

HOW THEY TREAT HORSES

MONCTON DELIVERY BOYS ARE A NUISANCE TO THE CITY.

Who Was Injured in the Accident, the Ladies or the Buggy—A Rather Indecent News Item—Pedestrians Have Not Much Show When Delivery Teams are Out.

The following item which appeared in one of the local papers last week, is so enigmatical that it reminds one irresistibly of the famous "item" which got Mark Twain into trouble on account of its extraordinary vagueness—

Thursday afternoon as Mrs. Wallace Parker, of Bridge street, accompanied by her little niece and Mrs. Chas. F. Spurr, were driving in a buggy near one of the wheels of the buggy ran into the ditch and the buggy to the ground, sustaining severe internal injuries. Dr. Chandler was called.

Now this is a most interesting item as far as it goes, but there is unfortunately a lack of detail about it which, like Mark Twain's paragraph again, fails to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. We are wound up to a certain pitch of interest and excitement and then left there, unsatisfied. There is not the least room for doubt that there was an accident of some kind, else there would have been no raison d'être for the insertion of the paragraph and it would seem equally certain that someone was hurt, else why should Dr. Chandler have been called? That genial M. D. is an excellent person to call in case of an accident but as there is not the slightest evidence that either of the ladies, or the little girl were injured in any way, why should he have been disturbed. It cannot have been the horse that received "severe internal injuries" for in that case Dr. McCuaig our skillful veterinary surgeon would have been sent for! Clearly then the injured party must have been in the buggy since one of the wheels seems to have left the parent frame and ran into the ditch on its own account, while the buggy—I begin to see it quite clearly now—ran to the ground and sustained severe internal injuries. I confess I am still in the dark as to the reason Dr. Chandler was sent for when, to most people it would have appeared better to send for Mr. Marks who makes a specialty of building and looking after carriages, but on occasions of this kind there is always a little confusion at the moment of the accident, and people scarcely know what they are doing. I have no doubt that things were eventually straightened out, and the proper steps taken, but it is a little trying to have so much left to the imagination. I am afraid we are all too fond of a vulgar wealth of detail, and love to gloat over "the particulars" of any accident; so perhaps it is as well that skilled journalists should try to educate the public taste up to the point of being satisfied with an artistic ambiguity which indicates delicately that something has happened and there pays the public the graceful compliment of leaving the imagination to fill in the rest of the picture.

In any case I am glad to know that the ladies were not hurt in any way; did I not feel satisfied on this point I could not treat the subject with anything approaching levity, and I sincerely trust that ere the injuries of the buggy may have yielded to the proper treatment, though I should fancy internal injuries would be hard to locate in a buggy—and that it is "able to be around again" as the newspapers say, in spite of its unpleasant experience.

Another paragraph which appeared in a later issue of the same paper, and about which there was no ambiguity whatever, but a large amount of common sense, was headed—"The Delivery Boy Nuisance" and contained some wholesome truths. It dealt with a public nuisance so fragrant that I wonder it has not received some attention from the citizens long ago. It would of course be expecting too much to ask the police to interest themselves in the matter, but perhaps that much abused body, the city council would give the market by laws a rest if the subject were placed before them properly, and devote a little attention to the delivery boy, as found in his wild state on the street of Moncton.

The item I have referred to, speaks of this young ruffian's habit of driving about town at a racing pace utterly regardless of the safety of pedestrians, and instances two out of many such cases when two delivery wagons driven by boys not over twelve years of age were racing up Botsford street last Saturday morning, with one of the horses on the run; and shortly afterwards another in charge of a child of ten trotted full speed up the same street. The writer very properly observed that these wagons dash around the city at full speed, tearing around corners and over crossings in a manner dangerous not only to the public but also to the reckless young drivers themselves, and he ended by suggesting that the public should take a little interest and exercise some supervision in this direction.

All this is too only true, and there is far more to be said on the subject. There was a great alarm raised about the danger of the unprotected crossings of the street railway, but the delivery wagon is much more real, and present danger, and one just as deserving of attention. These wagons are, with few exceptions, in charge of very small and irresponsible boys who usually manage to pick up from one to three of their youthful chums before starting out on a trip, and

then go in for a thoroughly enjoyable time, combining business with pleasure in a manner to make older people stand aside in wonder. Then they put their horses against those of some other delivery wagon and pass the golden hours in lashing the horses and indulging in all the pleasures of the race course. Like a royal train they have the right of way, and expect everyone to give them the whole street, and if it is not given to them they simply take it, for to dispute would mean to be driven down and probably killed. After nightfall it is the same, they invariably go at full speed and they always turn the corners so short that anyone at all near the curb must move quickly in order to avoid being knocked down; and they are in short a nuisance which should be abated at once.

So much for one aspect of the subject! Now for another, and this is one to which I have referred in strong terms before. Looking at it from the horses' point of view it is an outrage to which I have already directed the attention of the officers of the S. P. C. A. so far without result. The treatment the horses receive at the hands of those boys is simply scandalous! Up hill and down they are driven, always at top of their speed, and so far as possible without a moment of rest, panting and perspiring, their breath coming so fast that one wonders the laboring lungs do not burst, there lives are one long torture. I have watched a horse standing at our own door and seen the wheels of the wagon actually move backward and forward in union with his gasping breath, and the moment the young ruffian in charge had delivered his wares the whip was applied, and the horse raced down the street at his utmost speed. I don't know why the poor brutes do not drop dead between the shafts during the boiling summer days, and I often wish their owners knew one half what I do; if they did I think the common instinct of self interest would lead them to curtail the delivery boy's fun to a very appreciable extent.

I suppose horses are abused everywhere; it seems to be one of the canons of civilization that they shall be, but it seems to me that the people of Moncton are especially heartless in this respect; and I know that the ill treatment is by no means confined to the lower classes, those who should know better, showing quite as much cruelty and utter disregard for God's dumb creatures as their more humble brethren do. Why I know of one man who is I believe prominent member of several benevolent societies, and a good, kind hearted man I always thought him too, but who thought nothing of driving a horse 60 miles on one of the hottest Sundays we had this summer, a day when the thermometer stood at 97 degrees during the hottest part of the day, and when it was scarcely below 90, at any time during the day. I don't know why the wretched creature did not die on the way. I wish it had I am sure, but it lived, notwithstanding that the entire journey including stops, has made between the hours of seven in the morning, and the same time in the evening, the very hottest part of the day. Picture it Christian brethren, you who say your prayers and go to church regularly 30 miles in the morning and then 30 miles more in the afternoon, under a burning July sun, and on a day when God Himself said "thou shalt do no manner of work, thou and thy cattle!" But then somehow so few people seem to have much religion as far as animals are concerned, they do not think it worth while to waste any christianity in their dealings with the brute creation, seeming to require all they have, for themselves and leaving the care of God's dumb creatures for the most part to those who are not "professors" but who sometimes try, in their humble way to do the small duty they may find close at hand, such as helping the helpless and protecting the weak when it lies in their power. Honestly though, I do not believe half the people who are so merciless to horses really mean to be cruel, they simply regard a horse as a powerful piece of machinery something like an electric car, and never stop to think that he has feelings of any kind; the idea that he is ever tired, ever cold, or even suffers from the heat never seems to occur to them and only when he drops dead in their service do they understand that after all he was subject to weakness like themselves, and then the knowledge comes too late to be of any benefit to the patient slave they have killed.

Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange. Big Fishing. They were telling fish stories. The usual yarns were spun and every one tried to outdo the others, except one old man, who took no part. "Didn't you ever fish?" asked one. "Was raised on the Kennebec river, up in Maine, and never did much but fish," was the quiet reply. "What was the most fish you ever caught in a day?" "Three." "Three? Oh you are joking." "No, I ain't. It was near the mouth of the Kennebec river. There was a storm at sea, and the fish were driven into the river. Then the water went down and they couldn't get back, and I got some log chains, hitched mules to them and dragged them out."

"What kind of fish were they?" "Whales." And the old man shifted his tobacco to the other cheek and looked truthful.—Washington Star.

HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.

The Bahrain Islands, off Persia's Southwest Coast.

All will be glad to know just where the hottest place on earth is. In times past there has been much dispute over the subject, but the authorities are now agreed on the spot. Curiously enough, this territory is not a desert, not even the Arizona plains, although a poet described them by declaring that the lost spirits, wandering from their infernal abodes, stood on the border of that region, with eyes blinded by the sun's reflected glare, then terror hurried back to their sulphurous lakes to avoid the heat! No, the hottest place in the world is, with all respect to ocean summer resorts—on the seashore!

The region of maximum temperature is an extensive area on the Persian Gulf, a part of the southwestern coast of Persia. This territory includes also the Bahrein, or Aval, islands. Throughout this belt the heat is something tremendous. June, July, and August are terrific, unendurable save to the natives. Day after day the mercury will mark more than 100° in the shade. By day here is meant the diurnal twenty-four hours. Think of it, you who look with fearful eyes on the thermometers that register 100° at noon time. Imagine the horror of striking a match at midnight and reading 100°. It hardly seems possible, yet it is declared that this frightful heat is not excessive in that country! Often 140° in the shade is attained in the afternoon.

The islands are a small group named after the largest, Bahrein. They lie between latitude 25° 30' and 26° 30' north and longitude 50° and 50° 30' east. Bahrein itself is about twenty-seven miles long and ten miles broad. The population is fairly abundant, numbering 75,000 in the group of islands. The natives are for the most part Arabs, governed by a sheik who pays tribute to the Sultan of Oman.

The island of Bahrein is the one peculiarly cursed. In the interior the ground is hilly, with a fertile soil that produces wheat, barley, dates, figs, and the like. There are abundant springs of good water. This is the interior. On the coast there is the awful heat that shrivels this part of the world, and there is no water save the undrinkable salt waves of the Persian Gulf. There are no springs. Those of the interior are practically unavailable in that land of rude conveyances and clumsy methods of transportation. The way in which the Arabs here acquire water is curious. They get it out of the sea. They have no mysterious process whereby the salt is removed from the sea water and brine is made a thirsty-assuaging beverage. No—the water they get comes from the sea, but it is not sea water.

A mile from the shore of Bahrein are the treasured springs of fresh water. The sparkling well bubble up through the sands—in the bottom of the harbor. There is a depth of hundreds of feet of salt over them, into which they merge and are forever lost at the moment they issue from their subterranean courses. But there they are there they have been for hundreds, even thousands, of years. Hidden in the ocean's abyss, they have, nevertheless, been discovered by man, and from their supply the city of Manamah, a thriving commercial centre and all the other towns, and every separate bit of the coast gain all the water that is used for drinking.

The means taken for securing the water before it mingles with the brine are at once simple and arduous. Divers are sent down from boats stationed over the springs. The divers invert their goatskin sacks over the gushing waters, so that the jets may enter the bags' mouths. Each bag when filled is closed water tight, and the thing is down. These divers are a numerous class, and one whose employment never ceases, since the demands of the thirty are constant. One thousand sacks are filled daily from the submarine wells.

The sources of these springs are unknown. They are, perhaps, to be found in the interior hills of Bahrein, or they may exist in the more distant ridges of the mainland. Anyhow, there are the springs, and they are the salvation of the coast. Without them the sea border would be uninhabitable, inasmuch as repeated efforts to secure water by artesian wells, even when the shafts were sunk to a depth of 500 feet, have failed.

The most extraordinary part of the whole matter is the fact that these springs were ever discovered. The manner of their finding, is a profound mystery. One savant has suggested that in primeval times the present bottom of the harbor, where the wells are, was above the surface of the water. According to this theory the springs were known when they were thus above the sea level, and, as the water mounted gradually, a knowledge of their location was preserved.

The Bahrein islands are famous for their pearl fisheries, know to the ancients as to the dealers of today. They export pearls worth from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 annually.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that some time in the course of centuries one of the myriads came up from the fresh water springs and realized their nature and their worth.—Marvin Dana, F. R. G. S.

A Remedy for Hay Fever. The capriciousness of hay fever and the occasional relief found from an entirely empirical method of treatment warrant the publication of any means which has proved successful in the hope that it may be of use to some other person afflicted with this annoying and disabling disease. Feber, of Hamburg, reports his own case, which has been so severe as to necessitate his using a closed carriage all through the summer.

His relief was brought about by accidentally noticing that in the winter a coryza was usually accompanied with hot ears, which required their normal temperature when the discharge from the nose was established. He determined to try a reversed order of effect on the hay fever in the summer, and began accordingly to rub his ears until they became red and hot. It is now the third year that he has been able to lead an endurable existence during hay fever season. "As soon as the least remission of fullness in the nose appears there is recognized a certain amount of pallor in the ears. A thorough rubbing of the ears, at times even to confusion, has always succeeded in freeing the nasal mucous membrane from its congestion. The rubbing, however, must be thorough, and repeated, often as the least symptoms of congestion return to the nose. Since using this means I have been able to take long sandy walks, sit and even sleep in my garden without distress. Several patients have had relief from this treatment, always in proportion to the thoroughness of the rubbing, and I hope by this means some other physician may be able to give his patients the same great relief."

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