

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

FRANCE'S DARK HOUR.

Seldom in modern history have we heard of the trial of an under officer of the army in which the President of the republic, his ministers, the war officials of another power, and indirectly, the Emperor of that country appeared on the witness stand, yet that is true of the trial which is convulsing France today. The retrial of DREYFUS brings the most prominent men of France before the court, involves the statements of the German government, and arrays the people of France into two great parties. It is a strange destiny which the fates awarded DREYFUS. So far as the trial has gone, nothing incriminating the prisoner has been shown. The case against him appears flimsy and inconsequential. This is not saying that there will be no difficulty about securing his acquittal, for to the army authorities he is guilty until proved innocent. In considering this case which has thrown France into turmoil and has interested the whole civilized world it is necessary to remember that to Frenchmen the innocence or guilt of DREYFUS is only a part of the question at stake. The whole question of national policy and rule is involved, as is anti-Semitism, the maintenance of the army, and the defence of the republic against the socialists on one side and the royalists on the other. Many a French citizen who wishes to see fairness in the courts and a just decision for or against DREYFUS honestly believes that the body of DREYFUS supporters would ruin France in a twelve-month if they had full sway. The whole policy and politics of France are involved in the situation which centres around DREYFUS and it is this and the corrupt cabal of the army staff that work hardest against the young officer. Thousands of Frenchmen go so far as to say that they prefer DREYFUS, innocent, to suffer, rather than to see the army and what it represents balked in its objects. A new element entered the situation Sunday, when M. LABOURI, chief counsel of the accused and best of all of his defenders, was shot, on his way to court. This is a severe blow to the defence, for LABOURI was brilliant, fearless, and had the situation gauged to a nicety, but it may also prove a boomerang to the prosecution by arousing fresh public sentiment in favor of the accused, thus depriving of his chief defender. No one doubts that the agencies that arrested DREYFUS and arrested and maltreated Colonel PICQUART also planned this dastardly stroke. The French general staff seems rotten to the core. Another development of the week is the arrest of PAUL DE ROULEDE and some of his followers. The country has seen so many revolutions that it feels menaces where none of consequence exist. Form of government means little in France, and the wretched condition which confronts the country would be equally disgraceful under republic, constitutional monarchy or despotic empire.

A DEAD UNBELIEVER.

Our judgement of one another steps at the Great Frontier. However widely they have differed from us, our thought of our fellow-mortals is softened by fraternal kindness when their fates appear to us in the silence of death. Especially in the case of an eminent man like the late Col. INGERSOLL, whose public and polemical brilliancy dazzled and shut from ordinary view the gentler and more engaging elements of his character, we are glad to remember his private virtues, and to feel that we can leave the rest to the wise arbiter of all lives.

Religiously COLONEL INGERSOLL was a positivist, in whose mind the believing faculty never developed; and the force of his nature made it impossible for him to be a silent pupil of his philosophy. It is a regret and a cause of wonder to some minds that he could antagonize the christian faith and be sincere. He simply did not believe existing dogmas. His mind was only susceptible to the consciousness of material things. How far he was morally responsible only Omniscience can know. His part in the controversy is ended, and it is not for us to anticipate the verdict of eternity.

It is pleasanter, and we are sure that it is wiser now, to think with regret and not with bitterness of his relentless antagonism to what seems to us divine revelation declares, and man needs; remembering also his generosity to the poor, his integrity in business life, his political and social purity, and the gentle personal traits that endeared him so strongly to his family. No man was ever more sorely missed or more tenderly mourned as a husband and father, and as a friend. Colonel INGERSOLL'S law of life was the one formulated by the prophet Micah, "Do justly, love, mercy, and walk humbly with the God"—in all but the last. His religion, recited at his funeral in his own words included everything in Christianity but a personal Christ and the revealed continuation of a future life. But his declared unfaith could not stifle the human yearning within him of an eternal hope. Over the dead body of his brother he confessed "in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

Says the Portland Transcript: A hurricane in the West Indies is of more domestic concern now than it was two years ago, and the devastation of Porto Rico has aroused much sympathy in the American land which has found practical expression in gifts of money and necessities. General Davis estimates that 100,000 persons were made homeless by the storm. While being homeless in the tropics and in a northern clime are very different things, the case of our new territory is hard enough, and relief should be generous and speedy. Other islands than Porto Rico suffered. The West Indies furnish a home and playground for storms of unusual magnitude, but this latest one was remarkable among its fellows.

The Boston and Maine railroad is experimenting with two improvements that will, if fully adopted, make railroad travel much more comfortable. First of these is the use of coke as fuel. On the suburban trains of the road coke fuel has proved very satisfactory. Its use relieves passengers from smoke and cinders, and there are no sparks from the engine to burn barns and dry woods. The other improvement is a railroad sprinkled heavily with oil to form a weed-proof and dustless crust over the surface of the ground. With dust, smoke and cinders eliminated railroad travel would be a thing of luxury.

According to the Russian government minister public ownership of the liquor business in that country works successfully. The number of shops has grown less, drunkenness has been reduced so that all concede the fact, and the quality of the liquor has been improved by preventing adulteration. Incidentally, the number of saving bank depositors has increased. The experiment has been tried only in a limited territory but Minister WITTE urges its extension to the entire European empire of the Czar.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

The Black Man's Burden.

Take up the black man's burden, Ye errant sons of Ham, And bear it as you once did, with the meekness of the lamb. A thousand years of slavery To white man's greed and sin Has left a shadow on your souls Much darker than your sin. Take up your heavy burden With courage—not despair— And show the world your claim is just— The white man's boon to share.

Log Service.

The enthusiasm of an orator sometimes carries him far afield. An old negro who made a speech in Beaufort on one occasion just before the close of the memorable year 1862, worked himself and his audience up to a pitch of great excitement over the flag of the country. "We want to work for it, we want to fight for it, an' we want to die for it, if we hab to!" he cried, with increasing earnestness, as the time for his speech to end came near. "Why, boys," he shouted, his voice hoarse and trembling with excitement, "we hab libed under dis old flag for 'eighteen hundred and sixty two years!" We aint going to desert it now!"

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Sorrow. Sad watch I keep for I cannot sleep, By the one to my soul most dear; My child so still, in her icy chill, And yet to my life so near. Love's voice is hushed, Sweet hope is crushed,— And through the night I weep; Till softly the ray, of returning day, Dawns over her slumber deep. One tress still fair, of her shining hair, And the one gold ring she wore; Are my all to keep, when snow winds creep, Where I never shall see her more. When love light dies, In the silent eyes; And the beautiful hence depart; A mother's tear, for life long years, Shall hallow her patient heart. On the coming day, they will bear away, My love to a couch of green; All summer long, the night-bird's song, Will be sung in the forest scene. Her saintly face, In that lonely place; Shall never to mine be pressed, And every leaf, will tell its grief; Over her voiceless rest. In memory sing, as time takes wing, Hymns of the days gone by; When close and warm, on a mother's arm, It was often her wish to lie. Her eyes would raise, To my own their gaze, When I came from sorrow free; And "the angel" she said, "beside her bed; Would come with her love to me." In sunshine and storm, that little form, On my arm I shall ever find; Her lips mine press, with a sweet caress, And her image will haunt my mind. But every day, When she's gone away, That promise will sweetest be; Of all that dwell in my sad heart's cell, Her angel I still should see. CYPRESS GOLDBE.

Emancipation—The Other Side.

Man sat on a throne in the good old days gone by; Woman worshipped at that throne and asked no fee. Man was high and apart from the woman who bowed her down, But he let her laugh when he laughed (he didn't like to see her frown). He kindly gave her his name when he put the ring on her hand, And endowed her with (though he kept the title) all of his goods and land; And he did his best through her working years to hasten her to her goal. With a heavy burden of household cares that weighed down her heart and soul. But there came a glad day—woman lifted her head. And thought, "All these years of bondage I have been in, what for? Why should man rule alone? I have all the sovereign power?" Why is it always said "the man," never the woman of the hour? To solve the problem she studied in the schools of men, And she found that she could think too, and could reason, and use a pen. That she could teach science; that her brain was equal to law; That never again need she kneel to man in reverence and awe. For she said, "I'm a mind of my own, and it reasons and understands; Why should I not think and speak? Has not a woman brains as well as hands?" Man, manlike, sneered at her, saying, "Superior are we; We'll teach her to know her place; we'll make her bow the knee, We've got to get our heads together—got to call her down, She's getting so she don't care whether we smile at her, or frown. She's climbing up, and we'll have to be spry if she's to be kept below. Soon she'll be instructing us, telling us we don't know." We were warned long ago that this day would come, a sorry one for man. Will she ever bow before us and ask no reason why again. Thus was the seed sown of emancipation sown. Woman disdained her footstool, and man stepped down from his throne. Having no worshipper. So women stood on a level with men; And they thought and worked together, with the brush and chisel and pen.

The Ocean of the Sky.

In the ocean of the sky The cloudy tides go by, Impetuous fare and ceaseless bear Their precious freight on eddying air, Perfume and purple dye. By earth's green banks they sweep, Silent and soft as sleep, But ocean's tide is not so wide As the ethereal streams that glide In the vast upper deep. Their quiet current flows, Where the high reeds blow, They gather the wine of freedom vine, The scent of grape, the breath of pine, And scatter it as they go, Fra I argosies they float, That wait the evening note. The echoing toll of green wood hill, The unconscious art, the untaught skill Of many a feathered thrush. When the great red sun is spent, They follow the track he went, They pillage and bar his cloudy car And fling as gift to the Evening star The gems of the Occident. She sits like a queen on high As the sunset tides go by, And round her throne like jewels star The luminous hues of earth are blown In the ocean of the sky. God sets the tides of the sea, In His gracious hand they lie, And twice a day they stir the bay With the smell of salt and the flash of spray, And twice to the ocean flee. And I like to think he keeps The key of the greater deeps, And everywhere spreads out His care And covers the ocean of the air With the love that never sleeps.

The Black Man's Burden.

Take up the black man's burden, Ye errant sons of Ham, And bear it as you once did, with the meekness of the lamb. A thousand years of slavery To white man's greed and sin Has left a shadow on your souls Much darker than your sin. Take up your heavy burden With courage—not despair— And show the world your claim is just— The white man's boon to share. Give up your fond illusions Of pleasureable ease; Know we're and set denial win. In stirring times like these. The chicken coop, the melon patch, 'Tis hard to pass 'em by, But these ye must forego; And eat more humble pie. The cake walk too, ye must desert, And the narrow path pursue, If ye would find salvation O ye of dusky hue. Take up the black man's burden, You'll learn soon or late, That all good things will come to those Who hustle while they wait.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ONE GAME WON BY ROSES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

taken this season but there are enough of the present players in the company to make the picture interesting. That good catcher McLeod is there. The friends of the Roses should have given that player a testimonial before he left. He went almost before they knew it or they would have done so. Phillips, the Frederickton umpire, was a keen spectator of both games. He gave Connolly credit for honesty and impartiality in the first game when his own friends were roasting him. A Frederickton man said that Phillips had umpired many games in Frederickton and that all he had got out of it was a ten dollar bill. Bob Garnet and Bruce M. Farlane shook hands Thursday. Their words Wednesday night was a mistake but who can always keep the upper hand of himself when discussing a ball game.

Under the heading of "Roaster Connolly" the Frederickton Gleaner says: Frederickton gentlemen, who witnessed the ball game in St. John yesterday between the Roses and Tartars, say that Umpire Connolly's roasting of the Tartars was the most wily and barefaced roasting that they ever witnessed.

Well, well, an umpire's lot is not a happy one. He might as well have the game and the profit of dishonesty if he has to bear the name and the shame of it, all he would lose would be the approval of his own conscience.

HOW HE MAKES PORTER.

The Competition Between Rival Poets Belyea and McCarthy.

John Callahan McCarthy has a rival. For many years Mr. McCarthy had held first place in the hearts of all lovers of good poetry in this city, but a new star has arisen, beside which John's pales into insignificance. The latter's muse bids fair to be relegated to oblivion unless John gets a move on. This is only one more instance of the fickleness of public opinion—that is St. John public opinion; for while McCarthy has immortalized in verse almost every public and private individual in St. John, and has showered his favors alike on the just and unjust, Mr. Arthur E. Belyea, the new aspirant for fame's laurels, contents himself with writing about great events, ordinary every day people being quite beneath his notice. He may be properly styled a poet of calamity, revelling in murders, railway horrors, shipwrecks etc.

Mr. Belyea has a footnote appended to all his poems which tells the reader that he—Professor Arthur E. Belyea, aged 15" is the "Original poet of St. John. Genuine Poet Laureate. All others are imitations. Beware of Frauds."

"Do you ever print poetry" asked the Professor of Progress this week, and upon receiving a guarded reply launched into the merits of his latest work.

Mr. Belyea says he writes a poem every week. "Its easy enough when you know how," said he. "It depends on whether you see the thing yourself or have it told to you. If you see it, you can write a poem in a little while. If you don't see it why of course it takes more time. My poems don't cost much. I sell them three cents to outsiders and two cents to regular customers. John Callahan McCarthy was a good man in his day, I don't deny that—but I can prove I'm the poet laureate of this town."

Mr. Belyea's latest effusion is a sort of combination poem commemorating the "Bar Harbor drowning accident and the Bridgeport Disaster."

Some of the stanzas are pathetic in the extreme, and as a bit of descriptive work almost unequalled; for as instance:

A train load of excursionists While boarding the steamboat's side, The gangway suddenly collapsed And threw them in the tide. Two hundred persons it is said Plunged in the water cold, And fifty of those lost their lives When all is rightly told.

As an admonition to others the poem goes on to say

We feel the deepest sorrow For those who have lost friends true, And we know not but to morrow We may share the same fate too.

The Bridgeport disaster calls forth the following:

The car was running at full speed When it suddenly left the track, And bounded over the trestlework And became a total wreck. Two of the passengers escaped How thankful they must be, In such a dreadful scene as this That they alone got free.

SEA TELEPHONE WITHOUT WIRES.

Italian Invention That Will Obliviate Cables and Other Marine Distasters.

Prof. Russo d'Asar, an Italian, has devised a telephone to indicate the approach and direction of unseen vessels at sea as far away as five miles. His instruments have been tried with complete success according to the Lega Navale, on the warships at Genoa and Spezia. The general receiver, which is immersed in the water either at the bow or the stern of a vessel consists of two greatly flattened cones, separated by a broad ring. The outer edge of the ring has eighteen receivers connecting with microphones, and each joined to one of eight divisions of a dial on deck, nine for port and nine for starboard.

When the receiver for the point north-east to port, for instance, marks the sound from a passing vessel, a white disk shuts off the corresponding compartment on the dial. The lookout then puts his ear to the telephone. If the sound becomes more intense and the disk remains in place, it is a sign that the vessel is still approaching from that direction. If the sound grows fainter and the disk disappears and then shuts off the north-north-east compartment, say, the direction taken by the other vessel can be determined. If the apparatus can work at a distance of five miles, it ought to make collisions in fogs or at night inexcusable, and as the sound of waves breaking on the rocks is transmitted just as easily, it should give warning at least of danger from land near at hand.

THE PAINT HABIT.

Rightly Pursued, It Helps to Make Home Beautiful.

The paint habit inside the home will bring big results in brightness, beauty and economy if it is indulged wisely. That is, if the painter gets the best paint and the right paint for the purpose. Otherwise, the results may be anything but pleasing. One paint-making house has the reputation of preparing ready-mixed paints of different kinds that give entire satisfaction to housekeepers. These are the Sherwin-Williams Paint.

To make old furniture appear like new, for fine work on shelving, pottery, or wick, or work. The Sherwin-Williams Enamel Paint gives the best effects. For covering floors the Sherwin-Williams Special Floor Paint gives a hard, glossy finish that floor painters so often strive for and fail to get. It is made to walk on, and its surface is almost as hard as metal. The cleanliness of such a floor appeals strongly to every housekeeper.

Then for painting the little things about the house, the same makers prepare The Sherwin-Williams Family Paint, put up in small cans, ready for use; and for painting the bath-tub there is the Sherwin-Williams Bath Enamel. Sample color cards of any or all of these, as well as of the house paint creosote paint, etc., can be had by sending a postal card request to The Sherwin-Williams Company, 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

Jonas in a Crowd.

Touching the painful position of a small man in a large place, the Detroit Free Press tells a story of Mr. Jonas Howard, sometime of Indiana. When Mr. Howard came to Congress, it says, he left behind him a devoted body of constituents who fancied the great personal benefits would come to them through Mr. Howard's powerful presence in the halls of national wisdom.

One of these rural adherents, a small farmer, with some momentous political design on his mind, followed Mr. Howard to Washington in eager pursuance of that mysterious object. He returned in about five days, seemingly not much elated.

"Well, Bill," a town acquaintance saluted him, "did you see Washington and Mr. Howard, and did you get what you went after?" "Ya-as, I seen Washington," he replied, grumpily, "and I seen Jonas; but Jonas couldn't do nothin' fer me. He wuz a havin' hard work to keep from gittin' tramped on himself."

A Word to The Wise is Sufficient.

Everyone knows Ungars is the place to get Shirt Waists and P. K. Suits laundered. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

A Friendly Tip.

Young Author—Tell me frankly what you think of the manuscript of my book? I want to get it in shape for publication, as I have several other irons in the fire. Critical Friend—Well, that being the case I would advise you to use the manuscript for fuel. It might at least help the other irons.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Spine, Perforated, Duval, 17, Waterloo.