

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 9.

THE STORY OF BELVEA.

Instances of persistent persecution such as that suffered by BRUNSWICK BELVEA, of Hampton, are happily rare in this or any other civilized country. Up to Thursday afternoon, when PROGRESS came to the rescue and paid the money, BELVEA had been a prisoner in the St. John jail for six weeks, for no other offence than that he had not fourteen dollars in cash and had no friends who were willing to advance the money. That it is possible to imprison a man for life in such cases may be new to most of the readers of PROGRESS, but it is the truth that under an attachment for costs, the means of release open to the ordinary debtor are not available to the prisoner. He cannot "swear out," he cannot be bailed, except for the limits—he cannot "lie it out," by having so much a day allowed in abatement—he can get out only by paying the full amount with additional costs, or by giving up the ghost.

It would be quite easy for a friendless man, attached for a large sum, to be a prisoner for life. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The only shortening of sentence would be through the certain shortening of life which is the consequence of a long term in the prison known as the common jail of the city and county of St. John.

The prosecution of BELVEA began some months ago, under the auspices of the Scott Act, when stipendiary magistrate THOMAS A. PETERS, with the assistance of a lawyer named TWEEDIE, a friend of the opposition rumseller, made a farce of justice under the color of trying to enforce the law. PROGRESS dealt fully with matter at the time. It was not then nor is it now, a defender of BELVEA's violations of the law. He had sold liquor and deserved to be punished for it, but there was no reason why he should be singled out for prosecution on an old charge, while another equally, if not more guilty person, who continued to sell, was allowed to go unpunished, and was, to all appearance, encouraged and protected by the prosecutors. The whole affair was a piece of flagrant injustice calculated to disgust all lovers of law, order and fair play.

The imprisonment of BELVEA in the present instance seems to have a relation to the prosecution of some months ago. There is nothing to show that Justice PETERS is a party to the affair, but the same lawyer, TWEEDIE, pursued BELVEA by dragging him into a review on technical grounds, after he had secured a verdict on the merits of a case. Following up the matter, TWEEDIE had BELVEA thrown into jail, to rot there unless he paid the costs.

Taking advantage of BELVEA's enforced absence from Hampton, some of his enemies plundered his premises and damaged his property. This was bad enough, but the climax was reached when they burned his house to the ground last Wednesday night. It was then that PROGRESS decided it was time to act and, by paying the charges, set him at liberty. He walked out of jail a free man on Thursday afternoon. The smell of the fresh air must have seemed good to him.

PROGRESS hopes for two things. One is that BELVEA will be able to discover and bring to justice those who have robbed and burned his premises. The other is that he will endeavor in the future to earn a living by more reputable means than the sale of liquor. His life has not been blameless, but he is a man, and as such is entitled to common sympathy when the hand of persecution is laid heavily upon him.

A MONUMENT.

The memory of great men is always perpetuated by their countrymen in monumental stone, or marble, or bronze. The Central Park in New York, for example, contains many such works of art, either in the way of stately, or monolith, or mausoleum, or cenotaph—in short they are of

every variety of expression, recalling the memories and performances of soldiers, patriots, poets and statesmen. But not alone Central Park—almost every public park or square not only in American but European cities contains one or more trophies to their great men. All these are the evidences of pride and gratitude and public spirit on the part of a people, for the services rendered to their country in whatever way, and who are unwilling that their benefactors shall pass out of notice or memory. Has not Joseph Howe done enough for his native Province, to render his name immortal in the hearts of a grateful people—yea as much so as any other man, dead or alive—ceteris paribus—in any city or country in the world, to whom monuments have been erected? It cannot be a mere matter of opinion as to the invaluability of services rendered by Howe not only to his native Province, but to all British America as well. This is recognized and established beyond a peradventure. Nor should a solitary mistake of a great life, stand in the way for a single moment, when placed in juxtaposition with the manifold acts and reforms which this able man so assiduously struggled for and brought about. I do not presume to suppose that a suggestion of mine would lead to anything being done in the way indicated. But I would express the hope that Halifax will some time in the early future see her way clear, to organize a movement having for its object the raising not only of a Halifax, but a Provincial subscription that a Monument may be erected on the Grand Parade to the Memory of Joseph Howe the great Patriot and Political Benefactor. Shall it be said that while Canadians in the upper Provinces erect monuments to their public men far less gifted than Howe, Nova Scotians will continue dilatory and lukewarm in paying tribute to the memory of her most illustrious son! And I would have this Monument assume the attitude of Howe reclining in his seat as he appeared in the House of Commons according to the portrait which appeared at the beginning of these "Recollections," and which was last week repeated to refresh the memory of the reader and that he may judge the appropriateness of the suggestion. This figure would repose upon a base of granite, or Nova Scotia quartz, and upon the Grand Parade. The cost of the whole work would fall very far short of the abilities of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia to meet. A similar monument to the model here indicated stands upon one of the public squares in Baltimore, to the memory of George Peabody, the philanthropist. The figure is seated in a reclining posture, and is admired by every one. I name the Grand Parade as the site (not the Public Gardens), in order that his fellow-citizens may have their great townsman continually before them in crossing to and fro this historic and interesting thoroughfare. HISTORICUS.

A WORD TO THE ALLIANCE. The Evangelical Alliance is an eminently respectable body, and in it are included a number of most estimable ministers of various denominations. It shows a praiseworthy zeal for the general welfare of the public, and were its achievements in proportion to its efforts, it goes without saying that St. John would present a grand moral spectacle to the people of this and every other land. Unfortunately, the measure of its success appears to be in inverse ratio to the number of its discussions. It does not seem to make much headway in its efforts to make the people better against their will. This may be a great pity, but it is true. There appear to be several reasons for this condition of things. One is that the world is very evil and that the rank and file of the people show no eagerness to be reformed on the precise lines laid down by even so good an authority as the Alliance. Another is that the Alliance itself is apt to reason from premises which possibly ought to be, but actually are not. PROGRESS fears that it lives a little in advance of its time. The Alliance has been righteously exercised of late over the fact that a number of applications have, as usual, been made for licenses to sell liquor in the city. It considers that liquor sold at retail is the progenitor of crime, hatred and violence, and PROGRESS agrees with it. It would be a great thing for the city if everybody looked at the matter in the same light. In the meantime, however, things are better than they used to be. There are restrictions as to the number of licenses and a system by which they are granted in proportion to the number of people in certain municipal districts. The law gives any person the privilege of filing objections to the granting of any license. The Alliance, however, appears to want more than this, though just what it does want is not so clear to the average citizen. It complains that although objections can be made which will take away a license for this year, the mayor has it in his discretion to grant the same person a license next year. The Alliance seems to think that if a man has once offended he should never have another chance. This might be a wise course, but it is not the law, nor is it in the spirit of the laws of the country in this age of the world. Chiefly, however, the Alliance appears

to direct its energies against the citizens who sign applications for license. Threats are made that the names of all such will be published, and the signers held up for the execration of all truly good men in this and future ages. This might be a very proper course were the liquor traffic not a recognized business which the law does not attempt to prohibit. The effort is to regulate it, and if a law abiding dealer is an applicant for license there seems no reason why a law abiding citizen should be held up for scorn because he signs his application. A paper of this kind signed by the best men of a district seems preferable to one signed by less respectable men. It is better evidence that the applicant is a man who will keep an orderly place. As there is no prohibitory law here, the next best thing is to have the liquor traffic in the hands of the least objectionable class of dealers, where there is any choice. Besides, there are some fairly reputable citizens who are not total abstainers. They have a right to sign applications if they choose, and such of them as do so conscientiously should be quite willing to have their names published. Such a publication, however, should seem very like an attempt of the Alliance to coerce the public and bully others into its way of thinking. The effect would not be injurious to the signers, but it would not be to the credit of the Alliance. PROGRESS is not an advocate of the liquor sellers. It is not in sympathy with their traffic, but it wants to be fair to all claims. The Alliance thinks there is a hardship in the fact that the dealer is required to get the names of only one third of the ratepayers instead of two thirds. On this point one of the ministers said, "it was the most unfair and unrighteous law he had ever seen," while another said it was "a most rascally piece of legislation." This is not judicious language, and it is not warranted by the facts. The liquor traffic is not a new thing. It is, wrongly perhaps, an old established institution, recognized and even encouraged by the law. Until a few years ago licenses were granted without requiring the applicant to have any signatures of voters, and in now requiring him to secure a third of them it puts a restriction on him which is put on no other trade. This ought to be considered a great step, morally, in advance of the former condition of things, but why the law is "rascally" is not going further is not apparent. Prohibition is not yet here; a good many people are not total abstainers; and a good many who are abstainers have no sympathy with those who seek to promote temperance by what are generally conceded to be intemperate methods.

NO GRIDIRON IN THE CASE. DR. GEORGE STEWART, who has a trunkful of titles, bestowed on him for his fluency in the use of two languages, has this to say editorially in the Quebec Chronicle: Only a few days ago, Judge WEMORE died in Fredericton, N. B. Two claimants for his shoes instantly appeared. The ministers decided at once between the two, because they knew that in another week instead of two applicants they would have a dozen. Mr. HANINGTON, leader of the opposition in the New Brunswick legislature, was appointed judge. DR. BARKER, his rival, will likely get the next appointment. The whole thing is over. No next is kept dancing on a gridiron, fooled one minute and lied to the next. In the rush and crush of getting out the leading daily of the Ancient Capital, the usually careful essayist appears to have written without a due consideration of the effect of his words. All who were after the judgeship, and there were more than two, applied, and nobody heard of any others who were preparing to get ready within the next fortnight. The objectionable part of the paragraph, however, is that which presents to our eyes the spectacle of highly esteemed gentlemen executing painful contortions in full view of an unfeeling populace. The presumption is that the reference is to a heated gridiron. Can anybody who knows the suave and dignified DR. BARKER fancy him wildly hopping around on a gridiron, "fooled one minute and lied to the next," his beautiful gray whiskers waving in the wind and his usually placid countenance distorted by mingled pain, apprehension and expostulation? It is more easy for the lurid imagination to picture Mr. HANINGTON in that hot and uncomfortable situation, for his experiences in the legislature have at times approached something of the kind. But it need not be said he is not the man who would be a dumb victim of such cruelty. The hotter the gridiron was, the louder he would roar, until the steam syren would seem but a weak and punny squeak in comparison with his voice. There could be no such torture inflicted on him. The public would not submit to it. The Chronicle ought to know this, and correct its misleading statement.

QUEER SECOND-HAND GOODS. The following suggestive advertisement appears in the London Church Times: OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT, from a single tooth to a complete set. Call, or if sent by post full value by return. No post cards used, and all communications under cover. The question naturally arising is, what are the sources of supply for second-hand teeth? Those who procure new sets would, it may be supposed, dispose of the old ones to the dentist or to some purchaser suggested by him. There is a grim suspicion that the teeth referred to in the advertisement are of the kind the owners

have no further use for, having gone where such adjuncts are not needed. Apropos of the subject, there is a story of a thrifty St. John man who took the gold plate of his first wife's teeth to a goldsmith to be part of the material for the wedding ring of his second wife.

The Pall Mall Budget is authority for the statement that a brisk trade is done in second-hand tombstones in England, and quotes an instance where the action of the weather has restored the original inscription on a stone of this kind. PROGRESS has known the forms of least two newspapers to be imposed on marble slabs, on the other side of which were inscriptions to the dead. One of these instances was in the city of St. John, and the gravestone was that of a dead and gone editor. The nineteenth century is part of a utilitarian age.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that Speaker WHITE was not in his place in the house of assembly when Messrs. ATKINSON and WILSON exceeded the bounds of propriety in their attacks on each other. Messrs. PALMER and TAYLOR, respectively, occupied the chair on the occasion in question, and it was they and not the speaker who failed to stop the stream of billingsgate. This explanation relieves Speaker WHITE only to a partial extent. He did not, on resuming the chair, show any indication of his disapproval of what had taken place, as he might and should have done. While it may be too much to infer that the same speeches would have been permitted had the speaker been in his place, it is certain that he has tacitly assented to them by his failure to condemn them. PROGRESS can name some former speakers who would have considered it necessary for them to pursue a very different course in defence of the dignity of the house.

It is said that a noted English belle preserves her beauty by lying in bed for the whole of one day in every ten. The plan has its advantages which may be utilized by others than belles. By making it one day in seven, the beaux of fashionable but impetuous society can manage to get along very well with an extremely small outlay for linen.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

What Had He Been Taking? The moon and the planet Venus were both plainly visible today at noon.—Yarmouth Light.

Knocked the Wind Out of Them. Rev. Wm. Dobson delivered a remarkably powerful sermon. . . . It was breathlessly listened to by a very large congregation.—Carlton Sentinel.

A Baby, or Kittens? A basket with something in it was left at our office Saturday by a gentleman from New Tusket. The owner will please call or send for it.—Weymouth Free Press.

Lost a Horse and Died. William Weaver, of Weaver Settlement, lost his horse on Wednesday, the 23rd ult., dying within a quarter of an hour after returning home from the mail route to Corberie.—Weymouth Free Press.

Repairs to the Graveyard. The episcopal society held a bean supper in the hall last Saturday evening. The proceeds, which amounted to \$18, will be used for repairing the graveyard and fence around their church.—Sandy Cove Cor. Digby Courier.

Spring at Central Grove. Things in general are moving along much the same as usual, except that Mr. George Delaney and Mr. Isiah Thibet have just fitted themselves out, each with a new horse, wagon and harness. As the summer is soon coming, they will no doubt get the benefit of their purchase money. We wish them every enjoyment.—Cor. Digby Courier.

Commodore Stewart's Desire. We are not publishing a paper for purely benevolent and philanthropic reasons, and should not expect any of our subscribers to be willing to accept charity in this or any other form. So please show your kindness, courtesy and common honesty by sending a remittance by return mail. We don't want you to die with this debt on your conscience: we want you to be cool and comfortable in the next world.—Chatham World.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Methodist announces that it may not appear next week, at least under its present business management. Dr. Wilson, in his valedictory, thinks the need of such a paper has been shown and that "anyone desiring to enter the field of independent religious journalism could find no better opportunity than to take up the work as it is to day. The editor and publisher claims that he finds the work too much for him and that rest has become a necessity. Another reason, judging by the appeal to subscribers, appears to be that advance payment has not been made the rule. The problem of running a successful paper, religious or otherwise, at a dollar a year payable when the subscriber gets ready, has not yet been solved in this part of the world.

The announcement is made in Printers' Ink that but one newspaper in the maritime provinces will be credited with 5,000 circulation in the next edition of Row's Newspaper Directory and that publication is in Nova Scotia! The statement is a remarkable one and can probably be accounted for by the fact that the publishers in this section are not inclined to patronize the advertising pages of the Directory. There is a very general impression that the "advertisement order" must accompany the circulation statement to preserve the latter from the waste basket. But let that be as it may it is certainly ridiculous for Row or any one else to say that the Messenger and Visitor and the Weekly Telegraph to say nothing of PROGRESS have not a circulation of 5,000 copies. And all of these papers are published in New Brunswick.

Riding on Air.

A pneumatic tired bicycle is the newest thing in the wheel-line imported by Messrs. Burnham. The tire is a hollow rubber tube inflated with air by a pump specially made for that purpose. Thus it may be said that the cyclist who uses such a wheel "rides on air."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Phyllis. Fair Phyllis was a winsome maid, With tender eyes of soft blue shade, And gentle mien such as is seen But seldom, now-a-days, I ween. And Phyllis' hair was flossy gold, And fell in show'rs, that to behold Far sweeter were than sorcerer E'er brought to thirsty Cassimer. And round her bluish-red lips there swarmed A myriad smiles—and lipsome formed Where Phyllis' limbs—and the pink rims Of her fair ears were perfect—hymns! And oft I walked at Phyllis' side With beating heart, and glow of pride Upon my brow, as her soft vow Rang in my ears—is ringing now! And so I asked the winsome sprite If, thro' th' uncertain day and night Of years to be, could she forsee Or cloud or chill to mar our glee? And would she aye be steadfast true To her liege knight as slow years drew Their lagging way from day to day? Would he be hers 'til kindred clay? Encased his child and shriveled form; And "aye!" she vowed, with kisses warm; And in twelve weeks, with blushing cheeks She wed friend Tom—and now there shrieks At midnight's hush, in that sweet nest A bold'rous chap who breaks their rest, And whom that she has named for me, For I am "such a friend, you see!" CASKY TAP.

Nicotiana Tobacco.

I dedicate these lines to that divine And royal weed Tobacco,—let it form Be cigarette, cigar or pipe, the warm And dreamy fragrant smoke, the thin grey line Extending clear across the room, the fine And upward shooting threads, the heavy storm That breaks in clouds or curling rings,—no harm Exists near these. Oh priceless Nicotine! May Heaven's blessings rest upon his soul Who first discovered thee; may poets sing His praises here on earth forever, and A day. Let hymns of adoration, grand And tuneful choruses of worship roll Like thunder to Tobacco, our king. D. K. E.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

New Glasgow all Right.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your issue of 19th there appears some comments on the hospitality of the New Glasgow people, in re a controversy between the Enterprise and Chronicle of that place. You say PROGRESS was under the impression that this was merely the jaundiced opinion of occasional commercial travellers, who happened to go the wrong hotel. There are three hotels in New Glasgow, and the proprietors of these say, which does PROGRESS refer to as being the wrong hotel? Mine host of the Vendome says, my two competitors keep good houses. Speaking from personal knowledge and for years I have travelled this land from Toronto to Sydney, I would call the hotels of New Glasgow above the average, being clean, supplying a good table and fair attendance. As to New Glasgow people they use me well and I know of no community with a larger percentage of workers. The professional dude is noticeable by his absence. May he grow less. E. C. Halifax, N. S., March 23.

A Good Suggestion, but Impracticable.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have been a reader of your valuable and outspoken paper for some time, and I admire the fearless manner in which you expose wrong no matter where it is found. Will you allow me to make a suggestion re Society News. The way it is now arranged makes it difficult to find items. How would it do to place the Society News in alphabetical order, then parties living in the different places would know just where to look. J. A. L. [This is a good idea, and would, no doubt, improve the department; but since society correspondence comes in every hour from Tuesday until Thursday, and the pages of PROGRESS are not all printed at the same time, it is impracticable.—Ed.]

A New Kind of Hen.

A certain honest farmer living in the county of Albert, had a number of Black Spanish hens and a majestic rooster—which being left in a cold shed through the winter had their toes frozen. In the spring the fowls were allowed to run at large, as they were not in a condition to injure grain fields or garden beds. One day in the early summer a physician who lived about twenty miles away was passing and saw the hens in the garden. Said the doctor to the honest farmer, "What breed of fowls are these?" "Oh," said the farmer, "they are a new breed—very expensive—they are 'non-scratchers'—and were sent to me from New York." "I would like to have some to run in my garden," said the D.—"Well," said the farmer, "you may have them at 75 cents each." The bargain was made, but the progeny of the "new breed" did not prove to be non-scratchers.

The Late Executioner and His Card.

Since Mr. James Berry resigned from the position of public executioner of England, he has been receiving considerable attention from the newspapers of Great Britain, and capital punishment has been a leading topic for discussion. The Pall Mall Budget in referring to Mr. Berry's first appearance on the lecture platform prints the accompanying card, which is certainly in keeping with his late occupation and the subject of his lectures. The Budget says: "Berry's address was rambling and occasionally excessively ornate—not to say 'flowery'—in tone. He claimed credit for having introduced during his eight years of office sundry improvements in the pinioning operations and the arrangement of the trap. Penal servitude he considered a greater punishment for the lower criminal class than death. Finally, Mr. Berry submitted two special reasons for the abolition of capital punishment—firstly, greater security would be given to human life, inasmuch as the severity of punishment for murder would be more certain than is now; and secondly, because far more murders are committed by insane persons than is generally supposed."

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

"Progress Print's" Halifax Work Falls to Please the "Herald."

The following extract from the Herald, with the appended comment, comes from PROGRESS Branch office in Halifax: St. Andrew's lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M., has issued a booklet bearing the names of the officers of the lodge, a historical sketch and other information, useful to the lodge and the fraternity. The cover bears the imprint "PROGRESS, St. John." The printing could have been done far more neatly and just as artistically in Halifax. The card-board is imported by PROGRESS, as it appears, the letter-press only being done in that establishment. The chances are that the guileless masons paid more to the outside firm than they would have been charged here, while they certainly received inferior work. Sometimes those who go abroad only do so to "fare worse."

Why PROGRESS PRINT got the above notice "in Wednesday's Herald" it may not be hard to guess. We admit that it was not very complimentary to the Herald not to give them the "booklet" to print when we consider that News Editor Dennis and assistant are members of St. Andrew's lodge. We admit having "imported" the card-board as we have not started a paper mill yet, but the Herald ought not to complain as it will receive its share of the duty paid. It is very evident that the lodge members knew where they would get the best work done, and that they are not disappointed as evidenced by the remarks of everyone who has seen them, with the exception of the writer of the above article. To show how much the printing of the St. Andrew's lodge brochures was thought of, it is only necessary to state that "Keith chapter Rose Croix" had ordered their brochures, but after seeing the work PROGRESS turned out, cancelled their order and gave it to us.

PROGRESS' Halifax representative makes the mistake of being indignant instead of amused at the comment of the Herald. The latter should remember that this is an age of "live and let live." Many St. John people find it to their interest to patronize Halifax firms and the latter do the same in regard to St. John. PROGRESS covered some time ago that it could buy certain articles in Halifax with advantage and has done so. The printers of St. John have had the fact thrown at them again and again that their brethren in the trade in Halifax can do certain kinds of work cheaper than they can.

Then why should the Herald worry? If this society or that likes PROGRESS' printing they are only following the lead of others—the hotels for example—which have had their Christmas menus done by McMillan's for the past three years.

Notwithstanding what the newspapers say the people will please themselves. So long as they have the money to pay for what they want they will buy what they like best.

SCHOOL MATTERS IN HALIFAX.

Will There be Religious Strife—Who the Smuggler Was.

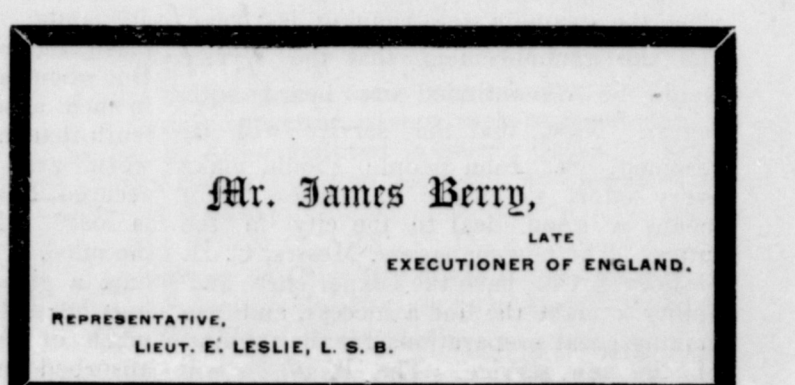
One of the local papers referred briefly this week to the seizure of the steamer Duart Castle on a charge of smuggling by one of the officers. A funny thing in connection with the smuggling is this: The man who tried to cheat the customs was the son of a prominent customs official.

There is a feeling of uneasiness among the peace loving portion of the citizens regarding the present aspect of school matters. It has been asked what good reason exists for the disturbance of a regulation whereby our school system is enabled to run smoothly. There surely must be something more than the mere cost to the rate payers of affording accommodation for school children underlying the movement. Those who have made a calculation based upon the published reports of the supervisor of schools, say that the cost of the school buildings erected by the Roman Catholic Episcopal corporation is very much less than of those erected by the school board. If such be the case, why the desire for the change, unless it be to stir up a feeling of religious animosity and hate—a thing by all means to be avoided, when there is no principle involved. Friction must be avoided. To create discord in this peace-loving community would be indiscreet. Halifax has passed through two religious crusades, and now to set catholic and protestant by the ears for the sake of a few paltry dollars, is a thing not to be desired.

It is stated that the methodists intend, at some not far off period, to introduce a church sisterhood in this city on the lines of the episcopal church sisters, or something after the R. C. sisters of charity.

Will be Much Appreciated.

The catalogue of the Free Public Library is a finely arranged and well printed book of 217 pages, which every patron of the library will appreciate. A large amount of labor is represented in the preparation of the work, and few of the many who will find the catalogue useful will realize just how much time and trouble has been required to make the arrangement as complete as it is. Mr. Ruel, the chairman, and Miss Martin, the librarian, are deserving of a great deal of praise for the careful and complete way in which they have done their work. The catalogue is on good paper, well printed and bound, and is a fine specimen of McMillan's book work. It is sold at 60 cents a copy, and is cheap enough at that price.



Mr. James Berry, LATE EXECUTIONER OF ENGLAND. REPRESENTATIVE. LIEUT. E. LESLIE, L. S. B.