

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

GLADSTONE IS HONORED

BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT STATESMAN.

G. E. F. Writes Interestingly of the Memorial Service in Boston—Some Reflections on the Occasion and a Comparison of Two Great Men.

(ALLSTON, MASS.,) May 31, 1898.

DEAR PROGRESS: Still at Allston, but visit Boston several times a day. The Darwinian theory in regard to the species carries some weight with it in this little town; for I was never in a place yet where so many bicycles are to be seen, or so many monkeys bestraddling them. I have seen such monkey capers at home, but here the riders double themselves up like jackknives in perambulating upon their wheels. Such riders cannot be aware of the mischief they are doing their physical systems, or the wretched figure they cut in going through the streets with their chins almost touching the handles of their machines. Indeed continual riders on bicycles are now known upon the streets while dismounted and walking by the figure they cut with shoulders drawn forward and bent and a certain stiffness in the legs, and of course their internal economy must be considerably disturbed if not diseased. In one of the towns in this state eight per cent of the young men who offered themselves as volunteers to join one of the regiments for Cuba, were rejected after undergoing a medical examination, on the ground that they have been cyclists and had become deformed and subject to disease, and so crooked that they could not be straightened out for soldiers—that their liver was all thrown out of place, their spinal cords injured and their insides tumbled together in a promiscuous heap, or the next thing to it. Now why should young men make monkeys of themselves simply because they say they get more speed out of their machines by bending over? But why speed unless in a race? Women riders sit upright and go along as fast as the monkey riders, and present a becoming aspect. I say then if Darwin's theory is wrong and that our species were not evolved from monkeys, broods of the next generation will certainly give some evidence that there was something in Darwinism after all, for the children of the present bicyclists will all come into the world with humped backs, real mock monkeys minus the tails. There ought to be a law in the case in order to preserve the personal symmetry of the present generation, and every young man be compelled to ride his wheel like a human being in an erect manner. Imagine a young man locomoting himself along a side walk on all fours, like a dog, his hands doing the duty of his pedal extremities! And yet the figure cut by our modern wheelmen is not very far removed from such an exhibition! Pray reform this altogether.

It seems to me that at this particular time there is, or should be, a double bond of union between this country and England, viz: in the death of Gladstone and the Hispano-American war. No less earnest in the former case than in the latter, do the people here express their British leanings. Every pulpit in this country during the last two Sabbaths has resounded with the praises of the great Commoner, a fact which I take from the newspapers. St. Paul's church, Boston (Episcopal) and the old South (Presbyterian), which I attended, are notable instances. The war references seemed to me to be a secondary matter in the discourses while Mr. Gladstone was the unfailing theme—the incarnation of all that was good—his great works—his philanthropy—and the services he has rendered the world generally. Mr. Gladstone's name is spoken of here with as much reverence as if he had been a great American benefactor. Surely such a character as this can never be effaced or lose its favor in the great American mind, let Senator Frye of Maine, or Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky rave as they may against perfidious Albion.

I have just returned from the "High Chapel," (situated on Tremont Street on the opposite corner to the Parker House, 250 years old,) where a memorial service was held in honor of Mr. Gladstone, the time was fixed as nearly as possible according to longitude, so as to be conducted during the great Statesman's funeral to Westminster Abbey. The whole affair seemed to be a spontaneous opinion on the part of the people of Boston, and that it was in memory of one of their own statesmen that was being honored. Long before the doors

of this old historic church, (so appropriate to the occasion) were opened to the public, hundreds of well dressed persons were crowding the sidewalk and around the doors of the vestibule awaiting admission. The service commenced by the organ playing the Dead March in Saul, followed by prayer from the episcopal service, and the reading by the minister of very appropriate passages of scripture, such as "a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel." It was one of the heartiest services, perhaps, ever held in that church, at times even emotional, especially when the different speakers touched upon the great character of Gladstone and his sympathies for human suffering in all parts of the world. The meeting was presided over by the mayor (who introduced the respective speakers, four in number) in a most effective manner. The speeches were all excellent and well delivered, and the friends of the great statesman could not help but being moved by the tributes paid to his singular virtues. The services lasted about two hours, and no doubt it was the most remarkable one ever held in Boston. It was like a chaplet laid at the feet of two powerful nations in the temple of concord, the recognition of a life spent in the service of humanity and of the christian virtues as well as for its statesman-like qualities. A singular testimony to the mutations of time, and its different associations, as they occurred to me on listening to the sentiments of the different speakers. Not fifty yards off repose the ashes of Samuel Adams and John Hancock in the two old grave yards near by, both of whom had worshipped in this old Georgian edifice. If the spirits of the departed are permitted to revisit the earth (as some believe) what a lesson would the present occasion have unfolded itself to the bewildering gaze of the dead past. In the days of those great patriots no denunciations were too strong to hurl at the mother land and its blundering Government. Today, those same spirits would have seen the fraternal greeting and good fellowship among the same two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—and all within the precincts of the same once greatly divided church, or its people. Nor was such a life exclusively the property of England but of America as well and wherever the English language is spoken in all parts of the world.

Probably the two greatest men of the century were Napoleon Bonaparte and Wm. Gladstone, but what is called "great" in the two men will be in no comparison, and yet each was great in his own way. The one was great for his heroic deeds and merciless performances, as the destroyer of his fellow beings and heartlessness to accomplish his purposes. The other was great for his philanthropy—for his kindness to his fellow men—for promoting their happiness by wise measures—for his solid learning—his oratory—his religious zeal as a devoted citizen and loyalty to his Queen and country both of which he faithfully served on four occasions as Prime Minister of the greatest empire in the world. While the name of Napoleon will afford a glimmering light in history as the ages roll along and be referred to as a second Nero, the name of Gladstone will forever stand out as a beacon light and an example worthy to be followed as long as time lasts.

Then again, this *entente cordiale* has been the means of emancipating Republican and Democratic politicians from the thralldom of Irish dominany, (I allude to the bitter enemies of England—the Fenian elements—not to the fair-minded honorable Irish, who form a large proportion of the citizens of this country and a credit to it.) This element has had its wings clipped since American Anglification has become part of the apparent policy of the situation and the probabilities of unification.

England and the United States against the world if needs be is fast becoming a party shibboleth here as it is in Canada and Great Britain. The old sores and differences will no doubt be wiped out, and a career of peaceful prosperity will be inaugurated. Mr. Chamberlain's late Birmingham speech, however impolitic at this time, bespeaks the sound sentiments of the nation and has been read here and commented upon, with much approval. It is earnestly to be hoped, however, that this mutual admiration, and present good will and peace offerings, are not ideas too good to be lasting. The ways of politicians are not always to be discounted at the face value of their utterances. To serve their

purposes they will not allow their consciences to stand in the way of the attainment of their desires. This war over and business once more finds its way into its old ruts and diplomacy again becomes the mouth and shield of a nation, old ideas and feelings will naturally fast supplant the newly fraternal greetings of the hour. In other words—business between nations will go on as before, and each will be as sensitive as ever to light or imaginary causes. However, this apparently pessimistic opinion may not be in place at this time.

It is now the last of June and there has only been one day since my arrival in Boston, that I have been able to dispense with my overcoat. If it has not rained most of the time, the chilly east wind has been as bad and kept our furnaces going. The Queen's birthday was wet and cold—whereas in Frederickton I read the day was a "perfect one," sunshine and heat. I have come to the conclusion that May in New Brunswick is equal in all climatic conditions to May in Massachusetts. I came here chiefly to get clear of the rheumatism but that old companion is just at lively and fond of this climate as it is of my own,—as far as my experience goes. G. E. F.

DESERTED VILLAGE'S STAGE.

A Struggle with a Railroad to Retain a Line in a Time Table.

In the hills of Morris county, N. Y., there is a settlement which, even in a region not noted for the liveliness and bustle of its towns, has gained the name of "deserted village." It has managed to draw a summer population that make this destination seem undeserved part of the year but those who know the place during the winter months were never known to object to the description. There was not even any excitement over the growth in popularity of the designation, which has now become sufficiently fixed to be used almost as much as the name by which the place is known on the maps of New Jersey and in the railroad time tables. For it possesses the dignity of a line in a time table, and it was the fear of losing it that lately caused an amount of excitement in the community unparalleled in the memory of persons who have lived there for years. Some persons assert that the first appearance of the Village Improvement Society caused almost as much an uproar but they are promptly squelched by the question: Did the Village Improvement Society, even when it tried to make Mrs. Lougherty keep her cow out of her front yard, ever cause the citizens to hold a mass meeting in the Town Hall? A local historian maintained that the excitement which accompanied the raising of supplies for Washington's troops at Morristown when they were just on the point of surrendering on account of lack of food must have been an occasion even more stirring, but that is considered too remote for purposes of comparison.

The outside world is connected with the village by means of a railroad operated with all the independence and freedom from restraint that come from a knowledge that, if it should cease to be operated, the town would be isolated. The citizens appreciate this fact, but they express it differently. They may have been critical of delays that lasted for forty minutes to an hour in the cold winter mornings, as well as of an occasional complete failure of the train to appear, but they have been patient and not disposed to resent delinquencies too aggressively. Any railroad was better than none; so the few committees and the rest of the villagers that went to town occasionally were thankful for what they got. The railroad repaid them by acting in the most irresponsible, eccentric and wholly exasperating fashion possible even to a narrow gauge concern.

It was only a month ago that some means of retaliation became available. One of the prominent citizens of the village is a butcher. It was he who conceived the idea of renewing the old stage line which used to connect the place with the railroad. He owned a stage. He had to send to town for his meats, and he reasoned that the passengers might as well come out with it. The idea gained popularity. Two weeks ago, after prolonged discussion at the grocery, which was also the Post Office, and at the drug store, it was decided that the stage should be run three times a week. It was taken out, painted and oiled, and began the regular trips.

The news that the stage was running

spread through the valley, awakening latent resentment against the railroad. Here was a chance at last to get square for many a wrong. Not only did the deserted village send the passengers to the main line by the stage, but all the intervening villages did the same. The stage creaked under the loads that it carried three times a week. There was talk of buying another stage and making trips daily. People arranged their business to suit the days on which the stage ran. Only the early morning train of the railroad received any patronage. The other trains ran empty. The stage had triumphed, and the uprising against the railroad was a complete success. But the triumph was not destined to last long. While the citizens were chuckling over their success, out of a clear sky came the official announcement that the trains would be permanently discontinued after a certain date.

That was too much. It might be all very well to pay the company back for its misdeeds; but to be kept isolated, with the season for summer boarders near at hand, was a calamity worse than having to wait an hour for a train. Something had to be done. Again the occasion brought out the hero. One of the leading citizens called a mass meeting in the town hall. At it were representatives of the railroad as well as the personage who combined the functions of stage owner and village butcher. The discussion was long. Many old wrongs were brought to light, and all that the railroad representatives could do was to bow their heads and say "Peccavi". The stage owner justified his course by the support which the townspeople had given his enterprise. But as a public spirited citizen he was willing to meet the wishes of his fellow townsmen. The end was a victory with conditions for the railroad. The stage with its new coat of paint was to retire permanently. The railroad was to add two more trains to its daily schedule of two. Possibly the victory really rested with the town. The stage had to go. But the number of trains was doubled.

With this agreement the citizens awaited the results of the railroad's promise. The four trains were duly scheduled. One was to leave at a convenient morning hour. The day of the first departure came. Somewhat to the astonishment of the little group waiting for it, the train came, too. A Sunday intervened and no train was due. But it was expected on the next day after such a good beginning. Again a group assembled to await it. The hour came, but the train did not. One weary hour passed in waiting for it. Finally it came, some ten minutes later. The consequence of this delay was the loss of all connections with the main line and a practical loss of three hours. The news reached the town that night. There was an informal meeting held expostulate with the railroad officials. The boldness of the breach of agreement, the insolence of it, and the wound to the pride of the village formed the themes of the discussion. No remedy was suggested until the butcher and the stage owner came to the rescue again.

"I'll call up the manager at Whitehouse," he said at the close of his contribution to the oratory of the evening, and tell him that the stage starts tomorrow and I will stick to the trips for the rest of the summer. I'll say, along with that, that we won't stop again, whatever the road may promise.

This suggestion appealed to the representatives of the town's 400 citizens. The butcher, accompanied by two or three of the most prominent citizens, retired to the

drug store in search of the telephone. They left the rest of the meeting in suspense, and they anxiously awaited the answer from headquarters. It came in due season and was transmitted by the representatives to the assembly.

"The train will be here on time tomorrow," they told the others, "and it will never again miss a trip."

The next morning found a group at the station. Not all of them were going to town. Some of them were bound for the next station, two miles away, but that pretext deceived nobody. Others frankly admitted they wanted to see if the train came. Some few really wanted to ride. The train was due at 9:45. Five minutes before that time it could be heard struggling and puffing up the steep hill a few miles away. Finally she appeared. It lacked a minute of the schedule time when the small engine and the two cars stood in front of the little frame station.

"That stage is a great thing," one of the citizens said as he turned with the others in a group to walk back to the village and tell the news, "and one funny thing about it is that it does as much good in the barn as it does on the road. So long as it keeps the railroad up to time, it's better locked up in the barn than it is carrying passengers to Morristown."

RUSSIA'S PRISON HORRORS.

Using Prisoners in Chains as Feasts of Burden.

The presence of a batch of convicts in Odessa, Russia, for deportation to Saghalien, has occasioned the publication of various accounts of the treatment received by the prisoners in that island, and if the numerous stories are true Saghalien must be a veritable inferno. Eye-witnesses relate that a common sight is that of shackled human beings worked to a huge cart, whose weight tries the strength of their under-led bodies to the uttermost.

These men are demoralized by the brutality of their surroundings and the cruelty of the officials, who are ever ready to have recourse to the knout to enforce submission. An attempt to escape is punished with ten years' extra imprisonment, and it needs only one or two failures to break away to bring about an unfortunate prisoner's residence in this 'slough of despond.' One form of treatment is the coupling of the shackles which ensheath a prisoner's ankles to a wheelbarrow. This the victim must drag night and day for months, perhaps till the iron inflames the flesh and the legs mortify. His comrades may mercifully soak the feet and forcibly pull off the bands—a process which is attended with the most excruciating agony, but which is eagerly borne.

The knouting man is a scene of incredible barbarity. The victim is mounting on a specially constructed horse and his back is bared. The scourge is applied with such violence that at each stroke pieces of flesh are torn away and the blood from the wounds bespatters the face of the executioner.

Such is the horror of Saghalien that men and women go mad and lunatics are to be found hiding in quiet places. All the women are more or less demented. They are given to the bachelor convicts—men whom for the most part they have never seen before. Even those who are not convicts lose their reason, as witness the story of Mile. Naumofa. This lady had devoted her life to the rescue of children in this unhappy spot, and for years has spread a light and comfort around her, but in a paroxysm of madness induced by the soul-torturing surroundings she shot herself. Her work was taken up by three ladies; one of these shot herself, the second went raving mad, and the third married a warder.—London News.

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