

them and kill half of them (it was no time for police interference) quarreling, singing patriotic songs, betting, playing round-games, and of course, as those people always are, washing rags—consumed by vermin—withered up with heat and dust, yet quite a cheerful little Republic. I have seen 500 people turned away from the place where meat was issued, the doors shut, and the notice "Meat finished" (for there was never enough), laugh, throw up their caps, cry "God save the Queen," and go home without a murmur. Yet many of those people had been standing three or four hours waiting their turn. The temper of the people was admirable throughout—cheerful, patient, with no thought of surrender. I often thought of St. Paul's "Subjection! No, not for an hour!" If the Colonel's farsighted wisdom and prudence, almost supernatural energy and inexhaustible patience could not have been spared, nor the lives of our brave fellows who freely gave them to save us, neither indeed could we have spared Mr. Rhodes. First there was his noble troop of light horse, a hundred added when a hundred was raised, and then another hundred, and another, once more and so on. Then there were his road works. A whole quarter of the town freshly laid out, and roads made—so much per day to married Europeans, so much to unmarried, so much to colored men, married and unmarried. Then there was his private charity—Fortunatus's purse could never have held out, but Mr. Rhodes's did. His distribution of everything from De Beers, milk for the sick in the hospitals first, fruit and vegetables from the great gardens, all spun out so that almost everyone got a bit. I am sure they saved us, and I never felt I loved anyone so much as one day when he brought me two great onions. Then most of all his soup-kitchen—in one of the compounds vast furnaces and cauldrons were put up. Everyone who liked could exchange his meat ration for a soup ticket, and that handed the ration over to Mr. Rhodes, who added vegetables and condiments and thickening, and provided water, fuel, and labour. At 12 o'clock a number of gentlemen met in the Market House and distributed a pint of soup for each soup ticket, boiling hot, real, good, household soup—8,000 pints a day at least. Think of what that meant to the town. Ah well, relief came at last, and eggs were no longer 2s. 6d. each, or fowls 25s., or cats 10s. 6d.—but we eat fat pork from the Boer laagers and revelled in onions and potatoes.

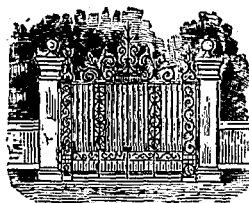
(To be continued.)

Look out for "Lemco."

Lemco, which is the new name for that excellent and and world known extract of meat made by Liebig's Company, has arranged some amusement for visitors to the sea-side, and we should advise our paddling boys to keep a look out for "Lemco" Messenger Buoys, a number of which have been recently cast adrift on the High Seas and some of them are certain to drift up on our shores and be found on the sand at the water's edge within the next few weeks. They are the same size and shape as a soda water bottle, and are painted green and white. Each bottle contains a message to whoever finds it, proclaiming in a novel fashion the intrinsic worth of LEMCO, and also a Coupon for a free week's holiday at the sea-side, or a ½-lb. jar of Lemco, or a cloth-bound cookery book.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THE steps that are being taken by the Loyal Ladies' Guilds throughout South Africa, to care for the graves of the soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the war, will give great satisfaction at home as well as in the Colonies. The graves are, as far as possible, to be fenced in, and kindly hands on certain days of the year will place flowers upon them. These are not actions which will cost much in the way of either money, time, or trouble; but all the same, they will be looked upon by many as of great value. Most of the fallen are young men, or men in the prime of life, and the great majority of them have left behind them sorrowing parents and other near relatives. Next to the consolation that the lives of the killed were willingly given up in the service of their country will be the satisfaction that their resting-places in a strange land are to be reverently cared for. A matter of sentiment, no doubt; but sentiment, here, at all events, that counts for much.

If we did not know all about Tammany Hall and its unsavoury methods we should feel some measure of surprise at the fact that in the United States there is an Anti-Suffrage Society of Women; but knowing "Tammany," we can easily realise that it would not hesitate to utilise its women folk to prevent the energetic and public spirited members of their sex obtaining the power, to vote—a vote sure as sure to be used to help root out municipal jobbery.

The members of the Associations opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage of Women lately sent a protest—naturally weak and watery—against inserting a woman's suffrage plank in their platforms to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions, in which they, of course, shirk argument founded on reason, but simply put forward their own sense of inferiority to man (which we can well imagine) and in a parasitical pose claim "privileges and protections" for lazy and inert masses of females who ought to be made to work before they eat, a method by which they would be brought to understand the economic value of the vote, in double quick time.

From this puerile publication, it is good to turn to an account of a most enthusiastic meeting lately held in Sydney in favour of Womanhood Suffrage, with Mr. Fegan in the Chair, at which Mr. O'Sullivan (Minister of Works) proposed that in the opinion of this meeting the time has arrived when the suffrage should be extended to the women of this colony. He said that if New South Wales was to keep in the van of democracy they should immediately adopt the great principle of womanhood suffrage, and never yet had he heard a logical reason why a woman should not vote.

Mrs. Young (South Australia) said that she had voted on the Federal Constitution, and had voted seven times in all, and thought that she was the better

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