DR. J. E. GRIFFITH, DENTIST,

Office 61 Union St., Near Germain, (Formerly occupied by Dr. Pidler,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH INSERTED IN THE BEST MANNER.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING AND PRESERVING THE NATURAL TEETH. dec 19—1y

MANUFACTURES

OF THE

MISPECK MILLS, - - St. John, N. B.

ALL WOOL GOODS, viz:

HEAVY and LIGHT GREY CLOTH; HEAVY GREY and SCARLET FLANNEL;

MISPECK TWEED.

Heavy Grey Blankets.

ALSO:

FIRST CLASS COTTON WARPS.

The above named Seasonable Goods are all of SUPERIOR QUALITY, manufactured from the very best materials, and warranted to give satisfaction.

ORDERS FROM THE TRADE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Warehouse—Reed's Building, Water Street.

sep 11—1ydaw J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

55 and 57 King Street.

SALMON AND TROUT TWINES.

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND:

5,000 Lbs. SALMON AND TROUT TWINE!

(EDINBURGH ROPERIE.)

At Lowest Rates and on Liberal Terms.

EVERITT & BUTLER,

55 and 57 KING STREET.

jan 3

BUY YOUR

Sewing Machines

FROM THE MANUFACTURER,

And Save Twenty Per Cent.

BUY YOUR

SEWING MACHINES

Where you can get them Repaired.

Machines Sold by Weekly Investments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Parties desirous of purchasing can be thoroughly instructed at their houses Free of Charge.

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FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

89. KING STREET. 89.

All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved. dec 28

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Printers, Booksellers, Stationers,

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

We have added new machinery to our Bindery, and are enabled to execute BINDING in the best style. Call and see Specimens.

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Sign Painting

ESTABLISHMENT,

47 Germain Street,

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WILLIAM DUNLOP,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Flour, Groceries & Liquors,

No. 40 CHARLOTTE STREET,

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159 Union Street.

GEORGE MURDOCH,

Harness Maker,

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Fine Driving and Working Harness, Whips Curry Combs, Brushes, &c., always on hand.

Strict attention paid to Jobbing and Repairing. nov 21 1y

Commercial College!

THE DAY

AND

EVENING SESSIONS

Will be resumed on the 6th inst. All of the subjects necessary for a thorough

Mercantile Education

Are taught in a practical manner.

A. H. EATON, PRINCIPAL.

dec 31 d w

The Daily Tribune.

J. L. STEWART.....Editor.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 7, 1873.

The Blood-Money Business.

The boarding-house keepers held a meeting last evening for consultation on the state of affairs. No reporters were admitted, but it is said that several eloquent speeches were made in denunciation of all merchants known to grumble at the payment of blood-money. One orator said—"We can live without them, Mr. Chairman. We won't take their money if they ain't willing to give it, and we won't give 'em nary a man. If one refuses payment for our services, other merchants will pay us all the more liberally. Cause why—they likes to see us down on the other fellers. They won't quarrel with us and run the risk of having their vessels kept in port a day. Not much." Another speaker is supposed to have offered the following—

Resolved; That no member of this honorable body stoops to accept B——M—— from the sucker what insults one of us until he has made a bareheaded apology.

There is no doubt whatever but this was adopted unanimously. It was decided not to apply for incorporation, the general opinion being that the bill would fail in the Legislative Council.

If the Chairman's closing remarks are reported correctly he cautioned his fellows to be careful not to be down on more than one firm at a time, "for you know if we be's down on too many at once they 'll form an association like our'n, and make trouble." He cautioned them also about the risk of prosecution they daily incur, warning them never to use more than the initial letters—B. M—— when talking of the usual fee. He assured them that even this was not always safe, and advised them that, in asking for their rights, they should hold up five fingers when they want $5 and two fingers and thumb when $2.50 only is wanted. He assured them that the quick-witted lads who clerk in the shipping merchants' offices would understand what was wanted without "nary a wink."

We are assured that, during a week's abstinence from demanding the usual fee, the boarding-house keepers succeeded in making the merchants so uncomfortable that the blood-money is now paid without a murmur. It does not even require the holding up of the five fingers as a reminder. One bluff captain strode into the shipping office the other day, threw down a check for $60, and said in a loud voice: "I want two men. There's $50 advance and $10 blood-money. Give me a receipt." Mr. Tisdale receipted for $50, and assured the master mariner that he knew of nothing in the nature of the kind of money referred to. The captain took his $10, but very quickly handed it over to the boarding masters who supplied the men. The matter will probably be brought before Parliament during the approaching session.

The prompt hanging of Edward S. Stokes, who has been sentenced to death for the wilful murder of James Fisk, Jr., will have an excellent effect in New York. It has come to be a proverb that no man with money enough to fee counsel can be hanged there, and wealthy ruffians take their revenge and pay for it as they do for other luxuries. If Stokes had imagined that he was in danger of the gallows he would not have fired the fatal shot that crimsoned the hotel stairs with the life blood of his enemy. It is by no means certain that the sentence will be carried out, but there can be but one opinion as to the good effect it would produce.

The city fathers might pay a little more attention to the streets at the present time, and have the numerous hollows filled up. The sleighing should be enjoyed while it lasts, in town as well as on the Marsh road. So keep your men employed, gentlemen, in making the roads smooth.

The Eclectic Magazine starts on its course for 1873 with renewed vigor in a capital number containing no less than fifteen excellent articles culled from the great reviews and leading magazines, which are followed by able editorial notices of home and foreign literature, of science, art, religion, etc., etc. As a collection of the best of everything in current magazine literature, the *Eclectic* stands unrivalled and deservedly so, for it gives an admirable selection of essays on those subjects which are daily discussed, essays which everyone can not see otherwise without buying every magazine and review and which are here given entire. We have in this instalment articles on "The Genius of Sophocles." "Dr. Livingstone and his Work," "Cowper as a Satirist," "The Present Phase of Pre historic Archæology," and the opening chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's "The Two Marys." First class reading every one of them, instructive, amusing, "grave and gay." Improved as it is, the *Eclectic* is sure of greater success than ever before. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Thomas Sears was seriously injured by falling through a four story hatch in Halifax last week.

Joseph Heidenberg, a glazier, was snowballed to death by boys on New Year's, in New York.

The universality of the recent cold weather is shown by the fact that a man was found frozen to death in a street of Mobile, Ala.

In Christ Church, Savannah, Christmas Day, several candidates were confirmed, one of whom, Miss Elizabeth Spencer, leaned her head forward and dropped dead of heart disease.

A Nashville negro, applying for a marriage license, and learning that it would cost him $10, left the room sadly, remarking, "Dat's a mighty squar price, boss."

An eccentric man at Effingham, Ill., whose wife and children had deserted him, lately dug up two of his dead children, and dressing the skeletons set them down as his table companions.

A New York paper strikes an average of the fatalities in that city the last year, and finds that every day had two fatal accidents on its records, and every week a murder and three suicides.

A rural gentleman standing over a register in one of out stores attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife, "Mariar, I guess I'm going to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks a runnin' up my legs."

A passenger on the Hudson River Railroad was suddenly seized with hydrophobia, a few days since, and created intense excitement. He barked like a dog, bit and snapped in all directions, and was with difficulty secured.

At a recent Connecticut wedding, in repeating the words, "If you know of any just cause," etc., the minister looked straight at a nervous young man directly in front of him. The fellow sprang up with much haste and trepidation and blurted out: "Oh, no bless me! not the slightest objection, sir."

James L. Watson, a native of Savannah, Ga., and Benjamin Crowder, an Englishman, have been tried at Delrugin, Hungary, and the former sentenced to six months' imprisonment for remarks not considered complimentary to the Emperor of Austria, and the latter to three months for resisting his arrest on the same occasion.

Charles W. Hume, a prominent merchant of Eastport, Me., died Wednesday night, of small-pox. Mr. Hume was for some thirty years a member of the well-known firm of S. B. Hume & Co. No new cases have appeared, and the Selectmen are using every means to prevent it spreading. The disease is said to have been brought there by a Cape Ann fisherman.

The persecutions of Roumanian Jews has taken a new and curious phase. The authorities of one the chief cities have forbidden the slaughtering of cattle by Jews. The effect of this proscription is to deprive them of meat, as according to their religious code they are not allowed to eat the flesh of animals slaughtered in any other way than that therein laid down.

A despatch from Decatur, Ill., says the family of A. Culp, seven persons, became violently sick immediately after breakfast Friday morning, symptoms being poison. A physician investigated the matter and found a paper containing arsenic deposited in the pump from which water had been used to prepare coffee for the family's breakfast. The victims are very ill, but at last accounts were out of danger.

A young man named Leory Hall was killed in the town of Union, Connecticut, Friday, by a horse. He had been butchering, and his clothing was stained with blood, and it is supposed he went to the stable to feed the horse and must have been struck by the animal's fore feet, as blood was found upon them, and on the manger. His head was mangled in a horrible manner, and terrible gashes cut in various places on his body.

If any farmer should chance to have a cow fall into an ice hole in the river, he may learn how to get her out from this story of the way it was done at Bethel, Vt., one day last week: A man caught the unfortunate animal by the horns and held her head above the water, while a rope could be procured; then another man put the rope around her neck with a slip knot and tightened it around her throat, causing her to suddenly bloat with air, and rise to the top of the water, when with her struggling and a little assistance she came out on the ice safely.

Smelling rat poison recently caused the death of a man in Lawrencetown, N. S.

The Halifax police have broken up one of the noted gangs of thieves of that city.

The small pox is supposed to have been spread in Antigonish, N. S., by dogs going from house to house.

Another woman in Springfield, Illinois, has committed suicide by kindling the fire with the kerosene can.

Lawrence McInnis, while drunk recently, wandered into a field at Sydney Mines, and perished from exposure.

The Allan steam collier Acadian is going to Baltimore to bring a cargo of bituminous coal to Halifax.

Some naughty boys threw stones at Gladstone in London the other day. He chased them two squares and delivered them to the police.

A Lewiston reporter, seeing some boys skating on thin ice, went and got all their names and ages, so as to save time when they got drowned.

This despatch was sent from Portland to Chicago, Christmas Day: "Nettie's present appeared this morning. Very handsome. Fifteen pounds A little Samuel"

Halifax makes its prisoners useful by putting them on the streets to level the snow. The other day, while the gang were returning from work, two escaped and are still at large.

A young couple in Fulton County, Ky., the husband being 19 and the wife 13 years of age, have obtained a guardian on application to a court of law to protect them against the tyranny of a mother-in-law.

It is no longer the "correct thing" to have your monogram on the fly of the envelope, but you should use red wax and have upon it impressed your initials. This, we are assured, is the *very* latest decree.

A new paper made its appearance in Bangor last week to be published weekly. It is called the *Northern Border*, and is devoted to social, literary and material development. The Rev. Dr. Tefft is the editor.

Mr. Dunlap of Mainsville, Ohio, is not so fond of cats as he was before playing with one a few days ago. It became infuriated and scratched open an artery in his neck, so that but for timely medical aid he must have bled to death.

Mrs. George Whackett was burned to death in a frame dwelling in Germantown, Pa., Friday. She was sick, and her husband while tending her accidentally upset a coal oil lamp. Mr. Whacket had to escape from a window. The house was destroyed.

Only the Pacific cable is needed to complete the telegraphic circuit of the globe. A telegram can now be sent from Hong Kong, via India and England, to San Francisco, and actual experience proves that their transmission need cover but part of a day.

A lunatic has been attempting to scare the people of Scarboro,' Me., by shouting, 'Flee from hell-fire and the wrath to come," before their doors. But the "Scarborians" didn't flee worth a cent. The idea of delicious warmth conveyed by the threat was attractive this cold weather.

Preparations are being made in several influential cities of Germany and Austria for the celebration of next 21st July as the centenary of the abolition of the Order of Jesuits by a bull of Pope Clement XIV. Agitations will be set on foot for a general celebration of the day.

Associations have been formed in Iowa for the purpose of prosecuting liquor dealers under the existing law and obtaining damages for the families of victims of intemperance. In a recent case at Des Moines a woman obtained a verdict for $2,520, the expense of the litigation being provided for by one of these associations.

A Halifax reporter found an item the other day. He sat down on the ice in the street and found himself in a pool of water; but this was not the worst. The feat necessitated a change of raiment, and the papers say it took him a long time before he found another newspaper man who had a spare garment. Fancy his feelings, wandering and wet.

The congress of German printers and publishers, convened at Leipsic, has adopted a resolution that any strike among the printers, on what grounds soever it may occur, shall be met by a lockout by all employers of the same craftsmen in the respective town. All printers and publishers throughout Germany stand pledged to this resolution.

There is a difference between dogs and men, and it is not always in favor of men. An Oregon paper tells the story of a man who encountered a panther and was having a deadly struggle with him when the dog came and attacked the furious beast, drawing him off from the master. The man thus relieved immediately fled with all speed, leaving the dog to his fate.

The whole number of small-pox cases now under treatment last week, in Bangor, as reported by the Health Officers, is 22, one half of which is varioloid. All the other cases are convalescent and nearly well. The school committee has voted to defer the opening of the public schools until further notice, and every precaution is being used to prevent any further spread of the disease.

The *Chronicle* says that Senator Dickey has returned from his visit to New York, after completing the sale of the Nova Scotia Electric Telegraph Company's lines to the Western Union Telegraph Company. The agreement is that two-fifths of the $150,000 are to be paid down and the balance in two years by instalments with interest; but it is understood that the Western Union will close the transaction by paying the whole amount at once.

It appears one woman has been found who can hold her tongue. Mrs. Annie Ryan, of St. Louis, was wanted to testify in the trial of her husband, who made a murderous assault upon her, but she refused to testify, and the Judge sent her to jail for forty-eight hours. Still refusing to testify the Judge ordered her to jail again to stay until she should be willing to give her testimony. She was finally set at liberty by another judge under a writ of *habeas corpus*, triumphant.

THE LAST HORRORS OF THE CENTRE ST. FIRE.

New York, Jan. 4.

The sad scenes that followed the fire at the Fifth Avenue Hotel have been repeated and intensified in the exhumations that have been made from the Centre street ruins. While the poor girls lay buried and invisible their agonizing relatives were able to maintain more of an appearance of calmness, but since their charred and disfigured bodies been taken out, the visible proof of the dreadful fate of their dear ones has been too overwhelming, and wails of anguish have filled the stations where the bodies were carried. At the men's lodging room at the Franklin Police Station, yesterday, the ill shapen masses were laid out, while afflicted relatives scanned the undistinguishable human embers for some familiar marks of friends. Suddenly the air became rent with shrieks as an aged woman threw herself upon her knees at the side of one of the bodies, and making the sign of the cross, prayed that God might take her soul and join it with that of her dead daughter. "I know her," she cried, "by this cloth sack. See this scapular (tearing it from the dead girl's bosom), I put it on my child's neck when she was baptized. I have seen the vision of my darling girl burning in the flames. Oh, Bridget, what a Christmas that was for you! Oh, God! is this my New Year's!" It was Mrs. McGrath, who had identified her daughter. This heart-rending incident was soon followed by another, the appearance of Mrs. Donohue, the woman who was made insane by the calamity. Accompanied by her crippled son and a male friend, she was frantically searching among the corpses for her daughters Margaret and Mary, aged respectively 16 and 14 years, two beautiful girls, who had been their mother's sole support ever since the death of her husband, who fell from a scaffold two years ago, and was almost instantly killed. "I want my children," the insane mother cried. "I know they are here. I made their clothes and can tell them. Oh, God! let me see them once, that I may die to be buried with them. Have I lived so long as to die childless? Must I now beg my bread and cry over my children's graves? Take pity, oh, Lord, on a poor widow who mourns her children. Good Lord, I'll die with them," and the poor woman swooned away.

The Age of Murder.

(From the N. Y. Herald.)

Forty murders in 1870; sixteen Irish, ten Germans, ten Americans, three English and one Norwegian. Forty-five murders in 1871; twenty-three Irish, nine Americans, four English, four Germans, one Italian and one Swiss. Fifty-six murders in 1872; twenty Irish, nineteen Americans, eight Germans, three English, two Swedes, one Italian and one French. Five more murders in 1871 than in 1870; eleven more murders in 1872 than in 1871—an increase of sixteen murders in two years! If crime progress in this frightful ratio, who, within many months, will deserve to escape hanging? Is it not about time for those still alive who neither aspire to murder nor be given in murder to inquire whether self-preservation, which is supposed to be the first law of nature, does not exact that more heroic treatment should be administered to artists in human butchery than now seems fashionable? Is it enough to mildly rail against total depravity in reading details of the very latest homicide with one eye while the other gazes complacently upon a cup of the very best coffee? When life has grown to be such a ghastly joke that people wake up in the morning and congratulate themselves upon not having had their throats cut from ear to ear by friends, bosom or otherwise, is there not something rotten in the body politic? Does it not behoove us to seriously ask why this murderous orgy has been so long tolerated and what means shall be employed to bring it to an end. Would it not be well for those very estimable gentlemen, known as the Committee of Seventy, to whom we anxiously look for all good things, to set their ponderous intellects to work out our salvation, ere the child of the period becomes so demoralized as to cry for blood as it now cries for soothing syrup? If the carnage do not soon cease, "Give us this day our daily murder" will be the popular form of prayer; and that such a state of things should transpire under the reign of the "Seventy" ought to convince confiding citizens of the necessity of doubting even the divine right of this immaculate council. Words mean but little after blows, stabbing and shooting have set in, and perhaps it would be well to tear a leaf out of California's history, imitating in the civilized East the vigilance committee of the barbaric West.

Lynch Law in California.

Late California papers chronicle the summary taking-off of James McCrory, a noted desperado of Versalia, who, after killing four or five persons at different times, murdered a friend in cold blood and without cause He was captured and lodged in jail, where a crowd assembled, and the Sheriff was vainly searched for the keys. A crow-bar was next procured and the outer door broken in. The mob rushed in with implements to break the wrought-iron door communicating with the cells. Sheriff Glasscock and Deputies Reynolds and Parker being released, succeeded in getting in with the crowd, and made another desperate attempt to prevent the jail being broken, but they were overpowered instantly by still larger numbers, and carried outside and placed under guard. The keys were found, and the doors swung open. The names of the other occupants of the jail were called, and answered to by them until McCrory's cell was identified. The door was unlocked, and dozens of hands hastened to put the rope round his neck. He showed fight, and swore he would resist till death, but he was dragged to the corridor and told to walk to his death. Refusing to move, he was dragged by the neck and partly carried to the door, where filty willing hands seized the rope and assisted to pull him into the street. He was dragged to Court street Bridge, and, without time to say a word, flung over the railing, the end of the rope having been tied to the bridge. The fall was about four or five feet. No motion of the body was perceptible after the fall.

Water as a Fuel.

(From the San Francisco Alta.)

On Monday and Tuesday afternoon a large number of citizens, by invitation, visited the brass foundry on Fremont street for the purpose of witnessing some experiments with a new fuel recently invented. They were shown into that portion of the establishment occupied by the furnaces, and in one corner found a brick furnace some eight feet long and six feet high. On the top of this was an iron tank holding about ten gallons, which was filled with crude petroleum. From this tank a pipe about an inch and a half in diameter led into the side of the furnace. A small jet of oil, not larger than a small goose quill, was permitted to flow out of this tube; a light is placed beneath this jet, and it immediately ignites. Another pipe, about an inch in diameter, leads from a steam boiler stationed some fifteen feet away. This pipe leads a small jet of steam upon the burning oil, and the moment the steam strikes the oil the oxygen in the water is set free and ignites with a tremendous roar, generating in a very few moments a most intense white heat.

From this small source the entire chamber of the furnace, which is some two feet by five feet, is filled with a flame so brilliant and dazzling that one cannot gaze on it for more than a moment at a time. This flame possesses all the heat of an oxy-hydrogen flame, and beneath its fierce power the hardest metals melt in a few moments.

The Connecticut Borgia.

MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN MAKES A FULL CONFESSION OF HER CRIMES.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 3.

Since the conviction of Lydia Sherman, last April, of poisoning Horatio F. Sherman, of Derby, she has lain in the jail in this city, as the Court gave her counsel leave to argue before the Supreme Court for a new trial. It will be remembered that her counsel, Mr. Watrous, decided at the last moment not to do so, and she will be brought before the Superior Court next week and receive her sentence, which will be State prison for life. Since she has been at the jail Mr. Webster, while not relaxing in discipline, has extended to her every courtesy and privilege in his power. For these favors Mrs. Sherman has been very grateful, and has returned them by making Mr. Webster a full confession of her deeds and complete history of her life. This she gave unsolicited. About a week ago she told Mr. Webster that she should like to make a confession to him, and since that time from day to day has done so, and it is now completed. The whole history, when published, will be one of the most startling and thrilling tales of crime ever written. Her confession, it is understood, goes beyond acknowledging the poisoning of Mr. Sherman, and extends far back in her history. The details of her deeds, her reasons and the number of her victims, she has told with perfect frankness An impression has gone abroad that she had implicated others, but this, I understand, is not true. The confession is not to be published until after her sentence next week. After Mrs Sherman had made the confession she remarked that a burden of years—one which had weighed upon her days and which sleep could not ease—had been taken from her mind, and that she was now a happier woman than she had ever been. In her sleep the torments of remorse had harrowed her in a manner that she could never describe For several days she has been visited by several persons for the purpose of giving religious advice and consolation, and yesterday spent the afternoon in conversation with three persons upon religious subjects. She says that she is perfectly willing to receive her sentence and die in the prison, but hopes that even there she can find means of doing some good. The public, both in this State and in New Jersey, where her former husband and children lived, will look for the published facts with intense interest.

Disgraceful Treatment of a Small-Pox Patient.

The particulars of the death of Viola Vance, an actress, at New Haven, Connecticut, form a story anything but creditable to the city authorities. The pest house is described as but a little shanty in the back yard of the poor house, and no one was in attendance save the mother of the unfortunate girl, and a man who carried them their food. The mother herself writes: "The treatment we received was not fit for a dog—much less for those delicately reared and accustomed to comforts; mind I say comforts, not luxuries. I asked for a pint of milk a day; it was more than could be spared. Then half a pint, and that was denied, and I had not one drop sent after the first day. I asked for a plain boiled chicken to eat with my bread; was told I could have it, but it did not come One loaf of white baker's bread was all that was supplied me for that entire week. Do the city authorities of New Haven think such a place as we found suitable for the sick? Dead mice on the floor and live mice running around; without any cellar and nearly every seam in the floor open; without any bedding save that which had lain over since the last patient left; with no light save the primitive 'petticoat lamp' inserted in a block; neither wash bowl or a towel, or any arrangements for keeping the person in a cleanly condition."

LOCALS.

For a list of Agents for the sale of the Daily Tribune see first page.

For advertisements of Wanted, Lost, Found, For Sale, or To Let, see Auction column.

New Advertisements.

Advertisers must send in their favors before 12 o'clock noon, in order to insure their appearance in this list.

Amusements—	The Haywards
Anchor Line—	Scammell Bros
Evening Materials—	Lansdowne & Martin
Holiday Season—	J Chaloner
Tobacco, Coffee, etc—	John Christy
Clocks—	G.H Martin
$150 Prize—	I Allen Jack

AUCTIONS.

Public Auction—	E. McLeod

Slight Fires.

Fire was discovered in the millinery shop of Mrs. Knowles, corner of Queen and Prince Wm. streets, yesterday afternoon, the cause being a defective chimney. It was extinguished without the aid of the engines.

A fire in the cabin of the schooner Laura lying at the foot of South Wharf was also discovered in time to make its extinction easy.

Steamers.

The M. A Starr arrived at Halifax on Saturday afternoon.

The steamers of the International line are making but one trip per week from this time until March next. The New York will leave Portland every Monday on the arrival of the train from Boston, and the International wharf here every Thursday morning at the usual hour.

Subscribe for the Daily Tribune, *and have it delivered at your residence every afternoon.*

Shipping Notes.

Mr. Raymond is about launching a large bark from his yard at Meteghan, Digby Co., N. S., valued at $30,000, and to be employed in the general freighting business. Captain Dowley, formerly of the bark Eliza Evelina, will command her.

The captain of a Prince Edward Island schooner has rendered himself liable to a $400 fine at Halifax, having infringed the Customs laws. He arrived at that port on the 3d inst. with a cargo of produce for Boston and did not enter his vessel at the Custom House, and sailed next day without taking out his papers.

On the 1st inst., the fishing schooner J P. Hunter, of Gloucester, fell in with the schooner Edith, Randall commander, in distress, having lost all sails, spanker boom and flying jib boom, and vessel leaking badly. Two of the crew had died from exposure and the remaining six were exhausted and frostbitten. The captain of the J. P. H. took the crew off and put five of his own men on board, who worked the vessel into Halifax arriving there on the evening of the 4th inst. The Edith was on her passage from Little Glace Bay for Boston with coal. The vessel and cargo are valued at $30,000.

Moosepath Park Driving Association.

At the annual meeting of this association, held at the Victoria Hotel last evening, the following were re-elected office bearers for the year: T. B. Barker, President; E. G. Walker, C. A. Robertson, Thos. Furlong and E. L. Jewett, Directors; G. R. Pugsley, Seretary and Treasurer.

The Kirby Assault Case.

At the Police Court yesterday afternoon, Johnston Kirby was tried for assaulting Messrs. A. R. and F. Ferguson, as already stated. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, but at the conclusion of the evidence for the prosecution withdrew his plea and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. He was sentenced to two months in gaol, and the magistrate, in the course of some admonitory remarks, stated that he was determined to put down these acts of rowdyism, that in future he would send to the penitentiary all convicted of similar offences. Had this assault occurred at night instead of during the day, the prisoner would not have had simply confinement in gaol. Mr. John Kerr appeared for the prisoner.

The Daily Tribune *is not excelled as a city advertising medium.*

Life like and more durable than Oil.—J. Hinch, Prince William street, is now producing enlarged photographs, finished in India ink, that are marvels of beauty and finish. Portraits by this process are exhibited in the window of Messrs. Barnes & Co., Stationers. tf

Two can Play at that Game.

During Christmas week Colonel DeBlois attempted, and very successfully carried out, a practical joke upon several well known residents of the city and vicinity. It appears that an esteemed friend of the Colonel's sent him, as a Christmas gift, a quantity of preserved shell fish. He, knowing the quality of the article, and its "exact state of preservation," generously distributed it amongst a few of his particular friends. The recipients, after wishing the large hearted gentleman a merry Christmas, hastened home to the bosom of their families with their treasure. When the tins were open the perfume that arose deprived the family of all appetite for the day. The Colonel, fearful of having omitted some of his dearest friends, sent and procured a further supply, as he supposed, of the same article, and distributed them as before, leaving none for himself. The following day the generous hearted donor was visited by the recipients of his *last* favors, who most warmly thanked him for the delicious treat, declaring the oysters were the finest they had eaten for some time, the Colonel found that he had been sold, and after paying the little bill, acknowledged that "two can play at that game."

Flaxseed for Coffee.

One morning a few days ago a well known elderly gentleman, residing not many miles from the city, undertook to prepare breakfast for the family, feeling perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he was as capable for the position of cook as any of his household. The breakfast being prepared and the family seated, the coffee was freely distributed and speedily declared most emphatically to be a decided failure. On examination of the urn by the ladies it was ascertained that the old gent had been trying experiments, having substituted flaxseed for the brown and fragrant berry. They laughed.

Brevities.

The Common Council meets to-morrow afternoon.

Week of Prayer.

The noon day meeting to-day was well attended. To-night the meeting will be in the Leinster Street Church, Rev. Mr. Pope presiding. The topic for to-day is *Prayer*: for Christian Churches; their increase in love, activity, fidelity to the truth, and the clearer manifestation of the unity in the faith; for Ministers, Missionaries and Evangelists.

Father Mathew Association.

The dramatic and musical members of the Father Mathew Association have prepared an entertainment for Thursday evening, 16th inst., at the Institute.

Circuit Court.

Deforest *vs.* Danville occupied the Court this morning. The evidence of the Defendant is not yet completed.

Fatal Accident to a Horse.

Alderman Littlehale's horse broke his leg while getting from the floats to the Ferry Boat a few days ago, and has since died.

A certain grey bearded man of Portland, Me., of grave and reverend aspect, has a habit of coming up suddenly behind women who happen to be alone on the streets at night, throwing his arms about their waists and kissing them. Then he apologizes, pretending he has made a mistake. Perhaps he has, but one of the papers of that city warns him that it is liable to make a mistake and print his name if he does it again.