

and economical materials as this firm produces it is easy to understand its popularity, and Nurses would be well advised to obtain samples of such dress materials, before purchasing similar goods elsewhere.

SANITAS SOAP.

SPECIMENS of the Eucalyptus Soap produced by the Sanitas Company have been submitted to us, and we have had them carefully tested. The soap is superfatted and strongly impregnated with Eucalyptus, forming, therefore, a very valuable antiseptic as well as a very fragrant preparation, and it should prove of especial value to surgeons and Nurses. Eucalyptus Soap can be obtained from the Sanitas Company, Limited, or through any chemist or grocer, and the price is very moderate.

CEREBOS NUTRITIVE BAKING POWDER.

WE have previously called attention to the excellence of Cerebos Salt, which, used as a condiment instead of common salt, proves not only more pleasant, but more stimulating and palatable. The same manufacturers have now produced a baking powder which contains the salt, and also adds the food strength of bran and oatmeal to those articles with which it is used. We have had it tested, and find that it makes light, digestible, and very palatable bread, cakes and puddings, and we can therefore cordially recommend it to the notice of our readers. It can be ordered from the Cerebos Salt Company of Newcastle-on-Tyne, or through any chemist or grocer.

A PILL SHOOT.

THIS most ingenious invention, which has recently been patented by Messrs. Reynolds & Branson, of Leeds, will be found useful by medical men who dispense their own drugs, and in Hospital dispensaries. It consists of four longitudinal tubes, each of which can be filled with pill boxes, and by an ingenious arrangement the required size of box can immediately be removed by opening the bottom of the shoot. The appliance hangs against the wall, and is therefore a most convenient as well as a most cleanly method of storing pill boxes. Full particulars containing prices, sizes, &c., can be obtained from the inventors, Messrs. Reynolds & Branson, Brig-gate, Leeds.



DESICCATED EGG FOOD.

THIS is a preparation which has recently been brought to our notice and appears to justify the claims which are made for it, as it is

composed of constituents which, from a practical standpoint, efficiently replace or substitute the egg for cooking purposes. At any rate the golden coloured powder thus described is, according to our experience of it, very palatable, perfectly wholesome, and a valuable addition to the *cuisine*.

The Sins of the Fathers, or the Blackbird's Ghost.

(A Legend of the Royal Free Hospital.)

BY D. CAINE.

THE midnight moon its radiance shed,
I mused on things divine and high,
When lo! a Phantom grim and dread
Came fluttering by.
A ghastly wound its breast had torn,
Its head between its claws it bore,
It flitted, restless and forlorn
All streaked with gore.
Yellow its beak, its feathers black
(They looked as though you'd better burn 'em),
Its plaintive wail came echoing back
"Where is my sternum?"
"Long, long ago I moved as free
As any bird that seeks the heavens
But I was caught and caged. Ah me!
By one named—Evans.
"And while I fluttered to escape
Thus did his words my feelings harrow,
'Its sternum's quite the proper shape
For Mr. Barrow.'
"Five cruel wrenches—and my head
Was from my quivering body rent,
My spirit from its prison fled
And heavenwards went.
"But when I reached that home of rest,
Reserved for Dicky-Birds who tried
While here on earth to do their best,
My last hope died.
"You can't come in, though much you're pitied,
Said the stern Porter at the gate,
'I'd be dismissed if I admitted
Birds in that state.
"This place has rules, you'd better learn 'em
The *whole* bird comes in here—or *none*.
You've got your head—but where's your sternum.
Go and find one!
"And so my spirit will not lie
Quiet and tranquil in the grave.
I'm not complete—my sternum I
Must and will have.
"Evans and Barrow! hated pair
By you from all my bliss I'm banished.
I'll haunt ye!" Then in wild despair
The poor ghost vanished.
Poor sprite, thought I, hast thou not heard
That children for their parents' fault
Are punished? Think of that bad bird
Who from the vault
O Heaven swooped down and stole the nose
Of maiden innocence and beauty,
Who harmlessly hung out the clothes
And did her duty.
The punishment that he escaped,
Relentless fate has fixed on thee,
A nose is from thy sternum shaped
At the Royal Free.

—Medical Women's Magazine.

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