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—1yd&w J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

LARRIGANS, &c.

On Hand—1000 Pairs No. 1 Larrigans,
250 " No. 2 do
150 doz. Prime Country Socks,
100 " Fair do do
250 " " do Mitts,
100 Lined and Strapped 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
—BY—
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!
82 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, 80 cts.; each subsequent insertion, 40 cts. For ordinary mercantile transient advertising, first insertion, 60 cts.; each subsequent insertion, 20 cts. Advertisements of

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Help Wanted,
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Articles Lost,
Articles found,
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Lectures,
Removals,
&c., &c.,

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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. 19, 1872.

A. J. Smith for Governor of Manitoba.

As Mr. Tilley has not chosen to leave the Cabinet for an office, and as Mr. Mitchell is not at all likely to do so, there is not much prospect of Hon. Albert J. Smith getting in. He was sure of a portfolio in case the Opposition triumphed, but as he has rather turned his back upon the Ontario party lately, they will probably choose Anglin and Connell if they should chance to get the reins of power into their hands. Mr. Smith is one of those dignified politicians who find less pleasure in the daily routine of parliamentary life than in the repose of office. There seems to be no opening for him if he continues to sit in Parliament, and he might be persuaded to accept the Lt. Governorship of Manitoba. He is just the man for the position—vigorous, handsome, courteous, and thoroughly acquainted with the French language and character. He would make no mistakes, conciliate all factions, and compromise the dignity of the office and the position of the central authority in no way. He would be acceptable to all parties in the Dominion. Not even the Toronto *Globe* would venture to dispute the wisdom of his appointment. Mr. Domville would discharge the duties of President of the Maritime Bank, so that Mr. Smith would not have to refuse the position on that account. If the Government can get a man like Albert Smith to take the office they should give it to him.

Hon. Joseph Howe.

Joseph Howe's long political life should be crowned with the honor of the Governorship of his native Province—a Province with whose material, intellectual and political growth he is so closely identified. The Opposition press would howl, as a matter of course; but what of that? His day of usefulness in the Cabinet has passed, he is not needed in the Senate, and he would be an excellent Governor of Nova Scotia. He has hosts of friends there, even among political opponents, who would rejoice to see the old hero elevated to the Governorship. Archibald wants the office, but he shouldn't get it. He might be sent back to Manitoba if nobody else could be got to go there. Provide for gallant old Joe first by making him Governor of Nova Scotia. It is of no use to buy Annand by giving him the office. He isn't worth the price. Only one man has earned the office, and he is the Hon. Joseph Howe.

Lord Dufferin has sent $5000 to the sufferers by the Boston fire. In the United States this action is interpreted as showing a morbid desire on the part of Canada to get into the good graces of the Republic. Some tea party people are making a fuss because Mayor Reed did not telegraph his distinguished consideration and heartfelt sympathy to the Mayor of Boston. Very sensibly, he did nothing of the kind. The total loss by the fire was only about eighty millions, a great portion of which is borne by insurance companies from elsewhere. The actual loss is less than five per cent of the taxable property in the city—equal to one year's war tax—and will not be felt by the great manufacturing millionaires of the metropolis of New England.

It has been decided to anchor an iron light-ship, containing a powerful fog whistle, near the entrance of Halifax harbor. The Halifax Opposition press, instead of being thankful for the improvement to the port, will probably grumble continually about the noise made by the whistle, and accuse Tupper of having placed it within hearing of the town out of pure malice.

NOTES AND NEWS.

George MacDonald is the happy father of eleven children.

A fog whistle for Cape Race has reached St John's, Newfoundland.

A rifle good for twenty-six shots a minute has been invented.

A little girl was lately frightened to death in Michigan by two boys, while on her way home from school.

Interesting reading matter is always to be found on the fly leaves and margins of the hymn books in the choir seats.

"Bobby, why don't your mother sew up your trowsers?" "'Cause she's at the vestry sewing for the heathens."

It is rumored from Washington that Mr. William M. Evarts, the eminent lawyer, is to succeed Mr. Fish as Secretary of State in President Grant's Cabinet.

Hon. Mr. Annand is said to be the editor of the second edition of the Life, Letters and Speeches of Hon. Joseph Howe, soon to be issued in Montreal.

The waste land of Ireland is stated to be 4,259,795 acres, consisting of bog, mountain, &c. No applications have been made to the Board of Works for its reclamation and purchase.

It has been arranged that a new bishopric shall be created for Australia, the seat of which shall be Ballarat. The nomination of the first bishop will rest with the Archbishop.

The German military authorities have ordered the employment of glycerine lymph, lymph mixed with glycerine, for vaccination of recruits and soldiers, the material having proved as efficacious and far more economical than pure lymph.

A religious outrage is reported from Beuthen, in Silesia, where a troop of fanatic Ultramontanes have broken into a Lutheran church yard and destroyed twenty-six tombs and memorials. The remainder of the church yard is much defaced.

A series of well defined gold bearing veins have been discovered near Kelly's Ford, Virginia. The surface of the Rock of gold bearing quartz yields from $60 to $100 per ton. Three funnels are now being worked through rich rock, and everything gives evidence of permanency.

Those heathen Chinese are prodigiously in advance of outside barbarians in many labyrinths of science. Instead of applying coloring fluids to the hair, they have discovered what may be taken into the stomach that furnishes a pigment which the special vessels in the hair bulbs secrete from the blood as it comes along in arteries charged with a coloring material.

The wants of forlorn bachelors are little regarded in this heartless world, and it is seldom that an invention is made for the special purpose of making their lot more tolerable. A philanthropic mechanic, however, has just invented a button that can be put on with a screwdriver. We do not believe in encouraging celibacy, but this matter of the buttons is a mere question of mercy "which droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven on the place beneath," even though a wretched bachelor be sitting on the spot.

A boy got fooling around his father's horses, until finally one of them put his foot in his face. He was carried in, and the doctor sewed up his lip, and bandaged his eyes, and poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid abed a number of days; and when he began to get a little better he called for a looking-glass, and, casting his eyes upon it, his countenance fell. "Father,' said he, "do you think I shall ever be pretty again?" "No, my son," the old man replied, "you'll never be pretty again, but you'll know a d——d sight more!"

The *Mayflower* has received the following letter from one of its old and prompt-paying patrons:—"Please discontinue my paper for the time I have paid up to, I do not stop the *Mayflower* because I do not want it, but to get rid of an old bore that intrudes himsels into my house, regardless of time and circumstance, to sit for an hour or two, three or four times a week, to read my papers, and who is a thousand times more able to take a dozen papers than I am to take one. If the nuisance is stopped I shall send for the paper again."

At the Boston fire the steam engine from Watertown Arsenal, had among its volunteers the rector of a church in one of the adjoining towns. In company with the officer in charge of the machine, he went for some refreshments, after working twelve hours, and narrowly escaped a broken limb. Upon their return, the police officers refused to pass them, and as they were trying to make known who they were, a police officer came along, and pointing to the rector, said: "I saw that fellow steal three bottles of whiskey from Cochran's store." When the policeman was informed who the gentleman was, he withdrew the charge.

Dates from Yokohama, of Oct, 23, are received. The Department of Religion at Yeddo has issued a document looking towards toleration of all believers of all creeds. A dreadful famine is reported among the people of Corea. Great quantities of copper are being sent from Yeddo to Corea in the nature of peace offerings. The authorities of Yeddo have stopped issuing passes to foreigners to go beyond the limits fixed by treaty, the privilege having been abused by carrying on an illicit trade. The rinderpest is making terrible ravages among the cattle in the rural districts. Japan has exported during the last three months to the United States, $2,530,000 worth of goods. The treasure of the steamer America, to the amount of $300,000, has been recovered: $77,000 have not yet been reached. Four native priests have left for Europe to study the various religions. The wreck of the steamer Oneida was sold to the Japanese for $1500. Magistrates have been appointed in all the police districts of Yeddo, with jurisdiction similar to that in the province of Mato. A number of police from Yeddo were sent to quell the disturbance, if possible, without the aid of troops. The American Legation is quartered in a well-furnished temple within the boundaries of Sheba.

THE HOLY LAND.

A VOICE FROM THE RIVER JORDAN.

The Horse Disease in Palestine—A Breach of Promise Case in Jericho—A Menagerie broken Loose—A Wonderful Invention—Judas Manil's Rifle—The Tribune in Jerusalem, &c., &c., &c.

JERUSALEM, May 25, 1872.

To the Editor of the St. John Tribune.

SIR: In my last note to you from Jerusalem, I believe, I promised at some future day to let you have a glimpse of what life is out here, so many hundreds of thousands of miles away from America. I have a little leisure just now, and don't mind writing you off a screed which I hope may prove acceptable to you and to your readers.

Trade in Jerusalem is dull this year. Our olive crop has failed again and the fig trees bear but a mere modicum of fruit. Ah, Sir, Palestine is not what it once was. Milk and honey do not flow over the land now, and business has almost reached a stagnation. A terrible disease has set in among our domestic animals—a sort of hacking cough, nasal discharge and a shuddering all over, are the symptoms. Many fine horses, particularly those of the rich Syrian breed, have been prostrated. Some camels and our famous fan shaped sheep—an animal, Sir, that we are proud of—have also been attacked with the plague. The result is that our carts have had to be drawn by tame panthers and in some instances buffaloes have been employed, with, however, but indifferent success. So long as the journey was straight ahead and in line the mode of locomotion was tolerably fair; but you see, Sir, our mountainous region offered many obstacles. The *Gath Times*, a sprightly little daily, recently announced the total destruction of a whole caravan laden with two families and their supplies. They were ascending Mount Gerizim, and according to Oriental custom an itinerant band of Æolian harpers were engaged to head the procession. The day was scorching hot and a good many jackalls were running about in search of water to cool their parched throats. Suddenly the heat became more intense, the instruments dropped from the hands of the musicians and the huge buffaloes which were drawing the carriage after them, shook and trembled convulsively. A deafening roar, a terrific bellow echoed along the mountain side. Every heart quaked with fear. The driver drew in a tighter rein, paused and gave one long, searching look ahead. His face turned ashy white, his eye-balls glared or darted from their sockets and the still air was startled by a terrified cry of anguish and despair. But it was only for a moment. Dread silence, then a crash, a loud wail and all was over. Into the dark, frowning, yawning abyss below, into the jaws of death, into the other world beyond the portals of the grave, uncoffined, unprepared to meet their Maker, over crags and precipices, tumbled into eternity went that cargo of human beings. over the side of Mount Gerizim into the darkened sea of the damned, nineteen hundred feet below. The vulture shrieked in exultation as it descended into the gulph and the ponderous eagle flapped its huge wings in joy. The reporter of the *Times* concludes his graphic narrative thus: "Never shall I forget that awful look of the caravan driver, that look of despair, that look that said so much. His death shriek still rings in my ears and his pale, bloodless face, looking heaven-ward, rises up before me now. I think I see him as he dashed into the sea of awful darkness, a moment seen then gone forever. I recall those lines of Burns about the snowfall in the river. The bodies were never recovered."

Our people are lost in amazement about this third visitation of this dread epidemic. It first appeared here more than two thousand years ago, when it spread rapidly over the rich alluvial soil of Cæsarea, Diospotis and Joppa, and carried off many fine steeds of great value. It came again spreading desolation and disease among the coursers of Ashdod five hundred years ago, and up to this time our horses have maintained good health. Our leading horse doctors are much exercised and perplexed over the ravages of the scourge. Old receipts hidden in the archives of Jerusalem have been unearthed and some of them given gratuitously to the world. I copy an ancient one from the columns of *The Nazereth News*—'Dr. Boalba, who has been signally successful in treating the equine plague, informs us that he has used with good effect the following ingredients, which may be had at any medicine stall in the market. Ginger root, bruised, half a pound, 'Robur,' spirit, one pint Pour the latter over the former in a porcelain vessel, let it macerate ten days and then pour off the liquor. Take of this fluid 2 ozs., add to it 1 oz. sweet spirits nitre and half a dram of spirits of Belladonna. Give this dose to the suffering animal in a little water. It is a sure cure." The Homeopathists of Judah have a secret remedy which they will not, on any account disclose. Recently a captain of the Guards of Judea, arrested a physician of this order, and because he refused to tell the name of his cure he was cast into a dungeon and afterwards flayed alive. This treatment is thought by some to be harsh and cruel.

I came up to Jericho in a canal boat, propelled by oxen, the other day, to attend a somewhat novel trial. Daniel Omar, a young commercial traveller, representing a large packing house, who lives on the northern bank of the river Jordan, fell in love, as very many young men who are not commercial travellers often do, with a young lady. Her name is Esther Moutay Iberville, a daughter of Jacob Iberville, a Jew, residing in the small but important town of Gaza. Daniel like Cæsar, came, saw and conquered. At first sight he triumphed over her young susceptible heart, and often when the sun had gone down and the pale moon shot its silvery light upon the earth, and sparkled scintillantly on the bosom of the dull, Dead Sea, Daniel sought his own dear Esther Moutay Iberville, and with his arm affectionately embracing her slender waist they, together, walked the quiet streets of Gaza. And the stars twinkled in the blue vaults of Heaven and the moon hid behind Mount Hedron as the happy twain passed, and Daniel Omar loved Esther Moutay Iberville and Esther Moutay Iberville loved Daniel Omar. Then days passed away, and letters, tender missive breathing love and joy, passed between them. And often Daniel Omar would sit on the green grass of Ashdod with a ream or two of rice-paper before him, and in silent and deep thought he would rest his capilliary locks against some quiet, tractable mule and verse would flow from his soul, and then he would arise and kick that mule away from him, and that mule would go, and Daniel Omar knew not where to lay his head. And then he would coax it to come and he would beckon to him, but the mule smiled with a sort of a horse laugh, and Daniel would go home and write. And when he had written what he wanted to write he would send it to Esther, and Esther would read it over carefully and ponder over Daniel, and over what Daniel had written, and then she would wrap her father's lunch in Daniel's poetry and the old Israelite would smile as he sold his ill-fitting garments in the marts of Gethsamine, and thought of Daniel and Esther. But the letters Esther always saved, and just one poem, one epic, one bucolic; and on that awful day in the sweltering court room of Jericho, this idyl was read, and every face underwent some visible contortion as the terrible ordeal was passed. And Daniel Omar's mother was in court when the poem was read, and she wept tears of joy and asked the judge to pardon her son and he would write no more poetry. And here is the poem:

TO ESTHER MOUTAY IBERVILLE.

Mild and gentle was dear Esther fair,
And as a sunbeam shone her eye,
Rich and rare did her golden hair,
In ringlets long shimmer in the sky.

O Esther, dear, proud Goddess, I will sing,
Now strike my lyre with tuneful song—
Strain after strain of music bring,
To animate the soul of Orphean's throng.

Hark! 'tis the roar of thunder loud,
Orient storms sweep o'er the crested lea,
Maid of Gaza, let us haste while yet the cloud,
Serene and calm, glides gently o'er the sea.

O leave this town of Gaza, land of Sycamore;
Nigh Ashdod's valley and the wild sea's roar.

In face of all these protestations of his love, Daniel proved faithless. The moon still sailed across the mackerel sky, and the stars continued to delight astronomers and astrologers, but Daniel and Esther no longer threaded their way along the streets of Gaza. His heart no more yearned for the proud Jewess, and the cry of the paternal Israelite of "old clo', old clo'" had a less musical sound as it fell upon his ears in the market place. Daniel was false. Ruth Angelow of Masada, who dug clams near the shore of Salt Sea, was destined to be his bride. The young heart of Esther pined away, and, like Rachel of old, she refused to be comforted Hence the suit. Daniel was mulcted in thirty sheckles of silver. The Jerusalem *Picayiue*, a copy of which I send you, has a good account of the trial, and furnishes some of the more readable letters.

As soon as the trial was over, and as the stage did not leave for Jerusalem until the following morning, a couple of friends and I took a stroll round the town to see the lions. We visited first, Wamwell's Royal Menagerie. This well-known show is engaged just now on its twelfth starring tour through the Holy Land. The Lebanon bears were quite fierce, and the hyenas, wild boars, wolves, and the pair of Australian lions claimed much attraction. A terrible incident occurred while I was there. The keeper, Herr Mangall, entered the den of the Royal Bengal tiger—a ferocious beast,—and while in the act of inserting his head into the animal's mouth, the report of a fire-arm was heard. The tiger was startled, the terrible jaws quickly shot down, a groan was heard, intense silence, then all was over. A cold, bloodless shudder ran through the vast assemblage and everything was as the grave. In an instant the cage was covered with blood, and Herr Mangall was no more. Once having caught the taste of blood, the tiger became furiously unmanageable. To dash through the wide opening in his cage was the work of a moment. A second later and the infuriated monster was in the heart of the horrified audience. A mother pressed her babe to her warm breast and hastened across the amphitheatre, but the tiger in one bound seized the infant in his teeth and a sickening sensation passed through every heart as the terror of the jungle crushed beneath his ponderous jaws the tiny head. In one fell swoop the mild blue eyes, the little golden curls, sped away to the other world. I turned away from the heart-rending scene and sought the picture gallery of the Jericho Museum. This spacious building was founded many years by an affluent merchant. It is the repository of many rare curiosities, and next to the British Museum, is the most wonderful place on record. Here may be seen the identical sling which contained the smooth stone that slew Goliah. And on a marble table stands the first original edition of King David's poems. A curious old book this is; well thumbed and marked over. We notice here and there corrections and amendations, which are recognized by experts to be in the handwriting of David himself, before he became King. This book is very valuable and out of print. High up in an arch composed of precious stones, frankincense and myrrh, can be seen on a clear day the rod which Moses had when he led the children of Israel in their long and arduous journey. I looked in vain for the sword with which Peter cut off the soldier's ear, and even expected to see a piece of the ear itself, but it was nowhere to be seen. I do not think they have it. A cleverly executed picture, a scene from the feast of the passover, is displayed on the right hand side of the entrance, while the left is embellished with the combat scene between Moses and the Egyptians, which our readers will remember occurred in the early stage of this eminent young man's career, before he became a law giver and a ruler. Solomon's seal is placed in a masonic apron in the centre of the room, surmounted by a square and compass, and close by at the foot of an Ionic pillar may be seen the celebrated key stone, which occupied so prominent a position in the building of King Solomon's temple. A tressel board is also on exhibition in this room, said to have been the property of Pythogeras, an artificer in the brass finishing business. These heir looms are all of incalculable value and interest. I must reserve my explorations in this gallery of the unique until another time. It will form the subject of a letter by itself.

I must now tell you about Judas Manil—a young fellow of genius who belongs up in Beth Peor, close by the Sea of the Plain. He is a young fisherman and quite a sportsman. As with the rod he is equally expert with the rifle and often has he regaled me with anecdotes of his prowess and he has told me how he has sat on the summit of Mount Pisgah and shot Jews and Rabbis as they journeyed along the road to Jerusalem. He has often killed two out of a flock of three. Perhaps you have never heard of him. He has, after years of patient and diligent study, invented a curious fire-arm. It is a species of rifle, a three barreled affair. It is so arranged that it loads from the breech instead of in the old way. It has three barrels and in this way can serve a variety of purposes. Cartridges, bullets and shot may be used and it may be so arranged that it can suit any game. When the *Goosharpe* leaves Calamon for Cadiz I will send you one of these rifles. It is creating quite an excitement here.

By Telegraph to Australia.

A new epoch in the extension of telegraphic facilities was celebrated Friday—the occasion being the formal opening of the land lines in Australia. The extent of this addition to our means of communication is not generally known. It puts us in direct relations with Sydney, Paramatta, Newcastle, Guildham and Bathurst, in New South Wales; with Brisbane and Maryborough, in Queensland; with Melbourne, Ballarat and Port Albert, in Victoria; with Adelaide and Port Augustine, in South Australia; and with Hobart Town and Launceston, in Tasmania.

The total number of stations is 256. There are two distinct land lines from Port Darwin, the terminus of the submarine cable from Java, one proceeding through the interior of the continent of Australia and the other taking the line of the eastern coast, the length of the first being between 1,600 and 1,700 miles and of the latter 3,000 miles. The difference in time between Sydney and St. John is fifteen hours, so that a private message received by Mr. Geo Stewart, Jr., this morning at six o'clock, if several hours be allowed for transmission, must have been written *this afternoon* in Australia.

The Illness of Mr. Gladstone.

Fears are entertained that the illness of the English Prime Minister may have serious results, and considerable uneasiness is felt lest fatal results should ensue, in political circles in London. The death of Mr. Gladstone at this juncture would be an irreparable loss to the Liberal party in England. No man in Parliament could take his place in carrying out the peaceful, progressive policy that has marked his administration. Although not a great or an original thinker, he has the quality of adopting the popular ideas of the hour and making himself their exponent and defender. Beginning life as a Tory Mr. Gladstone has risen to power in advocating doctrines that his old Conservative allies have been accustomed to denounce as revolutionary. It is to his credit, however, that the constant change of his opinions is due to a nature that combines strangely sympathy and sternness. It would not be, perhaps, just to blame too severely the mental organization which adopts the ideas of the moment as the expression of a popular will which it is the duty of statesmen to obey; This habit of thought has the advantage of recognizing the people as superior to the Parliament, and as a tacit recognition that all power lies with the people. It is by efforts to apply the Liberal theories to the benefit of the masses and to reverse the oppressive English policy in Ireland that Mr. Gladstone will principally be remembered in the future. He undoubtedly recognized that the reign of class rule is at an end, and his aim has been to educate the people to the use of the liberties he saw could not long be withheld from them without incurring the danger of revolution. Like all changes at a critical period it is not possible yet to judge whether he has not increased instead of lessening the danger he sought to avert. It is pretty generally conceded among political thinkers that the present system of government in England must undergo a radical change, and it remains to be seen whether the masses will be content to wait the issue of Gladstone's slow process, or, feeling their strength, will attempt to seize by violence the power that lies within their grasp. In either case the present government of the aristocratic classes is doomed, and will owe its overthrew to no one more directly than to William Ewart Gladstone, whom years ago Macaulay described as "the hope of the stern and unbending Tories."

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.

Steamers.

The "New York" arrived at Eastport at 11.50 a. m., and is expected to reach here by 5 or 5.30 p. m.

Young Criminals.

William Gray and John Good are two small boys, aged twelve years each. They were brought before the Police Court this morning on a charge of assaulting another boy named Patrick Barry, and the offence being proved, were sent to gaol for twenty days each. Their appearance in court was a matter of general remark, and when, as they were called to the front, Sergeant Owens lifted them over the rail of the dock like mere babies, none could help regretting that children so small should be placed on the footing of criminals and subjected to the criminal's punishment.

The Bellicose Cabbies.

The fighting coachmen had their trial at the Portland Police Court this morning and Stockford, Day and Michaud were fined $4 each for their little fun at the Railway Station a few nights since.

A very Successful Burglary takes place within a Pistol Shot of the Police Office.

A very daring and surprisingly skillful burglary was committed last night almost at the doors of the police station, in a public place where the police are most likely to be found during the night. The place operated upon was the Walker Drug Store on the Market Square, which, it will be remembered, was entered and plundered only a week or so since. Mr. Sears, the proprietor, left the place at the usual hour, having secured the safe and premises before so doing. On the arrival of the clerk this morning the street door was found closed but unlocked, and, on examining the premises, the safe door was also found open. A further examination disclosed the fact that the cash box inside the safe had been unlocked and about $250 in bills carried away. The papers in the box were left untouched. Another tin box containing deeds and securities was also forced open, but nothing has been taken, and a private cash box of Mr. W. M. Sears was opened and the money, about six or seven dollars, abstracted. A gold chain and seal were lying in the box, but, singular to say, were not taken. Nothing else either in the safe or shop was in any way disturbed, and the burglars left behind them no trace by which they might be identified. The key of the outer door is not of a common description, but the lock on the safe or rather vault, is not of a complicated nature. It is certain, however, that the parties must have thoroughly known the premises and the locks before making the venture, and that, watching their opportunity after the police had passed on their beat, quietly slipped in and accomplished their work in a systematic manner. Burglary is becoming an art and it is to be regretted that the artists are not better known. If burglaries can be committed with impunity within sight of the Police Station what security has any man in regard to his property? It is singular that of all the burglaries occurring during the last few weeks no trace can be discovered by which the offenders may be brought to justice and order retained.

Man Missing.

Callaghan McCarthy, well known as a porter with Hall & Fairweather, has been missing since last night. It is supposed he fell over the wharf and men are now grappling for the body.

Country Market.

[Corrected weekly for THE TRIBUNE.]

TUESDAY, Nov. 19th.

Butter, Rolls, per lb	26c. a 28c.
Butter, packed, "	20c. a 22c.
Lard, "	14c. a 15c.
Eggs, per dozen	24c. a 26c.
Oats (Prov) per bushel	50c. a 52c.
Oats (P. E. I.), "	52c. a 55c.
Potatoes, Kidney, "	80c. a 100.
Potatoes, "	60c. a 80c
Cheese, Dairy, per lb	12c. a 14c.
Beef, "	4c. a 6c.
Mutton, "	5c. a 7c.
Lamb, "	6c. a 8c.
Pork, "	5½c. a 6½c.
Chickens, per pair	40c. a 50c.
Geese, each	50c. a 70c.
Turkies, per lb	12c. a 13c.
Ducks, per pair	60c. a 70c.
Peas, per bushel	80c. a 90c.
Beans, "	$2.00 a $2 50
Beets, "	60c. a 70c
Turnips, "	35c. a 40c.

Fire near Painsec.

A few days ago, a barn containing two cows and the entire crop of the farm, belonging to Mr. Lutes, was entirely consumed. Mr. Lutes has a large family and his loss has left them in quite destitute circumstances. The neighbors are generously contributing to the relief of the sufferers, who are much deserving, but the ability of the people is inadequate to make up anything approaching the loss.

Shipping Notes.

The bark "Eastern State," from Dublin, which arrived at this port yesterday, reports having passed, on the 12th inst., lat. 40. 19, lon. 66. 11, a ship steering N. W. with mainmast carried away close to the deck, and loss of mizzen topmast; no sail alt but the crossjack. She appeared to be an American vessel.

A complimentary benefit to Mrs. Stone, under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor and many other gentlemen of this city will take place at the Mechanics' Institute, Friday evening, Nov. 22nd., upon which occasion Prof. Stone will perform an unusual variety of amusing experiments, and conclude the entertainment with a grand distribution of magnificent presents, including two gold watches of $85 value; five gold rings, a barrel of flour, a $10 gold piece, a pair of woollen blankets and 200 other costly presents.

☞ Tickets now ready at W. C. Gibson's, King street.

Merchants' Exchange.

The following despatches were received at the Exchange yesterday:—

Montreal, Nov. 19th.—Liverpool breadstuffs market quiet, unchanged.

Flour 29s. 6d.; Red Wheat 11s. a 11s. 9d.; Corn 28s. 3d.

Cotton 9 5-8d.

Consols, London, 92⅝. a 92½

New York—Flour market more steady. No. 2 Spring Wheat $1.33 a $1.47½. Western Mixed Corn 63c. a 63½c.

Mess Pork $15.95. Market quiet.

Grain freights 9½ cts.

Receipts of flour 27,000 bbls.; sales, 11-000 bbls.

Receipts of wheat 240,000 bushels; sales 310,000.

Receipts of Corn 260,000 bushels; sales 265,000

Fair Refining Sugar 9¾c; good 10c; prime, 10¼; Cuba Cienfuegos Molasses 17c a 19c; Porto Rico 28 a 55; English Islands 30 a 38.

Montreal—Flour market dull, 10 a 15c lower.

Ordinary Canada and Welland Canal Superfine, $6.00 a $6 10; Fancy $6.60 a $6.70; Extra $7.15 a $7.25.

Receipts of flour 6,000 bbls; sales 2,200.

Oats 32 a 34 cts.; Barley 51 a 57 cts.

Receipts of wheat 500,000 bushels; shipments 3,100.

Chicago.—No. 2 Spring Wheat $1.07. Market firm.

City Police Court.

James Mullin, 49, Ireland, disorderly on Brussels st; fined $6.

Jane Colter, 40, drunk on Pitt street; Margaret Cole, 35, Ireland, drunk on Prince William street. Fined $6.00 each.

James Stewart, P. E. I., drunk on Carmarthen st; fined $4.

Daniel McCallen assault on James O'-Donnell; fined $4.

John Shephard, Michael Agany, and James A. McKay, were charged by Capt. McIntosh of the barque "Normandy," with refusing to do duty on board. McKay was also charged with desertion, and was sent to gaol for 12 weeks. The others were sent back to their ship.

John Lahey, 30, Ireland, was charged by Capt. Charlton of the barque "Lilistria," with refusing to do duty and acting disorderly on board. He was sent to gaol until the barque is ready for sea.