

Women's & Children's Hospital,

INFIRMARY ROAD, CORK.

A STURDY BEGGAR.

Who is Leo?—The Dog tells his own Story.

I WAS a very young dog when I was first brought to the Children's Hospital in Cork, and introduced as a playmate to the little sick children. My dog language is quite inadequate to depict the sufferings I have witnessed in my short life. I am only three years old, yet it seems as if I had lived a lifetime. My heart has ached when I have lain in the hall and heard the little sick ones refused admittance for want of funds. Visitors used to pet me, praise my beauty, and say what a handsome fellow I was. And, I began to think, could I turn the gifts which Nature had bestowed on me to account on behalf of the little sufferers? I was

sent to the show, attained the status of a prize dog, got a hamper, put my prize money into it, and started collecting for the purpose of supporting a cot. I went round the show with my hamper, also attended an entertainment of "Maggie Minstrels." As I came in from the latter I found a poor widow in the hall in great distress begging admission for her little lame child who was with her. There was no free cot available at the time, and what was my delight,

when, on my hamper being emptied and the money counted, to find I had enough in it to support a cot for the year to be called after myself the "Leo Cot." I watched this case with great interest, and at the end of three months, my little patient was sent home to her mother, quite well, and I overheard the doctors say that had not my little one been attended to in time, she would have turned out a hopeless invalid.

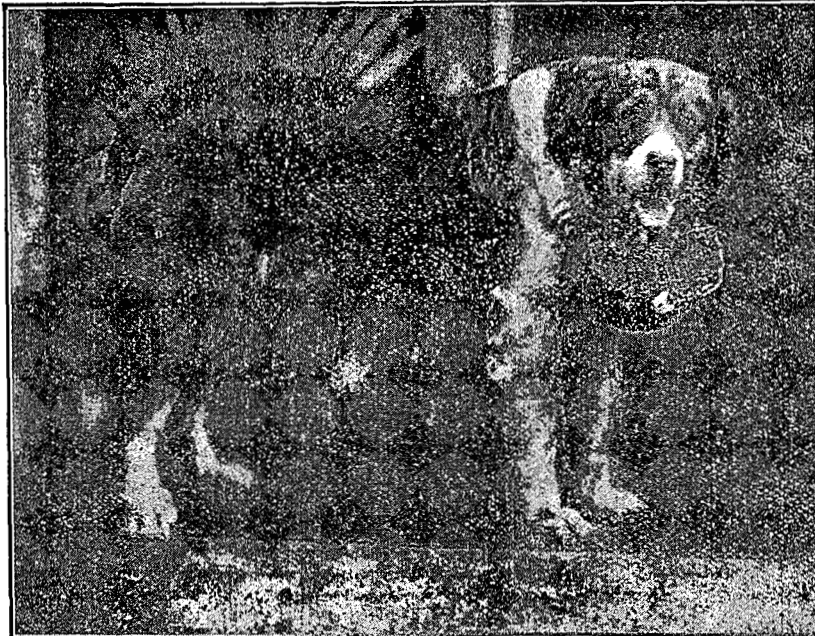
I am a very sagacious dog; although I can't say much, I can understand what I hear, and amongst other things I heard some very painful facts regarding the funds of this Hospital. I found out that it had no endowment of any kind, and was dependent for its support on a very inadequate supply of voluntary contributions from year to year.

Many readers have, no doubt, heard of the "Distressed state of Poor Ireland," the congested districts

of "Poor Ireland," but have they ever heard of the really distressed Sick Irish Children? I have made up my mind not to rest until I have endowed my Cot, and for this purpose I make an urgent appeal to every reader of my narrative. All donations for the "Leo Cot" please address to "Leo," care of the Hon. Sec., Women and Children's Hospital, Infirmary Road, Cork, who will take care of the money for me, and see that it is safely banked to the Leo account until the amount is realised. £300 is required for the Cot. Don't refuse the Dog's appeal. The income of this Hospital never quite meets the expenditure, and special efforts have to be made each year to make up the deficits, so that I can see how hampered the management are in many ways for want of funds.

The Nurses' accommodation is very inadequate. To put the Hospital in really proper order, and build suitable accommodation for the Nurses, will require a sum of £3,000. When I read of the wealthy and benevolent donors who, from time to time, send such

liberal contributions to the Metropolitan Hospitals and others throughout Ireland's sister countries England and Scotland, I long that the wants of this Hospital, situated, as it is, in a part where money is scarce and where much misery abounds, and which is doing such a good and useful work, might be more widely known. It, therefore, occurred to me that, if I did a little barking on behalf of the Nurses that,



though to be sure I'm only a dog, it might reach the ears and touch the hearts of some philanthropist. In reply to an appeal for funds for the Nurses' wing the other day. I heard an offer made to purchase ME! Although I am a great strong fellow, I think I should have dropped had not the re-assuring answer, "Sell Leo! Never," come so quickly that I had not time.

Though my Home is not affluent, it is an exceedingly happy one, and I urgently appeal to those who have means to do so to respond to my barking on behalf of the Nurses, and send contributions for this purpose to W. H. Beamish, Esq., Hon. Sec., Women and Children's Hospital, Infirmary Road, Cork. In this way they will be helping a useful, but struggling Hospital, and also (though this may seem a small matter), ease a poor dog's mind, lest he should be sold one day for funds.

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