

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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AGAINST MOB RULE.

Governor CANDLER of Georgia presides over a state which has gained an unenviable reputation for lynching and similar crimes of violence, but he is no supporter of the mobs. A recent manifesto against lynching is now followed by more substantial proof of opposition to the practice, the governor facing a mob of would-be lynchers last week and pleading for the regular course of justice. This act of bravery deserves recognition. It ought to help the cause of the courts in Georgia. Mention of lynching calls to mind the affair in Louisiana by which five Italians lost their lives. The mob seized these men and hung them because they had assaulted Dr. HODGE for shooting one of their goats. A local newspaper thus upholds the mob: 'With the natural horror of such atrocious murder' (that of Dr. HODGE) that influences all good men, the good people of Tallulah seized the five conspirators and promptly hanged them.' As a matter of fact, the crime of the Italians was nothing more than assault, for Dr. HODGE is still alive, reasonably well. If the mob had waited until the result of the doctor's injuries had been known, there would have been no lynching. Had the courts been allowed to attend to the assault, the offence would have been punished by terms in jail, the country would have no complication in its relations with Italy and the town of Tallulah would bear a better name. Mob thought does not extend to justice or to consequences. It is hardly thought at all, rather feeling of the basest sort. There is only one way to crush it, and that is by force. Occasionally some man of influence and ready courage will check a mob, as did Governor Candler, but even this is a temporary influence which is personal rather than a form of respect for law and established forms of justice.

Eccentric as are some of the findings of the juries, the ruling of judges sometimes amazes. An English actor recently thought that a critic had damaged him by ridiculing his performance in a certain part and brought suit. The judge proposed that the jury see the actor 'at work' although it was impossible to show him in the play in which he had been criticised. The learned judge seemed to assume that an actor is alike at all times without reference to the character he may assume. But actors, like judges, differ in accordance with the characters and the cases that elicit their efforts. If it were not so, there would in the one case be no diversity of criticism and in the other case no overruling of decisions.

The conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Sir HENRY IRVING by the University of Glasgow is the third academic honor with which the great actor-manager has been invested. Trinity College, Dublin, was the first institution to recognize IRVING as a scholar and a man of letters. Last year Cambridge University honored him with the degree of Doctor of Literature, and now the strict and conservative Scotch temple of learning has conferred the higher distinction upon the player, who has brought the theatre into new dignities.

In England the success of the postoffice savings bank has attained enormous dimensions. One person out of every five in the British islands is a depositor, and the balance standing to the credit of these accounts is nearly \$615,000,000. The rate of interest is low, but the security of the investment and the easy opportunity to deposit small savings more than make up for this, as is shown by the rapid growth

of the institution. The interest, hitherto sixpence on the pound, will soon be reduced to fivepence.

The second court martial of DREYFUS is now in progress, and its outcome will be watched with anxiety. General GALLIFET has shown himself a fearless advocate of fair play, but the army cabal is strong and will exert all its power towards another condemnation. Professional secrecy will not be a valid excuse for avoiding truth-telling, this time, and public sentiment and the ministerial tendency are both likely to count in favor of the accused. There are very few persons in or out of France who believe DREYFUS guilty.

Old pensions will be established soon by the Pennsylvania railroad for its employees. The allowance will depend on age and length of service, and 70 years is the limit fixed for compulsory retirement. The foundation of the pension fund was laid some years ago. It will be maintained by contributions from the company and from employees in proportions not yet made public. The result of the experiment will influence other large corporations which are considering the idea.

A New York clergyman has declared himself in favor of a roof-garden on his church, and the idea has been endorsed by the famous MOODY, although it is not intended to mix anything more worldly than lemonade and social communion with the religious services that would be the feature of the church resort under the stars. And yet the world moves.

WHERE WILL BAD BOYS GO?

The Difficulties of Reformatory Life—A Remedy Suggested in Halifax.

The experience of St. John with the reformatory has not been of the happiest nature and there are many people opposed to sending boys there who have been guilty of some trifling offence to associate with other lads who are criminals by nature. Still if not sent there where would they be sent, and it is this question that is causing some discussion in Halifax.

'It's useless to send such a boy as that to St. Patrick's Home or the Industrial School,' remarked a police official of that city, the other day, as a lad of 18 was being escorted from the court room to a cell. He had been convicted of theft, and given a term in one of these institutions.

The official said he was not unfavorably disposed to the institutions mentioned, but thought them fit only for certain work. As at present constituted and managed they were not the best means through which refractory youths could be broken into the good paths of life. They were only suited for one class of boys, and that children of a tender age, say from 7 to 14, whose gravest offence could hardly class them as 'criminals.' When boys whose ages ranged from 14 to 18 were found guilty of offences which if committed by a man would call for imprisonment, they should be consigned to an institution founded for such alone.

'Where boys of various ages and characters mingle together,' he continued 'the younger and less criminal are liable to be contaminated. For example suppose you send a boy 16 years old, and of a vicious nature, to the present institutions, is he not likely to instill harmless ideas in lads of tender years? I think so; as a matter of fact, from my experience I can say such has been the case.'

In reply to a question as to what scheme he would suggest, he stated that he thought the scholarship plan a good one.

'My idea would be to send all the boys convicted in the magistrate court, from 14 to 18 years old, to a term on board ship, and entering the engineer's department, would have a good mechanical education when he became 18. I would not think it advisable to send any boy to such a ship whose age was less than 14. His place is properly at St. Patrick's home or the Industrial school. Then, again, every boy should not be committed there. My idea is that such an institution as a school-ship would be the best thing for boys who show criminal tendencies. The simple truant should never be sent there.'

A school-ship would often relieve a judge of the painful duty of sentencing a boy to the penitentiary when legislation did not provide for his care at a city reformatory.

Anna Eva Fay Heard From.

That charming fake, Anna Eva Fay, who had such a run in this city some time ago, has been in Dawson city and she came back with half a million in gold—she says—and a good sized story of how she located a rich claim for a poor miner. The fair Anna is as glib of tongue as ever. Still it is strange if she could make money so fast in the Klondyke she would leave it even to make a visit to so charming a place as Boston.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

O. e. Summer Day.
One summer day we said farewell,
In a garden of roses sweet;
You were sadder than words could tell,
And I heart broken where roses leaves fell;
Sat silently at your feet,
Knowing we never again should meet.
For I must go my way and you,
I'd never be more to me;
Than that sweet summer had proven true,
And all between us fondly knew;
No nearer could ever be,
When we were sailing love's golden sea.
We stood together where roses twine,
In a shelter of scented shade;
There with your true heart hearing mine,
Their language we two could well divine;
When our parting vows were made,
And we kissed farewell in that rose leaf shade,
Without that lingering last embrace,
And your lips to mine that sped;
The silent tears on your sweet face,
And still in filling your soul with grace;
What anguish our lives had led,
Without that kiss in the roses red.
Had we the truth between us slain,
To a wild mad endeavor;
A cold farewell would have been in vain,
To lessen the sorrow of love's sweet pain;
For faith is a blessing ever,
And therein it was best to sever.
O peaceful all are the memories yet,
Of the place and the blissful time;
The hallowed scene we can never forget,
In the twining roses where last we met;
For still in this distant clime,
It's a summer dream that is still sublime.
CYPRIUS GOLDR.
Flevo's, August 1899.

The Half-Man and the Whole-Man.

No carpenter can build a man the way he saws a shell;
The wise way to make a man is—let him make hisself;
The way to build a giant, and the thickest way I know
Is to drop him in the sunshine with this one commandment—"grow."
The way to make a perfect race, the lords of sea and land,
Is to unclothe his bits and bolts and tell it to expand.
The race down Fate's great turnpike road has lurch'd from side to side,
With one good arm straight jacketed and one good ankle fit to trip on stones;
And thus, though many sun-parched days and many storm-drenched nights,
With all its chain-gang fetters on, has climbed to And gazing down the vista of the journey that remains.
It asks no staff, no crutch, no help, but says "Take of the chains!"

One man and woman make one man. Is either half denied.
The full freedom of his rights? The whole-man then is tied.
The race is fattered foot and wrist, a hampered chain-gang, when
The bond by fractional half laws enacted by half-men.
One man and woman make one man, with self-same rights to be—
Take off the whole-man's shackles, then, and set the whole-man free.

To drain the malar Dismal Swamp and cleanse the We need the power of whole laws enacted by whole-men.
The half-man since the years began has staggered and climbed to many a table-land and many a star-kissed height;
But down the visited distance far are summits more and mangled peaks, beloved of heaven, which the whole-man shall climb.

The cosmic yeast is working; the centuries ripen fast;
And strange new shapes are looming dim from out the distant past;
Strange suburbs on strange mountains, wide plains on many a sea.
Let the whole-man march unfeathered toward the greatness yet to be;
Let him front the coming glories and the grandeur that remain
With feet ungyved and letterless and hands without a chain.

The Boy on the Farm.

Under a spreading apple tree
The boy with bare feet stands;
He has ten apples in his hand—
Some more are in his hand—
Beneath his waist of calico
His tummy tuck expands.
His hair was shingled by his ma,
Who cut it straight behind;
He has a little comb that
Is due to run and wind—
He's lost the teeth he had in front,
But doesn't seem to mind.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
He tears around the place,
With bristler scratches on his legs
And freckles on his face—
The neighbors candidly admit
That he's a hopeless case.
He wears his trousers at half-mast,
He rises with the sun;
The chores his busy father leaves
For him are seldom done;
And he is always gone when where
Are errands to be run.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And stays to Sabbath school,
And, by propounding questions, makes
His teacher seem a fool;
He pitches smaller boys than he,
And learns the golden rule.

His mother sits up every night
To patch the clothes he wears
And every night he takes them off
With more emphatic tears—
He falls from trees and into wells,
And smokes and chews and swears.
The frightened chickens duck their heads
And cackle where he goes,
With ugly stiles upon his eyes
And bruises on his toes—
He eats things with his knife nor cares
For any winds that blow.

You gorge with undeveloped fruit,
Which is a foolish plan;
No poetry is in you, but
Know this, my little man,
It takes much more than genius
To stand the things you can.

Word-Language.

Como esta Usted was all I knew
O Spanish; you of English, still I use,
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!
In vain I sought for phrases—one or two—
Why with my admirer you to express:
Como esta Usted was all I knew.

A thrill thro' me grows 'How do you do?'
After much repetition, I contest;
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!
Was ever his esp' lover forced to snee
In such cramped phrase? You laughed at my distress:
Como esta Usted was all I knew!

So, silent is the Sphinx, I sat by you,
Nor, till we parted, did our hands to press;
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!
Perhaps Love needs no language; there are few
Unspoken thoughts Do. (Cupid cannot guess,
Como esta Usted was all I knew;
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

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ABIRCA-BARK PICTURE

Was it Photographed by Lightning on the Tender Bark of a Young Tree?

'Sitting on the veranda at Dr. A. T. Sanden's place, the Pines, on Lake Onawa I was impressed with the charge which the past few years have brought to this water sheet among the mountains,' writes a New York man now rusticated in the Maine woods. 'Ten years ago this lake, then known as Ship Pond, was part of the primitive wilderness with no sign of human occupancy, except the dam built by lumbermen across the outlet. Now there are half a dozen cottages and permanent fishing camps on its shores, and a sawmill at the outlet run by electricity. As I listened to the piano within doors, played by a pretty girl visitor from Kansas, the whistle to the railroad train crossing the 130-foot-high bridge which spans the outlet, a mile and a half below the cottage, mingled with the strains of Chopin. The advance of civilization indicated in the railroad and sawmill is very sad, but convenient, to lovers of the wilderness, who may get their mail daily and take a train east or west several times in the day at the Onawa station.

'Hung around the walls of the reception room in the cottage with pictures and woodland trophies. On the mantel was a picture about a foot square, plainly framed and taking it up and holding it in the proper light my hostess asked me what I saw in it. It was a landscape of woods and sky and waters, painted apparently in the impressionist style, but with the mellow tints of one of the old masterpieces, and exquisitely beautiful and natural. Its composition was a stream in the foreground, rippling silver, with shoals and eddies, a birch woodland on the left with such tall straight stemmed trees and symmetrical tops as one finds in the timber regions of Maine and a reach of lake beyond the birches, with an inclosing background of dark, wooded mountains and a sky with floating clouds.

'It is a scene of Onawa and a rarely beautiful one,' I pronounced. 'But I am at a loss to name the painter and the point of view from which he made it.'
'Look more closely,' the lady said, and held the picture nearer to me. Then I saw that what I had taken for canvas was birch bark and the varied coloring were natural tints in its texture. Seen near or far, the perfection of its design was undiminished. It could be described best as a landscape photographed in colors upon the bark.

'It was as you see it, the frame excepted; when it was taken last week from the tree, she continues. I was entertaining a large party of young friends at the cottage, and they had brought in a quantity of birch bark from the woods. The girls were busy at work shaping the bark into sunbonnets for themselves when one of them discovered the picture upon the piece she was handling, and she gave it to me. Of course we value it highly on several accounts—it is a part of our landscape translated to the sheet of bark. It does not seem that it could have come there by accident, yet we have no theory to give for it, and only one of our visitors has attempted to account for it.'

'And what did he say?' I inquired.
'He said that it was a natural photograph made upon the bark when it was smooth and tender—made perhaps by slow process of the sun, more likely instantaneously during an electrical storm. We did not understand how this could be done, and he said he didn't understand it himself, only that such cases had been known and that this might be one of them. He is a man who has travelled widely and has the reputation of knowing what he talks about. So there you have it and can decide for your self or give it up as the rest of us have done.'

'I was inclined to accept the theory that it was a natural photograph, as being less difficult than the supposition that so finished a picture was the result of an accidental combination of colors. Taken in any way one chooses the picture is a wonderful leaf from nature's sketch book that by accident has found its place in the cottage by the lake.'

Five Formulas Worth Millions Each.

Russell Sage, the dean of American financiers, set out in pursuit of his present \$100,000,000 as an errand boy in a country grocery store. His maxims are these:
Be temperate and you will be happy.
Plain food, an easy mind and sound sleep make a man young at eighty-three.
Opportunities are disgusted with men who don't recognize them.

Despair is the forerunner of failure. Next to a fat purse is a 'stiff upper lip.'

When a man 'loses his head' he musn't complain about the other 'fellow taking an advantage. Keep cool and freeze out the enemy.

The Sunday River Trip.

The party that went up river on the Victoria last Sunday was smaller than usual owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the weather early in the morning but those who went enjoyed one of the most beautiful days of the year. The boat stopped at Evandale and those who did not dine upon the boat found an excellent table and courteous service at Mr. J. O. Vanwants' Evandale House. There was service in the afternoon in the hall at which many attended. On the return trip the city was reached shortly after six. This Sunday the boat goes to Lower Jemseg and the disappointing announcement is made that no stops will be made.

Four Laws of a Lawyer.

A. S. Trude, one of the wealthiest attorneys in the West, has long followed these rules:
Get the confidence of clients and keep it. Such confidence is accumulated capital.
Form a morganatic alliance with clients. Buy during piques when others are frightened and expecting the bottom to drop out of securities.
When the storm is raging and forked lightning appears in the financial sky, invest in property that others fear will be injured.
Declining an Obituary.

The Aroostook (Maine) Pioneer prints the following story of Indian shrewdness:

Some river-drivers were working on the west branch of the Aroostook. The lads had jammed into a nasty snarl, and no one was to be seen for the job of going out with a cant-log to start the key-log. In the crew was an Indian noted for his coolness and skill. The boss finally looked over in his direction.
'Cool,' he said, 'go and break that jam and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper.'

A Summer Resort.

Swirl was he—for his clothes were cut
Strict to the latest fashion plate;
Head to heels not an item but
Genuinely and up to date.
Used his money with lavish hand—
(Rumor said he had wealth galore.)
Drove and dawdled and picnicked, and
Picnic'd, cawled, and drove some more.

Fair were they—for their gowns were fair.
Sixteen trunks to a damoiseau;
Furnished garments enough to wear;
Some were held in reserve, so well.
Every maiden her weapons piled.
(And a nature their best beguiled.)
Blushed and scolded and blushed and smiled.

He and they through the livelong day
Met and flirted and talked, and then
Changed their costumes, and so, straightway,
Met and flirted and talked again.
Willing to gossip or dance or swim;
Play at love as a sport or game—
They because they wou'd be with him;
He, because he must be with them.

Thus he spent what he had to spend.
They had come to the last new gown.
T was the epoch that marked the end.
'Naught was left but return to town.
Through the winter they called to mind
Him and her—what! you wish report
Of seas, and mountains, and brez' a skid?
Zounds, I write of a summer resort!

Queen of the Arkansaw.

Maid Mary of the Arkansaw of beauty cannot boast,
No gallant knight in sparkling wine her eyes would care to toast.
Her figure not a connoisseur would call of perfect mould,
And in her hair there's many a silver thread among the gold.
And yet admirers by the score are seeking for her hand,
And yet admirers rough in speech and dress, to nab the land;
They see in her without a doubt a most bewitching plan;
She owns a thousand head of steers, and beef is on the rise!

A Word to The Wise is Sufficient.

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