

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1897.

THEIR LIVELY MEETING.

MONCTON HAS NOT YET DECIDED HOW TO CELEBRATE.

The Diamond Jubilee Celebration Question is Agitating That City to a Great Degree—An Interesting Meeting and Some of its Amusing Incidents.

The arrangements for the proper celebration of the diamond jubilee are not getting along with just that smoothness and ease which all good and loyal citizens would like to see! In fact the most marked feature of the proceedings seems to be the singular lack of unanimity amongst those in authority. The members of the new city council are too busily engaged in reconstructing the police force and trying to enforce the Scott Act, to have time or money to spend on such a trifling matter as the jubilee celebration—unless of course it could be postponed until the twelfth of July and made a sort of subordinate adjunct to the yearly commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, when it would meet with their hearty support—Their one idea of good municipal government seems to consist of a frantic pursuit of everyone who keeps a restaurant or oyster saloon and an equally insane persecution of every private citizen who takes the liberty of indulging in an oyster stew at his favorite restaurant. To such an extent have the new council carried their love of the pleasures of the chase, that it is no longer safe to partake of an innocent specimen of either Connors' or Sam Seaman's culinary skill, in the shape of a stew, unless one is prepared to be subpoenaed and hauled before the Cadi next day, in order to take a solemn oath that the feast was not accompanied by a glass of ale, and that deponent observed no indications of the sale of "licker" anywhere on the premises. Of course it is very unpleasant for those who have strong views on the subject of personal liberty to have to submit to such a state of things; but then we have been getting accustomed to middle age methods lately, and it is one of the penalties one must pay for the privilege of living in a city like Moncton. Still there are other things in a city that require a little attention besides the police force and the bar-rooms, and I notice that the council has actually neglected to supply us with the usual complement of cinders to tramp down and track into our houses this spring. So great has been the zeal displayed in other directions that they have left us the pure unadulterated mud to wallow through, on the side streets. But to give them their due they are cleaning up a good deal of another kind of mud that has long disgraced our city, and though the process is causing the hearts of many of our gilded youths to quake with apprehension it is giving great satisfaction to the more respectable members of the community. But to return to the jubilee celebration—If nothing very definite has been decided upon so far, the preliminaries have at least afforded a good deal of amusement to the onlookers, and in one case a healthy amount of excitement as well. A meeting was held in the Opera house last Wednesday evening, in order to discuss ways and means of doing honor to our revered sovereign with as little outlay as possible.

The rival merits of the park and hospital schemes were thoroughly discussed, and while the balance showed a decided inclination in favor of the hospital the decision to lay the matter aside for a month until further information could be obtained was a wise one, as the subject is one requiring careful consideration.

With regard to the proposed celebration of the day itself there was great diversity of opinion the majority being in favor of a demonstration worthy of the occasion, while a respectable minority objected to the necessary outlay, and thought the money should be put into a permanent memorial. The amount asked for by the committee in charge of the celebration is a thousand dollars, which is of course quite a sum of money, but then it is most unlikely that the city council will ever be asked for a like sum, for the same purpose as the longest reign will probably not be duplicated during the present generation. But at the same time the more economical of the citizens decided that loyalty at that price came too high, and some parsimonious souls suggested two hundred dollars, as coming more near the mark for a great municipal demonstration in an important city like our own. There were just two generous, and public-spirited citizens at the meeting who were in favor

of voting the whole sum asked for among so many; their opinion counted for little, and it was finally decided to ask the council for a grant of five hundred dollars, and endeavour to raise the remaining five hundred by private subscription. During the discussion, the president of the Law and Order League, who was present because incensed at a fancied insult, and promptly divesting himself of his coat, squared off at his supposed enemy and called upon him to wipe out the affront, if not exactly in blood, at least with fists. The latter was nothing loth, and for a few moments a person with a very vivid imagination might almost have imagined himself in Carson city; but friends interfered, to prevent bloodshed, and when it was ascertained that the deadly insult had in reality proceeded from two young boys, who happened to be seated between the doughty president and his opponent, and who had ventured to express their disapproval of the suggestion that there should be no demonstration whatever, by groans and hisses—peace was restored, and the meeting adjourned for one month.

By a coincidence which is indeed singular, a clause was inserted in the new lease of the Opera house at the next meeting of the city council, prohibiting that building being used in future for boxing exhibitions or "fistic" exhibitions of any description whatever! Therefore, if any of the citizens should feel beligerently disposed at the next meeting a month hence they will have to restrain their feelings until they get outside.

I have not heard that the council have taken any action with regard to the five hundred dollar appropriation, but it seems to me that things look slightly blue for any extensive celebration of Her Majesty's diamond jubilee by her loyal subjects in Moncton.

I have been looking up some hospital statistics since last week, and I find that even a small hospital is a much more expensive luxury than I had thought, though I took a far from optimistic view of the outlay connected with such institutions. The Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal was built and endowed by Sir Donald Smith, and I think Lord Mount Stephen each of whom contributed half a million dollars towards the work. In spite of the popularity of the institution, and the support given to it in a city like Montreal, the sum was found insufficient to keep up the hospital, and a further gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was bestowed lately by the ever generous Sir Donald. Of course the Royal Victoria is in every respect a model hospital, and no money is spared in its equipment, or management, but if such an institution with the reputation for general excellence enjoyed by the Victoria, cannot be made to support itself with the aid of so liberal an endowment, in such a city as Montreal, how would it be possible for even a cottage hospital to be self supporting in Moncton? The citizens may be called upon to answer that question at some future time, and it is as well to give the subject serious thought before coming to a decision. The experience of the people of Halifax with the Victoria general hospital in that city has been far from encouraging. It has already cost the taxpayers sixty four thousand dollars merely for enlarging it to afford more accommodation, and the nurse's home in connection with it, which was found to be an absolute necessity, cost over ten thousand more. With the most careful finagling the annual cost of a patient is four hundred and sixteen dollars and some cents and as the expenditure last year was fifty-three thousand and ninety-five dollars, against an income of six thousand four hundred and sixty-one, the hospital cost the province just forty seven thousand two hundred and thirty-four dollars. How figures are popularly supposed to be as incapable of telling an untruth as dear little George Washington was, and if that is the case, I should think these would prove discouraging to even the most ardent supporters of the hospital scheme in Moncton, as the question, "Who is going to pay it?"—is a very burning one.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

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TOLD BY DICKENS'S MANAGER.

Reminiscences of the Man Who Piloted the Novelist Through America.

Does any one remember George Dolby? I imagine not. Yet thirty years ago this very winter he was one of the busiest and best known men in America. In 1867 Charles Dickens determined to give a series of readings in the United States. Mr. Dolby, as manager, preceded him, and assumed entire charge of the business arrangements. That the venture was a success may be judged by the result. Dickens remained five months in America, during which period he gave seventy-six readings. The receipts for these entertainments were \$228,000, the expenses \$39,000.

I went to call upon Mr. Dolby not long ago, because everything pertaining to the personality of the novelist has for me a wonderful fascination. I have talked with Scott, who was Dickens's valet, and so have formed a new and pleasant idea of the genius of the master, as viewed from the standpoint of his servant. Prior to his death I sat for two hours with the late Frederick Chapman, the head of the firm who were Dickens's earliest publishers, and listened entranced as he related reminiscences of the great author's career. But neither of these men knew Dickens's so intimately as did George Dolby, nor had they such opportunity of studying his moods and characteristics.

Time and fortune have been unkind to the former manager. I found him in humble lodgings, broken in health and spirit and partially dependent upon charity. Yet he received me graciously, and once aware of the object of my visit he became enthusiastic. It was easy to divine that his connection with the novelist had formed the chief episode in the life of the white-haired old man sitting before me.

"I became acquainted with Dickens in 1866," said Mr. Dolby. "In that year the firm of Messrs. Chappell offered him £1,500 for thirty public readings in London and the provinces. I was selected as manager. I shall never forget the first interview I had with him in relation to the project. I went to the office of 'All the Year Round,' in Wellington street and submitted my plans, with which he expressed himself thoroughly satisfied. When I took leave he shook me heartily by the hand and with a deep, earnest look in his eyes said: 'I hope we shall like each other on the termination of the tour as much as we seem to do now.'"

"Thereafter until his last public appearance I was his only manager. I accompanied him everywhere while engaged in reading, and went with him to America. My experience with him was ever delightful, and I love to recall it while sitting alone here. He was the kindest hearted man I ever have known. Many and many a time when on tour we came across old associates who were down on their luck.

"Dickens would say to me, after the reading: 'Joey let me have £20 in crisp, new bank notes, and I want to be alone to-morrow from 12 to 2.' I knew what this meant. He had invited his old friends to call at this hour, and such friends didn't go away poorer.

"Let me tell you why he called me 'Joey.' Dickens was exceedingly fond, when

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in merry mood, of assuming, for the moment, the role of clown in the stock pantomime. You know he was a wonderfully clever actor. Well, if I had happened into his room at the hotel and said, 'Every seat is sold—a great house to-night,' he would get up, if in the mood, instantly, assume the attitude of the clown when particularly pleased, and thump me approvingly on the back. Taking my cue, I would say, 'Keep it up, old Un.' You know that in theatrical phrase the clown is dubbed 'Old Un,' the pantaloon 'Joey.'"

"An amusing instance of this fooling comes to me. Mr. W. H. Wills and myself were one day walking with him at South sea. We came upon a small square the houses in which resembled a scene set for the comic business of a pantomime. Here the temptation to Mr. Dickens to indulge his predilection presented itself. The street being entirely clear of people, Mr. Dickens mounted three steps leading to one of the houses, and, having given three raps on the door post, was proceeding to lie down on the upper step, clown fashion, when the door suddenly opened and a stout woman appeared, to the intense amusement of Mr. Wills and myself, who immediately beat a retreat, followed by Dickens with an imaginary policeman after him. We turned to take a parting look at the scene of action, when, to our dismay, we saw every doorstep and doorway occupied by the tenants of the house.

"Dickens had certain peculiarities which I had opportunity of observing. He greatly disliked, for instance, to enter any shop to make small purchases. Many a time I have been called upon to purchase gloves or other trifles for him. I never could understand the reason for this, unless it was that he objected to being recognized and stared at. He was certainly on the watch for new and striking names, and with this object in view was always reading shop signs. He was, I remember, particularly pleased with the name 'Pumblechook,' one of the characters in 'Great Expectations.' He had, I imagine, evolved the name from his own imagination. Once when we were at Birmingham I noticed that he kept his head out of the carriage window while riding from the station to the hotel. Finally I asked him the reason, and he replied: 'I am very much afraid that I may come across the name 'Pumblechook.'"

"Dickens was fond of reading his own books. Once at Liverpool, where we had an off night, I was obliged to leave him to himself for an evening. He asked me to call at a bookseller's and send him something to read. I asked him what he would like, and he replied, 'Anything of Sir Walter Scott's or my own.' I purchased 'Old Curiosity Shop' and took it to him myself, whereat he was delighted, saying he had

not read the book for years. I was curious to see the effect of his own work on him, and upon my return was amused to find him laughing immoderately at certain incidents in the book. He explained, however, that he was not laughing at his own creations as much as at the recollection of the circumstances under which certain passages and incidents had been written.

"Dickens was one of the most abstemious men I have ever known. He ate but sparingly, and rarely took more than two glasses of wine at dinner. He was a charming host at the dinner table, and could brew a gin punch that was famous among all his friends. He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of this punch, but when it was ready I always noticed that he drank less of it than any one who might be present. Never but once did I see him 'merry.' This was in Dublin, where we had a particularly large house. Dickens had invited a Dublin friend to sup with him after the reading. Coming into the room rather late, I noticed that both were slightly happy. Dickens greeted me with a shout, arose from the table and insisted upon giving him a back at leapfrog. My pockets were bulging with money, the receipts of the night, and as he went over my head his foot caught in this protuberance of my coat, and down we both came, the coins flying in all directions. But you should have heard his peal upon peal of laughter as he scrambled to his feet and assisted me to pick up the scattered gold and silver.

"I saw Mr. Dickens for the last time on Thursday, June 2, 1870, when I called upon him at his office. He looked then sadly worn and ailing, and as if he were in great pain. Seven days later, at my own home in Ross, I had just finished shaving when my wife came into my room with a white, scared face.

"What is it? I asked.
'Charles Dickens is dead,' was the reply.
'Alas! it was true. The world had lost its favorite author, and I the dearest and best friend ever man had.'

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Put the yolk of an egg into a bowl with saltspoonful of salt and beat until light, then add a half teaspoon of dry mustard and beat again; then add olive oil, drop by drop, until it is thickening, then a few drops of vinegar and the same of lemon juice. Continue this process until the egg has absorbed a little more than a gill of oil. Finish by adding a little cayenne pepper.

A Kindly Hint.

If, as asserted, the new consul-general to Paris eats pie with his knife, he should be informed that the most enjoyable way is to take both hands.—Boston Transcript.

Drs. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor *may* be experienced. But the old doctor *must* be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy *may* be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy *must* be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—50 years of cures. If others *may* be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla *must* be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.