

itself by an indefinable quality of charm beyond all analysis, and made you think of remote races, of strange generations, of the faces of women sculptured on immemorial monuments, and of those lying unseeing in their tombs. When she moved downwards from step to step with slightly lowered eyes, there flashed upon me suddenly the recollection of Allègre's words about her, of there 'being something in her of the women of all time.' "

Doña Rita was a woman first and then a partisan, and of course Monsieur George was no more adamant than the rest. It was an open secret that Doña Rita had been more to the Royal Pretender than a partisan.

Blunt's mother who was not averse to her son paying suit to the heiress, justified her conduct to Monsieur George. "What can they say about her? That when abandoned by the death of Allègre she made a mistake. I think that any woman ought to be allowed one mistake in her life. The worst they can say of her is that she discovered it, that she had sent away a man in love directly she found his love was not worth having; that she told him to go and look for his crown, and that after dismissing him she had remained generously faithful to his cause in her person and fortune."

This radiant being of many loves had, she herself confessed, never herself known love till she met Monsieur George. His position is, perhaps, best summed up in his own words: "This image which others see and call by your name, how am I to know that it is anything but an enchanting mist. You have always eluded me, except in one or two moments which seem more dreamlike than the rest."

The book takes its title from "The Arrow of Gold" which transfixed the mass of tawny glints and sparkle of her hair. The peasant sister Therese is a most notable creation.

The story is of no ordinary conception or writing. It soars far above the average novel, and those who have hitherto not made acquaintance with Mr. Joseph Conrad's works, should lose no time in obtaining this book, which will be something of a revelation to them.

H. H.

THE GOOD AND BAD OF "E."

I thought "E" to be the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet, because its always out of cash, for ever in debt, and always in torment.

But after I became better acquainted with "E," I found it was never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease, and the end of trouble; without it there would be no meat, no life, no heaven. It is the centre of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no hope.

From the *McGill Daily*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Member Bart's League: "I note with pleasure Miss Dock's hope to 'reknit broken international threads,' and that we are to receive an invitation to take part in the conference at Atlanta, from our American cousins next April. Those of us who formed the 'International Conference habit' before the war, are keen to again come into touch with the cream of the world's nurses, and I hope we shall somehow be able to find the money to cross the Atlantic in the Spring.

"Georgia is a lovely Southern State, and to reach Atlanta from New York we pass through Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina—lands full of romance to those of us who know the history of our one time American Colonies. At the Buffalo Congress in 1901, our League was represented by its founder the late Miss Isla Stewart. May I venture to suggest that the first grant from our fund to keep her example in Memory, might be expended in a gift towards the expenses of a representative to attend the Atlanta Conference?"

[We advise you to bring this suggestion before the Standing Committee of the Isla Stewart Memorial Fund.—Ed.]

Public Health Nurse.—"We hear constantly the name of Florence Nightingale, but in these superficial days her teaching often goes by default. Why are not Health Visitors and V.A.D.'s reminded that Florence Nightingale always insisted on thoroughness—on training as the only means of reaching proficiency in nursing—*long rigorous training*. 'Nursing is an art,' she insists; 'and if it is to be made an art, it requires as hard a preparation as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body.' She calls nursing 'the finest of fine arts.'"

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sister Parslow, Treynim.—The address of the Edith Cavell Nurses Homes of Rest is 25, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Miss C. T., Glasgow.—Matronships are scarce; we advise re-entering hospital and working up.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

We regret that none of the Papers sent in this week are up to standard, so that we are unable to award the Prize.

QUESTIONS.

September 20th.—What are the causes of spinal caries? How would you nurse a case of this kind?

September 27th.—What is hyper-pyrexia? What means are available for its reduction?

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