

The working classes of Newcastle are responding nobly to the appeal for donations to their new Infirmary. At a meeting of work-people employed at Maling's Old Pottery they unanimously agreed to subscribe to the fund. The workmen of Allhusen's chemical works unanimously agreed to make a weekly subscription, which will amount to £225, while the men of the Elswick shipyard have agreed to continue their subscription until it reaches £1,000.

The Committee of the North-eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, consider the need of providing increased accommodation for the general staff so urgent, that they have decided to take steps to carry out as soon as possible the completion of the Hospital in accordance with the original scheme. They make an appeal for funds to enable them to carry out this necessary work. The benefits conferred by this Hospital upon many of the very poor are well known, and the standard of its surgical work entitles it to rank high in the Hospital world, it is to be hoped therefore that the present appeal will meet with a wide and liberal response.

We learn from the *Blackburn Standard* that at a recent meeting of the Jubilee Executive Committee, designs were submitted for the silver trowel and ivory mallet, with which his Worship the Mayor laid the foundation stone of the new wing of the Infirmary on Jubilee Day. An original design submitted by Mr. Whittle, jeweller, Blackburn, was accepted, and he was entrusted with the work. The upper portion of the blade of the trowel contains an impress, in relief, of a bust of Her Majesty. Underneath are the dates 1837-1897. engraved on scroll work, interwoven. The margin of the blade is elaborately engraved with scroll work, amid which the rose, thistle, and shamrock appear prominently. The handle is of ivory, surmounted with a crown carved out of the solid ivory. The mallet is of ivory, with handle also surmounted by a crown to match trowel. The design altogether is a very unique and handsome one.

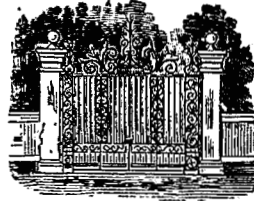
## Inventions, Preparations, &c.

### A NEW THERMOMETER.

MESSRS. HICKS, the well known firm of 8, Hatton Garden, E.C., have submitted to us a new invention, to which they have given the name of the Facilis Thermometer. The trouble with all clinical thermometers is the difficulty most people experience in shaking down the index after use. The new thermometer is so constructed (having two knife edge contractions, each contraction being as roomy as the bore itself, and still perfect in action), that its index can be "set" with perfect ease, with one or two simple swings, thus saving a great deal of time and labour. In carrying out this improvement, none of the points which distinguish good thermometers, such as rapidity of action, and open scale, have been sacrificed, for the "Facilis" contains both these advantages.

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



WE are glad that the most beautiful ode which in our opinion, has been addressed to the Queen on this unique occasion is one which has been written by a woman. We reprint for our readers the poem to which we refer, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, last Monday.

### TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY E. NESBIT.

Come forth! the world's aflame with flags and flowers,  
The shout of bells fills full the shattered air,  
This is the crown of all your golden hours,  
More than all other hours august and fair;  
This did the years prepare,  
A triumph for our Lady and our Queen,  
More rich than any king in any land hath seen.

Clothed are your streets with scarlet, gold, and blue,  
Flowers under foot and banners over head,  
And while your people's voice storms Heaven for you  
About your way are voiceless blessings shed,  
And over you are spread  
Wide wings of love, free love, tamed to your hand,  
Love that gold cannot buy, nor Majesty command.

Not these mere visible millions only, share  
Your triumph—here all English hearts beat high,  
Nations far off your royal colours wear,  
And swell with unheard voice this loyal cry  
That strikes the English sky:  
A cloud of unseen witnesses is here  
To testify how great is England's Queen, and dear.

From out the grey-veiled past, long years away,  
Come visionary faces, vision-led,  
And splendid shapes that are not of our day,  
The spirits of the mute and mighty dead,  
To see how Time has sped  
The fortunes of their England, and behold  
How much more great she is than in the days of old.

The world can see them not; but you can see,  
You the inheritor of all the past  
Wherein the dead, in noble heraldry,  
Blazoned the shield of England, and forecast  
The charge it bears at last,  
More splendid than the azure and the or  
Of the French lilies lost—long lost and sorrowed for.

Here be the weaponed men, the English folk,  
Who in long ships across the swan's bath fared,  
In whose rude tongue the voice of Freedom spoke,  
In whose rough hands the sword was bright and  
bared—  
The men who did and dared,  
And to their sons bequeathed the fighting blood  
That drives to Victory and will not be withstood.

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