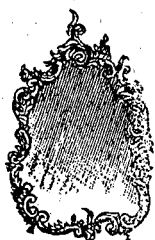


Reflections

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



THE governing body of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, largely formed of members of the City Corporation, have a Bill for the consideration of Parliament in the New Year, proposing to take over the site of Christ's Hospital, presently to be vacated by the "Blue-coat School," for the new buildings now approaching completion near Horsham. It is a large tract of ground, and seems to have escaped private sale and consequent building operations. At one time, indeed, it was rumoured that one of the great railway companies—the Midland or the Great Northern—was desirous of acquiring it for the site of a City Station. Portions of the ground, however, were once the burial places of the Greyfriars Monastery, and, unless a special Act for that purpose is obtained, cannot, according to an enactment passed sixteen years ago safeguarding disused burial grounds from disturbance, be built upon. The older portions of the cloisters still contain many mouldering old monuments.

The London Missionary Society receives £250,000 under the will of Mr. Arthington, of Leeds.

The new Doncaster workhouse, erected and furnished at a cost of nearly £70,000, has now been opened. The building is regarded as a model one, and consists of five blocks of buildings, including tramp wards, kitchen, laundry, infirmary, imbecile wards, isolation hospital, and working shops. The workhouse has given great satisfaction to the Local Government Board, and it is stated that the Emperor of Russia has requested a copy of the plans in order to erect a similar building in Russia.

There is probably no finer or more bracing air in Devon than that which is to be found on the tract of country, high above the sea level, which adjoins the South-Western Railway near Hallwill and Holsworthy. It is in that district—close by Hallwill Junction station, and commanding to the southward a pleasant and open view of field and woodland right away to the distant Dartmoor Hills—that a site has been found for the Winsford Cottage Hospital. The building with its grounds occupies just one acre. Seen from the road hard by, there is something of a continental look about the long one-storey structure, with its bright white walls relieved by the green of doors and windows and so on. Green, that most restful of colours, has, in fact, in various shades entered freely into the architect's "scheme" all through. As you enter the bright central hall, in which a fire is blazing cheerily, an inscription tells you that the hospital has been erected "to the memory of George Webb Medley, of Winsford Tower, Beaworthy, by his wife Maria Louisa Medley, 1899. The whole cost of the building and furniture has been borne by Mrs. Medley.

The *Western Mail* has started a shilling fund to help to wipe off the debt owed by the Cardiff Infirmary of £11,000, which has already brought in nearly fifteen hundred pounds.

Lord Mount Stephen, who is giving £25,000 to clear off the debt on Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, began life as a herd boy. His father was a carpenter.

A largely attended meeting of doctors was held in Glasgow last week to consider the recent decision of the General Medical Council by which an Airdrie practitioner was cashiered for employing an unqualified assistant to dispense drugs and poisons. Resolutions were passed protesting against the decision as an unwarranted use of power on the part of the Council. It was also resolved to form a protective union, and a professional committee for this purpose was appointed.

The Medical Society of Paris, says *Science Siftings*, has expressed the opinion that it is necessary to adopt some measures against the alarming spread of petroleum drinking. At first it was thought that this habit had sprung up from the increased taxation on alcohol, imposed by the French Government, but an investigation showed that this was not the case; the habit had been prevalent some time previously in certain districts, and had spread with great rapidity. The victim of the petroleum habit does not become brutal, only morose.

Quackery Up to Date.

Entirely up to date in popular methods of healing is the story of the rivals who had invented the self-same medicine, patented the same name for it, fought it out in lawsuits, yet never got the question settled as to rights, so continued to call the "Electrical Balm" each by his own name as "Rosenheim's" or "Isaac's," always sparring when they met. One day they ran into each other's arms at a railway junction, started, and glowered. "Bah! Rosenheim! is that really you? I believed you was doing time, I have not seen you for zo long!"

"Hah! Isaacs! vot are you doing here? I thought you vas already in the States Prison ven I sav you!"

"Vot am I doing here? I have come to meet a glient. Bah! I have his letter I will show you! You have time! The train vill not go yet. Listen! Dear Mr. Isaacs (you mark he calls me 'dear'),—It is now zome eighteen years since I have suffered with dyspepsia and out-of-order liver, and for all that time I have not been a well man, but—(listen to zis, Rosenheim)—since taking zix and a half boddles of your 'Electrical Balm' I find myself gombly cured. Vot do you think of that, Rosenheim?"

"Vot do I think of that?" "I also have come to see a glient, und I have his letter. I will read it you. You have time. Listen. 'My dear Mr. Rosenheim' (you note that Isaacs? I already go one better as you, he says 'My' dear Mr. Rosenheim, yours was only 'dear') My dear Mr. Rosenheim, I vas born dree and dirty years ago, midout a liver, and midout lights, thus you will see I have nevare been a well man (poor fellow, how could he be midout a liver, and midout lights?), but, after taking one and a half (yours was zix and a half)—one and a half boddles of your 'Electrical Balm' I find myself already mid a liver weighing eighteen poundts—eighteen poundts! and mit electric lights!!"

(Train goes on.)

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