

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

VOTED THEM ALL DOWN

MONCTON HAS NO USE FOR A PERMANENT JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

The Citizens of "The Bend" Think They Are Loyal Enough, and at a Recent Meeting Squelched all Efforts to Memorialize the Queen's Long Reign.

"Vox populi, vox Dei," said the men of yore, and certainly the voice of the people was potent in ancient Rome, and carried conviction with it. It would seem to have equal weight in modern Moncton, a city not quite so important as Rome on account of its more recent origin, but still very large indeed in its own estimation, two hundred of whose electors have succeeded in pronouncing the doom of any permanent memorial for the jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign, and incidentally placing their city on a level with Irishtown, Scotch Settlement, French Village, or some of the obscure colored settlements that abound in the vicinity of St. John, Halifax and Truro. The adjourned meeting of the citizens to consider ways and means for commemorating the Diamond Jubilee took place last Tuesday evening, and was attended by a large and representative body of nearly two hundred electors who straightway proceeded to lay their heads together and form a solid block—for the Jubilee memorial. Evidently it matters little to the enlightened citizen of "go ahead Moncton" as they love to hear it called, whether Her Britannic Majesty is celebrating the sixtieth year of her reign, or not, so long as the Scott act is rigorously enforced, and their taxes are not increased to the amount of fifty cents in the year. The people who were really in earnest about the permanent memorial, and had proved their sincerity by working faithfully for their favorite schemes, had been counting quite largely upon the result of the long expected meeting and were prepared to abide cheerfully by whatever decision the electors reached. If the popular voice declared in favor of squares, then the friends of the hospital were willing to sink their own disappointment and work heartily for the success of the scheme which was the choice of the majority. If the hospital had been decided upon, then those who favored the squares would have done the same. At least this was the attitude adopted by the more sensible and public spirited of the citizens, who really had the future welfare of the city at heart, and were willing to contribute both time and money towards the success of whatever memorial was finally decided upon. Therefore it will be readily imagined that the complete fizzle in which the meeting ended was a rather unpleasant surprise to these good people, and they are only recovering from the shock by degrees. Having been thoroughly in earnest themselves they find it hard to believe that others were not equally sincere. It never seemed to dawn upon them until the night of the meeting that many of those who were apparently in favor of either one or the other scheme were merely making use of it as a bar to the success of any other suggestion that might be made; but the various motions and amendments, put, and mostly lost during the progress of the meeting together with the small number who attended left little room for doubt on the subject.

After the formal opening of the meeting those in favor of the hospital, were given the first innings, as it were, and a report was submitted by Drs. Smith, McCully, and Bourque, giving the required information concerning the building, equipment and maintenance of hospitals in cities about the size of Moncton, and built upon somewhat the same plan that was in contemplation for our own city. These reports were most favorable, and should have had the effect of raising the hospital stack several points; as they proved conclusively that it would be quite possible to maintain a hospital containing two public wards for ten patients, and two rooms for private patients together with a staff consisting of matron, two pupil nurses, cook and janitor, at an annual cost of two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. The report was most carefully prepared and set forth plainly the various sources from which the income was to be derived. The city grant asked for was one thousand dollars, and it was expected that a provincial grant of six hundred would be easily obtained. The revenue from paying patients was placed at a rather high figure of three hundred dollars, while Sunday hospital collections were set down at two hundred and fifty. These figures may look

rather high, and no doubt the rating both of collections and private patients is excessive, but still the annual expenditure is much smaller than the first estimate.

The report on squares was next submitted by Mr. Thomas Williams, chairman of the permanent memorial committee, and in connection with the report, several offers of sites for the proposed squares were also read, and a subscription list representing the very respectable sum of twelve hundred and fifteen dollars towards putting the squares in order, was also placed on the table.

The committee on sidewalks also submitted their report, and after Mr. John McKenzie had made a motion to the effect that all the reports be received and laid on the table and Mr. Edward McCarthy had seconded the motion, things flagged considerably, and even the most sanguine of newspaper men would have hesitated to mark the meeting down in his note book as "enthusiastic." The amount of modesty displayed by those free and independent electors was astonishing; no one wanted to be the first to speak lest haply he might commit himself to some act which would result in the addition of twenty five cents a year to his taxes.

At last the silence became oppressive and feeling that something must be done before the assemblage became any way leader Mr. D. Grant rose with great presence of mind and moved that the meeting adjourn. He was seconded by Mr. J. U. C. Briggs, but in spite of this support the electors aroused themselves sufficiently to vote the motion down.

Mr. J. W. Oulton then took the floor, and made the practical if rather too economical suggestion that those who were so anxious to have squares donate them. He was against an increase in taxation and in favor of having something done on the streets and sidewalks—probably because this would involve no personal outlay of any kind. He then requested the electors to vote against everything but a hospital, and let that be built by private subscription. It is well that such public spirited citizens are not too abundant. Mr. A. E. Chapman cordially endorsed Mr. Oulton's sentiments. Mr. John McKenzie made a brave effort in behalf of the squares supporting his motion at some length, and reminding the meeting that he had always been an advocate of the city securing squares. He was seconded by Mr. Edward McCarthy, but opposed by Mr. George Seaman, who thought the smaller tax payers would object to paying so large a sum for the squares. Mr. James Card then arose and said that while he was opposed to the hospital project, he was in favor of the squares, and though he was one of those who were trying to pay for a small property, he would be willing to pay his share. This called forth a reply from Mr. P. E. Heine who propounded the very original theory that the squares would only become pastures for horses and cows, and therefore he was opposed to them.

The hospital scheme was here introduced again and its claim warmly pressed. The advocates of the square in the heart of the slums, then took the floor, and after some very sensible and practical remarks from Mr. Thomas Williams regarding the probable expense of a hospital, and the urgent need of squares, the conversation became general, and amendments were in order to such an extent, that in order to prevent their being lost they had to be caught on the fly.

The vote was then taken and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for both the hospital and slum square, but twenty three hands being raised in favor of the hospital, and in order to prevent the St. George and King street squares from meeting with more success the disappointed ones promptly retaliated by winding up the meeting suddenly with an adjournment for twelve months.

Thus have less than two hundred of the so called intelligent electors of Moncton succeeded in killing everything that distantly approaches a celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. The permanent memorial was skillfully used as an instrument for the blocking of the proposed demonstration for the day itself and that having been safely disposed of, these loyal and liberal minded

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

men in their blind terror of being called upon to spend a few cents, have deliberately condemned the permanent memorial to the same fate, and in so doing placed their city on a level with any backwoods village. It would be only just and fitting if Moncton should be known in future as it was in the past as "The Bend" of the Petitcodiac River, rather than by the less appropriate but more ambitious title of the City of Moncton.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.
HIS LAST SUNDAY GAME.

He Was Betting on a Jack Pot When the Yacht Upset.

"The closest call I ever had," said the gray-haired, young-looking man, "was in a game of poker, and, curiously enough, nobody called in that particular deal in which it occurred. In fact, nobody thought about it after the interruption until it was too late for a show-down and the chips had all disappeared, nobody knew where. It takes a pretty serious happening to destroy all interest in a game of poker just at the moment when somebody has raised the limit in a big jack pot and each player is confident of winning. But this was a serious happening. It was about the most serious that I ever knew and came near being a tragedy.

"Perhaps you remember one summer about ten years ago when a succession of squalls struck the south side of Long Island on four successive Sundays. I think it was just ten years ago.

"We had a clubhouse, eight or ten of us, that summer which was located on Hicks's Beach, on the extreme western end of the Great South Bay, not far from the Long Beach Hotel. It was about as unpretentious as any clubhouse need be, being only a shanty, but it was weather proof, and with cots and hammocks we made ourselves thoroughly comfortable when we slept ashore. More often we would sleep on board the little sloop yacht that we had chartered for the summer, for we used to cruise through the entire day, using the clubhouse as a rendezvous. It was one of the jolliest and most economical seasons I ever enjoyed.

"We all knew something about sailing—I least of all—but the Commodore as we all called him, was the best amateur sailor I ever knew, and naturally we made him skipper, and nobody assumed or felt any responsibility when he was aboard.

"On this particular Sunday, the fourth in the series of equally Sundays, there were seven of us on the yacht. We had been weakfishing all the forenoon about four miles east of Wreck Head, and had had fair luck, but it was wretchedly hot, and, tiring of the sport, we had run back nearly to Hick's Beach again and come to anchor off the best bathing ground in the neighborhood, opposite the life-saving station. Then we had a plunge, and after dressing had gone into the cabin. Two of the men had gone to sleep and the rest of us had begun a game of poker. It was the last game I ever played on Sunday. The Commodore had made all sung above and had come down into the cabin last of all, satisfied that everything was right, as we were not in the channel, and no big boats navigate thereabout, anyhow. He was a good enough sailor, however, to leave the game occasionally for a moment or two, just to take a look around. But not even he thought it worth while to keep a lookout all the time,

for he thought we were as safe as we would have been in a brick house.

"After an hour or so there came a jack-pot, in which there was some of the most remarkable drawings I ever saw. The broker had opened it on a pair of queens. The Commodore sat next, and, having a pair of sevens, came in. The doctor had three spades with a queen at the head, and, being a rash player at all times, pushed in his chips. I had been having great luck for a time, and decided to rely on it, so I came in with an ace. And the lawyer came also, though he had only two little four spots in his hand. We found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and at the same time we learned what the draw was. It seemed so curious to me that I wrote it down, so I speak by the card in telling it. The doctor was dealing, so I drew the first cards. They were another ace and three eight spots. The lawyer caught another four and two tens. The broker got three jacks. The Commodore caught a seven and two nines, and the doctor got his two coveted spades. A pair of queens was high hand before the draw, and there were four fells and a flash around the board after it. Such a thing may have happened often, but I never happened to hear of its happening on any other occasion but this.

"Naturally enough the betting began furiously, and the chips on the table were all in the pot presently. We were betting money and were, some of us, feeling through our pockets for our rolls, when suddenly the Commodore threw back his head and raised his hand with a sudden gesture that arrested our attention instantly. Dropping his cards, he sprang to his feet and started to rush out on deck, when a lurch of the vessel sent us all sprawling. The squall had struck us. For a moment, while we were scrambling up, we could feel the yacht tugging at her anchor, and then with a sudden dash onward somewhere. Whether we could not even guess, being all below, but we afterward found that it was toward the northeast, the squall coming from the southwest. Almost at the moment of the snapping of the cable, for it had snapped, we heard a tremendous crash overhead, and we afterward learned that the lurch of the boat had thrown her stick out of her.

"The sudden drive meant that we were drifting helplessly toward the mud flats on the other side of the channel; but before we could ascertain this—in fact, before any of us could get to the companion way—the wretched boat turned turtle. I have heard it denied that such a boat could turn turtle under such circumstances and I don't pretend to explain how or why it did. All I

know is that it did, and it looked as if we had reached our last quarter of an hour.

"The confusion was indescribable. Of course we were immediately standing or scrambling on the ceiling of the little cabin, while everything that had been on the floor fell with us. The water rushed in more than waist deep, and for a few moments it looked as if the little room would fill up completely before we could even think what possibility there was of getting out. Fortunately, however, there was buoyancy enough about the miserable, miserable craft, and the cabin was deep enough in the hull to keep it pretty near the water level and the air in the room was not immediately displaced. At least that was how I reasoned it out. All that I can say positively is that whereas I expected to be totally submerged I found that I could easily enough keep my head out of water. What air there was in the cabin doubtless helped to keep us afloat, confined as it was, and for a time—it seemed a very long time—we were tossed about splashed, and thrown down, as the boat rocked and pitched, but we were not drowned.

"At first no one spoke. The situation was too awful for words, and it seemed as if we were all so shocked as to be mentally stunned. I know I was for one, and if our escape had depended on my thinking of a means we would have all perished then and there. Fortunately the Commodore grasped the situation and as we could talk and understand one another well enough, he told us his plan in a few words. It was simple, and it gave us at least a chance for life. Moreover it seemed to be the only chance.

"You can all swim," he said. Find a fishing line. There are plenty in the cabin. "Somebody produced one in a moment. It was on a reel.

"Hold fast to the reel," said the Commodore, "I'll take one end of the line and dive through the companion way. I think I can find my way over the side up on the bottom of the boat. I hold my end and when you feel three jerks make this end fast. Then you will have to follow, one at a time. Don't let go of the line as you go out, and you can't miss the way. I'll hold the other end.

"Very good. Commodore," said the broker, "but I'd better go first. You know what a swimmer I am, and I reckon the man who goes first will have the hardest job."

"The Commodore was disposed to dispute this proposition, but the lawyer spoke up sharply. "Let him go, Commodore," he said. "It's a forlorn hope at best, and he's far and away the best swimmer." So it was settled, and in another moment the broker had disappeared.

"Well, that's all the story. The plan worked and we were all perched on the keel inside of ten minutes." There we were seen by the life-saving patrol, and were all taken off safely soon after. I can't say I ever enjoyed yachting after that day, and, as I said, I never played poker on Sunday again."

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