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—1y d&w J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

LARRIGANS, &c.

On Hand—1000 Pairs No. 1 Larrigans,
250 " No. 2 do do
150 doz. Prime Country Socks,
100 " " Fair do do
250 " " do Mitts,
100 Lined and Trapped Horse Blankets,
200 Pair Homespun Pants,
100 Homespun Jumpers,
120 dozen Homespun Shirts,

REEFERS, OVER COATS, HOOD COATS,

HATS, CAPS, PANTS & VESTS,

With a large variety of Goods suitable for the Woods, AT THE LOWEST LIVING PRICES. AND ON THE VERY BEST TERMS.

EVERITT & BUTLER,
Wholesale Warerooms, 55 and 57 King Street.

BUY YOUR
Sewing Machines
FROM THE MANUFACTURER, AND
Save Twenty Per Cent!

BUY YOUR
SEWING MACHINES
Where you can get them Repaired!

MACHINES SOLD
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Weekly Investments!

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

PARTIES desirous of purchasing can be thoroughly INSTRUCTED at their houses FREE OF CHARGE.

J. D. LAWLOR,
MANUFACTURER OF
The Singer Family, Singer Manufacturing, J. P. Howe and Lawlor
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES!
88 KING STREET.

All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved.
oct 11 d w

THE DAILY TRIBUNE

Is issued every afternoon from the office,

No. 51 Prince William Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $5 per annum in advance. SINGLE COPIES two cents.

REGULAR CARRIERS will deliver the paper to subscribers in the City, at their places of business or residences, immediately after it is issued.

MAIL SUBSCRIBERS can secure the DAILY TRIBUNE (postage pre-paid) at $6.20, or $5, postage paid at office of delivery.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Is issued every TUESDAY MORNING, and mailed in time for the early morning trains, East and West.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE DOLLAR, invariably IN ADVANCE. Postage must be paid at the office of delivery.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The following are the rates charged for Transient Advertisements in THE TRIBUNE:

For Advertisements of Governments, Corporations, Railway and Steamboat Co.'s and other public bodies,—for Theatres, Concerts, Lectures and other public entertainments, first insertion, 50 cts.; each subsequent insertion, 40 cts. For ordinary mercantile transient advertising, first insertion, 60 cts.; each subsequent insertion, 20 cts. Advertisements of

Employment Wanted,
Help Wanted,
Agents Wanted,
Rooms Wanted,
Articles Lost,
Articles found,
Houses to Let,
Lectures,
Removals,
&c., &c.,

Inserted in condensed form, not exceeding five lines, at 25 cts. each insertion, and *five cents* for each additional line.

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Contracts for advertising

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL CARDS;

GENERAL BUSINESS; LAND SALES, ETC.,

for long or short periods, may be made at the counting room, on the most liberal terms. TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS, when the advertiser is not a yearly one, MUST BE PREPAID.

☞ Advertisers in THE DAILY TRIBUNE will insure proper display and accuracy in their advertisements by sending the manuscript to the counting room, 51 Prince William street.

Merchants, Manufacturers and others are respectfully solicited to consider the claims of THE DAILY TRIBUNE in the distribution of their advertising patronage. THE TRIBUNE has already secured a large circulation in the city, while the sales on the afternoon trains, East and West, are not exceeded by any other Daily.

M. McLEOD, BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Daily Tribune.

J. L. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOV. 9, 1872.

A Philosopher in Defeat.

The doctrine has often been preached—in St. John pulpits and elsewhere—that everything is for the best,—that, if those who protest against their fate could see, or would look, deeper, they would have occasion to thank a kind Providence that the things they desired had been withheld from them. There are two sides to everything. Every position has its pleasures and its discomforts. To be happy is simply the art of looking longest and most lovingly upon the bright side of every phase of existence. There is comfort to be got by simply stooping for it for every disappointment. That comfort may be lying around in crumbs only, but the mere labor of gathering helps to enhance its value. If every one who deems himself miserable because he has lost some prize for which he has striven, would industriously gather the crumbs of comfort that lie around him, his sorrow would disappear. The object struggled for acquires an artificial value in our eyes, altogether out of proportion to its intrinsic merits, and we fail to appreciate the desirability of many other things within our grasp. In chasing phantoms, men often lose tangible benefits. What is wealth gained by the destruction of the faculty of enjoyment, or honorable office gained by practices that have destroyed self-respect and public confidence?

Mr. Greeley vindicates his right to wear the title of Philosopher, so universally bestowed upon him, by the cheery manner in which he accepts his defeat and finds comfort in being without political influence. He says:

"There has been no time, until now, within the last twelve years, when the *Tribune* was not supposed to keep, for the benefit of the idle and incapable, a sort of Federal employment agency, established to get places under Government for those who were indisposed to work for their living. Any man who had ever voted the Republican ticket believed that it was the duty and the privilege of the editor of this paper to get him a place in the Custom House. Every red-nosed politician who had cheated at the caucus and fought at the polls looked to the editor of the *Tribune* to secure his appointment as gauger, or as army chaplain, or as Minister to France. Every campaign orator came upon us after the battle was over for a recommendation as Secretary of the Treasury or the loan of half a dollar. If one of our party had an interest pending at Washington, the editor of the *Tribune* was telegraphed in frantic haste to come to the capitol, save this bill, crush that one, promote one project or stop another. He was to do everybody's friend, with nothing to do but take care of other folks' business, sign papers, write letters and ask favors for them, and to get no thanks for it either. Four-fifths of these people were sent away without what they wanted, only to become straightway abusive enemies; it was the worry of life to try to gratify one demand in a dozen for the other fifth. The man with two wooden legs congratulated himself that he could never be troubled with cold feet. It is a source of profound satisfaction to us that office-seekers will keep aloof from a defeated candidate who has not influence enough at Washington or Albany to get a sweeper appointed under the Sergeant-at-Arms, or a deputy-sub-assistant temporary clerk into the paste-pot section of the folding-room. At last we shall be let alone to mind our own affairs and manage our own newspaper, without being called aside every hour to help lazy people whom we don't know, and to spend our strength in efforts that only benefit people who don't deserve assistance. At last we shall keep our office clear of blatherskites and political beggars, and go about our daily work with the satisfaction of knowing that not the most credulous of place-hunters will suspect us of having any credit with the appointing powers. That is one of the results of Tuesday's election, for which we own ourselves profoundly grateful."

Here is an example of submission to defeat and happiness in exile that might well serve as a text in our city pulpits to-morrow. There is, to be sure, a little bitterness mingled with the joy of release, but that may be attributed to the want of proper religious notions. The good examples to be held up before men should not at all be selected from the saints, and the bad chosen from the heathen. Although Mr. Greeley swears at slight provocation, and is one of the world's people, yet those who are proudly conscious of having put on the armor of the spirit and being engaged in warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil, may well look upon his philosophic submission to defeat as worthy of even their imitation.

Edmund Yates's Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray and Tennyson.

Edmund Yates's lecture—"Princes of the Pen"—drew a crowded house in Boston Wednesday evening, and was received with great manifestations of applause. It is reported by the *Post* as follows:

MY FRIENDS—I propose endeavoring this evening to draw your attention awhile from the tumult of politics and request you to be good enough to give me your attention while I speak to you of my personal acquaintance with those pre-eminently prominent men, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray and Alfred Tennyson. On the morning of Friday, the 11th of June, 1870, as I was in my library in London, I picked up a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, and the sheet fell at once from my hands as my eyes rested on the words, "Charles Dickens is dead." On the evening of that very day I was to have gone down with friends to visit him, and we were designing to talk over, at his country house, a letter he had written to his American publishers, and which was the last letter he ever wrote. This letter was afterwards received by the parties named, but long after the news of his death had reached your shores. What manner of man was this whose death was thus heralded in every land? What manner of man he was I propose now to tell you. I cannot give you his pedigree for he had none, and he would have been the last man on earth, had he had one, to boast of so empty an honor. I shall not speak of his biography, because in this country the matter is being ably handled. I shall not criticise his works, because the judgment of the world has long ago been passed upon them. But I shall speak to you of him as a dear, dear friend whom I loved for fourteen years, and I shall tell you little anecdotes characteristic of the man, for it is in such things, as Wordsworth has truly said, that the real inner life of a person is mirrored. I wish to put him before his letters and a few words from his works, and present him to you as he moved among us when untrammelled by the forms of society. Too frequently the history of man is but a description of his struggles, his success or failures in all the dry details of their occurrances, without those unstudied, unthought words and actions which present him as he really is. What the world wants of its favorite is a tangible flesh and blood creation, natural and full of life. We feel a sort of contempt for the chattering Scotchman Boswell, yet when we come to read his life of Johnson with all its minuteness of detail, all its description of the very actions as well as the sayings of that great man, we cannot but feel grateful that such a person had a follower. We see the master as the man saw him, the rolling head, the squalor of his apartments, his peculiar gait, and all the little outgrowths of his genius and oddity. Who has not wished that he could have been Boswell to give us an insight into the inner life of Milton as he sat as Cromwell's secretary, of Washington in his retirement at Mount Vernon, just as the wisdom of Johnson was shown and the brilliancy of Burke was preserved. Let us trust there will be an American Boswell, that the literary culture and poetic taste of Longfellow, the broad perception of Holmes and the keen edged wit of Lowell may not be lost. In this manner I will then speak to you of Charles Dickens. The portrait of him by a Royal Academician, made in his early public life, is said to be wonderfully like him. He had a tendency then to brilliancy in dress, and I may say here, parenthetically, that this great fondness for dress followed him to his death. This was Charles Dickens in 1847, when he had just started the world by leaping from the position of a shorthand writer and contributor to magazines, to a most prominent place in the list of great writers. The Dickens of my acquaintance was a different person, very much the same as shown in the photographs with which you are all familiar. His cheeks were shaved, but there was a heavy beard upon the chin; the eyes were marvellous for their deep, brilliant expression, but the most noticeable thing was the deep lines which furrowed his face, and the complexion of his features. There are none of us who escape the ravages of time, but Dickens bore in an especial degree the marks of his doings. The lines from the corners of his eyes were deep marks, not the crow tracks many present, and they were indicative of hard labor and unrest. The delicate color which was so noticeable in his earlier years had become almost red. There was a curious nautical appearance about him, so much so that he appeared like a weather-beaten sea-captain, a likeness which was made more striking by his often wearing in the streets a pea jacket and some of the other habiliments of those who follow the water, with the free manner of such persons, and his friends noticed that the remarks made in the public prints upon his sailor-like appearance on these occasions did not seem to be distasteful to him. I have provided myself with a slight outline sketch of him as he appeared at this time, made from an unpublished photograph placed at my disposal by Mr. Dickens's family. (The lecturer here displayed the drawing.) It may be seen at a glance that there are lines of care there. He is standing in an easy attitude at his home, Gad's Hill, watching a game of croquet. Notice the pose of the figure, and the sly look of those humorous eyes! I mentioned Gad's Hill; Charles Dickens had several houses in London, one of which was named "Bleak House," where he rested with his family at times, but he had only one country residence, and that was Gad's Hill, in Kent. Before talking to you about this house, let me tell you an anecdote which is strictly true. When a little boy, Dickens passed this house with his father, and, after contemplating it for a time, said, "I would like to live in that house." To this his father replied, "So you shall if you stick to your books." Half a century later, when again passing this house in company with his assistant editor, Henry Wills, he made a similar remark in regard to the property, through his friend's endeavors he shortly afterward found himself in possession of the premises. The house stands in the midst of a very large garden, and is approached from the road by a broad carriage drive, rarely used, however. The stable yard bore the inscription "Beware of the dogs," a caution which was made necessary, for three large animals were kept there. One was a bloodhound named Turk, another a mastiff called Bumble, and the third was one of the Mt. St. Bernard breed. The speaker here minutely described the house at Gad's Hill, pointing out the prominent features on the painting near by. The dining-room he said was long and square. The walls were hung with pictures, among which some represented scenes taken from Dickens's own works. The library where he did most of his work was in one end of the house, and had a bay window looking out upon the garden. His writing desk was of wood and had a sloping top, covered with leather. A pair of candlesticks were always here, and a little gilt ewer, as well as a quaint representation of two frogs leaping. Gad's Hill, as all Shakespearian readers know, was the spot selected by Prince Hal and Poins to play a trick upon Sir John Falstaff and his attendants. The library had many books in it, but there was also many backs of books so arranged as to seem to be real volumes, and these were inscribed with titles which the humorous fancy of Mr. Dickens had devised. Among some of these were "A History of the Middling Ages," "Scotch Fiddle, by Burns," "Shelley on Oysters," "History of a Short Chancery Suit in Twenty Enormous Volumes." The habits of life of Mr. Dickens were generally very regular. He almost uniformly took his breakfast at 9 o'clock and began work at 10, remaining shut up in his study until 2 in the afternoon. It was his belief that by thus having stated hours for his work a far greater amount could be accomplished with less strain than in any other way. If the ideas came good; if not, he was there ready to take them nevertheless. He wrote slowly and with great difficulty, so that a page of his manuscript could only be read by an experienced compositor. "I have just finished my book," wrote he to Lady Blessington, "and have come out of it looking like a murderer." It was the Chimes upon which he had been engaged. The outside world had an idea that he was only the nominal editor of All the Year Round, but in this there was a great mistake. Wills was a competent editor and usually read articles submitted for publication, if there was no doubt about their fitness, but in case of any uncertainty, the judgment of Mr. Dickens was ever to be obtained. After being set in type every line was passed under his eye, and he not unfrequently altered and amended the phraseology or sentiment of an article at these times. After 2 o'clock in the afternoon he usually took a lunch—generally of biscuit, with a glass of ale, after which he would take a walk, often in company with a friend. The style of his walk is well known. I hear it said here, however, that these walks were for the purpose of getting rid of the effects of the previous night's potations, but nothing could be more absurd. He was jotting down in his brain peculiarities of character as he saw them manifested in the great drama of life. For the last years of his life there was scarcely a week when I did not walk with him. When not in the green fields it would be in the back streets. During these peregrinations he learned his characters as they were afterward made to appear in his writings. From these localities, unseemly and repulsive, he brought pictures of life and character which have been the wonder and delight of millions. Upon everything the bright light of his fancy glowed, and in his hands poor human nature was made to look her best. In these journeys he often pointed out to me the things which had given the hints for the principal characters of his works. When I think how often it has been my privilege thus to accompany him, I can scarcely feel that Charles Dickens is dead. His power of impersonating character was wonderful, and many who have seen him on the stage declared that in the characters he chose he was without an equal. He was a wonderful letter writer, and being a constant target for beggars, he often brought his talent into play. The idea has spread abroad that his domestic afflictions sat lightly on him, but I know of a certainty that such was not the case, and once, when writing me on the subject, he closed his letter by saying that his feelings that day did not leave him hand enough to shape the letters. Mr. Yates then spoke of his changed appearance after his American trip, and then remarked upon the singular neglect which he experienced from the English royal family in the early years of his fame, but said that after his death it was known that various titles had been offered him, and when he had declined them all, it was understood that a position as one of the Queen's Privy Councillors was to have been open to him. The speaker then described with circumstantial minuteness the death of the illustrious novellist and his final resting place in Westminster Abbey, and continued: I thought, my friends, that when I crossed the Atlantic, I would lay this poor flower upon the grave of one you appreciated so generously and loved so well.

Nearly seven years before this, that brilliant novelest and keen humorist, William Makepeace Thackeray, was taken from his bed. The first rumor of this bereavement was doubted by those of his friends who had known and seen him but a short time before. The news was but too true however, and the writer of the purest English prose belonging to the nineteenth century, and the novelist with the clearest insight into human nature, excepting William Shakespeare, was struck down almost without warning. It seemed almost impossible to realize the fact. Scarcely a day had passed that he was not to be seen on Pall Mall; and countrymen had pointed out to them as an object of the greatest interest this great writer. His towering stature, his snowy locks, his listless, slouch gait, like that of a tired giant, are all known too well to have been his characteristics to need more than mention before the American public. But as a number of years have passed since he left these shores, I have provided myself with a sketch which may be considered a perfectly faithful likeness. He was the owner of a fine house, built from designs drawn by himself. A room built out of the rest was the library. The morning was the time for his writing, and his bedroom was the place. Wrapped from head to foot in a dressing gown, he would drag a spider-legged stand to the window and commence work. He was a slow and laborious writer. Mr. Yates then alluded to his quarrel with Mr. Thackeray, which he said was mainly chargeable to himself. Mr. Thackeray was very sensitive to criticism, and on one occasion bitterly replied to a review by the London *Times* with a sketch entitled "Thunder and Small Beer."

It was rarely that the straggling locks of the poet laureate were seen in London. He had the greatest horror of notoriety, and had now built him a house called Hazel Mere, in the County of Surrey, and in a most secluded place, being literally hunted out of his old home by the visits of the inquisitive. The speaker in conclusion described a visit of his to Mr. Tennyson, and bowed his adieu to the audience.

Russia's Asiatic War.

A St. Petersburg dispatch of the 6th says: His Imperial Majesty the Czar Alexander, acting under advice of the Minister at War and that of a majority of the members of the Cabinet, has issued orders for the recall of the Russian expeditionary force which is now marching on Khiva, having been officially informed of the refusal of the Khan to surrender the captive Russians to the officers commanding the advance of the royal troops. The Russian expedition was to have been in great force, as will be seen from the fact that the detachment of preliminary reconnoissance which is now directed to return to Krasnovodsk, on the eastern shore of the Caspian, consists of fourteen companies of men, twenty guns and two hundred Cossack videttes. Another detachment of Russians, stationed further north ready for offensive operations, was at Fort Alexandrovski, on the peninsula of Mangischlak. This party had already extended its observations towards the East, a long way into the desert of Ust Urt. The most southern fort, recently built by the Russians, is at Tschukasklar, on the river Atrek. The garrison at this place was reinforced quite lately.

IF ONLY.

If only I once more thy face might see—
Thy sad and dreamful face,
Where dwelt all courtly grace,
Thy tender soul-lit face that haunteth me,
With o'er fond looks wherever I may be—
Methinks 'twould ease this hurt within my breast,
That aches both night and day,
That tortures me for aye,
That throbs and throbs and will not let me rest—
That makes wan sorrow my familiar guest.

If only I once more thy voice might hear—
Thy music-breathing voice,
That erst made me rejoice,
Whose lightest accents were so dear—so dear,
I've treasured them most fondly year by year—
Would not my starving heart its want forget,
And cease to hunger more?
Be sated as of yore,
And joy usurp the place of dark regret.
Sit throned in eyes with grief's chill dew drops wet?

If only I once more might gathered be
Unto thy sheltering breast—
That haven of sure rest—
And feel thy kisses falling fast and free—
If only bliss like this might come to me!

Content thee, O complaining heart of mine—
All this may never be
Vouchsafed unto thee:
Fate evermore shall sever thee from thine—
Drained to the last poor drop is life a rich wine!

Professor Tyndall on Forms of Water.

In Professor Tyndall's new work on water no hesitation is evinced in pointing out the errors concerning water which are still taught by good men. It is well known, for example, that most substances contract as they grow colder. Water, however, expands in freezing; it is by reason of this that ice floats. Were it not for this characteristic of water, ice would first be formed at the bottom of lakes and streams instead of at their surface, and they would ultimately become solidly frozen. Such an event would of course result in enormous destruction of life, both animal and vegetable. The expansion of water in cooling has therefore been regarded as among the evidences of natural religion. It was said to be the only exception to an otherwise universal rule, and clear proof of a design to preserve the organic existence for the special benefit of mankind. So thought and reasoned even Count Rumford, whom Professor Tyndall himself describes as "one of the most solid of scientific men."

"But," says our author, "the whole of Count Rumford's delight and enthusiasm in connection with this subject, and the whole of his ire against those who did not share his opinions, were founded upon an erroneous notion.

"Water is not a solitary exception to an otherwise general law. There are other molecules than those of this liquid which require more room in the solid crystalline condition than in the adjacent molten condition. Iron is a case in point. Solid iron floats upon molten iron exactly as ice floats upon water. Bismuth is a still more impressive case, and we could shiver a bomb as certainly by the solidification of bismuth as by that of water. There is no fish to be taken care of here, yet the 'contrivance' is the same."

Being one of the most accomplished mountaineers in the world, and an earnest lover of Alpine scenery, Prof. Tyndall naturally treats at considerable length of the physical forces at work in mountain regions, and more particularly of glaciers. In this connection he mentions a remarkable fact. Most persons would at once assent to the proposition that a diminution of solar energy must be followed by an increase in the magnitude of existing glaciers. But this is not the case. "It was supposed," we are told, "that if the sun's heat were diminished, greater glaciers than those now existing would be produced. But the lessening of the sun's heat would infallibly diminish the quantity of aqueous vapor, and thus cut off the glaciers at their source."

A curious and beautiful cloud effect often seen amid mountain ranges is thus explained:

"You frequently see a streamer of cloud many hundred yards in length drawn out from an Alpine peak. Its steadiness appears perfect, though a strong wind may be blowing at the same time over the mountain head. Why is the cloud not blown away? It is blown away; its permanence is only apparent. At one end it is instantly dissolved; at the other end it is incessantly renewed. Supply and consumption being thus equalized, the cloud appears as changeless as the mountain to which it seems to cling. When the red sun of the evening shines upon the cloud-streamers they resemble vast torches with their flames blown through the air."

As compared with those of former epochs, the glaciers of to-day are insignificant in number and extent. In the remote past the mighty ice fields which overlay so large a portion of the earth embraced even England and Ireland. The famed and lovely Lakes of Killarney "now fringed with tender woodland beauty were all occupied by the ancient ice. It has disappeared and seeds from other regions have been wafted thither to sow the trees, the shrubs, the ferns, and the grasses which now beautify Killarney. Man, himself, they say, has made his appearance in the world since that time of ice; but of the real period and manner of man's introduction little is professed to be known, since to make them square with science, new meanings have been found for the beautiful myths and stories of the Bible."

We must close our mention of this admirable book with one more quotation, which ought especially to interest our fair readers:

"You may notice in a ball room that as long as the doors and windows are kept closed, and the room remains hot, the air remains clear; but when the doors or windows are opened a dimness is visible, caused by the precipitation to fog of the aqueous vapor of the ball room. If the weather be intensely cold the entrance of fresh air may even cause *snow* to fall. This has been observed in Russian ball rooms, and also in the subterranean stables at Erzeroom (a city in Turkey), when the doors are opened and the cold morning air permitted to enter."

The Tonnage Dues Question in the United States.

The Government at Washington is somewhat embarrassed by the question of tonnage dues, which has arisen from the application of the company of the Belgian line of steamers between Antwerp and New York for the return of such dues which have been collected at the New York Custom House. The claim is based upon the fourth article of the Convention with Belgium of July 17, 1858, which provides that steamers engaged in regular navigation between Belgium and the United States shall be exempt in both countries from the payment of duties of tonnage, anchorage, buoys and lighthouses. This article not only exempts Belgian steamships, but under the most favored nation clause of treaties with other countries, such countries can claim a like exemption. The government must, therefore, either abrogate the treaty with Belgium, and give the proper notice of such intention, or abandon these tonnage dues altogether. The amount of duty received is a little over a hundred thousand dollars a year from foreign steamers, and as this can hardly afford any protection worth considering to American shipping, the *Herald* thinks it will be better, perhaps, to end the difficulty by giving up these tonnage dues on all the steamship lines.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Nova Scotia horses are dying from the epidemic.

Maryville, York County, meditates starting a newspaper.

A game of lacrosse is played every Sunday afternoon in the *Champ de Mars*, Montreal.

The Orloff boots are to be in fashion for ladies this fall. Doubtless they will be all off the feminine foot next season.

A St. Paul youth tried three times to shoot himself because he couldn't marry two girls with whom he was desperately in love.

The late Sir David Baxter has bequeathed $2,500,000 to the Free Church of Scotland, and $250,000 to Edinburgh University.

There were 69 interments in Montreal cemeteries last week. The number of small-pox patients at the fever hospital at the present time is seven.

The new pier of the Tantramar Bridge is progressing slowly and surely. The old pier has been removed, the new foundation made, and the new pier is now about three feet high.

A centenarian, named Wm. Kingston, died at Dartmouth, N. S., on Tuesday, aged 103 years. He came from Ireland fifty years ago, and was so very temperate that he only tasted liquor once after coming to America. He was however very fond of his pipe of tobacco.

An important decision has been given in New York by the Judge holding the Supreme Court, General Term, upon the subject of life insurance. A person got his life insured, but kept concealed the fact that at the time he was in such a delicate state of health as to require the frequent visits of a physician. This was held sufficient to vitiate the policy.

A New Yorker says he was anxious to make an experiment with Greeley. Like a desperate gambler, though he held on to faith in humanity, by the skirts of the old Philosopher's coat, he would cast his idol on the political green cloth just to try if he could go to Washington and remain an honest man. "I should just like to see if they could make Horace steal, drink, smoke and take presents like the rest of them; that's why I should like him to be elected."

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.

Prospectus for 1873— James Sutton & Co
Bustles, &c— Everitt & Butler
Salmon and Trout Twine— do
Street Blockade— Thomas Bennett
Oils— McLauchlin & Sancton
Lamps— do
Stove Pipe— Norris Best
Fall Stock— J & A McMillan

Brevities.

Cents and silver may be obtained by application at the TRIBUNE office this afternoon.

The "Scud" was not kept in port yesterday by the storm. It was not her day of sailing.

W. B. McSweeney, Esq., will deliver a lecture at the monthly public meeting of the St. Malachi's Total Abstinence Society, to be held at St. Malachi's Hall to-morrow evening.

Two Nova Scotia moose, twins, are on exhibition at 93 Union street. Some miscreants stole their travelling carriage last night, and capsized it over Old Woman's Hill.

Subscription price of the DAILY TRIBUNE, FIVE DOLLARS *a year. New subscribers will receive it from date until December 31st, 1873, on payment of the yearly subscription.*

Violating the Slaughter Law.

Messrs. Timothy Collins and Joshua Corkery appeared before Justice Tapley this morning on a charge of violating the Town ordinance by slaughtering animals within the limits. The charge was proved in each case and Collins was fined $10, and Corkery $40. A. L. Palmer, Esq. Q. C., appeared on behalf of the defendants and took a number of objections to the proceedings.

A Kind Act.

A short time since a resident of Port land was attacked with a fever, and after a brief illness died, leaving a widow in destitute circumstances to struggle with the world. The poor woman kept along as well as she was able, until at last she was, by force of circumstances, obliged to make known her case to others. Among these was policeman John Owens, who, on learning the facts, at once commenced a collection on the widow's behalf, succeeding so well that in a short time nearly $60 was raised. Mr. Owens deserves praise for his prompt and able efforts.

A Day of Prayer.

The Y. M. C. Associations of America will observe to-morrow as a day of prayer for the Divine blessing to follow the efforts of themselves and sister organizations in all lands. In this city special services for the young men will be held in some of the churches.

Shipping Notes.

Captain Madden of the "James Shepherd," at London from New York on the 10th ult., reports: In lat. 45 47 N., lon. 36 44 W., at 11 p. m., wind light from S. E., saw the reflection of a large fire to N. N.E. Kept away towards it, and at 6 a. m., having run 40 miles, came up with a burning vessel. Sent a boat to pull round her and try to ascertain her name. She proved to be the "Princess Louisa," of St. John, N. B. She was completely gutted and burnt nearly to the water's edge. The wreck of the foremast and bowsprit was hanging alongside, but the main and mizzen masts were gone adrift. The sea for a considerable distance was covered with pieces of wreck. Kept a look-out at the mast-head for several hours, but could see nothing of her boats and crew; so I suppose they must have been picked up by some passing vessel during the night. The water was perfectly smooth and the weather fine, so that there could have been no difficulty in getting away in the boats, and I feel quite satisfied that they must have been picked up, otherwise they would have remained near the burning vessel, in hopes of the flames attracting the attention of a passing ship.

The Captain and a portion of the crew of the ship "Sharon," of this port, burned at sea on her passage from Liverpool for New York on the 11th ult., were picked up by the "Freya" on the 19th and landed at Queenstown; the remainder were taken up by the brig "Arriero" and landed at Liverpool.

The "Harriet McBeath," Williams, from Liverpool for this port with salt, put into Queenstown previous to the 26th ult. leaky and with her foreyard carried away and her decks swept.

Social Gathering.

Last evening the members of Victoria Social Temple of Honor No. 1, together with a number of invited guests, spent a very pleasant time in their hall, Princess street. There were about 100 present. The games—bagatelle, parlor croquet, squails, and a variety of others—which were introduced, together with the singing and instrumental music by Miss A. Cameron and Messrs. A. T. Bustin, W. Duffell, and R. Parkin, made the time pass swiftly and pleasantly away. At 11 o'clock refreshments—coffee, meats and cake—were introduced, after which the evening's amusements were kept up until quite a late hour. The affair was a decided success, and reflects great credit on the members of the Social. It will tend to promote the interests of this popular organization.

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The Proposed Railway Consolidation.

At the meeting of shareholders of the E. & N. A. Railway, held in Carleton yesterday, action on the consolidation scheme was postponed till the 21st inst.

Burning of a Camp.

Deer Lake Camp, Bald Mountain, for years the favorite resort of fishing parties, has been burned by some malicious person. The sporting gentlemen of St. John will receive the intelligence regretfully, as many of them have been counting on sleeping beneath its bark roof next summer, after days spent in fishing.

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Interesting Presentation.

The Challenge Cup offered for competition by Mrs. Jago, wife of Lt. Col. Jago, for the benefit of the various batteries of artillery, was presented by that lady in Merritt's Building last evening. About one hundred and fifty from the three city batteries were present, and the occasion was also graced by the presence of Cols. Maunsell, Jago, Peters, Macshane, and Foster. The cup was won by Capt. Kane's (No. 1) Battery and is very chastely wrought in silver and lined with gold. On one side are the words "Won by No 1 Battery, Saint John, 1872," while the other bears the monogram of the donor. Mrs. Jago with an appropriate address presented the cup to Col. Foster who after suitable reply presented it to the winner, Sergt. Howard, with some encouraging remarks. The cup becomes the property of the winner when it has been gained the second time. The handsome present speaks well for the liberality of the donor, and will be much valued.

The DAILY TRIBUNE *is not excelled as a city advertising medium.*

To Transient Advertisers.

The large and steadily increasing circulation of the DAILY TRIBUNE warrants us in recommending it to merchants and traders generally, as a first class advertising medium. In order to secure as large an advertising patronage as we believe the TRIBUNE deserves, we are induced to offer specially advantageous rates during the approaching holiday season, for terms of one or two months, with or without weekly changes

Trains Detained by the Storm.

The day train for Bangor, on Thursday, at a wash out on the E. & N. A. R. R., near Basin Mills, tore up the track for several feet, and the Pullman car plunged into the car in front, causing a violent shaking up of the passengers and stoves. The train was delayed long enough for the passengers to lose the night train for Boston. Thursday night's train for Bangor was detained by a land slide near Welsford, and fifty through passengers were forced to wait in Bangor all day yesterday,

The circulation of the DAILY TRIBUNE *is rapidly increasing.*

City Police Court.

Donald Mallkie, 28, Ireland, drunk and disorderly on King street; fined $6.

Arthur McLaughlin, 27, N. B., drunk and given in charge by John Condon for breaking a pane of glass in his house on St. James street; fined $4 for drunkenness. Condon did not appear.

Daniel Lafferty, 25, N. B., came to the Police Station for protection; cautioned and let go.

Wm. Winchester, 28, England, drunk on Sheffield street; fined $6.