

THE INSTITUTE OF MASSAGE AND REMEDIAL EXERCISES.

The first general meeting of the above Institute was held in the Council Chamber of the Manchester University, on Friday, 10th inst., as it had to be held within three months of the incorporation of the Institute by the Board of Trade, as it is privileged to omit the word "Limited."

The election of the Council was postponed to an adjourned meeting to receive replies from all the institutions which have been invited to support the movement.

Sir William Cobbett, Chairman of the Board of Management of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, was elected President, Sir William Milligan, Chairman of the Institute, Vice-president, Mr. James J. Fox, solicitor, Hon. Treasurer, and Dr. A. E. Barclay Hon. Secretary.

Dr. Barclay forwards from the Secretary's office, 71, King William Street, Manchester, a leaflet of the aims and objects of the Institute, to which we shall allude on a future occasion.

The signatories to the Memorandum of the Institute are: William Cobbett, solicitor; Richard Philip Goldschmidt, merchant; William Milligan, surgeon; Edward Mansfield Brockbank, physician; Mildred Alice Nodal, Matron, Royal Hospital, Salford; Frank Gidley Hazell, General Superintendent and Secretary, Royal Infirmary, Manchester; Lawrence Pilkington, colliery proprietor; and Kathleen Scott Marriott Fox, Teacher of Massage.

Miss M. E. Sparshott, Lady Superintendent, Manchester Royal Infirmary, is one of the founders.

INGRAM'S SPECIALITIES.

We desire to draw attention to the "Satinette" acid-proof aseptic bed sheetings manufactured by J. G. Ingram & Son, Hackney Wick, London, N.E., samples of which can be had on application from all chemists. These sheetings, which may be had with the fabric single or double faced with red or grey rubber, have the great advantage that they are sterilizable by boiling without deterioration. They are also guaranteed not to peel, crack, harden, or discolour. It should be noted that the word "Satinette" is branded on the selvedge.

A sheeting specially to be commended for its quality, finish, and wearing properties, is L25A extra stout, red, and double-faced, which in a width of 36 inches costs 6s. 8d. a yard.

Another of the specialities of this firm is Ingram's high-grade whirling syringe, fitted with Raine's patent vulcanite mount, which, by single pressure of the bulb, produces two sprays which operate in opposite directions. This syringe is made of high-grade quality rubber, guaranteed not to split, and prices are obtainable from all chemists.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Through all his illiteracy, the Russian peasant is nearer to reality. He does not read about life—he lives; he does not read about death—he dies; he does not read about God—he prays.—*Stephen Graham.*

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"HOPE IN SUFFERING."*

A short time ago in these pages we noticed "The Diary of a French Army Chaplain." Those who have had the privilege of reading the book itself will not wonder that its saintly author was soon called upon to write something more about the war. "Something on war and the love of God" a friend suggested might be very usefully written. In the author's note we find: "This little book will be all that I want if it strengthens the shaken faith of one single soul, if it brings comfort to one wife who has lost her husband, one mother who has lost her son."

Like its predecessor, the power of this book lies in the way that what are (alas!) the now daily experiences of those who have in any way the privilege of ministering to the sick and wounded are recorded. No tragic effect is aimed at, no colouring added, or is needed, to the narration of human suffering as observed by a singularly devout and sympathetic nature.

The soldier-priest, blinded by his terrible injuries, and as yet ignorant that his condition will be permanent, receives his terrible decree from the Abbé.

"His pious sister, a nurse in a provincial hospital, who had been allowed to come and spend every day with him, sometimes seemed distressed. Good child, how she loved her brother! They were twins. Though the doctor asked her, she could not bring herself to tell him of the operation he was to undergo.

"I am trying to prepare him, sometimes seriously, sometimes by joking paradoxes, for he likes this kind of humour.

"Our Lord would not play such a trick on me. I am sure He would not."

"And I, laughing, in answer: 'He certainly would not dare! The cross, it's all very well for Him, for His Mother, and His chosen saints; but with people like us, I expect He would be very careful.'"

Finally he lets the truth filter through.

"Have you seen the doctor?"

"Yes." Then a silence, during which I put my crucifix in his hands. Then sharply and quickly like a surgeon's knife, the truth pierced into his soul; his great trouble was told him. Never again would he see the light of the sun; never again see his friends. He would always be enveloped in darkness. Beneath his breath, some exclamations of anguish. And soon the valiant disciple of Christ said, like his Master, 'My God, Thy will be done.'

"Oh, the depths of heroism hidden by God in the human soul!"

The death of a French peasant is related in like simple language. "I am ignorant of his name,

* By the Abbé Klein. Andrew Melrose, Ltd., 3, York Street, Covent Garden, London.

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