

HYDROPHOBIA IS RARE.

PEOPLE WHO GET EXCITED AT THE CRY OF MAD DOG.

Much Needless Alarm When a Person is Bitten by a Dog or Cat—Common Sense the Best Remedy in Such Cases—Some Personal Experiences in the Matter.

I wonder if the perennial hydrophobia scare strikes many people in the same light as it never fails to strike me? I think not, else would we hear a great deal more about it. To my unregenerate mind, one of the most existentially funny things connected with journalism is the hydrophobia panic that seems to come into season with cinnamon roses and shad. It is a sort of hardy annual that runs a neck and neck race with the sea serpent.

Just as surely as the first warm days of June set in, the hydrophobia crank dips his facile pen in virus, composed of "rabies," "germs," and goes to work to stir up the dormant sensibilities of his fellow-creatures. The scare is late this year, like the strawberries; but never mind, it will get here just the same, even if it has "no wings at all."

Some mischievous boys trends on the narrative of an unoffending pup on a warm day, and the said pup, irritated by the heat, flies, and most likely the want of a drink of water, very properly grabs that venturesome boy by the leg and clings to him like a brother. If the dog has sense—and teeth—he usually draws blood, and then the trouble begins to brew. The victim of this awful cruelty of one animal seizes hold of his injured limb and hops home, shrieking as if all Macbeth's witches were in pursuit. [Curtain on scene first.]

In the next scene of this truly spectacular drama, the father of the boy-martyr is disclosed in the act of calling on the dog's papa—I mean his master—and swearing by all that is good and holy, and a great deal that is not—that if that dog is not immediately destroyed, may the consequences rest upon the owner's head. What they will be he only hints darkly, coupled with the name of the L. A. W., that terror, not so much of evil-doers, by any means, as of the innocent and inexperienced. The dog is probably shot, and the boy is conveyed to a Pasteur institute, his wound, which common sense and a little vinegar or salt and water would have set all right, is dressed. He is treated according to the Pasteur method, and another life snatched from the horrors of hydrophobia is heralded by the trumpet-tongue of fame all over the country.

Or perhaps it may be some maiden lady of uncertain age whose overfed ill tempered way, or her domineering short tempered Thomas cat, snaps at her, and frightens her nearly to death, and quite into the Pasteur institute; more treatment, another saved; one more proof of the great benefit to mankind of the Pasteur method, and the awful danger of keeping a dog or a cat. The newspapers get hold of the story and worry it threadbare, and then "Pro bono Publico," and "Veritas," and "Victrix," "Ratepayer," and "Common Justice" charge into the break, and rush into print with the reckless dash and sounding creak of a spaniel taking to the water.

They demand in the name of public safety that every hapless tyke and unoffending tabby shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law. They declare that as long as a dog or a cat remains upon the surface of the globe our lives are in peril. According to their view of the matter the true meaning to human life lies, not in cyclones and railway accidents, but in staying at home, and keeping a dog.

Now, granting that the statistics of mortality are to be relied on, and I am safe in saying that we never fail to hear of every case of hydrophobia that takes place—hydrophobia is the rarest of known diseases, and if ordinary care and common sense were exercised it would be even more rare.

I don't speak without understanding. I have owned a few cats in my life time and they were just as fond of a taste of human gore in the days of my boyhood as they are now, but there was no Pasteur then, and I was not in the habit of publishing my woes, lest haply I might be bereft of the author's of the same, which were dearer to me than life itself. I tied a rag round the cacerated member and concealed it, even as the Spartan concealed the fox he had stolen.

One wound in particular I remember vividly, it came from a favorite cat whom I rashly intercepted in pursuit of her legitimate prey, a large dog. In her haste and excitement puss mistook me for the dog, and what she had been reserving for him she bestowed on me. She made her teeth meet in my wrist. I can feel them now in fancy. Next day that wrist began to swell and it kept on swelling, but I veiled its glories with a piece of sticking plaster, washed it occasionally and said nothing, and when it got tired of swelling and having no notice taken of it it got well.

Pussy died of old age, and if ever I die I don't expect that it will be of hydrophobia. And the moral is: Give the dogs plenty of water and don't step on their tails if you can help it. And above all don't imagine that because you chance to get a little nip from Jack or Towser that strict etiquette demands your instantly developing symptoms of hydrophobia.

GEORFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

HAMPTON.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

JULY 16.—Piano-forte was produced by the Hampton Amateur Operatic Club at the hall in the village on Friday evening, to a crowded house, in aid of the sidewalk fund. The characters were as follows: Captain Joseph Porter, Charles Kinnear, Captain Corcoran, Ernest Whittaker, Ralph Blackstraw, Guy Kinnear, Dick Deadee, Cecil S. March, Bootsman, L. W. Peters, Midshipman, Harry Barnes, J. W. Peters, Miss M. K. Barnes, Director, Professor March.

Chorus—Messrs. Barnes, W. Stewart, T. Stewart, Brown, Fowler, Hartman, and Misses Raymond, Hammond, N. Peters, Bud Peters, Bly Fowler, Kitty Travis, Stewart, Smith. Music by Harrison's orchestra.

Too much praise cannot be given to all who took part in the play. The orchestra did not do itself justice. The musicians were not at all in tune, and failed in giving the support to the performers which was expected of them. Probably this was owing to their not having had an opportunity for rehearsal with the club. The solos were well taken; Misses Travis, Peters, and Barnes being particularly effective and pleasing in rendering the music of this fine opera, and deserving the applause which greeted them. The Messrs. Kinnear, of Sussex, added greatly to the interest of the occasion by their fine singing and acting.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity, and Mr. and Mrs. James H. McAvity are at their country residence, Lakeside, with their families, where they will stay during the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. C. A. Robertson and Miss Robertson have arrived, and are spending a few weeks at the Vendome.

Mrs. George M. Wilson and Miss M. K. Barnes paid a visit to St. John on Monday.

Mrs. George B. Brown, of New York, and Miss Lillie Whittaker, drove up from St. John on Friday, returning Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kimball spent Sunday with friends at the Hotel Vendome.

Miss Kate Caldwell, Miss Raymond, and Miss Fannie Barnes went down to the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. O. Biederman and child are located at the hotel for the summer months.

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Lovitt, Robertson, Crosby, Moses and Stoneman; Mrs. Charles R. Kelly, proprietor of the club in the absence of N. and Mrs. Lovitt, who, with Miss Emmil, are in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spinney are to spend three months in Annapolis.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Wilson, of Barrington, were in town over Sunday, at the Queen hotel.

Mr. John Curran, of New Mills, was at the Central hotel on Sunday.

Rev. A. C. Bell and family left by Thursday's train for their new home at Petticoat.

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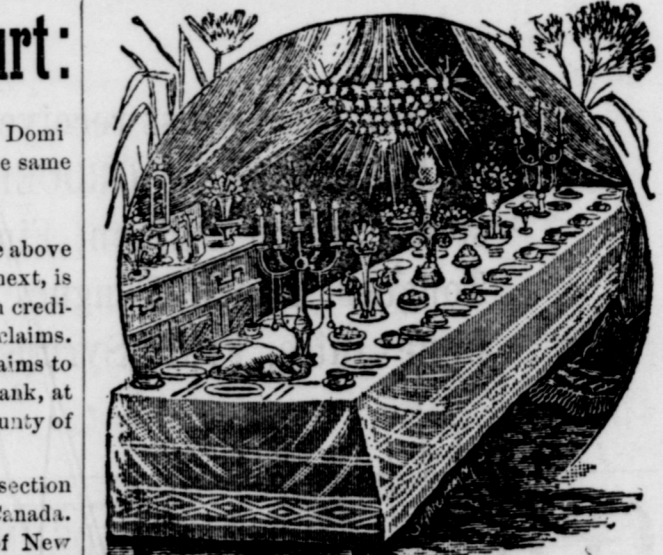
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In the Supreme Court: In the Matter of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada, and the Winding up of the same under the Winding-Up Act.

Upon the application of the Liquidators of the above Bank, the Twentieth day of September next, is hereby fixed as the day on or within which creditors of the said Bank, and others who have claims thereon may send in their claims; such claims to be sent to the Liquidators of the said Bank, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.



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