

"Muv-ducky," and "Muv-ducky's" bulldog, "Master-poor-boy," ("the only unbeautiful thing I have ever loved. My butcher on four legs, haven't I always called you?") and Matilda Laqueste, whom Henry Turnpenny so faithfully loved, and Eliza, "who had curranty eyes and reminded one of a potato which had started growing in the cellar"—how interesting they all are, how absorbed we become in them. Not a dull one among them, not one that does not arouse either our love, our admiration, or our pity. How intensely human they are, how true to nature, the good not too good, the bad not too bad.

Henry Turnpenny's death, after long years of loneliness and faithful love, took place while a violent storm was raging.

"The dying man fell back on his pillows, very white and peaceful. They thought it was the end, but he had something yet to say:

"Tilda won't be long following me."

"He's wandering a little," said the watchers.

"It is what we earth-mortals say, who stand this side straining our ears to catch the words of those whose feet are at the edge of the other side. An hour, two hours—it seemed while the gale lasted, Henry Turnpenny's physical body held away from death, then as the winds moaned themselves into a sobbing silence the great simple heart went also to its rest."

Missie's violent death sets Jim free again to woo his "little pal," Jane, who "went straight to the heart of children, holding the magic key." She once tried to explain this gift of hers.

"I just try to fit their socks and shoes on my own feet."

This same gift makes us predict a happy future for Tom Laqueste, in spite of "the years, the years" that lay behind. Because it did happen that

"Up the path came Tom Laqueste, his face alight with the joy of youth he had thought was dead and buried, bringing with him very proudly, very gladly, his Jane of the curls, his Jane of plum blossom whiteness, the yeoman's pretty Jane—home to the yeoman at Strete."

H. H.

A THOROUGHbred MONGREL.

A beautiful new edition has just been issued of Mr. Stephen Townesend's delightful book, "A Thoroughbred Mongrel." The foreword, an Appreciation of "Hett," the black Skye, who tells the amusing yet touching story, is instinct with affection for this canine heroine of whom it is written that "she is too dignified for tricks—affection is too slight a word to express the nature of her feeling, and she is not a pet, but an intelligent and sympathetic friend of the family—a sort of relation, combining the sentiments of mother, aunt, and patroness. It is, in fact, her *intellect* which is the notable feature in her delightful and admirable personality. . . . To me there

has always been something almost tragic in the personality of this strange little creature. . . I am convinced that she wants to know the meaning of Life and Death—of Absence, which to her seems Death—of sad faces and happy ones. At times she sits down and ponders deeply. I have seen her do it. The tragedy of her is that she cannot *speak*."

So when the story of a dog had to be written, what more natural than that "Hett" should write it?

And what more natural, lovers of dogs, than that you should all wish to read it, and also that you should wish your friends to do likewise? This can be done. We advise you to put it on your list of Christmas presents. "A Thoroughbred Mongrel" is illustrated by J. A. Shepherd and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It is a book worth buying, to keep, to read and re-read.

HOME SERVICE.

I shall not pass this way again;
But, far beyond earth's Where and When,
May I look back along the road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.

I shall not pass this way again
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And love be mine, that so I may
Plant roses all along the way.

I shall not pass this way again;
Grant me to soothe the hearts of men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I trod.

COMING EVENTS.

December 14th.—Nurses' National Total Abstinence League. Meeting (by invitation of Mrs. Lloyd George), 11, Downing Street, S.W. 3.30 to 5.30. All nurses will be welcome.

December 15th.—Next Examination of the Central Midwives Board, Examination Hall, London, W.C. Oral Examination a few days later.

December 15th.—Nurses' Protection Committee (National Insurance Bill), Meeting, 431, Oxford Street. 5 p.m.

December 19th.—Irish Nurses' Association, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Lecture: "Labour Exchanges," by Miss Brown, B.A.

December 25th.—Christmas Day—Hospital Fêtes and Functions.

January 17th.—Meeting Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. Tea, 4 p.m.

January 18th.—Open Meeting for Nurses to receive Report from the Nurses Protection Committee, *re* National Insurance Bill. Miss Mollett will speak on "An Approved Society for Trained Nurses," Morley Hall, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W., 8 p.m.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)