

what water you drink. Treat all water as unsafe unless you know positively that it is wholesome. In strange places avoid eating salad, it may have been washed in contaminated water. Be equally particular with the water in which you brush your teeth. It should always be boiled."

In connection with personal hygiene we read:—"Take care of any small cut, crack, or blister on hands or feet. Remember that tetanus is acquired from infected soil, and cases of this terrible disease have been known to arise from a blistered heel. A tube of carbolised vaseline for dressing a blister, and a cake of carbolic soap should be taken out by those who blister easily. The dry soap rubbed on the inside of the stocking often prevents a blister forming. Sisters who suffer from hot, swollen, aching feet should change their shoes and stockings frequently, so that the pressure on different parts of the foot is changed, and shoes with very thin soles should be avoided; they tire the feet very much."

Miss Thurstan concludes this chapter with a list of extras that might be useful to Sisters going to the wilds, or where there are only native shops.

It will be realised that Miss Thurstan knows her subject and knows the trained nurse; that the book is not only of great interest, but of very practical value, giving Sisters on active service just the information which will be most useful to them in their work, and that they will get good value for the modest sum of 3s. 6d., which is its price, many times over, if they make the outlay.

(To be continued.)

### WHAT EVERY MASSEUSE SHOULD KNOW.

A useful little handbook for Masseuses, entitled "What Every Masseuse should Know: Comfortable Grasps for Joint Movements," has been compiled by Miss Vera Waddington, Member I.S.T.M., who has also contributed the forty-seven very helpful illustrations.

It is provided with a complete Glossary of technical terms, and the letterpress is clear and descriptive. Miss Vera Waddington prefaces her book by saying "the importance of passive and resistive movements in a treatment by massage is daily becoming more apparent. The 'grips' used in performing these movements are many and various, and I hope to meet a widespread need in making the most important ones clear to the student." Both the letterpress and illustrations should prove invaluable to the student.

It is published by Messrs. Methuen, at the very moderate price of 2s. 6d. net.

### THE GRILLE.

With the re-opening of Parliament the Grille, so long the symbol of the attitude of the House of Commons to women and their position politically, has disappeared, and with it we may hope the prejudices which placed and kept it before the Ladies' Gallery. For the future this antiquated relic will adorn the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "WOOLFANG."\*

A strange story, rivalling the Brontës' wildest works. A romance and tragedy, full of picturesque detail. Little of tenderness and much of men's unruly passion, fierce love and bitter hate; more to repel than attract, and yet it wields a strange fascination that compels the attention to the very last page.

The Woolfangs were an unlovely family, famous for unlovely deeds, and the book is their chronicle.

Dartmoor is a fitting setting for the story, and not the least powerful portion of the book is that which portrays its fascinations.

The name Woolfangs up at the Hall was feared and detested by the simple folk around. Men would guard their daughters closely when they were abroad. The sons had but followed in their terrible old father's footsteps.

For sheer badness and repellant character, it would be hard to beat old Woolfang.

Gabriel Goddard and his daughter, Heth, lived at the Moor Farm, and faithful Deborah was the factotum of the household.

Gabriel was a grave, severe man, a giant in stature, a covenanter in spirit, desperately earnest in all things, and inflexible as Mosaic law to what he called sin. Heth was Goddard's only child and he loved her deeply. It was a wild Christmas Eve night when Lance Woolfang returned to his father's house, and it was while Heth and Deborah with Gabriel were sitting round the fire that night that it was mentioned that Lance Woolfang had returned. Gabriel broke out in denunciation of their race.

"I would rather see you stretched dead than have you found with a Woolfang," said Gabriel, controlling his voice with an effort.

Lance, though his reputation was by no means unblemished, was altogether a different man from his wicked old father and his brother, Con.

He was an artist by profession, and had studied in Paris, where he contracted a marriage with a woman of low class.

It was an embittered man that returned to his father's house, where the dissolute company disgusted him. Years before, unknown to her father, he had made Heth's acquaintance, and not long after his return, it was renewed. Early their meetings are discovered by Gabriel, though as yet there was no talk of love between them.

"For years—you have known him for years," he said, after driving Woolfang from his door with a hunting crop, "and I have watched you and loved you. Oh, Heth, you strike me down."

"Lance is not like the others," she said, her big eyes moist and distressed. "He hates them like you, and he wanted to be friends—he came for that. He is good."

Ben, the young farmer, loved Heth, and her

\* By J. Mills Witham. London: Methuen & Co.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)