

absolute silence and loneliness, in order to present to her King a petition which his Government had persistently inter-
cepted.

"In the Light Brigade there were six hundred—even at Thermopylae there were three—but she, one, alone, the Quintus Curtius of our Cause, has thrown herself into the gulf to set her sisters free."

She presented her petition—the petition of the womanhood of Great Britain—in such a way that the King could not refuse to receive it; and she joyfully paid the price of that presentation.

The death of Emily Wilding Davison stirs all Suffragists, whether militant or passive, in a way no outsider can ever understand.

She has cared more deeply than any of the rest of us for the great things for which our movement stands, and her action is a call to every one who has the honor of belonging to the Suffrage Army, for the utmost sacrifice of which she or he is capable.

"But all through life I see a Cross,
Where Sons of God yield up their
breath—

There is no gain except by loss;
There is no life except by death;
There is no vision but by faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame,
Nor justice but by taking blame."

Let the women of this Province offer their tribute of reverence in a stronger purpose, a finer courage, and a more devoted service, to the Greatest Cause in the World.

SUFFRAGIST CALLS TO HER SISTERS

By Margaret J. Brandenburg

O women! O women! O women!
You sing and embroider and read:
You are housed, you are warmed, you
are nourished;
Do you know of humanity's need?

Of your millions and millions of sisters
Who toil till the close of the day,
Then stagger to shelter in darkness,
Unfed and unwarmed, as they may?

Of your sinning and shelterless sisters
Who must dance or must walk through
the night—

Who hide sinsick souls 'neath their
laughters,
And weep with the clear morning light?

Of the wee little fingers of babies
Which patiently tie on your plume—
Of the tired little back of the children
At work at the sweatshop or loom?

Of the mothers robbed of their children
Of the children robbed of their youth,
Of the babies robbed of existence,—
And who are the spoilers, in truth?

O women, 'tis done through indiffer-
ence,

Through ignorance, torpor or greed.
Arise, then, and call for the ballot
To aid all humanity's need!

A PARABLE

By Rev. Edwin A. Mould

A certain gentleman named Mr. A—— had a patient ass which was called Suffragette. Suffragette was very patient, but she loved carrots, especially one which was called the vote. So he dangled the carrot before the eyes of Suffragette, who ran after the carrot for years and years without getting any nearer.

Now, one day the patient animal got impatient, and started kicking very hard. Her master said, "That proves she doesn't deserve the carrot," and everybody shouted and jeered at the poor beast. But Suffragette only kicked the harder.

So Mr. A—— sent for a stout fellow named Bodkin,* and told him to beat the ass till she stopped kicking, and to make her run nicely and quietly after the carrot again. But poor Suffragette only kicked harder and harder.

Then a poor wise man came along and said, "She is really a very patient ass. Why not give her the carrot, and then she will stop kicking, and be a very useful animal?"

And the people called him madman and fool, and other wicked names; and