

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S IMPERIAL MILITARY NURSING SERVICE.

The following to be Staff Nurses:—Miss Elizabeth Marie Baldwin (April 13th); Miss Jessie Mary Willcox (May 14th); Miss Florence Bennett (May 18th).

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MILITARY NURSING SERVICE FOR INDIA.

Nursing Sister Miss C. T. Smith is permitted to resign the Service, with effect from September 5, 1923.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE INSTITUTE.

TRANSFERS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Gertrude A. Payne is appointed to Northants, as second Assistant County Superintendent; Miss Alix I. Sprot to Hampstead, as Senior Nurse; Miss Gertrude Fozard, to Hampton Hill; Miss Hilda E. Hall, to Tipton; Miss Lenora Grenfell, to Sheerness; Mrs. Elsie Kershaw, to Cleckheaton; Miss Winifride M. Smith, to Torquay; Miss Ruth A. Warren, to Acle.

LEGACY FOR A NURSE.

Mrs. Edith J. Macpherson, of Westlake, West Coker, Somerset, bequeathed £100 to Miss Sarah Eastment, nurse.

PRIZE GIVING AT BRISTOL.

"There is no walk in life in which more pleasure and happiness can be given to other people who are distressed than the nursing profession."

This was but one of the well-deserved tributes accorded the nursing profession at the annual distribution of Prizes to nurses at Bristol General Hospital.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

The following were the prize-winners:—

Surgical Nursing.—1st, Nurse Bridget Gaule; 2nd, Nurse Gladys Lewis and Nurse Elsie Allart.

Medical Nursing.—1st, Nurse Ellina Rowsell; 2nd, Nurse Maude Coles.

Anatomy.—1st, Nurse Winifred Arney; 2nd, Nurse Ethel Robertson.

Physiology.—1st, Nurse Winifred Arney; 2nd, Nurse Julia Beer.

Practical Nursing.—1st, Nurse Ethel Robertson; 2nd, Nurse Eileen Sturges.

Gold Medal for General Proficiency.—Nurse Hilda G. Crosse.

Silver Medal for General Proficiency.—Nurse Ellina Rowsell.

Certificates of Efficiency.—Nurses Mary Maher, Hester Nott, and Maude Coles.

"Lottie Culverwell" Prize, given by Mrs. Samuel Hosegood to the best Nurse of her year.—Nurse Hilda Crosse.

EXAMINATION OF NURSES.

One hundred and fifty-nine candidates have now completed the Examination of the Scottish Board of Health, held in November last, and subject to the completion of three years' training in hospital, to the satisfaction of the Board, are entitled to the certificate of efficiency granted by the Board. Of this number 67 are entitled to the certificate in General Training, and 92 to the certificate in Fever Training.

THE PASSING BELL.

We regret to record the death of Miss Ethyl Horrocks, S.R.N., on December 12th, after a long and painful illness. Miss Horrocks was trained at Mill Road Infirmary, Liverpool, and worked during the war as a member of the Territorial Force Nursing Service both at home and in France. She was on the staff of the Lancashire County Council, and was a certified midwife.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY NORA C. USHER.

Nurse Ruth mused while her patient slept. It was a case of senile decay, with gastric complications and a touch of bronchitis. He moaned as he slept and breathed with difficulty. Nurse knew that he would wake coughing and struggling for breath; she expected it every moment.

She had come only that morning to take temporary duty while Sir John Merry's permanent nurse was on holiday for Christmas. It was an ordinary case, not specially interesting, but Nurse Ruth was tender-hearted and her sympathy was drawn out to the lonely old man who was making a brave fight for life.

"Merry!" He was far from being that. On the mantelpiece were ranged Christmas cards, with wishes for a "Merry Christmas"! What a farce!

And Nurse herself—what about her Christmas? Would it be merry? She smiled at the thought. She had almost forgotten what the word meant. Her last merry Christmas had been spent in the company of a friend, also named Merry, and it had ended in misery.

Merry—it was an unusual name, but she had never heard that her friend had any relations.

A choking sound from the patient; she hastened to his aid. Softly and gently she ministered to him till the attack passed and he sank back, panting and gasping, on the pillow, lapsing almost immediately into the sleep of weakness and old age.

After making up the fire she sat down again, and her mind strayed into the past. She had always been impetuous; her chief fault had been her temper. She recalled her parting with Alfred Merry. How her tongue had lashed and stung him! She had gloried in it at the time; but now, after ten years, she was filled with shame at the recollection. With the passing years one changes one's view-point.

What a merry boy he had been—was he merry still?

The postman's knock sounded in the quiet street. It was the last post on Christmas Eve; there was something for every house. The maid brought up two letters for Sir John Merry. More futile Christmas wishes, no doubt.

Sir John stirred as she closed the door.

"Open the letters and read them to me, nurse."

The first one was soon disposed of, but as she opened the second the handwriting seemed to stand out in living characters on the paper. There could be no mistake about that handwriting; she did not need the signature to reveal to her from whom it came.

It was very brief; simply telling "dear Uncle John" that the writer would drop in some time on Christmas Day, and that he was sorry to hear of this bad attack. "I'll cheer you up," he ended. "You know I am Merry by name and merry by nature, and so are you."

The old man chuckled at the idea.

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