

with "public interest," and the Board, felt himself quite at home. I was sorry, for His Worship, especially when a reverend gentleman buttered him so fearfully that it was quite nothing. It amused me greatly to see the Mayor smile, "quite satisfied" with the adulat-ed butter and look as though he felt he justified it—"quite." It is anything but dignified for a Mayor to smile as our Mayor smiled, but of course Mayors and influential people run well together and are privileged people in society! Oh, society! Thou slave driver! The speakers, whom I heard, uttered a string of adulation, eulogy, praise, gratitude, etc., etc., to the Board and the staff, and knowing the truth, as I did, it was perfectly nauseating to hear the falsehoods, dated throwing, whitewashing and misleading statements—smiles and illustrations which the speakers (I don't care who they are or what position they hold in the city) ought to be thoroughly ashamed of. How men of position, learning, education, intelligence (and teachers of others), could utter such rubbishing arguments and nonsense, is beyond my power of expression. They must have known better, and a schoolboy would blush at such-for instance, one or two speakers tried to show that ALL THE INTERIOR DOINGS, etc., etc., in the H. for I, were QUITE AS SACRED AS OUR OWN PRIVATE HOUSES, and a visitor to the H. for I should treat the "Home matters" as sacred as those of his private family (the "Jury," the hearthstone, the sad details). Surely these wise men must know that their houses are PRIVATE houses, and the H. for I, a PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENT, paid for out of PUBLIC FUNDS! I blush for these public speakers! Others (doctors, too, I am ashamed to say), said that their PAIN made the patients demented, etc., etc., to the extent of not knowing what they say. I say (and can prove it) that this is absolutely false!

I am convinced that the speakers, who really know little or nothing about the Home, had the words for the most part, put into their mouths BEFORE THE MEETING. Mr. F., and the Board, and I challenge them to deny it!

The Mayor having left the chair at 4.30, Dr. P. took it, and finished up in eloquent (not truthful, though) language of the patience, perseverance, rectitude, mobility of character, fortitude, attention, care, martyrdom, skill, self-sacrifice, heroism, love, kindness, gentleness, tenderness, devotion, duty, etc., etc., of the Board, and the staff, whilst the poor patients were thinking what a farce the whole business was and how they "quite" expected ADDITIONAL SUFFERING!

THE PRESS.

The action of the papers (four especially) towards me is a disgrace to the press of Canada, and they can be classed amongst the lowest type of paper in a petty town. Instead of this so-called "Queen City." The "M. and E." sent their agent to me to give them the whole case—it took me five hours to write a mere summary of it, and then Mr. Smith, in a mean and ungentlemanly way, refused to publish. He also mutilated one of my replies. The News serialized me most lyingly on 21ST MARCH, and Mr. Colquhoun (who had on 19th Feb. after "mature consideration," decided NOT TO CONTINUE the controversy between me and the H. for I.) flatly refused to publish my reply. And I pressed him five times as to his FAIRNESS, he shirked it and declined to discuss THAT question! The "Queen City" Lyric, evidently considered me a fool and a liar and declined any further letters from me until something else turned up. I hope the turning up of THE TRUTH will cause him (and the other editors), to apologize to me—that is if they will take the trouble to read it. Some people don't like the truth WHEN it hits them hard. It is most remarkable how some jokers jump at nothing, and decline a good, straight fence—they can readily swallow a knot but they strain at a camel. The "Star" (Mr. Campbell), hesitated to believe me, and finally declined to publish my replies to the lies,

The "World" and "Telegraph," I have little to complain of.

ADAM "FILTH" AND EVE "DUST"—MR. FLOODY AND HIS LETTER.

About \$5,000 have been spent very lately in "sanitary" improvements! Well! No doubt "improvements" were needed, but it appears strange that it took over twenty years to find out the needs of the expense of \$5,000 on this job, whilst the patients have had food scarcely fit for a dog. Where did the \$5,000 come from? Who had the handling of it? (I DO wish Miss M. M. would lend me that minute book).

Three thousand dollars! Robbery? Yes! Jobbery? It looks like it! (?) When we see basins, etc., etc., and white metal taps equal to the sanitary basins and taps of the best hotel in the city—And yet Mr. Floody (see "M. and E." 23rd March), who "lives just across the street and is a daily observer"—dear, good man! What an insight! What a flood of light he "daily" sees—a close observer in Close Avenue! How I envy him for being able to see through the brick wall of this "Home!" "this Haven of Refuge;" this abode of "no complaints." He is a perfect "Gladstone" that "grand old humbug" and his letter can be read a dozen ways. Mr. F. "has no axe to grind." Dear innocent he is "satisfied" ("quite"—like the Mayor, etc.), that the Board is up-to-date, and on a par with the best managed institutions of the kind in the Dominion. Really, Mr. F., you are "quite" right for from Mr. I. I have heard of institutions "of the kind," they ARE "quite up-to-date with the Board of the H. for I." While tapping Mr. F. I have digressed from the other taps. Citizens please invite Mr. F. to go round the Home with you and explain the expense of this \$5,000—He knows so very much more than anyone else, more than we poor fools "down town." When the dear, kind, loving, gentle Board shut the back door, chained the front entrance and the close-avenue gate (gully or not gully?), poor Mr. F. had to go round to Dunn ave.—Close ave. and Dunn avenue!—the former is most suggestive of Mr. F.'s better position, and the latter of DOINGS of the Board—rather overdone, as you closely observing Citizens will see. If you take the trouble to look through the thin partition wall of the financial doings since 1890. "TIS WONDERFUL! Does Mr. F. live close to Miss M. M.? I have heard "Maggie" has a little lamb," and did this little lamb write his own little letter (of 12th March), by his very own little self? Oh, Mr. M. M.! Thou had the pen of Marie Correll. How rare! Thou shalt share the same literary "like fate" of that lady, at the hands of some severe men who know THE TRUTH.

LETTERS FROM PATIENTS (OUT OF FOURTEEN IN MY POSSESSION). OFFICIAL — OBTAINED FROM MAYOR, WHO THOUGHT THE ORIGINAL SO IMPORTANT THAT HE TOOK A COPY.

Dear Mrs. W.—I know you will be surprised to get a letter from me, also the news it contains, but I have been so upset all this week, and thought I would write to tell you about it. Our nurse was sick and we have had to have so many different nurses, just who Miss Allison liked to send, and it hurt — so much to have so many different ones who do not understand how to fix her bed; she is so stiff and sore; we could not even get the real success. She was left from seven o'clock p.m. until half-past eleven next day. She reported it to the head nurse and instead of it making it better it was worse, and it was from seven p.m. till twelve the next day, and when we did get it she had to sit on it for two long hours. I was sick yesterday, could not get a thing to ease me until I fought for it three or four times. Mrs. Mortimer Clark came in. We told her all about it, as well as some other things. One was about poor Mrs. F.—a poor old paralyzed woman in the room opposite, who was left in bed crying all day Monday; and the nurses took her dinner in at twenty past twelve, and told her that her nurse would come and get her up to eat it (to feed her). At a quarter to

two o'clock she had not been to her. I called her, and told her that Mrs. F. had not had her dinner, and I told her I would tell the head nurse if she did not want to get up. But she would not. We had watched the nurse to see if it was done. She went to see if she was eating it cold, and found it was not. After that, the head nurse left her sitting on the side of her bed with only a short woollen skirt and stockings on, and the plumb-line passing up and down all the time. The poor old lady asked the nurse to cover her up, as she was right by the door. Our nurse told us her bed was soaking from her sweat. She told me so bad about it, and said she would tell Miss Allison herself, but SHE (Miss A.), had told her that she did not like one nurse telling on another, but she gave me leave to say she saw it, and covered her up herself. We waited to see if her nurse put her back into the bed without changing it, and she did, so I got one of the patients to tell me the head nurse I wanted her at once. She came and said she would go to her to go and look for herself. She spoke to the nurse about it, and she denied all and said she was going to have her washed and changed. The nurse for the woollen skirt put on only a thin cotton nightdress, and left her without a blanket on her bed. She was crying with the nurse. "The morning when one of the patients brought Mrs. Bowman to see it. We had twice heard Miss Allison, the head nurse, say that her room felt like a—like a—like a gold. Mrs. Bowman sent the nurse for blankets and sheets, and I told her to get her up. In the afternoon she was left sitting in the bathroom, with all the windows up for two hours, with only a thin petticoat and dress-skirt on, not any drawers, only stockings and waist ties. Miss Allison told Miss Allison. She thanked them, and said she would look after Mrs. F. herself. She also said the patients should screen the Home, and tell visitors, because they would tell Col. Elliott all about it. Well I told Mrs. Clark all about it, and she told me that I could not get medicine when I needed it, not even what my staff doctor ordered me. I am to have powder every day, and I have to wait for three days then go without five and six days. Have not had one since Saturday morning. Mrs. Clark said she would like me to tell her what Miss "Maggie" Allison, so she sent for her and I repeated it again to Mrs. M. C. Miss Allison twisted it all round to suit herself until she made me out a liar in my face. Mrs. M. C. can believe it or not. I do not care, for I solemnly declare before God that all I said was only too true, and I could tell lots more. Four days last week I had a piece of bread and butter for my dinner, tea and breakfast. I could have had rice twice for my dinner, but I would have had to crack it under my teeth. It was cooked so well (You know from Mrs. W. and Mrs. M. C. and Mr. McLaren), came in last night to scold me for telling Mrs. Clark. He said I had no business to tell the Managers anything. It was because he thought as when HE came in to see us, or what HE does or gives us, also that he will back up anything Miss Allison says. Well, I told him that she was in our room yesterday, so I suppose he will back her up in lies as well as well as the truth. Things are not much as they were. There is cold and things all cold. Tea and breakfast and things, but there is lots of sweeping and scrubbing being done this week, and the Home is warmer than last week.

Dear Mrs. W.—I need not ask you to believe me as you know all about it. It is not so much for myself I am writing, as we are as a rule pretty well looked after. We must help ourselves and fight for what we need. It is the poor helpless ones we feel for, left lying in their wet beds and crying, and not being changed. I cannot rest for listening to them.

I forgot to say that Miss Allison took Mrs. M. M. to the room opposite, and she was comfortable, she said, "yes," BECAUSE SHE IS AFRAID. We heard her say lots of times that she is not afraid of the nurse, but she