

"No" I answer, quite coolly, "you are the Superintendent of this Institution, and my business is with you."

But he upraises his hands in nervous agitation.

"No! really, I assure you—you are mistaken, I have nothing to do with the Nurses, except quite nominally, er, er—that is the Matron—er, er—the Matron interviews and reports, you know.

I look at him quietly—a spare sharp featured trim little man, with quite a military air—and *such* kindly eyes—poor dear weak little man, he is universally respected and beloved, in spite of his deplorable lack of moral courage.

I place the morphia bottle upon his desk. "I have come to deposit this bottle with you; it has doubtless been reported to you, that No. 9 in Matthew ward, died last night from the effects of an injection of morphia, given in mistake for ergotine—I wish to explain."

The General Director has not yet returned to his seat; he gives a hasty glance at the door; it is close shut—he straightens himself up—his moustache bristles severely.

"My dear young lady, I must once again suggest that it is in the Matron's office you must explain this unfortunate affair."

I walk forward a step or two, rest my hand on the desk, and fix him.

"Is the Matron in charge of this Hospital," I ask quietly, "is she responsible to the public for the accidental death of the patients? *What are you?*"

We stare at one another for half a minute. Then he says curtly:—

"Sit down"—and down I sit.

"What have you to say?" he questions in a half whisper.

"That I am quite determined not to accept any blame whatever for this accident."

"Who has blamed you?"

"Sister Matthew has already called me a murderess in public, so I have come to give you a true statement of the case, as I recognise you as the responsible head of the Hospital in the absence of the Committee."

I then state the facts, and I add as I rise to leave the office:—

"The organization of the Nursing Department in this Hospital is rotten to the core. This accident is only a little more serious than many which occur and are hushed up. No. 9's death is due to the shameful neglect of duty on the part of the Committee of this Hospital—men who have undertaken grave responsibilities, and have *failed to perform them*—men who, through unpardonable weakness, have permitted the absolute autocracy of an ignorant and unscrupulous woman. The whole thing is a sham and a fraud. Don't be angry, I must speak out for once (for my victim is growing paler and paler with agitation), and you know I am speaking truth."

Poor little man, he is simply trembling with excitement.

He leans over his desk, and whispers earnestly in my ear—

"My dear young lady." Hush! hush! let me pray of you. Be discreet, for your own sake, let me beg of you—let this interview remain unknown; you are carried away by your feelings; you—I—I ought to report you to the Matron."

"But you will not," and I rise up laughing in spite of myself, "because I am not afraid of your Matron or your

## MR. WAY,

35, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

(OVER DOLLOND'S, OPTICIANS.)

The actual Manufacturer of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, and Inventor of Skeleton and Perforated Palates. Teeth Fitted without the removal of Stumps; also on the American System, without plates or wires. Mr. WAY was a pupil of Mr. J. Miller, Surgeon-Dentist, late of Regent Street, W., and five years manager and operator to Mr. L. H. Goodman, of Ludgate Hill.

Complete Set of Prize Medal Artificial Teeth, £1 1s. Single Tooth, 2s. 6d.

*All Work personally superintended and guaranteed for five years.*

SPECIAL TERMS FOR MEMBERS OF THE NURSING PROFESSION.

**Painless Extractions and Stoppings, 2s. 6d.**

*All information and advice free. Those who have been badly fitted especially invited. Hours, 10 till 8. Saturdays, 10 till 4.*

### The London Massage and Galvanic Hospital.

For Paralysis, Epilepsy, and Diseases of Debility in Adults, and especially for Paralysis in Little Children.—Patron, The Very Rev. The DEAN OF LICHFIELD. THE SAMARITAN DEPARTMENT, 55, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, is open every week day except Saturday at 1.30, and on Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock. Free to the Destitute; others contribute a small sum. The Patients of the West End Hospital, which Dr. Tibbits founded in 1878, under the Patronage of the PRINCESS OF WALES, and the Presidency of the late DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, are now invited to transfer themselves to his care at the above Massage Hospital.

The Training School for Nurses and Private Nursing Institute is at 67, Welbeck Street. Some former Students are earning from £100 to £400 a year. Masseurs and Masseuses sent to Patients' houses; or Patients can be treated at the Institute, by Massage and all forms of Electricity, and allied Methods. Nurses trained at St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, and other London Hospitals sent to Medical and Surgical Cases; and Nurses are invited to enter as Members. Ladies and Gentlemen required as collectors for the Samaritan Department upon Liberal Terms. The Fifth Yearly Session for instruction has resumed.

JOHN SCOTT, Hon. Secretary.

### OLD SHIRTS

REFITTED, Fine Irish Linen, 2s.; or very best Irish Linen, returned free, ready to wear, 2s. 6d. Sample Shirts, for Dress or ordinary wear, any size, post free, 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., or 6s. 9d. Twilled Night Shirts, from 2s. 11d. French Print and Oxford Shirts, newest designs, very cheap. LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS.—Best 4-fold Collars, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. dozen; Collars made exact to pattern, 2s. 9d. half dozen, post free.

### IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS

Children's 1/2; Ladies' 2s. 3d.; Gent's 3s. 6d. per dozen. Hemstitched—Ladies' 2s. 11d.; Gent's, 4s. 11d. per dozen. Better qualities equally cheap. Price Lists and Patterns of all kinds of Irish Linen Goods from the cheapest to the finest qualities made for Household or Family use sent to any part of the world, post free.

**B. & E. M'HUGH & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.**

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)