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THE WOMAN'S

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

Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

SIGNAL

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Principal Contents OF This Issue.

A Book of the Hour: George Fleming's Stories.
Reviewed by the Editor.

Women's Clubs in Texas. *By Lillian Cox.*

What can our Daughters do for a Living? Elementary School Teaching. *By Mrs. E. M. Field,*
Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women."

Signals from our Watch Tower.
Dame Owen's Statue; Mixed Schools; Band of Hope Jubilee; Lady Mary Montagu on Women's Education compared to that of "the great," and on training to repress a girl's taste for knowledge; Home Reading Union and the State "Continuation Schools"; London School Board Election, summary of the questions at issue in Mr. T. Smith's Address; Women in America; Dutch Women.

Our Short Story: Dr. Adair.

What to Wear. *(Illustrated.)*

Economical Cookery: Invalid Cookery.
By Katie Oulton.

Current News.

Our Open Columns: Woman's Suffrage in the Women's Liberal Associations.

&c., &c., &c.



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FACTS AND SCRAPS.

A USE FOR SHORTHAND.

AN amusing story was told the other day at the conference of shorthand writers in connection with the celebration of the "Diamond Jubilee" of Pitman's system. In remote days, one of the speakers said, he had desired to put to a certain young lady a certain question, to which he felt difficulty in giving utterance. A happy thought struck him; he would put the question on paper in the symbols of shorthand. This would be mysterious to the lady; she would ask him to read the question and his difficulties would at once disappear. Man proposes, but things do not always work out as he desires. The young lady exhibited no curiosity, but quietly pocketed the shorthand. At the next interview with her lover, she calmly told him that she had unravelled his message, and was prepared to give an affirmative reply. The maiden had sent the shorthand proposal to Sir Isaac Pitman, who had supplied her with the translation.

* * *

SOME of our readers may have heard of Barfreston Church, between Canterbury and Dover, one of the smallest and most ancient churches in Kent. Round the Norman doorway is a quaint carving representing a hare being hunted by hounds. A visitor to the church was being "personally conducted" by the caretaker, and, on asking what the carving represented, he was told, "It's taken out of Scripture." "Eh?" said he. "Yes," was the woman's reply, "it's the text, 'This is the hare (heir), come, let's kill him.'"

* * *

In a cemetery near Portland are five tablets all alike except the inscriptions, which read something like this: "Annie, first wife of John Brown"; "Mary, second wife of John Brown"; "Jane, third wife of John Brown"; "Clara, fourth wife of John Brown"; "John Brown—at rest at last."

* * *

EARLY CLOSING.—At a meeting held by the British Women's Temperance Association at Stoke Newington, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That this meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association strongly condemns the sinful practice of late shopping and late closing, which entails great and lasting injury to health upon the shop assistants, particularly girls and women. This meeting makes an earnest appeal to every woman to feel that it is her bounden duty, from a Christian and humane point of view, to give up this practice of late shopping; to use her influence to discourage others in this bad habit, and to persistently advocate the claims of the Early Closing Association until white slavery has ceased to exist in every part of the metropolis. This meeting also pledges itself to deal only with the early closing firms whose names are given to them as employers who are treating their employees in a generous and humane spirit, and who are doing their best to shorten the present protracted hours of labour. This meeting considers that an eight o'clock closing in all trades can be carried out with advantage to employers and employed and without inconvenience to the customers."

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

Vol. VIII., No. 200.]

OCTOBER 28, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

A Book of the Hour.

GEORGE FLEMING'S SHORT STORIES.*

"GEORGE FLEMING" is, if we mistake not, the *nom de guerre* of a lady novelist. It is a curious inquiry for what reason all these ladies who masquerade as males take the same Christian name. Is it that the name has a tradition of success about it, having been used with such excellent results by Marian Evans ("George Eliot"), and Aurore Dudevant ("George Sand")? Why a woman should take a man's name at all is, unfortunately, by no means incomprehensible. A more just judgment is thereby secured from the average literary-newspaper writer. Still, we think the practice is a mistake. It is not the small class of literary critics who will decide on the position of an author in the long run, but the great reading public; and in view of the popularity of so many women as writers of fiction with the public, we do not think it can be claimed that there is any prejudice or unjust pre-judgment to be feared. This being so, it is a weakness to pretend to be male, and one that in some cases brings a penalty.

In the case of the author before us, the interest of the stories is the greater if one believes them to be written by one of the sex whose psychology and history they aim to specially treat upon. They do in fact, though as short stories, necessarily perfunctorily and skimmingly, deal with phases of thought and feeling that are peculiarly feminine. In some cases the aim is not, we think, reached. There is, for instance, a story of a poor, plain, unattractive woman, who finds that her rich, flighty married friend is using her little lodging as a place of assignation with a man for whom the poor woman herself has conceived a passionate love. Self-abnegation is certainly a womanly trait, cultivated through generations of compulsion; yet we do not think that the calm attitude of the poor woman in this disgusting position is quite normal or probable. She is content—she "supposes it is all right"—because "he had been happy through her—he had put in a good hour." No, a decent woman would hate such a happy hour—a woman having the passion to love would by no means think it was all right that such happiness had come from such a meeting with such another woman. Another somewhat absurd story fills many pages; it is apparently intended to be the after-proceedings of the fight of Shylock's daughter. It is quite uninteresting and pointless.

Many of the tales in this unequal book—though we should not print them in our pages or recommend them for the reading of young girls looking out on a world whose sorrow and wickedness they need not yet be forced to know—are subtle, interesting and original. Perhaps the most touching tale, and at the same time the one in which the depths of a woman's life experiences are most truly touched, is the one called "For Better For Worse." The tale is told by the daughter of the woman whose heart-break it is. The child did not care for

* "Little Stories about Women." By George Fleming. (London: Grant Richards, 1897. Price 9s. 6d.)

her mother much in childhood; but she thought her father was the noblest and sweetest of characters. The soft, weak, charming, hateful, degraded and utterly selfish man of kindest manner and softest speech, is well and rapidly drawn:—

"Father was different. Looking back, I think he must have been the most amiable man in the world. The Italians have an expression *le mani bucate*. Well, that was father. His hands were pierced with holes, through which everything was always slipping. He never went three miles from home without coming back with a present for some one of us. Once, when he spent a week in London, he brought mother a black satin cloak—to wear about our Cornish lanes! He said, 'You see I know what is becoming to my lovely Lucy.' He always said things that made one get hot all over with pleasure. And one of my secret grievances was that sometimes mother did not answer quick enough. She always did answer him in the end, but sometimes he would look at her so pleadingly, with the injured, forgiving eyes of a dog, while she hesitated; and then I would go off by myself to a secret place in the orchard that none knew of but me, and beat my fist against the rough bark of an old pear tree until I hurt myself, and all the while I was making up conversations in which I took father's side, and told him how we admired him and were proud of him, and how some day, when I was grown up, he should come and visit me in my house and see—and just see!—how he ought to be treated. He bought that cloak one summer when I remember we only had meat to eat three times in the week. Mother said it was good for our blood to live chiefly on rice puddings and the things out of the garden. She sent old Adams away—he went grumbling—and she made the elder boys dig and dig the garden beds over and over, and we younger ones were sent to pick the gooseberries and the peas and beans for dinner."

The child has no inkling of the truth that this delightful father martyrised the mother and starves the family for his vice, till at last one night, when her parents have been out to dinner, she is awakened in the darkness by sounds downstairs. Descending, half asleep still, the little girl enters the dining-room.

"For one moment the light blinded me. I heard some one speaking sharply, and thought the room was full—full of voices. And then the mist and the confusion cleared away, and I saw it was only father and mother, and father was clutching me hard by the arm. It was father, and it was some one who was not father—a stranger, with familiar, terrifying eyes, who looked at me without seeing me, and rocked me to and fro with his large grasp. 'An' wha's matter with th' little girl? Wha' little girl's this, eh, Lucy?' he said."

The wretched man is begging for brandy, to add to his already intoxicated madness. The poor wife is endeavouring to persuade him that there is none, and the scene is a painful one, but, alas! too true to fact, as the wretched man squeezes the arm of his child—still with compliments and loving words—till the wife to rescue the little one gives in, and allows him to have more brandy to stupefy him completely. Then the mother takes the child in her arms to sooth and comfort:—

"After a time, I remember I asked her—'Do you—do you love him any more, mother?' and she said, 'Yes.' . . . 'Little girl,' she

repeated over and over again, 'poor little girl, who must some day be a woman.'

Perhaps equally painful, certainly well-written of its unpleasant kind, is "Three Wives"—the rich woman who has found it impossible to keep her husband's entire attention even on their honeymoon, and who returns many years after with a woman friend to the same Italian village to find the woman of whom she had once been jealous worn, faded, yet still the object of her envy because still loving the man to whom the poor drudge is married. The tale is quite delicately told, and full of thought and feeling—though, we repeat, not a pleasant tale to tell at all. The wife is driving with her friend along Italian roads, and they talk carelessly:—

"How often do people explain to you that you are the cleverest of women?"

"Mrs. West laughed consciously. 'Don't,' she said, 'please don't remind me. For the matter of that, nineteen men out of twenty when they tell a woman she is cleverer than themselves simply mean that she is personally unattractive, and the twentieth man is a fool.'

"If men are fools, I should like to know what we are?"

"You are a darling! And, oh, be thankful that neither of us is *that*," said Mrs. West, with a sudden change of voice, sitting up, and pointing her parasol at some object by the roadside. 'Look, Mabel,' she said, 'it's a woman. It's what some kinds of life make out of a woman, and— My goodness, child, what are you going to do?'

"Would you mind waiting for two minutes? I know her. I've seen her before. Yes, it's the same woman; she was living in the same house when we—when I was here, years and years ago," said Mrs. Pearce-Carrington, turning red. She got out of the carriage. 'You are sure you don't mind, Rose? Her husband was something; he was the village cobbler, I think, and George—George used to come down here every day.'

"Oh! Captain George was interested, was he? And so you mean to see what you can do for her in your turn?' said Mrs. West, slowly, and eyed her friend's burning cheek. . . .

She drove off laughing, and Mrs. Pearce-Carrington turned a flushed face upon the beggar woman standing in the broken doorway of her empty house.

"The woman Zen, the wife of Zen, the cobbler, had been the prettiest girl in Asolo in her time. Her beauty had unfolded and ripened like a flower. Now, as she stepped aside to make room for Mrs. Pearce-Carrington, she moved all in one piece, like some inactive animal. Her arms and wrists were so thin that her hands looked like the big, brown, knotted hands of a labouring man, hanging out of the loose sleeves of her gown. All her body was flat and hard like a man's body. Her hair waved and curled about her face still; it was thin, neglected hair, twisted into a hard lump of streaky grey.

"The beggar stared at the lady.

"Mrs. Pearce-Carrington had caught up her dainty, trailing skirts out of the dust of the common highway. 'We are old acquaintances, I think. But, I see, you don't remember me,' she was saying in her soft, carefully-modulated voice in her governess-taught Italian.

"And, the signora is too kind,' the other woman answered slowly, with a dull, blank-eyed indifference. Mechanically she made way for the lady to pass. Under her poor blue linen bodice the lines of her shoulders and her back were rigid and unyielding like a piece of wood.

"Well?" asked Mrs. West, lazily. It was on the terrace of the village inn, after dinner. The big stars of August had come out, myriads of them, shining, lighting up the warm, dense blue of the sky. A wind stirred stiffly among the flat leaves of the oleanders. The plain was like a wide, grey sea. There were lights twinkling redder than the stars, all along the village, where it stretched in a curved heap across the hill top. Beyond that the mountain rose like a shadow. Except for the sound of falling water, somewhere far down the hillside under the big round thick chestnut trees, everything was very still. "Well?" Mrs. West repeated softly, and she moved with an impatient, silken rustle, leaning forward in her chair.

"Mrs. Pearce-Carrington looked up. 'George admired her so much,' she said slowly. 'We stayed here for nearly a week that time. And George was always going down to the house you saw to—be—to be cobbled!'

"I saw the woman's face. I should like—I should like to show it to Captain Carrington now," Mrs. West remarked viciously.

"I went in to talk to her. I had remembered her for ten years," said Mrs. Pearce-Carrington simply, "but she could not remember she had ever seen me before. It was such a house inside, Rose! No fire, no furniture. The bed was on the floor—a heap of things unspeakable. There was a shelf too, with rows of empty bottles. She has no bucket, so she uses bottles to carry water from the well. And her children,—

"Give me some more coffee," said Mrs. West.

"She has four children; one of them is deformed. Her husband has gone to Buenos Ayres to look for work. The *sindaco*—the mayor here, you know—sent him off. He drinks. I fancy they were glad to get rid of him. And because the man went at their request they allow her two francs a week—that's one and eightpence, isn't it?—to live on."

"Mrs. West made a little vague gesture of disgust. 'Oh, but this is squalid,' she said softly.

"Squalid? Yes.' Mrs. Pearce-Carrington leaned a little further out over the low wall, and looked across at the dim, beautiful, unalterable masses of the hills. 'Her husband was a little, common, mean-faced artisan. I remember the man perfectly. They were married a year before we were. And, Rose, you saw what was left of the woman?'

"I saw."

"Well, she is in love with her husband still. They have nothing to eat," said Mrs. Pearce-Carrington, in a curious voice; "nothing—she and her children. They are alone. They've no fire to warm them in the winter; when it is cold they have nothing to wear. What they look forward to in life is going out there, to Buenos Ayres, to rejoin that little cobbler. Some day they will be put on board a ship, I suppose, she and the children, and sent out there like animals. She is as ignorant as an animal, Rose; she has no more understanding of difficulty, or of distance, or of time. She asked me if I knew the way there. The way to Buenos Ayres!" said Mrs. Pearce-Carrington, with a little hard laugh. "But she said, 'Where my own man is there's a home for me. It is four years since he left her, and he hasn't written. Two of the children came in from begging while I was talking to her; two miserable, ugly, grey-faced little wretches. She said, 'What does it matter about things written in letters? I know my man, and they are his children,' she said.

"Mrs. West leaned back in her chair. 'Hungry children? Ah, poor thing, poor thing!' she murmured, beneath her breath.

"Yes, I think I was jealous of her; just a little jealous, and George admired her so much, and that's ten years ago. I have been in London since then; you know the sort of life. And she has lived here. Her husband is a drunken cobbler, and she is sure of him."

"Mrs. Pearce-Carrington put up her hand suddenly before her face, and all the gold bangles at her wrist clicked sharply and musically together.

"Wouldn't it be odd," she asked softly,

'Rose, wouldn't it be odd if I were jealous of her still?'

Several others of these tales—Italian tales for the most part—are full of feeling and tenderness. If "George Fleming" could be persuaded to see the sweeter, nobler side of human nature, the result might be a great novel.

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN TEXAS.

[It will be perceived in the following article that "clubs" in America are much like mutual improvement societies, and do not imply a club house, etc.]

To most English people, Texas is so little known, that I think a few remarks about the work done by women there may be of some interest, especially to readers of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

Even amongst a large number of those living in the United States, the general impression is, that in Texas one finds only prairies and cow-boys, and a total want of civilization and refinement and of all that makes life enjoyable in the older settled portions of the country.

But Texas, though young, has made rapid strides, and many of its larger towns now are notably cultured and civilised. It would take too long to mention all the evidences of improvement and advancement; so, knowing that an account of women's work here would be of more special interest to readers of the SIGNAL, I will confine myself strictly to that.

Women's clubs of all kinds are numerous, and their objects various, but mainly in the line of self-improvement, intellectually and socially, and of philanthropic work. Some of the clubs are of fifteen years' standing, the Standard Club of Houston claiming the honour of being the first one to organise. In Dallas there are five clubs, in Waco four, but some of the smaller towns have to be content with one or two. The names given to them sometimes indicate the special nature of their work; some take their title from the day of the week on which they meet; others preferring more fancy names. The following are some of the best known: American History Club, Austin; Social Science Club, Terrell; Literary Club and Woman's Club, Waco; Shakespeare Club, Sherman; Pierian Club, Dallas; Quid Nuncs, Tyler; Wednesday Club, Galveston; XIX. Century Club, Corsicana; Ariel Club, Denton; Owl Club, McKinney; Magazine Club, Cleburne; Standard Club, Dallas.

Until this year the clubs of Texas have worked individually, but before they broke up after the last winter's session, the Woman's Club of Waco sent out an invitation to those in other Texas towns, asking them to meet in Waco, with a view of forming a federation of State clubs. About 18 or 19 responded to the invitation and sent delegates, and the federation was formed, through which, by mutual co-operation and exchange of ideas, it is hoped to promote more successfully the study of literature and of the arts and sciences, and to further various philanthropic objects. Let me quote what a prominent member said at one of the federation meetings:—

"A State Federation gives us a declared purpose, which should place our work where it will grow by the might of its high resolve, largely independent of popular leaders. It gives us a permanent foundation on which to base our united work as the women of Texas, and this work well done will give to the obscure West a right to take her place among the brightest and best of the land. Thus our horizon widens, our social life broadens, and

the fraternal feeling we find among club women wherever we go grows and strengthens, giving to each an interest in the other, all actuated by a common cause."

At the annual meetings of the Federation, held each year at a different place in the State, each club gives a short account of its work during the past season, and in this way many good ideas and valuable suggestions are exchanged and profited by. These clubs have been the means of bringing into their respective towns institutions of learning, libraries, and art galleries, and have been instrumental too in helping the poor, and in procuring for them many benefits which they could not otherwise have obtained. Here in Waco, the Woman's Club founded a Poor Home, to which women without employment can go until work is found for them, and thus many, by its timely aid and care, have been started well up the hill of life when they might have gone further and further down. The Waco Woman's Club, now four years old, whose motto is "When I rest I rust," has given much time to original papers on subjects of everyday problems, such as "The uneducation of Girls," "Hospitality," "Shams of Life," "The effect of Scenery upon Character," "The Relation of Books to Life," &c. Then one year they studied "The Old Masters in Painting," another year "Germany," and last season "Spain." This next year they intend to devote their energies to "Colonial History." The Van Alstyne Ladies' Tuesday Afternoon Literary Club was inaugurated Nov. 24th, 1896, with only nine members, for mutual improvement and for the cultivation of the amenities of social life. Their first course was the study and discussion of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Irving, and the life and poems of the Cary sisters, along with the study of Texas history.

In this club, as in many others, the roll call is responded to by quotations, generally bearing upon the subject of the day, and readings from the writer under study have been given, good papers read, and discussed, and in some cases poems of real merit, biographies, criticisms and reviews have been called forth. The discussion of current events proves an interesting feature in some of the programmes. Of course all clubs have their officers, president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, &c., and the meetings are conducted on strictly club principles.

I append the programme of an "American History Club," giving a good idea of the course of study pursued during their last four years, as I think it may prove of interest:—

THE PROGRAMME OF AN AMERICAN HISTORY CLUB.
(The following programme is taken, with some few modifications, from the course of study pursued during the past four years by the American History Club of Austin, Tex.)

Third Year.

1. The Settlement and Early Development of Canada.
Sketch of Champlain.
2. The Extension of New France.
Notes on Marquette, Joliet and Hennepin.
Sketch of La Salle and His Work.
3. A Comparison Between the Claims and Colonial Systems of France and England in North America.
4. The Beginning of the Struggle Between France and England for the Possession of North America.
Sketch of Frontenac.
5. The Renewal of the Struggle in Queen Anne's War.
6. Further Extension of the Domain of New France in North America.
The Founding of New Orleans.

- Notes on the Sieur de Bienville and on Iberville.
7. King George's War.
Reading from Evangeline.
Washington's First Military Experience.
8. The Seven Years' War.
Notes on Sir William Johnson, Montcalm and Wolfe.
9. The Conspiracy of Pontiac.
10. A Review of the Relations between the Colonists (both French and English) and the Indians.
11. Colonial Industries, including French Fur trade.
12. How They Lived in Colonial Days.
13. Colonial Women.
14. Colonial Literature.
15. Review. (Each member to present five questions based on her own paper.)

The latest feature, and one of the most important, at least for Texas, is the formation of "Ladies' Home Industry Clubs," which are already active in Dallas, Waco and Corsicana, and hope to get the co-operation of many other towns.

The movement is non-sectarian and non-political, and is intended to revive and encourage manufactures and literature in Texas. By so doing the following results are hoped for:—

1. To provide industrial pursuits for the unemployed by patronising Texas industries, enabling them to increase their force.
2. To keep money in circulation in Texas the year round.
3. To provide a better market in the towns for the perishable farm produce.
4. To acquaint themselves and their children with the merits of Texas literary and historical productions, and stimulate the people to greater effort in that direction.

They meet once a month, and discuss the merits of Texas goods, both in the line of literature and manufacture, and the value and adaptability of the different fruits and flowers in the Texas soil and climate, and they get members to send for samples of goods of Texas manufacture, so that they can patronize them.

On October 22nd there will be a State Fair in Dallas, and the "Home Industry Club" there is making an effort to have all the manufacturers in Texas exhibit, and at the same time will perfect a State organization of all the "Home Industry Clubs" which by that time are expected to have a total membership of 200,000.

The whole Women's Club movement, which extends now over land and sea, is a growth of the latter part of the 19th century. It has been called the "married women's college," although both married and unmarried women are members. Its object, originally, perhaps, was to supply early deficiencies in education in some cases, but more to give women an opportunity to meet bright minds, and exchange views, and get new ideas, and so not only to get an impetus to improve themselves, but to benefit their fellow-creatures also.

Akin to the above-mentioned work done by women in Texas, there is another institution I shall only be able to allude to, owing to want of space. I refer to the "Normal School of Methods," held in selected towns in the States during summer vacation, to which teachers from all parts can come, and gain fresh on various subjects, and the best method of imparting them to their pupils, and at the same time enjoy the benefits of change of air and scene.

This is a mere outline of what is being accomplished by women in Texas, but sufficient

to indicate the new and important directions which women's work is taking, and how the beneficent influence of womanhood is becoming more and more actively and universally felt all over the civilized world.
LILLIAN COX.
Waco, Texas.

What Can Our Daughters Do for a Living?

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHING.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD.

A PROFESSION that offers work worth doing by educated women, fair pay, and chances of promotion, that leaves time for recreation, and freedom for independent life, and yet that is understocked—can such a thing be in the England of to-day? It seems scarcely possible, and yet such is the fact—only to be explained by ignorance of the advantages and opportunities offered by the profession, and of the means of training available—with regard to Elementary Education. It is needless here to enter into the causes of this ignorance. Its result is that there are few subjects of admitted importance of which people generally know so little. Nor is it necessary to enlarge upon the value and usefulness to the community of the work of training future citizens. Suffice it to say that whereas hitherto the ranks of the elementary school teachers have been almost exclusively recruited from the schools themselves, a desire has for some time been felt and expressed that the sources of supply should be widened. In order to facilitate the entrance of persons who have not passed through the Elementary School, the "Education Code"—the rules laid down by Government to control such points—has recently been modified, so as to admit with more freedom than hitherto candidates who have received a sound education elsewhere than in an elementary school. The object of the present paper is to give a plain account of the conditions of Elementary School teaching as they concern women, and of the opportunities of training and modes of entrance at present available.

By an "Elementary School" is meant any school in which the fees on the average do not exceed 9d. a week, whether a voluntary school maintained by any association or religious body, or a Board School maintained by a compulsory rate; the school being one recognized by the Education Department, and receiving a grant in aid of its expenses under the recommendation of Her Majesty's Inspector. In the case of a Board School, the teacher is appointed by the Board; in a "Voluntary School" by a Committee of Managers. The usual staff of each school, or each separate department for girls, boys or infants, consists of head teacher, assistants and pupil teachers—the last named being young teachers in training. To obtain the independent charge as head teacher of a school, a mistress will need to hold the "certificate" of the Education Department, and it will be best first to detail the most usual steps towards attaining this, and then to indicate the permitted deviations.

Briefly, then, the school girl who wishes to be a teacher may begin by becoming a probationer at any age between 13 and 16. She must produce certificates of health and character, and pass an easy examination, and may then, after a second examination, be *apprenticed* as a pupil-teacher. Or, if she has arrived at the age of 15, she may dispense with probationership, and

become a pupil-teacher at once on passing the examination. She has also, of course, to find a school in which her services are needed. The examination will be in the "three R's," rudimentary history and geography, needlework, and optionally in elementary science. The pupil-teacher's apprenticeship usually lasts four years, but may be shortened to three, or to two years, or even to one year, provided that the pupil-teacher is eighteen years of age when she goes up for (and passes) the last of the examinations for pupil-teachers. Those who go through the whole course pass an annual examination of gradually progressing difficulty, or rather of increased standard of knowledge, and for these examinations she is prepared, either by instruction from the head of the school, or by special tutors appointed by her board of managers, as part of her wages.

During her apprenticeship she will have received also, besides her instruction, such salary as the school may offer, perhaps rising year by year from £12 in the first to £20 in the fourth year; as a probationer she will have been paid a small wage, perhaps £6 a year. She will have been employed in actual teaching work during not less than three, or more than six hours, on any of the five days of the school week, but not more than twenty hours altogether; and, will also have, as above mentioned, received instruction, either from a qualified teacher in the school, or at an organized "Centre" for pupil teachers' training; while the yearly examinations will have tested her progress in the elementary subjects already mentioned, and also in the others taught her, namely, music and drawing, English grammar and composition, Latin or French (as alternative subjects), and practical teaching.

The last examination is called the "Admission Examination," or "Queen's Scholarship Examination," because successful candidates in it who are placed in "Class I." or "Class II," according to the number of marks they get, are *qualified* for admission as Queen's Scholars into residential training colleges. Two attempts are allowed, and all who pass in any one of the three classes are *ipso facto* qualified to be thenceforth assistant teachers, the training college course not being obligatory, though it is most desirable, if only for the advantage which "trained teachers," *i.e.*, those who have been at a college, have all their lives over others when they come to make application for good posts.

The residential colleges, however, cannot at present accommodate nearly all the candidates placed in Classes I. and II., and of course the highest on the list have the preference. Hence, a very good position on the list is an essential condition of admission to the best of them.

The Queen's Scholars, as the admitted students in the various training colleges are called, are provided with board, lodging and tuition without charge, beyond an entrance fee which varies considerably at the different colleges. Thus, Wandsworth Roman Catholic College requires only £5, of which the Catholic School Committee pays half; Truro, Anglican, charges £10; and Homerton, Undenominational, £22. The last-named is the only Undenominational College there is. Many colleges reduce the fee for students who have been pupil-teachers, others grant special privileges to candidates from a special county or diocese, and many offer scholarships and exhibitions.

There are also some day training colleges attached to certain Universities or University Colleges, as at Bangor, Bristol, Manchester, and these have usually a boarding-house attached. In these, also, there is a varying

scale of fees; a list of residential and day colleges and their terms may be had from Messrs. H. Barnes & Co., 15, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street, London. Practical teaching in an elementary school always forms part of the college course, as well as tuition in all the subjects for the certificate examination. Whether at a residential or at a day college, the student has to sit for an examination appointed for the end of each of the two years, and the successful passing of the second examination gives the "certificate," which is the full qualification for taking charge of a school. There is only one certificate, but the right to superintend pupil teachers is given to candidates placed in the first or second class at the final examination. The third class is a bare pass, and does not count highly in the competition for work.

Those who do not wish to enter a training college, or who fail to gain admission, can still proceed to gain the certificate in precisely the same manner as the Queen's Scholars, so far as regards sitting for the two certificate examinations. They are, of course, at liberty to dispose of their time as they please, and the majority serve as assistants in schools while they are preparing themselves for examination; but the severe strain on the health of candidates involved by teaching in a school during the two years of preparation, and the loss of the valuable course of instruction offered by the colleges, make it desirable to avoid this plan if possible. Every girl who can go to college ought to grasp the chance.

It unfortunately happens not infrequently that girls who have passed high enough on the list to be sure of getting into a college cannot afford the entrance fee and the money for clothing, pocket-money, holiday board, &c., which have to be provided from somewhere for the girls who go to college. The importance of having the training college record is hardly appreciated sufficiently by girls and their parents very often. It should be realized that the best posts in the service—head teacher under any large board, for instance—will seldom be obtained by untrained teachers, even if they have passed a good examination. Hence it is worth while to make some sacrifice for a year or two to obtain the training, if possible.

(To be continued.)

OUR DUMB FELLOW-CREATURES.

We take the following facts from a very interesting report on Burmese elephants, by Veterinary Captain G. H. Evans. It states that the elephant is specially useful in Burma, because he can force his way through jungle tracts, leaving a well-defined road behind him. "The Burma timber trade would be almost undeveloped but for the elephant. The trees when felled are often in places to which no road leads, and this docile animal shoulders the logs, carrying them successfully up hill, down dale, and across streams with patient perseverance. Arrived at the side of the river down which the logs are to float, the huge beasts can stand in the river, sort the timber, free the logs when jammed, and launch them again when they are stranded. Then other elephants, at Moulmein, haul the logs out of the water, bring them up to be shaped, and remove and stock them more neatly than their masters could." These specially clever elephants are constitutionally delicate, and they ought not to be worked for more than six or seven hours a day. They need plenty of good food, and regular bathing. If not well fed, they lie awake expecting more food, and, as the elephant sleeps for only a few hours, he soon loses strength if his hours of rest are curtailed. The animal newly caught is used first "as a baggage animal, if clever he develops into a dragging elephant, and later into an accomplished tusk."

MARY WOLLSTONE-CRAFT'S

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

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF DEGRADATION TO WHICH WOMAN IS REDUCED BY VARIOUS CAUSES.

WOMAN also thus "in herself complete," by possessing all these frivolous accomplishments, so changes the nature of things

"That what she wills to do or say Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; All higher knowledge in her presence falls Degraded. Wisdom in discourse with her Loses discountenanc'd, and, like Folly, shows; Authority and Reason on her wait."

And all this is built on her "loveliness"!

In the middle rank of life, to continue the comparison, men, in their youth, are prepared for professions, and marriage is not considered as the grand feature in their lives; whilst women, on the contrary, have no other scheme to sharpen their faculties. It is not business, extensive plans, or any of the excursive flights of ambition, that engross their attention; no, their thoughts are not employed in rearing such noble structures. To rise in the world, and have the liberty of running from pleasure to pleasure, they must marry advantageously, and to this object their time is sacrificed, and their persons often legally prostituted. A man when he enters any profession has his eye steadily fixed on some future advantage (and the mind gains great strength by having all its efforts directed to one point), and, full of his business, pleasure is considered as mere relaxation; whilst women seek for pleasure as the main purpose of existence. In fact, from the education which they receive from society, the love of pleasure may be said to govern them all; but does this prove that there is a sex in souls? It would be just as rational to declare that the courtiers in France, when a destructive system of despotism had formed their character, were not men, because liberty, virtue, and humanity were sacrificed to pleasure and vanity—fatal passions, which have ever domineered over the whole race!

The same love of pleasure, fostered by the whole tendency of their education, gives a trifling turn to the conduct of women in most circumstances; for instance, they are ever anxious about secondary things, and on the watch for adventures, instead of being occupied by duties.

In short, women, in general, as well as the rich of both sexes, have acquired all the follies and vices of civilization, and missed the useful fruit. It is not necessary for me always to premise that I speak of the condition of the whole sex, leaving exceptions out of the question.

It would be an endless task to trace the variety of meannesses, cares, and sorrows, into which women are plunged by the prevailing opinion, that they were created rather to feel than reason, and that all the power they obtain must be obtained by their charms and weakness:

"Fine by defect, and amiably weak!"

And, made by this amiable weakness entirely dependent, excepting what they gain by illicit sway, on man, not only for protection, but advice, is it surprising that, neglecting the duties that reason alone points out, and shrinking from trials calculated to strengthen their minds, they only exert themselves to give their defects a graceful covering, which may serve to heighten their charms in the eye of the

voluptuary, though it sink them below the scale of moral excellence?

"Educate women like men," says Rousseau, "and the more they resemble our sex the less power will they have over us." This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men, but over themselves.

In the same strain have I heard men argue against instructing the poor; for many are the forms that aristocracy assumes. "Teach them to read and write," say they, "and you take them out of the station assigned them by nature." An eloquent Frenchman has answered them, I will borrow his sentiments. "But they know not, when they make man a brute, that they may expect every instant to see him transformed into a ferocious beast. Without knowledge there can be no morality!"

Ignorance is a frail base for virtue! Yet, that it is the condition for which woman was organized has been insisted upon by the writers who have most vehemently argued in favour of the superiority of man; a superiority not in degree, but essence; though, to soften the argument, they have laboured to prove, with chivalrous generosity, that the sexes ought not to be compared; man was made to reason, woman to feel; and that together, flesh and spirit, they make the most perfect whole, by blending happily reason and sensibility into one character.

And what is sensibility? "Quickness of sensation; quickness of perception; delicacy." Thus is it defined by Dr. Johnson, and the definition gives me no other idea than of the most exquisitely polished instinct. I discern not a trace of the image of God in either sensation or matter. Refined seventy times seven, they are still material; intellect dwells not there; nor will fire ever make lead gold!

I come round to my old argument; if woman be allowed to have an immortal soul, she must have, as the employment of life, an understanding to improve. And when, to render the present state more complete, though everything proves it to be but a fraction of a mighty sum, she is incited by present gratification to forget her grand destination, nature is counteracted.

In the regulation of a family, in the education of children, understanding, in an unsophisticated sense, is particularly required: strength both of body and mind; yet the men who, by their writings, have most earnestly laboured to domesticate women, have endeavoured, by arguments dictated by a gross appetite, which satiety had rendered fastidious, to weaken their bodies and cramp their minds. But, if even by these sinister methods they really persuaded women, by working on their feelings, to stay at home, and fulfil the duties of a mother and mistress of a family, I should cautiously oppose opinions that led women to right conduct, by prevailing on them to make the discharge of such important duties the main business of life, though reason were insulted. Yet, and I appeal to experience, if by neglecting the understanding they be as much, nay, more, detached from these domestic employments, than they could be by the most serious intellectual pursuit, I may be allowed to infer that reason is absolutely necessary to enable a woman to perform any duty properly, and I must again repeat, that sensibility is not reason.

The comparison with the rich still occurs to me; for when men neglect the duties of humanity, women will follow their example; a common stream hurries them both along with thoughtless celerity. Riches and honours prevent a man from enlarging his understanding,

and enervate all his powers by reversing the order of nature, which has ever made true pleasure the reward of labour. Pleasure—energizing pleasure—is, likewise, within women's reach without earning it. But, till hereditary possessions are spread abroad, how can we expect men to be proud of virtue? And, till they are, women will govern by the most direct means, neglecting their dull domestic duties to catch the pleasure that sits lightly on the wing of time.

Another argument that has had great weight with me, must, I think, have some force with every considerate benevolent heart. Girls who have been thus weakly educated, are often cruelly left by their parents without any provision; and, of course, are dependent on, not only the reason, but the bounty of their brothers. These brothers are, to view the fairest side of the question, good sort of men, and give as a favour, what children of the same parents had an equal right to. In this equivocal humiliating situation, a docile female may remain some time, with a tolerable degree of comfort. But, when the brother marries, a probable circumstance, from being considered as the mistress of the family, she is viewed with averted looks as an intruder, an unnecessary burden on the benevolence of the master of the house, and his new partner.

Who can recount the misery which many unfortunate beings, whose minds and bodies are equally weak, suffer in such situations—unable to work, and ashamed to beg? The wife, a cold-hearted, narrow-minded woman, and this is not an unfair supposition; for the present mode of education does not tend to enlarge the heart any more than the understanding; is jealous of the little kindness which her husband shows to his relations; and her sensibility not rising to humanity, she is displeased at seeing the property of her children lavished on a helpless sister.

These are matters of fact which have come under my eye again and again. The consequence is obvious, the wife has recourse to cunning to undermine the habitual affection, which she is afraid openly to oppose; and neither tears nor caresses are spared till the spy is worked out of her home, and thrown on the world, unprepared for its difficulties; or

sent, as a great effort of generosity, or from some regard to propriety, with a small stipend, and an uncultivated mind, into joyless solitude.

These two women may be much upon a par, with respect to reason and humanity; and, changing situations, might have acted just the same selfish part; but had they been differently educated, the case would also have been very different. The wife would not have had that sensibility, of which self is the centre, and reason might have taught her not to expect, and not even to be flattered by, the affection of her husband, if it led him to violate prior duties. She would wish not to love him merely because he loved her, but on account of his virtues; and the sister might have been able to struggle for herself instead of eating the bitter bread of dependence.

I am, indeed, persuaded that the heart, as well as the understanding, is opened by cultivation; and by, which may not appear so clear, strengthening the organs; I am not now talking of momentary flashes of sensibility, but of affections.

A man of sense can only love a foolish, even if shrewd, "domesticated" woman on account of her sex, and respect her, because she is a trusty servant. He lets her, to preserve his own peace, scold the servants, and go to church in clothes made of the very best materials. A man of her own size of understanding would, probably, not agree so well with her; for he might wish to encroach on her prerogative, and manage some domestic concerns himself. Yet women, whose minds are not enlarged by cultivation, or the natural selfishness of sensibility expanded by reflection, are very unfit to manage a family; for, by an undue stretch of power, they are always tyrannizing to support a superiority that only rests on the arbitrary distinction of fortune. The evil is sometimes more serious, and domestics are deprived of innocent indulgences, and made to work beyond their strength, in order to enable the "notable woman" to keep a better table, and outshine her neighbours in finery and parade. If she attend to her children, it is, in general, to dress them in a costly manner—and, whether this attention arise from vanity or fondness, it is equally pernicious.

Besides, how many women of this description

pass their days, or, at least, their evenings, discontentedly. Their husbands acknowledge that they are good managers and chaste wives, but leave home to seek for more agreeable—may I be allowed to use a significant French word—*piquant* society; and the patient drudge, who fulfils her task, like a blind horse in a mill, is defrauded of her just reward; for the wages due to her are the caresses of her husband, and women who have so few resources in themselves do not very patiently bear this privation of a natural right.

A fine lady, on the contrary, has been taught to look down with contempt on the vulgar employments of life, though she has only been incited to acquire accomplishments that rise a degree above sense, for even corporeal accomplishments cannot be acquired with any degree of precision unless the understanding has been strengthened by exercise. Without a foundation of principles taste is superficial, grace must arise from something deeper than imitation. These are the fair defects in nature; the women who appear to be created not to enjoy the fellowship of man, but to save him from sinking into absolute brutality, by rubbing off the rough angles of his character; and by playful dalliance to give some dignity to the appetite that draws him to them.


Gracious Creator of the whole human race! hast Thou created such a being as woman, who can trace Thy wisdom in Thy works, and feel that Thou alone art by Thy nature exalted above her,—for no better purpose? Can she believe that she was only made to submit to man, her equal, a being, who, like her, was sent into the world to acquire virtue? Can she consent to be occupied merely to please him; merely to adorn the earth, when her soul is capable of rising to Thee? And can she rest supinely dependent on man for reason, when she ought to mount with him the arduous steeps of knowledge?

Yet, if love be the supreme good, let women be only educated to inspire it, and let every charm be polished to intoxicate the senses; but, if they be moral beings, let them have a chance to become intelligent; and let love to man be only a part of that glowing flame of universal love, which, after encircling humanity, mounts in grateful incense to God.

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SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

Dame Alice Owen's statue was unveiled in the school at Islington on Thursday last week. Mr. Easterbrook, the Head Master, to whose efforts the statue is mainly due, has previously told in our columns the interesting tale of how Lady Owen was providentially saved from death by an arrow passing through her hat without injuring her while playing in the fields as a child, and how, in memory of her escape, Dame Owen in 1609 erected almshouses on the spot, and in 1613 she made provision for a free grammar school for 30 scholars—24 from Islington and six from Clerkenwell. The general governing and supervision of the school was left to the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Brewers' Company. The school has grown into a great educational undertaking, providing accommodation for 420 boys and 350 girls. In unveiling the memorial, Mr. Gerald Buxton said that he felt sure that if Lady Owen herself could be present she would say that the Brewers' Company had faithfully carried out her trust. Mr. Spencer Charrington mentioned that this was another instance of a foundation being strengthened by the abolition of the old-fashioned almshouse. The change had its opponents,

but he ventured to say that it was a step in the right direction, and that the funds being devoted to education would be of greater benefit to the community. The monument, which was greatly admired, is the work of Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and it represents the foundress of the school in Elizabethan costume. The head and hands are of white and stained marble, and the rest of the figure is of bronze—a combination which gives a singularly realistic effect, as many of our readers will remember from seeing it in the last Academy Exhibition.

Considerable ceremony attended the laying of the foundation stone of a new high school at Keswick, which is to be, as it is said, "an experiment," in that it is to be a mixed school for boys and girls. The school is the result of the bequests of the late Mr. Hewitson. Sir John Hibbert wrote a letter giving an account of the successful experience of an old endowed school at Cartmel. The school doubled its scholars, and both sides of the house worked better for the additional stimulus. The Master of Balliol, Dr. Caird, attended in person, and made a most emphatic speech in favour of mixed education. The experiment, rightly conducted, must succeed. He had never known girls in a family the worse for having a brother to be brought up with, nor boys the worse for having a sister in the schoolroom. He believed that the experiment once tried astonished everyone by its success. An American visitor bore testimony to the success of mixed education across the Atlantic. Indeed, there is experience much closer than that, for most of the Scottish primary schools are (or were) mixed.

An effort is being put forth by the Band of Hope Union to celebrate its Jubilee by obtaining a million youthful pledges. This is an enormous number, and one hardly realizes how much it means as the words run trippingly off the lips. It can hardly be possible for that end to be fully gained, but, as Bacon said, "He that aims at the noonday sun, though he shall not hit it, shall find a much higher mark than he that aims at a bush." The effort was made last week in a very systematic manner. The actual number of organized visitors was about 53,000. These were all supplied with pledge forms which any person over seven years of age might sign. In addition to the forms, the visitors were desired to give away 1,750,000 leaflets calculated to impress the juvenile mind in favour of "prevention" of drunkenness being "better than cure." It was assumed that each lady would visit from thirty to fifty families. The results of the whole movement will not be made known till November 9th, when the Band of Hope Jubilee will be celebrated. On the Sunday preceding that day, Band of Hope sermons have been arranged to be preached in twenty-three cathedrals and thousands of other churches. In all, about 10,000 sermons will be preached on the subject during the next few weeks.

I have noticed an interesting resemblance between a comparison earnestly laboured over by Mary Wollstonecraft, and a passage in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Letters." The point is as to the similarity of the influences brought to bear on women generally, and on the men of the

so-called "great," and the corresponding results in the two cases. Our readers have had an opportunity of seeing how Mary Wollstonecraft tries to prove this point. I wonder if she originally thought out the idea, or if she gained it from Lady Mary Montagu, whose famous "Letters" were a classic in Mary Wollstonecraft's day? Lady Mary lived nearly as many years before Mary Wollstonecraft as the latter did before us present-day readers. Whether the hard-working and unhappy governess in Lady Kingsborough's family borrowed this thought from the earlier writer, or evolved it herself, it is at any rate interesting to see that the same idea was held by one who was herself born and bred a "great lady," for Lady Mary was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston. Here is what she says:—

There is nothing so like to the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince. They are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good breeding, which, if they attain, they have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons, which inclines me to think (if I dare say it), that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, any more than the females of other animals where we see no distinction of capacity; though I am persuaded if there was a commonwealth of rational horses it would be an established maxim amongst them that a mare could not be taught to pace!

A further passage may be quoted from Lady Mary's letters to show how long-continued has been the repression of all taste for knowledge and all desire for an honourable fame amongst women. In a letter concerning the education of her granddaughter, Lady Mary writes to her daughter, the girl's mother, as follows:—

A caution to be given her, which is most absolutely necessary, is to conceal whatever learning she attains with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness; the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of at least three parts in four of all her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be content with a small expense, and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken, it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation. I have always disowned it, and even thought it a misfortune. I cannot help writing a sort of apology for my last letters, foreseeing that you will think it owing, or at least Lord Bute will be extremely shocked at the proposal of a learned education for daughters, which the generality of men believe as great a profanation as the clergy would do if the laity should presume to exercise the functions of the priesthood. Most people confound the ideas of sense and cunning; though there are really no two things in nature more opposite. It is, in part, from this false reasoning that the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantages of learning, men fancying the improvement of our understanding would only furnish us with more wit to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit or the consequences of detec-

Similar in plan and purpose to the "Chautauqua Circles," of which Mrs. Northam Fields told in our columns last week (though without the great attraction of a summer city of its own), is the English "Home Reading Union." A step forward in the power of usefulness of this Association is made by the Education Department's consent that circles in connection with the Home Reading Union can be formed in Evening or "Continuation" Schools, which may be conducted as an advanced reading class, and earn a grant from the Department. And so it is hoped that "reading circles," conducted in a very bright and social manner, will be formed amongst those who leave school, in schoolrooms which doubtless managers of the schools will willingly provide for them.

Interest in the School Board elections is now rising in London. We have heard of 13 lady candidates, but the exact number will not be known till the nominations are made at the beginning of November. Meantime, the best summary of the leading questions at issue that I have seen is contained in the address to the Finsbury electors by the well-known Temperance leader, Mr. Thomas Smith, which I will give as such a summary, without expressing any personal opinion on the various points raised:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Six years ago you did me the honour to place me second on the poll to represent you on the 1891-94 London School Board, and I gave my best service to your interests: my attendances at board and committee meetings will bear the strictest scrutiny. My record in Finsbury is well-known, having, in addition to this, served six years on the Islington Vestry, and four years on the Islington Guardian Board. I have a strong love for child life, and earnestly desire to see the next generation better than the last. The positive proofs of the great decrease in juvenile crime, and the improved condition of the working classes to-day compared with twenty years ago, afford a strong impulse to public men to labour more earnestly for the advancement of elementary education. To be able to take some small part in such good work is my only desire in seeking a seat on the new Board. Religious education.—I am earnestly in favour of the Undenominational Bible Instruction as expressed in the 'Compromise' and the Cowper-Temple clause of the Education Act, 1870. This arrangement worked well during the first twenty years of the Board, and it is my desire to see it continued by the teachers.

Temperance Teaching.—I attach great importance to Temperance teaching, in view of the appalling evils resulting from intemperance, on the principle that 'prevention is better than cure.' Efficiency.—This, in my opinion, should be the real watchword of the election. What the children are to-day will determine the condition of the men and women of to-morrow. The large towns of England are wisely answering this question by providing a generous education rather than a cheap and meagre one. The cost of such education is already largely defrayed by the Imperial Government, and where local rates are heavy it should be remembered that the ratepayer has freehold buildings, the cost of which he is repaying in principal and interest by annual increments, which will cease in all cases in less than 50 years, and in some cases 25 to 30 years. Superannuation.—The present position of this question on the Board is nothing less than a

scandal. Old servants who have been compelled to contribute to a superannuation fund for several years are being pensioned with a miserable pittance often less than a pauper's allowance, although the fund at the Board is large and constantly growing by contributions from the staff. I am in favour of a more generous administration of this fund, and, if necessary, of a mutual scheme being adopted for old teachers and officers, such as that which is administered by the London County Council, the Guardian Board, and the Police Authorities. Evening Continuation Schools.—The trouble and expense of collecting small fees is a waste of time as well as a hindrance to the spread of education, and I am in favour of freeing the evening as well as the day schools. Labour policy.—The Board, as a large employer of labour, has long since laid down rules governing contractors under the Board, namely, that all work contracted to be executed for the Board should be paid for under such conditions as are mutually agreed to between representative bodies of employers and employed. I have never sought to disturb this arrangement, and should wish to see it continued. Economy.—I am in favour of a wise economy in all departments of the Board's work, and, if elected, I should exercise a strict attention to details, in order to save the pockets of the ratepayers, as far as possible, consistent with efficiency. If you honour me with your confidence, I promise to vote at all times for Bible instruction, Temperance teaching, steady progress, real efficiency, and wise economy, and, if elected, I will do all in my power to deserve such confidence.—Yours faithfully,

THOS. SMITH.

Great Thoughts Office,
132, Fleet Street, E.C.

I learn that a volume entitled "Women's Work in the Columbian Exposition" has been prepared by the ladies belonging to the Historical Committee of the Board of Managers of the World's Fair. The book has been for some time in preparation, and is said to contain very interesting information. Certainly most interesting work was done by the "Board of Lady Managers," of whom some were appointed by each State, and they did much, not merely in getting a good display of the work of women, but in securing the proper representation of each of their respective States generally. In one case at least the gentlemen on a State board had reported to their Legislature that nothing could be done to represent the State, and the lady members went on alone, called public meetings to raise funds, and ultimately secured a good building and an excellent show. It is interesting to know that the lady members were paid for their services. In America, the system of getting all the public work done gratis does not prevail. It is an open question which plan, their or ours, is most successful, but it is unquestionably good that, as it is the national custom to pay for public work, women as well as men are so recompensed.

One of the points that strikes an English visitor to America is that the women there are more really trusted and employed on serious undertakings than they are here. That they justify that trust and employment generally is obvious, as otherwise it would cease. In the Great Fair, for instance, not only had the board of lady

managers much power, and pay for their services, and not only was the Woman's Building designed and decorated, both as regarded statuary and wall frescoes, exclusively by women; but in many of the separate States, women had been chosen by the public authorities to execute some important commission. Thus the architect of the large and costly "State Building" of Arkansas was a woman, Mrs. Jean Douglas. The gigantic statue in the Illinois State Building described as "Illinois welcoming the Nations" (Chicago being in that State, of course) was executed by a young lady. In the Wisconsin building was a statue by a girl of twenty, "The Genius of Wisconsin," which gained the second prize for the statuary in the Fair, and has just now been bought by her State to place in its Capitol at Madison City. Of this the description is given as follows:—"In this statue of 'The Genius of Wisconsin,' Miss Mears took a woman as the embodiment of genius, and the eagle to represent the protecting element. The statue is seven feet in height. The head is erect and slightly thrown back, while the face bears an expression of zeal and earnest determination. The figure is draped in the American flag, and the left arm is raised until the hand half clasps the neck of the eagle, which is perched on the apex of the rock against which the figure leans."

Again, I read that the United States Government has given a commission to a lady. "Miss Frances M. Goodwin, formerly of Newcastle, Ind., now of South Bend, has been commissioned by the Government to make a marble bust of Schuyler Colfax, of South Bend, to be placed in the Senate gallery at Washington. This is the second commission of the kind given to a woman, the other being to Miss Vinnie Ream."

Yet even the American women have no all that one might gently claim as simple justice. An instance in a recent American budget of papers is the case of a married woman in California, who has sued her husband for failing to support his family. It was shown that the husband was a worthless, drunken and idle man, and that the wife worked and maintained the family. The Judge said, "It is the rule of law, well settled in this State, that where the wife's earnings are sufficient for her support, and are not interfered with by the husband, the neglect of the husband to supply the wife with the common necessities of existence does not count. The theory of these cases is that the earnings of the wife are community property; and, as the husband has control of the community property, his not preventing the wife applying her earnings to her own wants is in law his application of the same to her support!"

Dutch women propose to honour the "coming of age" of their young Queen, which will be as usual for Royal personages at eighteen, next year, by a great exhibition of the work of the women of the nation. The exhibition is an enterprise of a society of Dutch women, which at present is only planned to exist for five years. In a spirited address delivered by Meij. Marie Jungius, of Scheveningen, the speaker dwelt on the fact that the public is wilfully blind to the capabilities of women and the merit of their work.

The Exhibition of Dutch Women's Work is to be an illustration of the work done by the women of the Netherlands—a vindication of its merits and a claim for the same consideration and freedom in choice of work as men. The Society hopes thereby to effect the gradual removal of some of the obstacles which still encumber the path of the working woman in Holland, and also to open up many professions and occupations which still close their doors to her. The exhibition is to last three months. The entire decoration will be entrusted to a lady artist. The different sections of the exhibition include: Social work, business and industrial pursuits, housewifery, domestic economy schools, industrial schools, historical section, literature and science, music, plastic arts, the drama, sick nursing and parish nursing, hygiene, agriculture and horticulture, floriculture, poultry farming, bee keeping, East and West Indian sections, photography and sports.

Our Short Story.

DOCTOR ADAIR.

A big, green garden, more grass than flowers; more colour, perhaps, than taste, but all so fair, so goodly a picture, with its foreground of living children—a girl and a boy. The girl is on her knees stringing the long-stemmed daisies into an endless chain, the boy is talking earnestly, whittling a stick meanwhile.

"We do mean to marry each other when we grow up, don't we, Gwen?"

"Yes, I think we will," says Gwen, a trifle undecidedly.

"I shall be a doctor like father when I'm old," says the boy.

"Well, I don't think I shall like that," remarks Miss Seven-year-old slowly, and this time decidedly: "I don't think I could marry a doctor, even if he was like your father."

"I am sure I shall be," answers Kenneth Adair sturdily. "I feel as if I shouldn't be able to help it, Gwen; and when we are married you won't mind."

"I might, you know, and then I should marry Bob instead."

"Oh no, you wouldn't, Gwen; it wouldn't be fair, 'cause I asked you first, you know."

"Yes, but Bobbie did the day after you. He said if ever I didn't want to marry you I could have him instead, and I—"

"Well, you just jolly well won't!" says young Kenneth, angrily. "I'll just jolly well box his ears, I will!"

"Don't be cross, dear Ken," broke in the child's voice softly. "I did say 'no' to him," and with this she dropped her daisy chain and rose to her feet. "Ken, dear Ken, let us be friends again," and lifting her fair face to his, Gwen furthers her request by a kiss.

Ah, Gwen, little Gwen! with your baby face in its framework of tawny gold, how little you dread this growing up. How far away it seems. And Kenneth, the ruddy, the good-looking laddie you love so well, your companion and playfellow from early days, he, too, is a dreamer of dreams. Take care how you tease and trifle; his is not a nature to brook such, even from you.

Years pass away. And in a lighted ball-room, with all its dazzling accompaniments, we meet these two again.

"But now that you are grown up, Gwen, and really and truly 'come out,' we must be engaged, dear love. I—I cannot bear this sus-

pense," pleads the man; while the maid toys with her flowers, and looks about her aimlessly—anywhere, everywhere, but never quite at him.

"I told you, Ken, I can't marry a doctor—it would be so—so horrid! I love you dearly, of course; we have known each other so long; but don't ask me that, Ken"—almost tearfully—"don't make me promise"—with an emphasis on the word as though it were some sacred thing.

But Kenneth interposes. "Come in here, Gwen, in this corner. I must and will speak to-night. Something must be decided, dear love," and he draws her gently behind the rich curtain as he speaks.

"Oh, Ken, and this is my special night, too, and—and—" with a suspicion of a sob, "you are going to spoil it by making plans." This last with a little *moue* unmistakable.

"Plans! That's just it, dearest, glorious plans! Grown up plans—not those silly ones we made in the old garden"; but the man lowers his voice, as if those "silly ones" held to him "memories dear."

"Ah! dear Ken," the girl says, earnestly, "I cannot express what I feel—quite—I don't want to be married and settled down. Nor," as he would have spoken, "nor even engaged quite—let us be like we were in the old days, Ken. You remember them, dear. So gay and careless and free. I want to be free still, and enjoy my life! I want," throwing out her white arm passionately, "I want to belong to no one just yet."

Poor Kenneth Adair! He could not understand this absolute gasping for freedom, this hatred for any thralls. She was his very own any way, his beautiful Gwen with the wild rose face and large dark eyes. He would impose no hardships; no bonds or chains should shackle his darling. Why, then, this rebellion? If he did not claim her someone else soon would, he knew. Could it be—could there be? No; impossible.

"Tell me, Gwen," he began hurriedly, "tell me—there is no one else? You are still mine—mine to be some day?"

Gwendoline turned her head and looked at him.

"No; there is no one else," she said quietly.

"Bob asked me once."

"I know all about Bob," broke in her companion hurriedly.

"Yes. He asked me once, and I said 'no,'" with a scarcely perceptible sigh.

"Of course—" began Kenneth.

"You asked me first, you know," she finished, and the girl laughed merrily.

Poor wild untrained Gwendoline. A lovely flower without soft surroundings, reared in an atmosphere of artificial pleasure, foreign to her nature. She had known neither father nor mother, and loved not well the kith and kin she knew.

At last it was settled between them. She would give up her prejudice—or at least try to—to his profession. He would not press her for certainty yet. Kenneth left her, returning to London on duty bent, and Gwendoline was alone to receive the visits of her cousin, Robert Dawtree, much encouraged and countenanced by her aunt. Unfortunately for this young man, he had not "asked her first," otherwise all might have been different, and Gwen—well perhaps she might have been different too.

"I say, Gwen," her cousin had said on one occasion, "if Adair sticks to the 'butchering' you wouldn't have him, would you?"

The girl started slightly. "Why do you say that, Bob? I think I should."

"Because you always said you would cut him, in that case, that's why," retorted the other rather rudely. "But women never know their own minds two minutes together."

"It isn't that," Gwen says vaguely; "I do know my own mind, Bob, and I do not like the profession; but he—Kenneth gave in to me, so I could not hold out, could I?" wistfully.

"Gave in to you! What about, I should like to know? Uncommon cheek to ask you to give up anything, I should say."

"I'm not going to be married just yet. Don't worry, Bob, there's a good boy. I don't want to talk about myself," said Gwen, rather wearily for so bright a butterfly nature.

"Listen, little cousin, one moment; suppose I do want to talk of that same fair self, to say what I have longed to, burned to say, this many and many a day."

"Oh! Robert, hush!" as the girl withdrew her hand from his, "please Bob, dear Bob, say no more, I—"

"Why, Gwen, little love, what is the matter? see, I brought you all these"—showing roses, yellow, crimson and pink, in a heap upon her white gown. "Look up, beloved, are they not sweet? You hurt their feelings by crying over them!"

"Robert, I want to tell you—" she began, brokenly.

"Nay, dear, let me speak. You tell me what I want to know; there is no engagement, no plans, nothing formal? Then oh, beloved, take me while there is time and opportunity, as now. Give me the right to protect you all your life long."

But Gwendoline had risen, and, with panting breath, denied his right to speak to her thus; denied him even the privilege of pressing his suit. "You are unkind, unfair," she told him. But he—well, he comforted her somehow, and, somehow, he gained his own way; possibly by reason of his importunity; perhaps because of her loneliness. Dr. Adair was away; there was no engagement; she detested his profession. Gwen became engaged to Bob.

"You are a double-dyed villain, a traitor, and I challenge you!"

"Challenge—nonsense! Do you think I want to fight you? No, you don't. No decorations for my wedding day, thank you. I tell you she loves me—and hates both you and your profession!"

Under the gas lamps, in the still night air, by the river side, stand two infuriated men. Kenneth livid with rage, and the other with an insolent sneer on his curled lips.

The old story of jealousy, revenge and violence. Louder and louder grew the voices—cruel, wicked words flung and returned. "She promised with her own lips, I swear it; to-morrow we go away together, and—"

"You lie!" burst from Kenneth with uplifted hand, "Coward, you lie!"

"Lie or no lie!" from Robert Dawtree, fiercely, "Take that—and then frustrate us—if you can!" The blow was deftly given, and, unparried, went home. Down on the stone pavement he lay senseless, apparently lifeless, and was taken up later for dead. Doctor Adair!

That same night, in her pretty room, the girl sat crouched before a small, bright fire. Her golden hair hung round her in masses of heavy waves, but her face was pale, and her eyes red with weeping. "I did not mean it," she wailed, over and over again. "I must have been mad—mad. My love, my love, my own dear love!—you asked me first; I belonged to

you from the first, and," rising with sudden energy, "you shall have me. Kenneth—Kenneth—Kenneth—"

The next morning came Robert Dawtree. "You got my letter," the girl said, anxiously, going quickly forward to meet him. "I wrote it and sent it to you. I—"

"By Jove, Gwen, I got it right enough! But what is all this about madness? You promised, you know, and a promise—well, generally—is binding," with a sneer of unutterable bitterness and scorn.

"Ah, Robert, forgive me!" cried Gwen. "I was indeed mad to promise you. I cannot do this thing. I see it all now, and how foolish, how wrong I have been, and," with a little touch of dignity, "you should not have asked me, Robert."

"Look here, little coz, it is all for the best, perhaps, and one day's delay will not matter so much; but then, Gwen, no shirking mind. You must come then, or—"

But the girl rose and faced him resolutely.

"No; impossible, Robert; I will not accept, I scorn you."

"Very well done. Very well done. I suppose you are afraid—afraid of Monsieur le Docteur, eh? Let me tell you, Madam, he is—he is not very well, and probably will not be down here again just yet."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. He met with an accident last night, I fancy, and—"

"Robert, who did this?" she demanded with forced calmness.

"Who did what?" He laughed, though his face paled slightly. "I tell you Adair's all right, you know, only he won't be about just yet; and now, little woman, there is no fear of his tracking us, or any disagreeables of that kind. Come, is all well? Let us kiss and make—"

"Stand away, don't touch me, don't come near me!" And then, less fiercely, "You must excuse me, Robert, but I decline to have any more to say to you on the subject now—or ever—you understand? I own myself in the wrong, and realize my escape in time, thank God. Allow me to pass, please. I will go to my own room."

An hour later, cloaked and bonneted, with her maid in attendance, Gwendoline set out for the hospital. "Please call a cab, Martyn," she said, "and tell him to drive to the hospital; I will inquire there first," she added to herself. Together the two women answered the inquiries of the hall porter, and listened for his reply.

"Yes, it was true enough; Dr. Adair had met with an accident, a bad 'un, and was brought in luckily to his own hospital as a casualty. He's such a steady gentleman too, young Doctor Adair!"

"Can I see the senior surgeon?" Gwen asked faintly.

"I'll ask, Miss. His board's up, so he's in. Some relation I suppose?" said the man, and then blew up the whistle.

Silently they followed the porter along the stone corridors, till he paused at the surgeon's door, which was open, and the room empty. Presently Dr. Maxwell, the famous surgeon, entered, and bowing gravely to Gwendoline, said gently, "You wish to see my poor colleague, I believe. Will you come with me. But I must tell you first, this is a serious case, I am grieved to say."

"Oh! please may I go up now, at once, and tell me this afterwards, if you wouldn't mind?" implored Gwendoline feverishly, with a struggle to control her emotion not lost on the doctor.

Two Medical Students

AND



PERHAPS one of the most remarkable facts in connection with the phenomenal progress of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, is the striking testimony that is constantly being received from the medical profession as to its value as a Food Beverage under every circumstance.

The various reasons which combine in making this beverage invaluable both as a good digestive agent and tonic, with the additional property of being a pleasant drink, have been explained again and again, and its medical use certainly adds another meritorious quality to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, rendering it more than ever a wholesome food beverage for children, invalids, and in fact for all sorts and conditions of men.

The following unsolicited letter from two medical students, which the Proprietors of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa have received, speaks for itself. To parents who have sons or daughters at school, or in training for a professional or business life, it points its own moral.



9, ADELPHI ROAD, HAMPSHIRE.
GENTLEMEN—Two London medical students desire to enrol their names on the long list of converts to the use of Vi-Cocoa. Your beverage is nothing less than a nineteenth century wonder to brain workers. It is the only Cocoa which has no depressing after-effects. We strongly advise students to use Vi-Cocoa. One cup enables the drinker to work for hours without the slightest fatigue. Its effects are simply marvellous. We speak from experience. We feel confident that the use of your Cocoa by medical students would raise the percentage of passes at the examinations twenty per cent. It is a boon, the like of which brain workers have not experienced for half-a-century. With every wish for success to Vi-Cocoa, and trusting you will make whatever use you care to out of our letter.

We are, Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM MONRO AND HERBERT GILL.

PARENTS, THEIR CHILDREN,

AND



The above testimony simply confirms what has been often repeated in these columns, viz., that no matter whether physical or mental labour is meant, or even if—as is too often the case in these days of fierce struggle for existence—an excess of either has to be accomplished, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will prove of inestimable service. The jadedness and tiredness which characterizes thousands of young men and women of the present day too often resolves itself into a question of diet. Children and young persons do not require so much food as nourishment, and a partially digested Food Beverage, such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the tissues. The disinclination for further effort and exertion so often experienced will become a thing of the past, and heat in summer, cold in winter, and all the bleak uncertainties of our trying climate can be faced with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which has concentrated powers of nutriment, and imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to powers of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Vi-Cocoa is a very palatable beverage of great stimulating and sustaining properties." The *Lancet* says: "Vi-Cocoa is in the front rank of really valuable foods." We say that for breakfast and supper there is nothing to equal Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa; and the following is a very small portion of what the trade say in the leading University centres, being an extract from the *Cambridge Independent Press*.
The reporter writes:—"Mr. CARLEY, whose shop is beneath the shadow of Magdalen College, says the people speak well of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. He had a customer only last Saturday who spoke wonderfully in praise of it. The sales had doubled and trebled. The University-men ask for it, and it is clear that it has hit the public taste." Again, Messrs. HATTERSLEY BROS., of Trinity Street, are known as high-class grocers who do a large University trade. They state that last term there were so many inquiries by undergraduates for Vi-Cocoa that they were bound to get a stock of it, and they have provided for a large sale this term, for which they find a large demand. Many 'Varsity men come to the shop and ask for it."

All of which confirm the statements about this wonderful Food Beverage appearing from time to time in the *WOMAN'S SIGNAL*.
Merit, and merit alone is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader, who names the *WOMAN'S SIGNAL* a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, free and post-paid. There is no magic in all this. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, as a concentrated form of nourishment and vitality, is invaluable; may, more than this, for all who wish to face the strife and battle of life with greater endurance and more sustained exertion it is absolutely indispensable.
Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d. Can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London E.C.

He kindly obeyed her behest, and led the way in silence, but just outside the "special" ward he paused.

"There is great oppression on the brain," said the surgeon, "and I am sure I need hardly tell you how urgent it is the patient should hear no noise, or—in fact he will not recognize you, and it is better so."

"Thank you," said Gwen quietly, "you may trust me."

"Am I speaking to his sister, perhaps?"

"No—I—he—he was to have been my husband."

"Ah! true," muttered the surgeon to himself. "Adair has no people near, I remember."

Then they passed into the ward leaving Martyn to mount guard outside.

Days and weeks passed away—every morning and every evening came the pale-faced woman to sit by the bedside of him she had so cruelly wronged. All this time Kenneth Adair lay between life and death, fighting a silent, invisible foe. Insensible to all around, even to her, his loved one, whose one prayer was that he would speak, would know her once before—before—"Oh! not that, God in heaven, not that—"

Then one day there came a change, and, opening his dark eyes, Kenneth fixed them on the silent figure beside him, and in those eyes shone question, wonder, recognition, joy!

"Gwen, darling!" and at that the nurse quietly crept from the room.

"Well, you see, darling, a doctor's is not such a very dreadful profession, after all. I wonder where I should have been now if it had not been for some of its members?"

"I dare not think about it—about that time, Kenneth."

"Well, I love my work well, Gwen; but I loved somebody else better, and would have thrown over the doctoring or anything else, if necessary, to please that somebody," said Kenneth, with his pleasing smile.

"I know that," said his wife, tearfully; "but I am glad, indeed, that I have been brought to value the noble profession, dear Ken, even by so terrible a lesson. Gladly will I think that you are doing for others what I was so thankful some could do for you and me."

WHAT TO WEAR? ERRATUM.

I should like to correct a printer's error which occurred in my recent article on Mr. Gregg's hosiery. "Pure silk hose are a decided bargain at 2s. 6d.," should read "spun silk hose."

CHIFFON.

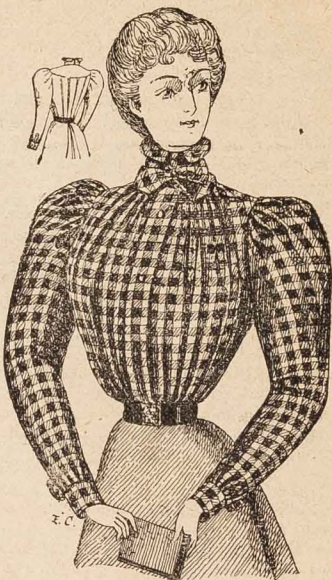
WHAT TO WEAR.
GLOVE FITTING.
BAZAR AMERICAN PATTERNS.
Head Office 130, 132, White Street,
New York, U.S.A.
(Hints by May Manton.)



7168—Ladies' Tailor-Made Basque.

Whatever else may or may not be in style the tailor-made basque is always worn. While in common with all other gowns it is subject to variations its essential characteristics are always the same. The model shown in the illustration is made of covert cloth, but it looks equally well in serge or tweed. It is cut with a plain round back, and shows side forms and single under-arm gores for small and medium sizes, with double under-arm gores for those exceeding 36-inch bust measure, as larger, plumper figures are so rendered easier to fit. The front shows double darts and double-breasted portion which is seamed to the right side at the centre-front and laps over on to the left. The closing is effected invisibly at the centre-front by means of hooks and eyes, and the double-breasted portion buttons over into place, the handsome buttons and fine black mohair braid forming the only trimming. The sleeves are two-seamed and close-fitting well above the elbow, the slight fulness being arranged in plaits at the shoulder seam. The neck is finished with a straight standing collar edged with double rows of braid. To make this basque for a lady in the medium

size will require two and one-half yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7168, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44-inch bust measure.



7176—Ladies' and Misses' Shirt Waist

The popularity of the shirt waist has become an established fact. For warm weather wear they are made of thin washable stuffs. For the cooler season, of silks and soft wool stuffs, but in all essentials they are the same. The design shown in the illustration is peculiarly well adapted to autumn use and to taffetas, whether checked, plaid or plain.

The back shows a shallow rounded yoke to which the body portion is attached, the fulness being arranged in three box plaits. The fronts are simply gathered at the neck and shoulders and drawn into a belt at the waist line. At the centre is a double plait in which button-holes are worked, the closing being effected by means of studs. The adjustment is snug and trim, the fitting being accomplished by means of the shoulder seams and under-arm gores.

The sleeves are one-seamed with the fulness arranged in gathers at the shoulders and again at the wrists, where they are finished by straight cuffs and a tiny double quilling that runs up the opening. At the neck is worn a high roll over collar of the latest style, with stock and bow of the material. The waist is lined throughout with heavy lawn, the slight stiffness of which causes it to retain its set.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require five and one-half yards of 22-inch material. The pattern, No. 7176, is cut in sizes for a 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

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

For INFANTS

and INVALIDS.

MELLIN'S FOOD

When Prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

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

ECONOMICAL COOKERY.

By KATIE OULTON.

(First Class Diplôme in Cookery.)

INVALID COOKERY.

As it is now a recognized fact that food is of more importance to invalids than medicine, it is absolutely necessary that we should know how best to diet them, and with a view to this hospital nurses are now instructed in a course of sick-room cookery, so that at least they may know if properly prepared food, and of the right kind, is sent up to the patients under their charge.

A few good rules should be borne in mind. 1. Always obey the doctor's orders, but that doesn't mean that if a certain food is disliked you are to persist in making it.

2. Prepare the food in small quantities, it is so much better to make it fresh each time it is required.

3. Never leave remains of food lying about in a sick-room, it only helps to feed the unhealthy conditions, and is besides disgusting to the patient.

4. If the food is to be hot, see that it is really so; and if, on the contrary, it should be cold, take care that it is not lukewarm.

5. Avoid monotony; if the patient expresses pleasure at a certain flavour, don't repeat it every day for a week.

6. Never deceive your patient; if you do so, and it is discovered, everything for the future will be received with suspicion from your hands.

7. If the food is refused—no matter what pains you have bestowed on its preparation—never mind. The result might not be all that was to be desired, were the patient to eat what was disliked in order to please you.

8. Serve everything as daintily as possible.

9. If you must keep food in the sick room—say, at night—keep it in the coolest place; if possible, out of sight of the patient, and covered.

10. Talk pleasantly to your patient while he is eating, but avoid, of course, disturbing subjects. You must not mention that the severe frost has destroyed all the plants, but that "the first snowdrops have begun to lift up their heads."

11. Everything should be punctually ready, but that does not imply wakening the patient to partake of it, for sleep is invaluable. It should be remembered that the food is for the invalid, not the invalid for the food.

We might divide our invalid cookery into two branches.

1st. That suitable in cases of extreme sickness.

2nd. Food for convalescence.

What can we give our patients when they are very ill? Who does not know what it is to wait and watch, hoping against hope, for the time

when the patient will stretch out his or her hand desiring if it be only a drink.

There is one perfect food suitable for all, whether we be sick or well—and for all times of our lives—milk. We should try and obtain it pure—sometimes a difficult matter. In cases of typhoid fever it is often the only food allowed by the doctor for a considerable time. Should milk be boiled? is a question I am often asked. It certainly agrees with some people best so, and it renders it safer—for germs, though impervious to extreme cold, are destroyed by heat. Of course a little nourishment is lost, for when milk is boiled the albumen in it is coagulated, which takes the form of a skin we are always so careful to remove.

It is a wise precaution in sickness to have a supply of cold boiled water ready for drinking.

I shall now give some recipes for drinks which I have found useful in sick-room cookery

RICE WATER.

Wash one ounce of rice and allow it to simmer for an hour in three-quarters of a pint of water, then add quarter of a pint of milk, and when it boils strain it. Add a pinch of salt. I have known cases of extreme sickness in which this was most useful. It was the only sort of food which could be retained in the stomach. The mucilaginous character of the rice water prevents the particles of casein in the milk clotting together. Barley-water has

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the same effect. Of course both may be made without milk. Barley-water may be prepared in two ways—clear and thick.

CLEAR BARLEY WATER.

Wash three ounces of pearl barley and put it into a jug; if liked, add a little sugar and strip of lemon rind; pour over it a quart of boiling water, cover till cold and strain.

THICK BARLEY WATER.

Wash 2 ounces of pearl barley, put it into cold water, boil ten minutes to cleanse, and strain. Then place it in one quart of boiling water, boil gently 1½ hours and strain. Add a pinch of salt.

A nourishing drink may be made of very

THIN GRUEL.

Boil one teaspoonful of oatmeal in half-pint of water for 15 minutes, adding a little salt. Then strain it into a cup. A little boiled milk would be a useful addition to this. Recipes for rice, barley water and gruel drinks often give additions of sugar and lemon juice, but in this you must be entirely guided by experience; some patients may like it so, but generally I find that they prefer unsweetened drinks, and flavoured they soon tire of; a pinch of salt is all that is required, and this must be omitted in cases of typhoid fever.

APPLE DRINK.

Wipe two sharp, juicy apples, slice them into a jug, add one ounce of lump sugar, a strip of lemon rind, which must be peeled very finely—no white pith—and a few drops of essence of cloves. Pour over it one pint of boiling water, cover the jug, and allow it to stand till cool, then strain it.

LEMONADE.

Rub a lemon with a clean cloth, or, if necessary, brush it—it must be quite clean. Peel the rind as thinly as possible, and put it, the strained juice of the lemon, and one ounce of lump sugar, into a jug. Pour over this a pint of boiling water, cover, and when cold strain it.

CHICKEN TEA.

is considered less stimulating than beef tea, and in fever cases is given in preference. It should be carefully prepared. Take all the meat off a raw chicken, removing all skin and bones. Shred it finely, put it into a jar, pour over cold water in the proportion of half pint of water to half pound of meat. If allowed add a little salt and a few white peppercorns, cover the jar, and place it in a saucepan of cold water coming up half way. Place on the fire and allow to boil round the jar (adding a little more boiling water if needed) for one hour. Strain the tea, and remove any fat which may be swimming on the top with kitchen paper. If the patient is capable of eating anything solid, serve with it nice, crisp toast cut in fingers. An invalid might be tempted with this who would reject with scorn a thick flabby piece of toast.

BEEF TEA.

is treated with contempt now-a-days, and yet it is not without its use. It acts as a stimulant, and if properly made, six per cent. of nutriment may be recovered; if not, two or only one per cent. Have beside you a clean cup or jar, containing quarter of a pint of cold water. Take quarter of a pound of lean juicy meat off the round, scrape it into shreds with a sharp knife, leaving out all fat and fibre. As you scrape it,

put the shreds into the cup—the cold water will at once begin its work of extraction—add a few peppercorns, two cloves and a pinch of salt (omit in cases of fever). Twist a piece of paper round the top of the cup, and place it in a saucepan of cold water, which may come up half way, and after the water comes to the boil allow it to boil round the cup for one hour. In the cup the beef tea never rises beyond a certain temperature. Remember "boiled beef tea is spoiled beef tea." Some people allow it to cook much longer, but in this case a slight sourness is often perceptible. In order to accelerate the process, 2 drops of hydrochloric acid may be added to the meat before it is put on the fire—but I prefer it without. When it is cooked, strain it through a strainer with good-sized holes, so that all sediment may pass through—the only nourishing part of beef tea. Remove all fat with kitchen paper, and serve in a nice little cup with sippets of toast. Formerly, beef tea was carefully strained through fine muslin, so as to remove all sediment, the invalid then being merely treated to some hot water flavoured with beef, and the cat or the dog deriving much benefit from the sediment.

MAKING OUR MINCE MEAT.

DOUBTLESS the minds of our readers are, or at any rate soon will be, engaged upon the important subject of mincemeat and puddings for the coming Christmas festivities. A word or two, therefore, upon a very important ingredient of these will come at a seasonable moment.

A supply of good fresh beef suet is one of the most important necessities of the housewife, but, nevertheless, a thing not always to be obtained; an article, however, has been introduced by Messrs. Hugon & Co., Limited, Pendleton, Manchester, which supplies this want, and at the same time possesses great advantages over the raw suet. "Hugon's Refined Beef Suet" is fresh English beef suet, which the manufacturers submit to a special refining process, the result of which is to produce an article entirely free from tissue, water, and all impurities. Stood in a cool dry place, it will remain fresh and sweet for an almost indefinite time, thus being always at hand when required.

It replaces cooking butter and lard for all purposes, so that only one article is necessary in the store-cupboard instead of three; and it is more economical than raw suet, since only one-half to two-thirds as much is required; also it can be used to the last scrap.

No less remarkable are its time-and-labour-saving qualities, since, instead of the troublesome chopping, it can be flaked with a knife with great facility. Blending thoroughly with the flour, a digestible and wholesome pudding is the result, whereas raw suet bound up by the cellular tissue remains in lumps throughout the paste, causing the pudding to be indigestible.

The manufacturers, on receipt of eight stamps as above, will forward a 1-lb. box, and book of recipes, analysts' reports, &c., and will give the name of the nearest retailer on application. As many butchers put up the price of suet several weeks before Christmas, it is important to notice that "Hugon's Beef Suet" is always one price, and the moderate one of 8d. per lb.

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Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

NORTH COUNTRY WOMEN'S LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.—Lady Trevelyan presided over the annual conference, in North Shields, of the delegates of the Women's Liberal Associations of Northumberland and Durham. After the introductory address on Liberal policy and the present position by the president, papers were read by Dr. Ethel Williams on "Women in Local Government," by Mrs. Amie Hicks, advocating restrictions on the labour of women, and by Mrs. Robinson on "The Social Side of Political Associations." Mrs. Spence Watson read a paper on "The New Cantonment Rules for India," and said that the women of England should band themselves together to resist to the utmost the degradation of women—this insult to the manhood of our country. Miss Embleton and other speakers followed, and eventually the discussion was dropped after the president, by special vote of the conference, had signed in their names a petition to Parliament for the abolition of the Acts. Miss Ilford read a paper on "Education," and Mrs. Coates one written by Mrs. Barnes on "Woman's Suffrage," in the course of which, amidst great applause, it was observed women had to obey the laws just like men, and yet they were debarred from taking part in the making of the laws. When the franchise was extended to men it should have been extended to women also. Why did women want to vote? It was because of their growing feeling that it was their right. They were not content that men should continue to regulate women's work, wages, and lives. A deputation from the Men's Liberal Club welcomed the ladies, and the secretary said that their lady president was anxious to know what the Men's Liberal Association had done with regard to the vote upon the question of women's franchise at the adjourned conference of the National Liberal Federation. Well, the Tynemouth Association entirely agreed with Woman's Suffrage. There was at their meeting not one dissentient voice. (Applause.)

BRADFORD LADY LIBERALS.—Last week a *soirée* was held at the Bradford Technical College, under the auspices of the Women's Liberal Associations, for the purpose of welcoming Miss Gregory, the president of the Western Division, upon her return after an absence abroad of two years. There was a very large gathering of the members and friends. In the main the evening was devoted to entertainment, Mr. H. Middlebrook's band playing for dancing in the large hall, and the museum being used for a magic-lantern exhibition and concert. During an interval in the dancing brief speeches were made from the platform of the lecture-hall by Mrs. Byles, in welcoming Miss Gregory, and by the last-mentioned lady in response to the welcome. The *Bradford Observer*

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Our Open Columns.

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

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN THE W.L.A.'S.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—I will leave others to judge of the effectiveness or otherwise of the action of our W.L.A. Suffice it to say, that we did not lose our tempers, but we did feel the ignominy of our position acutely.

I think we have stultified ourselves enough in the past by working as we have done for those who will do nothing in return; but if all women who have votes will make up their minds to vote for no candidate at the municipal (or other) elections but those in favour of giving the Parliamentary vote to them, it will do more for the Suffrage than any amount of talk, however courteous and dignified it may be. To my mind, the sooner the power which some women possess is used for the good of all, so much earlier will the Suffrage be granted, for we have nothing to hope for from the "courteous and dignified" behaviour of those who discussed the Verminous Persons' Bill. We talk of justice and reason, but it is trickery that is brought into action against us.—Very truly yours, F. E. GLOVER.

Pontefract, October 18th.

DEAR MADAM,—May I ask you to insert the actual words of the letter sent by the Croydon W.L.A. in answer to the one received from the National Liberal Club?

It appears from the letter from Chester in your issue of October 7th, that there is a misunderstanding as to what we actually said. Yours very truly,

Croydon, HESTER LEEDS, Hon. Sec. October 15th, 1897.

"DEAR SIRS,—In reply to your circular of the 30th July, I am desired by my Committee to state that they concur generally in the suggestion that the attention of the Liberal Party should be mainly concentrated, at the present juncture, on Parliamentary Reform, but that they would be satisfied with nothing less than Adult Suffrage, or the Enfranchisement of every man and woman of full age, and the Abolition or Limitation of the Lords' Veto; whilst they would be glad to see provision made for the Payment of Election Expenses, the Payment of Members, and the Second Ballot. My Committee believe as fully as heretofore in the justice of Home Rule for Ireland, and are keenly interested in a number of much needed Social Reforms, but they recognize that really Progressive Measures cannot be carried in the face of the Lords' Veto; and they hold that many of them cannot be satisfactorily dealt with whilst the larger half of the nation is altogether unrepresented. My Committee would therefore, in the language of your circular, 'welcome any change that might secure to the many that are without votes their share in the making of the Great Council of the Nation,' and desire to impress upon you that the hearty support of many Liberal women cannot be much longer reckoned on if the Liberal Party persist in ignoring the first principles of Liberalism, and refuse that electoral equality of men and women which has been introduced with such excellent results in our democratic Colonies of New Zealand and South Australia.

"I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
"(Signed by the Hon. Sec. on behalf of the Committee.)"

THE Home Secretary has appointed Miss Anna Tracey to be an inspector of factories and workshops. * * *

MISS MARION HUNTER, M.D., niece of Sir William Hunter, has accepted the appointment of lady member on the commission to inquire into the Plague in India.

IS ENGLAND ENDANGERED?

MANCHESTER MAN SAYS "NO!"

It is declared that English supremacy in the commercial world is in danger, and that our position as paramount power will be lost: in other words, that England is going to the dogs. But we have in these islands an enormous reserve of force. A man from the *Empire* (Manchester) has lately had a talk with Mr. David Grierson, 165, Water-street, Manchester. Mr. Grierson is now some forty-six years of age, and has had the usual share of luck—good and bad. "But," he said, "I got along all right up to about nine years ago, when I was seized with bronchitis which became chronic. I had no reserve strength to throw it off. For years—up to, in fact, three months ago—life was not worth living. I never knew what a good night's rest meant. I had many a time to sit on the bedside for hours struggling for breath. I lost flesh rapidly. Nine stone three pounds was one record: and as you see, I am not a small-framed man. My appetite went, and I was unfit for regular work.

"Doctors did their best for me, but in vain. In fact, they told me I should never be well again. I thought it was all up with me. However, I dragged on until March more dead than alive. In that month I saw an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thought I would try them. So I got a box.

"I took two pills that day, then three next day. From breakfast to dinner-time that day I only coughed once—a marvel for me. I took them right on, my cough and breathing getting better fast, my appetite coming back, and my strength returning. By the time I had finished the first box the cough had gone—completely, and now (having used the pills as long as needed) I am as well as ever I was in my life, and as fit for work as the best. Now, this is nothing more than the simple truth, and I do not exaggerate a single hair's breadth. Last Whitsuntide I went to Scotland, travelling all night, and had enough strength in reserve to walk eleven miles in three hours and three-quarters next day!"

"Of course I have recommended the Pills to others. My daughter—she is twenty-three years old—was very ill a little time ago with serious stomach derangement. She vomited everything she took—even a little weak tea—and was getting worn to a skeleton. She went to a doctor—in fact, to several doctors—but they did her no good. Then she took my advice and tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first pill relieved her—a dozen cured her. She is quite well and strong now, and as hearty as you could wish for."

The same "reserve" force that makes nations safe, makes men safe. Mr. Grierson needed force to throw off his illness. His daughter needed strength to digest her food. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills literally give strength, and that is why they are unlike ordinary pills, which only weaken. Therefore, when you have them, buy only the real Dr. Williams' Pills—in a pink wrapper. If in doubt, send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, sending 2s. 9d. for one box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes. Here are some of the disorders they have cured: consumption, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, anæmia, rheumatism, sciatica, early decay, St. Vitus' dance, ladies' ills. And the imitations—those that don't bear Dr. Williams' name?—Well, they don't cure anything; but they bring lots of profit for those who palm them off on careless people!

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