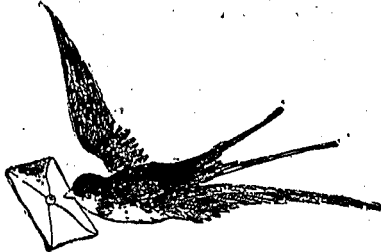


Our Foreign Letter.

A GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL IN EGYPT.



To the average Fel-lâh the name Government strikes terror to the heart; and as for the Government Hospitals those who have

not already tried for themselves have a kind of innate fear of them. Yet, to look at the fine buildings and well kept gardens one wonders how such feelings exist, or so thought we as we entered the gates of the pretty little Government Hospital of Assiout.

The stiffness and lack of taste too often seen in Eastern gardens was entirely absent, and delightfully arranged grounds surrounding a very picturesque little building, giving a sense of rest and coolness, opened to the view!

At the door we were met by one of the native doctors in charge, who received us most courteously and at once proceeded to show us round the place, which is comparatively new. To the right as we entered we came to the men's surgical ward, large, fresh, and cool. How much the latter means only those can know who have lived through an Egyptian summer! Running round the side of the ward was a fine verandah on which several patients were resting. To the left was a similar ward for "medical" men. Leading off from the central hall was a charming little dispensary, in charge of a qualified native chemist, while further on a short shut-off corridor led to the splint room, and had the operating rooms, both aseptic and septic, opening off it on either side. These, of course, were ideal, large and bright, with almost all one side glass, while both rooms have large, well fitted-up, sterilising rooms attached. This department was in charge of a pretty little Italian nun, who no doubt is kept quite busy, as every morning all the dressings are sterilised in drums and sent round to the wards in time for the doctor's visit; also they operate in one, or both rooms daily. We then passed on to the laboratory; here we learned, among other interesting things, that every day the milk supply is tested, and, if not up to par, the whole quantity is promptly returned. The hospital, always keeping a good store of tinned milk, can afford to be independent. No doubt, they seldom have occasion to resort to it. On the top floor were the women's wards just like those for the men. Everything looked spotless, and the women so happy and comfortable, as doubtless they were, for the hospital is staffed with four hard-working little Italian Sisters, whose sweet faces and fresh uniforms gave a homely look to the place. The bath-rooms and lavatories, though beautifully clean, were quite unlike those in an English hospital. For instance, the Arab would never consent to be bathed in an European bath, therefore those out

here consist of a room with a stone floor supplied with drains, on which the patient stands while he receives a shower bath. We next visited the maternity ward, in charge of a Syrian midwife, and saw two sweet wee Egyptian mites!

Passing downstairs again and out, we came to a small block with barred windows. Here, the doctor told us, criminal cases, when sent down from the prison, were nursed. Near by was a building where the insane were placed for a short time under observation before being finally sent on to the Cairo Asylum. We then saw the out-patients' department, where numbers of poor are treated. Near by this we came to a room outside of which some 15 or 20 women were waiting. We thought it, too, belonged to this department, but were told that it was where lectures were given on midwifery and hygiene to any women from the town who cared to register.

As we walked through the grounds, we remarked on the numbers of vines weighed down with loofahs, so the doctor explained they grew quantities on purpose for the operating rooms. When ripe they are washed well in soap and water, then boiled and placed in glass jars of bichloride of mercury 1-1000, from which they used them for washing up operating cases instead of brushes.

We were quite sorry when, having said "Good-bye" to our new friends, we found ourselves once more driving through the hot and dusty streets after the calm and cool of the Hospital.

FRANCES JACKSON-BENNETT.

Nurses' Graduation Day.

Nurses' graduation day is much more ceremonious in Canada than in the old country, and in consequence nurses value their diplomas accordingly. For instance, the graduating exercises which recently took place at the Nurses' Home at the General Hospital, Winnipeg, were attended by a large number of prominent citizens, and all the members of the medical staff.

The chair was taken by the Hon. W. Hespeler, who was supported on his right by Mr. G. F. Galt, Honorary Secretary of the Hospital, and Miss Wilson, the Lady Superintendent.

As each graduate came forward, Mr. Hespeler handed her a diploma, Mr. Galt then giving each of them a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and you can imagine how charming everyone looked smiling their thanks.

Dr. Halpenny then delivered the annual address, in the course of which he suggested that the hospital training school should be affiliated with the university or should, in some way, have the endorsement of the Government at least in the matter of the diplomas.

The following nurses were awarded prizes:—

Highest general proficiency, Miss Effie M. Ingram. Bandaging, Miss Effie M. Ingram and Miss Annie Canning. Charting, Miss Grayce M. Caldwell and Miss Victoria I. Winslow. Obstetrics, Miss Lillian M. Gray. Practical work, Miss Annie Johannesburg.

MAPLE LEAF.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)