

The Evening Tribune.

VOL. III.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15, 1874.

No 200

MOZART & STEWART, ARCHITECTS,

Building Surveyors and Horticultural Engineers,

MARITIME BLOCK,

Market Square,
St. John, N. B.

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS,

Steam Power Paint and Color Works,

Manufacturers of White Lead, Zinc Paint, and all kinds of Colors of best quality.

Orders filled with dispatch and on favorable terms.

Always on hand—Graining Colors, Ac. in the Dry Colors, Ochre, Whiting, Brown, Gold Leaf, Oil, Spirit Turpentine, Ac. Wholesale and Retail.

Office and Sample Room,
72 PALMER STREET,
St. John, N. B.

N. B.—Special Contracts made for large orders.
June 23 d 3 m

THE ACADIA HOTEL.

Mrs. LORDEL, thankful for liberal patronage, would be glad to inform her numerous friends that she will be found at the Old Stand, 165 Prince William Street, a few doors South of Queen Street, which has been thoroughly renovated, and is now opened under the name of THE ACADIA HOTEL, where she will be happy to meet her friends and the travelling public generally.

Mrs. LORDEL.
M. A. LORDLY.

GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

D. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

THIS above House, having been rebuilt after the fire last summer, is now ready for the reception of Permanent and Transient Guests. It commands one of the finest views of the Kennebec, and the situation is all that could be desired for a country residence. The house and grounds are well kept, and the rooms pleasant and airy. A few

Permanent Boarders
Can be accommodated for the summer months.

Transient guests attended to, and meals supplied at all hours. July 13th Jan 1st

Western House, RODNEY STREET, CARLETON, N. B.

(Near the Western Extension Depot),
C. QUINLAN, Proprietor.

THIS new and commodious Hotel, situated in the most pleasant part of Carleton, is fitted up with all modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of the public.

Permanent and Transient Boarders,
Good Stabling on the Premises.
aug 5-3m

CONSOLIDATED European and North American Railway COMPANY.

THE Stockholders of the Consolidated European and North American Railway Company are hereby notified that the annual meeting of said corporation will be held at the President's office, on Robinson Street, at 10 o'clock, on August 15, 1874, the day of the meeting to be held at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to choose a Board of Directors, and to elect any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

By order of the Directors,
August 15th 1874.
J. WOODS,
Secretary of said Company.

TUITION!

SIX OR EIGHT BOYS will be received into

COUNTRY PARSONAGE,

Within five minutes walk of a Railway Station, where they will possess the

COMFORTS OF A HOME,

And the advantages of Religious and Secular Instruction.

In combination.
Age preferred—from eight to thirteen.
For particulars address,
REV. T. S. RICHIEY,
Kentville, N. S.

F. A. DeWOLF,

Produce Commission Merchant,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Flour, Fish, Pork and Groceries,

No. 5 SOUTH WHARF,
July 31 ST. JOHN, N. B.

LAWTON BROS.,

HAVE OPENED THEIR

DRUG STORE

In the building known as St. Stephen's Hall,
2 King Square.

WITH one of the largest and most complete Stocks of the kind ever imported into this city.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The Cheapest House in the Trade.
June 30 d w LAWTON BROS.

BARNES & CO.,

Printers, Booksellers, Stationers,
AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

We have added new machinery to our factory, and are enabled to execute BINDING in the best style. Call and see specimens.
BARNES & CO.,
59 Prince Wm. Street,
Nov 21

GEORGE W. ELSTON,

148 Union Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

(Over Spiller's Edge Tool Manufactory.)
See Royal Description of Wood Turning Job Shaver.

Also—Bone and Ivory Turnings executed at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. July 11 3m

TOBACCO.

558 (LAWTON'S) Natural Leaf Tobacco. For sale by Wholesale and Retail at ELSTON'S, 148 Union Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. Water Street.

TIME GOES BY TURNS.

The following beautiful poem by Robert Southwell, an English Jesuit, born in 1560, and executed at Tyburn, in 1585, is a perfect mosaic of maxims. Almost every line of it would serve as an aphorism.

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most vain planting may be made in vain;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain;
The worst of men may find some cheering shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by turns;
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
The driver of the rudder is the lowest woe;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest wo.

No joy is great but runneth to an end;
No sorrow is small but hath a further end;
No day is long, nor night is short;
No day is long, nor night is short;
No day is long, nor night is short;

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
The night is dark, nor ever is the day;
The night is dark, nor ever is the day;
The night is dark, nor ever is the day;
The night is dark, nor ever is the day;

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That that is best to great, that little best;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all things need; but some have all they wish.

Unhappy he who here to man is left;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

THE FROZEN BRIDGROOM.

Unconscious of her own beauty seemed Alice Gray, the minister's daughter and belle of Georgetown, followed by her dog Brutus—a large black animal of the Newfoundland breed—she strolled along, one pleasant morning in June, by the sun crimson Red River, her broad straw hat hanging by its strings to one white, rounded arm, her long dark chestnut hair falling in natural curls ringlets to her hollow back, her oval cheeks glowing with rich warmth, her brown eyes beaming bright, sweet expression beneath her arched brows.

With the keen pleasure of health, she watched the nimble squirrel darting up and down the trunks of the trees, the golden oriole flashing through the tinted mist, and the flocks of pretty pigeons whirling with whistling wings, over the tall poplars.

Suddenly a blast of wind blew the girl's hat from her into the river. Brutus, springing after it, soon had it in his mouth, but while mauling the stoppie-covered band, he turned his head and saw some strange tendril, him, striving vainly to extricate himself, he must have broken his legs, but for a stranger, who, emerging from a mound not far off, ran and rescued him.

As the dog deposited the hat in the hand of his mistress, she, blushing deeply, thanked the stranger, who, she noticed, was tall, well proportioned, with a rich, brown complexion, blue eyes, and a black beard.

The girl's father, who had been attracted by the furious barking of the dog, was standing, adding his thanks to those of his daughter. During the conversation that followed, the young man gave his name as Henry M. Stangle, and that he was an artist, one here from New York city to sketch Northwest scenery.

Mr. Gray cordially invited him to his house.

"Have you yet come upon anything of interest?" he inquired, as they walked towards his dwelling.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the artist, looking straight at Alice, who, he thought the most interesting of anything he had yet seen.

Arrived at the house, he passed, in the society of Mr. Gray and his daughter, the pleasant hours he had ever known. His visit was a promise to manager, and in due time, the young people being mutually attracted, he and Alice were engaged.

This was in November; the wedding day was appointed for January, 1873.

On the morning of that day, Henry was up early in the little public house, about five miles north of Georgetown, where he lodged. As the marriage service was to be performed at night, he intended to start for Georgetown during the afternoon.

On the previous day, however, having left the minister's house for a settlement a few miles to the south, where he had expected to be detained until the following day, he would probably be looked for from this direction. He had, however, transacted his business much sooner than he anticipated, and had gained his lodgings before night.

The wedding morning was cold and gloomy, the wind whistled dolefully, and dark gray clouds presaged a storm.

At about ten o'clock the snow began to fall thick and fast.

A few minutes later the public house for Georgetown. Along the road the snow was up to his knees, while in some places it had drifted to the height of eight and ten feet. As he proceeded the way became more difficult, for he was often obliged to walk a long distance to get round some huge drift, so that hours passed ere he made the two first miles of the journey. The wind, blowing furiously, was keen and biting, seeming to pierce him to the very vitals. He felt chilled and benumbed, while the tremendous exertions he had already made had nearly exhausted him.

Nevertheless, he pressed on, almost smothered by the whirling clouds of snow, which sweeping along before the icy cyclone, blinded and confused him.

Moving on as fast as his benumbed limbs would permit, a feeling of irresistible drowsiness stole over him, while now and then his brain seemed to go round and round, adding greatly to his confusion.

Here and there, like sheeted specters, towered great drifts, which seemed to whirl about, mocking him, as he waded on through hollows and rifts, up to his ankles.

Suddenly a terrific gust swept down upon him, hurling him prostrate, face downward, in several feet of snow. He staggered up, and pressed on, feeling, however, that his strength was fast leaving him, while that terribly keen, cold air—peculiar to the Northwest—seemed to pierce to the very life-currents in his veins.

Wild and fierce raged the storm. Whirlwinds of snow and particles of ice circled round and round the lonely wanderer, seeming to strike in his eyes. But he still had sense enough left to realize that the shrieks he heard were those of the blast, although strange noises and curious sights, foreign to the storm, would now and then intrude on his bewildered brain, until he would almost start, and realize, with a feeling of inexplicable horror, that he had been walking in a drowsy, doting, half-dreamy

state, which was fast getting the better of him.

At last, far ahead of him, he saw the twinkling light of the minister's dwelling.

He pressed on, his half-benumbed limbs feeling like leaden weights, which he was compelled to drag after him.

And now all the demons of the elements seemed to conspire against him. The snow and ice dashed fiercely into his face, and it was only by superhuman exertions he could keep himself from falling down and sinking at once into the cold sleep of the frozen.

He kept on, however, until within a few feet of the minister's house when he sank up to his armpits in a snow-belted hollow, from which his limbs remained there, and he refused to extricate him, and where he believed he must die.

Right above his head was the house of his beloved. Through the lighted window he beheld some of the invited wedding guests moving to and fro, and could see beyond the tasteful green wreaths and other ornaments hung upon the walls, in honor of the occasion.

There, gleaming redly and brightly, tantalizing his vision, was the large Morning Star, as it were, in her wondrously plain, though the open doors leading into the hall parlor.

He was raised to his feet, and he saw, while the faces he saw were bright and happy, for no person there respecting him, in honor of the occasion.

No, he would not watch for him yet; so he must perish miserably out there in the hollow, only fifty feet from the house, with his paralyze, as it were, before him, and he would never see the light of day again.

His eyes were now becoming dim, but he could still see in those lighted windows, and he saw, as he looked, a wedding party, and soon a white curtain had with hitherto hidden ones of the windows, he raised, he beheld the table, flashing with its silver and china, set for the wedding, and containing its usual appointments.

And now an entrancing vision came and stood by the window—his own Alice, radiant in her wedding dress, and a little apart from the guests she stood, and took out her watch, looking to see how near the time when she should expect him!

He knew such was the thought by the blue and sweet smile, to which he had turned his face toward the window, her gaze seeming to fall directly upon his face, and he saw, as he looked, a wedding party, and soon a white curtain had with hitherto hidden ones of the windows, he raised, he beheld the table, flashing with its silver and china, set for the wedding, and containing its usual appointments.

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