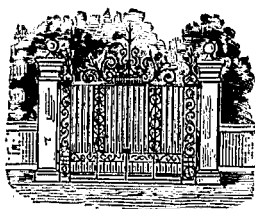


Outside the Gates.**WOMEN.**

THE Woman's Suffrage cause suffers severely by the retirement of Mr. Faithfull-Begg, the present leader of the movement in the House of Commons. We regret to learn that his decision not to stand again for re-election at the next General Election is due to ill health. The women who are working for their political enfranchisement can ill afford to lose the services of any of their friends, more especially of one so true and able as Mr. Faithfull-Begg has proved himself. We hope that in the rest afforded by his retirement from public work, his health may be completely and speedily restored.

A New Club for men and women has just been established with the object of affording a rendezvous for the various sections of the advanced movement—political, literary, artistic and social. Suitable premises will be acquired within easy reach of Charing Cross, and the club will be a meeting place for those in sympathy with progressive thought and life. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. F. Victor Fisher, 30, Belgrave Road, Abbey Road, N.W.

Miss Harmer, a sister of the Bishop of Adelaide, has been appointed head of the Women's Settlement in South London, which is to be named after Mrs. Talbot, the wife of the Bishop of Rochester.

The Registrar-General is considering the desirability of employing women clerks as enumerators at the forthcoming census.

The last fad of "smart" women is for a dog to match the gown, thus a black poodle accompanies a lady in mourning, a white pomeranian the one gowned in white muslin; while for a polka dotted costume the white spotted Dalmatian coach dog is correct. When the gown is discarded, presumably the dog is discarded also. Poor faithful hearted doggie, he deserves a better fate than to be made the sport of fickle fashion and a woman's whim in this manner.

Mr. F. T. Sylvester, Coroner for North Wilts, has been inveighing against the petticoat. He said, "Not only did it trip up ladies, with deadly consequences, but caused them to fall from horses and carriages to their serious injury; it was a dangerous impediment at fires; and when not a peril to life in these and other ways, it swept up deadly germs on the street and carried them home, there to work out their evil mission."

Miss Lilian E. Hall has recently been appointed Coroner of Cowley County, Kansas. She has for the last three years worked in the office of the former coroner and studied the duties. She is only twenty-six years of age, but she declares that the work is well within her power, and she is quite ready to undertake it.

A Book of the Week.**"THE SWORD OF THE KING."***

One must own, to start with that the autobiographical historical novel is a little played out. One is so used to the style; to persons who "did say" things, instead of said them; who "did propose to write down" this, that, and the other detail of their careers; and to headings to chapters such as "How Two Sentinels Did Talk of Love," "Of an Unbroke Filly and Greater Matters," and so on.

Praise so much the greater, then, is to be accorded to Mr. Ronald Macdonald, who, with all this time-honored accessory, has yet contrived to set before us a story so fresh, so sparkling, and so enchanting that nobody will begin it who does not peruse it to the last word, which is a witty one.

Philippa Drayton, the heroine, has been named by her father out of his exceeding love of horses, and the girl, the only daughter of the old loyal house, grows up to justify her name. She tell her own story, and so tells it that there is not, in the whole, one word to offend, though the heroine has a knack of getting herself into situations which in some hands might be a trifle awkward to manage. For Philippa, when her lover has killed a dissolute young officer of "Kirke's Lambs," and is fleeing from pursuit, hides him in her own bed; and the incident is treated with such dramatic strength and withal so delicately that one must accord to it very hearty terms of praise.

"Then I pushed him to the side of the bed that was further from the door, guiding him with my hands, and bidding him lie down while I should pull the covers over him. But 'Nay, that will I not,' he said, with a perilous raising of the voice. 'Had rather swing than save my neck by these means.' And I, in despair, did clap my hand over his mouth, and said with great fury of passion I scarce knew what, and beat him with my fists, till he was sorry to see me so moved, and suffered me, of his old gentle kindness, to force him down, and trembling to drag blanket and quilt over him, which in the dark did so fall foul of sword-hilt and spur that I had laughed had I not been heart-sick with the fear of his life."

Such is the mettle of the pretty Mistress Philippa, who subsequently dresses herself in some of her brother's things, mounts a horse, and drills her father's levy, riding fifteen miles across country to warn the newly landed William of Orange of a plot against his life. In these boys' clothes she is forced to remain, to sup with the Prince's escort, and to talk to the man she loves, who does not know her in the least; and by so doing, innocently to procure his disgrace; for she has a brother who has embraced the Roman faith, and who is taken among those who are caught red-handed in the plot against William. He, trying to escape by a secret passage in the night, is allowed so to do by Edward Royston for love of Philippa, and naturally enough the result is an embroglio which the writer handles with great skill, displaying a power of writing pointed, pithy dialogue, which is as rare as it is delightful.

In view of the subsequent editions which this charming book is sure to reach, may we point out to the writer's notice one singularly infelicitous misprint which appears on page 255. "The passion of his love

* By Ronald Macdonald. (John Murray.)

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