

PROGRESS.

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THE CZAR.

She present Czar of Russia, even if he be as alleged by his detractors, deficient in the art of statecraft as understood in the Empire of the north, and the unfortunate possessor of a sensitive nature too prone to humane impulses to permit of him proving a successful autocrat, has during his brief reign shown qualities which give him a unique distinction among Russian sovereigns. Since his accession to the throne he has, in marked opposition to the traditional policy of his predecessors, sought to promote a sentiment of union among the various members of the imperial family, and, according to court gossip, has even erred in showing favor to some of his relatives more notorious than deserving. That he earnestly desires the welfare of his people his critics do not deny, and his appeal to the powers, which brought about the Peace conference at The Hague, however utopian and illusory in its origin, and however incomplete in its results, cannot fail to give its author a high place in the history of his time. Whether or no, like that other monarch of lofty aims and extravagantly human aspirations, JOSEPH II. of Austria, he is ahead of his generation, and is doomed to be misunderstood by his contemporaries and to be misprized by those whom he would benefit, such a ruler even in a semi-barbarous state like Russia must ultimately influence his people for good. One of his most recent kindly acts is the reinstatement of the Grand Duke MICHAEL MICHAELOVITCH as staff-captain of the 1st Cauerous R. fl'es. The Grand Duke, whose father was a brother of the late Czar Alexander II, fell into disgrace with Alexander III., on account of his morganatic marriage in 1891 with the young and beautiful Countess Von Menenberg, a daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, who married a daughter of the celebrated author, Pushkin. The czar deprived the Grand Duke of all his military honors, and forbade him to return to Russia. Since then he has lived alternately in England, Paris and the Riviera, with his wife, who received from her father's eldest brother, the Grand Duke of Luxembourgh, the title of Countess Towby. Only on one occasion was he allowed to set foot on Russian soil, when his mother, a Princess of Baden' died, and even then he had to limit his stay to a few days. His brother, who at the time of his disgrace was only a captain is now a major general. The Grand Duke's appointment to a regiment stationed in the Caucasus is customary in Russia in the case of officers of noble birth, and the loss of promotion is, as a rule, quickly made up. Meanwhile Russian officials circles are much exercised over what suggests itself to outsiders as an act of simple justice, but which is in marked contrast to precedent.

A good many months have passed since the battle of Cavite when the region about Manila became practically subject to American rule, and for almost a year the entire Philippine archipelago has been United States territory under terms of its treaty with Spain. For a considerable fraction of this time the Americans have been warring against the native tribes in the island of Luzon, driving them from town to town and from rice field to rice field but with a net result for the months of campaigning that is woefully meagre. They still hold Manila and the territory immediately surrounding the city, but they held that from the beginning; some of their camps are in villages at some distance from Man-

ila which were native possessions when hostilities began, but they hardly constitute a sufficient prize for half a year of exertion. Progress has not been in equal ratio to endeavor. Campaigning has been constant and aggressive, but the reward of victory is small. Americans are almost as far from actual sovereignty over Luzon as they were in January. The people are not disposed to blame the American commander for this failure to achieve large results, for the task set his small army approached the impossible, and climate, disease and the nature of the country all work for the native forces against soldiers from cooler climes. A mistake was made in sending so small a force to Manila when the war was threatened, but it is late to discuss that. The officers and men, both volunteers and regulars, have stood up to their disagreeable work in field and camp nobly. Their efforts are appreciated at home. No one criticizes them for the situation.

The peace conference at The Hague has adjourned with none of its important projects accomplished. On all proposals which materially alter the art of warfare some nations were found to differ from the majority, and this was enough to defeat the articles of agreement. Thus England opposed broadening the freedom of goods at sea and England and the United States favored the expansive or 'dumdum' bullet, which most nations are ready to discard. The arbitration proposals the most important of all measures discussed at the conference, received eloquent consideration, but at no time stood any chance of adoption. The best result of the conference is in the mere fact of its existence. To propose to limit war and render conflict less likely and to find all nations ready to consider this possibility is an encouraging sign. It is in the direction of arbitration and protection of trade that the chief promise lies. Actual avoidance of war or effective limitation of armies and navies is impracticable.

The Cleveland strike is a disturbance of more than customary importance, and its long continuance in the riotous stage is ominous of a sullen battle. Better order is preserved now than earlier, but several cars have been wrecked by explosives, several persons have been injured, and much expense has been caused the state, the company and the employes themselves since a week ago. A settlement is not in sight, but it is believed that the riotous element will not again parade itself in public. Since the strike began more than 200 arrests have been made, and the number of troops and policemen now on duty in Cleveland exceeds 2000.

The latest phase of the ever shifting DREYFUS affair is the forced retirement of several prominent and popular French generals by order of Minister GALLIFET. The boldness of General GALLIFET in thus attacking the conspirators at their head makes him a new center for assault and praise. He declares that the removal of DE NEGREYER is by his order and that he will not hesitate to sacrifice others, if they attempt to commit the army to a partisan attitude towards the ministry and DREYFUS. General GALLIFET appears to be the right man in the right place.

Another Disappearance.

Following upon the very mysterious disappearance of James Pattison of the opera house staff, is that of Mrs. Gilbarry who a few days ago left her home to carry her husband's dinner to him and has disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. Mrs. Gilbarry was in the enjoyment of perfect health, her domestic life was happy, and her strange disappearance is thus wholly unexplainable. The generally accepted theory in regard to Mr. Pattison is that he wandered into the woods near the lake at St. Martins and lost his way. A searching party went up this week but their search resulted as previos ones had done, and it looks now as if the affair was destined to remain forever a mystery. The case of Mrs. Gilbarry is even more mysterious, and no particular theory is advanced.

Will Fly Hamlet.

This week's New York Dramatic Mirror says Edwin Gray the popular actress, may possibly play Hamlet the coming season.

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.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The cry of the Little Peoples. The cry of the little peoples went up to God in The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the Scie wig Dane We ask but a little portion of the green and an Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth, We ask not cooling stations, nor ports in the China seas, We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these, We have learned the lesson of time, and we know Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea, A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree, O leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky, To drive our mills, and to carry our wood, and to O cease long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame, We filled all the shaking world with the sound of But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done, Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the stars.

And what shall you gain if you take us and bind us And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs? Forbid us the very use of our heart's own nursery tongue, Is this to be strong, you nations, is this to be strong Your vulgar battles to fight, and your shopman conquests to keep, For the time we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep? What gain in the day of battle—to the Russ, to the German, what gain, The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the Schleswig Dane? The cry of the little peoples went up to God in vain, For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain; The hard that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break us is strong, And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song, The dream that our fathers dreamed to-day are laughter and dust, And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust, Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or pray, For the iron world no less will crash on in its iron way, And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless, pitying eye, The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old fashions die.

What Yo' Gwine to Tell de Lawd? When de trumpet am a tootin' an' de stabs dey am shootin' an' de owls dey am a hootin' in de trees, When de earl am a quakin' an' de dead dey am awakin' an' de people am a shakin' in de knees, When yo' sea' de rollin' thundeh an' de rocks am rent an' de hos' am in deir wondeh standin' awed, An' yo' 'in' yo' se' tremblin while de nations am assemblin' 'O' sannah, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd? When de planets git a knockin' at each 'noder an' a rockin' an' de tempests seem a mockin' at yo' woe, When de darkness am a fallin' an' de buzz'ds am a squallin' an' de angel am a callin' yo' to stop, When de sun hab quit its shinin' an' de brack wolves am a whinin' an' de moun'ns lay reclinin' on de sod, An' yo' 'in' de totell de s'ory what yo' doin' up in glory, 'O' sannah, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

When yo' see de righteous swingin' up de road an' a singin' twell de car'll be a ringin' wif de psalm, When dey fo' deir wings an' rally in de golden riven valley singin' hallelujah-hally to de Lam, When de hills dey am a crashin' an' de sulphur fire's a flashin' an' yo' feel de cuttin' lashin' ob de ioi, When de sheep am bein' chosen from de goats, what yo' supposin' wicked sannah, you'se a gwine to tell de Lawd? Oh! befo' de vials braken an' de wrathful fiery token wif its awful flames is chokin' up de 'Fo' de dragons git a barkin' an' de earl begins to darken, ask de Mahsteh 'o' to hearken to yo' cry, Stop yo' ammin' an' trasgressin' listen to de wahnin' lesson, git yo' wicked knees to pressin' on de sod; When you'se at de bar an' Satan am a eyein' yo' 'O' watin' tremblin' sannah, w'at yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

The Firemen.

Like warriors when they make essay To break or scale a citadel, When stern defenders battle well The brave men force their perilled way And strive their fry foe to quell In urgent and incessant fray The long lines of the hose they lift And climb the bendin' ladders swift With stevens-clutch and firm set feet, Wit' at fling clouds and scorchin' heat— They wield the axe with woodmen's skill And make the way where'er they will; And whoso'er the red fire me gleams They stoutly pour the quenching streams Till all the hissing structure steams With deathly warbling retreat.

Yet dauntless to their task they clime; Still round and nozzle firm they clasp, Though oft in fetid gas they rasp, Though burning embers round them wing, Though while the flames with sudden grasp O' arduous hands their ho lies sting, They show no feather white of fear, The frantic victims' cries they hear; At hazard of their lives they save The frenzied strong, the weak and old, From torturing pains and ash grave; And oft, too manful, overbold, The reeling wall they press too high And 'neath its crushing fall they die, Heroes in l'ged and true as they Who dare the rage of war's wild day.

The East Wind.

You're coming, coming, like the light And spreading o'er the sea, I know there's death for some to-night, But life and joy to me. For you're the East Wind, East Wind that I love, The East Wind of the sea. I nurtured on our sea-firt coasts, Round roof and rock and tree, Drank in the food I loved the most, The East Wind of the sea.

And midst the spray on ocean's breast, While you whistled wild and free, I've kissed your cheek and suck to rest, O, East Wind of the sea.

So, though I pray for those you harm, A wish I might not see, Sweep in and bring the old old charm, O, bring it back to me! For you're the East Wind, East Wind that I love, The East Wind of the sea.

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

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

FROM HER HOME IN CANADA. Actress Rose Coghlan Tells why she Likes Penobscot Salmon.

Here is a good story of Rose Coghlan the actress, who won much fame, if not a great deal of money as the Sporting Duchess and as Lady Jane McClintock in the White Heather. It all happened in the restaurant in the Adams House, Boston, whence it comes straight to the Bangor Daily News, not yet having been caught by the Hub reporters.

Miss Coghlan (who, off the stage is Mrs. E. P. Sullivan) seated herself for dinner the other day and ordered, among other things Penobscot river salmon with the accent on the Penobscot. When the fish was brought to her she inspected it critically and asked of the waiter.

"Are you sure that this is Penobscot river salmon?" "Quite sure, ma'am," responded the waiter. "I am always particular," continued the actress, "to have Penobscot river salmon because it comes, you know, from my old home in Canada."

"Why the Penobscot river isn't in Canada—it's in Maine," ventured the waiter, who is no ignoramus.

The eyes of lady Janet McClintock flashed angrily, and she proceeded to inform the waiter that she guessed she knew where the Penobscot river, with its wealth of big, pink salmon, was, and then and there ensued a lively little tilt between the two, which was finally settled by the persistent waiter fetching an atlas and proving to the stage star that the Penobscot wasn't in that Canada of hers.

After that, it is related, the actress relapsed into drowsy gloom, and finished her dinner in uncomfortable haste.

But, now that we think of it, although the actress was away off in her geography the salmon served to her might have come from her beloved Canada after all. When it comes to salmon in Boston hotels

there isn't much in a name. The above story may be correct, but the Bangor News should be aware that Rose Coghlan is Mrs. John T. not Mrs. E. P. Sullivan, as they state.

They got a good Reception. The base ball man of the Sun was very critical in his report of the Boston collegians and Alert game on Thursday. He may be a capital scarer but when he writes about a pitcher "losing the key to his stints" and thus "giving seven men coupons for first" the reader is apt to get bewildered.

The Collegians are good ball players and considering the fact that they played their first game together on Thursday after arriving on the steamer that morning and that the trip is more for pleasure than business they did wonderfully well. Some brilliant plays were made and some wretched errors but the scare was not as large as some that have been made of late. The crowd was in good humor and gave the visitors plenty of applause and a great reception. After the game the collegians were entertained by their friends in different ways.

A Giant in Stature. There are some big policemen on the St. John force but the Boston sergeant, Mr. Pheasanton, who made a trip here with his wife and child this week can look over the heads of any of them and have several inches to spare. He is a giant in stature, and splendidly built. He made many friends here and will return with pleasant recollections of St. John people.

Chairs Re-seated Cane, Splint, Perforator, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

This is a Great Offer. Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

THE FIREMANS SECRET OR A FATHERS MISTAKE.

(A RECITATION) Deceived, betrayed—dragged down. Had left her to find a life of shame, In the street of London to roam. I took an oath as I heard it, Calling upon Him above, To punish the base betrayer, Who'd stolen my poor girl's love. Some little time after this—sir— I was called to another fire, To a small part of the city, In a place called Leicester Square, As I rode up on the engine, And saw the flickering flames, I learnt from my pal beside me, That three dwell there a Mr. James. Mr. James?—I thought for a moment, As I stood there watching the flame That came from a three storied window, Why that was that villain's name! Then with a rope tied round me, And a ladder against the wall, I rushed up to the window. (And from there I got my fall) Climbing into the room in a moment, I could feel the flames scorching breath. But thinking only of my poor Nellie, I cared not for life nor death. Blinded with smoke and near choking, I made for the hall-open door, When there lay my poor girl's betrayer, Stretched out—overcome—on the floor, The man who had ruined my daughter, And left her—so Jim Mason said— To follow a life even worse, Than the one to which she'd been led. These thoughts flashed o'er me as I stand there, The flames rising higher and higher, Then,—may the Lord in His mercy forgive me— I left him to die in the fire! Returning once more to the window, (The ladder burnt where 'twas placed.) I didn't know what I should do, sir, Till I thought of the rope round my waist. Then making it fast up above—sir— I proceeded to let myself down, But the rope burnt right in two—sir— And that's how I fell to the ground. When they picked me up again—sir— All battered and bruised and broke A woman was standing beside me, Her clothes soiled by fire and smoke, And I saw at once 'twas my daughter, Dressed like a lady was she, She'd a wedding-ring on her finger And was no: as Jim Mason told me, She shouted—"will nobody save him?" O where is my poor husband—Jack? Her husband!—my God!—what had I done?— And then with a groan I fell back. I know that I'm dying, doctor, It's no use the fact to hide, When you see my daughter—Nellie, Tell her how Jim Mason lied, I've saved close on fifty lives, sir, Since I've been in the Brigade, May the Lord and my gal forgive me, For the one I refused to aid! LEO. E. H. KOON. Halifax, N. S., July 4.