

four years' training. The training will also open various fields of public work to the students, such as appointments in other crèches, schools for mothers, &c. To ensure pupils getting work, a register will be kept, and a list of posts vacant.

Miss A. M. Beedie, the lady principal, is a certificated nurse, and has held several posts as matron of hospitals, in addition to which she has had a large and varied experience in the care and management of children. She is most anxious that her pupils should turn out intelligent women, who will be of use in any household to which they may be sent, and aims at making them responsible beings and at raising the dignity of their work so high in their eyes that there shall never be any question in their minds as to what is, or is not, their place.

F. H. R.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### JULIA FRANCE AND HER TIMES.\*

This novel is written with a definite object, and as often happens in such a case, the object somewhat spoils the story. Though we have no quarrel with women's suffrage as such, we feel rather aggrieved that it should accept such a large proportion of this very interesting book, and would prefer to gather information from the ample literature dedicated to that object.

As may be gathered from the above remarks, the times of Julia France were stormy ones. She is first introduced to the reader as Julia Edis, a beautiful young debutante making her first appearance at a ball at the Government House in the little capital of Basse Terre, West Indies.

"She was a charming young creature, with a mane of untidy red-yellow hair, immense grey eyes with thick black lashes on either lid, narrow black brows, a refined but not undistinguished nose, a sweet childish mouth whose undefined shape Nature had left to life, a flat figure rather under medium height, covered with a white muslin frock, whose only caparison was a faded blue sash unmistakably Victorian. Her skin, like that of the other Creole girls reared in West Indian heats was a pure transparent white which not even dancing tinged with colour."

Her mother is frankly an eligible husband hunter.

"This is the eighth time Lieutenant France has taken my girl out," she announced. "And it is true that he will be a duke." Mrs. Edis disdained finesse, although she was capable of hoodwinking a Parliament.

The old Captain to whom these words were addressed cleared his throat and glanced uneasily at the formidable old lady, then answered resolutely:

"Better take your girl home, ma'am, and keep her safe while we are in harbour. . . . I mean, Madam, that France is not a decent sort and

would have been chucked out long since but for family influence. . . . I'd rather see a daughter of mine in her coffin than married to him."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Edis, who was suspected of dabbling in the black arts, was convinced that the horoscope had determined Julia's destiny in this direction.

An innocent girl mated with a man of France's character, must perforce develop quickly, and her young, unformed and exceptionally ignorant mind unfolds before the reader in a highly interesting manner.

She begins her married life by declaring to a perfect stranger that she considers it was very kind of France to have married her. "After I have seen the world a bit and read some modern novels perhaps I shall understand Mr. France better. I should think it would be a good thing to understand one's husband."

Unfortunately the understanding brought her nothing but horror, but her self-protective instinct and her high courage stands her in good stead.

"I shall have everything I want or need so long as I live with you," said his wife deliberately. "If you don't want to pay for my clothes you can put me out. I can earn my own living. Ishbel would teach me how to trim hats."

France sat down, his mouth hanging open.

"You have got a will of your own, young lady."

"I have."

"Well, by Heaven, I'll break it."

"Try it." Julia shook out her shimmering hair.

"It's not your place to know what my income is or what I do with it."

"But you see I do."

Julia has travelled a long way since she left the West Indies, and the reason of her future absorbing devotion to the cause of Women's Suffrage is not difficult to understand.

Nevertheless, at the close of the book, when France has died in a lunatic asylum, and Julia's ardent nature is to be satisfied with Tay's devotion, we find symptoms of her cooling off.

Tay makes her promise to "chuck it" for a while.

"I promise," said Julia. "I really should like to feel quite young and frivolous for a bit. And love is as deadly serious as suffrage."

"So you will find when I get ready to make love to you."

H. H.

### VERSES.

But God is never so far off as even to be near,  
He is within, our Spirit is the home He holds most dear;

To think of Him as by our side is almost as untrue  
As to remove His throne beyond the skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself homeless, forlorn  
and weary,

Nursing my joy, I walked the earth—myself God's Sanctuary.

FABER.

\* By Gertrude Atherton. John Murray, London.

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