

but is vitally associated with the personal well being of every Londoner, no matter to what grade of society he may belong or how sound may be his health. Without exaggerating the case in any respect, it may be said that there is no individual who is not already indebted to the hospital, although he may have never personally applied for relief, and it will not be difficult in a brief account of life in a typical general hospital to demonstrate to the healthiest and most selfish Londoner the immense benefits conferred on him, as well as upon everybody else, by our metropolitan institutions for the alleviation of the sick.

#### HOW DYER, THE MECHANIC, CAME TO ENTER THE HOSPITAL.

It is not a twelvemonth ago that a mechanic was admitted into the General Hospital suffering from a punctured eyeball. He had been employed at the Dudgeon Engineering Works on the Thames, and was within one hour of taking his discharge, when, in striking almost a final blow as his last piece of work, a bit of metal flew up and entered the eye. A few months previously the works had passed into the hands of a limited liability company, and whatever kindly feeling had at one time existed between master and man had disappeared under the new *regime*. The business was placed "on an improved footing," which meant a general reorganization and suppression of certain branches that did not pay, accompanied by a turn out of many of the old hands without any reference to the claims they had on the owners by reason of long and faithful service. Among those discharged was this hard-working mechanic, named Dyer, who had been employed most of his working life in the place, and who was of acknowledged respectability. Sickiness