

MANUFACTURES

OF THE
MISPECK MILLS, -- St. John, N. P.

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
best materials, and are offered at the most liberal prices. Orders from the TRADE are especially solicited.
Warehouses—New's Building, Water Street.
sep 11-1914

J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Cash Purchasers and Close Buyers.

WE OFFER VERY LIBERAL TERMS TO

Store Keepers, Fancy Good Dealers, Mill-Men, Toy Merchants, Launder-Men, Jewellers, Tailors, Milliners, Peddlars, and all Persons who purchase for Cash, or short time, are invited to inspect our Stock, which is complete in all departments, and is personally selected on the best terms, with great care, and good judgment, the goods being all extra selections to the above.

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

BUY YOUR Sewing Machines

FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, AND Save Twenty Per Cent!

BUY YOUR Sewing Machines

Where you can get them Repaired!

MACHINES SOLD

Weekly Investments!

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

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

All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved.
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THE DAILY TRIBUNE

Is issued every afternoon from the office,
No. 51 Prince William Street.

Subscription Price \$3 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 prepaid) at \$6.30 or \$5.00 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, intrinsically 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, Railways and Steamship 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, 50 cts. Advertisements of Employment Wanted, Help Wanted, Agents Wanted, Rooms Wanted, Articles Lost, Articles Found, Houses to Let, Lectures, Seminars, &c., &c.

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

Marriage Notices, 50 cts.; Deaths 50 cts.; Funeral Notices 50 cts.; for each insertion.

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 PAID UP.

Advertises in THE DAILY TRIBUNE will insure proper display and accuracy in their advertisements by sending the matter in writing 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 Woes of the Weak.

The inmates of lunatic asylums are among the most helpless of mankind. They are prisoners for no crime, and find escape difficult even after they recover from the malady that caused them to be placed in custody. Their insanity is rarely total, and they all are cured with lucid intervals in which the horrors of their position are understood. Their requests and complaints are ignored as the ravings of insanity, and their failure to conform to the rules of the establishment or the whims of the attendants are punished as the crimes of sanity. They are helpless wretches at best, and the revelations that have been made concerning their treatment show that their afflictions are rendered doubly hard to bear by the indignities to which they are subjected at the hands of tyrannical attendants. The abuses resulting from cupidity and the employment of ignorant bores for attendants, recently discovered in aristocratic lunatic asylums, are supposed by the terrible facts that are told of the public institutions on Ward's Island and Randall's Island, New York. The stories of the brutalities that have ended in the death of two victims recently are sickening, and make the friends of humanity blush for its boasted civilization. The desperate efforts of the friends of Rose McCabe, formerly a nun attached to the convent in this city, to get her out of the vile den of rats and obscenity which she has been consigned, have attracted a great deal of public attention to the treatment of the insane, and the murder of two patients by their attendants has aroused a storm of indignation that will do some passing good. It is strange that anyone wearing the form of man should desire to force Rose McCabe to remain in the den on Blackwell's Island, when she has friends who are willing to take her to their homes and care for her. It is impossible to credit those who exert so powerful an influence to prevent her escape with good motives. The N. Y. Herald, in view of the disgraceful revelations that have been made, recognizes as one of the most pressing reforms the necessity of putting our correctional establishments on such a basis as will render the existing abuses impossible in the future. It is useless on the part of the responsible authorities to say that the inmates are dangerous to the life of the system. If proper precautions were taken in the selection of attendants it would be quite possible to prevent the ill treatment of patients by the officers of the institutions. It is only needful to choose the attendants with the greatest care, and to see that they are followed by fatal results that will be made impossible in the future by a vigorous and wholesome public opinion.

The Daily Tribune.

J. L. STEWART, EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOV. 7, 1872.

Stanley and the Slave Trade.

This generation will be known in the future as the one in which Stanley lived. He is the most famous man of the age. His prestige has entirely overwhelmed that of the journal whose representative he is. His achievements command him to all classes. His courage in penetrating the heart of an unknown land gives him the hearts of the worshippers of the physical bravery; his adventures invest him with the halo that surrounds adventurous travellers, and keeps their memory green; his discovery of Livingstone and being made the bearer of his messages to civilization make him a central figure among the scientific men of the age; and his story, which every school boy reads, will long be one of the most attractive in the library of popular literature. He has enrolled himself among the friends of humanity by his earnest utterances on the slave-trade abuses of the east coast, and good has already followed the exposure he made of legalized and treaty-sanctioned barbarity. England has an ambassador now on the scene of operations, who has been instructed to use the naval power of the empire freely for the suppression of the slave export trade. To Mr. Stanley belongs the honor of arousing the British Government to a proper appreciation of the barbarities practised under the shadow of a British treaty. To him be the honor of all that is done in consequence of the information he brought from the heart of Africa.

A proper idea of the horrors to which Stanley has attracted the attention of the British Government may be gained from an account given by the *Times* of the capture of a slave show in the Gulf of Persia, by the boats of H. M. Ship "Vulture." After the capture was effected, it was found that crew, passengers and slaves numbered thirty-six heavily armed Arabs. Says the *Times*:

"The number of slaves it was impossible at the time to estimate. So crowded on deck and in the hold, that it was the worst I have ever seen. The whole—some of the most atrocious stages of smallpox and scrofula of every description. A more disgusting and degrading spectacle of humanity could hardly be seen, while the foulness of the show was such that the sailors could hardly endure it. When slaves were transferred to the 'Vulture' the poor, wretched creatures were so dreadfully emaciated and weak that many had to be carried on boards and lifted for every movement. How it was that so many had survived such hardships was a source of wonder to all that belonged to the 'Vulture.' On examination by the surgeon it was found that there were no less than thirty-five cases of smallpox in various stages, and from the time of the first taking of the show to their landing at Butcher's Island, Bombay, fifteen died out of the whole number of 169, and since then there have been more deaths among them. But perhaps the most atrocious feature of cruelty of the Arabs was heard afterwards from the slaves themselves, viz., that at the first discovery of smallpox among them by the Arabs all the infected slaves were at once thrown overboard, and this was continued day by day until, they said, forty had perished in this manner. When they found that the disease could not be checked, they simply left them to take their chance and die. Many of the children were of the tenderest years, scarcely more than three years old, and most of them bearing marks of the brutality of the Arabs in half-healed scars and bruises inflicted from the lash and stick."

Some changes are to be proposed in the Common Schools Act next session by the Government. The public would like to have a chance to express their opinion upon them before they are laid before the House, but the fact is the Government have not yet agreed upon the nature of the changes to be proposed.

NOVA SCOTIA NEWS ITEMS.

The week's delay in opening the Intercolonial avenue north of Halifax in Halifax, was not a word escaped the lips of either man. Then they entered the swamp where the Intercolonial road is to be built, and often went into the mud, and both of them fell several times. Suddenly Evans stopped and started again. "Conflicting thoughts then came into the Sheriff's mind, but he did not waver for a moment. He motioned with the lantern, and both went back over the tollsome way to the brush fence. Evans looked around carefully, and without uttering a word again started into the swamp. Once more they were treading their way through the difficult morass. The obstruction of the seven cords formed a barrier before them. At length, wet and bruised, they reached a bleak spot that they had heretofore seen. It was a hollow, filled with rocks, fallen trees and other debris. One very large dead fallen tree, and its roots were so entangled in the soil that they tore up the earth for a considerable space.

THE BODY IS FOUND.

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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HORROR.

Forcing a Finding to Reveal his Bloody Secret—The Flaming of Miss George Lovering's Mangled Corpse.

NEWTON, N.H. HERALD, Nov. 3.

The murder of Miss George Lovering has been caught. He is her great uncle, Franklin B. Evans, aged sixty-five years. His victim was a pretty little girl of four years of age, named Mary Ann, who was visiting his bird-snares in the woods, while he went away to work. He way-laid her in the woods, perpetrated the foulest of crimes, and then murdered her. The search for her remains has been the subject of the severest investigation. Judge Deane, on the Supreme Court has to do with the road service.

THE SHERIFF CONFRONTED THE MURDERER.

After the fruitless trip to Kingston and Kennington Sheriff Drew was more convinced than ever that Evans knew whether the body was alive or dead. Under this conviction he resolved to confront Evans, and solemnly put the question to him on the disposition of the body if dead. Last Friday afternoon he was in the discovery of the body of the girl, and the evidence that she had been foully dealt with by the finding of her arched and broken comb containing some of her hair. Evans answered that he did. Drew then asked him what effect such conversation had upon him. He replied, "IT WENT LIKE A DAGGER TO MY HEART." Then the Sheriff fastened his eyes upon the prisoner and said:—"In the hearing of no person, and on any other day, if being above, I ask you this question—'the body of the girl dead or alive?' The eyes of the two men were fastened on each other. Neither made the slightest movement, and not a sound was heard except the rustling of the cloak and perhaps their own partially suppressed breathing for some seconds it seemed doubtful whether they would relate first. But Evans, evidently becoming unweary under the steady searching gaze of the officer, suddenly turned pale, his hands trembled, and from his quivering lips came the words, "IT IS, MR. DEWE, I HAVE DONE WRONG."

NOTES AND NEWS.

The New York Nation has an article on "The Position of the Horse in Modern Society."

John Brooks, Jr., was drowned by falling into a boat of Murray Harbour, p. 171, on the 28th ult.

The last name for the horse disease is PNEUMONIC CHOLERA. It is given in the Herald, and was probably brought from Uji by Stanley.

A Nevada man is hunting for 4000 sheep that were stolen from him last Spring; a shepherd feels so much joy at the recovery of one lost sheep, what must this one do when his eye again rests upon those 4000 stragglers from the fold.

It makes Ottawa five ladies stare to see Lady Dufferin promiscuously walking streets doing her shopping. She dresses plainly and sensibly, wears thick soled boots, and does not fear a walk from one end of the city to the other, or to face the audacious crossing.

The charge against Victoria Woodhull and Tannis G. Claflin is that their newspaper, Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly, contains obscene matter, the obscene article being an attack on Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton. They and nearly everybody else connected with the journal are either in jail or under bonds to appear for trial.

The town of Sterling, Ill., has hit upon an excellent temperance measure. It has passed an ordinance providing that, if the Union Pacific does not discontinue its sale of beer by one road against the other, and also to oblige the Union Pacific to comply with said provisions.

THE MURDERER'S JOURNEY.

The Sheriff and prisoner started at once with the Sheriff for the wood where the girl was last seen, and reached there about midnight. The Sheriff took his lantern and told Evans to lead the way. They were soon in the forest, and a more dismal night's journey cannot easily be imagined. The darkness was intense, and as they went along no light was visible save the rustling of the forest leaves under their feet and the wind moaning dimly through the trees. They passed the spot where the apron was found, and got over the fence where the broken comb was discovered, but not a word escaped the lips of either man. Then they entered the swamp where the Intercolonial road is to be built, and often went into the mud, and both of them fell several times. Suddenly Evans stopped and started again. "Conflicting thoughts then came into the Sheriff's mind, but he did not waver for a moment. He motioned with the lantern, and both went back over the tollsome way to the brush fence. Evans looked around carefully, and without uttering a word again started into the swamp. Once more they were treading their way through the difficult morass. The obstruction of the seven cords formed a barrier before them. At length, wet and bruised, they reached a bleak spot that they had heretofore seen. It was a hollow, filled with rocks, fallen trees and other debris. One very large dead fallen tree, and its roots were so entangled in the soil that they tore up the earth for a considerable space.

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Discharged from Prison after thirty years' Confinement.

Some thirty years ago one Thomas Thorn was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death and to hard labor in the Maine State Prison at Thomaston until the time of his execution. A few weeks ago he was pardoned. During a short interview with Mr. Rice, the warden of the prison, a *Commercial* reporter gained an idea of how he was impressed with the outside world after having been shut up from it for nearly a whole generation.

Mr. Rice says that although a man of fifty, he was really in character and maturity of mind only a boy of fifteen. On his release the warden took him from Thomaston to Rockland, a distance of only four miles, in a buggy. As Thorn rode along his first impressions were that the distance between the two places was immense, and that the time occupied in the journey was very long. What to an every day traveller would seem but a few rods, appeared to him miles.

On reaching Rockland he stood up in the buggy and looked around in amazement. Before his imprisonment, thirty years ago he had known it as a little village. He now saw it a city. "Is this Rockland?" said he in bewilderment; why it looks just like New York." (What a time it had been to New York in a coast-er.)

The citizens of Rockland made him up a purse of fifty dollars, and in his childlike glebe he was telling everybody of his good fortune. Seeing his imprudence and that there were those around that might relieve him of his treasure, Mr. Rice warned him that the world was full of rogues, and that if he was to be relieved of his treasure, he should be careful of his money as there were thieves and pickpockets in the world's eye. "Oh, don't let me be afraid," Mrs. Rice, exclaimed the ex-prisoner; "I've travelled; I know a thing or two about the world. See here, I got my money hid in this pocket-book under my coat. Nobody would ever think of looking there for it." Thus he had unconsciously informed the very bystanders, against whom the good warden's wife was cautioning him, just where his money was.

It was Thorne's purpose to go to Whitehall, N. Y., where his two widows resided who were born after his imprisonment. Of late years they have corresponded with him, and have kindly offered him a home with them.

A Man Awakes in the Grave and Caws his Flesh in Despair.

The last number of the *Ottawa Citizen* says: For some time past the work of removing the remains of the departed from the old Roman Catholic burying ground to the new cemetery, has been quietly going on, and nothing more than might be expected under the circumstances occurred, and some scenes bordering on the ridiculous were witnessed in the old cemetery. Recently buried bodies have been uncovered that fond eyes might gaze upon their features for a last time, before covering them with the sod again. One such incident of a startling nature, occurred last Tuesday. A gentleman who was engaged in removing the remains of some of his deceased relatives, was asked by an acquaintance who was similarly engaged, to assist him in lifting a coffin from a grave. He did so, and the lid was taken off. To his horror he found that a man of his age and habits was quietly lying in the coffin. It was a man of his age and habits who was quietly lying in the coffin. It was a man of his age and habits who was quietly lying in the coffin.

THE MISSING MAN.

Nearly a week has elapsed since the unaccountable disappearance of Mr. John O'Donnell, and no trace has been found as to his whereabouts. He was a sober man of quiet nature, and was thoroughly acquainted with the streets. As he had no money on him at the time he left home, it is difficult to see what object would have gained by making him the victim of foul play. It is indeed singular that a man of his age and habits can disappear in a community such as St. John and not be found by his wife who was so recently discovered. A painful mystery surrounds this affair.

After sixteen years constant use of Sewing Machines by the largest numbers in Montreal, they write Messrs. S. B. Scott & Co., that if the price was double they at the cheapest in the end.

Read the advertisements in the DAILY TRIBUNE.

Hunt Ball.

A match game of hand ball between Messrs. T. H. Ritchie and J. Ring on the part, and J. McGeown and J. Patton on the other, took place at Lowery's Court yesterday afternoon. The match was for \$50 on the championship of the city, best three 1 five games. The match was won by Messrs. Ring and Ritchie in three straight games the total score being 45-30.

Shipping Notes.

The barque Maggie L. Carrill, of St. John, N. B. (ballast), is on shore at Crowsley Bay. No communication yet with the ship. Shipping without grace from the South, with rain.

The M. L. C. was built at Dorchester in 1870, registers 867 tons, and is owned by Mr. George Carrill of this city and Mr. William Hickman of Dorchester.

The brigantine "Aylesford" while being towed down the Musquash River, at the afternoon of the 5th inst., from Messrs. Clinch and Son's mills shed and grounded hard and last on the mud. Every effort was made to get the vessel off, but they were unsuccessful. The A. is owned in Windsor, N. S., by Alex. Dodge, Esq., and registers 123 tons. She is loaded with boards and was bound for Demarara.

A Rare Old Gem.

Mr. John Melick, who returned from Nova Scotia last night, has in his care very rare and valuable coin belonging to the late Hon. Charles de Wintour. The coin is about the diameter of an old-Spanish shilling but much thicker and heavier. Mr. Melick believes the coin to be a cast composition. It, however, he says represents a Tetradrachm. (Attic talion of Antiochus Philopater, immediate ancestor and son of Antiochus III, King Syria. He was assassinated B. C. 116. His face is very finely featured, and it is coin is original it is a most valuable and rare specimen, as we believe the Tetradrachm is one of the most beautiful and exquisite Greek characters and choicest among them, which has been remarked in Assyrian and Syrian coinage. The coin will merit an inspection by students of numismatics.

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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.

Lewis Carvell
Intercolonial Railway—
Customs Department— W. H. Thorne
R. S. M. Bouchette
Bowes & Evans
Sydney Coal—
T. McCarty & Son
Hat Cases—
D. Mages & Co.
Lost.

Brevities.

A Mr. Robinson, a stranger in the city, was badly beaten by some roughs in the liquor shop of Mr. Wm. Abel on the corner of Princess and Germain streets last evening.

The Circulation of the DAILY TRIBUNE is rapidly increasing.

More Coal.

Seven vessels arrived in port this morning with coal from Philadelphia, Sydney and Port Adelaide, with a total tonnage of 698 tons. A large fleet of others are on the way and daily expected.

Fire this Morning.

A two-story wooden house belonging to Mr. T. Gray Merritt and situated in Riverview's ship-yard, Straight Shore, was destroyed by fire at an early hour and not a man of his age and habits can disappear in a community such as St. John and not be found by his wife who was so recently discovered. A painful mystery surrounds this affair.

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The Sheriff and prisoner started at once with the Sheriff for the wood where the girl was last seen, and reached there about midnight. The Sheriff took his lantern and told Evans to lead the way. They were soon in the forest, and a more dismal night's journey cannot easily be imagined. The darkness was intense, and as they went along no light was visible save the rustling of the forest leaves under their feet and the wind moaning dimly through the trees. They passed the spot where the apron was found, and got over the fence where the broken comb was discovered, but not a word escaped the lips of either man. Then they entered the swamp where the Intercolonial road is to be built, and often went into the mud, and both of them fell several times. Suddenly Evans stopped and started again. "Conflicting thoughts then came into the Sheriff's mind, but he did not waver for a moment. He motioned with the lantern, and both went back over the tollsome way to the brush fence. Evans looked around carefully, and without uttering a word again started into the swamp. Once more they were treading their way through the difficult morass. The obstruction of the seven cords formed a barrier before them. At length, wet and bruised, they reached a bleak spot that they had heretofore seen. It was a hollow, filled with rocks, fallen trees and other debris. One very large dead fallen tree, and its roots were so entangled in the soil that they tore up the earth for a considerable space.

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Close to the ground, under this shelving mass of fibres and earth, Evans pointed his lantern. "There!" The Sheriff said, "What?" The prisoner answered again, "There!" Then Evans, half kneeling, said, "There is the body of the poor murdered girl."

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Discharged from Prison after thirty years' Confinement.

Some thirty years ago one Thomas Thorn was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death and to hard labor in the Maine State Prison at Thomaston until the time of his execution. A few weeks ago he was pardoned. During a short interview with Mr. Rice, the warden of the prison, a *Commercial* reporter gained an idea of how he was impressed with the outside world after having been shut up from it for nearly a whole generation.

Mr. Rice says that although a man of fifty, he was really in character and maturity of mind only a boy of fifteen. On his release the warden took him from Thomaston to Rockland, a distance of only four miles, in a buggy. As Thorn rode along his first impressions were that the distance between the two places was immense, and that the time occupied in the journey was very long. What to an every day traveller would seem but a few rods, appeared to him miles.

On reaching Rockland he stood up in the buggy and looked around in amazement. Before his imprisonment, thirty years ago he had known it as a little village. He now saw it a city. "Is this Rockland?" said he in bewilderment; why it looks just like New York." (What a time it had been to New York in a coast-er.)

The citizens of Rockland made him up a purse of fifty dollars, and in his childlike glebe he was telling everybody of his good fortune. Seeing his imprudence and that there were those around that might relieve him of his treasure, Mr. Rice warned him that the world was full of rogues, and that if he was to be relieved of his treasure, he should be careful of his money as there were thieves and pickpockets in the world's eye. "Oh, don't let me be afraid," Mrs. Rice, exclaimed the ex-prisoner; "I've travelled; I know a thing or two about the world. See here, I got my money hid in this pocket-book under my coat. Nobody would ever think of looking there for it." Thus he had unconsciously informed the very bystanders, against whom the good warden's wife was cautioning him, just where his money was.

It was Thorne's purpose to go to Whitehall, N. Y., where his two widows resided who were born after his imprisonment. Of late years they have corresponded with him, and have kindly offered him a home with them.

A Man Awakes in the Grave and Caws his Flesh in Despair.

The last number of the *Ottawa Citizen* says: For some time past the work of removing the remains of the departed from the old Roman Catholic burying ground to the new cemetery, has been quietly going on, and nothing more than might be expected under the circumstances occurred, and some scenes bordering on the ridiculous were witnessed in the old cemetery. Recently buried bodies have been uncovered that fond eyes might gaze upon their features for a last time, before covering them with the sod again. One such incident of a startling nature, occurred last Tuesday. A gentleman who was engaged in removing the remains of some of his deceased relatives, was asked by an acquaintance who was similarly engaged, to assist him in lifting a coffin from a grave. He did so, and the lid was taken off. To his horror he found that a man of his age and habits was quietly lying in the coffin. It was a man of his age and habits who was quietly lying in the coffin. It was a man of his age and habits who was quietly lying in the coffin.

THE MISSING MAN.

Nearly a week has elapsed since the unaccountable disappearance of Mr. John O'Donnell, and no trace has been found as to his whereabouts. He was a sober man of quiet nature, and was thoroughly acquainted with the streets. As he had no money on him at the time he left home, it is difficult to see what object would have gained by making him the victim of foul play. It is indeed singular that a man of his age and habits can disappear in a community such as St. John and not be found by his wife who was so recently discovered. A painful mystery surrounds this affair.

After sixteen years constant use of Sewing Machines by the largest numbers in Montreal, they write Messrs. S. B. Scott & Co., that if the price was double they at the cheapest in the end.

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Hunt Ball.

A match game of hand ball between Messrs. T. H. Ritchie and J. Ring on the part, and J. McGeown and J. Patton on the other, took place at Lowery's Court yesterday afternoon. The match was for \$50 on the championship of the city, best three 1 five games. The match was won by Messrs. Ring and Ritchie in three straight games the total score being 45-30.

Shipping Notes.

The barque Maggie L. Carrill, of St. John, N. B. (ballast), is on shore at Crowsley Bay. No communication yet with the ship. Shipping without grace from the South, with rain.

The M. L. C. was built at Dorchester in 1870, registers 867 tons, and is owned by Mr. George Carrill of this city and Mr. William Hickman of Dorchester.

The brigantine "Aylesford" while being towed down the Musquash River, at the afternoon of the 5th inst., from Messrs. Clinch and Son's mills shed and grounded hard and last on the mud. Every effort was made to get the vessel off, but they were unsuccessful. The A. is owned in Windsor, N. S., by Alex. Dodge, Esq., and registers 123 tons. She is loaded with boards and was bound for Demarara.

A Rare Old Gem.

Mr. John Melick, who returned from Nova Scotia last night, has in his care very rare and valuable coin belonging to the late Hon. Charles de Wintour. The coin is about the diameter of an old-Spanish shilling but much thicker and heavier. Mr. Melick believes the coin to be a cast composition. It, however, he says represents a Tetradrachm. (Attic talion of Antiochus Philopater, immediate ancestor and son of Antiochus III, King Syria. He was assassinated B. C. 116. His face is very finely featured, and it is coin is original it is a most valuable and rare specimen, as we believe the Tetradrachm is one of the most beautiful and exquisite Greek characters and choicest among them, which has been remarked in Assyrian and Syrian coinage. The coin will merit an inspection by students of numismatics.

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