

and is easily sterilised. The barrel is graduated to 15cc ( $\frac{3}{4}$  oz.) which is large enough to distend the canal in order to medicate the entire membrane. The bulbous enlargement acts as an air chamber and prevents the fluid to be injected coming in contact with the rubber bulb; thus the injections of all the usual medications including nitrate of silver and argyrol are possible.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "LOVE'S HIGHWAY."\*

This is the story of a family, consisting of a father, mother and twin daughters. About twelve years before its commencement the parents had been separated, each one retaining a daughter. The introductory chapter describes the meeting for the first time after their separation of the man and his wife.

"Stop rowing for a bit," said Wayne, and he spoke in such a very odd tone that his daughter glanced up in surprise leaning on her oars. "There's a boat coming from Bellaggio," he said, "and I think your mother is in it, and Alice." In a short time their two skiffs lay within an arm's length of each other on the still lake.

Diana heard her father say something like "How well you're looking, Agatha." And she heard the beginning of a reply, but no more, for she was staring with a passionate curiosity at the two pretty strangers under their sunshades of rose and amber and trying to realise that they were her mother and twin sister.

Diana at first felt oddly depressed at the encounter. She and her father had had a good time together and now this had come to upset it. She described her mother and sister as looking into their windows—"like Enoch Arden's." Alice had lived a much more conventional life with her mother than had Diana, and later on when she joined her father and sister in New York, she came to appreciate the new life to which Diana introduced her, and quite frankly made up her mind to have the best time she could before her marriage with Lord Henry.

It is obvious from the first that Lord Henry, although professedly in love with his fiancée, was far more attracted by Diana, who on her part was more than half inclined to marry the rough breezy Westerner, Quintus P. Brown.

Lord Henry taxes her with this intention.

"How about you and this chap Brown? You are going to—well—marry him? What?"

Diana shook her head.

"I wish I knew. But I don't. I'll tell you in confidence that he'd like me to, and I'm rather tempted. He's a big man, Henry. At least he thinks he is. He's strong anyhow and ambitious. He ought to go far. And to tell the truth I should like to do my little bit to help him. It's an attractive job."

Lord Henry shifted his feet, and looked down at them, distastefully making grumbling noises.

"I'll just tell you something, and don't you forget it either: Simplicity and directness are qualities of the mind not of the body, and they can live and flourish in London, or in Paris or in New York just as well as in—what's the place, Idaho? Wyoming?"

Diana tells him she wants both to be and do, and "as far as I can see now, Quintus Brown—oh, dear! that name worries one so, Quintus Brown offers me the best chance for both things."

Alice is of quite a different character and cynically asserts her desire for the advantages that her marriage with Lord Henry will bring her.

Diana remonstrated with her for her flirtations, and she promises to amend.

"I'm not a fool," she said, "and I don't mean to lose Henry Broid. When the next man begins to say pretty things I shall say to myself: My dear, the Duke is a very old man and Lord Denforth though married has no children. Use a little self-control and you may one day be a duchess. I mean to be just as sweet as I know how to the Duke and Duchess, and to the Denforths too. I shall knit and smile and ask advice, and be the simple, humble, loving little bride-elect, and they will all think Henry has done very decently well for himself and help me socially later on when I need help."

But in spite of this determination on her part to climb it is Diana who in the end marries Lord Henry, though there are many complications and misunderstandings before this happy state of affairs is arrived at.

In reading this we remember with regret that it is the last work from the pen of Mr. Foreman, as it will be recollected that he lost his life with the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

H. H.

### COMING EVENTS.

March 24th.—Meeting of Representatives of Central Committee for State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, 12 noon. Conference on Nurses' Registration Bill and the College of Nursing, 83, Pall Mall, London, 3 p.m.

### A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap by stone and stone;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
Not till the hours of light return  
All we have built do we discern.

M. Arnold.

Does the road then wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to eve, my friend.

Christina Rossetti

\*By Justus Miles Foreman. Cassell & Co., London.

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