

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1900.

WILL OPEN IN APRIL.

The Home for Incurables Being Speedily Fitted Out for Occupancy.

Dr. Silas Alward, solicitor to the estate of the late Wallace W. Turnbull and one of the trustees of the Home for Incurable told PROGRESS this week that the Board of Management of the new hospital expected to have twenty beds in readiness for occupants by April first. At present a large number of workmen are refitting the big brick building, which is situated in that pleasant plot of land on Wentworth street, between St James and Brittain streets. The story of the late Mr. Turnbull's humane act in donating one hundred thousand dollars of his hard-earned wealth for the benefit of St. John's incurable sufferers, is long since old, but loses none of its appreciation in the hearts of the people at large. The Dominion Government was only too willing to have the old Marine Hospital, which proved a failure, devoted to the good use Mr. Turnbull suggested and readily handed it over to the beneficence of the late Ward street merchant.

For three months plumbers have been refitting the water system, bath rooms and heating apparatus. Henry Dunbrack is the contractor. Old register grates have been replaced by large and cheerful old fashioned fire-places and in numerous ways, the carpenters, masons and other workmen are doing away with as much as possible of the hospital appearance of the building and adding more homelike comforts. The building's exterior is to be repaired also, although a handsome public structure does not stand in St. John today.

Mr. Turnbull's bequest was received with great gratification by St John people as for years the need of an asylum for permanently indigent and life long suffering people had been sorely felt. Families not blessed with an over abundance of the realm's currency will appreciate the beneficence of Mr. Turnbull when they find they have a bright and airy house for their loved ones to spend their remaining few weeks, months or years in peace and comfort with all the aids of modern science and that they will be freed from the heavy expense of maintaining them in humble circumstances.

There is hardly a St. John resident unacquainted with the situation of the Marine Hospital between St. James and Brittain streets, fronting on Wentworth street and with its large garden area occupying nearly a whole block. The fence enclosing the structure and its grounds has been torn down and within its bounds the greensward and foliage impresses upon the visitor the fact of the hospital's exceptionally pleasant situation. A PROGRESS representative was shown through the big institution by Mrs. Barnes, wife of ex-superintendent Barnes, who with his family still occupy the superintendent's suite of rooms on the second floor.

From the outside the large brick structure presents a commanding position, a fitting companion for Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum in the very near vicinity. Its architecture is pleasing to the eye and exterior masonry substantial looking. A large staircase of stone leads to the main entrance where upon entering is a roomy hall with massive stairway leading from the centre of it. From this hall are approached the reception room, committee room, men's dining room, surgery with vault, medicine chests etc. In a rear hall, running crosswise in the building, are situated nurse's apartments and a big ward over 60 x 30 feet and ventilated in a very efficient manner. Fourteen large windows allow the room to be flooded with sunlight, and with repairs and renovation will be made an ideal apartment for the sick.

A large and many-roomed cellar contains two pantries, a refrigerator room, wash room, kitchen with big ranges etc. bath room, heating apparatus, and coal space for ninety tons. The heating apparatus after six years of disuse and ten years of constant working prior to the abolishing of the hospital, was no longer fit for work and was condemned, but new and modern furnaces have been put in. The ranges in the kitchen are also good for nothing but old iron.

On the second floor from the ground that the laying out of the rooms are about

the same as underneath, with the addition of linen room, morgue and some smaller apartments. The big ward on this floor however is even more pleasant than the one below, as the foliage of the trees without clusters about the windows, quite re-

Four people were employed to conduct the institution as far as the sick were concerned but at no time were there more than twenty six patients in the wards, although there were accommodations for a great many more. After running ten years, until 1893 the marine retreat was closed as an economic move by the Conservative government and has been out of use and speedily going to ruin up to few months ago when the Turnbull trustees started repairing it for the new home.

Mr. Turnbull before he died, specially requested that the home be not named



JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
The United States' Ambassador to Great Britain.

freshing no doubt to a housed invalid. A full view of Courtney Bay and far into the Bay of Fundy is also offered from this upper apartment and the fresh air supply is constant and plentiful. At present a lot of old iron bedsteads with ruined mattresses are lying about it but these are soon to be hurried away to the junk shop.

The superintendent's living quarters, which are situated about the main staircase gallery and the second floor are furnished and in an excellent state of preservation. Views can be obtained of all parts of the city from the windows and it would be hard to find a home in the city equaling it in brightness and sunshine. Dumb waiters run from the cellar to the third story, but a hydraulic elevator has always been a necessity.

The third story is merely a gallery round about the staircase and, directly under the 40 feet square glass dome—a spot indeed warranted to heighten the spirits of the least encouraged sick person. Doors from this gallery lead to the roof, on which are accommodations for patients. The view from this vantage point is unexcelled.

In all the Marine Hospital contains twenty-four large apartments, not including the halls and basement rooms and is eminently fitted for a home for incurables. It belongs to the federal authorities and has necessitated considerable outlay for repairs and modernizing before it is ready to re-occupy as a home for the sick. The land on which it stands has been traditionally handed down from generation to generation as a sailor's reserve. In 1882 the late James Sullivan started work in erecting the hospital and in 1883 it was finished by Contractor Tilley. Jas. Doody did the plumbing. The total cost of the structure was \$65,000.

after him, simply, the St. John Home for Incurables. Applications for residence in the institution have been received by the Trustees ever since it was first known that Mr. Turnbull had made the endowment, and whenever its doors are thrown open, the available beds will no doubt be readily taken possession of. Dr. Alward states that several persons in and outside the city have signified their intention of presenting the home with beds and maintaining them.

Best Exercise of A.I.

Walking, as a form of exercise, is growing in favor. Of all forms it gives perhaps the best results with the least interference with mental activity. Exercise that builds up large bunches of muscle, for which brain workers have no use, in time, largely wasted. And so the best and cheapest form of exercise, walking is coming into favor. And no one can hedge off from it on any plea except physical laziness. With a cheerful habit of mind, cultivated in connection with walking, there is within every one's reach the best sort of exercise to keep the whole system in best condition.

Some Hope For Him.

The other day two negro roustabouts were overheard talking. They met on the levee, after one had been absent from town for several weeks.

"Hello, Bill; how is yer?" said the first.

"Well," was the reply, "de doctors is give me up, but de police ain't."

Artist—My next picture at the Academy will be entitled 'Driven to Drink.'

His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of bottled passion, I suppose?

Artist—Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a water trough.

THIS REMARKABLE WINTER.

The Ups and Downs of the Mercury and the Exceptional Mildness.

"Just like spring," was the universal weather remark on Tuesday last, when only a few days before the populace was hurrying about the streets with hands to their ears and necks drawn as far down into their upturned collars as possible. Truly the

reports. However for the sake of being exact and statistical the following table of cold and heat, rain and snow since December 15 last to Tuesday of this week is given and PROGRESS readers may see for themselves what a queer winter we've had.—

	Highest.	Lowest.	Rain or Snow.
Dec. 15	47	26	.72 rain
Dec. 16	25	14	
Dec. 17	24	9	
Dec. 18	43	33	.11 snow
Dec. 19	48	34	.17 snow
Dec. 20	38	26	
Dec. 21	27	24	
Dec. 22	19	23	
Dec. 23	23	20	
Dec. 24	26	18	
Dec. 25	41	25	.14 rain
Dec. 26	30	26	
Dec. 27	24	14	
Dec. 28	25	13	6.30 snow
Dec. 29	26	19	8.3 snow
Dec. 30	18	11	
Dec. 31	10	3	3.34 snow
Jan. 1	11	*6	10.1 snow
Jan. 2	16	11	2 snow
Jan. 3	11	6	
Jan. 4	13	2	
Jan. 5	37	9	
Jan. 6	34	19	snow
Jan. 7	39	12	
Jan. 8	39	9	.34 snow
Jan. 9	14	2	
Jan. 10	38	14	rain
Jan. 11	20	5	
Jan. 12	37	18	.62 rain and snow
Jan. 13	24	18	
Jan. 14	23	21	snow
Jan. 15	31	18	
Jan. 16	36	22	snow
Jan. 17	29	*1	
Jan. 18	34	*1	
Jan. 19	41	33	snow
Jan. 20	47	26	snow, 2in.
Jan. 21	47	13	.69 rain
Jan. 23	33	10	

*Below Zero.

Last winter the mercury shrunk as far as 6, 7, 8 and ten below zero during January and was more than half the time hovering just beneath or above the chilly cipher. The above readings are taken from the Waterworks instruments on Leinster street, which are more or less in a sheltered spot.

Tempora Mutantur.

A recent letter extolling the new reforms in Cuba under American rule pays this regretful tribute to the past:

"But we have done away with many things that the Cubans love, which we think useless or wrong. The daily guard-mountings of the volunteers, (Spanish volunteers I mean), which used to take place with band and martial trappings, has been given up. We have forbidden people to appear on the streets in the useful undershirt! We require them now to wear the 'Boiled shirt,' which does duty now until the Health Board requires it to be rebolled. The voice of the merry vender of lottery tickets is no longer heard in the land, and you no longer see and hear six feet of strapping humanity chanting, 'I have the grand prize, number ten thousand, and so and so, won't you buy a piece?' The old gendarme police has been changed into a linen-suited Cuban all dignity and revolver, and, worst outrage of all against one's aesthetic taste, we have compelled the post-man to wear a 'white wing' helmet instead of the once universal panama."

Couldn't Fool the Driver.

A clergyman, who made a study of antiquities, was riding on the outside of a coach in the West, when the driver said to him:

"I've had a coin giv' me to day 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes; I have one myself 2,000 years old."

"Ah!" said the driver "have ye?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver turned to the clergyman with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said:

"I told you as we druv' along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old."

"Yes, so I have."

"That's not true."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why, it's only 1900 now!"

Mr. Pokus—There's the only woman in this town whose affairs ain't gossiped about at the Sewin' Circle meetin's.

Mr. Citiman—How does she escape?

Mr. Pokus—By good management—she allers gits there ahead of any of the rest of 'em.

"Ah, yes," he cried, "I'd willingly lay down my all for you!" His feet flew up, and grabbing out, he sent her sprawling 'oo.