

of the women by hooligans in this country. Commenting on the scenes which occurred, *The Woman's Journal* states:—"All things work together for the good of equal suffrage. If the Pageant Procession had been allowed to sweep along Pennsylvania Avenue unmolested in the full pride of its peaceful beauty, it would not have made half so many converts as have been made by the disgraceful treatment it received from the hoodlums, with the consent and encouragement of the Washington police. Many a man hitherto indifferent or opposed is asking himself, with disgust: 'Do I want to stand in with that mob which struck and spat upon respectable women, hurled lighted cigar ends in their faces, and assailed maids and matrons with language too foul to print?'"

The Ontario Legislature has supported those of Manitoba and New Brunswick in refusing the Parliamentary franchise to women, so that we women may take it that Canadian men who are most urgent, through emigration societies, in trying to secure women's domestic labour throughout the Dominion—as, of course, neither comfort nor profit are to be had without it—intend to use slave labour where women are concerned, for that is practically what the lack of the vote amounts to from an economic standpoint. We are all for some of our fine, self-respecting women going forth to Empire-build in our dominions beyond the seas, but let them pause before emigrating to lands where they are politically on a par with other farm stock, or where their skill is merely used without dignified co-operation with that of men. Women have done with the bad old days when "the reciprocity was all on one side," as the Irishman said. Women are fully enfranchised in Australasia and New Zealand. If Canada wants to compete with them for some of our best women she must shed her obsolete sex prejudice.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WILSAM.*

The definition of the title is given on the title page as "goods driven ashore when no wreck is visible, hence called 'Goods of God's Mercy.'" The name was given to little Mercy, cast up on the shore of her mother's former home. Mercy was the daughter of Edward Pardilow, who had loved and betrayed Milly Gatehouse, and had afterward married her unsuspecting sister. It was the widow of this man who, stricken with a mortal disease, was bringing the child Mercy to leave in Milly's charge, when the boat in which they had crossed was wrecked on the shore of her old home. Poor pretty Milly had by this time reached more than thirty years of age, but the shock of her lover's desertion had unhinged her mind, and subjected her to recurrent fits of

insanity. At the time of her child's birth her clouded mind had retained no recollections and she never knew she had borne a child, or that the boy who lived at her gate with her faithful servant was bone of her bone.

"T' would be a sinful thing to ask her in marriage now," decided Pierce Hassock, the man who still loved her. Only his mother who was blind and old and near to dying heard his one complaint of life. "I was too shart o' stature for the army, too shart-sighted for the navy, too shart o' brains for the lawyer business, an' now I suppose I'm too shart o' anything that will win a young gal's love."

At the time this story opens Pierce is an old bachelor, an autocrat to his two spinster sisters with whom he lives, but tender and watchful as ever over his poor sweetheart Milly.

Pierce, on one occasion, decided to ask ladies to his bi-yearly rabbit shoot.

"Is it to be a supper or a tea, Pierce?"

"Taint neether; it's a cross 'twixt the two. See the sweets is coloured and sugary an' all that, but not so mighty 'tickler about the flavoiur, as it's stuff I never touch, and see the card tables are brushed."

"Oh, it's to be cards then, brother?" Henrietta's eyes brightened, for she dearly loved a hand of whist.

"Cards in the dinin' room for the men," said their autocrat firmly. "Talk and a little pianner-playin' in the parlour for the women."

"I'm glad there'll be music, brother," said Harriet meekly. In the days of her youth she had sung with a voice as thin and sweet as the keys of a spinet.

"There won't be overmuch," he warned her. "I shall sing meself if they arst me, an' one or two of the ladies can, but there's no need to press 'em."

Mother Polly, the wife of the old Professor, is a delightful character, and one that is rarely met with, for in the midst of a strenuous life of poverty she possesses "the heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise."

"One day I saw Marybud's little fat hand stretch up, and, half-unconsciously as sleep stole on her, finger at her mother's bodice till she unhooked it and placed inside a little hard Noah's Ark animal. Mrs. Mee looked up and found Marybud's father smiling down at them both.

"The child is laying up treasure in the only heaven she knows of yet," he said almost reverently.

"You dear old poet man," she murmured softly, and let a tear run down on the brown curls on her arm."

It is in such sympathetic writing as this that the main charm of the book lies, and though it cannot be said to rival its predecessor, "Ripe Corn," yet it is possessed of no little interest, and one is the better for the acquaintance of such folks as Polly and her Professor—not forgetting Hannah Anseed.

H. H.

* By S. C. Nethersole. Mills & Boon, London, W.

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