

To Our Friends.

The success of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE since its first issue, has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we feel compelled to make some acknowledgment to our many friends for the kind interest they have taken in extending its circulation.

Our subscription list shows a steady increase, and from all parts of the Province we are continually receiving complimentary letters in regard to the policy and management of the paper.

This is very encouraging, and, as we have already succeeded in placing the paper on a good paying basis, we are determined to make it still more valuable to our readers.

We are now giving our subscribers the best news matter that has ever been published in the Province. The supplement is convenient, but, as soon as our new press, which is now being made to order in London, comes to hand, we shall obviate that difficulty and introduce many improvements.

Our friends will continue to aid in extending our circulation, and that subscribers will promptly receive their papers, and we will promptly send them to the printer, and we will promptly send them to the printer, and we will promptly send them to the printer.

Lessening the Number of Licenses. The Mayor was lately given much credit for having reduced tavern licenses to certain parties, and temperance advocates are declaring in the Academy, every Sunday night, that the number of taverns should be reduced.

All right, worthy reformers, but what good comes of refusing licenses to dealers and then allowing them to sell liquor undisturbed? Does any body imagine that those who were refused licenses closed their shops? Not one was closed by the refusal.

Falling to get licenses the dealers sell without licenses, the city revenue losing and the number of liquor saloons remaining the same. Now what good is done by this policy? If unlicensed dealers are to be undisturbed, is the good of refusing licenses any square?

The number of drinking saloons on King Street has been referred to by several speakers in the Academy course, and Mr. Dale suggested last evening that it should be lessened.

What would be the good of closing half of them? Would less liquor be drunk, fewer men picked up in the gutter, and the probability of tragedies like the murder of Mr. Daley by his son-in-law lessened? Very little. The remaining dealers, not the general public, would reap the benefit.

The Refusing of Liquor Licenses. The refusal of liquor licenses, accompanied by a vigorous prosecution of unlicensed dealers, is a revenue-sacrificing farce, and the lessening of the number of saloons in any given locality would improve appearances without lessening evil.

It is of no use to close Mint Julep's shop and leave Gin Sling's open in the next building. What might be done, with some good results, would be the restriction of the liquor traffic within certain limits, thereby removing the entire temptation to drink from those whose houses did not lead them into the spirituous district; but the mere closing of every other saloon would not lessen the sale of the article at all.

The Suppression of Secret Societies. One of the tendencies of the mass organization for the philanthropic purpose of making everybody conform to the customs and beliefs of the organizers.

THE BLESSINGS OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I should like to do that every day for a year to come," said Mr. Wm. Everett, rubbing his hands quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation," by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured.

"I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow morning, when he tells him that she has advanced him two hundred dollars."

From some cases this mental reference did not arise in the mind of the friend's state of exaltation. Most probably, there was something in the transaction by which he had obtained some sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not have occurred to him.

"What a fine day!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, looking at his watch. "I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

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Death from a Blow.

Last Tuesday evening Jeremiah Lenth, shoemaker, Mill st., knocked his father-in-law, Jeremiah Daley, down stairs with a billet of wood, fracturing his skull.

The old man had been sent for by his daughter, as Lenth was drunk and quarrelsome. A warrant was issued for the assault, but the police have not succeeded in finding him.

Markets.

Table with market prices for various goods including flour, sugar, and other commodities. Columns include item names and prices.

City Police Court.

There were one dozen victims this morning, and the cases presented a number of novelties, so that the spectators were not disappointed.

Francis Baker, the first man called, confessed to drunkenness in Prince William street and was fined \$5.

Robert Gabels was charged with the same offence in Pitt street, he having been at once passed over the \$5 fine line.

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"The two thousand dollars," the broker had uttered his satisfaction; but now he commended with himself slyly. "Two thousand dollars! A nice amount for the steamer day's work."

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