

ROSS HOSPITAL

(Continued from Page 7.)

He has built an hospital second to none. I congratulate the doctors of the town. They have the equipment that will enable them to do first-class work.

Mr. Ross, Toronto, I had heard of the hospital, but it surpasses my expectations. The operating room is splendid, and every detail is supplied regardless of cost.

Mr. Ross, M. P. (Port Perry)—The number of this hospital has increased in large measure that which the great dramatist would be twice blest. The idea of building a hospital had been more repugnant to many people, but the hospital would go far to remove that feeling. As one looks across the spacious wards and their appointments, he feels that it is to be a luxury to be in this hospital.

The hospital of Toronto—The hospital is opening to-day surpasses the Toronto General Hospital in every respect. I must congratulate upon your choice of a matron. Mrs. Scott is known to me, and her work in the Toronto General Hospital has been eminently satisfactory. I am sure Dr. O'Reilly would glad to initiate some of the improvements you have here if the management would provide the example. I shall be glad if the example of Mr. Ross stirs up some of the wealthy men to greater liberality toward similar institutions which have not kept pace with the progress of other Canadian cities.

I have heard that a railway accident in which a man was injured, suggested to Mrs. Grace the idea of an hospital here and that she eventually proposed its erection to the town.

Judge Dean—I am delighted with the hospital of course, but the hospital also give me great satisfaction. They rise as the hills about Jerusalem, beautiful for the spot is not so long ago that the spot was a neglected commons, that one might imagine they would soon be transformed into what they are today. They have been seeded by me, and I must beg of you to name the Grass. (Laughter.) I was looking around the hospital, and I see they have every medicine there but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. (Laughter.)

I can remember Mr. Ross when he was a young man and that he brought his father out from the Old Country. When I saw his father I thought that the son resembled him very much, and when his mother came out later I saw that he resembled her also. He has now built an hospital to their memory, and many of the excellent virtues, filial piety than which no other appeals to me more. We admire the swan because it is the only bird that carries its aged parents on its back. Mr. Ross has taken the memory of his parents on his shoulders and borne aloft in this noblest of all professions. He shall not be green in this community. And as Aeneas bearing his aged father on his back out of the burning city of Troy has been loved and admired by all men since that time, so shall Mr. Ross be honored and respected because he has reared this day's tribute to the memory of his departed parents. The power of money and the will to use it well are happily combined in Mr. Ross.

Mr. Ryerson—I had not expected to speak, and feel like the missionary who, captured by the cannibals, and about to step into the soup, was asked if he had anything to say, and replied that he would like to deliver a sermon on the advantages of a vegetable diet. I would like to say how much I appreciate a quiet life and freedom from public speaking.

When in Kimberley during the late war, I thought it would have been a good thing if Canada had had an hospital there as some of the other colonies had, and I am sure Mr. Ross would have endeavored one if he had shown the need. There were some of the handsomest soldiers who had more attention than they enjoyed. A band of ladies used to visit the wounded and pay special attention to the good-looking patients. One chap put a sign over his head "Too Sick to be Nursed," just to escape them. Another told one doctor that there was nothing he needed, but she said "Oh, my poor fellow, let me wash your face." Whereupon he exclaimed "Good Heaven, madam I've had my face washed eleven times today already."

I must congratulate everybody connected with the hospital to-day, except the first patient. (Laughter.) I am sorry I cannot congratulate him, for it would be a distinct pleasure to be sick in this hospital. In my little summer perigrinations down this way, and by endeavoring to run on shore or be blown off, I should accomplish either one, or I shall say as I sink beneath the waves of Sturgeon Lake. "Well, never mind I can go to the Ross Memorial Hospital." (Laughter.)

Dr. O'Reilly, chief of the Toronto General Hospital—You have heard about the hospital, the medicines and the grass—I was going to speak of that—so there is nothing left but a little mud. (Laughter.) You have besides that plenty of fresh air and light. I have lived in a hospital most of my life. I had the measles in a Montreal hospital and have been in one nearly ever since. Mrs. Scott was trained in our hospital. (Laughter.) One has to tell of his own success or of this thick-headed age won't find it out very easily. (Laughter.) I know Capt. Ross. He used to come up to the General and occupy a ward occasionally, and I should not wonder if you would endow the ward his name used to occupy. (Laughter.) I believe it will be the best in the hospital. I once got a ticket a long at Mr. Ross' expense.

It read: "To the End of the Track" which was away out west somewhere where Mr. Ross had met some little accident, and I am sure, though I could not go, he would have greatly appreciated an hospital ward at that time.

There are several of my pupils in this town, and though I have not been here since 18 years ago, I feel an interest in the town. There are people here who have been patients with us. I expect we shall not get so many from here now. If you don't get patients enough, I can send you down a carload e. o. d. tomorrow. They can be all ages from a week old to 99 years. (Laughter.)

It is a magnificent thing for a man to be his own executor. I would be if I had any money. If you are too bashful to act, I will act for you. (Laughter.) How nice it will be for you in the future to look down—or otherwise (Laughter)—in years to come, and see the fine buildings you have put up while you were in this world. Any of you who are not good enough to go to church can greatly improve your chances on the golden stairs by using your money this way.

Hon. F. R. Latchford—I am glad to represent the provincial government on this occasion on the dedication of this more than royal gift. I hope the example set by Mr. Ross will be emulated by other men of wealth and I extend to this community the congratulations of the Ross government.

THE PUBLIC ADMITTED

The gathering then dispersed, and until 2 o'clock at night the public thrown open for their inspection. Chairman Flavell and Matron Scott received and shook hands with all visitors. The Sylvester band was in attendance.

THE BUILDING ITSELF

The hospital stands on a fine eminence at the head of Kent-st and to the right hand side. It is set in a sloping lawn that extends about 200 feet to the street on the south and west. No finer position for a building exists in the county. Overlooking the town and commanding the great sweep of country bounded on the south and east by blue-hazed hills a score of miles away, its prospect is so wide, so varied, so inspiring as to powerfully supplement the medicines in bringing the convalescent who views it from the hospital balconies or the windows of his sick room, back to health. Perched in the blue, amid the pure fresh air, greeting the sunrise first and bathed in the last beams of departing day, the hospital cannot be far from the wings of healing and the benisons of heaven.

The building, as may be seen from the illustrations herewith consists of a main structure flanked on right and left with smaller ones. Each of them contains six beds and a cot. The little turret appearing on the top of each contains a ventilator make like a small barrel with open staves of steel and hung so as to revolve when the wind blows. The porches seen in front of these wards are for convalescents, when the weather is mild. The main building is 86x60 feet and two storeys high. Each storey is split by a leading hall from one end to the other and from these the rooms and wards open off right and left. A glance at the rear view of the building reveals an extension from the centre. It will be noticed that upstairs it is nearly all glass. Inside is the operating room—perhaps the most interesting room in the building. Its great expanses of glass give it perfect lighting. Its floor is of white tiles and dips slightly to the centre which is pierced by a drainage tube. The walls and ceiling are of hard finish that can be washed down with antiseptics which then readily find their way to the drainage tube at the floor's centre. The operating table is of plate glass and mounted on wheels. The smaller tables about the room are also of plate glass and the further equipment of this room is of the finest quality and conspire with the general effect to make it as attractive as a room of such associations can be.

NOTES

—Mr. Ross and party left by their special car attached to the 6.20 train.

—Mr. A. T. Taylor of Montreal was the designing architect and Mr. Hogle of the same city superintending architect.

—The building will cost \$80,000.

—The Collegiate cadets lined up to receive Mr. Ross and party at the hospital, and later, at the Institute.

—They presented a smart appearance.

—The electric lighting of the building is very elaborate and some of the globes are decidedly ornate.

—The china, bedding and other similar equipment of the hospital are of special manufacture and bear the initials R. M. H.—Ross Memorial Hospital.

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When a man has difficulty in finding a chance to propose, he can make up his mind that the girl doesn't want him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Time is the most paradoxical of all things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past while we attempt to define it.

When a man has difficulty in finding a chance to propose, he can make up his mind that the girl doesn't want him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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initials R. M. H.—Ross Memorial Hospital.

—Mrs. Thos. Stewart gave a reception at her home on Bond-st., after the opening ceremonies. At this very pleasing function a number of ladies and gentlemen met Mr. and Mrs. Ross.

—That Mr. W. A. White, contractor for the carpenter work, should have died without seeing the hospital completed is generally regretted.

—The doors of the rooms are made with perfectly smooth surfaces so that dust can easily be removed; and all the corners that in ordinary rooms are square, are rounded for the same purpose.

—Mrs. Wood of Kirkfield; Cornwall and Keith of Omeme; Gillespie of Cannington; McPhail of Manilla and Brown of Glenora were present at the opening.

—A fine cathedral clock standing on the main stairway is the gift of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee.

—The hospital will accommodate about 20 patients.

He Was a Butcher.

"Now, I rather pride myself on my ability to read character," said the man who was given to buying detective tales, "and yet why should I? It is really a very simple thing; requires nothing but close observation. For instance, it is easy to tell a man's occupation. His facial expression, his actions, even his dress, are stamped by his daily work. You see that man sitting opposite us? Well, I am just as sure as though he had told me that he is a barber."

"You are mistaken," replied his friend. "That man is a butcher."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the amateur detective. "You never saw a butcher with slim white hands, like his."

"Perhaps not," admitted the other, "but he is a butcher just the same."

"How do you know he is?"

"How do I know? Why, the scoundrel shaved me once."—Household Guest.

Burial Alive.

Though it is possible that cases of burial of living persons may still occur, fortunately they are more rare than in former times. Even the doctor's orders against interment were not always obeyed, for the Gentleman's Magazine of 1751 relates the case of Richard Carson of Hay, Herefordshire, England, who was supposed to have died, but a doctor declared that Carson still lived and ordered that he was not to be buried. His relatives paid no heed to the injunction, and the body was committed to the grave next day. A person passing through the churchyard heard a noise and prevailed on the clerk to open the grave, where the supposed corpse was found in a profuse sweat and bleeding at the nose. Unfortunately the man was beyond recovery and soon died.



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