

The Evening Tribune.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1873

No 30

VOL II.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE

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

Subscription Price \$5 per annum in advance. SINGLE COPIES 2 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 \$6.25, 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, Railways and Steamboat Companies and other public bodies—for Theatricals, Concerts, Lectures and other public entertainments, first insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

For ordinary mercantile transient advertising, first insertion, 60 cents; each subsequent insertion, 30 cents. Advertisements of Employment Wanted, Agents Wanted, Rooms Wanted, Articles Lost, Houses for Let, Lectures, Removals, &c., &c., &c., inserted in condensed form, not exceeding five lines, at 25 cents each insertion, and five cents for each additional line.

Marriage Notices, 50 cents; Deaths 25 cents; Funeral Notices 25 cents, 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.

Contracts for yearly advertising will secure all the advantages of transient advertisements at a very much lower rate.

For 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 also exceeded by any other Daily.

M. McLEOD, BUSINESS MANAGER.

MAPLE HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has now published a new and complete edition of his "HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK," which is a most valuable and interesting work, and one which will be found in every household.

The BEAUTIFUL AND SPACIOUS GROUNDS of Maple Hill are admirably adapted for OUTDOOR PARTIES, and are open to the public on application to the Proprietor.

July 19. CHARLES WATTS, Proprietor.

CARD.

D. E. DUNHAM, ARCHITECT.

Rooms, 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (UP STAIRS).

105 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Persons intending to build or remodel their buildings would do well to call at his office before commencing operations. Plans, specifications, estimates, and all other information that can be obtained, are given free of charge. His office is at 105 Prince William Street, opposite the corner of King Street, well ventilated and airy.

Also a Large Room to be let for Evening Parties.

JAMES HENCH, Proprietor.

Choice Flour.

Landing ex Kettle Steamer, G. F. Baird, Elias S. Annis, B. & M.

3000 BARRELS of the following favorite brands:

SPINKS EXTRA, SNOW FLAKE, ALBION, CITY EXTRA, ROSEBANK, FORT HOPE, REINDEER.

For sale by HALL & FAIRWEATHER, Special Inducements to Cash Purchasers!

HARNESS

JOB Lumbering, with Patent Bolt Harness for Farming, Light, well ventilated, harness for driving of every description.

COLEMAN'S, Hair-Pad, Muffs, Felt and Leather Padings, MOOSE HAIR COLLARS, warranted safe.

Whips, &c. JOHN ALLINHAM, at 13 Charlotte Street.

Cider. Cider.

Is served for sale:

20 Barrels NOVA SCOTIA CIDER, 10 Water Street.

J. D. TURNER, HAMS AND SPICED BACON, 41 Charlotte Street.

THE WORKER TO THE DREAMER.

Fling away the idle fancies.

They're wakened hearts and brains—Break the pleasant dreamy fetters

Of romance's shining chain.

Consent from the many kingdoms—That hast lingered there too long.

Come out, glad as for battle.

Armed with truth and right strong.

Shine no longer by the water—Harkening to their murmurs sweet—Up! while yet the morning shinneth—Then go forth with earnest feet

Cast away thy idle dreamings: Work with ardor, willing, brave.

For, oh dreamer! life is action.

And not a idle game.

Steep and rugged is the mountain—Yet the faithful toilers say—When they gain its hallowed summit—Blessed was their weary way.

Say to thee, when thou hast battled—Bravely, nobly for the right—Will thy labor, though a burden—Seem, with sweet content, but light.

Truth and error wage a warfare—Content in this world of ours—We have need of passionate faith—Come from dreamland's rose bowers!

Cast away thy idle fancies: They will cumber thee in life.

Be henceforth a warrior mighty—Earnest in a glorious strife!

WILL'S GHOST.

She was standing in the middle of the room, with her baby in her arms, looking in the glass. A very pretty picture they made, and it was no wonder that the delicate bloom in her cheek deepened, as if she were glad to find herself so fair.

She was only eighteen, and her boy—how she loved to say it over to herself—was almost two months.

It was May, warm, throbbing, delicious May, and all her heart went out to meet it. And she had on a new dress—a soft shadowy grey, which looked lovely with the rose colored ribbons on her neck, and the bow in her dark hair.

"Willie will be home directly," she said to herself, as the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner struck four, and she planned herself, and about the folds of her rich dress, and sat as quietly as a creature so birdlike and buoyant could, expectant at the window.

A carriage drove up. She took note of it, rather because it was very shabby and started-looking, than on account of its stopping at the door. It was a boarding-house and carriages often stopped.

Out came a lady and a gentleman, the latter in red-faced, sailor-like—Might almost be the captain of Willie's boat," said the little woman to herself—the former eager, nervous-looking, pulling her black veil over her face, as she came stumbling ungraciously up the steps.

"What impaler of our nature is it that always makes us feel like smiling when a fellow-being trips. Jessie—that was her name—smiled, and then the door-bell rang, and somebody said:

"It's Mrs. Grey at home."

"Whom shall I tell her?" said the polite servant, gray-haired Paul, most dignified of negro waiters, with the air of a marquis and the grammar of a professor.

"Tell her Captain Hall wants to see her! No, that will alarm her; says Mrs. Blake!"

Jessie's door was open, and she heard it all. Before Paul could come up, she was half way down-stairs, and still with baby in her arms, and a lovely vision, into the sight of the captain and the lady.

Their faces were very sad. The lady a stranger to her, rushed up and half encircled her with her arm, while the captain answered the inquiry of her terrified look.

"Yes, it is bad news. My dear, Mr. Grey is drowned. He was out overboard in the squall last night, and his body cannot be found.

The captain was right in one thing. There is no breaking such terrible news gently. Things like these cannot be gradually introduced to the consciousness, they fall with sledge hammer force on the heart, it may rather break it in time for youth is elastic, but at the first it is as well to tell the whole of it out at once.

"I'd drowned! lost overboard! Will Willie! So much suddenly burst into Mrs. Grey's soul, and she she faltered away like a reeling vessel.

"The body could not be found. How should it? Overboard in the boiling sea—that of Hatteras surges and swells in a storm as though a thousand demons sported in every wave. Till the sea should give up its dead, who could look to see Will Grey again.

And he had been so brave, so beautiful when last he went away, kissing his hand from the corner to her and baby! Mrs. Grey was very sick, and every one thought she would die. If it hadn't been for baby, she would have died.

Baby's little hand in hers kept her back, and drew her into life again.

Months passed, and as baby went through the successive stages of sitting alone, of creeping, of walking first over the floor by the help of chairs, then finally of running alone, the roses came back to the mother's cheeks, the light into her eyes, and Mrs. Grey, once more glad to be living.

She had always been a lovely woman, but she developed into now and wonderful beauty now. In her deep black robes, unrelieved by a particle of white, she was fair as a lily, with a lily's grace, yet with the fullness and sweetness of a rose.

So she was the very queen of the little circle in the house—she never went out, except to walk with little Willie, and to church—when Doctor Sellwin came there to board.

An army surgeon, most of whose life had been passed in the frontier, away from the softness and blandishments of female society, the doctor was appreciative to the last degree, and gallant to everything that wore a petticoat. He treated his landlady with stately politeness, bowed grandly to the chambermaids who scuttled past him mornings with their pails and brooms, and fell over head and ears in love with Mrs. Grey.

Her sad story would have interested him in itself. Joined to that, the atmos-

phere of past sorrow that clung to her, the perfect beauty of her sixteen years, and the madonna like grace which enfolded everyone as she held her child—and a less impressive man would have been conquered.

Doctor Sellwin was forty, with a fine figure, a classic face, weather-beaten and bronzed, and a head of iron-grey hair.

From his being so much older, Jessie was led to confide in him; and before she knew it, she was telling him all the thoughts and feelings of her life.

"So you see, doctor," she concluded one night, "I only live for Willie, now."

"Bring, sweet, look music from her piano. Many people were waking, and slowly came two of them, lovers no doubt, arms in each, past the window where Jessie and the doctor sat.

"Mrs. Grey!" began the doctor.

"Will," said Jessie.

"You must not say you will only live to live for Willie, now, for it is beautiful, and have years before you to make somebody—"

"But the doctor had to say he was interrupted by a maid-servant, who put her head in at the door, and called her mistress's attention to a letter.

"Miss Jessie, oh, Miss Jessie, come to Willie, quick! He's got the croup, and he can't breathe a word of sense."

Jessie was up and away like a flash. In a moment she went down for a prescription and a few drops of medicine, and with professional interest, till after hours of struggling, baby was out of danger.

Once only during the night did the doctor try to gather up the broken threads of his conversation.

"Mrs. Grey," he said, "if I could only be near this boy all his life, I would be almost his father."

"Dear me, doctor, I wish you could; he is so delicate! Don't breathe easier now? Oh, how kind of you!" It reminded her of her father.

The doctor drew back stily, and for five minutes he was busy with his father, indeed! Then he thought better of it, and was as gentle and kind as could be, till there was no longer a need for his attendance at Willie's bedside.

Stoicly, imperceptibly, luck by luck, Dr. Sellwin fell more and more in love with Jessie's little boy.

So delicate were his attentions, so perfect was his service, that Jessie knew it. Jessie found herself interested, and people began to see it, and she was obliged to take up the doctor. At last, one lovely August morning, the doctor beckoned her to his study.

"He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts are small."

When she saw him, she was struck with his air, his manner, his proposal, as his lines always was, for he was "a mighty doctor," that he had never known it.

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R. STEWART,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Toys and Fancy Goods.

A large and varied stock of

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS!

including a nice lot of

ROCKING HORSES,

AT VERY LOW RATES.

No. 65 GERRAIN STREET,

(Next Trinity Church).

ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOSTER'S

LADIES' FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE.

Winter Boots and Shoes.

ADAMS' WALKING BOOTS, in Kid Goat and Seal and Serrain Walking Boots, as well as Adams' and Children's Serrain Boots, the most durable and stylish.

Also Adams' and Children's Dress Slippers, for evening parties, Kid and Serrain Boots, and White, Black and Brown French Serrain Slippers, for house and street wear.

Also Adams' and Children's Boots for Little Girls and Boys.

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Also Adams

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

To take effect on MONDAY, November 24th, 1873.

Table with columns: TRAINS LEAVE, Exp., Arr., P.M., P.M., TRAINS LEAVE, Exp., Arr., P.M., P.M.

Lewis Carvell, General Superintendent.

Consolidated European & North American Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, 10th November, trains will run as follows:

KNITTING. The Subscriber has received a supply of the NEW MARTINE.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE. The subscriber will be instructed to operate the machine in operation.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK STEAM COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Spices, Mustard, Cream of Tartar, COFFEE, &c.

CRYSTALS AND SPICES. Ground or Pulverized to order.

OAKUM. 200 Bbls. Very Good Quality Hand-Packed OAKUM.

JUST RECEIVED—35 CHOICE DAIRY BUTTER.

MOORE'S Sign Painting ESTABLISHMENT, 47 GERMAIN STREET.

FOR CHRISTMAS! 2 cases Christmas Presents, 1 case Playing Cards, 1 case ALBUMS; 3 cases DOLLS.

Familiar Quotations, No. 9. "I greet you from my garden."

THE "STEWART" BOUQUET. A NEW PERFUMING, elegant and elegant.

G. W. DAY'S Printing Establishment, 46 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Spinks Major. 200 BLS. SPINKS MAJOR FLOUR.

From Yesterday's Second Edition.

Temperance Demonstration—Burgess—Hastington—McMullen Forcing Allies to Terms by Threatening Revelations.

OTTAWA, Dec. 12. Two thousand people attended the temperance mass meeting last night.

The Times has a two column eulogy of Hastings, and uses elaborate arguments to prove that Lewis St. John is a "time-server."

St. Andrew's Culling Club. The Club held a meeting last evening in Messrs. Wm. Thomson & Co's office.

Novo Scotia News. The Hon. A. Keith, President of the Legislative Council, is dangerously ill in Halifax.

Shipping Intelligence. Part of St. John's arrivals. Friday, 12th—Briset Toronto, 43, Carroll, Pictou.

Shipping Intelligence. Part of St. John's arrivals. Friday, 12th—Schooner Quail, 37, Fanning, Philadelphia.

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REMINGTON'S Sporting, Hunting and Target Breech-Loading RIFLES & SHOT GUNS.

Long Range Match Rifles for "Crested" Shooting, now ready. The same as won the "Turk, Field and Farm" Badges, Aug. 3, and "Amateur Rifle Club" Badge, Aug. 6.

FOR simplicity of mechanism, ease of manipulation, accuracy of range, and penetration, REMINGTON'S rifles are the most perfect.

Double Barrel Breech-Loading Gun IS NOW READY.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 281 & 283 Broadway, N. Y.

Extra Refined Iron! Landed and in Store: 600 BARS 11-8.

Round American Refined Iron. DAILY EXPECTED: 3,000 BARS SAME QUALITY.

PATENT MEDICINES. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN DISCOVERY.

Toys, Dolls, &c. Tin Toys, Bellows Toys, CHINA & WAX DOLLS.

COOPER BROS., PATENT POWER LOOMS, To Weave Plain Cloths, Twills, Drills, etc.

MACHINES TO FOLD CLOTH! Do. TO PRESS DO.

Thread and Yarn Polisher, &c. BETHESDA STREET FOUNDRY, Burnley, Lancashire.

Choice Leaf Lard. A LOT of choice LEAF LARD, in casks, for sale by B. E. PIDDINGTON.

HAY CUTTERS! ECONOMISE your Oats and Hay, and buy the Improved Cutter.

Albion Liniment. St. John, Nov. 29th, 1873. DR. LEAHY—Dear Sir, I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for thirteen years.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE—20 gross in Store. H. L. SPENCER, 20 Nelson street.

WARREN'S BOTANIC LIFE TEA—A rare cure for colds—10 gross in Store. H. L. SPENCER, 20 Nelson street.

Spencer's Non-Freezing Violet Ink. SHIPPERS to Manitoba, Alaska and Labrador will send orders to H. L. SPENCER, 20 Nelson street.

TOBACCO. Now Landing: 50 BOXES "our Brand" best 12's TO. And daily expected: 25 boxes "Virginia" 12's TOBACCO.

Holidays! LOGAN & LINDSAY HAVE just received direct from the manufacturer in London, a large assortment of Bon Bon Crackers in packets.

LATEST HAT OUT, The Fulton & Monarch. 17 BARRIE DULCK, a superior article, by MASTERS & PATTERSON.

Victoria Dining Saloon, No. 8 Germain Street. (OPPOSITE THE CITY MARKET.)

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