

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 3 1897.

## AN HOSPITAL OR A PARK.

MONCTON IS IN A QUANDRY ABOUT THE JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

A Library, an Hospital and a Park were Among the Public Projects First Mentioned in Connection With the Jubilee—What Mr. Strange Thinks.

The good people of Moncton are greatly agitated in their minds over the fitting celebration of Her Most Gracious Majesty's diamond jubilee. They are patriotically anxious to do proper honor to the occasion and not come behind the larger cities in any respect, but yet they find it difficult to agree upon the exact form which the celebration shall take.

It has been pretty well decided that we are to have a permanent memorial of some kind, but what it is to be, is still an open question! When the subject was first mooted public opinion seemed pretty equally divided between a public library, a hospital, and a park, but somehow or other the educational and literary part of the programme seems to have retired into the shade lately, and left the hospital and park factions in undisputed possession of the field. There is not the least doubt that a great deal can be said in favor of both these methods of commemorating the longest reign in history, while the public library would benefit so comparatively small a number of people, as to fall far short of the object aimed at—the greatest good, to the greatest number. Dismissing the library from the controversy, and dealing solely with the rival claims of the hospital and public square, or park, it is hard to see how any intelligent citizen, who has looked into the matter at all, can seriously advocate the hospital. "But it is needed, urgently needed I tell you!" protests the enthusiastic member of the hospital party, who has never taken the trouble to inform himself upon the subject, and has very little idea of what he is talking about—"Why sir it is an absolute disgrace, a crying blot upon our civilization that in this city of ten thousand souls, there is no provision for the sick and suffering; they might be dogs, for all the care that is expended upon them, and I, for one am ashamed that such a state of affairs should exist in an enlightened community, at the latter end of the nineteenth century."

This sounds very well, and very public spirited I know, but if the individuals who get into such a state of excitement over the want of a hospital in Moncton, would sit calmly down and do a little quiet figuring I think his ardor on the subject would cool down considerably. The trouble is however that people won't go into figures, it is too much trouble. The average man or woman who talks hospital is full of plans by which the people can secure a hospital at a nominal figure, and run it for—nothing; or so little that they would scarcely feel the expenditure. They seem to be unanimous upon one point, and that, is the needlessness of building a hospital, some building, almost any one that would not cost much, could be secured, easily made over to meet the requirements of such an institution, and the few furnishings and appliances required, purchased out of the surplus which would remain in hand after the building was finished. The matron would of course have to be a properly qualified nurse who would be paid a small salary, and she would have a couple of apprentices to assist her. Of course they would not be called apprentices they would be "students at the training school in connection with Moncton hospital;" but it would amount to the same thing in the end.

The physicians of the city could be counted upon to give their services gratuitously, and the private patients who were able and willing to pay, would assist largely in the support of the hospital, while liberal contributions from charitably disposed people aided by a scarcely appreciable increase in taxation would make up the requisite amount needed to keep the institution in perfect working order and supplied with all the necessary funds.

Such at least was the optimistic view which was taken of the hospital scheme, on the several previous occasions on which it has been discussed, for the idea is by no means a new one. But naturally the proposed memorial of the diamond jubilee takes a more extended form, and is intended to be on a much more elaborate scale. The present suggestion is to build a hospital which would cost between five and six thousand dollars,

equip it thoroughly with all the modern requirements of such an institution, have at least two competent trained nurses in charge, and support it by a sort of general assessment, assisted by the sums paid in by private patients. Now this sounds feasible enough in theory, but I am afraid it would be different in practice. In the first place, even after the requisite instruments, surgical appliances and medicines were provided the building furnished and the entire institution in perfect running order it would be impossible to keep it running with an income under three thousand, or three thousand five hundred dollars, and just now this large sum is to be raised does not appear, at present. Extra taxation has been suggested I know, but then we are rather a heavily taxed people as it is, and just how the ratepayers would view the prospect of any fresh burden in that direction remains to be seen.

The citizens are still occupied in reviling themselves, and each other for their blindness in voting for the expropriation of the water system by the city; and lamenting the halcyon days of the gaslight and water company's rule, when water was comparatively cheap, and they were not obliged to pay for it unless they had it in their houses and used it. And so keen are the city fathers on the subject of their pound of flesh, that the property owner in moderate circumstances is afraid to put a fresh coat of paint on his front fence, or mend his gateposts lest the assessors should chance to pass that way immediately afterwards, and assess him five dollars more, on the ground of improvement made on his property. Why I know respectable heads of families who refrain from having a new arrival in their households published in the papers lest their school takes should be raised to such an extent that their incomes would be insufficient to stand the additional strain.

Under these circumstances I doubt whether the public would look with favor upon any project which would involve increased taxation.

A happy idea seems to have struck one citizen who comes to the front with the suggestion that we celebrate the longest reign by providing the city not only with a public square or two, but with a hospital as well, and this is the way he proposes to secure the latter. The citizen's are to get the federal government to erect a hospital that shall be a credit to the city, and failing this get a grant from the Dominion government, another from the local government, and a third from the city, and a city council, the remainder to be raised by subscription, "or otherwise" and the income from the different benefit societies of the city is to make the institution self supporting. Perhaps it might, but I have my doubts, and it is just possible that the benefit societies might not exactly care to have their incomes garnished in this manner; they might require a little ready cash to pay their own expenses.

Of one thing I am satisfied—if Moncton had an hospital, the county would, in all likelihood refuse to contribute one cent towards its support, but the sick poor from all points in Westmorland county, would no longer be cared for at their respective almshouses, but passed on to Moncton hospital, and the city left to bear the burden of their support. This which would be all right enough, if the city could afford it, but unfortunately it can't.

To go back to the point from which I started—the hospital, besides being much the most expensive memorial, would benefit the few, while the square would be of unestimable benefit to the whole population. There are ten thousand people in Moncton and a very large proportion of these are working men and women whose lives are spent in daily toil, and who contribute their just proportion to the city's revenue, but in all this city, though there are churches, and societies galore to look after his spiritual welfare, there is not one spot where the working man can turn aside from the bustle and heat and rest himself for a few moments; or where he can take his family of a summer's evening, or a Sunday afternoon, for a few hours of rest and recreation.

Surely the well need looking after almost as much as the sick, in order that they may preserve their health, and there is no better tonic than fresh air.

The squares might cost a good deal at

SHORT'S "CHERRY-CHLOR" cures Coughs and Colds, relieves Asthma and Bronchitis, prevents Congestion of the Lungs which so often follows severe colds. 25c. and 75c. at Short's Pharmacy, and Druggists generally.

## Seven Thousand Five Hundred Pairs

## Lace Curtains

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF OUR CURTAIN TRADE in the past few seasons warrants our making an extraordinary large importation for the Spring of 1897, our purchases of the different makes of LACE CURTAINS (exclusively) having reached

Seven Thousand Five Hundred Pairs. NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS—Prices from 35 cts. to \$8.25 per pair. Our six leaders in this make are of unprecedented value: \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25 per pair. White or Ecru. Swiss Irish Point Curtains, in White, Ivory or Ecru. Prices from \$2.25 to \$23 per pair. Swiss Muslin Curtains, Frilled, sizes 54 inches wide, 3½ yards long. White or Ecru; \$2.50 and \$2.75 per pair. Frilled Fish Net Curtains, \$2.10, \$2.35, \$2.75 per pair.

GUIPURE DE ART, TAMBOURED MUSLIN, BRUSSELS, LOUIS XIV. EFFECTS, ETC.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

first but they certainly could be kept up at less than a quarter of what would be required to support a hospital, while the suggestion that we should have both, seems too impracticable to be considered. We can get the squares ourselves, the owners of the proposed sites for them have signified their willingness to accept fifty year city bonds at four per cent, in payment, and thus save the outlay of ready money, or the necessity of borrowing; while the interest on the bonds would have the effect of raising the taxes but one per cent, a burden which surely would be scarcely felt.

All this we can easily take upon ourselves, and if the Dominion government should be anxious to assist us in any way to commemorate Her Majesty's jubilee I do not know of any better way for them to do so than by continuing the good work begun by the late government, and building us the new railway station of which our city stands in such need.

GEORGEY CUTBERT STRANGE.

### SOME CIRCUS ANIMALS.

Great Nerve Displayed by a Keeper When a Lioness Got Loose.

"Circus life is not all picnic," said an old showman. "It is better to be for a long spell in a city any time than to cover the outlying country towns and cities. Many a lad who runs after the show and thinks he is lucky to get a job finds it is a rough road to travel, packing tents, etc., until 1 or 2 A. M., then sleeping on the jolting wagons until the next town is sighted, then getting up by 8 o'clock or so, getting the parade in order and setting up the tent again, and following the same programme day after day. It's easier than it used to be, though, but we have some odd experiences.

There was a man travelling with us some twenty years ago, an Englishman named Wilcox, who came to this country when quite a boy and grew up a pretty good American. He was a helper around the animals, and somehow he went to England and got a job with the old Wombwell Menagerie, long before it was sold to Manders. When the split occurred he went to the big Bellevue Garden at Manchester with some of the animals the proprietors had bought. He soon rose to be head man over the lions, tigers, &c., and had a house in a pretty little garden just within the great wall, near the entrance gates. Five nights before Christmas the lioness, a new purchase recently imported from Africa, gave birth to a litter of four cubs, and the cage front was boarded up and every care was taken of her. Well, Wilcox, went on Christmas Eve to a party with his wife, leaving his helper to feed the animals and close up. Toward midnight he returned, entered the gardens, and went to sleep in his house. An hour later his wife woke him, saying there was a noise outside in the garden, and he got up and looked out of the window. Right in front of his house, at the big gate, was that lioness with one of her cubs, and she was biting at the door and scratching for dear life to get under it, her idea being to get out in the open. In that open, within a circuit of five miles, were more than a million people. Some one must have fastened her cage, insecurely or something had gone wrong.

Wilcox slipped on his trousers and shoes, and, despite all his wile could do, he slipped out of the front door of his cottage, hurried around by the private hedge, and in the moonlight went running down through the lines of forcing houses for plants, keeping them between him and the gate as much as possible, and so vanished

from his wife's sight, in the direction of the lion's house. In a short time he reappeared right in the centre avenue with a cub in his arms, and his wife saw him come boldly right down the walk until he was within twenty yards or so of the lioness. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at her as she lay biting the door. The brute looked round, saw the man, and jumped up with an angry growl. The man bit one of the cub's ears and made it cry out just as the lioness was about crouching for a spring. At that sound she rose, her tail moved softly instead of lashing her sides, and she walked straight to the keeper. Wilcox held the cub out to her and said, "Hello Queenie," as if it was the most natural meeting in the world, and, letting her take the cub from his hand, he passed her and picked up the other one. She dropped the one she held and came to take the one he picked up getting more friendly every minute. So, picking up the cubs and giving them to her, stepping backward all the time, he slowly led the brute to her cage, and then mounting the narrow platform, pushed the iron gate open and threw a cub inside to the furthest corner. The lioness bounded in after it, he threw the other cub in also, banged the gate to, shot the bolts, and fell unconscious to the ground.

Not seeing him return his wife sounded the alarm and brought all the helpers to the cottage, and they cautiously went to look for him, and there they found him with a third cub curled up by his side. Well, the matter was of course kept quiet, the under keeper was severely scolded for carelessly shooting the bolt past the socket instead of into it, and as for Wilcox, they gave him a present of \$2,500, and his place was solid for keeps. It was a piece of good old-fashioned American-raised grit just the same.

"Animals are funny things, especially elephants; you never know when you are sure of them. Some are kind all their lives, like old Jumbo was and some are kind part of the time, but break out at last, and some are just born cussed. That little fellow that Jumbo died to save from the train was just a natural-born comedian, and when he was about four feet high he attracted more crowds to see him raise Cain than all the others with their learned tricks. Poor old Jumbo! how the children did love him, and how he loved them. There is no doubt about it; he did just love them. I remember one day, I forget if it was in Chicago or St. Louis, the children were riding him, and he was carrying them up and down along a sort of road with the crowd on either side to see him do it. With his load on his back he was coming swinging at a good round pace up to where he discharged his cargo, when a tiny tot of about 4 years, a pretty little girl, wiggled away from her mother's hand and started to run across in front of the advancing Jumbo to join a little friend opposite. Her foot tripped and down she went, right under the elephant's feet. Well, the crowd turned fain in a moment, expecting to see the child mashed; but quick as a wink that noble old beast, going full tilt, whipped his trunk round that child and handed her, safe and sound, up to the mahout on his head. Say I can hear that cheering

yet. There is many an old showman who takes a half day in New York to go and have a look at Jumbo's skeleton up in the Park.

"The monkeys, birds, antelopes, and the hippos are pretty good to get along with. The camels are nasty, vicious things, and that Arab who climbed over the fence in the Central Park menagerie a few weeks back to visit a camel was taking great chances in my opinion. But the ticklish things are the snakes. You see a snake has to be kept looking good and feeling good or it dies, and the plaguey things won't exercise themselves as a lion or any of the cats will do, so they have to be bathed every two or four weeks, according to the season and the weather. I remember one day when I was a young man we had a big case containing eight or ten pythons, ranging in size up to 18 feet long. It was fitted with a little slide door, and when we wanted to wash them we opened this door, and presently one of them would pop his head out, and the boss would grab him around the neck, pull out four feet take another hold and pull out the rest. Then I showed the slide to, and the tub of water being ready we lowered the squirming reptile into it—and they can squirm pretty hard, too. As soon as the water touched the snakes they settled right down and lay there letting the boss swash them gently around for ten minutes or so. Then he would roll them in warm blankets and drop them into the case to wiggle out of the blankets.

"One day we had the biggest brute out and in the tub when the boss looked around and said: 'I've left the blankets in the office. Take hold, Bob, and keep him moving until I get them. So I took hold of the big reptile, which was apparently half asleep, and the boss went to fetch the blankets. Just as his footsteps died away I felt something at my ankle, and turning saw another python loose on the floor coiling itself round my leg and up my body. Looking towards the case I saw the slide door was open. The snake in the water was all right, half asleep, and holding him with my left hand I grabbed the second snake with my right hand, close by the head, forcing it off from my body, and straddled my legs as wide apart as I could to prevent his tail from getting a brace hold. Then began a struggle. The tension was getting pretty hard and my right arm was being slowly forced down and in against my body. The snake in the water was beginning to squirm (I suppose I was nipping him), and I saw the head of another snake protruding from the case. I was just fit to drop when I heard the boss coming with the blankets and I yelled to him to hurry up. He came on the run, just in time to help me out. I dropped the snake in the tub, the boss seized the tail of the one round my leg and unwound it, and we dropped it back into the case. The one in the water was rolled up and shoved into the cage, and then we went after the third one and got him; but I assure you no more snakes were bathed that day."

Making a Good Beginning.

"When we are married, you will give me everything I ask?"  
"Everything, sweetheart, everything."  
And then he walked home to save car fare.—Truth.

## Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.