

The Daily Tribune.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 1, 1874

No 186

VOL III

MAPLE HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed his office to a HOUSE OF WOODS on the MASSA WAGON ROAD, five miles from the city, and the drive presents a great variety of scenery.

THE BEAUTIFUL & SPACIOUS GROUNDS at Maple Hill are admirably adapted for OUTDOOR SPORTS, and may be secured, for FINE PICNIC PARTIES, pairs of canoes, on application to the Proprietor.

July 19 CHARLES WATTS, PROPRIETOR.

CARD.

D. E. DUNHAM ARCHITECT.

Rooms, 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (UP STAIRS), 106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Persons intending to build or remodel their Buildings would do well to call at the above office before commencing operations, as the Architect is prepared to give all the information that may be obtained from the most practical mechanic, his being being twenty years' experience and strength, so combined as to make the outlay when he finishes and the travelling may be small.

THE ACADIA HOTEL.

MRS. LORDLY, thankful for liberal patronage, will be conducting the "Brunswick House," which will be found at the corner of 183 Prince William Street, in the most desirable location, for the most comfortable and reasonable rates.

THE ACADIA HOTEL, where she will be happy to meet her friends and the travelling public generally.

M. A. LORDLY, PROPRIETOR.

PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

We have added new machinery to our plant, and are enabled to execute BINDING in the most artistic and durable manner.

BAHNS & CO., 55 Prince William Street.

Grand Trunk Railway.

CALIFORNIA & THE WEST!

Tourists and Emigrants to the West

SHOULD CALL AT THE COMPANY'S OFFICE, 106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, 106.

And obtain their COUPON TICKETS, which are from 2 to 3 Dollars less than any other route.

MAPS and every information can be obtained of the Agent at above address.

HENRY MATHEWS, Gen. Pass. Agent, WM. WAINWRIGHT, Montreal, ap 6 ft

CORN MEAL.

Landing ex C. S. Scamwell—

390 Brls Choice Cornmeal.

JOB SALE BY HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

MR. F. A. BERNARD,

WHO has, for the last seven years, been successful as a teacher in some of the Principal Schools of this Province, begs to inform the public that he has a few hours to spare each day at the Waverley Institute, to teach and examine in French.

Conversational English is taught, and my terms are moderate.

Conversational English is taught, and my terms are moderate.

W. A. SPENCE,

Produce Commission Merchant,

AND DEALER IN Hay, Oats, Feed, &c., NORTH SLIP.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

48 Charlotte Street.

Next to R. D. Mackay's Drug Store.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

SHIRTS, LINEN CUFFS, TIES, SCARFS, HALF HOSE, AND MERINO AND COTTON UNDERCLOTHING.

MAY 19 A. MACAULAY.

BEST SYDNEY COAL.

30 PER CHALDRON.

Best Old Mine Sydney

T. MCCARTHY & SON, Water street

MY TEMPLE.

A heavenly workman fashioned in my heart
Upon a shining emerald, apart
From the world's noise.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved so patiently, I never knew
The work began
Nor what it was that He had here to do
Until 'twas done.

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved it white, as God meant life to be:
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared so these marvellous walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

THE AURORA.

Now Ready in Good Working Order!

Cool Sparkling Soda Water!

To meet the requirements of those in want of a cooling drink, and to keep pure and gins to discuss the Protestant claims to church authority, in contrast with the Roman ones which he has been discussing so powerfully, we shall see how much better our forefathers' ecclesiastical views with him than another. There is a delightful sketch of country life in France, by T. G. A., whose lively prose and poetical contributions have become a feature in the magazine. And the facts in the case of Jacques d'Orléans, of the late reign, are wrought into a very full little story. The usual selection of italics and interesting matter fills the critical and record departments.

GENERAL.

An excellent review of the late Johnson has just been published in England who spent the whole of his fortune, estimated at £100,000, in trying to demolish the Malvern Hills.

The anniversary exercises of Acadia College commenced on the 2nd of June, and ended on the 4th. Returns indicate that the Roman Catholics were the most numerous.

Here you have him: The Car is about 48 years old; he is six feet high; he has light whiskers and moustaches, with a clean-shaven chin; his hair is cut short; his complexion is fair, and he has a good color.

A Paris letter says that Madame De Noailles declined accompanying her husband on his mission to Rome, because she knew the Papal Government and the Roman nobles would decline receiving a Minister accredited to the Government of Victor Emmanuel. De Noailles has been recalled.

It is said that Queen Victoria speaks even more enthusiastically of Miss Thompson's picture than the late apartment, and that she is ready to give a congratulatory message to the artist. The lady is not so young as has been represented, and much nearer thirty than twenty. She is intensely devoted to art, and the rumor that she is married is quite unfounded.

The speaking mania is rife among the Muscovites. The Imperial bank was dissolved recently upon being opened to receive subscriptions for shares in the Moscow and Oural railway companies.

In the crowd of would-be shareholders were some who had their eyes on the cash and risk their lives. One man had his arm broken. A banker was so determined to secure shares that he was with 316 lbs. weight of gold on his person. The shares in the Viatka Railway were subscribed for 120 times over, and 70,000,000 roubles being deposited instead of 500,000, the amount required.

A Satirist on a Statesman.

A Madrid letter gives the particulars of the recent attempt to assassinate Pi Y Margall, from which it appears that the ex-Prime Minister narrowly escaped a violent death. Senator Pi was quipped by some of his party that he was a stranger was announced and asked his Excellency's assistance in obtaining some money which he claimed was due him from the Government. Senator Pi readily gave him a letter to the proper officer and the stranger departed with the money.

The stranger was breakfasting with his wife, the stranger returned, and, before he had finished his breakfast, he uttered a word, the man levelled a revolver at him, and exclaimed: "Now you are a free man!"

Forty-one men were arrested, and the ball struck in the opposite wall. Pi Margall looked the assassin in the face, and said, "Are you mad?" A fresh cock of the revolver fell, and the assassin said, "I am not mad; I am a free man!"

He rushed out of the room just in time to see a man fall from the window. He also lodged in the wall. The assassin pursued him into the drawing-room, which was a door leading into the apartment. Through this door he fled and closed it after him with difficulty, for the fellow, it is said, fired the third shot through it when he found his intended victim had succeeded in locking it.

Alarmed neighbors could get to the room where the assassin had last fired, they saw some fresh blood on the wall, and had aimed at his own head, and by the time they reached him he was dead. Investigation showed the man to be an escaped convict, and his lifeless body was removed from the house. Pi Margall was visited all day by hundreds of public men, who came to congratulate him on his extraordinary escape.

A Shoddy Baronet.

The London correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial tells some curious stories illustrating the rapid decline of the old nobility in England. At the moment there is going up at Kensington a mansion which belittles all the residences of the nobility—makes the neighboring houses of the Howards, the Argylls, the Aillies, etc., look like porters' lodges—looks down upon Kensington Palace, where little Victoria first learned that she was Queen of England, and turns it to comparative insignificance. It is preparing to hold the magnificence of Sir Albert Grant, baronet, by the will of Gladstone. For his gallery, pictures of enormous magnitude are said to have been already purchased—one of them for £15,000. Where all his capital came from may be inferred from the fact that some time ago Sir Albert was introduced to an American, named Harpenden, who went to London to sell a valuable property in California, which he bought for the sum of £200,000. Harpenden's being introduced, the Baron started the "California Mining Company," with a nominal capital of £1,000,000. This company was composed of Albert Grant, the same clerks who bought the property for £200,000; then sold it to the Mineral Hill Silver Mining Company for £480,000; these being two acts of the company during its existence. "But it turned out," said the Vice-Chancellor, "that the latter com-

SCOTCH HOUSE,

"IMPERIAL BUILDINGS," No. 2 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE!

Messrs. McCausland, Wills & Co.

With a first-class stock of STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS, Millinery, &c., &c.

Books for cash from the leading manufacturers in the Scotch, English, Continental and American markets.

These Goods will comprise some of the newest and most fashionable styles and patterns in Ladies' and Children's DRESS GOODS, and HATS, Trimmings and Embroideries; Jackson, Shaw's, and Child's DRESS GOODS, in all the new shades and patterns; Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers, Buttons, Lace, &c., &c., a splendid assortment of STAPLE GOODS, Factory and White Cottons, Ticking, Sheetings, Sweedens, Denims, Hosiery, Shirtings, Prints, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., &c.

We purpose having consignments every week, and enable us to do so, have decided to sell at a low price, and have a cash sale over.

McCausland, Wills & Co., No. 2 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Spiced Roll Bacon.

RECEIVED TO-DAY: 9 CASES (2 tons) Extra Cured Spiced Roll Bacon.

Black Silk Travelling Caps.

BEVE CLOTH CAPS, CHAMP SHELL HATS, Extra Satin Hats, Children's Glass Straw Hats.

D. MAGER & CO., 41 King Street, St. John, N. B.

HOSIERY. HOSIERY.

W. W. JORDAN, 2 Market Square, is showing a full line of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.

Cotton and Merino!

AT LOW PRICES. A very choice lot of CHILDREN'S LILE GLOVES!

NEW BOOKS!

Just received from Lee & Shepard, Boston:

THE MINUTE TALKS, by Ellen Burritt; Home Book, by Amasa Douglas; Seven Daughters, by Mrs. J. M. Wright; The American City, by G. W. H. South; Florida Salina, by J. D. Jones.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London: The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall; The Royal Princesses of England, Mr. Hall; Dicky Haddock, by Mr. Hall.