

Born calf of immense value and champion pedigree, born a month before it was expected. The little creature was too helpless to feed or stand. Nurse took it in charge, acting under orders as to time of feeding and quantity of food to give. The case was novel, but with the aid of patient night-and-day attention the priceless little animal is now well and thriving, and quite looks upon nurse as its foster-mother.

Suggestions have been made in many cases to the Principal as to the use of nurses in cases of this sort, and those of valuable foals who may be sickly or motherless. The patient and gentle care of a woman in cases of sickness cannot be surpassed. Kind and humane as men may be, there is still the natural art of the real nurse required, and this is woman's duty and a woman's real work.

The C.N.I. Hygienic Bed is perfect for sick toy pets, or for travelling and shows. It is made of metal, has an inlet for hot water, adjustable bars in front, and can be thoroughly disinfected. This bed should supersede the old-fashioned, dusty basket.

Exhibit No. 13, has been arranged by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society in support of its hospital at Nazareth and women's work in the Near East.

Of needlework, lace, enamelled jewels, and such artistic handicrafts, there is much on view to please the eye—too much, we fear, to make them desirable as a means of livelihood. Sweet making and confectionery, if more prosaic, are more useful, and some very tempting stands were arranged.

Surely women are doing something of greater value for the community than appears at Olympia and at other man-managed shows! Some day let us have a real exhibition of women's work managed by women, beginning with the lying-in room, showing the pain and drudgery in every sphere through which our sex is climbing upwards towards a more spiritual plane.

Book of the Week.

THE SILENT RANCHER.*

When, as at the present time, the public mind is to a certain extent, filled with interest as to the ultimate fate of Rhodesia, General Botha having lately suggested the purchase of a portion of that vast district, on behalf of the Transvaal, it is a pleasant coincidence to meet with a book like "The Silent Rancher," written by an author who is so perfectly at home in the subject.

To write as Mrs. Page does, the reader at once realises, she has seen, and lived amongst, the places and events she describes so graphically, and from the very first the interest is rivetted; one goes on from page to page eager to know what comes next.

The writer describes the marvels of the country, especially that portion immediately near the great Victoria Falls, wonderfully.

The book opens somewhat after the manner of a play, where the footman and the lady's maid let you into some of the family secrets. In this case,

* By Gertrude Page. (Hurst and Blackett.)

however, it is to the quaint conversation of a Lizard and a Chameleon that we listen, and gather from them that the constant sound of the rushing water, in some cases, works like madness in the blood of the dwellers within hearing distance of the great Falls, which seem to create "a silence that was sound, and a sound which was silence." "Nowhere else in the world does a mighty volume of water fall over a precipice a mile and a quarter in width, into a gorge nearly four hundred feet deep, from which the water passes out through an opening only one hundred feet wide."

Very specially do the Falls seem to have a strange effect upon Elaine McNair, the wife of the Scotsman who holds the post of Conservator; she possesses a highly strung artistic temperament, eminently unfitted to be the wife of the rough, somewhat brutal James McNair. Their married life becomes a veritable tragedy; her hairbreadth escape from being washed over the Falls, and the manner of her rescue by Arthur Berridge is told in a vivid manner. He is one of the many interesting characters in the book. Ranger Metcalfe, "the Silent Rancher," is a well-drawn presentment of a man with a strong, reliable, and withal lovable character. He has been to England on business; returning to his Rhodesian ranch, he meets Evelyn Harcourt on board the *Kinjawns Castle*. She is going to Livingston to marry Sir Henry Mahon, Administrator of N.E. Rhodesia. This is in every way an unsuitable marriage, though she has not realised it, being a somewhat idealising young woman, who believes that in marrying Sir Henry, she will have a high mission to carry out, improving the society in which she will move.

It is a well-known fact, that, in a few weeks on board ship, a far greater degree of intimacy can be arrived at than in months of life on shore, so it is not surprising that Ranger and Evelyn should have learnt much of each other's thoughts and feelings; he is shocked and grieved that a girl with her pure mind and high ideals, should be married to a man twice her own age, with a record like Sir Henry Mahon's.

Arrived at Livingston, Evelyn goes to stay at Government House, where she meets some very charming people, and, though life in the great African solitudes must be a dreary enough thing, with uncongenial companions, given the sort of people Mrs. Page brings before our notice, it must be pleasant enough.

Gwendolen Leven and her husband give a delightful picture of what the true understanding and companionship of married life should be, though they have attained to their present happiness through much trouble and suffering.

This book is so well written, and has so much of real thought as well as thrilling incident that it deserves to have a great success. E. L. H.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"In the House of Commons I heard them arguing week after week about what creed the children should be taught, and they forgot the word of Jesus, 'If you love me, feed My lambs.' You have no right to put the burden of life on the little children." WILLIAM CROOKS, M.P.

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