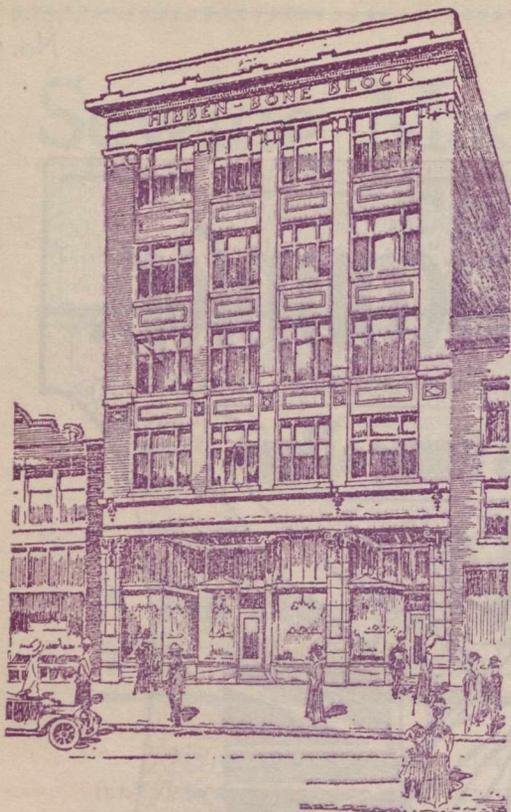


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VOL. I.

VICTORIA, B. C., APRIL, 1913

No. 9

POLITICAL EQUALITY LEAGUE

Victoria Branch

President, Mrs. Gordon Grant.

Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Baer.

Organizing Secretary,
Miss Dorothy Davis.

Recording Secretary,
Miss McDonald.

Office: 103 Campbell Block Douglas
Street, Victoria, B. C.

1. This Society adopts as the fundamental principle of its Constitution the establishment of the Political, Social and Industrial Rights of Women and Men.

It recognizes as indispensable the possession by Women of the Parliamentary Vote on the same terms as it is or as it may be granted to men.

It demands from the Government immediate legislation to secure this.

The further aim of the Society is to take active means to remedy existing evils and to bring to the knowledge of the public the inefficiency of some of the laws of British Columbia especially as they affect women and children.

2. The objects and aims of the Society as set forward above, need very little explanation. We intend to expose in every way possible to us, the dual standard existing for men and women, to demonstrate the evil result-

ing therefrom, and to force public recognition to the direct connection between this dual standard and the political disability of women.

We stand to emphasize the fact that **causes** of individual cases of injustice can only be satisfactorily and finally dealt with by legislation in which women have a direct share.

3. Regarding the enfranchisement of women as essential to the attainment of equality between the sexes, we are necessarily working primarily for Woman Suffrage, and the principal item on our programme is therefore the demand for a Government Measure giving the Parliamentary Vote to Women on the same terms as it is or may be given to men.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Policy of the League.

We have received several letters asking us to state what our policy for the future is to be. Apparently, rumors have gone abroad that it will be expressed briefly in the form of hammers! But our readers understand the position of affairs out here too well to place any faith in such reports as that.

We are setting ourselves this year to work on a campaign which is almost wholly educational. We realize that we have in this country no opposition at all in any real or stimulating sense,

but we have the far more deadly foe of apathy. The one cheering sign of a healthy antagonism is to be found in the half-hearted boycott a certain paper spasmodically attempts to practise with reference to the Suffrage Movement in B. C., and from this we derive vast encouragement. Perhaps it is unfair to omit mention of the persistent little stings indulged in by the "Hornet," who seems to keep his tail a good deal busier than his eyes. But with the exception of these two opponents, we have to deal only with the insidious enemy owing his existence to ignorance; and the one way to exterminate him is the way we are taking—the adoption of a policy of vigorous education throughout the country.

We have found by experience that the majority of the voters of the Province are entirely in favor of the principle of Women's Franchise, and the few that are not generally base their objection to it on grounds which enlightenment and argument cut from under their feet.

Among the women of the land, the strenuous life they have as a rule lived has sometimes prevented their taking any interest hitherto in the question, or, where their lot has been cast in easier circumstances, that very fact has often had the same effect. When these women begin to realize their own political helplessness in face of the problems resulting from bad laws, they take their stand with us in demanding the great reform.

And therefore the most important work at this moment for every Suffragist, whether enrolled in a Suffrage League or not, is a widespread dissemination of all kinds of suffrage literature, and a constant effort to induce friends and acquaintances to take an interest in the matter.

We are particularly concentrating on the distribution of leaflets in every direction, on the working up of meetings, on social functions, and most of all on increasing the sale of the "Champion." Every fresh subscriber means several more readers, and raises our membership as well as our funds.

Perhaps it would be well here to point out exactly how each individual having the welfare of the Cause at heart may most directly and successfully work for it.

1. Join the League. Any organization is far greater and stronger than the mere sum of its members, and even the keenest enthusiast needs the inspiration and encouragement which co-operation and unity give.
2. Promise to get five new members every month **and get them.**
3. Take in the "Champion" as a yearly subscriber.
4. Get ten new subscribers every month.
5. Distribute literature.
6. Distribute leaflets outside places of entertainment.
7. Sell the "Champion" from house to house.
8. Bring five friends to every meeting.
9. Make up your mind to **collect ten quarters (25c.)** every month towards the current expenses.
10. Put **This Cause First** among your interests. You never know what it means to **Belong** to the Franchise Movement until you are making definite and persistent sacrifices for it, and no one has any real right to call herself a Suffragist till she has at least reached that point of genuine devotion to the principles for which we stand.



Our Office.

We have at last settled into the new office, although till the cement floor is somehow covered, we cannot feel really at home. There is something rather unfriendly about a cement floor! Linoleum would cost us nine or ten dollars, which at present we cannot dream of affording. Mrs. Pethick has very kindly promised to lend us a carpet for a month or so, and perhaps by the time she goes into camp and wants it back some other friend will have found a way of helping us in this respect. A

most generous response to our suggestion of office gifts has come in. Mrs. Baer has provided curtains and rods, Mr. R. W. Clark sent a cheque to buy all office-table accessories, and Mr. C. C. Pemberton has again come nobly to the rescue by paying our telephone deposit. The scrap-book asked for has been promised, but as we shall evidently need many volumes of these, we hope other friends will remember this suggestion.

On May 1st we shall have to pay another month's rent—\$22.50, and so far we have not one cent towards it. Who will help?

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Weekly Meetings.

These have lately been exceptionally interesting, and among those who have spoken for us are: Mrs. H. C. Hanington, Mr. R. W. Clark, Dr. Butler, Miss Edith Bromley-Jubb, Mr. Michael Hallward, Mr. Rand, Mrs. Gordon Grant, and Miss Dorothy Davis.

Mrs. Hanington's very inspiring and witty speech provoked constant rounds of applause, and we wish we had space to give it in these pages.

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An Apology.

We owe an apology to Mrs. Christie for a statement in last month's issue, which attributed to someone else her very kind gift of a waste-paper-basket to the office. The mistake arose from the fact that the compiler of the item, being extremely busy, was trying to do two things at once—speaking of one person while writing of another—and put down the wrong name. The w.p.b. in question is an inestimable boon, as well as being a most decorative addition to the office.

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A Suffrage Contemporary.

The Vancouver Suffrage League, or rather "The Evening Work Committee of the Pioneer Political Equality League," has just brought out a fortnightly paper, called "The Pioneer Woman," to which we extend our warmest good wishes.

At first sight it might seem that the organized Suffrage Movement in this

country could hardly support two papers at present; but on the other hand nothing pushes the sale of one paper like the fact of competition, and although there will be no rivalry between the "Champion" and the "Pioneer Woman," we are convinced that each will help the other on and both together promote the Cause for which both stand.

It is rather interesting, by the way, that the second Suffrage paper to be issued should be called the "Pioneer," just as the second Suffrage League formed should have adopted the title of "Pioneer" Political Equality League. We have been asked once or twice why we did not choose that name ourselves, and we can only suppose the reason to be that it never is the Pioneer who calls himself a Pioneer; he is too busy pioneering to call his work by that name. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gordon Grant is the Pioneer Suffragist of B. C., for she kept the flame alight for 25 years before she was able to found the first actual Suffrage League. Then the Local Council of Women of Victoria decided to "father" a real Suffrage Association, and the Political Equality League came into existence in December, 1910, being followed almost immediately by a Branch in Vancouver, that Branch which has now broken off from the parent League under the name of "Pioneer Political Equality League."

The price of the "Pioneer Woman" is 60 cents for six months, and it ought surely to be quite possible for most of us to manage to take in that paper as well as our own. Specimen copies have been sent to this office, and we can only say that we strongly advise everyone to try and arrange to subscribe to it.

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The Latest Impertinence.

An item in the "Times" of March 26th is an interesting little reminder that there is no knowing where in the legislative field men's chivalry may not lead them, and that it will be as well for women to make haste and secure the power of the vote before they find

themselves under orders from a male electorate to wear their hair permanently in pigtails and only to appear in public if closely veiled.

We quote the item in full:

"IMMODESTY OF ATTIRE

"Would Prohibit Wearing of Transparent Stockings and Decollete Dresses

"Columbus, O., March 26.—Declaring that the immodesty of the attire worn by women on the streets and in public places is the cause of 'a great wave of immorality now sweeping over the country,' Representative Louis H. Chappelle, of Cincinnati, introduced a bill in the lower house of the legislature providing for the appointment by the governor of a commission of three members to 'prescribe the fashions to be worn by women in the State of Ohio.'

"Under the provisions of the bill the proposed commission would be compelled to fix limits on decollete dresses, so that 'not more than two inches of the neck below the chin shall be uncovered.' Another clause of the measure provides 'that transparent stockings shall not be displayed or worn in public places.'

"Another provision of the bill states that 'it shall be unlawful to display or wear any outer garment trimmed or combined with lace, insertion, or any kind of embroidery, mesh or net through which the color or texture of the skin may be distinguished without having the lace or other material backed with opaque material.'

"Members of the proposed commission, according to the bill, would have to be between 40 and 50 years of age. Not more than two of them would have to be married men, and 'of good moral character.'

"One of the members would be an ordained minister, one a parent of not less than three children, and the third a social settlement worker.

"The commission would be authorized to prescribe rules and regulations for the designing and manufacture of women's clothing, and to prohibit such styles and patterns of garments as the commission after hearing shall deem 'to be detrimental to virtue and chastity.' The bill goes so far as to prohibit department stores from displaying undraped artificial figures."

We would suggest that while it would be an excellent thing to reform women's dress in more ways than one—and perhaps not wholly on the lines suggested by the men of Ohio—there may possibly be other causes for the "great wave of immorality" sweeping over the world.

We think that the women of Ohio may also feel inclined to ask who is to set the standard as to the "good moral character" required in the men who are to be appointed members of the proposed commission? Are these members to be "of good moral standard" according to the code prescribed for men or according to that ordained for women? The difference in the resulting "rules and regulations" would be considerable.

Victoria West.

At the ruri-decanal meeting, which was held last month, in St. Saviour's Church Schoolroom, Victoria West, an interesting discussion took place on the question of a Resolution approving the extension of the Suffrage to the Churchwomen of the Diocese.

The resolution referred to ecclesiastical affairs only, but the principle is that for which we stand, and we warmly congratulate Victoria West on being the first Anglican parish in the country to come forward decidedly in its support.

Washington Laws for Women.

The Women's vote in Washington is already doing good work. The Mothers' Pension Bill and the Women's Minimum Wage Commission Bill were signed on March 24th. The former provides a country pension for desti-

tute mothers, a widow with one child to receive \$10, and additional \$5 for these with other children (we suppose this means \$5 each).

The Minimum Wage Bill authorizes the Governor to appoint a Minimum Wage Commission with power to fix wage scales for women workers after investigating conditions in the industries affected.

◆ ◆ ◆

All Fools' Day.

Feeling that it is important to help the Government to celebrate every great day in the Calendar with reminders of our work, and in order to save ourselves the trouble of recognizing the **individual** birthdays of those members of the Provincial Parliament who opposed our Bill the other day, by keeping their **collective** birthdays (so to speak), we sent a copy of the following letter to each member who voted against us, mailed to reach him on the morning of April 1st:

"Dear Sir,

"In view of the fact that several self-opinionated women have approached the Provincial Government, asking them to give Votes to Women, we would beg you to give your most earnest consideration to the other side of the question.

"We, therefore, enclose a complete list of all the arguments against Woman Franchise, and implore you to let them influence your decision when next the question comes up for discussion in the House.

"We are, Sir, with all respect,

"Most of the Women of B. C.

(pp. H. C. H.)

"103 Campbell Block.

"March 31st, 1913."

And with this letter we enclosed a paper headed "All the Arguments against Women Suffrage," and bearing a large round O.

No replies have so far been received.

A PIONEER: DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

An Address given by Mrs. Fawcett at the Opening of the Session of 1909 to the Students of the London School of Medicine for Women.

[Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell died on May 31st, 1910, in her eighty-ninth year.]

I have taken the subject of pioneering for my address this afternoon because I think that one and all we take for granted far too much, without gratitude, barely even with acknowledgment, all that has been gained for us by the generations that have preceded us. We regard it all as if it were manna dropped from heaven, freely granted by the bounty of Providence, without continuous human effort and sacrifice. Well, if we look more closely, hardly anything but air and sunshine has come to us like that. What Hood sang of the shirt, what a Scottish poet said of the caller-herring, is true of almost everything we have—"it's human creatures' lives" which have been used up to get us most of the things which we use and enjoy.

And is it not with most of us (I speak for myself, and do not, I hope, preach to you) until one is in a measure deprived of the services of the past that we stop to remember how great those services are? I dare say this is quite wholesome and natural, just as it is wholesome and natural not to think about one's health until there is something wrong with it. Still, it is well now and then to cast one's eyes back and consider how enormously we all owe to the labors and sacrifices of those who have gone before us, and have made the roads, as it were, along which we were comfortably travelling to-day.

I have never been cast on a desert island, but I have passed some months in a country very imperfectly supplied with roads, bridges, railways, waterworks, lighting apparatus, and the ordinary paraphernalia of civilization: when to get from point to point, per-

haps a hundred and fifty miles apart, the safest and easiest plan was to travel 1000 miles by railway. This experience certainly made me realize more than I had ever done before what one owes physically to the pioneers, those who have gone before and prepared the way for the thousands of ordinary people who are to follow them. For in the physical, just as in the moral, world for one person who can advance alone and make a road, there are tens of thousands who can trot carelessly along it when once it is made.

But very great qualities are needed in the genuine pioneer, especially the pioneer in the things of the mind and the spirit. The courage to stand alone, the courage to dare what every one says is impossible, the dogged resolution not to accept defeat, to press on when there is no sign of success in sight, to turn a deaf ear to ridicule and slander, to be turned back a thousand times and yet to be resolute to press on and open the road which the pioneer knows in his heart has got to be opened: these need some of the greatest qualities of human nature. With men like Wycliff as the type of the pioneer in the spiritual world, and of Christopher Columbus as the type of the pioneer in the world of physical discovery, I need not labor the point as to the great qualities necessary to their task. It is little wonder that modern poets like Walt Whitman and Rudyard Kipling have felt that the qualities of a pioneer were worthy of celebration in the best verse they could write—

Have I named one single river? Have I
claimed one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—barring
samples? No, not I.

Because my price was paid me ten times
over by my Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You
go up and occupy.

Well, that brings me to what I really want to say. I want for a moment to dwell on the great effort and sacrifice that have been made by the pioneers who have opened the road for women to study medicine and to enjoy all that it brings in the way of a wider experi-

ence, a fuller life, a more extended usefulness, a nobler responsibility, of gratitude, of income, of power, of influence. You, young women of the present day, "you go up and occupy." But I think that you will not be any the worse for remembering that you never could "go up and occupy" if it had not been for the efforts and sacrifices of those who have gone before you.

I did not realize when I chose the subject of this address that my sister, Mrs. Anderson, would be in the chair, but I found it out in time to warn me off anything which I know she would consider forbidden ground.

But were she ten times my sister, I will not pretend ignorance of the well-known fact that she is in England the pioneer of the open road by which women are entering the medical profession in this country at the present time. It is true that the door by which she entered the profession, and succeeded in getting her name placed on the British medical register, was banged, bolted, and barred behind her, and that another way had to be found by those who came after her. But she, with Dr. Sophia Jex Blake, Dr. Edith Pechey, and others, never rested till that other way had been found, and the road made open and secure for you to "go up and occupy." I say I do not for obvious reasons dwell on this group of your pioneers. But I rather draw your attention to the career of another Englishwoman even earlier in the field of the study of medicine, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, now in extreme old age, and in greatly enfeebled health, but still full as ever of that spirit of tenacious courage and unfaltering insight which were remarkable in her from the outset of her career. Early in her own life (she was only eleven years old) her parents transplanted themselves from Bristol to the United States. Financial prosperity did not await them there. In a few years Mr. Blackwell died, leaving a widow and nine children wholly unprovided for. The three elder sisters, including Elizabeth, had to start a school in order to

provide for the widowed mother and the younger brothers and sisters.

It was not till the brothers were old enough to go into business that Elizabeth could even think of doing anything for herself. It is characteristic of her that anatomy and allied subjects had no natural attractions for her as a schoolgirl. She was sickened with disgust at the sight of some of the objects by which one of her professors tried to interest his class in the wonderful structure of the eye. What really drew her to study medicine was the remark of a friend who was suffering from disease which not long after proved fatal. She said to Elizabeth Blackwell, "You are fond of study, have health and leisure, why not study medicine? If I could have been treated by a lady doctor my worst sufferings would have been spared me." At first she repudiated the idea and resolutely tried to dismiss it from her mind; but, like Rudyard Kipling's Explorer,

A voice as bad as conscience rang interminable changes

On one everlasting whisper day and night repeated.

She felt she had got to do it. So she began by consulting all the best physicians she knew as to the possibility of a woman becoming a doctor. This was in 1845, when she was twenty-four years of age. The replies she received were curiously unanimous "that the idea was a good one, but that it was quite impossible of execution." This was far from discouraging to such a spirit as hers. If the idea were really a good one, she said to herself, there must be some way of realizing it. But she was brought up short by pecuniary difficulties. She felt it would be useless to begin her struggle unless she had £400 or £500 in hand. Her family were sympathetic, but were unable to help her pecuniarily, and she had to go out as a teacher in order to accumulate a little hoard of carefully treasured savings, to be used for her medical education. Then began a long series of applications to be admitted into the various medical schools of the United States. Refusal after refusal was received. Some of the doctors to

whom she applied refused to see her. One, a Quaker, told her that she might possibly succeed in her enterprise if she went to Paris. He said: "Elizabeth, it is no use trying. Thee cannot gain admission to these schools. Thee must go to Paris, and don masculine attire to gain the necessary knowledge." Several other physicians gave similar advice; but, needless to say, she had her cause too much at heart even for a moment to dream of such foolishness. It was, as she put it, a moral purpose which she had in view, a course of justice and common sense, and it must be pursued in the light of day in order to accomplish its end. One of the doctors who advised her to go to Paris accompanied his advice by a description of Paris so terrible that, like Luther, she rejoined that if the path of duty led her to hell she would go there. But her good sense discredited what she was told. When, later in life, she did indeed go to Paris, it is needless to say that she discovered that the picture drawn by the good doctor was very much over-colored. She was indeed preparing to go to Paris when she thought she would make one more effort with the smaller schools in the United States. She collected their prospectuses, and, at a venture, sent applications for admission to twelve of them. No answer came for a long time, but she did not despair, because, as she said, failure never seemed possible. At last one of these small schools, Geneva, in the western part of the State of New York, sent a reply to the effect that the professors of the school did not think fit to give an answer to her application, but that they had referred it for decision to the students. Accompanying this was a copy of the proceedings at the students' meeting held on October 20th, 1847. It ran as follows:

At a meeting of the entire medical class of Geneva Medical College, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That one of the radical principles of a Republican Government is the universal education of both sexes; that to every branch of scientific education the door should be equally open to all; that the application of Elizabeth Blackwell to

become a member of our class meets our entire approbation; and, in extending our unanimous invitation, we pledge ourselves that no conduct of ours shall cause her to regret her attendance at this institution.

It was a resolution of which any set of young men might be proud. Nay, it was more: it was a resolution of which the nation which bred them might be proud. It certainly compares very favorably with what took place in Edinburgh some twenty-five years later.

It subsequently appeared that the faculty of medicine at Geneva had had no intention of admitting Miss Blackwell to the school. But at the same time they did not wish to take the responsibility of a direct refusal. They escaped this, as they thought, by referring the question to the students, with the proviso that, if one single student objected to her presence, her application for admission was to be refused. With this proviso, they thought that her exclusion was a certainty. This was an unfavorable specimen of the caution of age, just as the students' resolution was a favorable specimen of the generosity of youth.

The students and the professors behaved well to her. Even those of the faculty of medicine who had been opposed to her admission changed their attitude, and soon said that her presence might prove a good advertisement for their college. The good people of the little town, however, were less civilized. Some of them stared at her as if she were some curious animal; and public opinion wavered between considering her a bad woman, whose sinister designs would soon become evident, or a mad woman, in whom an outbreak of violent insanity might soon be expected.

In her classes, however, her position was very different, and it was not long before both students and professors recognized in her a serious, reverent student. There was at one time a wish on the part of the professor of anatomy to exclude her from certain lectures. She felt that this was a mistake, and wrote him a note on the subject. She stated that she was there as a student

with an earnest purpose; that the study of anatomy was a most serious one, exciting profound reverence; that the suggestion that she should absent herself from any lectures appeared to her a grave mistake. If, however, the class desired her withdrawal, she would act according to their wishes; she left the responsibility with them. Again the students rose to the occasion, and voted unanimously for her admission. The occasion was a trying one, and she wrote in her journal: "I had to pinch my hand till the blood nearly came, and call on Christ to help me." But the result fully justified her action. The professor afterwards declared that her presence had elevated the whole tone of the class, and placed it on a higher level.

I have said nothing at present of her deeply religious nature, nor of the spirit in which she approached the relations between immorality and disease. The course of her medical studies gradually opened this deeply important subject to her. In this, as in other things, she displayed her innate womanliness; she was nothing if not tenacious, and she wrote to an intimate friend how deeply this whole subject had sunk into her soul. To help to establish more worthy relations between men and women became one of the objects of her life, and she wrote:

I will never, so help me God, be blind, indifferent, or stupid in relation to this matter, as are most women. I feel specially called to act in this reform when I have gained wisdom for the task. The world can never be redeemed till this central relation of life is placed on a truer footing.

Later in her life she spent some years in Paris, and had an opportunity of studying at first hand the physical and moral results brought about by the regulation system then in full vogue there—the corrupt system, as she calls it, of accepting and regulating sexual vice. She had all a true woman's appreciation of the sacredness of motherhood—"the mighty creative power which more than any other human faculty seems to bring our nature near to the Divine." She felt both as a physician and as a citizen the enormous

importance of a healthy family life; and she wrote:

The physician knows that the natural family group is the first essential element of a progressive society. The degeneration of that element by the degradation of either of its essential factors, the man or the woman, begins the ruin of a State.

This was a reflection made towards the close of her professional career, but its interest is enhanced by the fact that it was foreshadowed from its very commencement.

She concluded her course of study at Geneva, U. S. A., with flying colors. She received the full Diploma of Medicine, the first woman in the world to do so. This was in 1849, and I think we may be a little proud that our English "Punch" gave her a set of complimentary verses. Their literary quality was not very high, but one can appreciate their excellent intention from one verse which I will give you as a specimen:

Young ladies all, of every clime,
Especially of Britain,
Who wholly occupy your time
In novels or in knitting,
Whose highest skill is but to play,
Sing, dance, or French to clack well,
Reflect on the example, pray,
Of excellent Miss Blackwell.

In this same year, 1849, she revisited her native land for the first time since she had left it, when she was a child of eleven. She had never ceased to be an Englishwoman, and great was her joy in coming back to the dear land of her birth. She had introductions to some of the physicians in Birmingham, who showed her much kindness and allowed her opportunities of study in the Queen's and General Hospitals there. Dr. McKay, however, of the Lying-in Hospital, thought that "God and nature had indicated the unfitness of women for such a pursuit as she had chosen." However, he was not personally unfriendly. She saw an operation performed "very skilfully without chloroform, which Mr. Parker dislikes." She does not say what the view of the patient was about chloroform. She left Birmingham furnished with valuable professional introductions both for London and Paris. In London she was most kindly received

by Dr. Carpenter, and also by Mr. Paget, afterwards Sir James Paget. At St. Thomas's, notwithstanding her letter of introduction, she was received as if she were a highly undesirable person, and requested not to enter any of the men's wards. "I swallowed the indignity," she wrote, "but felt very uncomfortable." At St. Bartholomew's, on the other hand, through the influence of the dean, Mr. Paget, she was cordially welcomed. But there was one extraordinary exception. At St. Thomas's she had been requested not to enter the men's wards. At St. Bartholomew's everything was opened to her "except the department for female diseases." The Professor of Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children wrote her a polite note telling her that he entirely disapproved of a lady studying medicine, and that his refusal to allow her in his wards was due to no personal disrespect, but to his condemnation of her object.

Fifty years have passed since then, and we may measure how much water has run through the mill from the fact that this year (1909) the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians have opened their degrees and diplomas to women.

Her experience of the students in England was almost as favorable as it had been in America. Her quick eye discerned that they were better dressed and (which is rather surprising) quicker in their movements than those of the United States. The class on pathology she was allowed by Mr. Paget to join at St. Bartholomew's was, she said, the most gentlemanly she had ever seen. She had no trouble at all. But at first, she said, "no one knew how to regard her. Some thought she must be an extraordinary intellect overflowing with knowledge; others a queer, eccentric woman; and none seemed to understand that she was just a quiet, sensible person, who had acquired a small amount of medical knowledge, and who wished by patient observation and study to acquire more."

Besides her professional friends in London, she established cordial rela-

tions with Miss Florence Nightingale, Barbara Leigh Smith (afterwards Madame Bodichon), Miss Bessie Parkes (now Madame Belloc), Frederic Robertson of Brighton, Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mrs. Peter Taylor, the Rt. Hon. Russell Gurney and Mrs. Gurney, Frances Power Cobbe, and other owners of memorable names.

During her course of study in Paris she contracted purulent ophthalmia, which cost her six months of intense suffering and the permanent loss of one eye; a loss which brought with it a renunciation of her cherished hope of making surgery her specialty.

I have no intention of dwelling on every detail of Dr. Blackwell's professional career, but I must cull one more anecdote from her early professional experiences when she returned to the United States and set up in practice in New York. She had a patient, an elderly lady, down with a severe attack of pneumonia. She did what most young practitioners would do under the circumstances, called in consultation one of the leaders of the profession, a man well known for many years to herself, having been in attendance on her own father during his fatal illness. This gentleman saw the patient, and retired with Dr. Blackwell into an adjoining room. Here he began to walk up and down in extreme agitation, exclaiming, "A most extraordinary case; such a one never happened to me before. I really do not know what to do." She listened with surprise and perplexity; for, though the case was serious, she had not thought it presented an extraordinary or even unusual features. But it presently appeared that the exclamations of perplexity and doubt referred not to the patient, but to Dr. Blackwell—to the propriety, in the eyes of the profession generally, of his consulting with a woman physician. It is only fair to add that she never again met with the same difficulty.

I will not dwell any longer on the details of Dr. Blackwell's professional career. You will find them all narrated in a very interesting little book,

virtually an autobiography, called "Pioneer Work in Opening the Medical Profession to Women," published by Dr. Blackwell's adopted daughter, Miss K. Barry, of Hastings.

There was much of interest in her later life. She was instrumental in starting the National Sanitary Aid Association, and also the Ladies' Sanitary Association in the United States, both of which did much, under tremendous difficulties, to provide some approach to adequate nursing during the civil war in America.

In 1859 she revisited England, and on March 2nd of that year gave the first of a course of lectures at the Marylebone Literary Institution on medicine as a profession for women. Among the audience was the lady who occupies the chair to-day, then a young woman of twenty-three. I cannot, perhaps, do better than quote what Dr. Blackwell wrote about her:

Miss Elizabeth Garrett, who became the pioneer of the medical movement in England, and also as Mrs. Garrett-Anderson lives to see the great success of her difficult and brave work.

I have now come almost to the end of my story. I spoke at the outset of the ignorance and indifference with which the work of the pioneer is sometimes regarded by those who just "walk in and occupy." Ignorance and indifference are here interchangeable words. There is only one really valid excuse for indifference, and that is ignorance: but I am sure you, with your scientifically trained minds, all agree that ignorance is an excuse of which it is scarcely possible to be proud. The pioneers themselves will be the last to tell you what they have done for you, and therefore I beg once more to refer you to the little book I have already mentioned.

I have endeavored to place before you this afternoon some of the salient points in the career of a pioneer. I think you will agree that a pioneer nearly always finds much more than he set out to find. Like Saul who set out to find his father's asses, and found a kingdom, and Tobias who went out to

seek a man, and found Raphael who was an angel, so these women who have set out to find an opening for their own sex into a liberal profession have done much more than that; they have extended the boundaries of human freedom; they have strengthened the basis of true comradeship between men and women; for there is no sex war where there is no despotism on the one side, nor subjection on the other.

You, in your various careers, as you go out into the world, will probably be regarded as pioneers. You will know yourselves, that so far as opening the medical profession to women is concerned, you are not pioneers, you have simply "walked in and occupied." But far be it from me to say that you will not find occasions in your life when the qualities of a pioneer will be of the highest value to you: the courage, the tenacity, the grasp of principle. I can only hope that when this is so, the spirit of the pioneer will be vouchsafed to you. The pioneer clears away difficulties, makes the road of those who follow safe and easy. If you really wish to recognize with gratitude the work that has been done for you by the great pioneers of the last century, the best thing that I can wish for you is that you may deserve, even though you may not possibly receive, the gratitude of those who follow after you in the noble profession to which you are preparing to devote your lives.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Amount previously acknowledged	\$270.00
Subscriptions—	
Mrs. Josephine Young	2.00
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	\$322.30

THE LOST SHIP

The following verses by Miss C. Fox-Smith, of this city, appeared recently in the "Westminster Gazette":

Come you up from southward, Oh
come you there-away?

And saw you not my ship there, that's
late now many a day?

And touched you ne'er a port where she
came a-sailing thither?

Where's the barque Aurora and all her
people with her?

Ah, good-bye and fare you well now,
ship and sailor;

Ah, good-bye, for never harbor more
shall hail her;

Ask the unsleeping drift, if still it lifts
her westing,

Or the Tuscarora Deeps if there she's
resting.

Home, come home; it is no use at all
to linger;

Never will be tide so late that it will
bring her;

Salt like tears the scud is cold, the sea
tides streaming,

Never will you greet your man but in
your dreaming.

Ask the roaring Norther; ask the berg
that broke her;

Ask the growlers of the Horn when last
they spoke her;

Ask the seas that, pouring through the
splintered hatches,

Last relieved for good and all her
laboring watches.

Ask the crazy gale that, hither-thither
shifting,

Snatched the last tired chantey stave
their lips were lifting;

Ask the astral lights that, in their
dances reeling,

Mocked across the empty skies her
flares' appealing.

Ask the lonely dawn that, scarlet,
silent, splendid,

Looked across the world and found the
fight was ended;

Ask the wind and wave that bruised
and broke and shook her,

And the sea's great silence at the last
that took her!

MRS. PANKHURST

In nearly every crisis in the history of the world there has risen up some giant soul in whom all the feeling, thought, and expression making for the impending change seems to be concentrated and summed up. For a time all the patriotism and courage of a stricken France centred itself in a Joan of Arc, and she went forward to do battle, urged by an impelling force. For a while the burden of the struggle for American Independence seemed laid upon the shoulders of a George Washington, and to that end he fought. And in like manner to-day the intense, sympathetic realization of the futile helplessness of woman's present position, and her frantic struggle for recognition, justice, and freedom is summed up in a Mrs. Pankhurst, and she leads forth her army of Suffragettes to shock, with their audacious tactics, that emblem of respectability, the "British Public," and astonish the world.

Though we may not endorse their actions, we nevertheless feel that souls like Mrs. Pankhurst's redeem the womanhood of England from the loathsomeness of apathy and indifference. All the fierceness of resentment against existing conditions among which the women and children of the underworld live and have their being is expressed in her fearless, dauntless spirit which fights on and on, against tremendous odds, against the powers that be, against that fell monster—"Public Opinion." Fighting not only for the women who seem to have nothing but poverty, misery and degradation to call their own, but for those poor souls who live in comfort and luxury and in the darkness of indifference. And though right fiercely does she tear at the iron bars to release imprisoned womanhood, as again she goes into incarceration to pay the penalty to offended justice (?), with that indomitable spirit which resists till death if need be, let us for a moment stand bare-headed before the brave woman that she is and that grand ideal for which she so strenuously fights.

E. B.

THE BABE

By Evelyn Sharp

"Well," said Hebe's visitor, not sorry to evacuate the very uncomfortable office chair, with which Hebe sought to discourage visitors, "here's your 'Anti' friend coming, so I'll be off. You won't forget about the second speaker for my meeting, will you?"

Hebe did not answer at once; and when she did, it was not to mention Mrs. Sidgwick's drawing-room meeting. She glanced out of the window at the woman who was coming across the street, and then back again at her visitor with a humorous look that held the suspicion of a challenge in it.

"Cicely isn't an Anti," she said. "She's an artist. She thinks a woman can't be an artist and a Suffragette."

"But you think so, do you not?" said Mary Sidgwick earnestly. Hers was a simple nature, and not imaginative; and the psychology of the mind that held opposite views to her own was entirely outside her comprehension.

"I?" said Hebe. "Oh, I think you can't be an artist without being a Suffragette."

Her visitor looked bewildered. "Of course, I should like to feel as you do—of course!" she said. "But surely, Cicely Orme is a very successful artist, is she not? Only the other day the 'Times' said in its first notice of the Academy—the 'Times,' you know!—that Miss Orme's treatment of her subject was quite—quite—well, I forget the exact words, but I know it meant a great deal from the 'Times.'"

"It would," agreed Hebe. Then she went across the room to meet Cicely, who had walked straight in without accepting the mediation of the office boy, and offered her the second-best visitor's chair hospitably. "Well, Babe?" she said, by way of a greeting, while Cicely, hesitating between the office chair and the office table, finally chose the latter as offering in picturesqueness what it lacked in everything else as a seat.

Mary Sidgwick, looking from one to the other, wondered, not for the first time, why these two women were friends. Of course, she knew they had been students together, long ago, in Paris; but that did not explain why Hebe, who had drifted completely out of her old artist set since she went to prison for the cause, should maintain the same friendly relations with Cicely Orme, nor why Cicely should refuse to let the movement come between them, though she put her painting before everything in the world, even before her passionate love of life and people and pleasant worldly ways, which, by contrast with her seriousness over her work, had earned her the nickname of "The Babe." Why was it, wondered the other woman? "I haven't seen you for ages, Miss Orme," was all she said aloud, however.

"That isn't exactly my fault, is it?" laughed the Babe. She always spoke with a laugh in her voice; it disconcerted some people, but Mrs. Sidgwick found it attractive and responded to it instantly.

"Are we so strenuous?" she smiled. "I suppose, while we've been hatching militant plots you've been painting your charming——"

"No," said Cicely, unexpectedly. "I've not painted a stroke for a month. My baby has taken up every inch of my time."

"Ah!" said Hebe, who was boiling fresh water on the oil stove. "How is your baby getting on?"

Mrs. Sidgwick was speechless with astonishment, and they both laughed. "Cicely adopted her charwoman's seventh baby, about a month ago," explained Hebe. "She thought—what was it you thought, Babe?"

"It was like this," said Cicely, selecting a macaroon with discrimination from a plateful of rather dusty biscuits; "every Suffragist I know—except this old thing, bless her!—tried to make me a Suffragist. I let them try, and didn't say anything, one way or another. Then, every Anti I know came along and said that I evidently wasn't a Suf-

fragist, so I must be an Anti. That seemed sound, I thought—at all events, it was the line of least resistance. So I agreed, and went on painting pictures quite happily, till one of them dragged me to a meeting, where they said things."

"What things?" asked Mary Sidgwick, who had quite forgotten that she meant to leave on Cicely's arrival.

"Oh, the things they always say, I believe. About woman's natural sphere, and what it means to the race and the Empire, and all that," said the Babe. "Well, it made me rather uncomfortable, because, of course, my sphere isn't a bit like that. You can't say a picture is any real help to the race or the Empire, however well it's hung. So I came home a little worried about it all, not being a beast, at least, not a bad beast, though my job is painting and not statistics. Really, I'm not a beast, Hebe."

The laugh still throbbed in her voice, but Hebe looked round sharply from the oil stove. "What happened?" her eyes said, though she did not speak.

"Well, just as I was feeling worried," continued Cicely, "my eye fell on a leaflet about infantile mortality that some idiot—I beg your pardon, some Suffragist—had sent me. I didn't mean to read it; I've made it a rule not to read disturbing statistics because it spoils my work. But the thing caught my eye, and before I knew where I was I had read every word of it. There it all was, stamped on my mind, and—and it did spoil my work, Hebe."

"Poor Babe!" murmured Hebe, setting a cup of pale, hot tea near her on the table.

"It was hopeless," sighed Cicely. "There I was—neither fish nor fry. If I were a Suffragist I should be doing something definite to save other people's babies; if I were an Anti I should be having babies myself—at least, I think that was what the meeting meant, but the speakers were so delicate in their way of putting things that you couldn't always tell. Then my

charwoman came in; and she'd just had her eighth baby, and had lost all her work; and her husband was out of a job, and they were all starving. So, with my head a confused jumble of Suffrage statistics and Anti arguments, I hit upon a perfectly brilliant way out of it all, and offered to adopt the charwoman's seventh baby. That was the last but one," added the Babe, for the benefit of Hebe's other visitor, who was still speechless. "I've often kept dogs, you know, but never babies; and I thought it would be safer to adopt one that had got over distemper."

"Did you—did you really adopt it?" asked Mary Sidgwick, who was a polite creature, however sorely tried.

"Oh, rather!" was the emphatic reply. "The charwoman quite saw it was the best arrangement for her and for me and the baby—to say nothing of the race and the Empire. So we signed papers and things, and the baby came, one fine morning, and it didn't mind much, after the first week; and it got beautifully fat and bonny—and as for me, I was having the time of my life——"

"You, Babe!" scoffed Hebe.

"The time of my life," repeated Cicely, "when I came home, one afternoon, to find the baby gone."

"Gone?" echoed Hebe.

"Are you sure it was ever there?" asked Mrs. Sidgwick, having found the whole narration an amusing story and nothing more. She thought it odd for anyone to make up such a story, but concluded that artistic people were like that.

"I suppose the mother had just taken it?" said Hebe, who seemed, to her surprise, to be treating the story quite seriously.

Cicely nodded ruefully. "The mother came back this morning (without the darling baby), and just went for me; all about meddling with poor working mothers instead of giving them a chance of keeping their own babies alive. That Suffrage leaflet was a Sunday school hymn-book compared to

some of the home truths she gave me! I wish she'd go and talk like that to— to Lord Cromer."

In the pause that followed, Mrs. Sidgwick became conscious of two things, that Cicely's wild story was true, and secondly, that Hebe wanted to be alone with her. For that matter, however, they both seemed to have forgotten that anybody else was there. Cicely was still selecting dusty biscuits from the office plate, while Hebe, having created an atmosphere by putting out the oil stove, was clearing up her desk preparatory to going home.

"Hebe," said the Babe, munching biscuits, "if I'm not an Anti, does that mean I'm a Suffragist?"

"Yes," said Hebe, filing letters rapidly.

"I was afraid of it," sighed Cicely.

The laugh had gone out of her voice, and Mary Sidgwick came and took both her hands impetuously.

"I am so glad you've joined us!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, how splendidly glad you must be feeling, too!"

"Shall I feel glad soon, Hebe?" asked the Babe, when the other visitor had at last gone and the two women were alone. "I don't feel glad now."

Hebe tore up papers savagely and flung the bits wide of the waste-paper basket. "Glad?" she echoed. "It's going to drag you in two and tear you to pieces and break up your happiness in little bits. Do you suppose because you've got outside yourself for a minute and are sitting a little way off, admiring the look of your artistic soul, that it isn't going to hurt you presently?"

"No, I don't suppose it. Haven't I been watching you for the last five years?" retorted Cicely. The laugh came back into her voice as she slipped off the table and faced the woman who stood at the other end of it, tearing up old letters, leaflets, anything she could lay hands on. "You knew I should do this sooner or later," added the Babe.

"Yes," said Hebe. "I've been waiting for it to happen. I wanted it to

happen—more than I ever wanted anything for another person. But I don't know how to bear the thought of your suffering what I've suffered since I gave up my painting."

"Do you think I shan't go through with it then?" cried the Babe indignantly. She came round the table and slipped her arm through Hebe's. "It's all right, old Hebe," she said. "There must have been something very wrong with my pictures, or they wouldn't have sold so well. This thing is going to help me to find out what was wrong with them." She stopped and laughed her old, gay laugh. "It's splendid to have discovered that it's better to have no time to paint the right pictures than to have all the time there is to paint the wrong ones," she cried suddenly.

Hebe swung herself away and filled her mouth with hatpins while she put on her hat in front of a framed map of England in Parliamentary constituencies.

"I think you'll go through with it all right," she observed. — Published in "Votes for Women."

NOTICES

Victoria Weekly Meetings.

These take place in the Unitarian Hall every Tuesday evening at 8.15. We are still not satisfied with the numbers who turn up, and probably it is partly due to insufficient advertising. We cannot afford paid advertisement, and it is very difficult to find time for the necessary distribution of handbills; but however many newcomers we may welcome each week, we have always room for many more, and we are looking forward to the day when it will be necessary to give up the Unitarian Hall as too small, and take larger premises.

Volunteer Advertisement Corps.

Although this is growing slowly, we still need many more recruits, in order to relieve the strain of constant work on the few. Miss Mary Clarke, the "Baby" of the Victoria Branch, is set-

ting a splendid example to a great many of us who are older and have more time than her out-of-school hours allow her to give.

Women's Franchise Dance.

This has been postponed until the end of May or early in June,—possibly even till Carnival Week, for various reasons, and we have arranged instead to hold a Cafe Chantant on May 2nd, at the Alexandra Club. The same Committee, re-inforced by Mrs. Cuppige, is in charge of arrangements, and at present these provide for a play: "How the Vote was Won," another play, songs, gipsy fortune-tellers, and—a tremendous "draw"—dancing by Miss Bolton. We also hope to sell extra tickets for a sort of impromptu dance; those equipped with shoes will roll up the floor matting and finish up the evening with a Cinderella hop.

Everyone is wanted to help to make this known right through the City, for we want it to be the greatest success both socially and financially.

White Elephant Tea.

This will take place on the day our paper appears.

Delivery of the Magazines.

Will readers please remember to report any delay in getting their copies to Mrs. Pethick, 976 Heywood Avenue, Victoria?

The Petition.

Names continue to come in, and we shall pass our 50,000 goal with ease, if everyone will only act as a collector.

Article on "The Anti-Suffrage Point of View."

This has been postponed till next month, and its place taken by an article on a Pioneer Woman in the Old Country, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

Leaflets.

The applications for them are rather more encouraging this month. All members of Branches should understand that without an equipment of

literature they may often lose very valuable opportunities of "roping in" new subscribers.

◆ ◆ ◆
Poster Drawing.

The response to our request in last month's paper for Poster Artists has been excellent. Miss Clark has very kindly promised to do us several, and another friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, has not only offered to make posters but has also made us a really splendid design for our cover, and this month we appear for the first time in a B. C. dress.

◆ ◆ ◆
Carnival Week.

Various suggestions have already come in as to how we are to take part in the famous Victoria Carnival, and we hope to print many of these next week. Meanwhile we shall be grateful for fresh hints from all over the country. We shall also be glad to hear from any Branch members who may be coming to Victoria for the occasion, in order that they may co-operate with us in an important Provincial scheme, of which full details will be published later.

◆ ◆ ◆
AN AUSTRALIAN PETITION

We are informed that the Women's Political Association of Victoria, of which Miss Vida Goldstein is president, have forwarded to Mr. R. L. Outhwaite, M.P. in Great Britain, a former resident of Melbourne, the following petition from representative Australian women to be presented to the House of Commons:

"We, representatives of the enfranchised women of Australia, intercede on behalf of our unenfranchised sisters in the United Kingdom with the plea that honorable members shall direct the Government to introduce and pass into law a measure to enfranchise the women of your country on equal terms with men.

"In the Australian Commonwealth, and in six different States, the opponents of women suffrage voiced the same objections, the same fears, the same prophecies of failure and disaster

of a very serious nature, not only to Australia but to the whole British Empire, if our women were allowed to become part of the body politic, as are voiced in England to-day. Experience has falsified them all, and at every election our women cast their votes with an intelligence and discrimination not surpassed by the men electors. Experience teaches us also that the social and economic subjection of women by legislation in whose enactment women have no voice intensifies the social and economic subjection of men, and is against the highest interest of the State. In the name of democracy, which knows neither class nor sex, we plead for the enfranchisement of our sisters.

"Further, we make this plea because their unenfranchisement affects Australian women very closely. Australian men who go to live in England retain their political status, and can take part in electing their representatives to the House of Commons. Australian women who go to England lose their status. They are degraded to a lower political level than that of boys, aliens, criminals and lunatics. Boys may reach their legal majority and vote. Aliens may become naturalized citizens and vote. Criminals may regain their liberty and vote. Lunatics, if sufficiently 'compos mentis' to discriminate between candidates, may vote. We submit, with all due respect, that the British Parliament is guilty of grave injustice in compelling Australian women, free, self-respecting citizens in their own country, to wear the yoke of political serfdom in England.

"To the plea of those of your own country, we women voters of Australia add ours, and pray that the political right which men value above all others, be granted to the women of Great Britain and Ireland on equal terms with men."

The petition is signed by the president and secretary of the following societies, these being bodies of women voters representing every side of non-party political, philanthropic, social, and industrial life in Australia:

Victoria.—National Council of Women, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Medical Women's Society, Lady Teachers' Association, Princess Ida Club, The University, Women Public Servants' Association, Women's Co-operative Guild, Methodist Homes for Children, Ladies' Branch Shamrock Club, Australian Church Social Improvement Society, Independent Church Ladies' Reading Club, Wombalano Art Club, Women's Political Association.

South Australia.—Women's Christian Temperance Union, Women's Political Association, School for Mothers, Women's Clothing Factory.

West Australia.—National Council of Women, Women's Service Guild, Labor Women's Social Club, Australian Natives' Association, Australian Labor Federation, Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, Karra-katta Club.

New South Wales.—The Principal Women's College, the University; the President Women's Liberal League, Mudgee.

LIST OF BRANCH SECRETARIES AND REPRESENTATIVES

Point Grey—Mrs. Harvey, 834 18th Ave. W.
 Eburne—Mrs. Forbes, Terra Nova.
 New Westminster—Mrs. Wiggin, Royal Studio.
 Central Park—Mrs. Bryan, Central Park, Vancouver.
 S. Vancouver—Mrs. Houlder, James Road P. O.
 Sapperton—Transition.
 Ladner—Mrs. R. T. Wilcox, Ladner.
 Chilliwack—Mrs. Chas. Barber, "Free Press" Office.
 N. Vancouver—Mrs. J. Gallagher, P.O. N. Vancouver.
 Port Haney—Mrs. Hunter, Port Haney.
 Fairview—Mrs. Vermilyea, 1520 3rd Ave. W.
 Cloverdale—Mrs. Wright.
 Ashcroft—Mrs. Hoftl, Ashcroft.
 Agassiz—Mrs. F. Smythe, Agassiz.

Kamloops—Mrs. E. Mackenzie, 241 Seymour Street.
 Mission City—Miss C. Murray.
 Coquitlam—Mrs. Irvine.
 Abbotsford—Mrs. J. C. Campbell.
 Enderby—Mrs. Lawes (temporary), Enderby Heights.
 Vernon—Miss Parkhurst, Vernon.
 Kelowna—Mrs. D. F. Kerr, P.O. Box 565, Kelowna.
 Summerland—Miss Lipsett.
 Mrs. Jack Logie.
 Peachland—Mrs. J. B. Robinson.
 Penticton—Mrs. I. M. Stevens.
 Revelstoke—Miss J. Hardie.
 Golden—Miss Ruth Armstrong.
 Invermere—Vacant.
 Fernie—Vacant.
 Cranbrook—Mrs. W. Macfarlane.
 Mrs. J. Finlay-Smith.
 Creston—Mrs. Crompton.
 Nelson—Undecided.
 Kaslo—Mrs. John Keen.
 Rossland—Mrs. Cornish.
 Miss Cecil Moffatt.
 Greenwood—Miss Ida Shaw.
 Phoenix—Mrs. Ingram.
 Mount Pleasant—Mrs. Curtis, 12 14th Ave. E.

Other places have still no fixed representative, but will have shortly. Where no address is given, the name of the town is sufficient.

A complete list of all Branch Officials will be published next month if Secretaries and Representatives will kindly send in by May 5th, at latest.

SERMONS TO MOTHERS

(From "Votes for Women.")

Dr. Saleeby has taken it upon himself to write a whole book on Woman and Womanhood. As he hints repeatedly that it will not be palatable to advanced feminists, we are somewhat surprised to find that it is little more than an earnest plea for good motherhood, containing much that is excellent though little that is very new. We all desire girls to be healthy, to have a free choice of mate, to marry for love, and to bear children that will be loved

and well cared for. All the conditions that he deprecates, marriage without love, the risk of disease, unwilling motherhood, the double burden of child-bearing and industrial work, are the conditions of a man-governed world which Woman Suffrage will be the first step towards remedying. Does Dr. Saleeby, in his eloquent plea for the race and his regret that Suffragists do not put eugenics before the vote, not realize that the first thing women will do with their power will be to change the conditions that make life intolerable for so many of their sisters? And when he reproaches the "brilliant young lady" whose name has been so prominent in the fight for the vote because she resented the idea of new legislation for women whilst the Suffrage was withheld, does he pause for a moment to think how he would like the passing of laws affecting medical men—or eugenists—by a well-meaning Government which did not trouble to consult them?

We were not aware that prominent Suffragists discourage marriage and motherhood; it is because the Suffragists preach the same high ideals as are put forward in this book and will not take a second-best that they prefer the happiness of work to the unhappiness of a loveless marriage. If women do not now fly blindly to that estate, the reason can be found in the author's own words: "How many men would be willing to marry on the conditions with which marriage is offered to a woman . . . scarcely any men would marry, and men would very soon see to it that these conditions were utterly altered."

On the subject of motherhood, however, Dr. Saleeby has a real bee in his bonnet; it is a queen bee, and he shows her to us triumphantly as an example of supreme motherhood, breeding only, not working, and honored for her destiny. But if we are to learn from the animal kingdom, we will produce the lady spider—she eats her husband. Would this not be a simple solution of the whole question?

Dr. Saleeby wants all girls educated for motherhood, their ideals restricted

to this, their physical exertion carefully regulated, their natural inclination encouraged—and then, met with the fact that many of them will not be mothers, he finds a brilliant solution—they can be foster-mothers! He hints—though he never dares actually to say—that the work of unmarried women should be restricted to the two great "foster-mother" professions, nursing and teaching. All other work, presumably, is too intellectual, and would detract from the "factors" of motherliness.

We do not want it to be thought that we are in disagreement with Dr. Saleeby's fine plea for a perfect race. The truth is, we are a little tired of being preached at! Why was this book not called "Parents and Parenthood"? Almost everything applies to men as well; they should be taught from boyhood to be good fathers; over-exertion, physical and mental, are as injurious to them as to girls; and in order to develop in a boy a real love, pride, and tenderness towards his children that the author desires in a father, must we consider—when we get the vote—the desirability of restricting his occupations? No doubt many occupations undesirable for future fathers would occur to us if we set ourselves seriously to the problem!

We would say, with all respect, to Dr. Saleeby: "You leave woman alone; she will work out her own destiny once she has the power; and then she will see to it herself that there is good motherhood and fatherhood too."

Meantime, after a long series of books on Woman, we absolutely pine for one on Man: it must deal with the boy, the youth, the lover, the husband, and the father, and it must be written by a medical woman.

—S. B., in "Votes for Women."

The timorous souls who fear that women would not have the strength to walk up to the polls and deposit a ballot are referred to those representatives of the sex who walked 1400 miles, from New York to Albany, to remind Governor Sulzer of the Suffrage Bill.

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