

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. MONDAY JULY 22, 1907

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THE DREDGING

Unless the government pays heed to the representations of the delegates who are going to Ottawa to urge that both dredges be set at work on the site and approach to the new 600-ft berth there will be great delay and loss of time. The dredge Beaver, which was ordered off that site, will today finish her high water dredging where she is now at work, and will hereafter be idle six hours per day. She could be working for that six hours on the other site, or, better still, could work continuously at the 600-foot berth with the other dredge. It will be a most serious matter if the Beaver, which is the better equipped machine of the two, should remain idle for six hours per day.

As a matter of fact there is not the same urgency for the work she is doing as for that in connection with the 600-foot berth, which could very well be done later. The delegation to Ottawa should impress this fact most strongly upon the department, and it may be hoped that their representations will have the effect which is so essential to the best interests of the port.

THERE IS NO MORE SEA

Wireless messages have been sent from Canada to England, and from England to Canada. Chevalier Marconi says it is only a question of tuning up the wireless stations at Glace Bay and Poldhu (Cornwall) to make the transmission of commercial messages a commonplace matter. He says further that he is confident of his ability to provide such means of communication that a steamer can safely go at full speed in gulf or river in a fog, in constant communication with wireless stations, and constantly knowing her exact position.

The triumph of Marconi is the wonder of the age. The Times recently told the story how a captain on the Nova Scotia coast, dreads of miles off the Nova Scotia coast, can correct his chronometer by the clock in the observatory in St. John. The message goes by wire to the wireless station beyond Halifax, is automatically transmitted to the apparatus of the latter, and goes right on to the wireless attachment on the steamship. This is a marvelous achievement, but Marconi tells us there are greater things in store. The wireless system, both as a means of trans-oceanic communication and as an aid to navigation in all conditions of weather bids fair to accomplish wonders within the next few years. In the list of names of men whom future generations will honor for their contributions to human welfare that of Chevalier Marconi will rank high.

THE ARCH-MURDERER

Two natives, each holding up the dismembered hand of a relative, are the central figures in a photograph which illustrates the atrocities perpetrated by King Leopold of Belgium, through his task-masters in the Congo region. This photograph is one of the illustrations accompanying an article in Collier's Weekly, written by Richard Harding Davis, the well known novelist and magazine writer, who went to the Congo Free State to investigate personally the conditions of the natives. Cutting off the hands of native workmen is quite a common form of discipline.

Mr. Davis confirms all that English, French and German observers have written of the awful barbarity of the rule of this Christian king. "The dogs in the kennels on my farm," writes Mr. Davis, "are better housed, better fed, and much better cared for, whether ill or well, than are the twenty million of blacks along the Congo River."

It is charged against King Leopold that he has made slaves of the twenty million blacks he promised to protect; that, in spite of his promise to keep open the Congo to trade, he has closed it to all nations; and that the revenues of the country and all its trade he has retained for himself. Mr. Davis finds these terrible charges fully sustained. The Congo is simply a huge rubber plantation manned by slaves who are treated with awful cruelty, and the product of labor goes to swell the personal revenues of the King of the Belgians, to build and adorn palaces and be squandered in other ways.

One cannot read the article without experiencing a feeling of fierce resentment against the governments of so-called Christian countries that they do not summarily end this reign of murder by a so-called Christian king. At the Hague they are denouncing war as a needless crime, while their next-door neighbor in his palace illustrates that trait of human nature which only superior force can ever successfully crush.

Mr. Davis deals especially with the concessions granted by Leopold to two American syndicates, and mercilessly criticizes John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Thomas F. Ryan and C. W. Aldrich, for going into any sort of partnership with the greatest murderer of modern times, who is shrewdly suspected of having let them into the game in order that American vested interests might stand in the way of any intervention by the American government on behalf of his Congo victims. It is also intimated that in making the bargain Leopold worked off on the Americans a tract of country on which, even with slave labor, he could not himself profitably produce rubber; and thus secured at no cost the protection which he hoped would result from the partnership.

"Are the Americans going to use slaves also?" demands Mr. Davis. He quotes a statement from the Guggenheims, who are to do the practical work on the plan-

tations, that they will not treat the negroes harshly, but points out that they have already engaged some of King Leopold's slave drivers, and that however well-disposed the members of the firm may be they will have some difficulty in telling what their agents eight thousand miles away are doing.

But in any case the conduct of the Americans will affect only the natives they employ, and the millions under the iron heel of Leopold will be no better off until the nations intervene in their behalf. Surely such intervention cannot long be delayed. The existing state of affairs is a disgrace to Christendom.

FINANCIAL SITUATION

The tightening of the money market in St. John does not mean that a wild rage for expansion possesses the people or that the speculative craze has struck this town. The great expansion and speculation have occurred elsewhere, and the effect is universal. There has been an expansion of industry in New Brunswick during the past few years, but on a moderate scale and in safe directions. The real source of complaint is that there has not been enough, considering local advantages. Lack of capital has been one drawback, and a reluctance to invest near home has been another. But there is no slackening of industry hereabouts, nor any indication of hard times. The lumber trade is in a healthy condition, the crop promise fairly well despite the backward season, there is much activity in railroad building and repair work, no man need be idle if he really wants work, and merchants find collections satisfactory. The patronage extended to entertainments of all sorts indicates that there is plenty of ready money in circulation, and although there is generally more or less difficulty in financing the large concerns, the general outlook is encouraging both for business and labor. The real explanation of the tightening of the purse strings at the banks is the desire to discourage speculative enterprises and ensure sufficient funds for the legitimate expansion of well-founded enterprises.

On the general situation the Montreal Witness makes this comment: "During the first half-year of financial activities within the Dominion, notwithstanding that the stock markets have been sluggish and uninteresting, and prices beaten downward to the lowest comparative level in years, there have been factors and influences which have shown beyond doubt that the foundations were built upon solid rock. The great benefits that shareholders of standard industrial and railway companies have received are sufficient to prove the healthy and vigorous growth of underlying business conditions."

Mayor Sears did the right thing when he issued the order that the flag be displayed daily on city hall. Noting the fact that the flag flies daily, by order, from the drill hall in Charlottetown, the Guardian observes:—"It is not difficult to agree with the plea that the glorious flag of our country should be flown more generally than is now the case, and that from the most commanding positions of the city the emblem that should first greet the eye should be the flag of Canada or the motherland."

Mr. A. W. Donly, Canadian commercial agent in Mexico, told the Halifax board of trade on Friday that Nova Scotia should be able to ship more coal to Mexico, which in 1904-5 imported 915,000 tons from the United States and 186,000 tons from Great Britain. Steel rails, cement, railway ties, potatoes, apples, peaches, could also be sent to that market. Mr. Donly believes a good trade between Canada and Mexico could be developed.

Every day reveals more clearly the need of a director of public works who knows his business and is young and active enough to perform it. There are influences at work to secure the appointment of a director who would not give satisfaction. The citizens are closely watching developments, and the city council should take care that it is not made the victim of clique manipulations. The best man or none may as well be the motto.

The city council of Sherbrooke, Quebec, thinks of trying an experiment in municipal ownership. It has made an offer to buy out the Power, Light & Heat Co. for a sum not to exceed \$250,000, or will accept of the property by arbitration. The company has until July 27th to submit its reply.



Mamma Bear—Gracious, since Teddy has become such a favorite and gets his picture in the papers, he won't mind me.

Trains of thought have many head-on collisions.

Stores open till 8 p. m.

St. John, N. B., July 22, 1907.

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Undervests from 10c. up. Cheap Whitewear.

Soft Neck Ruchings, 6 in box for 25c.

A. B. WETMORE, (WHITE DUCK, 19c. yard.) 59 Garden St.

ONLY A WORD

It was only a word, spoken gently in praise,
At the close of a weary day;
But it set an aching heart at rest,
And drove its care away.

It was only a look of sharp reproof,
At an effort made in vain;
But it crowded an overburdened heart
With bitterness and pain.

The words we speak, the looks we cast,
May bless or mar a life,
Or cause untold strife.

Then may our actions all be true:
Our words whole-hearted, kind,
That when we die, our lives may shed
Sweet memories behind.

—Christian Globe.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

In youth my veins with yearning surged
Far lands to visit and the seas to cross;
"The rolling stone" remonstrant urged
My cautious parent, "will collect no moss."

—New York Sun.

THE LACK.

Knicker—"There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor."

Bocker—"Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor to save life while waiting for the patient."—Harpur's Bazar.

DUBIETY IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

(Baltimore Herald.)

An Alabama man tells of an odd character in a town of that state for whom the local creek had more attractions than the hot and grassy cottonfield. Not long ago "Toby," as the darkey is called, took a day off in pursuit of his favorite amusement. Toby baited his hook, and long and patiently sat upon the bank of the creek vainly waiting for a bite. At last, under the combined influence of the warmth of the day and the sluggish movement of the creek, Toby fell asleep.

As the weary angler dozed a big fish took the bait and almost pulled the darkey into the water. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Toby, with a gasp, as he awoke, "is this nigger a-fishin' or is this fish a-niggerin'?"

REAL RANSOME.

(Indianapolis News.)

During one of his many campaigns, "Private" John Allen stopped at a cross-roads store. While he was exchanging news with the proprietor, an old darkey from one of the plantations came in. When he purchased "maddin' an' meal" had been wrapped up, he started out. At the door he paused. "Got any cheese, boss?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said the clerk, pointing to a freshly-opened can of axle grease on the counter. "This just opened."

The darkey looked at it hungrily. "How much?" he asked.

"Give it to him for ten cents and throw in the crackers," said Mr. Allen.

"All right," said the clerk, filling a bag with crackers. "Here you are."

The darkey laid a greasy dime on the counter, picked up the box and the bag, and going out, seated himself in the shade of a cotton bale. When he had finished the crackers he ran his finger around the box and gave it a good long lick. In a few moments he put on his hat and started for his mule. As he passed the store Mr. Allen hailed him.

"Well, darkey, what did you think of that lunch?"

The old darkey scratched his head, then he said: "I tell you de truth, Mars John, den crackers was all right, but dat wuz de ransome cheese I ever et!"

RAILWAY EARNINGS

Grand Trunk Railway System's traffic earnings from July 8 to 14:

1907	\$912,285
1906	\$845,539
Increase	\$66,746

Canadian Pacific traffic earnings for week ending July 14, were as follows:

1907	\$1,251,000
1906	1,236,000
Increase	\$15,000

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in sleep, but not in wake;
My second is in writhe, but not in snake;
My third is in iron, but not in ore;
My fourth is in merchant, but not in store;
My fifth is in market, but not in shell;
My sixth is in ring, but not in bell;
My seventh is in arena, but not in blue;
My eighth is in great, but not in true;
My ninth is in heart, but not in beat;
My tenth is in oven, but not in heat;
My eleventh is in link, but not in chain;
My twelfth is in wheat, but not in grain.

My whole spells a spot
To all boys most dear,
Where they go very often
At this time of year.

Chronic borrowers are more or less touchy.

FRUIT JARS.

in pints, quarts and half-gallons. Tin top Jelly Tumblers, 40c. doz.
PRESERVING KETTLES, 15c., 25c., 35c., 45c. to \$1.80. WINDOW SCREENS, 2c., 3c., 30c.
SCREEN CLOTH, 7c. yard. WIRE SCREEN CLOTH, 18c. yard. FLY PADS 4c. package. TANGLEFOOT FLY PAPER.

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