THE MEMORY OF THE MIGHTY SHAKESPEARE WAS HONORED; COMMEMORATION SERVICE

The memory of the Bard was honored in England as abundantly as the most ardent Shakespeare worshipper could wish. A commemoration service in the noble old church, which is now the Cathedral of Southwark, at which the Poet Laureate recited a birthday ode, and one of the foremost Shakespearean actors delivered an address, was followed in the evening by a gathering at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained the members of the Shakespeare League and a great number of guests distinguished in art and literature. And this in London, beyond and apart from the domestic celebration at Stratford.

A large and congested congregation filled the Cathedral in the afternoon, and suffered the inconveniences which a magnificent inefficiency of management always produces at Southwark on ceremonial occasions. The service was of a pleasantly variegated character. It was preceded by an organ recital, in which Mr. Edgar Cook played compositions of the Poet's contemporaries. Orlando Gibbons and Byrd, and the opening hymn was specially written by Mr. A. C. Benson and sung to music by Day, an Elizabethan composer. The Anthem was admirably chosen—Wesley's "Let us now praise famous men," of which the choir gave a splendid rendering.

Of the Poet Laureate's ode, it need only be said that Mr. Alfred Austin, who recited his verses from the lectern, did ample justice by his elocution to the lines of the poem. There were seven stanzas and the first and the last were as follows:—

Gravest and yet most cheerful among men,
'Twas fitting that his days should dawn in spring,
When merle and mavis carol in the glen,
E'en as today they sing.

Last to loved life removed, from world and stage,
Homeward he turned where rustic belfries chime,
Bequeathing his rich self, not of an age,
But for all space and time.

A musical setting by Callcott of Shakespeare's lines beginning:—

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold!

was sung next, and then Mr. Forbes-Robertson walked straight out of the Third Floor Back and took the centre of the stage. A romantic figure, even in the costume fitting to a church service. His rich melodious voice penetrated the recesses of the Cathedral as he spoke of his homage.

The Oration.

"In reverent awe and all humility I lift my voice in this sacred place to the honor of the mightiest master in all the literature of the world; for to sound his fitting praise would need one almost as great as he—he who walked at the head and front of all mortals. This noble mediaeval pile, second in beauty only to the Abbey of Westminster, this Cathedral of Southwark, with its record of a thousand years, is intimately associated with the dramatist, the poet, and pre-eminently the player; and the fitful London lights glint through memorial windows to Chaucer, Bunyan, Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith, Edward Allyn, the actor who founded and endowed Dulwich School, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Shakespeare. Of those who actually lie at peace within these walls are Gower, the father of English poetry; Massinger and Fletcher, and Edmond Shakespeare, own brother to the great enchanter, whose memory we are now here to honor. To the originators of this beautiful and elevating idea of a memorial service to Shakespeare in the place where he and his fellow-players must so often have meditated, the 'multitudinous seas' of his lovers own gratitude and full thanks.

"This spot, subject to the ebb and flow of many folks, depending on the great traffic with the coast of men and merchandise, naturally drew to itself those who had been exiled from London by their misdeeds, and many others who had to fly persecution, and so it became a haven and a sanctuary for the law-breaker, the unfortunates, and the persecuted. In their wake came most of those whose calling it was to provide entertainment for the City of London—singers, dancers, jugglers, managers of bear gardens, musicians, players, playwrights and poets. All these various callings, some so noble, many so unworthy and disreputable, were held in the minds of the people as one class, as outcasts, as folk without the pale of law-abiding reputable citizens, little distinction being made between the player and the tumbler or the dramatist and the dancer; they were all classed under the general term of "mummer," at the beck and call of King, councillor, or powerful lord, merchant, or prelate, who had the means to entertain his friends with a play or conciliate the multitude with some great pageant.

"This was the state of Southwark, or rather that part of it known as the Bankside, in 1586. In that year a likely lad of 22 trudged the road from Stratford-on-Avon to London with everything before him, and surely with a singing heart and a mind turned to that jingle which toward the end of his life he put into the mouth of Autolycus:—

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
And merrily hent the stile, a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, a.

"He soon found a modest employment at the Curtain Theatre in Shoreditch, with a troop of actors eventually to be known as 'The Lord Chamberlain's Company.'

Shakespeare in London.

"Six years later he lodges near the bear-garden in Southwark, acting at the 'Rose' Theatre and in 1594 he was at the New Theatre in Newingtonbutts, and from '95 to '99 at the Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch. In the year 1599 Richard Burbage and his brother Cuthbert, pulled down the first known permanent playhouse, probably the one called 'The Theatre,' and carried the timbers from Shoreditch to the most fitting spot for their purpose, the place where those they needed were lodged—The Bankside at Southwark.

"It is natural then to assume that Burbage took with him a rising young actor and dramatist, who had by this time 'bought golden opinions of all sorts of people.' In Clint-street, hard by, you may gain Bankside, where the London folk landed from boats to witness the play. Thirty or forty paces down Park street you come to the side entrance of the Anchor Brewery. Enter and look to the left and there is the spot where Richard Burbage, the great actor and original Hamlet, set up in 1599 the Globe Theatre, which was to become the shrine as it were of the majority of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It was octagonal in shape and described by Shakespeare as 'this mean wooden O.'

"It is evident that Shakespeare's surroundings were not pleasant. It is true that 'fields and flowers' and 'the shade of melancholy boughs' could not have been very far from his door, though it would seem he had to cross stretches of marsh and swamp before he reached the higher lands of Greenwich, Brixton or Eltham. To the east of High street, Southwark was still a reputable surburb, but to the west, where Shakespeare was lodged, all sorts of degraded folks had congregated, as we have seen. So we may think of Shakespeare pursuing his work under the most trying conditions. He heard the pipe and tabor's squeal and thud, the barking of the savage dogs that bait the bear, the shouting, brawling tavern's horde, and al the distracting noises and events of that turbulent neighborhood. This must have been the atmosphere in which Shakespeare pursued the arduous calling of actor and dramatist near the end of his life.

"Out of the mouths of great ones has come the chant of his praise from generation to generation for over 300 years, ever swelling in volume and erudition. Other poets have won their hour of triumph, their period of praise, their pedestals of honor, but he stands alone, in a glorious isolation, on the shining pinnacle of an unapproachable and solitary rock, for all peoples and all time."

ADVENTURES OF A BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador in the United States (so it is stated in a daily paper, while on a visit at the house of the president of Wisconsin University, discovered that his boots, which in a moment of insular aberration, he had placed outside his door, had been cleaned by the daughters of the house. On learning what had happened the great diplomatist at once took them off, declaring that he would preserve them as a souvenir of the charming way in which he had been extricated from the embarrassment caused by his disregard of American customs.

A later report, not yet published, states that His Excellency proposes to have the boots set up on his drawing-room mantelpiece at home and to grow maidenhair ferns in them.

Mr. Bryce's next visit was to the Governor of Oklahoma, where the Bayard of diplomacy enjoyed a further opportunity of adding to his collection of chivalrous keepsakes. In a moment of inadvertence he asked for a boiled egg for breakfast, but on learning, just as he was in the act of cracking the shell, that it had been prepared by his hostess, he at once forbore to impair its symmetry, and wrapping it up carefully in tissue-paper, placed it in his despatch box as a touching souvenir of American hospitality.

He Got Wet.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bryce was the guest of the Governor of Newtimberville, where he arrived after a long bicycle ride, completely saturated by a storm of rain. Retiring to his room, Mr. Bryce thoughtlessly placed his wet clothes on a chair outside the door and went through his usual course of Sandow exercises until the humid garments had been restored to their normal dryness. Subsequently, at afternoon tea, it transpired that the process of dessication had been exclusively carried out by the Governor's talented daughter, Stanleyette. "Never again," at once exclaimed the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, "can I wear garments glorified by so generous an act;" and retiring to his apartment he at once removed his clothes, and remained in bed until the Poole of Newtimberville had provided him with a new outfit. We understand that Mr. Bryce, while retaining his dried vestments for the present, has decided to bequeath them to the British Museum as a concrete example of the splendid courtesy of our lady-cousins across the Atlantic.

No incident marked Mr. Bryce's recent sojourn at the palatial residence of the Governor of Pittsburg until the morning of his departure. Just before he was startling, in a moment of obliviousness he turned to the senseschal and asked him to help him on with his overcoat. The Governor's wife with exquisite tact saved the situation, and deftly performed a function which would have destroyed the senseschal's self-respect for ever. Suddenly realizing his mistake, Mr. Bryce hastily removed his overcoat, folded it up reverently and declared that it should henceforth be the choicest of his family heirlooms. Although a blizzard was raging, Mr. Bryce was as good as his word, and travelled back to Washington without resuming his overcoat, thus contracting a severe cold, from which, however, we rejoice to hear he has now recovered.—London Punch.

THE MOST PICTURESQUE CITY IN EUROPE

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than five hundred years it was a free city of the empire. It is not like those ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some great castle; it is not like those towns which were protected by powerful princes; for it had maintained itself by its own unaided sturdiness. If great barons came to Rothenburg, they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the lavish openhandedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence; and in an old, old house used by Palestine's pilgrims, and still known as "pilgrims' house" there is an ancient carving of a hand with a hatchet, with the ominius inscription: "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

Yet since those early days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveller, although each year a few Americans resort thitherward, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nurnberg Nurnberg. It is easily reached, being on a little branch line from the railway between Frankfort and Munich.

Towering Houses.

It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both statelliness and beauty. There are towering houses with criss-cross fronts.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathhaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter; and in one of these dungeons, some five centuries ago, the men of Rothenburg placed the burgomaster who, more than any other in the long line of burgomasterial line, gave the city power and wealth and prosperity. But they charged him with conspiring with the emperor, and not only gave him no light but edged their animosity by deliberately giving him no food. It is in all a fiercely dramatic story; for friends who were still faithful tunnelled to the cell and madly cut through its prodigious wall, and reached the prisoner—only to find him dead.

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgomasters with more consideration. Each burgomaster is chosen for three years, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or gives place to a successor. But an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townsfolk, if they tire of a life-chosen mayor, to make him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to resign and accept the pension that they palliatively offer. Only recently they thus got rid of one.—Robert Shackleton, in Harper's.

SIAMESE COURT ETIQUETTE.

By a remarkable law of royal etiquette which has existed for a number of years at the court of Siam no person is permitted to sleep in an apartment situated above that occupied by the King. A deliberate breach of this rule has on more than one occasion been punished by death.

MR. MARTIN'S ELECTORAL FIGHT AND DEFEAT IN THE FAMOUS OLD SHAKESPEARE COUNTY

A special correspondent to the Montreal Standard writes an interesting account of the recent electoral battle at Stratford-on-Avon, in which the Canadian, Mr. Joseph Martin, running as a Liberal, was defeated. He says:

Electioneering in Southwest Warwickshire since this contest began has been a pure delight. The division is a large one. It is situated in the very heart of England, in a beautiful country and scattered up and down it are little towns and villages where the sturdy stock described by George Eliot still lives and endures much the same sort of life. There are many castellated mansions of grey stone, any one of which might have been the original of Cheverel Manor, and there are cosy farmhouses that resemble in very particular the home of Mrs. Poyser. In every nook and corner the constituency is rich in historic and literary associations, some of which survive curiously in present day names. In one of the main streets of Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, there is a sign proclaiming that one Hathaway provides food for the body, and a few doors off one Shakespeare "a mender of bad soles" has his shop.

The Canadian Candidate.

It is a singularly happy choice, therefore, that has brought here as Liberal candidate a representative of the great democracy across the sea, whose life blood has been drawn so largely from the Old Country. Mr. Martin has been extending his acquaintance with the people, and yesterday I accompanied him and Mr. James Rowlands, the member for Dartford, in a tour of some of the villages. Mr. Barlard a leading local Liberal, acted as guide and introduced Mr. Martin to the villagers. Some of the hamlets we visited are so small that they can be found only on the ordnance survey map.

A Tiny Village.

Our first stop was at Ettington, a tiny place of whitewashed cottages with steep thatched roofs and high eaves. Mr. Martin was introduced to two of his supporters, one of whom recalled the time—now happily past—when his father was the only Liberal in the village and for many miles around. The other was the Rev. John Marks, a retired clergyman, who came in working garb straight from his garden and regretfully explained that his eighty-two years prevented him working as he used to work for Liberalism. Halford Bridges was the next stop and there Mr. Martin listened to a group of stalwart laborers denouncing Captain Kincaid-Smith. "I worked for him hard at the General Election," said one, "an' now he've been an' gone right against us." "He's no loss to the Liberal party," said Mr. Rowlands, "for we've seen him go into the lobby against us time after time." This village is equally divided between Liberalism and Captain Kincaid-Smith, but it harbors one elector who told Mr. Martin, "I'll vote for any man as'll vote for pure beer."

Idlicote came next in the itinerary and there Mr. Martin was introduced to Mr. Jilks, one of the few stalwart Liberal farmers in the district. Mr. Jilks came very near suffering some years ago for his Liberalism. He had the audacity to vote for Lord William Compton, now the Marquis of Northampton, and his landlord promptly gave him notice to quit his smithy. Mr. Jilks, however, knew that the property was mortgaged, and he appealed to the mortgagee, who at once countermanded the eviction order. That has been the salvation of Mr. Jilks, for he afterwards gave up his work as the village blacksmith, and devoted himself to farming, with highly satisfactory results.

"We Want Land."

At Ilmington Mr. Martin met a villager who lost no time in cross-examining him on the land question. "I am in favor of the taxation of land values, of course," Mr. Martin explained. "That's what we wants here, sir," said the laborer, "and we wants more land and a just assessment." Mr. Bullard here explained that the county councils were the stumbling-blocks in the way of the proper working of the Small Holding Act.

In this connection I may mention that in an area of eight miles around Stratford applications for 1,000 acres have been made, and not a single application has been granted.

"Joe" and His Hat.

A report is made in a Birmingham newspaper that at the unfurling of the nation's flags on Friday, when the town band played "God Save the King," Mr. Martin did not raise his hat. I showed this statement to Mr. Martin, and he at once characterized it as "a downright lie." "I did raise my hat," he said, "the moment the National Anthem was started. I have always been accustomed to that. The writer seems to think that Canadians are disloyal or else ignorant of English customs. I can't understand what good can be done by such impertinences as that."

AUCTION SALE OF A "ZOO."

The Glasgow Zoo, which has been conducted as a place of entertainment for twelve years, by a private firm, is to be converted into a roller skating rink, and the animals were disposed of yesterday by public auction.

There were 191 lots in all, and among the leading prices were the following:

	£	s.
Female elephant	267	15
Three male lions	299	5
Four young lions	215	5
Group of serpents	131	5
Lion "Cecil"	118	14
Indian elephants	73	10
Shetland ponies	68	5
Boxing kangaroo	94	10
Laughing hyena	29	8
Cape baboon	14	14

BRINGING OXFORD UP TO DATE

Lord Curzon of Kedleston has addressed to Oxford University, of which he is Chancellor, a remarkable letter on the "Principles and Methods of University Reform." It is in the main a concise and masterly summary of the different proposals that are exercising the minds of the members of the university and those outside it for making it more efficient in the education of the nation, and a dispassionate commentary on these proposals. But in some cases the Chancellor has voiced his own views not uncertainly. Particularly is this the case in the matter of degrees for women and the emancipation of the theological degrees of the Church of England alone. He argues that women ought to be given the visible sign of their now permitted success in the shape of a degree, and that theological honors should not be withheld from a layman or a Nonconformist, who "may well be the highest living authority on Hebrew, or Church history, or Biblical criticism."

To some this letter will appear as a plea for reform of an old institution on lines astonishingly democratic and revolutionary; to others, it will only represent the views already current in what has long ceased to be the "home of dead languages and undying prejudices."

Oxford's Courageous Chancellor.

A word must be said about the courage of the Chancellor of one of the two great universities in thus coming forward as a champion of reform. The Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge are usually looked upon as holding offices of great dignity, but of little if any, constitutional power. But Lord Curzon takes an unimpeachable, if modest view of his standing in this respect. "I have felt," he writes in his introductory letter to the Vice Chancellor, "that the Chancellor is, in truth, not so much the foremost official as the first servant of the university, who, in such a case, without impertinence, act as the interpreter of its sentiments and endeavor to fuse and give form to the best of its ideas." And, accordingly, we have this able and reasoned argument, which will, no doubt, open the eyes of many to the way things are moving at Oxford.

An instance of the extent to which far-reaching changes are advocated may be found in a proposal to change the form of government of the universities by lessening the fees for the M. A. degree. At present convocation "consists of all M. A.'s and Doctors of Oxford, whether resident or non-resident, who have kept their names on the books both of the university and of any college or hall." But only one-third of those who take the B. A. preceed to the M. A. degree, and even so, a large number of M. A.'s do not keep their names on the books, and are, therefore, no longer members of the university. Those who do both are very largely those to whom a higher degree is of practical value—that is, clergymen and schoolmasters; and it follows that in any great crisis of reform Oxford's decision is bound by only a section of those who should represent her throughout the country.

A POPULAR SENTENCE.

(Hamilton Herald)

Boyle, the kidnapper of the little Whitla boy, gets life imprisonment, and his wife gets 25 years. The Pennsylvannia judge who sentenced them did a fine day's work, which will be popular all over the continent.

FAMOUS HOTEL DESTROYED BY FOREST FIRE

Plymouth, N. H., May 12.—After destroying the Pemigewassett House, one of the most famous hostelries in the White Mountains, as well as the adjoining railroad station and express office, one of the most disastrous fires in this vicinity for many years swept over into the pine forest and licked up two farmhouses before it was controlled.

Loss Will be $150,000.

The loss on the hotel is estimated at $100,000 while the destruction of the other property will bring the loss up to $150,000.

The Pemigewassett House was owned by the Boston and Maine R. R. and was used as the railroad station. All trains made a long stop here while passengers had lunch or dinner at the hotel, which remained open throughout the year.

Historic Hotel.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, died in the hotel in 1864. The fire today apparently caught on the roof about 1 p. m. from a spark from a locomotive. There were seventy-five guests in the hotel, but they all escaped with most of their belongings.

GAVE THEM FINE PICTURE.

Special to The Standard.

Ottawa, May 12.—The Conservative members of the House of Commons this afternoon presented to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden an exceedingly fine picture, a landscape by Holmer Watson, R. C. A. Mr. Claude MacDonell and Mr. George A. Clare made the presentation and Mr. Borden acknowledged the gift in a suitable speech.

SERIOUS CHARGE MADE AGAINST BANGOR MAN

Portland, Me., May 13.—United States Deputy Marshal Stevens arrived here this evening from Bangor with Joseph Cyr of Bangor and Archie Estabrook, who were arrested on caplases issued by the United States District Court. Cyr is wanted for violation of the Rural L. D. Law and Estabrook is under arrest for the smuggling of furs, etc., from Fort Fairfield across the line.

They will be arraigned Friday morning before Judge Hale.

A HUNTING SONG.

By Edith Wharton

Hunters, where does Hope nest.
Not in the half-oped breast,
Nor the young rose,
Nor April sunrise—those
With a quick wing she brushes,
The wide world through,
Greets with the throat of thrushes,
Fades from as fast as dew.

But, would you spy her sleeping,
Cradled warm,
Look in the breast of weeping
The tree stript by storm;
But, you bind her fast,
Yours at last,
Bed-mate and lover,
Gain the last headland bare
That the cold tides cover,
There you may capture her, there,
Where the sea gives to the ground
Only the drift of the drowned.

Yet, if she slips you, once found,
Push to her utmost lair
In the low house of despair
There will she watch by your head,
Sing to you till you be dead,
Then, with your child in her breast,
In another heart build a new nest.

HUNT,
Street.

K TO DORCHESTER.

Adams, who was found guilrton, on a charge of horse but was allowed to go on sentence by Judge McLeod, rough the city yesterday to r in charge of Sheriff Holomplete his former sentence, xpires on the 27th of this

seph Porter returned from on last night.

ice of Meetings

tery 3rd. Reg'm't N. A. will parade at Armory for drill Monday, May 17th, at arp. A full attendance is requested.
D. W. PARKER,
Major.

Notice of Sale.

C. Rudman Allan of the City of hn in the City and County of n and Province of New Brunsggiet and his assigns, Annie L. the same place, wife of the said udman Allan and Albert R. C. d John A. Adams, both of the ce, contractors, and to all others may in any wise concern:— is hereby given that under and e of the power of sale contained tain Identure of Mortgage bearthe twenty-second day of A. D., 1894, made between the C. Rudman Allan and Annie L., of the one part, and Fanny B., David McLellan, of the same egistrar of Probates, of the other duly recorded in the office of istrar of Deeds in and for the County of Saint John, in Book es 35, 36, 37 and 38 by the num78, there will, for the purpose fying, the moneys secured by the rtgage, default having been made ent thereof, contrary to the proof the said mortgage be sold by uction at Chubb's Corner (so in the City of Saint John, aforeon Tuesday the Fifteenth day of xt at the hour of twelve o'clock ne lease of and leasehold interest ands and premises mentioned and d in the said mortgage as "All rtain lot, piece or parcel of land on the southern side of King in Carleton, having a front of eet more or less on King Street, d, and extending back preserve same breadth of one hundred the lot heretofore leased by overnors and Trustees of the hool in New Brunswick, to George by Indenture bearing date the first day of December, A. D., 1861, corded in the office of the said ar in Book A. No. 8, of records, 6, 137 and 138" as by reference be d to the said Mortgage or to the thereof will more fully appear; r with the right of renewal of the ase and all the buildings, erections provements on the land and premereby demised and the privileges ppurtenances thereto belonging or wise appertaining.
d at the City of Saint John, in the nd County of Saint John this h day of May A. D., 1909.
FANNY B. McLELLAN,
Mortgagee.
B. M. Baxter,
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A GOOD PAYING dry goods and ing business for both sexes for the best town near the border in New Brunswick, for reason sick of tal or partner, wanted with a from $3,000 to $5,000 to increase good income for two. Particulars to people meaning business; no b Address, Partner, L. B. R.

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FOR SALE—Freehold property co Prince and St. James streets, wi story brick building thereon, contai 3 stores and hotel, all rented. Appl H. H. PICKETT, Solicitor 20-4-tf. 65 Prince Wm.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—That de able cottage lately occupied by Mrs. G Marsters, centrally situated in the vil of St. Martins, good water supply, ba ings in good repair. Apply to J. W. Ba ings, St. Martins, N. B.

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WANTED—A Principal for the Sup for School at Hartland, N. B., for n term. Apply to Sec. Trustees. 14-5

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LOST—Between W. A. Porter's and Wall Stree Bridge, Thursday evening about six o'clock, Gold Watch with initials A. P. engraved on the outside, and Xmas, 1908 on the inside. Finde kindly leave at W. A. Porter's. Reward.

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