

POST-CARD EXAMINATIONS.

WE are pleased to be able to announce that in the *twenty-eighth* of this series of examination questions—

"What are Rubefacients? Describe some."—

MISS MARGARET FALCON, whose card we reproduce, has secured the prize of a book or books of the value of five shillings:—

*Miss Margaret Falcon
The Rectory
Millom. Cumberland.*
A Rubefacient is an external
irritant remedy, which acts
locally, & is not employed
to effect the constitution by
becoming absorbed. They
produce more redness
without blistering or
pus-tulation. examples -
Ammonia in weak solutions.
Compound Camphor Liniment
Ether. Alcohol & Chloroform
when evaporation is prevented.
Mustard poultice. Cayenne oil.
Mercuron. Oil of Turpentine
Capsicum. Volatile oil of
Mustard. Iodine &
Mercurial salts -
I am a subscriber.

The following have gained HONOURABLE MENTION:—

MISS EMILY SANDERSON, M.R.B.N.A.
NURSE TOWNSEND.
NURSE ADA MORRELL.
MISS M. WILKINSON.
NURSE E. PAYNE.
MISS EMILY A. BRADFIELD, M.R.B.N.A.

HUDSON'S HALF-MINUTE THERMOMETERS, 2s. 6d., free by post. Hudson's Clinical Thermometer for Practitioners, Nurses, and Hospitals, 2s. 6d., free by post. Kew Certificates, 1s. 6d. each extra. Hudson and Co., Opticians and Patentees, 5, Crosby Square, London, E.C. Write for Medical Press Opinions. [12]

WHERE TO GO.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—
"Possession," by Walter Browne, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott, followed by Mr. Corney Grain's latest Musical Sketch, entitled, "Dinners and Dinners," Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at Three.—Stalls, 6s., 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—"Killiecrumper" will be played next week.

LETTERS FROM LIFE.—No. 8.

Graithwaite.

DEAREST PHYLLIS,—I feel much more interest in your patient than in anyone you have yet described to me, and feel sure, with his passion for flowers, that he will prove a refined and intelligent creature, and I hope he has gained sufficient strength to appreciate my delicate little attention through the Parcels Post. I feel convinced the bunch of Mams., pink and yellow and mauve, which I despatched yesterday must have given him real delight. The Dad says now that we are taking in the paddock and making a new terrace, we shall require another man in the garden, and as soon as your patient is stronger you are to ask him if he would like to come.

I hear that the Queen is returning (probably next week) to Windsor, and although Her Majesty is in capital health, everyone is glad that Sir William Jenner has seriously warned her against driving out in all weathers in an open carriage. Lately she has been taking long excursions, despite the plague of rain that Balmoral (like the rest of the world) has been suffering from, and her health is far too important to the nation to be subjected to the slightest risk.

How pleased everyone is that Mr. Balfour has been made First Lord of the Treasury, and taken Mr. Smith's place as Leader of the House of Commons. He is emphatically a man who got his chance and was able to utilise it. But leading is a very different thing from driving, and a good many of his best friends wonder whether his physical strength will stand the strain. Of his abilities there is no doubt, and he has shown that easy nonchalance can cover the most dogged determination, and that his inexhaustible temper is equalled by his tact.

There is nothing else moving in the political world, and except Harvest Homes, Agricultural Shows, beanfeasts, and Yeomanry balls, everything is stagnant in the country. Abroad, attention seems to be largely concentrated upon the awful famine in Russia, more accurate accounts of which are now becoming known, and prove up to the hilt the truth of what Charlie Hansard told us of the real state of affairs—as I think I told you, weeks ago. Human beings numbering half the population of England are apparently dying of starvation, and what is worse,

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