

Mrs. Crease and others are getting petition-forms and filled, and I hope sowing the seed for a harvest when the next tour is planned.

ROSSLAND—What other place could have called two meetings and organized a Branch at a few hours' notice? That is what Mrs. Moffatt did, with the help of other members of the Ladies' Club, who very kindly lent their Club premises for the first meeting. This Branch is another triumphant success, and its joint secretaries, Miss Cecil Moffatt and Mrs. Cornish, are arousing the whole neighborhood and will see that a Branch is also formed at Trail. It is a well-known fact that the Scotch predominate in most of the important departments of work in B. C., and nearly all Scots are Mc—something, and wherever I went I received the most generous support from every sort of Mac—, from McAlister to McWilliams, and the result is (I am bitterly ashamed) that I have got them hopelessly muddled up in my mind as to name, though clear as possible as to personality, and my papers, with lists of names are temporarily lost luggage. All this is a preamble to the apology for omitting the name of Mrs. Mac—? at the Dominion Express Office, who, like Mrs. Moffatt, was a most keen and unselfish helper at Rossland. Other meetings have been held, and we hope every mail to get reports from Rossland as to its ideas, work, and general news.

GREENWOOD—There is not one town in B. C. that has lovelier people than Greenwood, nor more genuinely enthusiastic suffragists. I think after the definition lately published as to "Suffragist" and suffragette," that we ought all in this country to call ourselves suffragettes, in spite of the title's militant origin; for certainly out here we all have "a backbone," not merely a "wishbone." Greenwood not only organized at once, but in five days

got up a Suffrage play, "How the Vote Was Won," and a most successful public meeting, and it is sending in one of the longest lists of signatures to the petition. One of the most delightful things in Greenwood is the complete absence of any sort of warfare among its population, and a town whose people can work together so gloriously in every kind of parochial and social scheme, without any suggestion of squabble or unfriendliness is the finest kind of soil for our great Cause to grow in. This Bounadry country will "go solid" for "Votes for Women" as soon as Grand Forks has awakened up. Mrs. Cummins, Mrs. McLaine, Miss McLean (I have remembered these names), Mrs. Shaw, Miss Shaw and her sister, and the splendid President (another Mac), Mrs. Fair, and the delightful men who back them enthusiastically (one even to the point of crying: "Give the long-haired darlings a chance!")—they are all invincible. The Premier won't dare to venture near Greenwood again till the vote is won—even if there were time for him to get as far!!

PHOENIX—Thanks to Mrs. and Miss Ingram the meeting at Phoenix was a real success, and that in spite of the cruel fact that an irresistible troupe of darkies went into Phoenix by the same train that I did, engaged a hall under mine, with a door at the foot of my stairs, and (naturally) drew away from me the bulk of my audience. I had desperate thoughts of blacking my face and borrowing a mandolin and a striped costume for the occasion and standing outside on the pavement, pointing to the show upstairs, but the consideration that they might retaliate by advertising themselves as the Real Genuine English Militants led me to renounce the idea, and we each proceeded on our own lines; though one must admit that their line proved the