

usefulness will be obvious, while in flats, and private dwellings it may with advantage be used in and around dustbins, and so prevent the breeding of flies—a public danger as well as an intolerable nuisance.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE BRONZE EAGLE."*

A new novel from this well-known writer is sure to be welcome among her wide circle of admirers. Adventure and love are always popular themes and no one understands better the mixing of these ingredients than Baroness Orczy.

The "Bronze Eagle" is a romance of France following the period of the Revolution and the expulsion of the Bourbons. Its central interest lies in the intrigues of their followers and those of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Crystal, the lovely and only daughter of the old, long-exiled haughty royalist, the Comte de Cambrai, is on the eve of betrothal to de Marmont, who is secretly an ardent Bonapartist.

Clyffurde, the Englishman, who also loves Crystal, expostulates with de Marmont on his false position. "Surely," he said, "you have never led the Comte to suppose you are a royalist."

"I have never led him to suppose anything. But he has taken my political convictions for granted," rejoined de Marmont.

But there was yet another admirer, Maurice de St. Genis, whose impecunious state had precluded him from obtaining Crystal's hand.

"It is because your father is so heartless . . ." he began vehemently.

"My father is not heartless, Maurice," she broke in firmly, "but you must try and see for yourself how impossible it was for him to give his consent to our marriage, even if he knew my happiness was bounded by your love. Just think it over quietly—if you had a sister who was all the world to you, would you consent to such a marriage?"

"With a penniless, out-at-elbows, good-for-nothing you mean? No I daresay I should not."

But at the moment of betrothal, he had his revenge upon his rival: Suddenly when the guests were all assembled for the ceremony, "there was a disturbance—an unseemly noise came from the end of the corridor, where rose the magnificent staircase." St. Genis entered. His rough clothes and muddy boots looked strangely in contrast to the immaculate get-up of the Comte's guests, but of this he seemed hardly aware. His face was flushed; with his right hand

he clutched a small riding cane, and his glowering dark eyes swept a rapid glance over every one in the room. "I was churlish enough to refuse your invitation," he said. "I would not have come now only that I felt I might be in time to avert the most awful catastrophe that has yet fallen upon your house."

Again his restless, dark eyes—sullen and wrathful, and charged with a look of rage and hate—wandered over the assembled company.

At the young man's ominous words, M. le Comte's sunken cheek grew a shade more pale. "What catastrophe mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "could fall on my house that would be worse than twenty years of exile?"

"An alliance with a traitor, M. le Comte," said St. Genis, firmly.

His accusation was, that his rival had pinned Napoleon's proclamation on the walls of Grenoble. "And what if I did?" cried the young devotee with that extraordinary fervour which Napoleon alone—of all men who have walked this earth—was able to suscite. "His proclamation?" he added, and with a kind of exultant war cry he drew a roll of paper from his pocket and held it at arm's length above his head, "his proclamation? Here it is. Vive l'Empereur! by the grace of God."

Crystal's heart was by no means broken at the sudden rupture of her engagement, but it is not St. Genis who in the end wins her love. We are left with the understanding that Clyffurde, the English merchant, at length overrides the prejudices of the old French count and wins his daughter.

Bobby Clyffurde laughingly asks Crystal's aunt, Mme. la Duchesse, "Do you think that if I promise never to buy or sell gloves again, but in future to try and live like a gentleman—he will consent?"

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

October 7th.—Central Midwives Board. Monthly meeting. 3.30 p.m.

October 9th.—Church League for Women's Suffrage. War Time Intercession Service. Southwark Cathedral. 3 p.m.

October 25th.—Central Midwives Board. Examination in London, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Manchester and Newcastle-on-Tyne. The oral examination follows in a few days' time.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

The Field of Honour always lies

Wherever gallant men are living,

And under whatsoever skies

Their lives they are for Honour giving.

"It is good to pray for peace, but it is better to pray for justice. It is better to pray for liberty. It is better to pray for the triumph of the right for the victory of human freedom."—*New York Times*.

* By Baroness Orczy. Hodder & Stoughton.

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