WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE

Per the "Nestorian."

SECOND FALL IMPORTATIONS.

4 BALES WHITE-BLANKETS; 4 bales GREY COTTONS; 3 bales PRINTS, dark; 1 case DRESS GOODS; 1 case VELVETEEN MANTLES; 1 case HAIR NETS; 1 case Black and Fancy SILKS; 2 cases CLOTHES PINS. *Wholesale, at Lowest Rates.*

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28 Cases Ribbed SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

Having early made very advantageous and large contracts for these Goods we can offer them very low to the trade. WHOLESALE ONLY.

EVERITT & BUTTLER.

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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 2, 1872.

"Lessons of the Elections."

The Halifax *Reporter*, which supports the Ministry, has a sensible leader under this heading. Among other remarks, it says:—

But perhaps, after all, the greatest lesson to be learned by the political managers is that politics, in the crucial period of an appeal to the people, must be conducted with the same previous calculation and the same business exactitude as any other enterprise. The Grits have had the advantage of having a man like George Brown outside of Parliamentary politics, full of energy and a good political organizer—one who has the power to keep the machinery well oiled and in running condition. That has actually been his business during the past four or five years. Systematically, Grits have been quietly placed in positions of Mayors of the towns and there pushed forward to public observation—strengthening their hold on the constituency by every means. The municipal institutions of Ontario have been seized as opportunity offered. Even a Grit Mayor found his way into the Civic Chair of Kingston City, Sir John A.'s constituency. It is to this incessant laborious preparation for the Commons contest, more than to any thing else, that the Ontario Grits owe their partial successes. Now that the contest is nearly over, we have obtained sufficient material to warrant the conclusion that not only was there no feeling of general hostility to the Government of Sir John A., but an evident pride of it by the people of Ontario. The Grits have succeeded in carrying a majority of their constituencies by miserably small majorities. In old constituencies, as in Prince Edward, the old member's majority of some 800 was cut down to under 100—while several of the Government constituencies have returned men by overwhelming majorities. When it is considered that the Local Government of Ontario is in the hands of the Grits and has been plied most industriously, it becomes at once evident that nothing saved them from an ignominious rout, equal to that of their allies in Nova Scotia—nothing except the superior organization and careful preparation of the past few years. *The hereditary laziness of the Conservative element in Ontario alone is to blame for the result in Ontario.* A big rush at the time of the election contest is all very well; but more than that is needed—careful systematic preparation—watchful, earnest, continuous endeavor—and *that* we have a right to expect from the friends of the Administration in Ontario. Unless the Ontario people introduce more system into their management, the next electoral contest would swamp them out of existence.

There is a good deal of truth in what the *Reporter* says. The object of the article, however, appears to be an appeal to "the Conservative element in Ontario" to perfect their Party organization in the interests of the Government. We could have wished that, not Halifax journals only, but the Government Press throughout Canada, would abandon these appeals to worn out party names and party prejudices. There has been a good deal more talk about "Conservative" this and "Conservative" that, during the present elections than was at all pleasant to the Liberal supporters of the Government. The journals of the old Conservative Party seem to forget that the Union Party and the Government include Liberals as well as Conservatives. They take no account of the fact that in the Privy Council there are Liberals such as Tilley, Mitchell, Aiken, Howe, and Hincks; and that men like Governor Archibald, Governor Wilmot, Governor Howland, Hon. William McDougall, and many others who might be named, while earnest in their friendship for the Government, are equally proud of their past Liberal record. In Parliament, too, many old Liberals have supported the Government and will probably continue to support it, unless an effort be made to draw party lines on the basis of old party differences; and notably among these are New Brunswick Commoners, such as Messrs. Isaac Burpee, Charles Burpee, Palmer, Wallace, Smith, Ferris, Pickard, Connell, Cutler, McAdam, besides the two members of the Government, and Senators such as Steeves, Wark, Dever, Glasier, and others. The absurdity, therefore, of dragging "the Conservative element" into point at every opportunity, favorable or otherwise, only needs to be mentioned to be condemned; and we should hope that leading journals such as the Toronto *Mail* and others we might name will abandon a practice that is only productive of irritation.

It is about time the old Party names and Party cries were abandoned, at any rate. They had not meant much for the last twenty years; and now less than ever do they represent distinctive principles or policies.

☞ In the "Trip up River," it will be noticed, two of our correspondents have described a great danger which threatened the Presbyterian church in this Province, one day last week. We regret to be obliged to chronicle the fact that several Presbyterian clergymen narrowly escaped drowning at Prince William on the upward trip, and that as the return voyage was commencing, a popular and exemplary minister was compelled to swim for his life. It is becoming every day more necessary to master the art of swimming. It is doubtful if there was another clergyman in the batch that could swim a stroke.

A TRIP UP THE RIVER.

Perils of the Clergy.—The Presbyterian Church in Danger.—A Minister Swimming for Dear Life.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Once again is capital to be made out of the St. John River and its beauties. I cannot get rid of the idea that the readers of the St. John newspapers think they have had enough of description of that kind for one season—that they are nauseated with the "Rhine of the Borderland." The only excuse that I offer for another letter on this subject is that I please myself—I wish to be honest, you see—and also that the Editor of THE TRIBUNE asked me to say a few words about what I saw on the trip. It is possible, too, that some of the mishaps hereinafter to be related have not befallen any of the previous writers or their companions—at all events, they are not such as happen every day.

One morning, then, last week, your humble servant found himself on board

THE BEST STEAMER

that leaves Indiantown for Fredericton. He had a companion with him who never was on the river before, and who therefore was prepared to admire what was to be seen, with a freshness and zest which the older hands of us can hardly now get up, however much we try. The morning was not particularly favorable. It was not to call foggy in the real St. John sense, it was a little thick and dull, but we hoped it would clear off and the sun would come out when we got a few miles from the Bay. Our hopes were realized but in part. It did clear up somewhat and the sun sent a few glimpses from behind the clouds, but that was all. Then about one o'clock it began to rain and it poured more or less all the evening. The stranger, however, saw

ENOUGH TO CHARM HIM

of the beauty of the river and its banks, and the country adjoining. The farms look their best now, as the crops are approaching maturity. I am told that the prospects are very good, some that apprehensions are beginning to be felt in some quarters about the rust on the potatoes. We saw none of it worth mentioning.

We were joined by another companion at the Jemseg and got to the Celestial City at the usual time. Here we remained over night. The descending rain (when does it ascend, except in vapor, and then it is not called rain?) prevented us from paying our respects to

THE ARISTOCRATIC RELATIONS

that we have there. Seven o'clock next morning saw us on board the "Highlander" intent on ascending the river to a higher point. Our company had now grown to seven. What our business was, or whether we had any, does not matter now. I venture to say we enjoyed ourselves as much as any on board. The day was much finer than the previous one, tho' a little chilly, and the scenery was everything that could be desired. It is in general much

COLDER HERE THAN BELOW FREDERICTON

except in the neighborhood of Indiantown. We had occasion to land about half-way between the capital and Woodstock. At the present time the steamer cannot approach the bank where we wanted to get off. We were put on shore on an island. I believe it is known as Hogg's Island. It is not one of Darby's "dissilate" islands for there is plenty of hay on it. The question now was how we were to reach the mainland. There were nine, seven of our company and two others with a little boy. We found two men making hay and one of them

HAD A CANOE,

not a bark one, but a tree hollowed out. It was brought into position and five of us entered for the first freight. Before we got across, the lapping over the sides was such as threatened the craft and to topple us over. Some of us were actually sitting in water and we dare not move, else all would have gone over. We had to put back and lighten the load. We all got over at last. The next day, however, on our return we did not fare so well. We went further up the river to get on from the bank. The steamer came to shore and threw out a plank, but the steamer was running fast, and just as the first passenger stepped on board the plank and the boat parted company, the second man was

PLUNGED INTO THE WATER.

He at once struck out manfully for the shore, while as to his *impedimenta* his satchel floated down the stream and his umbrella went to the bottom. Some one said that he never saw a man swimming with a beaver on him before. It was certainly no fun to the man who got the bath. Another who was near the shore end of the plank got his feet thoroughly wet. We left the swimmer behind, and we hope he suffered no permanent harm from his involuntary bath. The sail down this day was delightful, the only drawback being the tediousness of way made. We failed to connect with the afternoon train as we expected, and were much disappointed because of that. However, we got to St. John the following morning after a very enjoyable time, despite the perils we passed through.

(FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT)

The Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick was in a very perilous position last week. Seven or eight of its ministers went up the St. John River on a Presbyterial mission. The objective point was Prince William above Fredericton. The river steamer landed them on Hog Island, whence they would be rowed across the river to the Prince William shore. The Captain of the craft was a Mr. Jones and the craft itself was a "dug out." Five able-bodied clergymen, of the eight, entered the dug-out, making six persons in all, on board.

SUCH A BODY OF DIVINITY

was never before carried in so frail a vessel; and overboard every man of them would go unless each of them kept his seat and moved not, either to the right hand or the left. Before approaching the shore, the wind rose, the water roughened, and the craft was in great danger. There was too much of Law and Gospel on board. The waves entered the dug-out; they covered the bottom of the craft; they washed the seats of the sitters. Two minutes more and

THE CRAFT AND HER CARGO WOULD SINK!

There was great terror among those on shore who witnessed the perilous adventure. Among the ministers, however, there was peace, except when the water came creeping, creeping up and wetting, soaking their clerical garments and clerical persons. But there they sat and moved not, for a wetting in the "dug-out" was more comfortable than a tip into the river. Finally, the boatman decided to return, and in a few minutes he had paddled back solemnly to Hog Island, to the relief and delight of all the interested ones. He then essayed to take them over in smaller detachments of twos and threes, and the Church, after a while, was

LANDED IN SAFETY

on the Prince William shore, and the important inquisitional duty which was set down for the ministers' performance, was reached and disposed of. The return, however, was not without accident. The clergy in a body took the steamer at a point a short distance above the scene of this accident. A plank was laid from the landing to the steamer, and one of the most talented and robust of the party had walked this plank and stepped on board. The others crowded too freely: the plank tipped; and a body of divinity was

ENGULPHED IN THE WATERS OF THE SAINT JOHN.

"A clergyman overboard!" was the cry raised, and great was the consternation. The Ministry were terrified: lady passengers shrieked; and attempts at assistance were quickly made by those whose reasons were not impaired by the suddenness of the catastrophe. All were soon reassured however, for presently the Divine, who relied not on Faith alone, but also on Works, was seen swimming splendidly and with the watery element under perfect control. He struck out boldly:

HE PARTED THE WATER BEAUTIFULLY

with his hands, while his lower limbs aided propulsion after the most artistic and scientific style. And while he was going up stream his valise was sailing down. Throughout the struggle he maintained his beaver on his caput,—the first time, probably, on record where a swimmer was known to keep his hat in position and unharmed; and the scene, therefore, while serious in most respects had also its humorous side. The minister

MADE THE RIVER BANK

in gallant style, received the congratulation and sympathy of his numerous brethren and admirers, found that his gold watch and his pocket-money were all right, laughed over his mishap, and returned to his host's residence to change his clothing and await the next boat.

The Border Fight.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES

A stoutly built young man who has broached the "claret" himself in the fistic circle, was at the Campobello prize fight on Friday morning, in which a compact little 113 lb. New Brunswicker gathered in a thousand dollars in just twenty minutes. With the recent victories on the race course of "Crown Prince" and the aquatic pre-eminence of the Paris Crew, must be added to the list of New Brunswick's heroes the plucky little biped Tom Kelly, who is now champion light weight of North America, and is able and willing to be champion light among the light feathers of the globe. Our broad shouldered, smooth shaven informant says. "Campobello is a good place; nice green field to fight in, all surrounded by trees, and the people all cheerful and anxious to assist matters to a satisfactory conclusion. I see in one of the papers that they don't want any more fights, but that is all gammon; some of the heavy guns of Eastport were there too: fight was all fair, both were determined, you see. I didn't see Hon. Robinson-Owen around; guess he didn't like to come. Some English man-o'-war officers were there, and one newspaper man; didn't know who he was. It was a good fight, but too short. I don't think it was a put up job at all. They are both savage little devils, too, and just before the fight Tommy Kelly walks over to Ted's corner and shook a hundred dollar bill in his face, and offered to bet he could lick him. None of Ted's friends took him up. After the fight commenced Ted went at it too fierce,—that's what used him up, and when he got the last knock down he was stunned for over a minute, and thirty seconds is all that's allowed a man to come to time and Ted wasn't there, you know, and when he came too, he was "gone where the woodbine twineth"—that's just the kind of a man he was. The way they keep the time is, one man holds his watch and counts 30 seconds from the time the man that's knocked down falls, and when the 30 seconds are up he calls time, and if one man's behind he loses the fight. What fixed Timony was a flounder he got from Kelly, back of the left ear, and just as he was going over he got another under the chin. That minute-dose cost Ted five hundred dollars. It was a good fight, short and sweet; both men went there to fight, and did fair and square, and that's about all I know about it. There wer'nt any very heavy guns at the fight. A good many Boston and New York boys were there. Ted is in the shoemaking "biz," and Tom runs a bar-room for a man named Hamilton, in Haverhill. The second fight got up for the forty-dollar purse was a fizzle. The Portland chap was green, and he didn't get fair play anyway. The first fight was too short, but 'twas good while it lasted. There isn't much show for another fight, I guess, for some time, but if you see any one that wants to put money against a hundred and thirteen pounds of fighting muscle, why, I'll just back Tommy Kelly, that's all."

Our informant, though presenting a threatening appearance, was quite cheerful and happy in his description, though he said betting was a kind o' slow.

A REMARKABLE AUCTION.

Josephine Mansfield's Furniture under the Hammer.

THE HOUSE THRONGED BY DISGUISED PURCHASERS—FURNITURE OF REGAL MAGNIFICENCE SELLING FOR A SONG—A PAINTING BY MRS. MANSFIELD AT 65 CENTS—FISK'S PORTRAIT.

An unwonted scene was enacted near the Grand Opera House yesterday. The centre of attraction was at 359 West Twenty-third street, where the household goods of Miss Helen Josephine Mansfield were being offered at public auction, under the hammer of Frederick A. Burnham. The articles offered for sale embraced almost everything useful and ornamental in a truly aristocratic establishment.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the auctioneer's red flag was displayed from the wide stone steps, and the hall doors were thrown open. A curious throng at once began to pour in. Not less than 2,500 persons, half of them ladies, were in and out during the day, inspecting the furniture, and uttering exclamations of wonder and delight as they came across some rare and costly ornament or article of *vertu*.

There are four floors and a basement in the building. Those who proposed purchasing established themselves on the floors in which their proposed purchase lay. The keepers of unfashionable boarding houses were found in plenty in the basement and on the fourth floor. The keepers of highly fashionable boarding houses thronged the third floor. The second was a crush of seekers after Mansfield relics and Fisk mementoes, and the spacious double parlors on the first floor were overflowing with ladies dressed in the extremest style, and gentlemen who were evidently not strangers. The pier glasses at either end of the long parlors had the effect of extending the gay and animated scene indefinitely.

MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

Two or three well-dressed ladies called an hour before the sale began and from the furtive manner in which they inspected everything from basement to garret, it was evident that they enjoyed a rare and only chance of inspecting the Mansfield establishment. From the fact that they kept their veils drawn and departed as soon as they had made the tour of the rooms, it was clear that they did not wish themselves to be known. It was said that some of the most highly aristocratic and respectable ladies in the upper part of the city visited the house in this way, leaving their carriages a few squares off and appearing in East Twenty-third street on foot.

Among the men were all kinds of characters, from the respectable business man to the genteel rowdy, but perfect decorum was observable during the entire day.

The sale began in the basement, where things were sought more for use than ornament. A buffet, mounted in bronze, sold to a lady for $85, and another lady purchased a bronze clock for $37.50. About $300 was realized on the sale of the basement furniture. The auction was then adjourned to the fourth floor, on which were the servants' rooms. A mahogany bureau, which sold for $24.50, was the highest priced article of furniture here. The sales on this floor netted some $350.

JOSIE'S LIVERY.

On the third floor the competition was more lively. The purchasers were of a more wealthy class of boarding house people. A black walnut bedstead brought $17.50, and a walnut bureau of the same set $30. Wm. Shaw purchased a complete set of snuff-colored livery, including a silk hat and cockade, for $24.50. Miss Mansfield's riding hat, after a number of five cent bids between two spirited young ladies, was knocked down for $2.25. Col. Fisk's four-in-hand riding whip realized $10. The bedroom set in the third story front room went at $183.50. Seven pieces of furniture *en suite*, covered with French satin brocatelle, green and gold, gave rise to some very spirited bidding, and brought $147. An engraving representing Lady Washington's Reception commanded $18.75, and a chromo—the Holy Family—$19.25. A French clock, elaborately mounted in bronze, went begging at $13. A black walnut bedroom set in a rear room of the same floor sold readily at $123.50, and a suite of five pieces of black walnut furniture in buff and green reps went at $110. A very common looking print sold for $5, and an oil painting, "the Watch on the Potomac," said to be Mansfield's own handiwork, was knocked off at the pitiful figure of 65 cents. The purchaser paid for his prize and left at once. The lace curtains in the windows were carried away for $2.75 per set by a happy dowager. Two canaries, Jim Fisk and mate, were taken by an Irish woman at $32. The sales on the third floor reached $1,000.

On the second floor, where the relic-seekers were congregated, the bidding was spirited. For $35 a young lady became possessed of Miss Mansfield's private escretoire, a very handsome article in oiled walnut. The furniture in the hall room sold generally at a high figure, after spirited bidding. A Chinese lantern presented to Col. Fisk by a member of the Burlingame Embassy, and by him presented to Miss Mansfield, reached $14. In the state bedroom, used by Col. Fisk himself, a mistake a one among the relic-seekers. A young man, giving his name as John Smith, bid $105 for a bedstead. Upon learning his mistake, he purchased one in Miss Mansfield's private boudoir for $77.50. The following comprise the principal articles in the second floor front room, and the prices realized: Bureau, $60; silver safe, $95; pier mirror, $100; suite of five pieces of furniture, blue and gold reps, $147—purchased by Mr. Courtney; centre table, $17.50; commode, present from Col. Fisk, surmounted by two bronze figures, $110.

JOSIE'S PRIVATE BOUDOIR.

The following prices were realized in Miss Mansfield's private boudoir: Bureau, $70; bedstead, $77.50; bedding, $56; 1 rocker, $7.50; commode, $14, purchased by John Smith; 4 chairs, $31.25; toilet table, $18; cheval glass, $40; window curtains, $15; two Indian clubs with Miss Mansfield's name on them, $9; 1 spittoon, $1.25; toilet set, $14; 2 vases, $11, and a flower stand, $1.50. There are also three oil paintings in the boudoir, presents from Col. Fisk. These were purchased by Mr. John Smith. They were: "Odalisque," by Carl Viel of Vienna, $100; "Evening in the Tropies," by Rosance, $65, and "Good Night," by Mier, $38.

The sale was concluded in the grand parlors on the first floor, where, according to the auctioneer's bids, everything went at a sacrifice, at a sacrifice, at the following figures: Hat stand in the hall, $90; rosewood book-case, with green satin curtains, Mr. Nolan, $125; library table, Mrs. Clark, $30; one sofa and six arm chairs in crimson silk reps, Mr. Doherty, $187.50; two jardinieres, Mr. Nolan, $21; plush ottoman, $6.50; two photographs, the "Coliseum" and "Ruins in Rome," $62; two sets lace window curtains, Mrs. Clark, $65; two bronzes, Don Cæsar and Don Juan, Mr. Nolan, 108; Carara bust of Lord Byron, Mr. McEwen, $4.75; two sofas, two arm chairs, and two chairs in crimson satin mounted in sevres, made to order at a cost of $1,500, sold to Mr. Steines for $365; one cabinet marqueterie mounted in sevres and ormolu, made to order at a cost of $900, Mr. Runkle, $230; centre table to match, Mr. Raymond, $145; rosewood piano, original cost, $850, Mr. Palmer, $280; crimson satin piano stood, Mr. McEwen, $21.50; crimson cloth piano cover, Mr. Smith, $16; embroidered arm chair, Indian design, Mrs. Clark, $22.50; camp chair, Mrs. M. S. Williams, $12; two gift chairs in striped satin, Mrs. Thomas, $26; malachite top table, $32.50; two inlaid tables mounted in ormolu, Mr. Raymond, $30; rosewood marqueterie cabinet, mounted in sevres and ormolu, Mr. Raymond, $200; chess table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, Mr. Brooks, $14; bronze group, English pheasant and small animals, by Waignies, Mr. Clark, $80; bronze Antiope, Mrs. Runkle, $36; two bronzes, Earth and Air, Mr Raymond, $30; two bronze pedestals, Mr. Raymond, 58; two bronze Coquettes, Mr. Raymond, $48.

JOSIE'S REASON FOR SELLING.

The last articles offered for sale were the lace curtains in the front parlor windows, and their companion lambrequins in crimson satin, made to order at a cost of $800. They sold for $80 each to Mrs. Clark. Mr. John Smith, who had his eye on the picture, bought those in the back parlor and hall, paying $15 for an engraving worth about $5, $1.75 for two engravings—the "Bristol and Providence"—and finally completing his purchases by bidding in the gilt frame from which the picture of Col. Fisk had been torn, paying $15 therefor. The sum realized on the parlor furniture will reach about $3,500, making a total of some $6,600 on a sale of the entire establishment.

A great many of the bidders refused to give their names, or gave names that were evidently fictitious. Mr. Raymond said a Mrs. Clark were buying, evidently intending to sell again. The latter bought nearly all the carpets at prices ranging from eighty cents to $2.50 per yard for the Axminster in the grand parlor, and the former invested heavily in the more costly furniture, the two bidding in nearly or quite half the property.

Mrs. Mansfield herself was not at the sale. In answer to questions by the reporter, her cousin, Mrs. Williams, said that she had gone to the country; that the sale was not the result of necessity, but choice, as Miss Mansfield desired to close her establishment and retire from public notice, but that she did not intend to leave New York permanently.

The sale closed at five minutes past 6. The curiosity seekers were with difficulty removed.

—When a discoverer of any scientific subject asks the co-operation of the learned in science to test the merit and truth of his discovery by severe tests and practical results, and then to indorse and recommend it, it is fair to presume it is valuable for the purpose intended. Such has been the course pursued by Messrs. Hall & Co., proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. And all those who have tested it (among whom we may mention Dr. A. A. Hayes and S. Dana Hayes, Chemists, and State Assayers of Massachusetts; Walter Burnham, M. D., Prof. of Surgery in Penn. University, Philadelphia; Geo. Gray, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology) assert it is the best preparation in use for all cutaneous diseases of the scalp. Restores gray hair to its original color, prevents the hair from falling out, creates a new growth. It is certainly worthy of a trial.—[Newburyport Herald of Gospel Liberty.

LOCALS.

Hogan & Mudge's Minstrels
in an entire change of programme this evening.

Personal.
Mr. Duncan Buchanan, a New Brunswicker, is the master builder of an extensive gang saw mill at Mahone Bay, Lunenburg Co., owned by D. Mackay & Co,—the fourth put in operation by him in Nova Scotia, and all giving entire satisfaction.

Shipping Notes,
Captain Brown, of the brigt. "Magdala," arrived at Cardenas on the 18th inst., and reports that on the 9th inst., during a squall, John Campbell, the second mate, was knocked overboard from off the after house, and, being dark, was drowned before assistance could be rendered. He belonged to Belfast, Ireland.

Seventeen or more vessels are in port at Cardenas. Some few charters have been made for the States at $2.75 per 100 gallons of molasses, and $1 per box for sugar.

Bazar at the Rink.
This evening at half-past seven o'clock, the bazar and fair of the Exmouth Street Wesleyan Sabbath School takes place in the Victoria Skating Rink. To the numerous visitors in the city at present, there will be afforded a fine opportunity for having a view of the splendid temple of amusement, the finest proportioned of the kind in America. The young ladies and gentlemen who have taken this matter in hand are determined to make it attractive. The Band of the 62nd Battalion will be present and play during the evening.

Minor Locals.
Several delegates to the Y. M. C. A. meeting at Halifax, which opens on Thursday next left in the "Empress" this morning.—John Kerr, Esq., Alderman for Queen's Ward, announces himself positively as a candidate for the Mayoralty next year. Next!—Prince William street is the champion mud deposit now, and the old curb margin still remains an eye-sore.—The pic-nic to Fredericton to-morrow of the Father Mathew Society will be a grand success. The cornet band of the Christian Brothers will accompany the party.—The "Empress" and "New Brunswick" did not race this morning, contrary to expectations.—Red coats again parade the streets, and nice looking young men with incipient moustaches, are proud of their undress uniforms.—The Provincial Rifle Association competition will commence to-morrow, at Sussex.

This Monday Evening,
the first appearance of Mr. John E. Taylor, at the Lyceum.

Fredericton Excursion.
The Father Mathew Association advertise in to-day's TRIBUNE that the Excursion train will leave Fredericton to-morrow evening to return at 5.30 p. m., instead of 6 o'clock as at first advertised. Scant Railway stock prevents the sale of over a thousand tickets.

Anchored to a Sewing Machine.
On the afternoon of Saturday last, a lady while working at her sewing machine drove the needle through the forefinger of her right hand. The lady was arranging the hemmer previous to commencing operations. Her foot being on the treadle she unwittingly started the machine, and her forefinger being directly underneath, the needle was driven directly through it. No one else being in the house at the time, she called loudly for assistance, but was allowed to remain fully fifteen minutes in almost a fainting condition before she was released. It required all the force of two gentlemen to extract the needle.

The 62nd Batallion Band
at Hogan and Mudge's Minstrels this evening.

Quite an Artist.
An elaborate sketch of the 25 acre farm, on Latimer's Lake, lately purchased at auction by a few of our enterprising young merchants interested in sporting, for a fishing ground, is to be seen at the office of one of the party on Nelson street. The gentleman referred to being of a very obliging disposition, will doubtless allow persons calling on him to view the sketch, at the same time giving them all the necessary information with regard to the property.

Amusements This Evening.
At the Mechanics' Institute, McEvoy's beautiful paintings of Irish and German scenery will be unrolled, and as a matter of course, the hall will be crowded, as it was several nights last week. The paintings are very natural and attractive, and the principal points of interest are admirably explained by Professor McEvoy. Miss McEvoy has a very fine contralto voice, and both in difficult Italian airs, and familiar ballads is thoroughly natural and artistic. Barney the Guide makes a jovial and splendid delineator of that amusing phase of humanity—the Irish Guide. An evening at the Hibernicon is highly enjoyable. As Mr. McEvoy only proposes remaining a night or two longer, an opportunity should not be missed of attending.

At Bishop's Opera House, a new pantomine, "Scampini," is to be put on to-night, with Jennie Kimball and all the favorites in the cast. Those attractive young ladies—the Freeman Sisters—will present their specialities also.

At the Lyceum good audiences and good programmes are the order of the night. This evening, John E. Taylor, a new comedian, appears for the first time. Hogan and Mudge appear in their songs and dances every night.

The Academy of music is in the hands of Signor Rubini, who, for twenty-five cents admission, does a variety of tricks, and gives away gold watches, household furniture, and other useful articles.

Real Estate Sales.
At Chubb's corner at noon to-day two lots, corner of Main and Carmarthen streets, were sold for $1,400. Gilbert Murdoch, Esq., was the purchaser. Messrs. Stewart and White auctioneers.

The "Gordon House," King street, was then offered for sale at the upset price of $25,000, and no bids being made was withdrawn. This is the second time this property has been offered for sale, and the highest price offered has been $22,000 by T. Travis, Esq. W. A. Lockhart auctioneer.

The freehold lot No. 539 Princess street was then put up by Mr. Lockhart, and after some lively bidding was knocked down for $600 to J. N. Wilson, Esq.

St. Peter's Church Pic-Nic.
A large number of the St. Peter's Church (Catholic) Sunday School children, went over to the Bay Shore Grounds this morning between nine and ten o'clock, to attend their annual pic-nic. The rain came down shortly after which put a damper on the day's sport.

Military Camp.
The 62nd Battallion under command of Colonel Macshane, went into camp for eight days drill at the Barracks this morning.

One of the Latest Forms of Joint Stock Enterprise
is thus referred to by the Woodstock *Sentinel*, which understands that a Joint Stock Company is being organized in that town for the purpose of erecting a stable for the use of colts undergoing training. The capital stock is to be $600, divided into eight shares of $75 each. The stable will be fitted up with all the latest improvements.

The Messrs. Peiler
have the Grand Italian Troupe of Associate Artists in hand in Nova Scotia. A Halifax paper remarks that "the good people of Windsor have a grand musical treat before them, as we understand that Messrs. Peiler, Sichel & Co., of Halifax, are sending this celebrated and favorite troupe to Windsor to give an Operatic concert on Wednesday evening next. Our city is very much indebted to this firm in providing us with such fine entertainments, which are of a class calculated both to stimulate and improve the public taste in music."

The Halifax "Chronicle"
credits to THE TRIBUNE a sentiment for which we are not responsible, when it makes us say, in reference to the race between the "Empress" and "New Brunswick," that—

There was very little sympathy among the spectators for the "New Brunswick," in consequence of the way in which she jockeyed the "Empress" at the start. She got enough of it, however.

The Fire Annihilator.
MR. EDITOR: Mr. Fellows says in reply to me that his Fire Cure is intended more particularly for "untenanted buildings." Worse yet. Where there is no proper guard or care of his deadly remedy, it ought not to be permitted to be placed. Un-occupied buildings are often connected with occupied buildings, only a door way, which would give free admission to deadly vapors, separating them.

Mr. Fellows Remedy, as far as I can see, is only good when un-occupied buildings are isolated; and these are just the cases where there is the least possible danger.

I repeat: I would rather take a double dose of Hypo than have his terrible Fire Remedy in the house.

Yours,
St. John, Aug. 30. HYPO.

The Great John E Taylor
at the Lyceum to-night.

Cryptic Masonry.
The Annual Assembly of Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters and Appendent Orders for the Province of New Brunswick, was held in Masonic Hall, on the 30th ult. After the Grand Master delivered his address and other business was transacted, the following Companions were elected and installed officers for the ensuing year:—

David R. Munro, M. P., Grand Master.
John D. Short, D. P., Grand Master.
James G. Forbes, R. P., Grand Master.
C. U. Hanford, P., Grand Master.
T. D. Harrington, R. P. I. G., for Quebec.
J. L. Harris, R. P. I. G., for Westmoreland.
S. R. Sircom, R. P. I. G., for Nova Scotia.
Robert Young, R. P. I. G., for P. E. Island.
Rev. Francis Partridge, } Grand
Rev. George J. Caie, } Chaplains.
Robert Shives, Grand Treasurer.
Alfred D. Goodwin, Grand Recorder.
Henry Duffell, Grand Master of Ceremonies.
Alexander Christie, Grand Conductor.
Henry Leonard, Grand Captain of the Guards.
Levi H. Young, Grand Steward.
Henry Card, Grand Organist.
Dingee Scribner, Grand Sentinel.

Finance Committee: Companions E. Willis, Dr. J. C. Hatheway and E. E. Kenney.

Hall Committee: Past Grand Master Robert Marshall.

Committee on Foreign Correspondence: Companion David R. Munro.

THE THIEF who was arrested for robbing Parsons' store in this town, was found to have a quantity of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR in his possession. When asked why he wished to steal that article, he answered that he "wanted to restore his hair, for it was hard to be a thief and bald too." If that invention of the great chemist could restore a faded character as effectually as it does their natural beauty to bald and gray heads, it would surely be, as they say it now is, truly invaluable.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Mr. Torrens's Benefit.
A first rate committee, comprising E. R. Burpee, John Melick, G. R. Pugsley, H. D. McLeod, Stone Bros., John March, and T. H. Hall and others have charge of the arrangements for Mr. Torrens's benefit Friday evening. Tickets will be on sale at Stone Bros.' and T. H. Hall's.

By Things.
Nova Scotia is distinguishing herself in producing big things. Yarmouth has just turned out an Early Rose Potato, weighing 7 lbs. 10 oz., and now comes the Halifax Champion Shooter who has made seven points at one shot, the *Chronicle* being our authority:—

"According to shooting regulations a marksman cannot score more than four points—a "bull's eye"—at one shot, but an incident that occurred at the Bedford Range yesterday proved that to this as to other rules there are exceptions. After the Nursery Competition had been finished, it was found that there were two men who were ties. An excellent system has been adopted of late years of deciding ties, where there are more than one range in the competition, by giving a preference to the best shot at the longest range; but as there was only one range in the Nursery Competition the ties in this case had to fire off. One of them took his place and was directed to fire at *No. six* target. As the smoke of his rifle cleared away, the red disc at *No. Seven* target was raised indicating that a centre—three points—had been scored. There was a laugh all round, and the marksman was told that his shot counted nothing, as it had struck the wrong target. The man was surprised at this, but not as much as the spectators were when, an instant later, the white disc was raised at *No. six* target, making a "bull's eye"—four points—making seven for the shot. Of course the man won the ties. How the one ball came to strike the two targets, or get the signal from the targets that it had struck both—is a mystery.

City Police Court.
Every morning at this extensive variety show, as it may be called, though without at all in a derogatory sense to the officials, as their duties are of a sufficiently repulsive character, there gathers a large body of men belonging to the working classes, many in the dock, and more outside. The crimes this morning were mostly of a uniform kind; drunks predominated. Robert Collins, 28 years of age, Hugh McDevitt, 50; Hugh McCormack, 55; John Harrington, 26; 26; John Broderick, 45; John Hinds, 28; Mary McGrath, 32; Dan Donahue, 42; Michael Burke, 24; Gabriel Williams, 23; and Wm. Murray, 27;—simple drunks, were fined $8 each.

Alexander O'Neill, 45, (colored) West Indies, means at all times the celebrated Sandy O'Neill. He returned from Nova Scotia Saturday night, and his beloved Catherine, he said, got jealous and tore his shirt collar off: he extricated himself from her endearments, and sat on his door-stepto cool his aching brows, and Policeman Owens came along and brought him to the Watch House. The Policeman said that Sandy beat his wife fully half an hour, and kicked her, after which he kicked in the door of a bar-room down stairs, and going in, amused himself singing and yelling. Sandy put the Policeman through a course of questions, but failed to shake his testimony. He appealed to the Magistrate if he did'nt always tell the truth, but on this occasion, notwithstanding his eloquence, he was fined $20. Sandy sat down, and remarked excitedly that it would come out of her anyhow.

Andrew Stevens, 22 years old, and Wm. Joyce, 21, light weights, had a fight on Capt. Stevens' palace boat "Western Extension," stakes up, and drawn battle. They paid ten dollars each, city license.

Wm. Johnston and James Donnelly, fighting on St. James St., fined $10 each; same as other two.

George Eatus, 24, colored, doing a little Black Crook business, paid $8.

James Green and Robert Blackall are reported for having no lights on their coaches Saturday night.

Charles Cotter was found selling liquor in his bar room on Charlotte St., after 11 o'clock Saturday night, by Walker, a new member of the force.

Portland Police Court.
Wm. McKenna, given in charge by Mary Francis for being drunk and disorderly and breaking into her camp was fined $8 or 1 month imprisonment. The same individual for assaulting and beating Nuel Sank, was fined an additional $5. Nathan Parks for breaking into the camp of Mary Francis and disturbing the peace was also fined $8 or 1 month imprisonment.