

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1894.

LET US SORROW MORE.

WE SHOULD DEVOTE MORE TIME TO THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS.

The Indecent Hasten to Forget Those Taken From Us Freely Commented Upon by "Astra"—Why Should We Shorten the Season of Sorrow that Follows Death?

There has been a growing agitation of late years in favor of more simple mourning costumes, of less expenditure at funerals, and of a general simplification of the whole system of burying our dead. Various writers have devoted a great deal of time and energy to proving that the expenditure of so much money is not only an injustice to the living, in many cases, but is vulgar ostentation as far as the dead are concerned, and that good taste, and refined feeling, both called for less display in such matters.

Probably the very least ostentatious, and at the same time the least expensive of these were the cremation societies, since they did away not only with the burial altogether, but also with the necessity for a coffin, and enabled the sorrowing relatives to be late lamented to keep him neatly stowed away in a pot pourri jar on the parlor mantel.

The believers in cremation won many disciples both on account of its novelty, and also its economy, which reduced the expense of burial to a minimum, and in place of a lot in the cemetery with all its attendant outlay, called merely for a neat row of jars in assorted sizes, properly labelled and set away on some high and secure shelf, for all the world like a row of self-sealing preserve jars; and containing all that was left of departed relatives. The practice may have much to recommend it from a sanitary point of view, but I confess it has always seemed most repulsive to me.

Following logically in the train of social reform came a movement in favor of abolishing mourning, which was said to be only another instance of the mere outward parade of sorrow, and an unhealthy fashion as well. From time to time long dissertations on the folly of wearing mourning and the extreme unhealthiness of crape appear in the journals of the day, and they are taken up and commented on for a little while, and create a slight ripple of excitement, but in the end, the great majority of people wish to go pretty much the same as they always did, burying their dead in God's acre, and wearing decent mourning for them for a longer or shorter period, as individual feeling may suggest. I say "seem" to do so, because I believe that the teachings of enthusiasts on the subject of simplified mourning have had an effect their authors little contemplated, and that at no time in the history of the world has there been less respect shown to the dead than now! Indeed, it seems to me that there is a very crying need existing at the present time for the formation of some sort of society for preserving the memory of the dead, and showing it some little outward respect even after it is no longer cherished in the hearts of the living.

I don't suppose it matters in the least to those who have departed, that their relatives should be attending public entertainments and participating in all sorts of amusements a few months after they have been laid in their graves, but I do think that it is a shocking lack of respect, and almost a public insult to the memory of the dead.

I have seen a heart-broken widower who gained the credit of being so crazed with grief for the death of his wife, that his reason was unbalanced for some time, seated in a theatre with a gay party of friends, and laughing himself almost into hysterics at a comic play, just two months after that wife had been buried. And I have seen another widower who was so overcome with grief when his wife died that he had to be supported at the grave by two friends the day she was buried, and yet in six months afterwards that same man was a happy bridegroom. I knew a widow who wanted to kill herself when her husband died, she was so wild with grief, but in six weeks' time she was sitting beside me one afternoon in a public hall, and thoroughly enjoying the wonders of an entertainment given by a popular conjurer. She said the children wanted to go, and so she took them herself because she thought it might help to distract her mind from the awful grief she was trying to bear up under.

Once on a time we used to keep our dead beside us for a few days while they lay in sad and solemn state, and those who had known and loved them came to look once more upon their faces; but now unless one has forethought enough to die on a Saturday night, he runs the risk of being buried within twenty-four hours after his death! It really seems as if the survivors could not

hustle the corpse out of the house with sufficient haste: to get it out of sight, and to forget as soon as possible seems to be the first aim, and after that to hurry over the period of mourning as quickly as possible. Indeed you are fortunate now-a-days if your affectionate relatives don't celebrate your demise by giving a party before you are dead two months, and then disarm all unfavorable comment by the pathetic assertion that they felt the need of cheering up so much, that they simply had to have a little change.

Who has not noticed the difference between the newly made graves in a cemetery and those of a few months before, and read, if he cared to read such signs, the sad story of rapidly healed grief? At first the mound is decked with flowers which are renewed every week and the crude bare earth is almost covered with trailing vines, seeds are sown and carefully watered, potted plants are carried to the spot, and sunk in the clay, because the seeds do not grow quickly enough, and every care is lavished upon the loved one's last resting place, but alas, in most cases only at first! In a terribly short time the flowers are left to wither, the plants are watered so seldom that they soon die and, by-and-by the caretaker of the cemetery is given a commission to look after the lot, and he seeds it down with grass, removes the withered plants and soon has it looking like a dozen other lots in the vicinity.

And yet there was no intentional neglect shown, the grief was regaining to be assuaged, that is all, and the call of the grave was laid aside, when the second mourning was put on, that wonderfully elastic period of second mourning which sometimes sets in so soon, and lasts such a short time!

No, I have thought the matter over very carefully, and after mature consideration, I am perfectly sure there is no need for any modification of our mourning customs; but a very great need of some means by which we can learn to keep our dead in more loving remembrance, and to show a little more respect for those we have loved and lost, by keeping their memories, as well as their graves, green and fresh. ASTRA.

HE WANTED MORE SPEED

But Finally Decided That he was Not in a Particular Rush.

An employe of a large granite company was driving from the station, with several kegs of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his load, and overtook a young man walking. Without waiting for an invitation the pedestrian sprang into the wagon and sat down upon one of the powder kegs.

He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon, or the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said cheerily; "that is, everything that is stationary."

Not receiving a reply, he continued—"I had half a mind to hire a steam roller, just for speed, you know, but it seems to me we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time, then he broke forth again.

"I say—stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to strike a match on the keg. The driver spoke rather lazily.

"If you are goin' my way, this is just as fast as it will be; but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road, just light that match on that powder—and you're there sharp!"

The young man decided to walk.

The Servant Girl Question.

Two Detroit women met the other morning on the street, and with a common impulse they began to talk about hired help.

"Have you got a girl yet?" asked one.

"I've had about a dozen in the last month, and they are no good. The cap sheaf was laid on, though, yesterday."

"How was that?" came the eagerly curious interruption.

"Well, a very stylish girl of about 30 called at noon to see about a place. I liked her looks, though she was dressed better than I was, but I thought as she was so particular about her clothes she'd be nice every other way. Of course she was haughty and proud, but lots of untidy ones were that way, so I overlooked that, too, and I practically engaged her when what do you think she wanted?"

"Six nights off and two afternoons for matinees?" suggested the other one.

"No, not that. Would you believe it? She wanted an extra room for her maid to occupy. Now what do you think of that?" and the other dropped her power of thinking.

Work For Mark Twain's Reformer.

Foreigner (traveling in America) Porter, can you get me a pack of cards?

Porter—Yes, sah (brings them)—Seventy-five cents, sah.

Traveler (paying and tearing open the covers)—I want a table, too.

Porter (fits one and pockets a fee for the service)—Thank you, sah.

Traveler shuffles cards and deals out for solitaire.

Porter (retires to end of car for five minutes, then returns)—"Scuse me, sah. Cards are not allowed to be played in dis coach on Sundaysah."

"Why did Robinson Crusoe call his man Friday?" "He was so overjoyed to find that he wasn't eating flesh that day."

IT WAS A GOOD SHOW.

Such is the Verdict of Everybody Who Attended It.

Monday was "Circus day" and the pleasant memories of Barnum and Forepaugh were well preserved by the Cook & Whitby show.

The parade was seen by thousands of people and the news of its magnificence and attractiveness spread so quickly that any one who was not fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the procession at the start found it before it reached the grounds and learned for himself that all said of it was true.

Perhaps St. John has seen no performance of any kind in many years that has carried out the promises made in its advance notices with such exactness; nay, more than carried them out, for who can say that the press notices led any one to believe that he would see such a parade and such a performance.

To particularize and point out the features of the parade where there were so many features, where almost everything in the procession was a show in itself, would be a difficult task, but it can well be said that no parade has ever made so pleasing and favorable an impression. The magnificence of the chariots, drawn as they were by the splendid draught horses, which themselves were a remarkable feature, the extent of the menagerie, the trained horses and ponies that looked as fine as silk, the handsome trappings, as well as the costumes of those who rode them, all combined to make the parade unusual from every standpoint. In fact it was a show of itself and a good one.

But if the parade was pleasing what shall be said of the performance? It is safe for anyone to say that St. John has never seen such a circus performance, never seen one with so much variety, such talent in every direction, so well managed and conducted.

From the moment the grand opening parade began to the last exciting event, the four horse chariot race, there was not a moment save of enjoyment. Four eyes were needed instead of two and at times even four would not have been enough. To say nothing of the side shows, those usual introductions to the circus, to almost pass over the menagerie, though that cannot be done—without the performance was sufficient to satisfy every man that he could not receive greater value for his money. But a word about the menagerie, the elephants, lions and tigers and all else that many people so delight in—they could not fail to spend an hour of enjoyment watching them. Here too nothing has been over-stated. The animals are splendid specimens of their kind, well worth seeing even by those to whom the sight is not strange.

Passing to the performance it will be impossible to describe the features of a show so many of which seemed impossible. Perhaps if preference must be given, the most wonderful and striking feats were those of the Japanese in their balancing and juggling. To see the Japanese youngster tossed into every conceivable position by his older countryman, to note how perfectly acquainted they were with the difficult acts of their performance, was simply astonishing. One could not help holding his breath when watching the wee fellow stretched upon the end of a 20 foot pole balanced upon the shoulder of the older Japanese. Then it seemed to be nothing to dangle ladders in the air, to play upon them like kittens and with as little thought of danger.

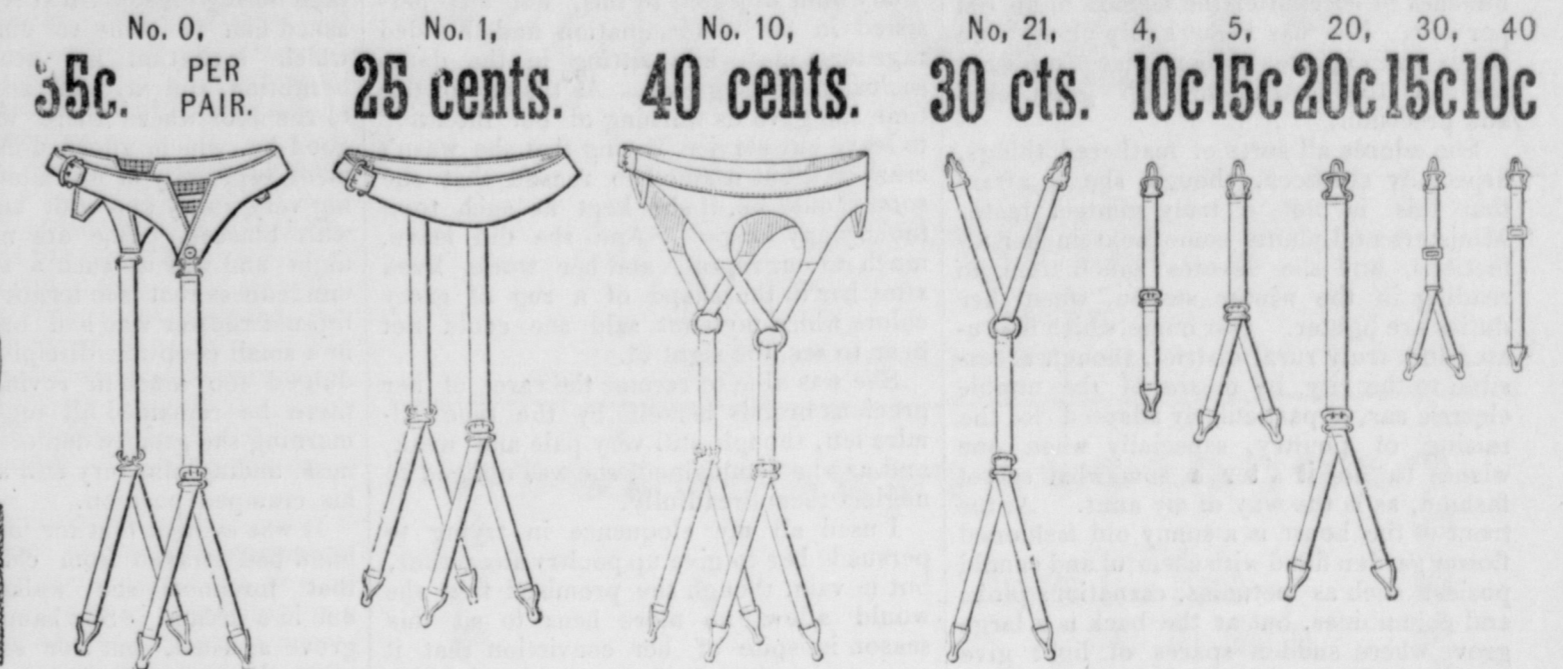
The trained horses were well trained, the riders active and daring, performing all the old feats and many new ones. Then, too, in the afternoon there was the riding lion who half crouched upon the back of a grey horse that galloped about the ring. Perhaps the dogs riding upon the horses backs was a feature that took almost as well as that of the lion—certainly it was very clever.

Then the clowns were artists in their line—some of them athletes, others jugglers but all of them clowns to perfection.

The trapeze performance was thrilling—wonderful in its daring, startling in its variety. Then there were the horizontal bar feature, the trick mules, the boxing match and so many other things that looking back one wonders how so much could be crowded into two short hours.

A feature of the circus was its perfect order. Everything was done in the right way. Although there were between 3,000 and 4,000 people present there was no confusion, no trouble. Women and children enjoyed themselves as well as the sterner sex and all had a good time.

The provisions made for the cordial reception of newspaper men and their friends deserve a word of mention. Nothing was too good for them and the press seats were the best in the great tent. The management that looks well after the fourth estate may be sure that so long as the show retains its present excellence the press will look after them. The press representative, Mr. Wade Chilcott, an old newspaper man,



THE BEST IN USE. Ask for them at the stores and be sure you get the "WARREN"

was so genial and courteous that the newspaper men in this city cannot fail to remember him and their brief acquaintance with him with much pleasure.—Daily Record.

WHY PETER MISSED THE TRAIN.

A Crowd of Travelers Passed Sunday in Chatham Therefore.

Quite a lot of excitement was carried on in the quiet town of Chatham, on Sunday morning last, when it was found out that a number of passengers going north had missed the Quebec express, arriving at Chatham Junction at 3.06 a. m.

The list of passengers, numbering eight, had all made arrangements with the hack driver the night before. They were not all to be found at the one place, and the driver had to book all orders so as to be sure of the location. As he marked each name down on his book, he received the necessary warning as to the time to call, etc. The latter part of the contract did not seem to worry him in the least, as he would remark that he had driven to the train too often to be fooled this time. Among the number was a commercial traveller from St. John, who was to arrive at Moncton on Sunday to finish up business Monday, and to return home to meet his wife and family coming home from the country Monday night.

This gentleman was stopping at the Adams house and left orders to be called at 2.15.

The clerk, who wanted a good night's rest, gave the order to the night watchman in the electric light station across the street. The same precaution was taken by a bank manager formerly of St. John who desired to be in St. John over Sunday. There was also a banker, of Chatham, who was going on the Monticello, Monday morning to join his brother oddfellows in the land of Evangeline, a dry goods clerk, a young lady and an ex-commercial traveller and two others made up the party. It is a ten minutes' drive from the Adams house to the station and the ever punctual Peter left with six passengers in the cab, stopping at the Bank of Montreal for the last passenger, and singing out "all on board," which must have been in the same breath with the conductor of the train as it was then time for her to leave the station.

Peter was soon seen galloping up the road with his noble steed Gladstone and seven passengers, the eighth passenger was at the hotel waiting to be called. On arriving at the station they were met by the station master who informed them that the train had left over ten minutes, then silence prevailed only for a few seconds which gave Peter time enough to get out on the platform for safety. The lady expressed herself as being very much annoyed at Peter, who had fooled her in a like manner for the morning train going south. Peter was seen at the hotel later on Sunday and said he felt sorry for the poor dry goods clerk whom he thought must have some attraction in St. John, for he almost cried at being left.

The only explanation he could give to the commercial traveller was that the clerk did not put the number of his room on the slate for a call but this did not seem satisfactory enough, and his face did not have that happy and genial smile that he bares through life. Peter said that everything would have been all right if it had not been for the count (ex-C. T.) who appeared at the door in full dress, when an unusual thought passed through his mind that he had forgot his wealth, which it took some time to find it, and on his second appearance he forgot his umbrella, which caused the delay. Great effort was made Sunday morning by several of the parties to get the telephone and telegraph wires working to Moncton to get the whereabouts of the English mail train, but every one seemed to be keeping good the fourth commandment, Thou shalt do no labors etc., and it was late in the day before an operator was found who tapped the wires to Moncton which brought back the answer: "No train today."

No. 50, Boys', 45c. No. 60, Girls', 45c. No. 70, Ladies', 50c.

No. 7, Ladies', 30c. No. 8, Misses', 25c. No. 9, Children's, 25c.



The WARREN FASTENER has a ROUNDED Rib around the part which holds the stocking, thus making it impossible to cut or injure the finest and most delicate fabric.

Manchester Robertson & Allison Sole Agents for the Warren Hose Supporters

A FAMOUS RIDE

Recalled by the Death of Hungary's Greatest Patriot.

None of the obituary writers on the late Louis Kossuth seems to have referred to an incident in his career which must always have a special interest for Englishmen. This was one of the most famous record rides of ancient or modern times, performed by Captain Charles Townley, a Queen's messenger, in the interest of the Hungarian liberator. After the collapse of his cause in 1849, Kossuth and a crowd of his compatriots had fled to Turkey, from which Austria and Russia were menacingly demanding their extradition. But the "great Eltchi" who was then the representative of England on the Golden Horn, made bold, upon his own responsibility, to back up the Sultan in his refusal to deliver up the fugitives, believing that Lord Palmerston, who was then at the Foreign Office, would bear him out in his firm attitude of opposition. Knowing that life and death depended on the speedy arrival of his approving despatch at Stambul, "Pam" selected Captain Townley to be his bearer, with instructions "not to spare himself or others" in getting to his destination as soon as possible. Reaching Belgrade on October 20, Captain Townley there took horse, and on the morning of the 26th, he rode, or rather reeled into Pera, having covered the distance of 820 miles in 131 hours—a feat which elicited loud applause when mention was made of it in the English House of Commons.

A Five Minutes' Walk.

Fogg—"I am afraid I'm breaking up." Figg—"Why, what's the matter now?" Fogg—"I want to look at a house that is for rent in our Vicinage yesterday. It was only five minutes' walk from the station. I know that because it said so in the advertisement; but blame me if it didn't take me twenty minutes to walk it. It is evident enough that I am aging fast."

A Missouri man recently walked seven miles to see a man hung, and when the prisoner was respited, the disgusted traveller sat down in a fence corner and hoarsely inquired if the country was drifting back to barbarism.

Tailor: "Mr. Overdue, I hear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate you." Overdue (extending his hand): "Allow me to congratulate you."

Advertisement for 'The Great Worm Remedy' and 'The Great Worm Remedy' by Dawson's Chocolate Creams.

Advertisement for 'PRESTON'S SEASICKNESS ELLETS' and 'PRESTON PELLET CO., LTD.' with text about seasickness and biliousness.