and to whom devotion from all around has become a commonplace of daily life, to retain so keen a sense of obligation to those who serve him, and to receive loyalty and devotion not as a mere right, but as something demanding a return in

kind, to the degree in which the Queen has fully shown she has managed to retain these simple and right-minded feelings. From her very early years the same has been the case. It was while she was on a journey, seeing for the first time many places associated with her family history, and surrounded wherever she went by all the attention that waits upon the footsteps of a great sovereign, that she entered in her diary an unaffected statement of the deep grief caused to the Prince Consort and herself by the death of his valet, who had been with him from the Prince's boyhood, and added that all day long her eyes would keep filling with tears at the recollection. Throughout the rest of her life the same spirit is shown; whether the person involved be someone close to her, like Baron Stockmar, or one of originally very humble station, like John Brown, the Queen has always shown herself capable of really appreciating devotion in her servants, and valuing the noble qualities in those around her, and never receives all that can be done to serve her, as services are accepted by too many great personages, as a matter-of-course. Mrs. Tooley says:

"Absolute truthfulness and sincerity are qualities which dominate her character, and also gratitude towards those who have served her faithfully, be they great ministers of State or humble servants. It is part of the nobleness of her disposition that she does not assume that she has a right to special attention because of her high position. One frequently meets in her diaries with expressions of pleasure at kindness shown to her when visiting at the houses of her subjects, as though it were something unmerited. Among the many touching incidents of her gratitude to those who had been her faithful friends was the visit paid by her to her secretary, Sir John Biddulph, when he lay dying at Abergeldie Mains. 'You have been very kind to me, your Majesty,' said the dying man. 'No,' replied the Queen, as she pressed his hand, 'it is you who have been kind to me.' An utter detestation of shams is another of her Majesty's characteristics, shown by the fact that those who have obtained her greatest confidence have been honest, even to bluntness. . . . Her Majesty treated her ladies as friends; they sang and played with her, accompanied her upon horseback or in the carriage, and appear to have had few actual duties beyond these, and handing the Queen her bouquet at dinner. She addressed them by their Christian names, and, when they returned to residence, received them with a kiss and inquiries regarding the home circle which they had just left. One thing the Queen did rigidly exact, and that was punctuality."

There are a number of amusing anecdotes of the royal children in their early years. The Princess Royal, now the Empress Frederick of Germany, appears to have been a particularly interesting little girl. There is one tale taken from Lady Bloomfield's "Recollections," of her refusal to reply when her mother addressed her as "missy." After being spoken to once or twice she was obliged to make an answer, and the three-year old maiden said, "I am not 'Missy,' I am the Princess Royal." Another time, when Lady Bloomfield was out driving with the Queen and the little princess,

the carriage having stopped for some purpose, the young lady (still only about three) growing tired of not being attended to, suddenly said, "Look at that cat under the tree," and while her elders vainly looked for the cat she added, "It came out to see the Queen, I suppose!" Another of Mrs. Tooley's stories belongs to a rather later period.

"The Princess Royal was the delight of the Court and of the people; but her mother had to exercise severe discipline to keep her in order. For example, when Dr. Brown, of Windsor, entered the service of Prince Albert, the little princesses, hearing their father address him as 'Brown' used the same form of speech. The Queen corrected them and told them to say 'Dr. Brown.' All obeyed except 'Vicky,' who was threatened with 'bed' if she transgressed again. Next morning, when the doctor presented himself to the royal family, the young princess looking straight at him said, 'Good morning, Brown!' Then, seeing the eyes of her mother fixed upon her, she rose, and with a curtsey continued, 'and good-night, Brown, for I am going to bed,' and she walked resolutely away to her punishment. This was the same young lady who at three years old, motioned away her governess, Lady Lytleton, with 'N'approchez pas moi, moi ne veut pas vous.'"

The sad story of the death of the Prince Consort is sufficiently well known, but the fact which Mrs. Tooley states, again on Lady Bloomfield's authority, that grave fears for the Queen's own life were then entertained, will be novel to most people.

"Now, in the heyday of life and happiness, she was a widowed Queen, more desolate by reason of her exalted position than any woman in the land similarly bereft. That angel of comfort, Princess Alice, whose lovely character all the world reveres, was the support of her mother in this time of sorrow. She was aided in her ministrations by Lady Augusta Bruce (afterwards the wife of Dean Stanley) who had been the beloved friend and attendant of the Duchess of Kent in her last years; and that other dear friend of the Queen, the Duchess of Sutherland, herself but lately a widow, who was specially summoned by her royal mistress to stay with her in this time of bereavement. Anxious days and nights were passed by these devoted ladies in the Queen's room, for the reaction from the enforced restraint had been so great that Her Majesty was completely prostrated, and her pulse became so weak at one time that death appeared imminent. It is scarcely realised to day how near the country was to a double tragedy, and when the tidings were flashed through the land that at last the Queen had obtained some hours sleep it seemed like the joy bells succeeding the funeral peal."

As years go by and we approach nearer to our own time the details available naturally become fewer. Very much that is known of the Queen's life in her early years is what she has herself been pleased to tell in the life of her husband, which she allowed to be constructed largely from her own diaries and letters, and which she read, added to, and corrected herself. Rumour says that a life of the Queen since her husband's death has been long in preparation on similar conditions, and that one of these days the world will be able to read the story of her widowed life told as fully, and from the same sources, as we already may learn of her earlier years, but that is not yet. Moreover, the statesmen of these latter times are either still living, or they are too recently dead, and the events in which they have taken part are still too fresh, for biographies touching on politics as connected with the Queen during the last 25 years to be yet available, as the "Lives" of Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell are now available for the earlier period. Hence it follows that all "Lives of the Queen" become more incomplete and less interesting

as more recent times are approached. But even here Mrs. Tooley has gathered up a great deal of interesting gossip more or less accurate, and her book throughout is bright and readable.

THE ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

THE Bradford *Observer* says:—"It is an interesting question how far the fact that present-day Englishmen have spent all their lives, or almost all, under the rule of a woman has been a factor in bringing about the great advance in the status of her women subjects which has been so prominent a feature of Her Majesty's reign. Sovereignty, even of a State in which the Monarchical power is so strictly "limited" as is the case with us, is understood to involve a vast amount of labour of an exceedingly onerous kind upon the wielder of it, yet to the great majority of Englishmen the idea of a man performing these labours instead of a woman gives a touch of interest and unaccustomed novelty to the contemplation of the inevitable, if melancholy, change in store for us. The standing object-lesson in the business capacity of woman, which the present ruler of our country presents, must necessarily have exercised a potent influence, consciously or unconsciously, on the mind of the nation in disposing it to look with favour upon the claims of women of humbler rank to a larger share in the affairs of men than is afforded by the homely cares of housewifery. Nevertheless, there are thousands among those who most loudly extol the virtues, public as well as private, of the Queen, who scout the idea of any other woman possessing or being able to perform duties outside her household, beyond, perhaps, a little private philanthropy of the soup and blankets order. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether Her Majesty herself fully recognises the significance of her position to the women of her race."

"The Forward Ladies" is the title that the *National Review* is pleased to give to the signatories of the address to the Queen. It continues as follows:—"In the whole self-assorted company there is no lady who is not associated, in one way or another, with this or that movement for the Emancipation of Womanhood. Nor is it likely they would disclaim the title we have given them—the "Forward" Ladies. What then is their message to Her Majesty? It is probable—though the Queen has said and done nothing to prove it—that she is in thorough sympathy with all the laws passed during her reign for bringing women more and more into public life, and that she regards with satisfaction their intellectual rivalry with men at the Universities. On these, as on all debatable questions, she has maintained the reserve which becomes her position. Nothing could be more unfair than to assume, with these memorialists, that she admires every Act of Parliament to which she has been advised to give the Royal Assent, or that she favours every movement of which she has not expressed disapproval. But it is done with an object. Reduced to a plain statement, what this amounts to is a cool request that the Queen shall give a testimonial to the various causes with which the signatories have identified themselves. It is nothing but an attempt to trade on a national occasion, and to snatch a party advantage. Fortunately, the Queen is not likely to be misled. There are Court officials whose business it is to protect her from the wiles of self-advertising subjects, and after sixty years' experience of flattery she has become almost as cautious about saying just "one word of sympathy" as the editor of a newspaper.

THE MARBLE WASTES: THE STATUE GROWS.

WITH ready zeal and wisely tempered skill, The sculptor's hand obeys the sculptor's will. At length from the crude block of marble wrought Stands full revealed the portrait carver's thought. Fear not the chisel's edge, the mallet's blows, If while the marble wastes, the statue grows. Elizabeth Porter.

UNEMPLOYED GENTLE-WOMEN: A PARALLEL.

BY EDITH A. BARNETT.

By "unemployed" I mean here those who want work and cannot get it. There is, no doubt, plenty to be said, whether from a moral or an economical point of view, about those women who, having education, use it to no good end, and who do not employ themselves only because there is for them, or so they believe, greater pleasure in idleness than in work. And much has been said, and might perhaps profitably be said once again, about the supreme value of the work done by mistresses of households, and mothers of families, even though it has, according to the law of the land, and the custom of the community, no recognised money value. But at the present moment my thoughts go out to neither of these classes. I have in my mind those gentlewomen whose declared intention it is to earn money—when they can; and who belong to that considerable multitude for whom I, and doubtless many of my readers, are perpetually asked—and, alas! so often asked in vain—to find something to do.

I have observed that when any discussion about unemployed gentlewomen comes up, the company is almost always at the end, and not seldom at the beginning thereof, divided into two opposing camps; in the one it is stoutly affirmed that no woman ever wants for work who is at once able and willing to do it; while in the other it is said that hundreds of women could and would do the work, only none is offered to them. And in each camp, it must be allowed, are to be found many persons apparently well qualified by nature and experience to form a correct judgment on such a matter. And if I were to say towards which side, in my opinion, the balance of maturer judgment hangs, or into which camp the experiences of later life are likely to send us, that would tell little more than my own personal predilections; for we are all prone to believe that those who see our side are sharper-sighted than those to whom it is invisible.

In all such matters the only thing that can be confidently affirmed is that a better acquaintance with the facts of the case, and a freer exercise of such power of reason and judgment as we happen to have, must bring us nearer to the truth, let that lie on which side it may. And, therefore, when there fell into my hands a pamphlet* dealing with the unemployed poor in our great cities, I read it through wondering if from any one of its pages light might be thrown on the lives of the educated unemployed throughout the land. For it seemed to me then possible—and it now seems to me highly probable—that the personal causes of unemployment (the reasons which make A always in want of work and wages, while B constantly enjoys both) are similar in all classes of society. Human nature is much alike under its many disguises.

Be it understood that the pamphlet of which I speak is not an assemblage of theories, nor an expression of unsupported opinion. It is the report of an inquiry into the condition of the unemployed during the winter of 1895-6, undertaken by a committee appointed by the Toynbee Trust. The members of committee were—Sir John Gorst, Rev. Canon Barnett, Mr. Ernest Aves and Mr. Charles Booth. It is evident that any facts or opinions which such men thought it worth while to put forth to the

* Report of an Inquiry into the Condition of the Unemployed, conducted under the Toynbee Trust. Winter, 1895-6. By Arthur V. Woodworth, Ph.D. 62 pp., 6d. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

world deserve most careful attention. All the unemployed in certain selected areas were kept under observation for a period of five to twenty weeks, and the report is presented in a series of tables with explanatory letterpress, which I commend to the personal notice of all those interested in the condition of the poor. For our present purpose it is enough to call attention to some striking facts, and to the conclusions and deductions drawn by the committee thereupon.

In the first place, by far the greater number of the unemployed had been born and brought up, were living and would (so far as one may venture upon prophecy) die in one and the same place. Nor was the place in itself to blame. Had the inquiries been carried on in London alone, or in any one town, it would have been possible to argue that its special moral or physical characteristics were unhealthy, and that the evil lay here. But the inquiries were carried on in several cities and in cities strikingly unlike each other. And the conclusion inevitably to be drawn is that it is not for the advantage of the individual to live perpetually in the same mental or physical atmosphere.

Here I confidently appeal to those of my readers who, like myself, are habitually being consulted upon the future of women who must work for a living. Is it not a constant experience that those for whom it is most impossible to find employment are precisely those who have been born and bred, are living and would (but for money troubles) choose to die, in the same home, in the same sort of place, among the same class of neighbours? It is not that those homes are bad. It is not their nature, but their monotony which is at fault. And yet, if an adviser like myself ventures to say that a girl who is to make good way in the world must be sent away from home before she is grown up, it is immediately taken for granted that I wish to break through all family ties, and that a mother's love is for us a thing no longer sacred. Pitiably large though the number of unemployed women at any given moment undoubtedly is, it follows from the nature of things that the greater number of women are at all times busily working. And a too stationary population is perhaps the last evil of which anyone would be expected nowadays to complain. But my point is that those who run to and fro and see many things in the world, will, all other things being equal, increase their knowledge and be better worth their wages; and that those who stop always at home in the same place, whether through their own apathy or through the mistakes of their parents and guardians, will, all the rest remaining equal, be among the inferior workers who are the last to be taken on and the first to be discharged.

But of course it will be urged against me that girls who have been out and seen the world are less contented to return home and to abide there; that many family jars arise because the girls come home from their travels reformers, if not rebels; that girls who have always lived in a good home ask nothing else and nothing better. Precisely so. And unemployed men are content when they have lived all their lives in so bad a home as a city slum. It is the "stolidity" of these men, their content with things that ought not to be, that constitutes their most hopeless feature. They are not only willing, they are even anxious, to be allowed to stay where they are. And, clearly the goodness of the place has nothing to do with the choice; for they have never known

anything else, and therefore can have no standard of comparison. Half the men would not even entertain the project of going into the country, there to make a fresh start. I can imagine them saying in their fashion, as so many penniless, unemployed women have said to me when I have spoken of the colonies, or even of the further end of the British Isles, that they "did not think they should like to go so far away from their home and their friends."

Of course there are plenty of men, and of gentlewomen too, who will go anywhere if a fair, new life is to be lived; and some do go away, to make a livelihood or a fortune. Only we do not hear of these in reports, written or verbal, of the unemployed in any rank of society. They are of the sort that always gets something to do; of the sort, too, that picks up the good things that are lying on most capable people's doorsteps, and so they are not called upon to go far in search of work. Of course, it will be said that the parallel does not hold because no persons who can by any possibility be called gentlewomen live so narrow and restricted a life as a family in the slums, where a walk across one of the bridges or an excursion to Hampstead Heath is an event to last a twelve-month. But such matters are relative, and separation from our friends means only that we see them rarely and hear from or about them with difficulty. And, judged by such a standard, the poor and unlettered townsman is actually separated from a countryman like unto himself by a gulf more impassable than would divide us from our friends if we went to live in her Majesty's furthest colony. For years they would never meet, and letters are unsatisfactory and uncertain. And at that distance what may not happen and we know nothing? The objections fit either side with equal accuracy. And it is not that I make light of pluck and enterprise, or that I believe it is easy to anybody to take a fortune in both hands and to go out to meet an unknown future with a brave heart. I only say that courage and pluck and enterprise are the most valuable qualities that we can have, especially in an island that is, or is said to be, over-populated, and that when we talk so much about the subjects that girls should or should not take up in order to get work, we should remember that every trade and calling is represented among the unemployed; what is absent is a particular sort of human being—courageous, self-reliant and versatile.

I desert the report in order to make some observations of my own. I find that the parents and guardians who are most prone to keep their girls tied at home to their apron-string do so very often in the direct intention to make them gentle, docile, dependent, and easy within a cramped space. Far be it from me to say that they do not attain their end. I think they very often do. And it is clearly not within my right to assert that they must be wrong, and that my opinion must be right. If I did not think it was right I should not hold it; but then they can say the same. All I do say is that the kind of girls who fulfil their ideal are very likely indeed to join the ranks of the unemployed. If they are rich they will remain unemployed because they like to be idle, and if they are poor because that kind of worker is not worth wages, at least not until there is such a press of work that everyone else is first busied.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CAN it be denied that to be heavily overshadowed, to be profoundly insignificant, has, on the whole, a depressing and benumbing effect on the character? Matthew Arnold.

EXPERIENCE OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

(From Local Sources.)

I.—SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

WE learn from the *South Australian Register*, of December 19th last, that a public meeting was held in Adelaide to celebrate the second anniversary of the passing of the Act to give the women of South Australia equal political rights with those of men. The president of the local Women's Temperance Union occupied the chair, and there were on the platform, amongst others of local influence, both ladies and gentlemen, the Minister of State for Education, Hon. Dr. Cockburn, and Mr. Price, M.P.

The Hon. Dr. Cockburn spoke on "The effect of the franchise on the woman of the future." He said he was proud to be an advocate of the franchise when he was one of the minority, and he had not relinquished that pride when that minority became a majority. (Applause.) It was probably the greatest measure of the century, and his public life had been coeval with the movement. The results obtained from the franchise had given a complete refutation to the statements made by opponents of the measure. In his opinion the women had not lost their gentleness and nobleness, and were no less sweet because they voted at the last election. One of the distinct features in connection with the franchise was the increasing interest women took in public affairs. This was most noticeable at Parliament House. The Ladies' Gallery, which was a few years ago almost unoccupied by ladies, was now, afternoon and evening, filled by ladies who came to the House because they felt an interest in what was going on. (Hear, hear.) They were beginning to form opinions of their own. All this had taken place directly the franchise had been conferred upon them. It was an excellent change. The men now wanted them to be equal; they wanted them to be friends and not toys. In his opinion the enfranchisement of women also raised the status of the whole sex. (Hear, hear.) There were men who would take off their hats to a countess, but who would never think of taking them off to a shopwoman. He had noticed, however, that since the franchise had been conferred on them, members of Parliament, at least, raised their hats to all their female constituents. (Laughter.) The woman of the future was not going to be the new woman such as described in modern novels. (Applause.) The tendency was quite the other way. (Hear, hear.) It was a mistake to suppose that gentleness and purity should be attributes of any one sex. (Hear, hear.) By all this they were bringing woman back to the old classic ideal. (Applause.)

Mr. T. Price, M.P., who delivered an address on "What has been gained by woman's franchise?" said that if he were asked what the franchise had done he would say that the women of the colony had not yet realised the full importance of it. It had, however, made those who make our laws think that there were some questions which affected the women. (Hear, hear.) There was a feeling in Parliament that something was needed, and that something would have to be done touching the interest of women socially and politically. (Applause.)

Miss C. H. Spence spoke on the duty of educating the young for citizenship, and the importance of taking large views of public matters. In this colony, where we were all of one race, and not hampered by a written Constitution, the political action of Parliament was

of more importance than in America, where a recent factory Act for women and children similar to ours after passing the State Legislature in Illinois was declared to be unconstitutional, as it interfered with freedom of contract. The Government was at once the ruler and the servant of the people. Our children should be taught to obey the laws, but to watch and check the action of government, and to work for practical reforms.

The Rev. J. C. Kirby said more had been gained this session than Mr. Price asserted, for the Married Woman's Protection Bill was practically passed, and would be a great gain to poor women. The Social Purity Act still needed amending by raising the age of protection to at least seventeen and extending the time for taking action beyond the present limit of two months, and also empowering a woman to demand maintenance for her child before it was born.

Miss Williams spoke of the advantage of the franchise in the cause of reform. While appreciating the right of women to vote she urged her hearers to unite in getting that vote made effective.

II.—NEW ZEALAND.

From the *Auckland Star*, one of the leading New Zealand papers, we take the following testimony, printed there in January 1897.

"The experience of the working of the women's suffrage in New Zealand has justified the enthusiasm of its early champions. It may be that the introduction of women to the polls has not been followed by that signal purification in the character and tone of Parliament which some people looked for. But it is altogether too early in the day to expect such sweeping changes. The very fact that there has been so little change is, to our mind, strongly in favour of the emancipation. It shows very conclusively that the women used their privileges very discreetly. They were not carried away into the committal of absurdities and excesses in the exercise of their new powers, but conducted themselves with a moderation that some of the other sex would do well to imitate.

"It is said that in the Legislative Council Reform Bill a clause will be inserted to provide for the opening of the Council to women.

"The proposal is, of course, by no means a new one. Enthusiastic gentlemen have been prepared to concede far greater political privileges to the fair sex. Sir George Grey went so far as to suggest that the entire powers of the Council should be delegated to women, and expressed the belief that we might trust to their admirable tact and taste to deal righteously with the measures submitted to them by the Lower Chamber. But although such novel schemes have often been seriously mooted in New Zealand, no very earnest attempt has been made to have them sanctioned by law. The present Legislative Council Reform Bill, if rumour speaks aright as to its contents, will really be the first legislative endeavour to extend the political functions of women till they are on a par with those of men. And we should not be at all surprised if rumour in this instance were telling the truth. The time has gone past when proposals of this nature used to excite laughter."

* * *

Another New Zealand authority, the regular "Own Correspondent" for that island to the *Sydney Telegraph*, gave the following description of the voting of the New Zealand women

at the late Parliamentary election. The suffrage there, it must be remembered, is universal; all men and all women, married and single, have the vote. "Woman was in great force, necessarily. Strange to say and you will hardly believe it, though this is only the second general election she has yet taken part in, her presence—it was an all-pervading, and, need I say, agreeable presence—had not a vestige of strangeness. There she was, for the most part in print gown or dainty blouse, with flowers and ribbons, as usual, neat and dainty as is the fashion of the sex—in all countries which respect the sex and themselves—with summer hat, sunshade, and eyes to match. There she was with her husband—Darby and Joan jogging solemnly along together to the poll, as beset by married folk who have seen the storms of years when they have a certain duty to perform; young Mr. Honeyman and his bride, just returned from the fairyland where Cinderella was taken to on a certain occasion; see the pair arm-in-arm, looking almost serious as they hurry through the street; then we see Miss Maud and Miss Ethel, with their brethren, who treat them to serious explanations about voting papers; we observe that some of the gentlemen are not the brothers of the ladies, and, dear me, how gracious the ladies are to the same gentlemen! And there are batches of bright hats and blouses all by themselves, chattering as they sail down the delighted side-walks, laughing, and, heaven forgive them, actually—yes, actually—distributing election cards.

"This is the keynote. Matrons and maids, the young and the elderly—grandmama remains at home, to be brought down in one of the numerous carriages to the polling booth, where two generations await her arrival, respectful and expectant—they are all at work; representatives of them all, that is to say, wives and daughters for candidate friends, the women of the candidate's connections, the women of various women's organisations pressed into the services of various causes and candidates. There they are in great force. They crowd the entry to each polling booth; they meet you on the road; they offer you leaflets, tickets, sample voting papers; they ask you if you have your number—quite sure?—and they hold up electoral rolls and offer to hunt you up. They rival one another at the game; they are as keen as the sharpest, and from the highest to the lowest they never for one moment forget their manners, and as a result, nobody else forgets his. Nobody escapes their attentions and nobody wants to. And all this goes on without any excitement or bustle, just like an ordinary thing that has been going on for a thousand years. Where are the predictions which foretold the general demoralisation and public insults and rough horse-play the franchise was to bury the sweetness and modesty of the sex under? Where, indeed! Why, I declare it would be absolutely difficult to persuade a stranger that this orderly, pleasant scene is not the evolution of a thousand years of political freedom, tempered by the baton of a watchful police, but the sudden growth of a newly-planted exotic.

"But we, as I said before, have already got accustomed to it; we have discovered that it is the cheeriest, pleasantest thing in the world to be united in this way with our womenkind; we have learned to admire their energy, their capacity for order and organisation, and their good sense; and we are grateful to them for the touch of refining grace with which they have purified our politics."

[A description of the polling-day in Colorado State will be given in our next.]

HIDDEN TRAGEDIES.

By Mrs. H. H. PENROSE.

THE world is full of hidden tragedies, to which no one thinks it worth while to pay very much attention when the curtain, behind which they are enacted, is sometimes drawn momentarily aside by a curious or a sympathetic hand. They are too simple to be intensely interesting, and there is a fatal lack of picturesqueness in their details.

I came upon one of them the other evening, on a bleak mountain road, in the keen air of March. It was a family group, a husband, wife and child. The man, who was breaking stones under the hedge, had a wooden leg; the woman, a wild looking creature, with black elf-locks, sat on the opposite side of the road, watching him, and taking care of her pretty baby-girl.

My own little boy—an ardent democrat of nearly three—ran to shake hands with the child, and gave her flowers. How pleased they all looked! And the baby had excellent manners, and said, "Ta-ta," without being prompted by any one.

It sounds idyllic rather than tragic, does it not? And truly I think they were very happy people. The man was red-headed and mutilated, but the dullest eyes could not be blind to the obvious devotion with which he had filled the soul of the woman. Most probably she had never objected at any time to the colour of his hair, and his affliction had drawn her closer to him, because women are so constructed that they love to be necessary, and feel a double tenderness for those who are dependent on them. As for her, she was a poor, ill-favoured thing, but his own, and one must call him a lucky man inasmuch as he was not alone when calamity overtook him, and can ever since count on having that kindly, good-humoured face before him when he rests from the only labour for which a hard fate has left him fit. Nature had gifted the child with sweetness, and with better looks than her parents, and they adored her. Moreover she knew nothing yet of the personal inconveniences of poverty; a flower could make her happy, and the hedges were full of flowers. It would be quite easy to see nothing but the idyllic aspect of the case. One can always arrange not to look beyond a certain point.

The heart of the tragedy lay neither in the wooden leg nor in the poverty, but just in the blank absence of any prospect of better things. Try to imagine how you would feel if, looking out into your future life, you could see *nothing* in the long vista, but piles of stones waiting to be broken! They are waiting for most of us—metaphorically; but I am speaking of literal stones, and in that ugly literalness is the tragic element. Try to imagine the prospect of a life without any rest, even at the very end, when the time comes, in old age, for well-earned repose, an arm-chair, and a chimney corner. Picture, above all, you who have children and love them, what it would be to watch the delight of your eyes growing through and out of childhood, and lacking everything. All this without a chance of change.

In other classes and other circumstances the chance exists, and that is so consoling. We may be at the lowest of low water, but there is an immense amount of comfort in hoping for the flood. So long as we are sound in wind and limb, we feel that there is no knowing what we may or may not do in the future. The great opportunity may offer itself at any moment. If nothing happens to hinder us from doing our own work in our own way, in our chosen line, we may always keep before us the possibility of excelling in it, and cutting a little notch in the long staff that Old Time carries. Or, if work does not interest us very deeply, and we long rather for leave to disport ourselves, we may dwell pleasantly on the possibility of a sinecure, or the good will of a rich relation. There is scarcely any limit to the agreeable hopes in which our more highly privileged classes may indulge at will. They may be ill-founded and delusive hopes, but they contain just that one little grain of reasonableness which sufficiently apologises for their existence, and allows us to

entertain them with satisfied minds. What a cheerful man Mr. Micawber was in the midst of his affections; and how glad we have always felt to think that he was rewarded in the end!

It is those for whom nothing can ever possibly "turn up," and who have not the very faintest excuse for hoping it, who need our pity most. It is the lives of these people that are the hidden tragedies of the world—tragedies of absolute changelessness—hidden only because of their dull, level nature.

If that stonebreaker and his wife and child were all three struck dead by lightning at the same moment the whole country would ring with it; the newspapers would tell of it, the occurrence would be counted as a real tragedy, and a vast number of people would be ready to sentimentalise over it. And why? Simply because of the elevating dignity of death. It is the life of these, and such as these, that should appeal to us. What happier fate could overtake them than to be swept away swiftly, painlessly and together? How much of evil would they not be spared? And yet custom, which has taught us to call death "the worst," will continue to choose for its regard the conventional aspects of tragedy, and to pass by, unseeing, those stunted lives, with their rightful limitations and ghastly hopelessness. But it is well for us sometimes to glance into their hiding-places lest our hearts grow hard.

LONDON MAGISTRATES AND THE "SAFE PURSE."

It is a notorious fact that the presiding Magistrates at London Police Courts are most independent men, and their gratuitous sound advice has great weight with the public. When it is known that no less than four of these gentlemen have given their unqualified approval of the new "Safe Purse," no astonishment will be expressed at the enormous success of this most convenient little novelty, which the inventor, the Hon. Mrs. Pery, of co. Galway, Ireland, has brought within reach of everyone who carries a purse. It takes only three or four seconds to place the purse safely and securely on the hand, where it remains ready for frequent use during the morning's shopping or the busy day in town, where every moment is of value. With the "Safe Purse," there is no time lost in the usual scramble for the pocket, and no anxious moments lest the precious money bag should be lost. Life altogether is made easier and happier for those who wear this truly useful little novelty.

FARMER: "Of course, all cows give milk; mine do, anyway."

MISS GIBBERD: "That's strange. I thought some of them gave beef tea."

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The above is simply an outline of what is being arranged to be done with the funds so generously supplied by our readers, and, as previously mentioned, the vouchers will be submitted to an accountant and verified in due course.

MOTHERS.

It is absurd to compare man and woman to the disadvantage of either, and impossible to say which of them has had most influence in moulding the destinies of the race. Although it has been men who have taken the sword and fought the "decisive battles of the world," it has commonly been the women who have inspired their sons and husbands for the fight; and it rests much with women now to hasten the end of war by inspiring their sons with a horror of it. But while the sword is used, and the safety of nations seems to depend on their military strength, the great soldier will be a powerful person in the State. In Israel, in David's earlier years, General Joab was almost as powerful as the king. Two other great soldiers of the time were Abishai and Asahel; and these three men were brothers; they were "sons of Zeruiah," (their mother) and their father is never mentioned. Probably the father had never distinguished himself by courage or patriotism, or the careful training of his sons, and it was well known that they owed more to their mother. Zeruiah was a woman, who could not go to the wars herself, and perhaps she had no voice nor vote in assemblies of the people. But with these three sons she may well be satisfied; for when their names are mentioned in history, it shall be said that they were the "sons of Zeruiah."

The mothers of families are not obliged to train their sons for the battlefield. They can direct their minds to very different ideals if they please. It is in their power to give the world peace or war, industry or idleness, purity or vice, superstition or the spirit of truth-seeking; and to change the face of society and the destinies of mankind according as they train their sons.—*The Inquirer*.

IN THE KITCHEN.

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SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

We must most earnestly protest against the proposal to give the House of Commons so long a holiday "in honour of the Diamond Jubilee" as to just escape sitting on the day on which the Woman's Suffrage Bill would come on for third reading. The vote of the House of Commons, affirming that one-half the citizens of the country ought no longer to remain unrepresented is too serious to be thus lightly flung aside, and for the credit of the House and the Government, the third reading should be proceeded to after so decided a favourable vote. Some of the leading members of the Government profess to be our friends; it is time they gave us some aid.

There is one suitable and effective way of "honouring the Jubilee" in connection with Parliament, viz.: by extending to women, not of Royal rank, a share in the political life in which the woman Sovereign has shown herself so capable of doing the kingly part. We must implore all men able to appreciate the proof given by the

Queen of combined political abilities and family virtues and graces not to let pass this magnificent opportunity of truly honouring the Queen by allowing her women subjects to exercise the same faculties.

Mr. Walter McLaren, one of the best friends of justice to women while in the House, is standing for Crewe. It is needless to urge all Liberal women to do what they can to ensure his acceptance.

The Queen has expressed a wish that a hymn should be sung by the people at the open-air service outside St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving Day. She is desirous that the hymn should be a well-known, simple one, in which it will be easy for all to join. Probably "All people that on earth do dwell" will be chosen for the hymn at the commencement of the service, and the late Emperor Frederick's favourite hymn, "Now thank we all our God," will be very likely sung at its close. It is understood that her Majesty regretted that the musical service in the Abbey at the Jubilee was all of an elaborate character, and not congregational in any part.

People taking rooms for the Diamond Jubilee procession must stipulate for the procession passing by and the windows having a view. I have just heard of a gentleman who paid £50 for the use of a room on the auspicious day, and then found out that the procession would not be visible. He demanded his money back, but he lost his case, as all he had stipulated for was "occupancy of the room"!

It is interesting to learn from the *Nursing Record* that the Greek hospital at the front is being exclusively nursed at present by English nurses. Besides those selected by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick to go out with Mrs. Chant, four English nurses were sent last week by the same lady to the Crown Princess of Greece at the request of the Princess of Wales, and six others in response to a telegram from the Crown Princess a few days later. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick was able, within four days after the receipt of the Princess of Wales' request, to select excellently trained workers, who were not only capable nurses, but also possessed a knowledge of foreign languages which would greatly increase their usefulness in the field of their action. These ladies arrived in Greece just in time to be of invaluable service in attending upon the Greek soldiers wounded in the first engagement of the war which took place last Sunday week. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick justly observes that the call for English nurses is a valuable proof of the high state of efficiency to which the training of nurses has been brought in this country, and of the recognition of that fact all over the world.

The *Nursing Record* says:—

"The five nurses who journeyed north reached Volo and Larissa a few hours before the first wounded soldiers were brought into the military hospitals, and since that date, how well we can imagine the horrors which must have resulted from the bloodthirsty encounter between Greek and Turk. Are not the papers full of the carnage of these poor soldiers, and of the magnificent courage and endurance of the brave men on both sides? The horror and the grief of it! and yet there is consolation in the fact

that in the very forefront of the battle, within the range of shot and shell, our English nurses were quietly waiting, with every appliance to hand, ready to take their part in the relief of the suffering endured with such heroism by the wounded and dying; and how nobly they are performing their duty there is ample evidence. England, and England's women, are honoured that this great privilege has been not only accorded to, but so instantly grasped by, its nurses."

The discussion about women's degrees continues to occupy a large number of columns of the *Times* daily. As usual in public discussions, a good many of the writers say the same thing that others have already said, but there are some new points brought forward. One correspondent has referred to the fact, to which attention was called here last week, that the same opposition that is now made to the admission of women to the degrees of the old universities, has been made in past times to the admission of some classes of men. This writer, Dr. Piele, observes:—

"Professor Allbutt protests against our making a radical experiment upon the constitution of an ancient University. The argument would move us more if it had not been heard so often already. We heard it when the non-collegiate system was proposed; it would be a goddess system, subversive of all discipline. But the University has survived its introduction. It was heard at the memorable agitation for the admission of Dissenters to degrees. Even Lord John Russell said in the House of Commons that it was inconceivable that Dissenters should be admitted to degrees at the old Universities; let them be educated there and examined there, but go for their degrees elsewhere—I think, to London. Yet the Tests Act came, and the 'constitution' of the Universities is unshattered. History repeats itself in an interesting way."

Professor Allbutt, who is referred to in the above quotation, points out in one of his letters, apparently unconsciously, but very effectually, a strong reason why women should endeavour to obtain a share of the ancient endowments of the old universities instead of accepting the suggestion to try to found a university of their own. Dr. Allbutt observes that he has calculated that each ordinary male undergraduate, who is well able to pay full fees, and does not hold a scholarship or nominally receive any pecuniary aid in meeting the expenses of his education, does, as a matter of fact, only discharge some 65 per cent. of the cost of his residence in college, taking into account the annual value of sites and buildings, rates and taxes, depreciation on capital, and so forth. Now why should that great help be given to men students alone? It is precisely because it would take, one might say, centuries for a special woman's university to gather up endowments to give this same degree of assistance to female students that it is right to claim that, in this day, when the altered conditions of civilisation compel so many women to seek the means of earning their own living, they should have some share in the endowments which have been gathered up during many past ages.

As Dr. Allbutt says, "Large endowments are essential to the higher education, and to any developments of education." In process of time, no doubt, women's colleges will gather around them endow-

ments of some importance, but at the present time the only way in which women can obtain a share in the wealth which already has been bequeathed for the purpose of higher education is by obtaining leave to avail themselves of the institutions in connection with which those endowments exist.

The only other interesting point which I found in the mass of matter that I have cheerfully read through in the *Times*, is that there are already a considerable number of leading men at the University who are prepared to openly affirm that they wish to see equal advantages given to women as to men. This fact is put forward in an unfriendly letter written by Mr. Whibley, who says:—

"It is a fact pregnant with significance that, in the long debate which took place in the Senate House a month ago, the only member of 'the committee for promoting the admission of women to degrees' who expressly approved the Syndicate's refusal to grant membership or further privileges to women was the Master of Peterhouse. The committee is now appealing to the Senate to pass the scheme in virtue of its moderation; it is therefore advisable to consider the declarations of members of the committee made in the course of the debate. Dr. Jackson said: 'I still desire to see women admitted to full and complete membership, to identity of preliminary examinations, to identity of final examinations, and to identity of academic duties, rights and privileges. I have not budged in the very least from my opinion of a year ago.' Mr. Bateson said: 'I am in favour of what is called mixed education.' Dr. Cunningham said: 'I dislike the principle which I recognise as laid down in the report.' (The principle of the University's 'not undertaking any responsibility for training or for discipline.') Mr. Shuckburg said: 'I am one who is an unconverted and unconvertible extremist on this point. I should like to see women admitted to the University on the same terms as the men without any distinction.' These utterances do not give us much confidence," Mr. Whibley concludes, "in the stability of the present proposals, should they be carried. We have been told that at first the advocates of the women's cause who hoped to secure membership were disappointed at the report and doubtful if they should support it. If this were so, their doubts have vanished, and the alacrity with which they urge its acceptance is the best evidence that they think, as Professor Sidgwick says in his letter, that 'the diploma can be turned into a degree.' No one pretends that the object of membership is renounced; all we are promised is a postponement of the conflict. Professor Sidgwick promises to take no part in any future agitation for membership should these proposals be carried; 'when the time comes to raise the question of membership' (to which he cheerfully alludes) there will doubtless be other leaders, as there were in 1887 when he stood aside. The Master of Christ's will wait for a change in the feeling of residents before he 'again joins in leading an agitation for membership.' Dr. Jackson accepts the instalment, because his scheme is at this moment outside the pale of practical politics."

A movement is on foot in Melbourne to found a woman's hospital there, to be called the "Queen Victoria Hospital," and to be officered by medical women only, as a commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. A dispensary was started by the women doctors of Melbourne a short time ago, and the need for it is shown by the fact that in a few weeks there have been over 2,000 patients' visits, many of the women travelling miles from up country in order to secure the privilege of attendance from women doctors and without the presence of male students. An influential committee has been founded to secure one shilling subscriptions for this object, and it asks that every woman in Victoria shall contribute one shilling. It issues an appeal which it calls "Five Good Reasons for Helping the Testimonial," the first and last of which are as follows:—

Because it is right that women especially should loyally commemorate the reign of a woman sovereign, under whom their sex has made such phenomenal progress.

Because it is a practical step towards the federation of all women in "the union of those who love, for the service of those who suffer."

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird, who takes a

great interest in the Young Women's Christian Association, writes that in the opinion of the leaders at the London headquarters they have already accomplished the Union with the United States and the rest of the world, which was recently suggested here as desirable. Miss Kinnaird forwards the "Second Annual Report," that for last year, of what is called "The World's Young Women's Christian Association." It appears, however, from the report, that what has been done is very different from what we should understand by the formation of a "World's Union"; there seems merely to be an English Committee calling itself a "World's Committee," with one or two corresponding members in all the various parts of the world which are named in the report. What it was suggested here might possibly be advantageous to the English Y.M.C.A. was a genuine World's Committee, with the active offices distributed amongst residents in various parts of the world, who should each represent a large organisation of her own nation, a special effort being made for representatives amongst them to meet each other frequently, so that the democratic and go-ahead spirit of the newer countries might be infused into the orderly, serious and valuable, but perhaps rather conservative, methods of England. Actual communication between the two sides of the world must always be rather theoretical, but between England and America there can be a real union, as the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union shows.

Miss Kinnaird says:—

"The World's Association has already been the means of promoting the national organisation of several countries on the European Continent, and also in India and Canada. Miss Reynolds, the World's general secretary, is from America, as also is the general secretary of the Indian National Association. The former has travelled many miles since her appointment in the interests of the Association."

Canon Gore, in his Lent lectures on the Epistles to the Ephesians, in Westminster Abbey, in dealing with the relations of husbands and wives, entered at some length into what he described as the "Women's Movement of the present day. The Canon maintained that while in some ways women surpassed men, and while there were manifold spheres of activity open to women from which they had been too long debarred, married women must be subordinate to their husbands. It hardly seems worth while to report the last phrase, so uniformly do the clergy continue to preach this doctrine, so palatable to that arrogance, that love of power, that selfishness, which are only too natural to all humanity, and especially so to humanity of the male sex. How much better it would be if clerics, instead of everlastingly emphasising the obligation of "subordination" on women, would offer lessons to men on the propriety of self-restraint, self-abnegation and generous waiving of any claims to masterhood and supremacy in married life. No stimulus is ever required to selfishness or to love of domination; but great need exists for preaching a noble self-sacrifice to the strong, and a tender exercise of power to those whom physical strength and the possession of the purse combined give a domestic authority that is easily abused.

Our Short Story.

MATRON'S STORY.

By HELEN URQUHART.

To us nurses she was always "Matron"; tall, imposing, a trifle severe but never unkind. She made rules or unmade them as she saw fit, each and every duty was portioned out to us. The names, characters, abilities and ward work of her staff Matron knew by heart. She encouraged, blamed, reproved, warned, but always set the example for good. In an emergency she was there, that in itself was sufficient to give courage or add strength, but if needs be she could act—cool, calm, prompt. We were all her nurses, good, bad or indifferent, and she was just "our Matron." On our report sheets we read her name often enough, "Katharine Maude," but we never called her so. Of course she must be "Miss Maude" to somebody, or even "Katharine," but we only recognised her brevet rank of Matron.

I think in her capacity as a ruler and judge of women she must have heard and read of many strange stories—sad and otherwise—there was a look in her face difficult to describe, some women have it who live much among sick folk, a kind of patient expression that yet was full of sympathy, and a way of looking out of her dark grey eyes as if she had probed deep into the wounds of life, and saw more clearly than any of us how much need there was for healing. The confidences reposed in her, and they were legion, were treated with the reverence and respect they needed. The happier tales were passed over, rather hurriedly we thought, but always remembered.

"Matron is so cold, so very icy," some of our nurses would complain, and, certainly, if fiery criticism could have made up for this supposed failing of hers, she would have been warm indeed.

"Do you think Matron ever had a story herself?" asked one of my room mates. "I mean, can you fancy her ever being in love with anyone—and all that sort of thing? Somehow matrons never seem to understand such things or to care about them, but then 'ours' is young."

"I think you can hardly doubt she has been loved," I answered. "Judging from the way we love her here, that is, the great majority of us do, and sometimes she looks unhappy and very sad, perhaps that is why we think her grave."

"Oh, you two, stop talking, do," cries "Number 3" from behind her screen. "I want to go to sleep, and if you were good nurses, and interested in your work, you would not want to be talking about such sentimental nonsense. If you are not tired, I am; there's plenty of work in my ward, and it will be time to get up before you close your eyes. Go to sleep and leave Matron alone."

Well, of course, Nurse Barker had been at the hospital a year, and we only nine months, so I suppose she was entitled to her reproach.

Some years after that, I handed a closely written packet to my nurse friend.

"There," I said, "you may read this. I have her permission. It is our Matron's story, and I have written it from memory."

HER JACOB.

"Now, Mother darling, I will just pull down the blinds and open this window, and then you can have a nap. It is so hot outside, I almost feel tempted to have a snooze myself," and the girl laughed gaily as she wrapped a light shawl over the invalid's feet, and stroked the soft hand

that touched hers. "I can stay awake long enough to read to you, though. Shall I begin now?"

"Do, dear, I just feel inclined for it."
"I think I had just finished a chapter, Mother. Ah! here we are."

Drawing a low stool to her mother's side, the girl began to read in a soft low voice, her brown head bent over the book, and her sweet face flushed slightly from the warm atmosphere around her. She read on and on, till the fierce light waned imperceptibly and a red glow took the place of the hot sun, lighting up the pretty room, and touching softly the pale thin face of the sleeper, while it tinted the red-brown hair of the reader, and dazzled her grey-blue eyes.

At last she paused, and shutting her book, quietly rose from her stool.

"Are you going out, Katie?" The elder woman opened her eyes dreamily, and fixed them on her daughter's face as she asked the question.

"Yes, dear, I was," answered the girl, "I thought you were asleep."

"I think I was; go for a nice walk, Katie, and come back soon. I am always lonely without you."

"I won't be long, Mother, I promise you that," said the girl, stooping to kiss her mother before she left the room, humming a lively tune.

Yet Katie Maude was not always gay by any means, except in her mother's presence. To begin with, there was a lover, a tall dark laddie who had wooed and won his lassie right earnestly with a courtship worthy of the olden days. "Ah, Katie," he had begged, "do not refuse to marry me, dear. What I have will keep the mother, as well as you and me, and there is a good time coming, a golden time, Katie, for us out there. Don't put it off, dear love. We have known each other so long, and I have a horror of long engagements." And the girl had spoken well and bravely then, with a smile on her quivering lips, and no tears at all, she was strong then, the cowardice came later, as a natural course, but that day she could speak, because she must. In spite of her great love, she told him—a passion which almost dominated every other sense—almost but not quite—she told him that the fragile widowed mother must come first; and to her, the invalid, the very thought of travel was pain, mental and physical, and Katie said they must bow before it. "Rex," she said, stroking full tenderly the sleeve of his Irish frieze as if she loved even that because it belonged to "her man," "Rex, won't you help me, dear, to be brave? If I must bear your anger, I must, but oh! speak Rex, and tell me I am right."

But Rex the strong, the impatient, showed no signs of relenting. He stormed and raved, begged and pleaded, showed how things could be done, could be managed, with the impracticability men so often show. While Katie was fighting the fight inch by inch, not with him, or at him, but grappling the invisible foe in her own heart, with a woman's courage, as women have done times and times before, and still are doing.

If Rex had taken her in his man's strong arms, and petted and fussed over her, poor lassie! Heaven only knows what would have happened, or whether Katie, woman-like and weak, would have gone over to the enemy and have been beaten. But he didn't do this; her refusal to go with him had cut down deep, and from very pain and inability to express himself, or to comfort her, he stood apart, cold. But at last it was over, and she, the woman, was conqueror. At what cost no one ever guessed, not even Katie

herself, at the time. It was only when he was gone that she knew, and in his stead there reigned a blank—in her heart his image always, but framing him a deep, dark, aching something that men have called despair.

He would wait seven years, he said, at the last—this Jacob of hers—forced out of his very soul to speak. But could they name a time? or, if so, ought such a thing to be done? Oh! the awfulness of the indefinite, the wearying strain of suspense, and the unrestfulness of waiting. He was her Jacob, and had gone to work for her, because, like many of England's sons—God bless them—he could not manage to live in England. For them, and their means, poor laddies, mutton must be twopenny a pound, and clothing ignorant of fashion.

Gradually things grow smoother for them in those other lands; the happy ones, that is the successful minority, gravitate towards the villages, the towns, and, finally, their home. "Come," they say to their heart's dearest, "it is time, the weary waiting is over, the long pauses between our letters is done, the old heart aching, heart yearnings, come. 'For, lo! the winter is spent and the rain over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come; my beloved is mine and I am his—until the day break and the shadows flee away.' Home is ready on the other side."

Just this point and just such a climax had our hero reached when he crossed the sea to claim his bride—and failed.

Well, things went on very much the same in the little village he left behind. Nothing was turned upside down or in any way unsettled because one man less was there or one heart throbbled to the breaking. Yet Katie did not die of a broken heart. Everyone knows the malady to be old-fashioned and out of date, and, at the risk of being prosaic, I confess it was not the case.

What changes that very useful organ underwent from a scientific point of view I am unable to say, but I know that the girl was much changed. She grew old, it seemed, all at once, and if one looked close there were isolated streaks of grey in the brown hair, mostly at the side, which was unnatural at twenty-one. People said the close and individual attention that she gave her invalid mother was telling upon her health. They said "the child" looked quite careworn at times, and suggested "change." Only one, a little old maid who lived opposite, ever guessed the real cause of those lines, or the reason for the haunting look that came into the girl's dark eyes when no one was taking any notice of her and she had no need for action.

For two years Katie lived, nursing her mother, and crying down her own feelings as unworthy and undutiful. She poor, foolish girl, would laugh, sing, play in the day time; and at night, if she could leave her mother she spent long hours in useless tears and dry hard sobs, which, if they did nothing else, helped to relieve her pent-up feelings.

And Rex—at first he grieved honestly, for he was as honest and upright a young Englishman as you could wish to meet. Proud of his good birth, indifferent more or less to his comparative poverty—honourable, and a gentleman. But he was led by his indolent disposition and un-failing *bonhomme* into deeds that his better nature revolted from—out in Australia, robbed of hope, of the ambition he had worked for and considered as his goal—he lost ballast as it were, and drifted. His consolation gradually took the form of promiscuous peg drinking, and from habits of great abstemiousness he became

DR. TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER

CAN BE TESTED FREE.

The Beverages of the People.

Let us glance at the ordinary breakfast beverages of the people.

Tea, even if properly infused, is only a stimulant. It is not a nourishing beverage, and as usually decocted is washy, trashy and deleterious.

Coffee, even when of the best, and prepared in perfection as you will find in the East, where Mahomedans are forbidden by their religion to use alcohol, is only a *caribac* or heart stimulant. It increases for a short time the power of that organ without being in any sense of the word a nourishing beverage.

Cocoa.—The ordinary cocoa is not by any means a nourishing beverage. Its good qualities, either in the English or foreign varieties are smothered in starch and sugar that induce and promote indigestion.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is a nourishing beverage, containing four great restorers of vitality, Cocoa, Kola, Hops and Malt. It stands out as a builder up of tissues, a promoter of vigour, and in short it has all the factors which make robust health. Being a deliciously flavoured beverage it pleases the most fastidious palate. Its active powers of diastase give tone to the stomach, and promote the flow of gastric juice, and however indigestible the food taken with it at any meal, it acts as a solvent and assimilative.

All the leading medical journals recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, in 6d., 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. It can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, Suffolk House, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address, if when writing (a postcard will do) the reader will name THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

less so. This was hardly noticeable to outsiders, but perhaps the saving of him was that he knew, and hated the tendency he felt was gaining upon him.

The women whom he met or whom he knew each tried to console him in their own way. He fell a victim to one of these, an unprincipled, half-educated woman, who was as beautiful as she was wicked, and as cruel as she was fair. Men raved about her. Rex did not—he only drifted from want of moral courage to resist, and she only cared for the winning of him, handsome Rex Chichester. Well for the lassie in England that there remained one good woman friend for her lad. Had it not been for Helen Cuthbert and her influence for good, the bad angel would have won, and that triumphantly. Helen was his cousin, and for her Rex felt unbounded respect and admiration.

She knew of the little woman in England. She had heard so much about her. And Helen would listen patiently and store up in her mind all these treasures—together with a photograph of her cousin to be—gradually deciding in her own mind that this English girl was almost good enough for Rex, and would be an acquisition to the colonies one day.

It was with grief unspeakable that Helen Cuthbert noticed this illusion of her cousin, and saw how completely he was caught in the toils spread for him. There was only one thing she could do—it was a venture, but worth trying—she would speak to Rex.

Helen was a wise woman, as I have said before. So she did not lecture nor worry her handsome cousin. She just sat down on the verandah where she had found him, and bidding him reseal himself in his easy chair:

"Go on smoking, Rex," she said, "I like it." And drew her chair to the garden table, placing her folded hands thereon while she looked steadily at her cousin.

"What is the book, Rex?" asked Helen, pointing to a "yellow back" lying face downwards on the ground. "Have you been reading anything good lately?"

"Oh, I just read anything and everything," he said, lazily flicking the ashes off his cigarette with his fourth finger. "Nothing new, I doubt if it is possible to write anything new. I know I'm deadly sick of the whole thing."

"Well, listen, Rex, I'll tell you a story while you lie back there and smoke. You can even drop off in the middle, old man, I won't blame you one bit."

"Do," cried the young man with a shade of enthusiasm. "It reminds me of old times, Helen. Is this story something new?" he finished.

"No, I am afraid not," his cousin said a trifle bitterly. "You said yourself that was not possible, and I think I agree with you, but it will pass I daresay. Once upon a time there lived a young girl," began Helen, looking straight before her into the garden beyond.

"Nothing uncommon about that, at any rate," interrupted the young man quizzingly.

"The uncommon part of it existed in the girl herself," continued his cousin. "She was young, good and beautiful. She lost her father, a military man, in the Zulu war, and her mother died four years later, leaving her alone. She should not have been alone then, but her own brave heart had willed it so, and even her letters were left unanswered, for the man whose right it was to protect her had—had—forgotten his sense of honour and his duty."

"Poor chap!" broke from the young man's lips, "who is he?"

"Never mind that, Rex, this is only the prologue. This girl who was left alone went to

stop with an aunt till she could think of some way out of her difficulties. She consulted her aunt—"

"Who, I suppose, sent her to the workhouse," Rex broke in with a forced laugh.

"Not a bit of it," said Helen; "but her niece knew she must do something for herself, and did it. The old lady managed to get her a post in an hospital as probationer. Now, her affianced husband, whom this girl had banished on conditions only, knew that these conditions were made void, but he did nothing; he made no effort to claim his privileges again, he left unanswered her tender, loyal letters, and he—"

"That'll do, Nell, that'll do," cried the young man, rising hastily to his feet. "By Jove! you don't give homeopathic doses, ha, ha, ha," rang out his hollow, bitter laugh. "To think you, of all people, should talk at a fellow so! But listen to me, cousin"—and again the man was changed as he spoke angrily; "I will have no interference of any kind. I won't stand it even from you. By heaven! that you should torment me of all people. You hear what I say, Helen," he continued, his eyes literally glaring at the woman before him, who looked fearlessly into his white set face. "You leave me to go my way and to manage my own affairs. Interference in these matters to say the least is futile; I shall go my own way, and—"

"That is?" asked Helen, who had risen to her feet, her hands clasped tightly together and her eyes flashing dangerously.

"To the devil!" he answered, and strode away leaving her there. She was a relation, so the discourtesy did not offend her, but was this all? How clumsy she had been and how crude, thought the woman, blaming only herself for the failure. Well, she knew better than to have reckoned on her influence; she was no fool, and it had been a venture in which she had drawn a blank. And with infinite wisdom she said no more, she had failed, that was all.

But Helen was wrong, for Rex, conscience-smitten and irritated by the chains which were already beginning to chafe his sensitive nature, had there and then made up his mind what to do. He did not actually go to the devil when he left his cousin, but he went to see the woman who had bound him with her unholy witcheries, and broke with her. He thought he could do it easily, perhaps, but, anyway, he was no coward, only he had not reckoned for such stratagem as this tormentor displayed. She went through all her many sorceries for his benefit, finally, as a last chance, feigning a swoon. But the man's eyes were opened, and he saw her as she really was.

"Enough," he said, "do not think to deceive me as well. I have been a great fool, and I blame myself bitterly. Look, here is your ammonia, I will leave you."

Then indeed the woman knew every particle of his so-called love for her was dead, and the woman died within her, and the devil acted. It matters not what she said in this, her new character—new at least to him; but she was maddened by the calm, quiet look in his eyes, and she yearned to quench their light, so that on no other might he look like that, and to none would he ever be fair again. Frantically she caught at the bottle beside her, and hurled it with all her might in his direction. It struck violently against the open door, bursting, and splashing the contents into the man's face as he stood there.

She had done her work, at least. He would never see again in this world, poor laddie. So the letter he was to have written to Katie that evening was never sent.

While Katie worked on steadily day after day in her ward, her lover lay racked in horrible torments, to the pain of which was added the fact that he never would see even if he recovered from the shock he had suffered.

One day the letter came with the foreign postmark Katie had looked for, and had well-nigh broken her heart at not receiving. But it was addressed in a strange hand, and the girl's fingers trembled as she tore open the thin covering. It was from Helen. Very gently and tenderly this good woman broke to her English sister the news she had to tell.

"Though he will never, we fear, have the use of his eyesight," she wrote, "yet the other complications feared by our doctors are passed, and he is to come home. Will you meet him, Katie, and take him back to his father's house, to whom I have also broken the sad news? Rex is very much depressed and sorely changed, but his one cry has been for you and your sympathy. His terror lest you should have ceased to care for him is great." And with words of kind encouragement Helen Cuthbert closed the letter it had cost her a pang to write.

So Rex came home, and Katie herself met him, and led him, in the literal sense, home to his father's house. When her week of absence from the hospital was over, and she was being kissed and fussed over by the old aunt who loved Rex as her own son, Katie spoke long and earnestly.

"Promise me faithfully, Auntie," she cried, "that you will never, never let Rex know why I am still at the hospital—tell him anything, say I am bound—tell him I cannot possibly leave yet—anything, anything, Auntie, but the reason I am there. It is my turn, now, and I must work for him, as he has done for me; promise me, Auntie."

And the good lady promised.

Not that Katie need have impressed such secrecy. Man-like, it did not seem to occur to Rex that the girl was keeping him because he was on the sick list, and because otherwise there would have been but a poor chance of their marrying each other in the days to come. He imagined, as Katie had suggested, that she was bound to her post; but when she accepted the post of matron in the Colminster Infirmary he asked for her reasons, which she gave.

"Why did I take it instead of coming to you?" she had said gaily, in answer to his question; "Because I wanted the money, of course. When you could work for me I was idle. Now you must take a turn at feeling what it is like to sit at home and do nothing. Patience, Rex, my darling, my husband, till I can come home, and then I will marry my Jacob, if he will have me?"

And so, after long years of waiting and saving, it came to pass.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S LAST MESSAGE.

"UNDERSTAND those who misunderstand thee. Be fair to those who are unfair to thee. Be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldst like to hate. Forgive and thou shalt be forgiven. He comes to us when we are selfish and luxurious, in any sufferer who needs our help and says, 'If you do good to these My brethren ye do it unto Me.' And, therefore, let us say in utter faith, 'Come as thou seest best, but in whatsoever way thou comest, Even so come, Lord Jesus.—Last words preached by Charles Kingsley.'

A NEW century leaves us, its children, little option. Its arms are strong; if we will not walk forward it carries us.—David Swing.

What Can Our Daughters Do for a Living?

GOVERNMENT CLERK-SHIPS.

WHAT TO DO FIRST.

By EMILY HILL.

LET us suppose it is decided that one of the daughters of a family is to become a

GOVERNMENT CLERK.

Care must be taken that at the time she is to sit for the examination she shall be the regulation age. The subjects to be examined in are (1) Handwriting and spelling, (2) Arithmetic, (3) English Composition, with special reference to grammatical accuracy, (4) Geography, (5) English History, (6) French or German. The largest number of marks obtainable is in the three first subjects. Girls who have had a thorough English education, or who are able to supplement their school training by the special classes at King's College or some technical institute, or to seek the aid of a reliable private teacher, will not find the examination formidable. But, however good the education, too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of careful preparation.

A language (French or German) is now introduced for the first time into these examinations. The effect of so doing will, it may be expected, place the examination much more within the reach of the High School girl than the Board School girl. The social status of the woman clerk is thus not unlikely to become higher than it has been since the competition was thrown open.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SELF HELP.

The first thing to cultivate is the power of steady and systematic application; to train oneself to work for two or three hours on a stretch, and according to a plan. Handwriting comes first among subjects, and the Civil Service Commissioners define a good hand as consisting "in the clear formation of the letters of the alphabet." The turnings of the letters must be round, the tails short, and there must be no cramping into a line. The point to bear in mind is never to let one's self, for the purpose of making a hasty note, lapse into a bad style. If this is done the efforts after a good one become futile.

Spelling causes a good many failures. Perhaps the best plan to overcome bad orthography is to get such a book as "Chambers's Sixpenny Spelling Vocabulary," make a list of those words one stumbles over and learn a certain number of them every day, setting one's self, by the aid of a friend every two or three weeks, to see if the words are remembered.

Arithmetic is all-essential. A tot book should be obtained, and careful practice made of long and cross additions. It will be necessary to make a careful study of all the rules of arithmetic, of Present Worth and Discount, Stocks, Square and Cubic Measures, Duodecimals, Square and Cube Root. Very great importance

is attached to the careful formation of figures and evenness in copying out tabulated statements. The figures 2, 4, 5 and 8 are those which require most care.

The last week or two before the examination must be devoted to careful recapitulation of work.

THE EXAMINATION.

Applications for examination must be made on special forms which are to be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster, S.W. They are to be returned, properly filled up, to the same address, on or before the specified date. Forthcoming examinations are advertised some four or six weeks beforehand in the *London Gazette*, and in the "leader" page, or the page before it, of the principal London and provincial papers. In London the advertisement usually appears on Thursdays. The "order for examination," which will be sent to those who have made formal application, contains directions as to manner and place of examination, and payment of fee, which is 7s. 6d. Although the same questions do not, of course, recur, it is very useful to candidates to see a reprint of the papers set at the last examination, and this is published by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, East Harding-street, Fetter-lane, price 6d. Tables of rules and regulations respecting examinations for the civil service, may also be obtained from the same firm, price 1s. The Civil Service Commissioners refer inquirers for information to these rules and regulations, which are, however, subject at any time to alteration.

The number to be appointed at the next examination is not yet stated, but six lady clerks were appointed in May last, six in the preceding January, and the same number in December, 1894. As many as are required to fill the vacancies are chosen from those who gain the largest number of marks. The first six months are regarded as probationary, and the appointment is not fully ratified until the end of that time. One of the chiefs at St. Martin's-le-Grand told the present writer that arithmetic was still a stumbling block, and that some girls—owing, in his opinion, mainly to deficient early training—seemed quite incapable of concentrating their minds sufficiently to deal with figures. In such cases everything that could be done to help them was tried.

WHAT TO WEAR.

THE blouse will be with us again, in spite of all the predictions of the fashion chroniclers. The feminine world can never dispense with this useful and comfortable garment, so Dame Fashion has consented to take it into favour again provided that certain conditions are complied with. The new blouse must be made of a good material (such as Surah or foulard), it must be made to fit perfectly, and it must never look like an afterthought, but must correspond with the colouring of the rest of the costume. A red Surah blouse, with the front made of pleated chiffon, makes an appropriate finish to a jacket and skirt in red and white alpaca figured with the tiniest of "shepherd's checks," or a

green foulard set in little tucks may be appropriately worn with a skirt of green and white foulard, smartened by a waistband of green Swedish kid, fastened with one or more silver buckles. Foulard is quite the leading material for blouses, both in French and English varieties. The French foulards are made in very fanciful designs, Louis Seize rose-garlands in mauve and pale blue, oriental patterns in ruby and orange. The English patterns mostly run to spots—either white with coloured pin-spots, or navy-blue with large white spots, the kind of material neckties are made of. Fashion ordains that a blouse of this description should have a placket of the material down the front, that is to say, a frill of about two inches in width sewn straight down the right side of the front, so as to frill the fastenings. The sleeves should be slightly full at the upper part, but plain to the wrist, where they terminate in a down-turned frill of the material. A good many of the new blouses are made with a low frilled collar, but it is still more fashionable to have a stock of the material to be put on separately. I suppose I need not tell my readers that a "stock" is a long strip of material passed twice round the throat and then tied in a big bow in front.

Tucked blouses are generally made in China silk, and the tucks are sometimes arranged in squares of about an inch and a half in dimensions, so that the bodice looks as though it were checked. Plainer materials will be used for summer wear, such as cambric, canvas, batiste and gingham, the patterns will be in stripes or spots, or (better than all) in the tiniest of shepherd's checks in heliotrope or pink. Bodices of this description are not dignified by the name of blouse, but simply known as shirts, and are made by ladies' tailors. Stocks of the material are usually sold with these shirts, though some ladies prefer a garland tie of a brighter or darker shade.

Made-up stocks in white and coloured satin are very much worn with plain black dresses, and they give great effect to a plain toilet. The upper fold of satin is in white or cream, the lower in rose colour, or some other bright shade, as is the large bow, which may be worn back or front (though the latter situation is the more correct of the two). Tartan silk is often used for the plainer stocks. A bold design looks particularly effective in comparing with a tailor-made dress.

White gloves are to be much worn during the Jubilee season, plain white kid, sewn with white points, instead of the black stitching with which we are familiar. A novelty in veils is the Jubilee net, which is figured with little diadems in place of the ordinary spots.

CHIFFON.

"WHAT do you think you will make out of my daughter's talent?" Professor (absent-mindedly): "About three shillings a lesson, if the piano lasts."

KIND-HEARTED Old Gentleman: "There, there, don't cry! Be a little man." Injured Child: "How c-can I be a l-little man when I've a l-little g-g-girl? Boo-hoo!"

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Current Notes FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is one of the few women who possess the freedom of the cities of London and Edinburgh.

Mrs. Cannon, who is the only woman member of the Utah Senate, has had the Bill which she introduced for the better protection of the health of women clerks passed by both Houses.

Lady Henry Somerset's son has definitely declared himself a Liberal, and it is probable that Mr. Henry Somers-Somerset will be the Liberal candidate for South Herefordshire at the next election.

SCOTTISH LIBERAL WOMEN.—At the annual conference of the Scottish Women's Liberal Federation, held in Edinburgh last week, the report showed there was a membership of 10,435. Resolutions were passed in favour of the Women's Suffrage Bill, protesting with indignation against the employment of the British Fleet in the coercion of the Greek and Cretan patriots, and rejecting the idea of letting British policy be controlled by imagined obligations towards maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Westminster Gazette says that Mr. R. J. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, was asked the other day about Woman Suffrage in the Colony, and said it had come to stay. Last election 90 per cent. of the women on the roll exercised their voting privileges.

The Grace family of New York city have just set aside £40,000 for the founding of a manual training school for young women and girls. The plans comprise an institution for the free practical study of cooking, housework, dressmaking, stenography, and such an amount of business methods as will fit the students for the duties of clerks and secretaries, and provide the pupil with a means of earning an independent livelihood where circumstances compel her to support herself.

SIGNALS FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

M.—I think, on consideration, you will yourself perceive that I cannot reply to your question in these columns, and I am quite unable to write private replies.

G. G. D. is most anxious to know what employment she could get to help keep a home together without leaving the home. She would be most grateful if someone could tell her of any opening.

This, unhappily, is a type of very frequent letter, and hardly any useful advice can be given. If G. G. D. is a good needle-woman, she can probably get mending to do, remodelling children's clothes, and so on.

DAINTINESS.

A WOMAN of dainty habits, a dainty home, daintily clean linen, and daintily prepared food arranged in a daintily appetising manner are charms to life appreciated alike by Peer and Peasant, and equally esteemed in the mansion, villa or cottage. Daintiness is a virtue, for it bespeaks cleanliness, which we have ample authority to hold "next to Godliness."

Chivers' Jellies are sold by Grocers and Stores in packets. Half-pints, 2d.; Pints, 4d.; Quarts, 8d. A Free sample will be sent on receipt of post-card, mentioning this paper.

An interesting feature of the Brussels Exhibition, opened on Saturday, April 24th, is the show of French fabrics and French modes. All the best French manufacturers and couturiers, who up till now have refused to show their wares at international exhibitions, are sending to it.

Public Meetings

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL PROGRESSIVE UNION.

On Friday evening, April 9th, a meeting of the Women's International Progressive Union was held, by kind permission of Mr. W. T. Stead, at the offices of the Review of Reviews, when a lecture was given by Mrs. Stopes on "The Fundamental Need of Women's Suffrage."

An interesting discussion followed, in which Dr. Alice Vickery, Miss Major, Mlle. Veigelé and others joined, and before the close of the meeting it was unanimously agreed that a petition for the Suffrage, signed by the chairman on behalf of the meeting, should be sent to the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., for presentation to Parliament.

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.]

EVERY WOMAN'S DUTY.

DEAR MADAM,—May I venture to suggest that a short paragraph in the WOMAN'S SIGNAL on the "Outward Marks of a Lady" would be useful.

When women such as many who read your paper become engrossed in some work they sometimes forget that it is always a duty to be personally agreeable, and that one loses influence and power over others by being careless, or dowdy, or untidy in appearance.

I have no doubt some of your readers in Scotland might note and profit by the little sermon—if you think well to get it written. What is read in a paper never gives offence; what is said often does.

I just note a few of the things which go far to further that daintiness so desirable in a woman. A lady is clean all over, looks fresh, and has never on face, hands or ears a certain griminess which means that soap is overlooked.

Her dress is well cut, sewed and finished, and always in a good state of repair. Such a thing as being found by an early visitor with her collar band unfastened, soiled collar and cuffs, or skirt patterned in the front with food stains, is unknown to her.

She remembers the saying, "All is fine that is fit," does not wear out in the morning elaborately-beaded evening slippers, nor if "cappy," soiled dressy caps gay with tashed flowers and faded light ribbons.

Look into her room after she has dressed for late dinner, and you will not find every article put away in drawer or wardrobe. The bodice which she has taken off is hung inside out on a chair to get cool and free from any possible perspiration.

Collars, cuffs, frilling, handkerchiefs, are, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. She does not buy a 50s. hat or bonnet and then economise at the other end with an 8s. or 10s. pair of shoes, which, in a month or two, have lost their shape and freshness.

She may not be remarkably good-looking, but such is her freshness, daintiness and well-groomedness that it is a pleasure to be near her—just as one likes to see a well-cared-for horse with shining satiny coat.

Sometimes, from lack of early training, a woman, though undoubtedly a lady in mind and conduct, is deficient in some of the ways I've mentioned, but if her eyes were once opened to her defects, she would gladly fight against them.

Another point I might suggest is table manners, I've seen a dreamy and poetical woman at afternoon tea, finger over the cake which stood near her. Her ears I would have gladly boxed!—Believe me, yours obediently, MARGARET B. OGILVIE, Airlie Lodge, Broughty Ferry.

CORSETS.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been wondering whether the following question would not be an interesting one to put forward in the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, "Can any woman give a good reason for wearing corsets?"

Perhaps the question in the following form would draw out better answers:—"Can any woman give a good reason for wearing or not wearing corsets?"—I leave it in your hands, and only make the suggestion.—Yours truly, A. J. C.

Glenfield, Streatham.

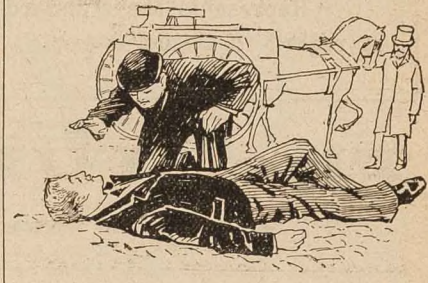
At an hotel in Ireland three or four men met to dine off a goose, but not one of them had any idea how to carve it. They contrived, however, to pare away all the meat, leaving merely the skeleton; and then, being much ashamed at the appearance of it, discussed among themselves how they might dispose of the bones.

A LONDON SENSATION.

INTERVIEW WITH THE VICTIM.

A REPORTER (says the South London Press) called on Mr. Henry Chinnery, of 34, Spencer-road, Herne Hill, London, the other day, in reference to his unusual experience, of which a report has gained currency. Mr. Chinnery's story is best told in his own words.

"Fifteen years ago," he said, "while driving in my trap, my pony shied and threw me into the road with a terrible thud. I was taken home-unconscious, and it was some time before the effects of the shock wore off. I seemed to pull through after a time, but, unfortunately,



the symptoms of sciatica and rheumatism which I had previously noted, developed to a frightful extent, and my suffering was great indeed.

Being then a man just over forty, and having a great deal of business on hand, I sought the best medical advice available. Alas! I seemed condemned to suffer! One eminent physician frankly told me that I should never be free from the disease. For seven years I went on in this state, when—I think it was in 1889—I became a victim to influenza.

"Well, one night last December I was in great agonies. My wife, having read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, bought a box, and I gladly testify that before the first box had been finished I felt that the pains were, so to speak, on the move. I took the second and the third box—things very much improved—and with the fourth box—why, I felt a new man! There is no mistake possible; my sciatica and rheumatism were no more, and I was capable of more physical activity than for the past fifteen years!"

Nor have the benefits of the Pills been limited in Mr. Chinnery's household to himself. His daughter Edith, a young woman in her teens, has long been a sufferer from indigestion. At length, at the instance of her father, she began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since then has been complimented all round upon the obvious improvement in her health. "In fact," said Miss Chinnery to the South London Press reporter, "I have taken a new lease of life. The indigestion is gone, and my whole bodily health is improving, thanks to the Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are shown by this, and other evidence equally well authenticated, to be an unfailing cure for rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and indigestion, also diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c. They are a splendid tonic, and restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, a specific for all troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men effect a radical cure for all cases arising from worry, overwork, or excess. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all chemists, or may be had direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of 46 Holborn-viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. per box, or six boxes for 15s. 9d. They are never sold loose, and any substitutes so sold are useless; the wooden box must be in a pink wrapper bearing the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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