

THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL, MARCH 4, 1897.

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THE WOMAN'S

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

Edited by

MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

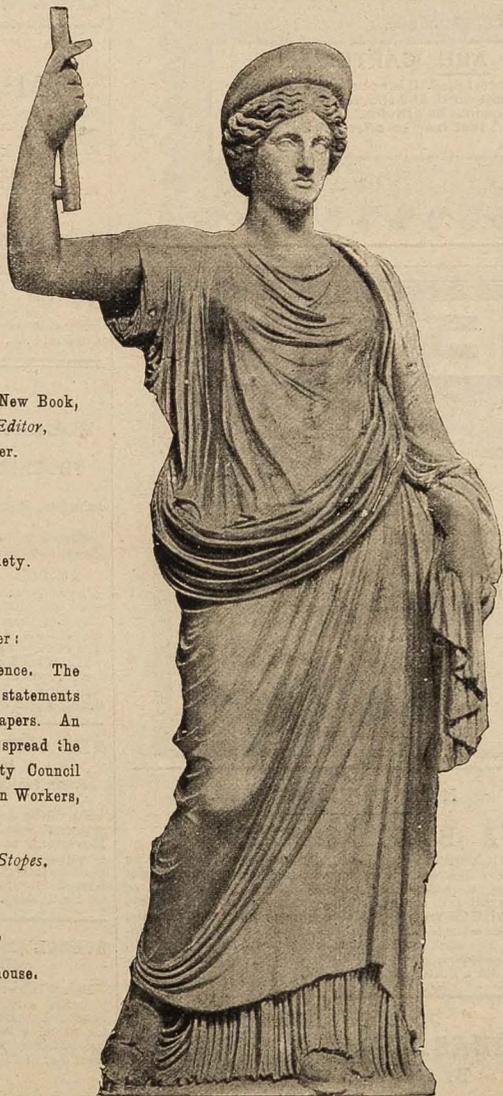
SIGNAL

No. 166, VOL. VII. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

MARCH 4TH, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Principal Contents OF This Issue.



A Book of the Hour: Olive Schreiner's New Book, "Peter Halket," reviewed by the Editor, With Portrait of Mrs. Schreiner.

Women's Suffrage Society: Central Society's Report.

Women's Local Government Society.

Women as Rain Makers.

Signals from Our Watch Tower:

A point in Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Evidence. The Times and a Lady Journalist. False statements as to Women's Progress in London papers. An Appeal for a free Circulation Fund to spread the Truth on these matters. The County Council Bye-Election—A Strike against Women Workers, etc., etc.

An Upper Egypt Harem, by Mrs. Stopes.

Current News.

Home Gardening for Ladies.

Novelties for Garden and Greenhouse.

What to Wear.

&c., &c., &c.

"STRONGEST AND BEST."
Health.

Fry's

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Our Private Advertisement Column.

READ CAREFULLY.

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

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

Dress.

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F. 115. **A Young Lady** is seeking re-engagement as Companion. London or suburbs.

Miscellaneous.

E. 135 **SMALL Typewriter**, cost three guineas, quite new, owner wants larger one. Offers.

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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S NEW WORK.*

At length Mrs. Olive Schreiner has produced a new book of considerable size. "The Story of an African Farm," when it appeared some fourteen years ago, made a profound impression upon the public, which was not impaired by two small volumes entitled "Dreams," that the author successively issued a year or two after her first great work. But it was somewhat remarkable that, after such a success as "The Story of an African Farm," she should not have done another book of full length for so many years. Her new work, however, although printed in very large type, forms a book the size of an ordinary six shilling novel.

Anyone who takes up "Trooper Peter Halket" anticipating an ordinary work of fiction will be disappointed; the object of this book is political—there is practically no story and scarcely any incident. The whole of the first part, considerably more than half the book, is devoted to one scene, and the scene is purely conversational; moreover, it is an impossible conversation, and does not pretend to be otherwise, being of the nature of a parable, and set in the form of a dream, or visionary apparition.

Trooper Peter Halket is a young man, just 20, belonging to the Chartered Company's forces in South Africa. He has been travelling with a party of troops, and having been sent out in advance to act as scout he has got separated, and lost all sight of his friends; so he has sat down and built a small fire in the lonely prairie by which to watch for the night. As he sits in the darkness he thinks about his own prospects.

"Peter Halket sat as one turned into stone, staring into the fire.

"All men made money when they came to South Africa—Barney Barnato, Rhodes—they all made money out of the country, eight millions, twelve millions, twenty-six millions, forty millions; why should not he?"

"He considered his business prospects. When he had served his time as volunteer he would have a large piece of land given him, and the Mashonas and Matabeles would have all their land taken away from them in time, and the Chartered Company would pass a law that they had to work for the white men, and he, Peter Halket, would make them work for him. He would make money.

"Then he reflected on what he should do with the land if it were no good and he could not make anything out of it. Then he should have to start a syndicate, called the Peter Halket Gold, or the Peter Halket Iron Mining, or some such name, Syndicate. Peter Halket was not very clear as to how it ought to be started, but he felt certain that he and some other men would have to take shares. They would not have to pay for them. And then they would get some big man in London to take shares. He need not pay for them; they would give them to him; and then the company would be floated. No one would have to pay anything; it was just the name—The Peter Halket Gold Mining Company, Limited.' It would float in London; and people there who

didn't know the country would buy the shares. They would have to give ready money for them, of course—perhaps £15 a share when they were up! Peter Halket's eyes blinked as he looked into the fire. And then, when the market was up, Peter Halket would sell out all his shares. If he gave himself only 6,000 and sold them each for £10, then he, Peter Halket, would have £60,000! And then he would start another company, and another.

"Peter Halket struck his knee softly with his hand.

"That was the great thing. 'Always sell out at the right time.' That point Peter Halket was very clear on. He had heard it so often discussed. Give some shares to men with big names, and sell out; they can sell out, too, at the right time.

"Peter Halket stroked his knee thoughtfully. "And then the other people, they bought the shares for cash! Well, they could sell out, too; they could all sell out!

"Then Peter Halket's mind got a little hazy. The matter was getting too difficult for him, like a rule of three sum at school when he could not see the relation between the two first terms and the third. Well, if they didn't like to sell out at the right time it was their own fault. Why didn't they? He, Peter Halket, did not feel responsible for them. Everyone knew that you had to sell out at the right time.

"But if they couldn't sell them?"

"Here Peter Halket hesitated. Well, the British Government would have to buy them, if they were so bad no one else would; and then no one would lose. 'The British Government can't let British shareholders suffer.' He'd heard that often enough. The British taxpayer would have to pay for the Chartered Company, for the soldiers, and all the other things, if it couldn't, and take over the shares if it went smash, because there were lords and dukes and princes connected with it. And why shouldn't they pay for his company? He would have a lord in it too!

"Peter Halket looked into the fire completely absorbed in his calculations. Peter Halket, Esq., Director of the Peter Halket Gold Mining Company, Limited. Then, when he had got thousands, Peter Halket, Esq., M.P. Then, when he had millions, Sir Peter Halket, Privy Councillor!"

The bitter sarcasm of this description of the ideas dominant in common minds in South Africa need not be pointed out. The author proceeds to contrast these ideas with the ideals of the religion to which the civilised races nominally belong. Peter Halket is suddenly aware of an approaching step, and after a moment of terror lest it should be the bare-footed enemy, he perceives that the on-comer is a solitary man who carries no weapon of any kind.

"The stranger sat down on the opposite side of the fire; his complexion was dark, but his aquiline features and that domed forehead were not of any South African race.

"Are you a Jew?" asked Peter, suddenly, as the firelight fell full on the stranger's face.

"Yes, I am a Jew."

"Ah," said Peter, "that is why I wasn't able to make out at first what nation you could be of. Are you a Spanish Jew?"

"I am a Jew of Palestine."

"Ah," said Peter, "I haven't seen many from that part yet. I came out with a lot on board ship; I have seen Barnato and Beit, but they are not very much like you. . . . In the

employ of the Chartered Company, I suppose?" said Peter.

"No," said the stranger, "I have nothing to do with the Chartered Company."

In the silence of the passing night, Peter waxes confidential, and tells his history to the silent and uncommencing stranger. Though he is only twenty, Peter has "seen life."

"You got any girls?" said Peter. "Care for niggers?"

"I love all women," said the stranger, refolding his arms about his knees.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Peter. "Well, I'm pretty sick of them. I had bother enough with mine," he said genially, warming his hands by the fire, and then interlocking the fingers and turning the palms towards the blaze as one who prepares to enjoy a good talk. "One girl was only fifteen; I got her cheap from a policeman who was living with her, and she wasn't much. But the other, by Gad! I never saw another nigger like her; well set up, I tell you, and as straight as that," said Peter, holding up his finger in the firelight. "She was 30 if she was a day. Fellows don't generally fancy women that age; they like slips of girls. But I set my heart on her the day I saw her. She belonged to the chap I was with. He got her up north. There was a devil of a row about his getting her, too; she'd got a nigger husband and two children; didn't want to leave them, or some nonsense of that sort, you know what these niggers are. Well, I tried to get the other fellow to let me have her, but the devil a bit he would. I'd only got the other girl, and I didn't much fancy her; she was only a child. Well, I went down Umtali way and got a lot of liquor and stuff, and when I got back to camp I found them clean dried out. They hadn't had a drop of liquor in camp for ten days, and the rainy season coming on and no knowing when they'd get any. Well, I'd a "vatje" of Old Dop* as high as that, indicating with his hand an object about two feet high, and the other fellow wanted to buy it from me. I knew two of that. I said I wanted it for myself. He offered me this, and he offered me that. At last I said, 'Well, just to oblige you, I give you the "vatje" and you give me the girl!' And so he did. Most people wouldn't have fancied a nigger girl who'd had two nigger children, but I didn't mind; it's all the same to me."

Peter proceeds to tell how he was cruelly deceived by "the big one" who took some of his cartridges ("but left the shawls and dresses I gave them"), and persuaded the other girl to accompany her in actually running away from her kind master to rejoin her "nigger husband." Peter was used to a murmur of sympathy when he told round the camp fire how he had been tricked out of his cartridges, and applause was wont to follow on his declaration that "he would like to give the black husband one more cartridge than he bargained for in the back of his head." But the stranger remains silent, and only looks at Peter with eyes that suddenly remind him of his mother.

At last the stranger begins to speak in his turn:

"I belong," said the stranger, "to the strongest company on earth."

"Oh," said Peter, sitting up, the look of wonder passing from his face. "So that's it, is it? Is it diamonds, or gold, or lands?"

"We are the most vast of all companies on

*Vatje of Old Dop, a little cask of Cape brandy.

*"Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland." London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster-square. 6s.

the earth," said the stranger; "and we are always growing. We have among us men of every race and from every land; the Esquimo, the Chinaman, the Turk, and the Englishman, we have of them all. We have men of every religion, Buddhists, Mahomedans, Confucians, Freethinkers, Atheists, Christians, Jews. It matters to us nothing by what name the man is named, so he be one of us."

"And Peter said, 'It must be hard for you all to understand one another, if you are of so many different kinds?'"

"The stranger answered, 'There is a sign by which we all know one another, and by which all the world may know us.'"

"The stranger rose from the fire, and stood upright; around him and behind him the darkness stood out."

"All earth is ours. And the day shall come when the stars, looking down on this little world, shall see no spot where the soil is moist and dark with the blood of man shed by his fellow man; the sun shall rise in the east and set in the west, and shed his light across this little globe, and nowhere shall he see man crushed by his fellows. And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. And instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and man shall nowhere crush man on all the holy earth. To-morrow's sun shall rise," said the stranger, "and it shall flood these dark kopjes with light, and the rocks shall glint in it. Not more certain is that rising than the coming of that day. And I say to you that even here, in the land where now we stand, where to-day the cries of the wounded and the curses of revenge ring in the air; even here, in this land, where man creeps on his belly to wound his fellow in the dark, and where an acre of gold is worth a thousand souls, and a reef of shining dirt is worth half a people, and the vultures are heavy with man's flesh—even here that day shall come. I tell you, Peter Simon Halket, that here on the spot where now we stand shall be raised a temple. Man shall not gather in it to worship that which divides; but they shall stand in it shoulder to shoulder, white man with black, and the stranger with the inhabitant of the land; and that place shall be holy; for men shall say, 'Are we not brethren and the sons of one Father?'"

"Peter Halket looked upward silently. And the stranger said: 'Certain men slept upon a plain, and the night was chill and dark. And, as they slept, at the hour when night is darkest, one stirred. Far off to the eastward, through his half-closed eyelids, he saw, as it were, one faint line, thin as a hair's width, that edged the hill tops. And he whispered in the darkness to his fellows: 'The dawn is coming.' But they, with fast-closed eyelids, murmured, 'He lies, there is no dawn.'"

"Nevertheless, day broke."

"The stranger was silent. The fire burnt up in red tongues of flame that neither flickered nor flared in the still night air. Peter Halket crept near to the stranger."

"When will the time be?" he whispered; "in a thousand years' time?"

"And the stranger answered, 'A thousand years are but as our yesterday's journey, or as our watch to-night, which draws already to its close.'"

"This is a very fine piece of writing, and so far the device for expressing the author's ideas is perhaps legitimate. Yet even so far it may be questioned whether it is quite suitable for any living writer to place his words in the mouth of the Founder of the faith of Christendom, even though it may be unquestionable that the principles thus enunciated are in harmony with the personality in connection with which they are expressed. But Olive Schreiner goes on beyond this, and pursues the same idea in a manner which seems to us not at all a legitimate use of the name she evokes. She

proceeds to put into the mouth of Jesus her own views upon the conduct and motives and characters of living persons prominent in South African politics, and especially upon those of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. She may be quite right in her reading of the character and the actions and the line of thought of Mr. Rhodes, but it revolts one's feelings and one's sense of fairness when she transports her own (even if just) notions on a living person into the mouth of no less a person than Jesus Christ."

"This is the way in which Mrs. Schreiner represents the Lord Jesus Christ as talking of the Cape leader:—"

"And the stranger said: 'Take a message to one man. Find him, whether he sleep or wake, whether he eat or drink; and say to him: 'Where are the souls of the men that you have bought?'"

"And if he shall answer you and say: 'I bought no men's souls. The souls that I bought were the souls of dogs.' Then ask him this question, say to him, 'Where are the—'"

"And if he cry out, 'You lie, you lie! I know what you are going to say. What do I know of envoys? Was I ever afraid of the



MRS. OLIVE SCHREINER.
(From photo by Barnard, Cape Town.)

British Government? It is all a lie!' Then question him no further."

"And if he shall answer saying: 'What are men to me—they're fools, all fools; let them die,' tell him again this story . . . Should he answer you and say: 'What do I care. Gold is real, and the power to crush men within my hand,' tell him no further; but if by some chance he should listen, then say this to him: 'The morning may break grey and the mid-day be dark and stormy, but the glory of the evening sunset may wash out for ever the remembrance of the morning's dullness and the darkness of the noon. It is never too late for the soul of a man.' And if he should laugh and say: 'Shall I, who for 43 years have sought money and power seek for anything else now; you want me to be Jesus Christ, I suppose?' Then answer him 'deep in the heart of every son of man lies an angel, but some have their wings folded; awake yours, mount up with him.' But if he curses you and says 'I have eight millions of money, and I care neither for God nor man,' then make no answer; and if he should curse yet further, and say 'There is not one man nor woman in South Africa I cannot buy with my money; when I have the Transvaal I shall buy God Almighty himself, if I care to,' then say to him 'Thy money perish with thee,' and leave him."

* By this shall all men know that ye are disciples, in that ye love one another.

We cannot help saying that if Mrs. Schreiner has invented such talk as this to put into the mouth of Mr. Rhodes, she has done what is hardly justifiable. It is, of course, possible, though obviously improbable, that she could give some evidence that it is in this manner that Mr. Rhodes talks; but it is far more likely that if ever that prominent man does express his motives and explain his views, it is not at all in this way that he delivers himself, but that on the contrary, he too presents before his own mind, and the minds of any others to whom he should endeavour to explain himself, a very different class of thoughts and of aspirations. That a critic of a political leader's doings should endeavour to prove from his actions that his ideals are utterly selfish, that he feels nothing but contempt and hatred for his kind, and that he makes money his only aspiration, is fair, and may lead to a consideration of his course in his own and other's minds, with good results; but to put such statements into his own mouth as his uttered and admitted views is not fair, and to offer the comments of Jesus Christ upon those statements will strike many people as profane, and few as convincing."

Men may—nay, they do—live on their own highest plane, and never realise that it is really a very low plane. This is what makes all reform so difficult—that men may support evil and yet be in full accord with their own best feelings of religion and morals: African slavery in America was taught to be right from innumerable pulpits, for instance: and men engaged in crushing and clearing away the black races everywhere, do not defy their consciences in this pursuit, but drug them by specious arguments. If the ideals are wrong, the conduct must needs be so too; but the man may not be consciously doing anything against his own views of right."

The end of Peter Halket is that which he himself had observed had been the end of nearly all the members of the stranger's company; he found it fatal to attempt to put into practice the ideals with which the stranger had presented him. Peter returned to his troop, and in the course of his duty was present when a black man was found hidden away in a hole. The Captain ruled that "the nigger" was a spy, and was to be hanged in the morning accordingly. Peter Halket took it upon himself to remonstrate with his commanding officer about this decision. Peter pointed out to the Captain "that all men were brothers, and God loved a black man as well as a white; Mashonas and Matabele were poor ignorant folk, and we ought to take care of them." He then proposed that as there was no evidence that the man was a spy, the Captain should give him food and send him back to his own people. Hereupon the Captain swore furiously; and a conversation between two of the other troopers is made to tell the rest of the tale:

"And when he'd finished and got sane a bit, he said Halket was to walk up and down there all day and keep watch on the nigger. And he gave orders that if the big troop didn't come up to-night, that he was to be potted first thing in the morning, and that Halket was to shoot him."

"The Englishman started: 'What did Halket say?'"

"Nothing. He's been walking there with his gun all day."

"The Englishman watched with his clear eyes the spot where Halket's head appeared and disappeared."

"Is the nigger hanging there now?"

"Yes. The Captain said no one was to go near him, or give him anything to eat or drink all day; but—"

The Colonial glanced round where the trooper lay under the bushes, and then lowering his voice added, "This morning,

a couple of hours ago, Halket sent the Captain's coloured boy to ask me for a drink of water. I thought it was for Halket himself, and the poor devil must be hot walking there in the sun, so sent him the water out of my canvas bag. I went along afterwards to see what had become of my mug; the boy had gone, and there, straight in front of the Captain's tent, before the very door, was Halket letting that bloody nigger drink out of my mug. The riem was so tight round his neck he couldn't drink but slowly, and there was Halket holding it up to him! If the Captain had looked out! W—h—e—w! I wouldn't have been Halket!"

Halket made an awful ass of himself. He's never been quite right since that time he got lost and spent the night out on the koppie. When we found him in the morning he was in a kind of dead sleep; we couldn't wake him; yet it wasn't cold enough for him to have been frozen. He's never been the same man since; queer, you know; giving his rations away to the coloured boys, and letting the other fellows have his dot of brandy at night, and keeping himself sort of apart to himself, you know. The other fellows think he's got a touch of fever on, caught wandering about in the long grass that day. But I don't think it's that, I think it's being alone in the veld that's got hold of him. Man, have you ever been out like that, alone in the veld, night and day, and not a soul to speak to? I have; and I tell you if I'd been left there three days longer I'd have gone mad or turned religious."

In the night Peter steals to the tree just outside the captain's tent where the black man is hanging half dead, bound against the stem. Peter gives him his own supper tied up in his handkerchief, and having cut the leather thongs that bound him, signs to him to go.

"In an instant a gleam of intelligence shot across the black face, then a wild transport; he turned and disappeared in the grass. It closed behind him, but as he went the twigs and leaves cracked under his tread." The Captain hearing the sound, threw back the front of his tent and saw what had occurred; there was a sound of firing, and when the other men rushed to the Captain's tent "they saw that the nigger was gone, and Peter Halket was lying on his face at the foot of the tree." When one of the troopers, who had been a medical student looks at Peter's body, he finds a bullet wound in his head which has evidently come from the Captain's pistol, and thus the story ends.

"Do you think they will make any enquiries?" asked the Colonial.

"Why should they? His time will be up to-morrow."

"Are you going to say anything?"

"What is the use?"

"They lay in the dark for an hour, and heard the men chatting outside."

"Do you believe in a God?" said the Englishman, suddenly.

"The Colonial started—'Of course I do!'"

"I used to," said the Englishman. "I do not believe in your God; but I believed in something greater than I could understand, which moved in this earth as your soul moves in your body. And I thought this worked in such wise, that the law of cause and effect, which holds in the physical world, held also in the moral; so that the thing we call justice ruled. I do not believe in it any more. There is no God in Mashonaland."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the Colonial, much distressed. "Are you going off your head, like poor Halket?"

"No; but there is no God," said the Englishman. He turned round on his shoulder and said no more; and afterwards the Colonial went to sleep."

Much of the writing is very beautiful, and stirs the mind like the march of a stately poem. Beautiful and womanly, too, is the deep, intense sympathy with the oppressed and harried blacks; more subtle, but as real, the pity for the white men lowered and degraded by the encouragement that they find to cruelty, treachery and injustice in the present condition of South African affairs."

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

FOUNDED 1872.

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

The Society seeks to achieve this object:—

1. By acting as a centre for the collection and diffusion of information with regard to the progress of the movement in all parts of the country.

2. By holding public meetings in support of the repeal of the electoral disabilities of women.

3. By the publication of pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature bearing upon the question.

Treasurer—Mrs. RUSSELL COOKE.

Subscriptions and donations should be sent to Mrs. CHARLES BAXTER, Secretary, Central Office, Albany Buildings, 39, Victoria-street, S.W.

Subscribers are entitled to receive the Annual Report and copies of all literature.

The Monthly Report of this Society is now published in the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, which will be sent to Subscribers the first week in each month. We hope many of our members will take this paper in every week.

Cheques or Post Office Orders may be made payable to the Treasurer or the Secretary.

LECTURING CAMPAIGN FUND.

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

	£	s.	d.
Miss Bremner, per collecting card	1	15	0
Miss L. Bread	0	12	0
Miss A. Kilburn	0	11	0
Miss C. Jebson	0	10	0
Miss M. Lovthime	0	10	0
Mrs. R. M. Drew, donation	0	2	6
Miss Ransom	0	2	6

NEW AFFILIATIONS.

Eastbourne W.L.A., East Islington W.L.A., and Folkestone branch of the B.W.T.A. have affiliated with the Society.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A large public meeting, promoted by the combined Suffrage Committee, will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, on Wednesday, May 26th. Particulars as to speakers, &c., will be given later.

PETITIONS.

The splendid result of the Second Reading of Mr. Faithful Begg's Women's Suffrage Bill gives us reason to hope that it may be carried through Parliament and become law this Session.

It lies in the power of each of our readers to help forward this desired end by sending petitions and letters to the Member of Parliament who represents their constituency, to whatever party he may belong, requesting him to support the Bill.

It is fresh in the memory of all who heard and read the debate of February 3rd that our opponents' principal taunt was this: "Women themselves do not want the vote."

By sending in many well-filled petitions between this and June 23rd an effectual refutation will be given to this fallacious assertion.

The following circular is being sent out by the Suffrage Societies throughout the areas allotted to them at the Birmingham Conference. The Committee earnestly hope that every man and woman who cares about this vital question will send up petitions according to the instructions contained in the circular:—

WORK FOR THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL!

"Friends of Women's Suffrage are earnestly

exhorted to work for the Bill for extending the Parliamentary Franchise to women, which passed second reading, by a majority of 71, on February 3rd, and which is set down to go into Committee on June 23rd.

"Between this and June 23rd every M.P. should receive letters, requests and petitions from his constituents to support the Bill."

"The following forms are recommended:—

"To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled."

"The humble petition of the undersigned inhabitants of—"

SHEWETH,

"That in the judgment of your petitioners, women, who pay rates and taxes, should have the right to vote in the election of Members of Parliament."

"Wherefore your petitioners humbly pray that your Honourable House will pass the Bill, entitled 'The Parliamentary Franchise, Extension to Women, Bill.'"

"And your petitioners will ever pray, &c., or

"To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled."

"The humble petition of the undersigned inhabitants of—"

SHEWETH,

"That in the judgment of your petitioners the Parliamentary Franchise should be extended to women who possess the qualifications which entitle men to vote, and who in all matters of local government have the right of voting."

"Wherefore your petitioners humbly pray that your Honourable House will pass the Bill, entitled 'The Parliamentary Franchise, Extension to Women, Bill.'"

"And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

"It is to be desired that petitions be sent up from every parish and village in the land. Friends ready to help can obtain forms direct from any of the Women's Suffrage Offices, whose addresses are given below; but it is much better that they prepare their own petitions according to the following instructions."

"Write out whichever of the above forms is preferred, on any kind of paper that may be at hand—a sheet of foolscap, spread out, will do well. Write out the form without any mistakes, as no word may be scratched out or interlined, and sign on the same piece of paper."

"Sign with your Christian and Surname in full, and your address in full, and ask as many friends as you can to do the same. If the address is not given the signature will not be counted. The petition may be signed by all persons over eighteen, whether men or women, whether householders or not. Each must sign for him or herself, and no one may sign twice. There must be no signatures on the back of the paper, but another sheet can be gummed on, where necessary, at the foot of the first sheet; or, if preferred, another form could be begun."

"When you have obtained all the signatures you are able, make up the Petition in a book-post packet, write on the cover the words 'Parliamentary Petition,' and post it addressed to the Member for your Constituency, at the House of Commons, London, S.W. No stamp is required, as Petitions so forwarded go post free. Write and send along with the Petition a note (post paid), asking the Member to present it and to support its prayer."

Addresses of Women's Suffrage Offices from which Petitions, Leaflets, &c., may be obtained—

Central Committee of the National Society—10, Great College-street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Central National Society—39, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

Manchester National Society—Queen's Chambers, 5, John Dalton-street, Manchester.

Bristol and West of England Society—69, Park-street, Bristol.

DUBLIN CORPORATION BILL.

On Wednesday, February 17th, Mr. Johnston (Belfast, S.), carried his "Instruction," extending by a clause in the Dublin Corporation Bill, the Municipal Franchise to duly qualified women within the City of Dublin; majority 28. There is, therefore, an exceedingly good chance that the Bill will go safely through the Select Committee of the House of Commons. The only question in doubt is the probable action of the House of Lords. Last year a similar Bill was thrown out by the Lords, on the ground that it had been improperly expanded, and it is possible that Lord Morley, who in these matters leads the Upper Chamber, may take the same view this year. In view, however, of the large monetary interests at stake, it is hardly likely that Lord Morley would take the extreme step of urging the Lords to reject the Bill again.

PUBLIC MEETINGS

Addressed by the Society's Lecturers.

On January 27th, Miss Alison Garland addressed a public meeting at Leek (Staffs), under the auspices of the Women's Liberal Association. The subject of Miss Garland's lecture was, "Shall Women Have a Vote." After a bright and well-thought-out address, the following resolution was put to the meeting and carried with acclamation:—"That this meeting strongly supports the Woman's Suffrage Bill to be brought forward by Mr. F. Begg in the House of Commons on February 3rd, and desires that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Mr. Charles Bill, M.P., Sir William Harcourt, M.P., and Mr. T. Ellis, M.P." Mr. Hall, the mover of the resolution, in the course of his speech said it was the first time he had made any statement in public in regard to that question, but he had no hesitation in saying that he had very great pleasure in moving the resolution. (Hear, hear.) He thought it was a very moderate thing for women to ask for—that those of their class who fulfilled duties to the State similar to the men, women who paid taxes and had to manage property and sundry other matters of that kind, should have their services to the State as citizens of this country recognised by having given to them a fairly reasonable interest and voice in matters concerning their own interests. As to the old argument that women are not equal to an intelligent use of the franchise, he thought no man would stand up to-day and say there was anything in it. Women had now entered almost every vocation of life, and had proved their sterling qualities. They were thought fit to vote for School Boards, Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, County Councils, and so on, and surely if they had got intelligence and ability enough to exercise a vote upon the important questions that those authorities had to deal with, it could not be that they could not understand the duties in Parliament. He (Mr. Hall) thought that the women for whom the Parliamentary vote was now asked—the women householders of the country—would be extremely intelligent voters, and would fulfil the duties with credit to themselves and advantage to the country. If the Throne—the loftiest and most responsible position in this great country—could be filled with distinction by a woman, surely women might be regarded as eligible to vote for members of Parliament. (Hear, hear.) And that the Throne had been worthily and most ably filled by a woman for a period very likely longer than the average life of those present was a sufficient argument in favour of extending the franchise to women. There were many questions that

Miss Garland had referred to that could be more intelligently and sympathetically dealt with by women than men, that they had a right to be heard upon, and it would be an advantage to the country that their voices should be heard upon. But they would not be heard until they had a vote. He knew many members of his own party—the Liberal party—who looked askance at the question of giving the franchise to women. Some of them were afraid that the women would vote Conservative. No true Liberal ought to look at the question from that standpoint. (Hear, hear.) The question was, not "What will women do in relation to your party or my party?" but "What is the right thing for us to do? What is good for the country?"

The seconder said the lecturer had said that night that the motto of their party, or of any other party, should be, "Be just and fear not." Well, it was an act of justice that if a man or a woman was a citizen, and contributed towards the cost of government, they should be made better citizens by having given to them an opportunity of directing or stopping the progress of any political party in a certain direction. There were many questions affecting women politically as much as men, and he hoped—he was going to commit a political bull—that although that was the first time he was ever on a Woman's Suffrage platform it would be the last, because he hoped the present Parliament would give the women all that they asked for. (Applause.)

During the month of February Mrs. Charles Mallet addressed three meetings in Berkshire, one being a special meeting of the Reading Liberal Association, held on Tuesday, February 9th, where Mrs. Mallet reviewed the position of women as citizens from the very earliest ages, alluding to the rights and privileges possessed by them in England in Saxon and Norman times. She entered fully into the objections commonly brought forward to the granting of the Parliamentary Suffrage to women, and answered them categorically. She also quoted the opinions of statesmen and writers on the question, and, in conclusion, strongly urged the importance to the cause of progress of placing women on the electorate. After a sympathetic speech from the chairman, the following resolution was carried without a dissentient vote:—"That this meeting records its satisfaction at the vote given in the House of Commons on February 3rd, and approves of the principle that the vote should be given to women on the same terms as it is, or may be, given to men."

On the afternoon of the same day a meeting was held at Benson, W.L.A., where the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That this meeting regards with deep satisfaction the result of the vote given in the House of Commons, on February 3rd, on the second reading of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill, and expresses its determination to do all in its power to obtain for women the Franchise on the same terms it is given to men."

On Thursday, February 11th, the seventh annual general meeting of the Maidenhead Branch of the British Women's Temperance Association was held in the Town Hall. The Chairman read a letter from Sir George Russell, Bart., regretting his inability to be present, but assuring the meeting that the Women's Suffrage movement had his hearty support. (Cheers.) Letters were also read from several local gentlemen who were unable to attend, including one from the Rev. A. H. Drummond (vicar of Boyn Hill), who expressed himself strongly in favour of women having the Franchise.

At the conclusion of a most instructive lecture, Mrs. Mallet moved the following resolution:—"That this seventh annual meeting of the Maidenhead Branch of the British Women's Temperance Association cordially thanks Mr. Faithfull Begg, Sir George Russell, Bart., member for East Berks, and the whole of the 228 Members of the Commons who secured the passing of the second reading of the 'Women's Parliamentary Reform Bill' on February 3rd. Seeing that legislation increasingly includes so

many social enactments relating to the protection of the home, the welfare of women and children, and to women's employments and education, this meeting declares its strong opinion that the time is fully come when the privilege of the Parliamentary Franchise should be extended to women on the same qualifications by which their brothers possess it. Further, this resolution is directed to be sent to Mr. Faithfull Begg, Sir George Russell, Bart., Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Sir William Harcourt."

Miss Alison Garland has made a tour in the Isle of Wight, speaking on behalf of the Society. Particulars as to the meetings will be given next month.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

March 11th at Greenwich, Miss Florence Baggie and Mrs. Haweis.

April 5th at The College, Bromley, Mrs. Charles Mallet.

MARIE LOUISE BAXTER, Secretary.

WOMEN'S LOCAL GOVERNMENT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of subscribers to the Women's Local Government Society was held in the Board Room of 4, Sanctuary, Westminster, on Friday, February 19th, 1897, at 4.30 p.m., Lady Frederick Cavendish presiding. The adoption of the report was moved from the chair, and speeches in support of the motion were made by Mrs. Mallet and Mrs. Burgwin. The hon. secretary (Miss Leigh Browne) made a statement with regard to the motion of Mr. Johnston, M.P. for Belfast, for an instruction to the Committee on the Dublin Corporation Bill, that, either by definition or enactment, they make provision for conferring on duly qualified women the municipal franchise in the City of Dublin. This motion had been debated in the House of Commons on February 17th, 1897, and carried by 89 to 61.

Miss Browne also drew attention to the Bill for women as county councillors, which had been read for the first time by Mr. Bousfield, M.P., but said that, owing to the low place obtained in the ballot, little more could be done in Parliament this Session. She asked members of the Society to bring the subject before friends in Parliament, as it was most important that Parliamentary support be secured.

The hon. treasurer spoke of the very low state of the finances, and urged on all those present to endeavour to secure new subscribers, as the amount of subscriptions must be quite doubled if the work of the Society was to be carried on. The hon. secretary then read some extracts from the report, dwelling specially on Miss Eve's case, as follows:—

"At the time of closing the last report (February, 1896) your committee were seconding the efforts of Mr. Whiteley, M.L.S.B., to overcome the opposition of the Governors of Christ's Hospital to the nomination by the Board of Miss Eve as one of the Council of Almoners of Christ's Hospital. The matter had then been referred by the Board to the Charity Commissioners. Your committee resolved to ask them to receive a deputation, and Lady F. Cavendish consented to speak in the name of the Society in the event of the request being acceded to. The Commissioners, however, refused to receive a deputation on the ground that the question they had to decide was one of 'pure law.' At the public meeting held by this Society in St. Martin's Town Hall, February 21st, 1896, Mr. Whiteley moved a resolution as follows:—

"That this meeting expresses its satisfaction that the London School Board adheres to the nomination of Miss Eve, M.L.S.B., for election to the Council of Almoners of Christ's Hospital."

"Speaking as an almoner of Christ's Hospital, he said the chief duty of the almoners was to visit the schools, kitchens, dormitories, sick rooms, &c., and not to have women's help was to lose much assistance.

"Between April and October of last year the question of Miss Eve's appointment was again before the Charity Commissioners, and again referred back by them to the General Purposes Committee of the London School Board, which in July resolved:—

"That a mandamus be applied for, calling upon the Charity Commissioners to give a decision under Clause 143 of the Christ's Hospital Scheme, as to whether the Governors are or are not bound to accept the nomination of the Board, and to appoint Miss Eve as an Almoner of Christ's Hospital."

"The application was made on October 29th, when a *rule nisi* for a mandamus was granted. The rule came on for argument on the 13th of January last, before a Divisional Court, consisting of Mr. Justice Wright and Mr. Justice Bruce, when their lordships discharged the rule with costs, on the ground that the question could be more conveniently raised, either by way of an injunction or by action under the Charitable Trusts Act, 1853, with the *fiat* of the Attorney-General, for a declaration of the rights of the School Board under the scheme."

The following resolutions were unanimously carried:—Re-election of president and vice-presidents. Moved by Mrs. Fordham, seconded by Miss Cons.

Motion: "That there be four instead of two vice-presidents of the Society; that the Right Hon. Leonard Courtenay be elected a vice-president; and, that Lady Frances Balfour be elected a vice-president." Moved by Miss Wilson, seconded by Miss Gruner.

The members of committee were proposed for re-election by Miss Crondece, seconded by Miss Beale.

A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

CARE FOR OUR FELLOWS.

The advanced woman is she who is considering the human question, which necessarily includes the woman question. It is she who notes the number of women slain annually by drunken and brutal husbands and so-called lovers. She may weep but she does something else. She seeks the causes of this domination of brute force over the physically weaker sex to such an extent that it is said on good authority that "during the two years 1893 and 1894, no fewer than two thousand wives were slain by their husbands, to say nothing of the many women who were butchered by jealous lovers, by men who had tired of their victims, or by brutes dominated by evil passions." "Every day in the year an average of three helpless wives are shot to death, beaten to death, knifed, poisoned, strangled, or in some other way hurried out of this fair world by the men who promised to make life beautiful for them under their protecting arms and cherishing care."

WOMEN RAIN MAKERS.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, Professor Rhys Davids read on behalf of the writer, Mr. Sarat Chandra Mitra, of the Anthropological Society of Bombay, a paper on the ceremonies employed by the women of Behar in time of prolonged drought to invoke or produce rain.

The rite is known as the "Har Parauri," and a typical case performed at Chupra, in the heart of the great indigo country, commenced by bands of women parading the villages after nightfall singing a dirge-like appeal to Vishnu, and pointing out to the Deity, how great was the distress the women suffered, when the want of rain caused their husbands to desert them, and their children were dying for the need of milk. Ten days later, a further ceremony of ploughing a field was gone through, this, at Gorakpur, being performed in a condition of absolute nudity. A safe provision against the intrusive curiosity of the other sex was the belief that the ritual would fail if seen by male eyes. At Mirzapore the women carried it out by groups of three, two being yoked to the plough and one guiding. The condition of nudity, however, was an important one in all rain spells throughout Northern India, but whether it was to signify the abject poverty occasioned by the failure of the fruits of the earth or bore any analogy to Lady Godiva's famous self-sacrifice, as Mr. Mitra ingeniously suggested, was doubtful. The next stage was that of heaping abuse on the heads of village authorities, thus performing a vicarious sacrifice, and a final one was the invocation of Mother Earth.

A discussion followed the paper, several Indian officials contributing reminiscences of special efforts of propitiation in time of famine, and Mr. Sewell recalled the last occasions on which hook-swinging was practised in the Madras Presidency. Lord Reay, who presided, said, in summing up the various remarks, that in the crisis through which India was now unhappily passing it was probable that there might be many revivals of ceremonies almost forgotten, and it was to be hoped that Anglo-Indian officers would take note of them as possibly being of high interest.

If our grandmothers had been as careless as our granddaughters there would be no old china.

FOUNDATION OF ENGLISH LAW.

ACCORDING to Holingshed, quoted in Ridpath's History, the admission of women to the bar and her election to legislatures is but tardy recognition of the debt of jurisprudence, in English-speaking nations at least, to woman as the author of the statutes upon which our whole code of laws is based. He says:—

"There is every reason to suppose that the noble code of laws called the Common Law of England, usually attributed to Alfred, were by him derived from the laws first established by a British queen. Martha, surnamed Proba, or the Just, was the widow of Gutelin, King of the Britons, and was left protectress of the realm during the minority of her son. Perceiving much in the laws that was wrong, she devised sundry wholesome laws, which the Britons afterwards named the "Martian Statutes." Alfred caused the laws of this excellent and learned princess to be established in the realm. She was a Greek scholar. These laws embraced trial by jury, and the just descent of property, and were afterwards collated by Edward the Confessor, and were as pertinaciously demanded from the successors of William the Conqueror by the Anglo-Normans as by their Anglo-Saxon subjects."

THE MAGGI SOUPS.

MESSRS. COSENZA & Co., of 95 and 97, Wigmore-street, have decided upon relinquishing the ices and confectionery branch of their business, which has been transferred to Messrs. J. Searcy & Sons, of Connaught-street and Sloane-street. This step has been taken in consequence of the rapid growth of the other branches, owing to the enormous popularity of the Maggi Soups and Consommé, the Driessens Foundation Sauces and other culinary specialties for which they hold sole agencies.

The free demonstrations in the use of these soups and sauces are being continued by Messrs. Cosenza & Co., at 95, Wigmore-street. March 5th and 19th are the next dates. Cards of invitation to either of these will be sent on application.

JOHNNY—"Where did baby come from, ma?"
Mamma—"From heaven. Ess um did, dideen um? Um's mummer's ownest ooze-goozle daddle darlings, um is!"
Johnny—"Ma, is that the way people talk in heaven?"

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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

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

Editor—MRS. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

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

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

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NOTICE.

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

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

SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

Probably the most important public event of the moment is the Greek action in Crete, which may possibly lead to European complications, and will certainly greatly affect the popularity of the Ministry at home. It is useless to say anything about the case when it may develop into a fresh aspect before the ink is dry; but some very strong excuse would have to be adduced to lead the nation to regard with approval the use of the British blue-jackets to force back under the Sultan's rule any portion of the Christian population that has a chance of escaping and establishing self-government.

An interesting observation was made by Mr. Cecil Rhodes in his examination before the South Africa Committee. He was asked why he said that the Uitlanders (British settlers amidst the Boers) had no civil rights, and promptly replied that he said this "because they had no votes. They have no rights at all—even at the present moment they have no rights, for

they cannot vote. The vote covers everything." Upon this point he enlarged for a considerable time, and we invite women to observe how this intolerable grievance of being governed without representation is resented by men. Mr. Rhodes's examination at this point was conducted by Mr. Labouchere.

"Voting covers everything," said Mr. Rhodes. And he continued—

I differ as to the people not caring about a vote. I think they care very deeply. I can give you a case. In 1894, when Sir Henry Loch went up, there was a mass meeting, and there was a petition signed by 14,000 people. That mass meeting was most enthusiastic and most determined in their claim for their rights. I hold broadly, whatever people may say, that you can have no body of Englishmen in any place or for any period without those men insisting on their civil rights. I am sure of it. . . . I would have given them the civil rights which any human being in any part of the world is entitled to if he behaves himself as a decent citizen.

What you complain of is that they are not allowed to become citizens of the Republic?—That they are not allowed to share in the government of the Republic.

You would not object if they were allowed to become full citizens, and, upon taking the oath of allegiance to the Transvaal, they did not throw off their British nationality?—Just so. . . . You must make allowance for their ideas that they must share in the government of that country.

Provided they are citizens of the country?—They may become citizens of the country and yet they cannot get a vote.

Yes, they get a vote after two years, do they not?—No.

I thought they did?—Practically you cannot get a vote, do what you like. Unless you absolutely become a citizen?—And then, even, you cannot.

When the Transvaal was under the British Empire was there a representative Assembly there?—No; I think it is a pity there was not.

The Boers did not get votes then?—That point of yours is all in my favour. It was because they did not have a representative council, and many of their grievances were not attended to, that we had the unfortunate Transvaal war.

The great stress laid by men on the vote in places where they are denied it, and made to be as women are at home, entirely dependant on another class for attention to their wishes and interests, should be a lesson to those of us who profess to be interested in public affairs, and yet talk of the vote for our own class as less urgent than other questions. "The vote covers everything" is profoundly true. It is to be noticed, too, that the assertion is made of the men for whom Mr. Rhodes speaks, as it is of ourselves, that "they do not want the vote," and Mr. Rhodes falls back on petitions and public meetings to disprove this statement.

Another interesting fact about this enquiry is the revelation that the famous "telegram to the Times," from which it is tried to fix complicity in Jameson's raid on certain persons as parties beforehand to his plans, was sent to the leading

journal by Miss Flora Shaw. This lady made her reputation by writing a series of capable letters to the *Times* on the colonies, their finances, industries and political position. It is nevertheless a sign of the times that the leading newspaper of the world has accepted political news and views of such high importance as the South African telegram from a lady correspondent.

It is astonishing what false statements are promulgated as to the working of the woman's vote in the places in which it has been given. Some months ago, it will be remembered, the *Daily Chronicle* ventured in large leader type to make the absolutely untrue and utterly unjustifiable assertion that Woman's Suffrage had been tried in some States of America and quickly taken away again. That was corrected in these columns, and a copy of the correction sent to the paper in fault, but the falsehood was not corrected there, and the people who pin their faith to that organ may remain under the utterly false impression referred to. Again, the *Times* permitted Mr. Goldwin Smith to state that the good women in Colorado do not vote, and desire to abandon the power to do so. We at once reprinted the declaration made and signed formally by the Governor of the State and the editors of the two leading newspapers of opposite "colours" in the metropolis of Colorado, that some 80 per cent. of all the women qualified voted, and that nobody desired to see Women's Suffrage undone. Then Mr. Max O'Rell put his name in print to an assertion as bold as the *Daily Chronicle's*, to the effect that the Suffrage for women had been tried in New Zealand and had worked so badly that the men had hastened to deprive the women of the vote. To this we were able to reply with the figures of the election for Parliament in the colony just held. Nobody had attempted to take away the vote—the women had voted in large numbers. Now, amongst the comments on the recent election, we find Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in his newspaper, delivering himself of this statement:—

The great mass of women, the feminine women, who never have wanted, and who never will want, to interfere with the affairs of the world outside the home life, would trouble little about politics, whatever might be their privileges. In various States of America the plan has been tried, and fair time given for a test. It has been found that the number of women making use of their vote has been some two or three per cent.

This statement is amazingly untrue. As mentioned above, the poll of the Colorado women was some 80 per cent. of the number qualified. In Wyoming the woman's vote has always been a very large percentage. "As many women vote as men, in proportion to the number in the territory," said Governor Hoyt, "and our 'first ladies' are active participants in the elections." The Utah women made one of the most impressive of all "parades" held there, and the vast majority of them voted. In New Zealand, the exact figures were as follows:—The total number of adult women in New Zealand is 139,915; of these 109,661 registered as voters, and the number who voted at the late general election was 90,290. So much for Mr. Jerome's "two or three per cent."

But that such mis-statements should be so boldly and constantly and deliberately made shows the need that there is for educating the public, not only in argument but in positive facts. It is deplorable but true that the "sixpenny ladies' papers" are anti-woman's suffrage, and speak of the women whom they are supposed to represent in every way with contempt excelling that of the general newspapers. Absolutely the two most objectionable articles published after the recent House of Commons victory were those in the *Queen* and the *Lady's Pictorial*. The latter stated that "our sex is always illogical and the present Bill proves it so in this instance, for it would do monstrous injustice to the majority of women" (i.e., this genius thinks it more unjust for some than for all women to be excluded from voting, when they have the qualification that entitles men to vote!) It goes on—

"But quite apart from these considerations stands the incontrovertible fact that the great bulk of women do not care one jot to possess the right to vote. That our interests in Parliament have been loyally and generously looked after by men in recent years is also undeniable, and therefore one of the greatest arguments in favour of Women's Suffrage has practically ceased to operate. Women in the bulk are perfectly content that men should fight their Parliamentary battles for them, and were it possible to test by ballot the opinions of women on the subject throughout the entire country, it would undoubtedly be found that not one in twenty or perhaps thirty would vote in favour of Female Suffrage. . . . That their menkind should be relegated to so ignominious a position as they would be thus forced to occupy would unquestionably seem positively shocking to all Englishwomen save the very few who pretend that the feminine heel ought to be kept firmly on the masculine neck. Happily, the majority of women will never be persuaded otherwise than that they are to be shielded by man's stronger arm in the political arena, and, above all, that their proper sphere is home. And this being so, it is hard to see upon what the advocates of Women's Suffrage can base their hopes of any more substantial victory than that obtained last week."

As to the article in *The Queen*, the *Lady's Newspaper*, we will quote the outline of it that the *St. James's Gazette* triumphantly gives. It will be seen that a main point in the argument is that women must not have the vote because they would be opposed to C.D. laws—and this as an objection to Woman's Suffrage appears in a "lady's newspaper"!

A decisive line is taken by the *Queen* on the female suffrage question. Hitherto the leading women's paper has "wobbled" somewhat, and it has been difficult to gather its precise position. The emphatic editorial utterance which appears in the current number, however, leaves no doubt that henceforward the large number of inarticulate women who object to the granting of female suffrage may look to the *Queen* for encouragement and support. It believes that the great majority of women do not want to dabble in politics (do they not?). They could, it says, not fitly legislate for the maritime interest—the most important in the kingdom, but one of which they practically can have no experience. Of military matters they must remain profoundly ignorant. Rampant teetotalism would close all licensed houses;

and the results of female interference, which may be now seen (as the *Queen* plainly points out) in a disastrous form in one matter affecting the Army, would show themselves in every department.

Here, then, we are confronted with the situation that the papers supposed to represent educated women, and taken in every public library as such, are opposed to Women's Suffrage on the worst possible grounds for such opposition. It is small wonder that "able editors" in ordinary papers do not hesitate to make untrue statements and refuse to correct them though the correction be at hand. But all this surely proves the need for the WOMAN'S SIGNAL to not only exist to record the facts, but also to be placed in the hands of the public more generally. It is therefore on the most urgent public grounds that I ask my readers to supply the SIGNAL with a Free Circulation Fund. From this I would wish to send a weekly copy for some months to the editors of all important newspapers, to every free library that would consent to place it on the reading-room table, to M.P.'s wives and other women of influence, and, in short, to spread the light in a missionary spirit. This cannot be done without subscriptions for the purpose.

It seems to be commonly supposed that Lady Henry Somerset supplies the paper with funds to make it useful in any way in which it can be utilised. This is entirely erroneous. Lady Henry has no responsibility for the paper's expenses, and makes no sort of contribution to its funds in any shape or way. This must be quite understood, so that it may be more readily comprehended by my readers that any further free distribution of the paper must be aided by women who care for all that it stands for. For over a year past I have spent myself and my means of every sort with ungrudging lavishness on the paper. It has been my great contribution to the woman's cause. I do not mean, of course, that it is a "great" contribution as regards its quality—that is not for me to speak of—nor as regards its results, its value. I mean simply that from the personal point of view I have made a great offering of myself to it. And I have every reason to suppose that it has been of high value. Every week the SIGNAL is quoted from largely in daily and weekly contemporaries, for to a limited number of papers we do send it now. It is read by Members of Parliament, whose speeches to Women's Liberal Association often echo the SIGNAL on our questions. More than one provincial paper's "lady's column" is almost entirely constructed from it. And above all no week passes without some dear reader being inspired by her own kind soul to write and tell me all that the paper is to her, either in helping her as wife and mother, or in confirming her sense of public duty and keeping up in her soul the feeling of the solidarity and sisterhood of women, or else as gradually awakening her on these points.

Here, for instance, are three (I will not print the names of the writers without their leave, but I am sure I may show the letters to anybody who might wish to see them). One comes from Cape Colony, and says:—"I enjoy reading the paper every week, and pass it on to a missionary's wife in the neighbourhood. In isolated places such as

this, it is such a help and stimulus to be kept in touch with what other women are doing." Then comes one from an English town:—"Accept my personal gratitude for your splendid gift to women in the paper. To one like myself, with limited time and limited means (which imply limited reading opportunity) the SIGNAL is invaluable, for from it I glean knowledge which would otherwise be impossible to me, and find myself being gradually educated to claim that broader sphere of labour and rights for women which was once repulsive to me." Then from Ireland:—"Somebody here, who was all against what he called 'the New Woman' has been quite converted by seeing the SIGNAL regularly," and finally from Scotland:—"I esteem its advocacy of our good cause so highly; were I rich I would circulate the SIGNAL broadcast."

Of course, everybody must choose for himself the form in which he will give to public work. Personally I think the maintenance of the one paper that gives facts and arguments for the woman's cause, and at the same time feeds the housewife's mind for the best discharge of those home and family duties that it is so false to assert that we do not recognise as our first and nearest obligations, is of more importance than any other sort of effort to which I might give; more important than holding public meetings at which a few persons attend, more important than issuing pamphlets that are with difficulty distributed to the many thousands of persons that the SIGNAL reaches with fresh ideas every week. But I want to know that the work done, the force expended on its production, is made as useful as possible. I want editors to be offered the opportunity of learning facts, and of seeing how far Mr. Labouchere's account of "How Women advocate Women's Suffrage" is the true one. I want Members of Parliament and their wives to be told how many of us are interested in this cause, and why, and so to be (even if slowly) brought to regard it as serious. I want the men and women who crowd into free reading-rooms every evening to have an opportunity of reading the SIGNAL as they have of reading "ladies' papers" in the reverse interest. To this end I want a fund to distribute some hundreds of copies by post every week, and ask if any of my readers will help me?

Mr. Ralph Simey, clerk to the County Council of Durham, has addressed a memorial to the Home Secretary, urging that the "confusion worse confounded" that at present exists in the several kinds of voters' registration acts should be put right by a single short Bill. This is the means by which we think the enfranchisement of women would be most reasonably and properly accomplished, and if the Government would give an assurance that in due course of time (in plain words, when a dissolution looms near before their eyes) they will bring in such a Bill and include women in it, as a necessary consequence of the recent acceptance of Woman's Suffrage by the House of Commons, we would be content. The difficulty that the most friendly M.P. must feel in regard to the immediate passing of the Bill for enfranchising women is that a dissolution must, in ac-

cordance with precedent and obvious propriety, follow at once on its passing, in order to take the opinion of the new class of electors. Now the present Government are safely in office for some years to come (accidents and unforeseen complications apart), and it is not reasonable to expect them and their party to be in a genuine hurry to pass a Bill that might necessitate a general election.

But our present electoral system, as regards registration and the distribution of seats, is full of absurd anomalies. Small constituencies return as many members as large ones; persons with a given qualification may vote in some elections and not in others; under some circumstances, a man may cast several votes; every local election needs a fresh study of the persons who may vote. As Mr. Simey sums it up in his able memorandum:—

Some electors with Parliamentary votes are not allowed to vote for the County Council, but they may vote for parish councillors. Some classes of voters for the Parish Council cannot vote at a County Council election, while of the two classes of women voters one may vote for both county and parish, while the other is restricted to the parish.

The chief difficulties would be got rid of by an assimilation of all the franchises, so that one Owners' List and one Occupiers' List should suffice for all purposes. This means that all classes of voters should be entitled to vote at all elections, whether Parliamentary, County Council or Parochial. Thus:—

1. Owners would vote for County Councillors. Why not? They now vote for District Councillors and Parish Councillors.

2 and 3. "Service Franchise" voters and lodgers would vote for the County Council. Why not? They now vote at Parliamentary, District Council, and Parish Council Elections.

4. Widows and Spinners who at present vote for County Councillors, District Councillors, and Parish Councillors, would vote for members of Parliament also.

5. Married female occupiers who at present vote only for District Councillors and Parish Councillors, would vote also at Parliamentary and County Council Elections.

That "why not?" in clauses 1 and 2 belongs equally in clauses 3 and 4. A very short Bill—two or three lines—providing that all parochial electors under the Local Government Act of 1894 shall also vote for Members of Parliament, would suffice, and would settle the question of Women's Suffrage for a generation or more, leaving posterity to deal as its wisdom, enlightened by experience of women voting, might deem needful, with Sir William Harcourt's problem of what to do with the numerical majority of women under Universal Suffrage.

Mr. Bertram S. Straus, the Progressive candidate for the London County Council at the Marylebone bye-election, was Liberal candidate in 1895 for Parliament, and distinguished himself by issuing a special address to the women of the constituency, in which he said:—"I feel so keenly upon the question of Women's Suffrage, which underlies every question of legislative justice to women, and desire so sincerely to see women placed in a position of legal equality with men, that I with some confidence issue this appeal for your active and hearty support. My attitude is not deter-

mined only by a general sense of justice, for I realise that, unless women have the Parliamentary vote adequate attention to their interests will not be secured, and such attention is essential for the reform of the unequal laws in relation to divorce, the guardianship of children, the holding of property, the administration of Local Government, and other matters. Moreover, I am convinced that to confer on women the same political rights that are enjoyed by men would tend to elevate the tone of public life and to improve the character of legislation generally. I recognise the same moral laws to be binding on men as on women, and I intend to carry out the pledge that I have given, to oppose all legislation based on the opposite principle. I am in favour of equal wages for equal work for men and women, both as a matter of justice and in the interest of labour. I ask for your support on behalf of temperance, believing that it is for women in combination with the Liberal Party, to see that this question of vital importance is immediately dealt with. I also ask you to help me in endeavouring to promote the juster distribution of the pressure of that taxation which bears so heavily on poor women ratepayers, and on the wives of poor men, to transfer some large share of it to those whose property requires costly protection, and in particular to impose their fair share on the ground landlords. Women have not yet got the Parliamentary vote, but they can work for it by supporting those candidates who are in favour of Women's Suffrage, and who believe that women possess every moral and mental qualification for exercising it. By canvassing, and explaining the grounds of their own convictions as to the need of supporting candidates who will seek to give all men and women equal opportunities, women can exert a legitimate and wholesome influence."

The division of the Metropolis for which Mr. Straus stood is one of the most firmly "Moderate" that a "Progressive" can vainly try to win over. The election resulted in a Moderate majority, which left the representation unchanged. Both Moderates and Progressives on the London County Council, however, have joined in petitioning for women to be made eligible for election to those bodies.

It is now definitely arranged that the Tenth Annual Cookery and Food Exhibition shall be held from May 12th to May 19th, at the Niagara Hall, St. James's Park, a building admirably adapted for the purpose. The failure of the long protracted negotiations with the Imperial Institute authorities almost led to the abandonment of the holding of an exhibition altogether in this year, but it was felt that the year of the celebration of Her Majesty's longest reign afforded an occasion for the making of a record exhibition in interest and magnitude, which should on no account be lost. There are in contemplation several novel and important features which will be announced in due course. For one matter it is intended to illustrate the variation in the methods and appliances of English cookery at the beginning of the Queen's reign and at the present time. The faithful presentment of the cuisine of sixty years ago, as compared with those of to-day, will be an object lesson of no inconsiderable interest. There is a peculiar fitness in Mr. Buckmaster's holding the position of the chairman of the

Exhibition Committee in the year of the celebration of Her Majesty's long reign, since the Queen was an early and interested attendant at Mr. Buckmaster's famous lectures of twenty-five years ago, at which were sown the seed of the Cookery Teaching movement in this country.

It is an unfortunate effect of the introduction of women into trades as equal competitors with men that, too often, the result is to drag down wages. An illustration is unfortunately to hand at this moment, when all the formalities of a strike, "picketing," threatening "black-legs," and so on, are being carried out at Reddish, near Stockport, in consequence of the supersession of male plush weavers who earn 25s. per week by women who will receive only 17s. or 18s. It is stated that some other mills in the same line have taken on women to work the machines some time ago, and that it was the additional cheapness that those manufacturers thus gained for their product that has compelled their rivals to follow suit. The women can work the machines quite well, and there seems no reason in things why they should be paid less than the men. But custom in part, and in other part the greater pressure on the comparatively few wage-earning occupations open to women, produce this result generally. The more occupations that women obtain access to, however, the better wages they will get. The employment on which this effect has already been produced very strikingly is domestic service. So many factory and shop trades being opened to girls has so lightened the supply of female labour for the household that wages in it are at least 30 per cent. higher than they were a quarter of a century ago, and yet decent servants are scarce.

Meantime, the women who are taking up the plush-weaving from the men at lower wages are experiencing all the troubles of such disputes between the workers who will not work for the lower wages and the workers who will. A most unpleasant state of things exists. For instance, on Tuesday, a mob of some 300 or 400 men, women, and children assembled in the vicinity of the mill, and the women who have filled the places of the dismissed men were followed all the way to their various homes. They were hooted and hustled, and needed the protection of some half a dozen policemen. The whole scene was one of the wildest excitement, and had it not been for the determined attitude of the police, it is quite possible that some of the women might have been seriously assaulted. Demonstrations of a similar nature have been keeping the district alive for some days now, the object being to frighten the "blacklegs" away from the mill. Whether they will be successful remains to be seen.

"Woman," which made the enquiry of a number of well-known persons whether they approved of titles and "orders" being instituted for distinguished women who have done good service to the State, prints this week its first batch of replies. Mrs. Meynell, Sarah Graud, Mrs. Jopling, Mr. Woodall, and Mrs. Lynn Linton agree with the proposition, and Dr. Garrett Anderson and Mr. Grant Allan are opposed to it on the ground that they disapprove of all titles and decorations for public service.

A VISIT TO AN UPPER EGYPT HAREM.

By Mrs. CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

THEY who career through Egypt on the railway or paddle on its main highway in Cook's Steamboat service have no opportunity to become acquainted with the quiet inland life of the rural districts. The past dominates them, they fly from shrine to shrine of an ancient religion, and become intimately acquainted with the handiwork of over a score of dynasties before the Christian era. The spell of the ancient magic lies on the modern tourist blinding and bewildering him, but it is a spell that can only be understood by Esoteric students like Professor Sayce, or patient explorers like Mr. Flinders Petrie.

The Egypt of to-day is a different creation, the inhabitants of the land a different race from those hardly cut in the olden stone. And yet they have an interest peculiarly their own. We were fortunate enough once to spend a leisurely time up the Nile, coming and going as our inclination called us.

We had been up the river with Professor Sayce, and from him had learned the alphabet of the old writing that has revealed so much of the previously unknown past. But we went up again with more mixed ideas, ideas of geology, machinery, sociology. We spent a fortnight at one of the Khedive's great sugar factories, and there seemed to touch native life in a way that we had never done before. There were 2,000 hands on the factory, with wages varying from 2½d. to 6d. a day, and only a few very superior Arabs were better paid. There they crushed the piles of sugarcane and expressed the juice; there they produced the golden, sweet-scented, pure, crystalline sugar; and the crushed stalks became fodder for donkeys, or fuel for cottage-homes. They sometimes also made a coarse rum. The workers lived contented with their families in little huts, planted close together; in the evenings they clustered together round a fire if they could, squatting Arab fashion, and listening to the interminable chaunted songs of the Arab story-teller.

Over these people was set a French manager and a Scotch engineer; and over all was the Mafetish, or governor of the district. The Mafetish of Magaga was a good Mussulman, possessing all the cardinal virtues of his creed, but he was also a liberal Mussulman. He had lived long enough to know the advantage it had been to his country to have a line of railway laid, and he respected the foreigner's learning and science; he was hospitable like the rest of his race; he was lonely in his greatness; and so the Frenchman and the Scotchman and their friends were welcome guests. Thus it was that he had unconsciously imbibed some Western ideas, and his mind had become enriched by the combination of the better qualities of the East and West. He had contented himself with one wife, he had educated his little girls (a thing unheard of before) along with their brothers and cousins; he read Western literature in Arab renderings, and he enjoyed Western society.

Thus it was we had our introduction to Eastern life without strong accent, a life yet interesting, however, in many respects. Hearing of our arrival, the Mafetish called on us, and by interpreted compliments we became friends, and he asked us to come and see his women that very day, and to come and "eat with him" the following evening. He was a handsome man, of the old princely Bedouin type that has become so rare in these latter days, and I was eager to see the fabled harem of the East, and the corresponding types of feminine beauty. We set off very shortly to return his compliment, by calling on his wife. The house of the Mafetish was a large square building, with its right wing next the river, the front on the ground floor being his reception rooms. To the left, a large gateway led to a court, at the other side of which was a door with a heavy carpet hanging over it, such as are hung in Roman churches. Within this was a stone staircase, open to the sky, solid, but very unromantically dirty. It landed us in a large, coarsely paved hall. From this we

passed into another paved hall lined with doors, to the first of which, on the left, we were guided. It was called the Stranger's Room, taking the place of what we would call a drawing-room. It was only too like a commonplace European parlour. The intimacy with their neighbours had resulted in a decided attempt at Europeanising furniture, dress, and habits of the unimportant kind; while in the central Mussulman ideas they remained Conservative.

We were kept some time waiting for the entrance of our hostess; and meanwhile the Misses Smith gave me an introduction to the family history. The Mafetish had only one wife, and only seven children. But in the harem were also his father's three widows, chief of whom was his mother; and a sister who had disagreed with her husband, and had come back to her brother's house. There were various children, step-brothers and step-sisters, nephews and nieces, one of whom was a grown-up girl about to be married. The Mafetish only received £30 a month as official salary, and had carefully to husband his resources to support this large family in the way he was accustomed to do. The prosy detail destroyed much of the romantic imagination that had survived the shock of the furniture of the Stranger's Room. The two windows and doors were hung with ordinary chintz, a sort of velvet carpet covered the floor; and though a Turkish divan couch ran round three sides of the room, on the fourth was an English grate in an English fireplace, and over the mantelpiece a mirror in a gilt frame. A round table stood in the centre of the room, covered with a cloth of a common black and red stamped pattern, American cane rocking chairs were scattered about; in short, everything that seemed to kill romance and old-world art conceptions.

And the ladies were meanwhile doing their best to complete the disillusion. The first who entered was the mother of the Mafetish, a little wizened old woman, very much tattooed about the chin. This was at least a remnant of the "good old times." She wore neither veil nor headdress. I tried to fancy that she had been beautiful in her youth, and had attained this ugliness only in her advanced years. Through the Misses Smith she paid me the compliments to a welcome guest, and tried to entertain us till the others arrived. But she was not loquacious.

The others came in a cluster, all unveiled, and wearing long untrimmed gored skirts and badly-fitting walking jackets without collars or ties, instead of the silken Turkish trousers and Zouave jackets I had expected to see. In front walked the wife of the Mafetish—a large, plain-looking, middle-aged woman, dingy-tinted and cumbersome in person. She had not conversed long before she told us she had been lately weighed, and was proud to know she was 212 lbs. Behind her came the two younger widows of her husband's father, both rather better looking, but still plain enough to startle one with the unexpected amount of plainness that can exist happily in a respectable harem.

The grown-up niece was a plump, fair-skinned, coarse-featured, red-haired girl of fifteen, healthy and clumsy, like a rough farmer's daughter on her first day at a city boarding-school. Last came the married sister, separated or divorced, I could not clearly find out. *Passie* and wasted as she was, though only 25, she was the only one who had a pretence of beauty. Her features were small and finely cut, her face well-shaped, her colour soft, and her eyes had a light in them that told a story at a glance. A whole romance was written on her countenance. Instinctively I felt that her husband must have been the one to blame in her sorrow, as I afterwards found he had been. There was a lassitude about her expression and gestures, that seemed to say that she had given up the comendrum of life, hopeless of making anything of it. She only existed. She had reached a haven of rest, where she and her two children were, at least, at peace.

The one that interested me most was Zara, the youngest of the three widows, a kindly motherly woman, passionately fond of children. Her sorrow was, that she alone had not one of her own. She had a splendidly formed head, and an eye full of intelligence, and her whole pose gave the idea of power to will and do. I thought bitterly of the overruling power of circumstance. Had she been born in London, doubtless she would have become a medical missionary, a member of the School Board, or a Poor Law Guardian. Here she was a unit swamped in a life of vacuity, aimless, useless, undeveloped. Great as are the difficulties of women in Great Britain in finding their natural development, the difficulties are more insuperable in Mahometan countries, though their limited rights are respected more there than here.

In all countries the reserve power of women for good is too often treated as a waste product. Zara could not even read. I begged the Misses Smith to try to teach her, or suggest to the Mafetish that she too might learn. He has a private teacher of his own to teach all the children in his home to read and write. By-and-by he will teach them English and French. The Mafetish has felt the want of early linguistic training, and will not let his descendants suffer in the same way. Some of the little ones brought their books to show me, and read me a few lines. Zara's eyes lit up with pleasure and reflected glory as she proudly patted two little girls on the back and said, "They are clever and good; they can read." Poor Zara, the tenderness of her sweet nature went out to the little children of others, unsoured by her own incompleteness. I strangely yearned to help her, but I saw no way. A black negro slave brought in the black coffee, the etiquette of every visit, in the true Arab china, tiny cups without handles, set in a stand like an eggcup.

(To be continued.)

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Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Ruth Putnam, a member of the well-known publishing family, has received a signal mark of honour from Holland. She has been elected a member of the Society of Literature of the Netherlands, a body which dates from 1778, and has its headquarters at Leyden. Miss Putnam is the first woman of foreign nationality who has been so honoured. The compliment is in recognition of her "Life of William, Prince of Orange," a book for which she made investigations extending over several years.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany has sent a donation of £10 to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W., which for many years enjoyed the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress Frederick of Germany, and the Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne.

The will of Mrs. Overend, of West Retford, has just been proved, the personal estate being valued at £358,504 and the real estate at £4,750. Legacies to relatives and friends amount to £110,000. The bequests to Sheffield charities were recorded in *The Times* of January 9th. Other charitable organisations at Birmingham, in Nottinghamshire, and other places benefit, large sums being left for the poor. The total left to charitable and ecclesiastical organisations is over £71,000.

By the bequest of Mrs. Hodgkinson, the late Sir John E. Millais's celebrated picture of "The Yeoman of the Guard," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876, has been gained by the National Gallery. It is placed on a screen in Room XX.

There is something like a panic among lady travellers on the line identified with the murder of Miss Camp. There have been a number of cases in which females have hastily left the carriages upon the entrance of a male passenger; and the other day at Clapham Junction there was a sight which would have been wholly humorous had it not been partly pathetic. In one carriage no fewer than eleven ladies were crowded together, while in the next compartment sat a solitary male, and he only a lad of about 16.

Which is the nation whose ladies have by nature the smallest feet? An Irish cycling journal asserts that the daughters of Erin were much troubled last season by the large size of the pedals fitted to the machines which the English manufacturers sent over for them, and the lady contributor who makes the statement clinches the matter with the remark that the manager of a boot establishment which received large stocks from England had assured her that the small feet of the Irish ladies were lost in the ordinary size sent over.

The *Bristol Mercury* draws attention to the bad language of male politicians:—"A heat wave of some intensity has lately passed over

the language of our public speakers and writers. It appears to have attained its maximum in the House of Commons on Monday night, when Mr. Labouchere described the Sultan as a foul blot upon something or other which the intervention of Mr. Speaker would not allow him to specify, and Mr. Goschen as good as gave Sir Robert Reid the lie direct. Yesterday the Tory papers were full of painfully free expressions, the *Globe*, that organ of the Jingoistic Philistines of London, alluding to Mr. Labouchere as a monkey.

Mr. Curtis Bennett's remarks on Saturday on a case affecting servants' registries will be re-echoed by many employers who have found out what arrant swindles many of these "homes" and "agencies" are:—

"In his opinion these places where young women were housed ought to be licensed and placed under the supervision of the police of the district, or under some female inspector appointed by the Home Office. Induced into these so-called homes by alluring advertisements, these young women were, as was shown in the present instance, herded together, seven or eight sleeping in the one bedroom. Some proper supervision over these homes was imperative in the interests of young women."

Prior to any alteration of the law of this kind, however, we should very much like to see Scotland Yard taking some of these homes in hand under the existing law. If the "matrimonial agents" could be sent to prison, surely some of these swindling and corrupting "registries" might also be exposed and punished.—*St. James's Gazette*.

It is a remarkable fact that in the course of 1895 no fewer than 864 patients, or a percentage on the total admission of 52, after admission at the fever hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, were found not to be suffering from the diseases mentioned in the medical certificates upon which they were removed to hospital.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES IN GAOL.—A course of Sunday afternoon lectures has been inaugurated in Carlisle Gaol, and all the prisoners are "invited" to attend. The first was given by the Bishop of Barrow before what is described as "a highly appreciative audience." The subject was "The Shipwreck of St. Paul," and the Bishop was assisted by Mrs. Ware in illustrating it by means of diagrams and maps.

There are now living six former Queens and Empresses of European Thrones who have lost their positions either by the death of their husbands or through revolutions. Of these, Marie of Naples, sister of the Empress of Austria, lives in a flat in Paris, has thrown off all stateliness, and, by her eccentric conduct, is a constant thorn in the side of her friends; Eugenie lives as a hermit; the Empress Frederick barely tasted power before it was taken from her; the Dowager Czarina of Russia has not yet got over the dread of assassination in which she formerly lived; and Christina of

Spain and the Queen Regent of Holland, while nominally off the Throne, still retain power as rulers for their children.

The *Shields Daily News* says: "Men who object to the authoress in the abstract and the lady journalist in particular might have altered their opinion had they been guests at a quite recent entertainment in the curious underground quarters of the Lady Writers' Club in Norfolk-street. For on this occasion there was a display of cakes and confectionery so choice and so varied that the most fervent devotee to Banting must have swerved from hard allegiance to the strict rule that compels abstinence from all sweet dainties to those who desire that their 'too, too solid flesh' should melt into slenderer proportion. What was, however, the most salient point of interest was that these three symphonies in sugar and idylls in icing were the work of a lady journalist of ability and versatility."

Colonel Higginson, of Boston, U.S.A., the white Colonel of the first black regiment in the anti-slavery war, and a well-known writer, says:—"Of all the movements in which I ever took part, except the anti-slavery agitation, the woman's rights movement seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is 'the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one-half the human race.' All the ordinary objections to Woman Suffrage, as that women have not, in the phrase of old Theophilus Parsons, 'a sufficient acquired discretion,' or that they are too impulsive, or that they cannot fight—all these seem most trivial; but it is necessary always to face the fact that it is the only great reform in which a minority, at least, of the very persons to be benefited are working actively on the other side. This, to my mind, only confirms its necessity, as showing that, as Mill points out, the very nature of woman has been to some extent warped and enfeebled by prolonged subjugation."

Colorado is just now confronted with a very practical question pertaining to the single standard for both sexes of manners and morals, and one which calls for immediate settlement. One of her 26 women superintendents of county schools, Mrs. Laura Pitt Yokom, of Dolores county, in the San Juan mining region, has written to the new State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Miss Grace E. Patton, inquiring if there is any objection to granting a teacher's certificate to a woman whose educational qualifications are up to the standard, but who smokes cigars on the streets of Rico! The press of the state, though horrified, is asking why, since neither civil law nor custom makes this a bar for a man teacher, should it be objectionable for a woman? The question grows most interesting, and is being discussed in circles which have not heretofore seen any objection to the tobacco habit in teacher, principal or superintendent. People are asking—though under their breath—"if not, why not?"

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

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

NOVELTIES FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE.

It is high time now to think of supplying oneself with seeds, tubers, &c., for the summer embellishment of the garden beds or conservatory shelves. Amateurs are so very apt to leave these, like the buying of their spring bulbs, till the latest moment possible, so that they only get the fag end of the stock, after all the best have been selected by those more far-sighted than themselves. It adds to the interest of the summer's outlook, if one tries a few, or even only one of the floral novelties now so freely produced, and offered in really bewildering profusion.

From the exuberant descriptions of the catalogues, they all sound equally "tempting," but many will disappoint the expectations thus awakened. Those who cannot often see such novelties at the great public shows, and thus judge for themselves of their merits, will be glad to have some indication as to what is worth venturing upon.

The following are suitable for the greenhouse.—*Aciderantha bicolor*, having long spikes of cream-coloured blossoms marked with red, flowers in September. *Adonis Amurensis*—Deep golden flowers and beautiful foliage; occasionally the flowers are white or rose. *Buddleia Colvillii*—A Himalayan shrub, with clusters of drooping crimson flowers. *Sweet-scented Begonias*—These are tuberous-rooted, quite as handsome as the old varieties, and said to be rather hardier, but their greatest charm is a tea-rose perfume. Three colours are only yet available. *Aurora*—Coppery red. *Pioneer*—Rose red. *Saladin*—Crimson. *Chrysanthemum, Bonnie Dundee*—Incurved, orange. Mrs. C. E. Shea—Cream-white Japanese. *Robin Adair*—Pink Japanese anemone-flowered. *Pteris Boultoni*—A useful and graceful variation on the ever-popular ribbon fern.

For the garden.—A very large double white bedding daisy, called the Bride, the real Blue Primrose, the following carnations, Nabob, Dick Donavan, Golden Eagle, Admiration, Delos. The following are good, Cactus dahlias, Aurora, miniature, shaded reds; Iona, scarlet; Mrs. Gordon Sloane, deep crimson; Mrs. Leopold Seymour, orange, shading to white at the tips. A new delphinium, Albert Edward, is deep

The *Daily Chronicle*, in an interview with a "woman chemist," quotes that lady as saying:—"In our business we see many of the shadows of social life. You would be surprised at the number of women who ask for an ether-draught as a 'pick-me-up.' They would be ashamed to go to a restaurant for brandy, but, of course, no one suspects a visit to a chemist. I invariably refuse to give a stimulating draught without a prescription. But it means sending away customers. I could almost rival the receipts of a bar were I to satisfy the demands so often made on me for a little brandy and water for 'faintness and a giddy feeling.'"

Saloon-keepers of New York are, if we may trust what American journals say, much agitated by the latest temperance movement in their State. It seems that a measure known as the Anti-Treating Bill has been introduced into the Senate, and it is supported by that terror of the wine-bibber, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. If the Bill becomes law, to treat a friend to a drink in a New York saloon will be to render oneself liable to a fine of five dollars for the first offence, and if caught again the offender will be sentenced to an imprisonment of at least five days. But the difficulty will be to enforce such a law. It will require a host of officials in every saloon. And we can imagine that the life of a Senator who helped to pass such an enactment would not be an enviable one. Perhaps the Act has been invented to supply a dearth of news. We see nothing about it in the *Union Signal*, the organ of the American W.C.T.U.

Brownland Home, for the reclamation of women who have fallen into habits of intemperance, was opened in March 1876—over twenty years ago—and is still, we believe, the only institution of its kind in Scotland. It was established by two ladies—Mrs. Wilson, wife of Dr. Wilson, of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, the present Moderator of the Free Assembly, and Miss Angelica Fraser, now of London. It is a comfortable and convenient dwelling-house of two stories and attics, with offices and good-sized vegetable garden attached, two cows' parks, and accommodation for a few pigs and poultry. It is situated among the hills of Peebleshire, in a beautiful pastoral country, six miles from Peebles and from a public-house, and about three miles from Lyne, on the Caledonian Railway. It accommodates twelve patients, and the charge is seven shillings per week.

TEMPERANCE MISSIONS.—Applications for the services of Mr. TENNYSON SMITH, Temperance Reformer, Leader of the New Crusade to arouse the Christian Church, Founder of the "Temperance Ironsides," and Editor of the *Temperance World*, may be addressed to 337, Strand, London, W.C.

WOMEN'S LONDON GARDENING ASSOCIATION, 62, Lower Sloane-street.—Floral Decorations of all kinds. Care of gardens, conservatories, window boxes, in town and suburbs, contracted for. Home-made jams, jellies, fruit, pickles, &c.

DAWLISH.—Apartments, comfortable, not large. No children, abstainers. Board if required. B.W. references.—Address Serle, Retreat.



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MELLIN'S FOOD when prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

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GOD LIVER OIL AND

P. HYPOPHOSPHITES

CURES COUGHS, COLDS.

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CURE INDIGESTION.

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Ask your Baker or Grocer for HOVIS FLOUR for Home use. Packed in Bags of 3½ lbs. and 7 lbs.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

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BEWARE! Bakers recommending another Bread in place of "HOVIS" BEWARE! do so for their own profit.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S TROOPER HALKET
"Grips the heart and haunts the imagination."—DAILY NEWS.
OLIVE SCHREINER'S TROOPER HALKET
"Is powerfully written."—SCOTSMAN.
OLIVE SCHREINER'S TROOPER HALKET
"Is superlatively beautiful and must be read."—SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S TROOPER HALKET
"Is a bold piece of work and an opportune."—DAILY CHRONICLE.
OLIVE SCHREINER'S TROOPER HALKET
"Is well and impressively written."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.
TROOPER PETER HALKET, by OLIVE SCHREINER.
 Photogravure frontispiece, cloth, 6s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

violet, double, and very large. The Mikado is a curious and pretty peony, rose-coloured, semi-single, have the centre half-developed petals, ragged and twisted like a Japanese chrysanthemum. Clare Watson is a new pale pink Tea-rose, decidedly attractive, and King of Denmark a deep salmon-coloured geranium with well-marked leaves.

Annuals.—Half-hardy yellow-throated Petunias, very handsome and distinct. A yellow Aster called "Bettridge's Quilled"; and a rose-coloured one, of ball-shape, "Princess Rosalind."

Hardy "Yellow Queen" Antirrhinum; a double Convolvulus Major. *Centaurea Margarita*, a sort of cross between sweet Sultan and a cornflower, white and scented. A dwarf sunflower, "Stella," like a cactus dahlia in shape; *Picotee-Poppies*; a pansy with the ugly name of "Fry-Pace"; Pearl-pink candy-tuft; and sweet peas, *Lady Nina Balfour*, *Couness of Powys*, and *Salopian*.

All these should be obtainable of any good florist or nurseryman.

WHAT TO WEAR.

The battle of the plain skirt and the flounced skirt still continues, and every dressmaker I meet has a different opinion on this point. "Ladies will not wear the flounced skirts," says a foreign dressmaker, "they are so unbecoming. The plain skirt is always graceful, and makes a lady look her best." On the other hand, a certain man-milliner, who may almost be said to lead the fashions, has given in his vote for the flounces, and he made all the petticoats of his drawing-room dresses exactly like a Duchesse dressing-table. "Anyone can make a plain skirt," is his view of the question, "but it takes skill to make a trimmed skirt look well." The trumpet of fashion blows rather an uncertain sound at present, as will be seen, but as far as I can judge from the signs of the times, I think the trimmed skirts will ultimately prevail. All the lines of trimming seem to go round and round, and there seems no doubt that graduated flounces will be a feature in most of the summer frocks. Tailor-made gowns are of necessity simple in style, and for early spring we shall have plain skirts of tweed or face-cloth, with short jackets with loose fronts. The skirts will be gored so as to define the shape of the hips, and all the fullness will be arranged at the back. A very pretty dress in black *peau de soie* was worn at the Lady Mayoress's first reception by her youngest daughter (who made her *début* at the Drawing-room next day). There were many lines of narrow black satin ribbon going round the figure from bust to waist, and the same style of trimming was carried round the top of the skirt with good effect. This novel mode of trimming was very becoming to Miss Faudel Phillips, who is sweet seventeen, but it is doubtful whether older folk can wear it with success.

Shepherd's plaid is the leading idea in the spring models, and the latest notion is to line in with bright tartan silk, which has a very pretty effect. A pretty dress seen recently in this fashionable material had the jacket and skirt lined with Mackenzie tartan,

and a waistcoat and revers of clover-green corduroy, and buttons of green and crimson enamel. Clover-green is one of the newest colours, and it is charming in canvas, or grenadine, or any of the fashionable materials.

Tomato is another new colour, and is much seen in combination with black. Last year's black dress can be effectively brightened by the addition of revers of tomato-colour velvet, and the new black grenadines look charming when arranged over a foundation of tomato-coloured silk. Open-work canvases and grenadines will be very much worn over silk in some bright contrasting shade. Electric blue will retain its popularity, and reseda has come into fashion again. Some of the prettiest walking dresses I have seen lately was one in electric blue spotted with grey, in company with a somewhat startling hat trimmed with blue and mauve, or blue and green. Fawn colour and beige will be much in favour when the warm weather comes, and very light colours will be worn for evening, grey, blue and pink, which are only one remove from white. The delicate colours which appeared in the brocades and satins worn at the Drawing-room show that these pale tints will be greatly in vogue this season. Contrasts will be much preferred to harmonies, such as wine-coloured velvet with silver-grey brocade, Neapolitan violets with mimosa yellow, and navy blue with straw-colour. The new spring millinery is charming on the whole, but I doubt if Venus herself would have looked well in the bright green straw hats which we see in most of the milliners' windows just now.

CHIFFON.

In the *Contemporary*, the Rev. E. Lytleton, the once famous cricketer, now head master of a great English public school, shows how the literal acceptance of the doctrines of St. Paul has retarded the Woman Movement, but he considers that on this question St. Paul is far more under the dominion of Rabbinical prepossessions than on any other subject of which he treats. He also points out the inconsistency of taking the apostle as the final authority on some matters referring to women and not on others. A literal acceptance, for instance, of "I suffer not a woman to teach," would mean the instant suppression of all Sunday school teachers and the closing of half our schools, and the prohibition of mothers from teaching their children. Even the most rigid Bible Christian, who quotes St. Paul on the submission of women, never contemplates following him literally on this point.

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 SPECIALITY: ABDOMINAL CORSEY

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

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One Lozenge alone relieves. Sold everywhere, Tins 13d. each.

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DR. WILLIAMS' INTERVIEW ED.

INTERESTING FACTS FOR LONDON PEOPLE.

"Where do all these wonderful cures come from, then?" asked a reporter the other day of the manager of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

"They come variously. Some are discovered by newspaper men, others are brought to our knowledge by chemists; others again are communicated to us by the patients themselves; but, whatever happens, they are dealt with in one way. As soon as we learn that some specially remarkable cure has been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People (for we are hearing of less important cures daily) we have the patient.

from the best local newspaper, which then publishes exactly what the reporter says of the case. "But do not reporters sometimes exaggerate?" "Not in our cases, I think. We call their attention to the importance of absolute accuracy. So much deception has been associated with certain things in the medicine trade that WE WHO HAVE A PERFECTLY CLEAN RECORD, and nothing to conceal, have difficulty in getting people to understand that our one effort is to avoid anything like exaggeration."

"But surely the stronger the statement, the more it would redound to the credit of your medicine?" "Not at all. We should not, in the first place, think it right to trade on a false or exaggerated statement. Our reputation is made by the fact that the public know that we are honest."

"I presume your advertisements bring you a vast business?" "We have a vast business," said the manager with a smile. "But

"IT IS NOT FROM ADVERTISEMENT that the bulk of it comes. If we had to depend on the direct effect of advertising alone we could never make a living. I suppose that the direct sales from advertising do not more than a quarter pay the expense of it. The trade that we live on is made by what one customer tells another of the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We are enabled to carry on business by the recommendation that we know we can count upon when people once try our pills."

"Then what are the diseases that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure?" asked the reporter. The manager reached for a small book, and cut out of it the following statement, which he handed to the reporter. "Evidence proves the undoubted cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People of the following, among other diseases:—Paralysis, locomotor ataxy, spinal disease, anemia, pale and sallow complexion, palpitation of the heart, consumption and 'decline,' debility, St. Vitus'

dance, rickets, loss of vital forces, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, scrofula, kidney disease, disorders of women, hysteria."

"But how can one medicine cure all these different things?" asked the reporter. "WHAT THE SECRET IS. "Ah! that is where the secret of our success resides—though we make no secret of it, for that matter. Everything is fair and above board. We have a thing that is not like any other medicine. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go to the very base of the disease, and cure the causes of it. The disease itself, no matter what it is, begins to disappear the moment the cause is touched. The Pills, to begin with, give strength, purity, and richness to the blood, and thus root out

A WHOLE HOST OF DISEASES which depend on poor or vitiated blood—diseases like anemia, scrofula, gout, rheumatism, and so on. Then the remarkable property of the formula discovered by Dr. Williams comes into play. They are not a purgative, but they purify. Everything else that purifies the system weakens in doing so. Dr. Williams' Pills STRENGTHEN, and only strengthen. They are thus specially adapted for women at the critical period, and they are at the same time such a splendid nerve and spinal tonic that they give power even to the most nervous, and do away with symptoms that look like the approach of old age. Thus they have many times cured such things as locomotor ataxy and paralysis, diseases which the

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS and Surgeons think INCURABLE, not to speak of neuralgia, headache, dizziness, and indigestion, and premature old age in men and women alike."

"One question more. Are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills expensive?" "Expensive to make? Yes, as compared with other pills that have nothing out of the way in them. But they are not expensive to buy, considering their prompt and unmistakable effect. The box costs 2s. 9d., and we send six boxes for 13s. 9d., by post. This amounts to giving one box in, free."

"DO MANY PEOPLE WRITE to ask you about your Pills?" "Yes, and we are always pleased that they should do so, because we take a personal and direct interest in everyone who takes our medicine. We like especially to be asked: 'Will your pills suit such and such a case?' with a description of it, because this gives us an opportunity, if the case should not be a suitable one, of telling the inquirer so. We will not sell pills to anyone that we do not think we can cure. We haven't got a cure-all, a quack medicine."

"Do you sell pills by post?" "Certainly. But they can be got just as well at shops; only if bought in shops, you must be careful to

SEE THE FULL NAME, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' printed on the wrapper. If it isn't there the shopkeeper is trying to swindle you with a worthless thing. Any tradesman who tries that is seeking to deceive you for his own profit. No tradesman knows what is in Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills, nor could he prepare them if he did. They are not the same as Bland's Pills, which anyone is allowed to make. Those people who tell you 'they make the same thing themselves,' betray themselves to be untruthful. No one can do that, and anyone who pretends to is the kind of person you will do well to be cautious about having anything to do with, for he will swindle you in other things besides this. You might add," said the manager, "that

IF ANY OF OUR READERS ARE INTERESTED in anything here, or desire any further information, they are welcome to write to us, addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Do not be afraid to state your wishes. It is no trouble to us to answer you, and we shall answer you fairly and squarely. We are not a small concern, doing a small business. We can afford to be honest—couldn't afford not to be. It could be no object to us to sell pills to people that would be dissatisfied. Tell us what your case is and we will tell you if such cases have been cured by our pills before."

THE WIFE'S SHARE.

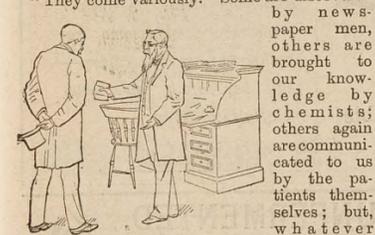
We have a poor opinion of the man, we care not how poor or how well to do he is, that does not acknowledge that his wife has a share in the income, the man who acknowledges this in words and does not give by actually passing into the wife's hand, some of the share, does her a rank injustice.

We are aware some men excuse themselves, says an exchange, by saying that, "it is all in the family, anyway," or "women are no managers." Both are very slim excuses. What man who has worked hard would like it when the few pounds come in that the toil produced should his wife take them and use them all in buying a sewing machine, an extra cloak, and half a dozen plated spoons, which are "all in the family" when the husband had set his mind upon having a "good new jack knife when those hogs are sold." She has the right to do it, as much so as the man has to buy a feed cutter, an extra rubber coat and a whip when the wife had her heart upon having a pair of kid gloves. "That women are 'poor managers'" is proven false every day. Many a successful man owes his success to his wife's good management, and many more would be successful if they left more of their affairs to the judgment and management of the wife.

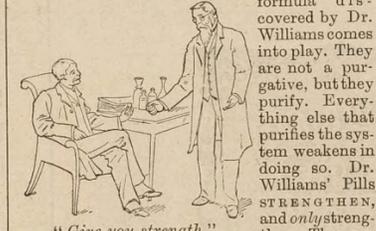
It is a burning shame the treatment some women get in the money matters of the co-partnership made at marriage. We do not believe in marriages for a money consideration, but hold that many a woman would be happier had the promise to "love, cherish and keep" been carried a little farther or made more specific, so as to have obligated to a literal sharing of the money, be it little or much.

An extreme case was brought to our attention a few days ago. A farm was to be sold, and after the deed was made out the wife hesitated before signing it. When asked why, she replied: "Before signing that paper," and her voice grew steady and firm, "I want to know what my share's to be. I've worked as hard as father all these years on the farm, and I've pinched and managed and earned whatever's to be paid for it, as much as he, and I want a set sum that's all mine and that I can hold in my own hands and have belong to me alone."

The lawyer who made out the paper saw determination in the tone and manner, and acknowledged her right and asked how much she considered her share. "I thought of that, too," she replied. "It's been forty years, a good forty years, for we took the farm in the fall, and this is spring, and it seems to me"—(her voice broke a little at this critical moment)—"it seems to me," she repeated, "as if I'd ought to have twenty dollars (£4)." This is a true statement of a recent happening. Think of it, man. A woman so belittled by forty years unrecompensed servitude she called twenty dollars a fair consideration for her services! Man! are you degrading your wife to such a position?—*American Farmer's Journal*.



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Etc., Etc.

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