

with the utmost taste, and each bedroom prettier than the last. And what is an enormous attraction, deny it as we may, the commissariat is commanded by an expert *cuisinière*. Well-cooked and appetising food is of the utmost importance where health is concerned, and this is provided at the Cliffe Hydro Hotel. The train service to Ilfracombe now brings it within a few hours of London, and a more invigorating and lovely place it would be difficult to find—even in this most beautiful of all lands—in which to rest, to seek relief from pain, or to enjoy a thoroughly delightful holiday.

### Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

The King has forwarded to the Mayor of Windsor £400 from the Windsor Castle State Apartments Fund towards the fund for building the new King Edward the Seventh's Hospital and Dispensary at Windsor. His Majesty has also given £100 to the funds of the present infirmary.

The secretary of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, had a welcome surprise on Christmas Day. One of the letters which arrived by the first post contained a cheque for £1,000 from a donor, who desired to remain anonymous, with the brief and seasonal note: "A Christmas gift to the building fund."

The prize of £100 and a silver cup offered by Mr. Edgar Speyer for the best essay on the economical management of an efficient voluntary hospital has been awarded to Mr. Godfrey H. Hamilton, secretary of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic. Twenty essays were sent in.

The King has granted a Royal Charter to the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, 234, Great Portland Street. His Majesty and the Queen have also extended their patronage to the institution, which is an amalgamation of the late Royal Orthopædic Hospital and the late National Orthopædic Hospital.

Birmingham hospitals seem in luck's way just now. Mr. John Feeney has bequeathed £89,000 to various institutions in the district. The General Hospital comes in for £10,000, and the Queen's, Eye, Women's, and Children's Hospitals for £1,000 each.

Mrs. Crowther, widow of Mr. Joseph Crowther, J.P., of Huddersfield, who was killed recently in a motor-car accident, has forwarded to the governors of the Huddersfield Infirmary £1,000 as a gift from herself and family to endow a bed to perpetuate the memory of her late husband. This is the first bed endowed in the infirmary.

Mrs. Umfreville Pickering has generously given £1,050 to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith Road, W., through Dr. D. W. C. Hood.

### The Nurse at Home.

There is a little stir of excitement in the village. Nurse Grey is coming home. She is, one may say, "booked in advance."

"So you are expecting your sister? How nice! I am sure she will be glad of a rest; nursing is such tiring work, and, by the way, don't let me forget to ask her advice about dear Cissy. I can't understand why the child gets these frequent headaches."

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but is it to-morrow your sister's coming? She'll not think it forward of me I hope, but I would like to ask her to tell me something to give my old man. He do cough shocking bad."

It is a matter of family etiquette that medical subjects, never much in favour, shall be entirely excluded from the conversation during her visit; and any unlucky member who is so thoughtless as to be ill is viewed with intense disapproval, to say the least of it, by the others. Therefore, they are not pleased at the eagerness displayed by outsiders to make the most of their chance.

As a matter of course the tale of accidents in the village for the whole year condenses itself into that one short month. The relatives of each victim, as they hastily summon Nurse Grey, seem to think that no small credit is due to them for giving her such a splendid chance to show her skill, and "keep her hand in."

Says "Mrs. Squire" to herself one fine morning, "This would be a good opportunity to see if the course of massage Doctor Lang ordered for Nora's back really would be of any use. I am sure Miss Grey would take half fees, as she is home for her holidays, it would be a little pocket money for her. And, of course, if it does not do any good it will be useless to get a permanent masseuse when she is gone. I will go and see her about it."

And she does forthwith.

The really kind and hospitable feeling of the village is shown, as usual, in a round of somewhat stiff tea-parties given in Nurse Grey's honour; but these are accounted by the givers as failures, because their guest will not thrill them with gruesome tales of cases, and, being a sociable soul, desires rather to talk of books, dress, the news of the village, anything outside her own profession.

The family have all returned from a picnic one evening, tired, hungry, but happy. They find the rector sitting in the drawing-room, impatiently awaiting the return of the nurse. To do him justice, being a very hard worker himself, probably the only one in the village, he is

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