

out of his way—and I feel confident without any authority whatsoever from his employers—to write impertinent letters, and to make totally unfounded charges against a public newspaper.

"The fact that you imagined that you were dealing with a lady enhances the courtesy, as well as the courage, of your expressions; and I would suggest that before you next indulge in epistolary insolence, you would be wise to first make sure of the sex of your correspondent.—I am, Sir, obediently yours,

"THE EDITOR.

"The Secretary, St. Mary's Hospital,
"Paddington, London, W."

We cannot congratulate the Committee of St. Mary's Hospital upon their Secretary, but we warn them that unless they curb his impertinence to those he favours with his correspondence, very considerable damage may be caused to their Institution. And now that we are discussing the matter, we desire to ask the Committee whether they have authorised Mr. Thomas Ryan to use the stationery of St. Mary's Hospital, in conducting the correspondence of the Hospitals' Association. Because we have before us copies of various letters addressed to the Secretary of that Association, at its offices in the Strand, and answered by Mr. Thomas Ryan on the stamped paper of St. Mary's Hospital.

Our attention has been recalled to Mr. Thomas Ryan by the advent on the scene of Mr. Owen Ryan, who appears to combine his brother's insolence with that haughty despotism which is so significant of a person clad in a little brief authority. We can, however, commend for adoption by his brother his frugality in the employment of writing-paper. The other day our Publishers apparently sent this monarch in Marylebone Road a circular note, asking for an advertisement peculiarly fitted for these columns, and which, in fact, ought to have appeared in this Journal, if the Committee of Queen Charlotte's Hospital desired the best class of candidates to apply for the post then vacant. Mr. Owen Ryan returned us this printed letter, with the following words scrawled on it: "I do not intend to advertise in your paper." We have grounds for believing that this Journal will survive even if this most important personage withholds the light of his countenance from it. But, upon principle, we object to the paid servant of a public Charity assuming the airs of an autocrat. If, however, the Committee and Medical Staff of Queen Charlotte's Hospital are the absolute non-entities Mr. Ryan seems to assume, and if the

Secretary has the sole disposal of the funds of the Institution, we consider that this important fact should be publicly announced to those who support the Charity, as speedily as possible.

IRISH POLITICS AND HOSPITALS.

WHEN all the Irish political rows are over, or—not to wait for the Millennium—at all events, when there is a lull, and Parnellites and anti-Parnellites abstain for a short period from breaking one another's heads with the classical shillalagh, the party leaders on both sides ought certainly to subscribe a round sum to those Hospitals and Infirmaries that have tended the wounds of the injured Paddies. A short while ago the Out-patient Departments of two well-known Infirmaries were kept busy until a late hour, attending to the injuries, "chiefly scalp-wounds," of some sixty or seventy too energetic politicians. The close of an account of some election work at Cork is as graphic as it is simple: "A number of persons were then removed to the hospital." Considering that all the rioting is solely undertaken for the benefit of old Ireland, perhaps the Defence Fund might be available for a small subscription for those who supply the sticking-plaster for the broken heads.

SURGEON PARKE AND THE PIGMY NURSE.

THE history of Stanley's faithful march through Central Africa has been written and re-written, journalised and illustrated, till we seem to know each step of the dark and disastrous road that cost so many lives. We have criticised from our comfortable chairs the deeds of the men who marched, worked, and acted, carrying their lives in their hands; and we have doubtless decided many questions, about which they were doubtful, entirely to our own satisfaction. There really seemed nothing more to say about the expedition. But the story, as told by Surgeon Parke, just published, contains plenty of fresh interest, for it is the medical history of the expedition. It contains accounts of the fevers in those awful woods and swamps; of the terrible deaths from poisoned arrows, with scientific details and descriptions of experiments made by Surgeon Parke on animals with those deadly poisons that the pigmies use on their weapons, which will give the Anti-Vivisectionists, doubtless, *un mauvais quart d'heure*. But, perhaps, the most interesting figure in his book is the pigmy woman he bought for a few handfuls of rice and corn, who assisted the adventurers to find roots and nuts; helped Surgeon Parke in his poison researches; turned out an invaluable sick Nurse, helping to tend the sick and wounded, in their terrible tetanoid spasms. Though she was neither trained nor certificated she proved herself the most handy of Nurses, thoroughly deserving of the Royal Red Cross. Surgeon Parke is one of the most picturesque as well as popular members of the expedition, and his interesting book, with the pigmy heroine, is sure to be much appreciated.

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