

ported that the total number of patients in the Board's hospital on the previous Saturday was 2,758. On the motion of Mr. Helby, the returns were referred to the Hospitals Committee to report what steps might be taken so that the excess of staff over the number of patients might be discontinued. The matter was, he said, a serious one, as, during this year, only on four occasions had the number of patients exceeded the number of the staff.

"Nursing in Labrador" presented in extracts from letters from Miss Mayou, of Harrington, sent by "dog mail," are most fascinating. She writes in the *Queen's Nurses' Magazine*:—"The winter is just slipping by, the cold has not been very severe, the thermometer varying from zero to 24 degs. below, the monotony being varied by regular hurricanes, and tremendous changes in the temperature productive of coughs and colds. . . . My classes are well attended; those in cooking are liked so much that I shall try next winter to have one for the lads, who are often away for a week or more at a time fishing, sealing, cutting wood, or trapping. Their knowledge of cooking does not extend much beyond pancakes and meat fried in half-warmed fat in a frying-pan, washed down with boiled tea and molasses, and they wonder why they have a "wormeful stummick." Labrador anatomy is quite different from Gray's: rather misleading until you get used to it." Miss Mayou tells of an epidemic amongst the dogs which swept along the coast causing most serious loss. Fancy the dear doggies in the forefront of "labour." We learn "for six months in the year dogs are our only means of locomotion; they carry the mails, bring and take away our patients, haul the wood and water; in fact, are to the coast what trains, horses, street cars, etc. are to the civilised regions of the Dominion—dogs are the most valuable asset on this coast." Dear fellow workers, no doubt they are well done by, as they are of so much economic value, but we do hope they have a happy as well as a useful life.

One of the stalls at the fête and art union which is to be held on behalf of the Nurses' Home extension at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, early in April, will be staffed and furnished by the past and present nurses of the hospital. An influential committee, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, is undertaking the arrangements, and Mr. W. Epps is Hon. Secretary.

Scottish Matrons' Association.

The quarterly meeting of the Scottish Matrons' Association was held on Saturday, December 3rd, in the Board Room of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. The President, Miss A. W. Gill, R.R.C., Lady Superintendent of the Infirmary, was in the chair, and 40 other members were present, a number coming from a considerable distance. Two new members were elected. Among other subjects the Nurses' Memorial to King Edward VII. was discussed. Considerable interest was evinced in this project, and the feeling of those present was strongly in favour of making an effort to raise sufficient funds to have one of the proposed homes in Scotland.

After the meeting a visit was paid to the Diamond Jubilee block, to the kitchens which cook food for about 1,300 daily, and to the nurses' dining room, which has recently been enlarged and improved. This proved of great interest. Afterwards the members were entertained to tea by Miss Gill.

"Mrs. Bull" Recommends Registration.

Mrs. Bull asks: "What About The Nurses?" and goes on to say:—

"I shall never be astonished to hear a cry that the hospitals can get no more nurses—just as the Church can get no more curates, and for very much the same reason—a desperate want of reform in the "trade" conditions of both these professions. Already the class of girls offering themselves as hospital nurses is sinking every year, whilst, curiously enough, the class going in for City clerkships, typists, etc., is higher than it was even a few years ago. The City trains, both morning and evening, with their daily load of quiet, well-dressed, lady-like girls and women, show that plainly enough. But the poor nurses are in a sad way. A proper State registration, with its consequent protection of their uniform from the base uses of impostors and worse, is denied them. Little general servants are permitted to imitate it, and degrade it in public flirtations on park seats. And unnameable houses quite openly clothe all their inmates in this dress, or a vulgar travesty of it, with dire consequences to the real nurse. No wonder educated ladies are with difficulty persuaded to enter the ranks of such a grossly insulted army! When even the other poor souls find it all out, they, too, will strike. Then we may get registration. Meanwhile things have come to such a pass that there are actually restaurants and public places of that sort into which, according to the rules, 'no one in nurse's uniform may enter.' And this in the year of Florence Nightingale's death!"

As this paper is read by the hundred thousand, it does not present us to the public in a very self-respecting light.

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