

about to establish a crèche, but also of those who desire in existing day nurseries to reach the standard of efficiency requisite before affiliation with the Society can be obtained. The children can be seen at play, asleep, and at meals. Some fascinating twins, as good as gold, apparently enjoyed all the attention they were receiving. Among practical appliances an excellent airer and dryer, which would be useful in many households, was on view in this exhibit.

The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E., showed a delightful model ward, the walls of which were lined with opalite. One of the model babies was the best representation we have seen, and received unstinted admiration. During the exhibition, Dr. W. Hampson, medical officer in charge of the Electrical Department of the Hospital, is giving some interesting demonstrations.

A very interesting exhibit is that of the Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples' Home and College at Alton, Hants, demonstrating not only what is done for the children, but what they can do in the direction of self-support. Some excellent examples of leather work included many useful articles made by the cripple lads.

The Tudor village, with its village green, stocks, and ducking stool is sure to be a popular attraction of the exhibition, which both because it shows all kinds of useful inventions for the Home, and by reason of Babyland, is a woman's exhibition.

Book of the Week.

GREAT HEART GILLIAN.*

Everyone who has read "Hearts in Exile," "The Long Road," "Carette of Sark," and other books by John Oxenham, will take up "Great Heart Gillian" expecting it to be fresh and vivid, and full of stirring incident. The book opens with a shipwreck on the coast of Brittany, near the little village of Guelgoat, where, though thanks to the thirty years' work of the good Curé, no false light had hung on Pen Dhu for many a year, yet the people crouched amongst the Ghost Stones, "peered

* By John Oxenham, Hodder and Stoughton, 20, Warwick Square, London.

eagerly through narrowed eyelids and sheltering hands to see if the good God sent anything their way that night," while the good Curé in the little church prayed for the souls of those who might pass upon the sea, and, more earnestly still, that if anything came ashore it might not be brandy.

When the storm subsided the next day, and the fishermen, with the Curé, visited the wreck, they found lashed to the stump of the foremast the body of a woman, and tied to her a bundle, in the midst of which, rosy and warm, in spite of the damp, was a sleeping child. So Gillian came to Guelgoat, and was handed over by the Curé to good Jeanne Daoulas, who, having lost her own child, took the foundling straight to her heart. Then they bore the beautiful young mother, wrapped in a salvaged sail, up to the little stone church dedicated to Our Lady of Pity, and laid her before the altar, decked her with flowers for her burial, and drew from her finger the quaint old ring, inscribed "Gillian," for it was the heritage of the child.

So Gillian grew up on the country-side, and at twenty-one was a maiden of unusual and striking beauty. So thought Derek Kerval, who loved her with all his heart and soul; and so thought many besides. But always Gillian looked out on the world with eyes which dreamed of the unknown, and though her friendship for Derek was strong and pure, her face, charming as it was, lacked that which his eyes and his heart craved beyond

everything else in the world.

And while Derek was exposed to peril in lonely seas there comes to Guelgoat Victor Lenoir, artist, "in search of the beautiful." He finds it in Gillian, whom he forthwith paints in the picture which is his masterpiece, and marries the original; and Derek, sore at heart, sees it in the Salon—Gillian, lying on their own great table on Pen-Dhu in a long white robe, with her white throat bare and her feet, and all her hair flying loose about her, as no modest girl ever wore her hair. There was no other face in the world like Gillian's—and she had let that man paint her so! The hot blood boiled so furiously in his head that his eyes were dim, his knife slashed through the canvas, and the pictured Guman was rent by his strong brown hands into a hundred ragged fragments.

The bad blood resulting from this episode be-



BEBEE,
A Virol Baby at Olympia.

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