WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE

Per the "Nestorian."

SECOND FALL IMPORTATIONS.

4 BALES WHITE BLANKETS; 4 bales GREY COTTONS; 3 bales PRINTS, dark; 1 case DRESS GOODS; 1 case VELVETEEN MANTLES; 1 case HAIR NETS; 1 case Black and Fancy SILKS; 2 cases CLOTHES PINS. *Wholesale, at Lowest Rates.*

EVERITT & BUTLER,

aug15 Warerooms 55 and 57 KING STREET.

CANADIAN WOOLLENS.

WE ARE NOW OPENING

28 Cases Ribbed SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

Having early made very advantageous and large contracts for these Goods we can offer them very low to the trade. WHOLESALE ONLY.

EVERITT & BUTTLER.

aug 1

The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 22, 1872.

"Keeping Up the Steam."

The Toronto *Mail* has an editorial with this title, in which it takes its cotemporary, the *Globe*, to task for "keeping up the steam" too persistently by frequent and brazen misrepresentations in reference to victories won in the present election. We quote:—

After this fashion the *Globe* keeps up the courage of the faithful:—

"Bown driven from North Brant!
"Cumberland driven from Algoma!
"Hurdon driven from South Bruce!
"Harrison gone from Toronto West!
"Morris banished to Manitoba!
"Perry gone from Peterboro' West!
"Crowell Wilson driven from East Middlesex!"

Was there ever such utter nonsense in a paper with some pretence to decency and influence? Dr. Bown was not driven from the field in North Brant. He found politics too heavy a drain upon his time—which to him and his family means money—and decided not to run again. Mr. Cumberland had to leave Algoma, having, in accordance with the desire of his friends there, retained his seat in the Local House. Mr. Hurdon has only withdrawn in South Bruce because it is the wish of the friends of Union and Progress there that Sir John Macdonald should contest the Riding. Mr. Harrison was not driven from Toronto, but, as he had a perfect right to do, preferred to give his whole time to his business. Mr. Morris could have been elected without opposition if he had not chosen to accept an honorable position in Manitoba. Mr. Perry and Mr. Crowell Willson withdrew because they preferred the quiet of private life to the hurly-burly of politics. Not one of them was beaten.

The *Mail* as our readers will understand, does not approve of bragging. It believes in taking things moderately, adhering strictly to the truth, and leaving bounce and bluster to the great expounder of Clear Gritism. Accordingly it reasons with its noisy cotemporary after the following fashion:—

But how of this record?—

E. B. Wood afraid to face his constituents!

T. D. McConkey frightened out of North Simcoe!

Arthur Rankin beaten by 850 majority!

T. C. Wallbridge beaten by 244 majority!

George Kempt afraid to face the music in Victoria!

R. S. Pattersen beaten by 455 majority!

J. Carruthers beaten by 131 majority!

W. S. Stripp beaten by 141 majority!

James Bell beaten by 862 majority!

J. Montgomery beaten by 265 majority!

John McKeown beaten by 574 majority!

J. McMahon beaten by 304 majority!

James Currie whipped in Niagara!

James Cockburn elected by acclamation!

J. B. Currier elected by acclamation!

J. B. Lewis elected by acclamation!

Trueman White whipped in South Ontario!

Albert Hagar elected by acclamation!

Malcolm Cameron beaten by 258 majority!

W. C. Little elected by acclamation!

A. P. Hill beaten by 529 majority!

J. Ingram whipped in East Peterborough!

J. Parnham beaten by 259 majority!

Charley Magill ingloriously hustled out of Hamilton!

Æmilius Irving whipped out of his very boots!

What does the Grit organ say to this? It had need to whistle to keep up heart in its followers.

This catalogue is so much more modest than that presented by the Grit organ, that the *Mail* has reason for pluming itself on its moderation. The two leading journals, we doubt not, aim at giving the public the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and yet, strange to say, with ample means of information within their reach, they differ widely in what they proclaim as the truth. Their "facts" agree wonderfully in refusing to tally, and their predictions as to the state of feeling in certain constituencies, indeed, in most of the constituencies, are wide as the poles asunder. We never before knew journals to struggle so earnestly and perseveringly to give their readers the most reliable election news from all parts of the Dominion, who differed so astonishingly in their conclusions. They ought to be prayed for.

Savary's Return.

The Halifax *Chronicle* is very wrathy over the manner in which Mr. Savary secured the seat for Digby County. It remarks:

On Nomination day four candidates were nominated at the Court House, in Digby, viz: A. W. Savary, Jovite E. LeBlanc, Anselm M. Comeau and Calvin Raymond. Mr. Savary was the first to speak, and occupied the time from 10 45 to 1 45 o'clock—within fifteen minutes of the hour appointed for closing the Returning Officer's (Sheriff Smith's) court. Mr. Comeau made a few remarks, and then Mr. Raymond took the stand. The speeches were delivered in front of the Court House. A minute or two before 2 o'clock, while Mr. Raymond was addressing the electors, and the attention of nearly all parties was engaged outside, Mr. Savary and one of his friends entered the Court House and asked the Sheriff if the other candidates had filed the proof of their qualification. The Sheriff answered in the negative, and then Mr. Savary filed his qualification. This part of the proceedings we have to report from hearsay, as only one or two friends of Savary were present to witness it. The Sheriff then, without demanding the qualifications from the candidates, as required by law—without saying a single word to them on the subject—declared Savary elected and closed the court while Raymond was still speaking!

The *Chronicle* claims that the Returning Officer acted contrary to law, but the reading of the law does not bear out the newspaper's charge. Mr. Savary's was a sharp trick, but it was quite in accordance with the law, just as Mr. Gough's election by a show of hands a few years ago, when Mr. Gillespie's friends neglected to demand a poll, was lawful, though over sharp practice. It is said that five years ago Mr. Savary's opponents insisted on *his* filing his qualification, so that the lesson if unpleasant, was taught him by the enemy.

The Ontario Elections.

The Ontario Elections are being fought amid great excitement and with varying fortunes. The Opposition have met with greater success than the friends of the Ministry had anticipated. Mr. Wilkes, of the Opposition, has been elected for Toronto Centre by a large majority over Mr. Frank Shanly. The *Telegraph's* despatch reports the following Opposition men also elected:—Metcalfe, for East York, by acclamation; Stirton, by acclamation, for South Wellington; Bergin, by acclamation, for Cornwall; Harvey, for East Elgin; Bertram, for West Peterboro'.

Other despatches to the *News* and *Telegraph* say:—

In North Ontario, Gibbs, Ministeralist, was elected by a majority of 175 over Thompson the old Grit member.

In East Elgin, Horsey, Oppositionist, elected by a majority of 160.

In North Huron, Farrow, Ministerialist, elected by a majority of 192 votes.

Fortin is elected for Gaspe by acclamation.

Latest returns from Monck give McCallum (ministerial) a majority.

The Premier declines running for South Bruce. Hurdon, late member, is the Ministerial candidate against Blake.

Sandfield Macdonald's son will retire in Cornwall in favor of John Hillyard Cameron, but his election is very doubtful.

Dr. Tupper, according to the *News'* despatch, is expected to address the Western constituencies. This probably accounts for the Doctor's haste on his westward trip. The Grits claim that the Ministerial Party have won all the seats they can reasonably expect to take; but they are probably out of their reckoning in its particular. It is not to be disguised, however, that they are leaving nothing undone to cut down Sir John's vote in Ontario. They are fighting desperately.

Date of Dominion Elections.

ONTARIO.

	Polling.
Algoma	Aug. 22.
Halton	Aug. 22.
Muskoka	Aug. 23.
Glengarry	Aug. 23.
Renfrew, N. R.	Aug. 23
Leeds, S. R.	Aug. 23.
Perth, N. R.	Aug. 23
Huron, S. R.	Aug. 23.
Huron, Centre	Aug. 23.
Perth, S. R.	Aug. 23.
Prince Edward	Aug. 23.
Durham, W. R.	Aug. 24.
Waterloo, S. R.	Aug. 24.
Addington	Aug. 26.
Northumberland, E. R.	Aug. 27
Elgin, W. R.	Aug. 27.
Wellington, S. R.	Aug. 27.
York, E. R.	Aug. 27.
Renfrew, S. R.	Aug. 28.
Cornwall	Aug. 28.
Durham, E. R.	Aug. 28.
Cardwell	Aug. 27.
Lambton	Aug. 28.
Haldimand	Aug. 28.
Middlesex, W. R.	Aug. 28
Bruce, S. R.	Aug. 29.
York, W. R.	Aug. 29.
Middlessex, E. R.	Aug. 29.
Victoria	Aug. 29
Norfolk, S R.	Aug. 29.
Middlesex, N. R.	Aug. 30
Oxford, N. R.	Aug. 30.
Bothwell	Aug. 30.
Oxford, S. R.	Aug. 31.
Victoria, S. R.	Sept. 2.

QUEBEC.

Vaudreuil	Aug. 22.
Jacques Cartier	Aug. 24.
Rouville	Aug. 23.
Montreal	Aug. 28.
Chateauguay	Aug. 31.
Chicoutimi	Sept. 8.
Drummond and Arthabask	Aug. 29.
Hochelága	Aug. 31.
Naprairie	Aug. 26.
Montreal East	Aug. 28.
" Centre	Aug. 28.
" West	Aug. 28
Napierville	Aug. 31.
Rouville	Aug. 23.
Richmond and Wolfe	Aug. 29.
St. Hyacinthe	Aug. 24.
Verchères	Sept. 2.

Sic Transit Gloria.

The rails of the street railway on Prince William street, at the Duke street crossing were slowly passing from view this morning. A stoutly built laborer was piling rocks, earth and gravel on them vigorously. Street operations in St. John are fearfull and wonderfully original

☞ Go to the Germain street Baptist Sunday School Pic-Nic at Rothesay, on Friday, Aug. 23rd.

AMONG THE SONS OF MARS.

Revival of the Olden Times—The Glory and Tinsel of our Modern Warriors—Sir George Cartier's Fiery Dogs of War—Black Tea and Square Bread.

We are promised a glimpse of the stirring martial scenes of the olden time, when Colonel Grierson and the jolly 15th, bedazzled the eyes of our maidens and made envious our young men, with their glittering uniforms, stalwart figures, and nicely trimmed moustaches. The old barrack grounds are now made attractive and beautiful with the land force of Northumberland, and the tents of the supporters at the ballot box, if needs be, of the Hon. Minister of Marine, now whiten the grassy square, in whose glowing herbage cows have been wont to whisk their tails, since the British troopers have taken their departure. There is now the hurried tramp of the dashing Artillery; and canteens of officers and men, in different portions of the grounds, are well patronized, a thirst for glory always inducing a thirst for more material refreshments. The command of the Northumberland troopers devolves upon Captain Gillespie, who is one of the Loyal and Royal Opposition in the House of Assembly. He is warrior, merchant and politician. With a sight of him our eyes were gladdened as we entered the gate. We were sure of a deep insight now into military affairs, as we knew the profundity of the gallant Tom, which we had seen so often exhibited in the Legislative Halls at Fredericton, would be displayed with the same cheerful alacrity in military as in political matters of moment. "Captain Tom," as Captain Thomas Gillespie, M. P. P., of the Chatham Artillery is called, is in the region of five feet nine inches, beard full and of a sandy nut brown; a dark blue undress uniform and forage cap, with a sword, completed his personal and martial attire.

How are you Captain Gillespie, we remarked.

Captain Tom—Hulloa, glad to see you. How's TRIBUNE getting on? Come to put us in the paper, I suppose?

Reporter—Since we're under a new *regime* in military affairs now, you know the public are anxious about our budding army.

Captain Tom—Yes, yes; I see; quite right; we only got in last night. Hav'nt got fixed up yet; our tents are down there. See 'em, I suppose. Boys not fixed up yet. Left Chatham yesterday morning at seven; got here last night; be all right tomorrow, though.

Reporter—How many did you bring down, Captain?

Captain Tom; Thirty-five, Lieut. Fraser and myself. Could have brought a hundred if I liked, have over a hundred in my Company; allowed by law to have over the regular number.

Reporter—Fine looking men—suppose we go down, and have a look at 'em.

Captain Tom—Say,—hold on,—just come this way. Have something?

Reporter—No, thank you: *Albion*.

Captain T.—Albion! What's that?

Reporter—Albion Division, S. of T., you know.

Captain T.—Oh, I see,—all right,—take some ginger beer,—guess I'll take some sherry to start on. This is our mess; table, wooden chairs, good cook,—guess 'll do for eight days, won't it?

Reporter—Guess it will; health, Captain.

Captain T.—Same to you. Guess that was a defeat of the Local here, last election,—wasn't it? We'll fix 'em yet, won't we, eh? Next winter 'll fix 'em, don't you think so?

Reporter—Can't say, Captain. Too far off now. Let's talk about Sir George and the new military regulations.

Captain T.—Well, all right, but you see we've been excited, you know, up there; put in Mitchell; run him right in, and kind a got politics on the brain.

Reporter—Oh, I see, but I've heard you're a good shot, Captain; got the ladies' Gold Cup, carried it off last year, didn't you?

Captain T.—Yes, just slip down—now here we are. Just open this trunk. This tent of mine is kind of topsey turvey yet, you see—ah, all right, here she is—beauty, ain't she?—worth a hundred pounds. I've a good mind to take her up to the mess and get the boys to fill her up with champagne. Solid silver,—see the assayer's mark—win her this year, and she is mine.

Reporter—Guess you'll do it easy enough, Captain, won't you?

Captain T.—Hope so. Left our rifles at Sussex, coming down. Got ten of the best shooters in the whole Province in my battery. Now here's Pallen, just home from Wimbledon, took some prizes; say didn't you, Pallen? (a mild, good looking young man sitting in the doer of a tent, said he did,—took two small ones.) Capt T. (resuming) Yes, but Pallen kept up his share of the shooting, you know, if he did't take any big prizes.

Reporter—Glad to know that's Sergeant Pallen, one of New Brunswick four at Wimbledon. Don't you point him out to any of the ladies that come down here, for they'll bother his life out of him with questions of all kinds.

Captain T.—Don't be afraid, Pallen's all right. I guess North Shore boys know how to take care of themselves. Big dinner, that in the Victoria, to one of our North Shore boys, a little while ago, wasn't it? Good thing that, eh?

Reporter—'Twas so, but Captain, let's take a walk down to the battery. I see the men practising there.

Captain T.—Yes, they just got into it to-day. Our men are good at the range; we'll have a whack at your St. John men. Let's see,—to-morrow 'll be two batteries from St. John; one from Portland, and one from Carleton,—about two hundred of us. We'll have a high old time.

Reporter—Yes, I guess you will, but I see the men have knocked off work, and are at tea. Suppose we take a look at them, as I know lots of young men who'd like to go into camp if they could get good square meals.

Captain T.—All right—here we are. Now you see—what the Devil's that? Say, Sergeant, what's the cook been doing? Black water, and a mass of leaves at the bottom!!! Is that the way Ben cooks?

Here the Sergeant steps up.

"Now, look here, Captain, we'll all go home. Here we have big lumps of bread and black water, for the cook didn't give us any sugar, but put it all in the other mess; no butter, no meat, no cheese; we saw better than this in the pasture before we came here; it wasn't this way in camp at Chatham."

Captain T.—Ah, that Ben 'll be the death of me yet. He's a good cook, but you see he gets drunk and then he mixes all the tea in one can, and puts all the sugar in another, and so one crowd gets all the sugar, and the other all the tea; it's bad, but cooks will get drunk. Never mind, boys, go down to the canteen, and each of you get a drink at my expense—it's all right—we'll fix it up to-morrow.

Reporter—Good looking men, Captain, yours.

Captain—Yes, sir. Oh, we've got some chance now. Sir George gives us a good show. We have plenty of arms, clothing and munitions now. We'll be a smart crowd of soldiers in this Dominion some day.

Reporter—I suppose the *Gleaner* has a special commissioner down here to keep track of you?

Captain T.—*Gleaner's* changed hands, didn't you know it? Tracy has it now; says it nearly killed *Pearce* and he had to sell out. Tracy says it's awful hard work to run the *Gleaner*. No, he didn't send a special with us. I promised to send him a line. Any theatre here now?

Reporter—No, but there is Major Bishop has a good place.—Freeman Sisters, Jennie Kimball, Bella Gordon, and a tip-top crowd. Open all the year round.

Captain T.—Guess I'll go; like to look at the girls,—good looking, I suppose?

Reporter—All—yes. Well, Captain, I think I won't trouble you any more; think I'll move up town.

Captain T.—Hold on; have some thing Ginger beer's bad, though: must have another dash. Awful foggy place this. Join us, Sergeant Major Bruce? Guess 'll have to go to the Waverly if it keeps on. Did you see Bob Young? Bob's, President of the Council now. Saw Bob to-day, asked him how Ned Willis treated him. Said he met Ned; Ned treated him kind o' coldly. Bob 'll be President of our Council when we kick out the Government. Needn't put all this in the TRIBUNE. Blast you newspaper men, anyhow—you killed Sam Napier up North.—they've got his speech framed in the bar rooms. Good day, call down again. Have another dash. No? All right. Guess 'll go to Bishop's to night—girls good looking—all right. *Pass?* No! You men all can't get passes to-night; must have enough for a guard. Get some of the Portland boys on guard to-morrow night—they'll *pass* you!

Exit Reporter.

—Not long since, from off one of the Inman steamers, there came a magnificent gray-haired Cuban lady. Her patrician air was charming, her dress was faultless, if she had been a trifle less unnaturally rotund, she might have passed without suspicion. She was invited into the office of the inspectress, and an official diagnosis made of her condition. She was found suffering from four point Aguille shawls, two point applique sacques, and a rotonde, or round mantle of Chantilly lace of great value. Nor was this all. Festooned upon her hoop skirts were seven hundred yards of narrow lace which careful hands passed days in untangling. In the plaits of her dress were pinned collars of an exceptional quality of point lace, which took no more room when rolled and pinned against the seams than a cocoon does against a leaf.—[Scribners.

—For two weeks the Long Island waters have literally swarmed with menhaden fish. The Chase Fishing Company have taken 1,300,000, realizing $1 per thousand. The Tallman Company have taken 3,000,000, and the Wells factory, on Northwest, have rendered into oil and guano over 5,000,000. and yet their full capacity was not employed. The price was formerly 60 cents per hundred, but notwithstanding that the rate has been fixed at $1 per thousand, the fishermen say they could make money if the factories would purchase the entire catch. They do not purchase more than one-third, and in consequence of this many fishing companies have suspended operations.

—A circle of ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, have proposed the levying of a heavy tax upon their dressmakers' bills—to declare to Government that they are ready to bear themselves, and to inflict upon their sister Parisiennes a tax of ten francs on every one hundred for all dresses costing more than one hundred francs, for the purpose of aiding the National Budget. This idea is a proof of patriotism which has no small magnanimity about it, especially if women pique themselves upon dressing with as great and still greater luxury than before this voluntary increase of their toilette expenses. No doubt this self-imposed tax will be especially grateful to the patriotic feelings of the husbands of the Faubourg St. German ladies.

—Lexington, the greatest race-horse that America ever produced, died at Mr. Alexander's stud farm at Spring Station, Ky., a few days ago. The grand old horse ran the fastest four miles that were ever run where accurate watches and timekeepers were in vogue. He was the sire of more race-horses than probably any horse that ever lived. The best of his get were Norfolk, Asteroid, Kentucky, Harry Bassett, Kingfisher, Idlewild and Tom Bowling. Asteroid and Kentucky have already presented to the turf some noble grandsons of the old horse. Kingfisher and Harry Bassett will, if they live, be equally successful if high form, pure blood and splendid racing powers justify such a prediction.

—It is stated that at a meeting of Liberal Republicans and Democrats in Boston today, it was resolved to ask Charles Francis Adams to become their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. A telegram on the subject is said to have been despatched to Geneva.

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—A very touching and poetical incident occurred the other day in the room where the dead body of poor Henri Drayton was lying. His little daughter, not more than eleven years of age, who was passionately fond of her father, does not appear to realize the fact of his death, and has cooed and crowed to him ever since his demise, insisting that he was only asleep and understands all that she was saying. Drayton, it appears, was exceedingly fond of flowers, and yesterday, the little orphan brought a pot of geranium and laid it at the head of the caskot in which the body reposed, saying that papa loved flowers so much that if she was to put this one, which was fading, by his side, he would bring it to life. Then drawing a cushion to the side of the body she stretched herself upon the floor and soon was fast asleep. The child has a great wealth of golden hair, which floated out upon the blue cushion and formed a contrast that a painter would have lingered over with enthusiasm; while this touching contrast of the awful solemnity of death, side by side with the innocent faith of childhood, was one that brought a tear to the eyes of many of the sympathizing friends who witnessed it.—[N. Y. Express

—It seems strange to hear of the importation of coal into England, yet this is what we have arrived at, owing to the increase of prices. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company have, says the *Manchester Guardian*, taken the practical step of drawing on the Belgian coal fields, where they consider they can be more economically supplied than from our own pits. Their coal bill for the past half-year showed an increase of about £6,000 The Company's steamers are now occupied in bringing over cargoes of Belgian coal, and if the fuel proves good, the example will probably be followed by other boards. It will be interesting to watch the progress of this movement and of others which are now taking place in a like direction. While coal owners, coal merchants, and colliers are quarrelling over a division of the profits gained by the late rise in prices consumers are busy in devising means by which they may become less dependent on the disputants.

—The exertions put forth on every side to prove that Chicago is the greatest city in the universe took a practical turn the other day. when was published a map of the country "tributary to Chicago," and a list of the railways now operating and to operate therein. From the staacment there published it appears that about 10,000 miles, or one-sixth of the entire railroad mileage of the Union has its focus the Garden City; in addition to which "schemes" are on foot, some having nearly reached the point of completion, which look to the construction of 4,000 more miles of line, all of which will be feeders to the commerce of this city. Already the tributaries of the lines now in operation, and which are not included in the 10,000 referred to, give to the railway centre of Chicago a territory served by 15,000 miles of railway. The Michigan Central is referred to in terms of the highest praise by the writer, and generally maintains the excellent character which has given to it and the Great Western of Canada so much of the favor of the travelling public. The list of lines projected includes the Chicago and Canada Southern Railway, which has made considerable progress, and is after much delay, at last likely to obtain within a week, the final passage of an ordinance granting it right of way into the city. The capital invested in the city railways now in operation is over $400,000,000; and the gross earnings were about $28,000,000, of which $21,500,000 was net. The total number of trains leaving and entering the city each day, including passenger and freight is 350, while no less than 100 sleeping cars go out every evening.

— Grace Greenwood says this is how she and her fellow-females wended the way to the Yosemite: "So with a tear for the modest traditions of our sex, and a shudder at the thought of the figures we should present, we four brave women accepted the situation, and, for the nonce, rode as woman used to ride in her happy, heroic days, before Satan for her entanglement and enslavement invented trained skirts, corsets, and side-saddles. We were fortunately provided with strong mountain suits of dark flannel and waterproof, which fitted us for the emergency, and for any rough climbing we had a fancy for, and there was not a little. Well, after a trial of some 15 miles the first day, and 26 the second, we all came to the conclusion that this style of riding was the safest, easiest, and therefore the most sensible for long mountain expeditions, and for steep, rough, and narrow trails. If nature intended women to ride horseback at all, she doubtless intended it should be after that fashion; otherwise we should have been a sort of land variety of the mermaid."

—A terrible scientific revenge was recently taken by a young chemist in Venice named Orlando Farnereni. He loved a young lady, but she loved another, who was a tailor. Orlando owed him money, and sent word he would visit him in his laboratory. The invitation was accepted, and Orlando, slyly got them to take part in electrical experiments. He bade them give him their hands, put one pole of a Rumkorf apparatus between the girl's fingers, and the other into the tailor's hand, and then joined currents The lovers then fell to the ground in convulsive fits, but Farnereni only laughed. After trying to disengage themselves from the apparatus in vain, in five minutes they became distorted corpses. Farnereni, with the utmost *sang froid*, reported the matter to the police, and gave himself up.

—A woman styling herself "the Hon. Mrs. H. Treherne" was the object of popular fury at Leicester. It appears that some short time since she settled down in the town, gave liberal orders to tradesmen, and promised a stained-glass window to the Roman Catholic chapel, and £1,000 towards a new chancel for the same building.—Meanwhile, without paying for anything, she was sending goods which she obtained to a London confederate. Suspicions were aroused and enquiries made, which showed the people of Leicester that they had been duped; and on Monday, on it being known that the woman was about to quit the town, a crowd assembled at the railway station, and there pelted her with rotten eggs, knocked her down, and trampled upon her. She was finally rescued by the police, but not until she had been badly bruised.

LOCALS.

The Pic-Nic of the Germain Street Baptist Sabbath School,

postponed on account of the weather, will be held on FRIDAY, the 23rd inst., or the first fine day afterwards. See adv't.

Personal.

Mr. J. W. Torrens, business manager of the Choral Festival, is in town. He arrived in the night express. The Troupe give concerts in Fredericton to night, tomorrow night and Saturday night.

Hon. W. Todd, of St. Stephen, and F. Hibbard, Esq., M. P. P., of St. George, are in town.

Dr. Dow, of Fredericton, is at the Victoria.

W. Hickman, Esq., Dorchester, is at the American.

Hon. B. Beveridge is at the Royal.

Robert Robinson, Esq., left for St. Andrews this morning.

Important.

A meeting of the stockholders of the "Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada," is advertised in to-day's TRIBUNE, for Sept. 7th, at the Victoria Hotel.

Royal Hotel.

A new covering of shingles is going on the Royal. The proprietor believes in having things in the best shape possible for his crowded hotel.

Steam Communication with Yarmouth.

The steamer "Commerce" has been withdrawn temporarily from the St. John and Yarmouth route, and has taken the place of the "Alhambra," plying between Charlottetown and Boston, the latter steamer having broken her shaft off Halifax on Friday last.

The "M. A. Starr" will leave Yarmouth for St. John at 4 p. m. on Saturday next. Returning, she will leave St. John on Monday evening for Yarmouth.

Destruction of Mr. Hanford's Residence.

We regret exceedingly to learn of the destruction of the residence, outbuildings, etc., of Thomas Hanford, Esq., Inspector of Internal Revenue, yesterday. Mr. Hanford was in a distant part of the Province, and the members were at a pic nic, when the premises caught fire. Through the efforts of kind neighbors and friends from the City, the furniture was saved. Hanford Brothers, in a card in THE TRIBUNE, in their father's absence thank the friends who assisted in saving such of the property as was rescued from the burning buildings.

We understand that Mr. Hanford had $1,000 insurance on the building, and $200 on the barns, in the Northern office, Mr. L. J. Almon, agent.

Common Council.

A good deal of business was transacted yesterday, and the usual number of altercations took place. Councillor O'Brien moved that a committee be appointed for the purpose of selling the Carleton Branch Railroad. The Councillor also gave notice that unless the Ferry Committee compel the Western Extension Railway Company to run the Ferry Boat according to the terms of its agreement, he will move at next meeting of Council to have the lease cancelled. A large number of North and South Wharf merchants asked that the sewers be covered to low water mark. Alderman Kerr moved that the city lamps be lighted every night. The motion was referred to the Lamp Committee. Several new sidewalks are to be laid down in various streets.

Another Disappointment.

It was announced yesterday, in one of the morning papers, and copied in the evening papers, that a torchlight procession and the Band of the Christian Brothers would accompany M'lle D'Erina to her hotel after the Concert of last evening. In consequence of the announcement large crowds gathered in the vicinity of the Academy to enjoy the spectacle, but no barouche, no torchlight procession, and no band greeted the public. This is the second time within a few days that the expectant public have been defrauded out of a free show.

Methodist Pic-Nic.

The pic-nic of the Centenary Methodist Church Sunday School, at Blissville, last summer, was so successful, that this season they concluded to hold their pic nic at the same place, in conjunction with the Methodist Sunday School of Fredericton. This morning early, crowds flocked down to the ferry boat, and a couple of thousand must have gone over. A telegram was received here stating that beautiful sunshiney weather prevailed at Blissville and at Fredericton, in spite of the fog which enveloped our City. The pic-nic will, no doubt, be the success of the season. The grounds where it is being held are four miles below Fredericton Junction. A beautiful stream, shaded with elm trees, runs through the grounds, and though forty miles from the city the attractions of the place are numerous enough to induce large crowds to attend the gathering.

Fish Market.

The market was pretty well supplied this morning. Salmon were selling from $1.25 to $3.50, shad from 15 to 20 cts each, herring 12 cts a dozen, gaspereaux 12 cts a dozen, Bass (20 lbs each) $1.50. The delay in completing repairs on the old building is proving a great inconvenience to the fish-mongers.

Minor Locals.

The Germain St. Baptist Church Sabbath School pic nic, will take place at Rothesay to-morrow.—James Noble had his right arm and hand badly cut by a circular saw at Hilyard's mill yesterday.—Patrick Cronan fell through the hatchway in Mr. Furlong's store, Water St., yesterday, and dislocated his shoulder.—"Star of Peace" Lodge of British Templars held a moonlight excursion up river in the Rothesay last night. The 62nd Band attended.—Rosa D'Erina had a good attendance at the Concert for the Benefit of the Christian Brothers Band, and received a presentation of a fine oil painting of herself, done by one of the Brothers.—A lecture on Spiritualism will be given in the Lyceum on Sunday evening.—The gunboat *Britomart* lies off Reed's Point.—The *Glendon* lies at the new corporation slip Water St., with a hole knocked in her near the bow; 2,600 barrels of flour damaged by her will be sold on Saturday, on Peters' Wharf.—James Belyea, whose boat upset at the Carleton Catholic pic-nic race on Tuesday, challenges Alexander Brayley, the winner, to a race on the Kennebecasis for either $100 or $200 a side.

Bishop's Opera House.

Another large audience attended the Opera House last evening, Miss Kimball and the Freeman Sisters being the attractions. Miss Kimall, in her bouquet of vocal gems, was encored several times. The Freeman Sisters, in "Driven from Home," responded to four calls, and even that number did not seem to satisfy the demands of the audience. Miss Bella Gordon's songs and dances were well appreciated. The Black Tragedian was very amusing. S. Collins, the Dutchman, in his songs was loudly applauded, and "The Opera Broke Loose" was a decided hit. H. Talbot and F. McAvoy, in their ghost sketch, pleased the audience greatly. Mr. McAvoy's songs were well rendered. Pete Lee's doleful strains were very doleful to be sure.

To-night there will be a change of programme.

Italian Opera.

Verdi's famous and ever popular opera of *Il Trovatore* will be produced at the Academy of Music to-night, and from the evidence of the singing and dramatic powers of the Company at the two previous performances in the Academy and notably, Signor Baccei and Mme Corani, the St. John public who appreciate the divine Opera, will be treated to a rendering of the highest style of music, and in a manner which can scarcely fail to please.

Horse Stealing.

Wm. Govan, charged with stealing a horse, carriage, and harness from Robert Tipping in the Parish of Harvey, County of Albert on the 18th inst., was arraigned to day in the City Police Court. He first pleaded guilty and then not guilty. He will receive his sentence to-morrow at 10 o'clock.

☞ Go to the Germain Street Baptist Sunday School Pic-Nic at Rothesay, on Friday, Aug. 23rd.

The Duke Street Sewer.

For the last two years the portion of the Duke Street sewer, which has been opened, has been a nuisance of the worst description. On that portion of Duke St., which leads from Prince William St., to the Victoria Hotel, there is a great deal of carriage travel and this is the portion which is practically useless on account of the open sewer. The worst feature of the nuisance, however, is the abominable odor that proceeds from the foul sewerage constantly passing through it, and which poisons the atmosphere all around. The public would like to know from the Sewerage Commissioners, the Street Superintendent, Alderman Kerr, and Councillor Cassidy, or whoever has charge, or is responsible, how much longer this state of things is to last? The sidewalk on the the Southern side is closed up altogether, as well as two thirds of the street.

It is this Sewer that empties immediately beneath the old Fish Market!

Supreme Court.

Yesterday, the case of doe dem Johnston *vs.* Jardine, an action for dower, was commenced. The plaintiff, Mrs. Johnston, is the widow of the late Johnston, who was the heir of one-seventh of the property of the late Hugh Johnston. The suit is one of a number brought against different parties, and is the first action for dower under the Act of 1858. It was tried last year, and a verdict given for the plaintiff. It was taken before the Judges, and is now before the jury again. Messrs. D. S. Kerr and John Kerr for the plaintiff, and Messrs. S. R. Thomson and W. Jack for defendant.

This case stands over till Saturday.

At one o'clock, the case of Brown vs. the Corporation was taken up. In this important case Messrs. Thomson, Weldon and Palmer are for the plaintiff, and Duff, Peters and Kaye for defendant.

Steamers.

The "New Brunswick" arrived at Eastport at 11 a. m. and is due here about 5 p. m.

Country Market.

The market was well supplied this morning, and produce sold at the following prices:—

Butter, roll, per lb.,	25 to 26 cents.
Butter, packed, do.,	21 " 23 "
Lard, do.,	13 " 15 "
Eggs, per dozen,	17 " 19 "
Potatoes per bushel,	70 " 90 "
Cheese, dairy, per lb.,	12 " 13 "
Beef do.,	7 " 8 "
Mutton do.,	6 " 8 "
Veal do.,	5 " 8 "
Lamb do.,	8 " 10 "
Pork do.,	8 " 10 "
Chickens per pair,	40 " 50 "
Turkies per lb.,	18 " 20 "
Ducks,	60 " 80 "
Peas per bushel,	50 " 60 "
Beans per bushel,	40 " 50 "

City Police Court.

This morning, Jeremiah Spillane, 40, lying drunk on Sydney street; was fined $4 or 10 days gaol.

Patrick McGuiggan, 40, drunk and given in charge by his wife for beating and abusing her; was remanded until Tuesday.

John White, 29 drunk and shouting on Dock street; was fined $4 or 5 days gaol.

John McSavren, 45, drunk and unable to take care of himself on Queen Square; was fined $4 or 5 days gaol.

Portland Police Court.

This morning, Owen Rice, charged with abusive and insulting language to Dennis Conway, pleaded guilty; fined $4 and costs.

Hazen B. Brown, for selling liquor at Portland on several occasions without license, within the last three months, both on Sundays and other days of the week; was fined $20 and costs.

Sarah Ann Hamm was charged with using abusive and insulting language to Mary Jenkins; settled on payment of costs.

Ann Kyle, for abusive language to Letitia Peucock; was fined $4 and costs.

Mary Jenkins, for the same to Sarah Ann Hamm; settled on payment of costs.

Patrick Porter, for assault and battery on margaret Calkin; was fined $20.

James Duffy was charged with abusive and insulting language to Thomas Hilyard, Esq.; the charge was withdrawn on payment of costs.

Louisa Hamm was charged with assaulting and beating Margaret Scott; settled on payment of costs.