

go to prison for that refusal, the country would receive an object-lesson which would forward the woman's cause more than all the speeches or protests that could be made. A greater proof that women are in earnest could scarcely be given, and we commend the suggestion to the attention of all thinking women.

Miss Clarissa Short has been appointed Registrar of Births and Deaths for the Boston (Lincolnshire) district. There were five male candidates, but Miss Short obtained the appointment by a majority of one vote.

Miss Nellie Henrietta Owen Wilcox has been awarded the Cobden Club Silver Medal by the Examiners in Political Economy at the University of Melbourne, Victoria. Miss Wilcox is the first lady who has won the Cobden Medal.

A Book of the Week.

"THE SILENCE BROKEN."

"THE SILENCE BROKEN" is a book which will undoubtedly and deservedly arrest attention, and will not only hold the interest of the reader by the unusual plot of the story, but to those who believe in the unseen world which surrounds them, which is invisible only because of our blindness, and perhaps because of our little faith, who do not hold that the unexplained is therefore the impossible, or that the unseen is non-existent, this book will have a very real fascination.

The hero of the story is a lonely, heart-broken, and cynical man, whose atmosphere is despair. His personality attracts, while his reserve repels a casual acquaintance, whom he first meets on the top of an omnibus. The progress of the acquaintance continued at an art-class at which both men were students, and the way in which the younger man was able to demonstrate to his friend that the sorrow which had embittered and wrecked his life was a myth, and a creation of his own imagination, is told in the story. An episode in the omnibus journey, told by his friend, is worth quoting:—

"Suddenly as we crossed the Circus, with a trail of sordid, eager people clinging to our steps, like the trail of foam in a steamer's wake, there was a cry, a start—and a woman fell prone in the middle of the road, right before the feet of the horses of a 'bus that was coming rapidly down from the Regent Street direction. Before I could see what had happened—long before our driver could check his horses—my companion was over the parapet which guards the modern 'bus in front, and climbing like a cat, had reached the ground almost before I had time to feel anxious on his account." The woman who was so rescued was not appreciative, on the contrary she cursed her rescuer.

"He laid her down on the folded coat which someone had supplied with good-natured zeal.

"You must pardon me," he said, "had I the least notion

that your fall was intentional I should not have presumed to interfere."

The crowd thought he was mocking at the poor wretch and they hissed him faintly." But he was far from mocking, and he once said, knowing that from the condition of his health that his life was most precarious, "that the chief reason for his not taking the matter into his own hands was that there was no need for him to try his 'prentice hand as executioner: Nature would do it for him quite as effectually and much more skilfully, in the course of a year or so; and he had always been interested in her methods."

Finally his friend visited Australia, and, owing to a strange combination of circumstances, was able to visit the scenes where the tragedy of Ainslie's life had been worked out, and to unravel the mysteries connected with it. The scene in which Ainslie's wife, long since dead, appears to his friend, and clears up the inexplicable, is one of the most striking chapters in the book.

His friend is entirely convinced, but the difficulty of persuading Ainslie to believe his story occurs at once to his mind; he asks:

"But what shall I say to Ainslie? He will receive no message from the dead—he does not believe in the life beyond the grave—he will say I am raving mad."

The apparition replied 'Paint me in your picture . . . he will know my face.'

And this was actually done. The knowledge of the truth came too late to save the life which had been so sorely stricken, but it brought him peace, happiness, and faith.

His friend tells how

"For a long time he lay, looking at it, his hungry gaze seeming as if it could never leave it; but presently he lifted his great eyes to mine, with a kind of boyish sweetness in their expression which I had never seen there before. A smile was on his lips—that quiet smile, which came from so far away. In that moment I saw the man as he must have been in the days before his trouble; it was the lover of Margaret who looked at me from the sunken form of premature age . . . He lay still for a while, breathing more calmly, so that for an instant I hoped the crisis was passing. Then he spoke, in a low but distant voice.

'I look for the resurrection of the dead,' he said; 'and the life of the world to come.'

It was his confession of faith."

Bookland.

THE WORKING WOMAN'S JUBILEE.

WE come from factory, workshop and from loom,
Great Queen, to greet thee;
We pour from alley's and from cellar's gloom, and
haste to greet thee!
We've heard the tidings that for sixty years
There's reigned a woman free;
And we, the women *slaves*—through toil and tears
Would hail her Jubilee!

We suffer dumbly, we have suffered long;
Year in, year out, we wait;
Disfranchised women asking men, the strong,
For justice in the State.
Ours the full burden, ours the duty then,
Firmly to take our stand;
And speak and vote with equal voice with men
In councils of the land.

DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA
DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA
DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA
DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA
DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEA
Fine, Rich, and Delicious.

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