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MAIN STREET STOUFFVILLE.

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First-class Horses and rigs,  
Cartage of all kinds, of freight and  
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—AGENT FOR—  
LONDON LIVERPOOL & GLOBE;  
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Lowest Rates.

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I am prepared to lend money at lowest rates  
on Real Estate.

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FIRST CLASS SHAVING PARLOR,  
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Equal to any city Barber Shop.

Ladies' and Children's Hair dressed in  
the latest fashion.  
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Burkholder's Block,  
STOUFFVILLE.

**His Sore Nose.**  
"Oh, Mr. De Groom, ain't your nose awful  
sore?" Mr. De Groom—"Why, no, Etta;  
what made you think so?" Etta—"Oh,  
mamma said you had your nose down to the  
groundstone ever since you were married, and  
I thought it must be awful sore by this  
time."

**HARNESS.**

**GEO. MINNS**

Has constantly on hand  
**LIGHT & HEAVY HARNESSES**  
COLLARS, SADDLES, & C.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Repairing done Cheap.

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**GROCERY**

**BEST VALUE.**

In Teas Sugars,

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**CROCKERY and GLASSWARE,**

**GARDEN SEEDS**

WOODBOR STOVE POLISH,

**Sunset Dyes.**

All colors of these Celebrated

Dyes kept constantly

in stock.

**PRICE ONLY FIVE CENTS**

**N. J. ARMSTRONG.**

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**Lumber Yard.**

**W. P. HARTNEY**

Keeps constantly in stock a full supply of

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES,

SALT, PLASTER, COAL, WATER LIME,

PLASTER OF PARIS, COALTAR,

TAR PAPER, FIRE BRICK, FIRE CLAY  
&c., &c., &c.

Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep skins  
and all kinds of Grain.

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The undersigned keeps on hand an

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**YACK ROBES.**

All cheap for CASH.

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**TOWNSHIP OF CALEDON, CO. OF PEEL.**

Lot 27, Con. 1, 200 acres, 180 cleared, well fenced  
frame barn, brick house, orchard; clay loam; 2  
miles from the Town of Orangeville. Price, Eight  
Thousand Dollars.

Also Lot 21, Con. 5, 100 acres, 75 acres cleared,  
well fenced, frame stable, rough east dwelling  
young orchard, soil good clay loam, convenient to  
school, 2 miles from a market. Price, Three thousand  
Eight Hundred Dollars.

Also 200 acres, 165 acres cleared, good brick house  
bank barn, frame stable and driving house, well  
fenced, 6 miles from Town of Orangeville; must be  
sold. Price, Six Thousand Two Hundred Dollars.

**TOWNSHIP OF MONO, CO. DUFFERIN.**

126 acres, all cleared, frame stable, log dwelling  
This is said to be one of the best grain farms in Mono  
raised a 1,000 bushels last year, 3 miles from Town of  
Orangeville. Price, Five Thousand Six Hundred  
Dollars.

Also 100 acres, 80 cleared, frame barn, frame stable,  
log house, well fenced, good clay loam. Price,  
Five Thousand Two Hundred Dollars.

**TOWNSHIP OF AMARANTH.**

120 acres, 95 acres cleared, frame house, bank  
barn, well fenced, flag station on the farm, P. O., 3  
miles from the Town of Orangeville; clay loam;  
must be sold. Price, Four Thousand Dollars.

Also 120 acres, 70 acres cleared, frame house, bank  
barn, well fenced, well watered. Price, Two thousand  
Eight Hundred Dollars.

All the above Farms are level and very cheap.

Also a number of other Farms for Sale, cheap.

Money to Loan. Office Days, Monday and  
Saturday.

Apply to

**THOS. PARSONS,**  
Real Estate Agent,  
P. O. Box 128, Orangeville.

Lithium is the highest metal known and  
is worth \$160 per ounce. Gallium is the  
costliest metal known and is worth \$3,250  
per ounce.

**PRISON GATES.**

**MERCER REFORMATORY.**

"What inmates is that?" is the invari-  
able enquiry of the tourist.  
"The Mercer Reformatory, for women,"  
is the reply given, provided the question be  
asked of a well informed citizen.  
Passing through the front offices to the  
reformatory proper, I was shown first the  
privilege corridor, a bright, airy department,  
containing some dozen cells.  
These cells are really tiny bed chambers,  
each lighted by a separate window. They  
contain the needful toilet appliances, a chair,  
box, bracket shelves and small iron bed-  
stead.

The bedding consists of blankets, sheets,  
pillows and white quilts, and looks as in-  
viting as any weary body could desire.  
Altogether these diminutive rooms, so fresh  
in their cleanliness, must become potent  
factors in purifying the hearts and lives of  
their occupants.

"These cells are awarded to those inmates  
whose good conduct justifies the bestowal of  
a special privilege," remarked my guide,  
"and they are a possession much coveted by  
the inmates."

Further on we entered the sewing room,  
where the clothing is made and repaired.  
I examined the piles of underclothing that  
lay on readiness for use, and found all the  
articles needful for a woman's wardrobe,  
neatly made of heavy factory cotton.

The inmates wear a uniform costume of  
blue denham, a material much the same as  
that used for shirting and overalls. On Sun-  
day each woman is given a long white apron  
and a linen collar. They are allowed the  
privilege of dressing their hair, which is not  
cut upon entering the institution, in any neat  
method.

"The inmates are not allowed to wear  
any of their own clothing during their stay  
in the institution," said the attendant.  
"It is put away for them until their term  
expires."

"Do they generally come in well sup-  
plied?" I asked.  
"Occasionally they are very well dress-  
ed," was the reply; "but often they are in  
a terrible state of destitution. It depends a  
good deal upon the offence for which they  
are arrested."

Retracing our steps, we next visited the  
knitting room. In this department all the  
knitting required by the institution is done,  
in addition to contract work, which is oc-  
casionally given.

"In the knitting and sewing depart-  
ments," said the attendant, "we have those  
inmates who, by reason of bodily weakness,  
are unfitted for more arduous service."  
"Have you any difficulty in controlling  
those under your care?" I enquired, glancing  
at the groups who were knitting and in-  
dulging in quiet conversation.

"Not much," she answered. "They work  
largely by impulse, and have no more at-  
tention of purpose than little children. It is  
difficult also to retain their attention for  
any length of time. We have educational  
classes in the knitting room, through the  
winter months, for an hour and a half each  
day, when those who wish to do so may learn  
to read and write."

As education is certainly an aid to reforma-  
tion, it would surely be a desirable thing  
to continue these classes all the year around.

The laundry is financially the most pro-  
ductive department in the Mercer; its net  
revenue last year amounted to over \$2,000.  
There are two distinct laundries, one being  
used for the Mercer and Central Prison wash-  
ing; the second being reserved for family and  
contract washing.

As we entered the ironing room the chat-  
ter of the busy workers ceased, and they  
bent over their tables in silence.

"Do you allow conversation in working  
hours?" I enquired of the matron.

"In this department, yes," she answered.

"The girls are constantly moving, and their  
remarks must necessarily be made in a tone  
loud enough for me to hear. Therefore, we  
know it to be harmless. It is not the loud  
talking that troubles us; but that which is  
carried on in low tone and which may be  
good or evil but most likely the latter."

Then we descended to the refractory ward.

"What forms of punishment do you  
adopt?" I enquired.

"Deprivation of privileges, solitary con-  
finement in light cells, dark cells, and in  
extreme cases the dungeon. No, we never  
resort to corporal punishment in any form."

I inspected the dark cells and dungeon,  
and found them to be clean, dry and dimly  
lit, furnished with a straw pallet and cover-  
let.

"The dungeon, with bread and water  
diet, will generally reduce the most refractory  
to obedience," said the attendant, "but we  
have rarely to resort to these expedients.  
Months may go by without one punishment,  
and this ward is often vacant for a long  
time."

Upon further enquiry I found that the  
women are locked in their cells at half-past  
seven each evening. From that hour until  
five or six in the morning they are free from  
any supervision beyond that exercised by  
an overworked watchwoman who makes her  
long rounds through the extensive building,  
and who cannot make more than a brief and  
hurried visit two or three times during the  
night.

These thirty-three inmates, each with  
their varied experience in deadly evil, with  
the restraints of the work room removed,  
and the freedom of night and darkness  
about them, have unlimited opportunity to  
exchange confidences of the worst descrip-  
tion without check or rebuke. Is this a  
desirable thing?

But this is but a small defect compared  
with the fact that there is absolutely no  
classification of the inmates. They mingle  
freely in recreation hours, work together,  
eat together in one large, gloomy dining  
room and sleep in adjoining cells.

For vagrancy, larceny, and assault, drunk-  
eness and prostitution of a greater or less  
degree, these women are sentenced to mingle  
together for a period of months or years.

Many are first offenders, guilty only of  
minor evil, sentenced mayhaps by some  
county judge at the request of an anxious  
father who desires the reformation of his  
erring child. Many others, alas, are hard-  
ened criminals who have lived a life of the  
vilest sin that womanhood can compass.

Numbers of the inmates are young girls  
yet in their early teens, others are elderly  
women who have spent all their lives in and  
out of prison.

What good influences can the earnest-  
hearted staff exert that will not be more than  
counteracted by the evil resulting from in-  
discriminate association?

In looking over the latest annual report of  
the Mercer Reformatory for a record of the

number of re commitments—a record which  
I did not find—a few particulars attracted  
my attention which may be—which certainly  
ought to be—of interest to the general  
public.

The total expenditure for the year ending  
in September, 1887, was \$29,783 40, or close  
upon \$30,000. The net revenue \$3,595 93.  
Therefore, the institution costs over \$26,000  
yearly, the average daily cost per inmate be-  
ing 57 98 cents, or \$4.05 per week.

How many respectable working girls are  
there in Toronto who are compelled to live  
on less than that amount?

Out of 142 inmates committed, 77 were  
sentenced for six months, 24 for twelve  
months and the remainder between one and  
two years.

Of these 46 were under 20 years of age,  
50 between 20 and 30, 38 between 30 and 50,  
and the remainder over 50 years.

Fifty out of 142, or over one-third of the  
total number, were guilty of personal im-  
morality in various phases, 35 were commit-  
ted for vagrancy, 25 for larceny and 16 for  
drunkenness.

"There is very little sickness among the  
inmates of the institution," said the attend-  
ant, answering my enquiry. "The hospital  
is closed at present, and the general health  
is very good. We had only one death last  
year."

When we consider the lives of those wo-  
men previous to incarceration, and the ex-  
cesses appertaining thereto, such a record  
bears testimony to the careful supervision  
exercised in this department.

The chapel is a large handsome apart-  
ment, the finest in the building. Religious  
services for both Protestants and Roman  
Catholics are conducted at stated times  
throughout the week, and on Sunday morn-  
ing a Sunday school is held, when the in-  
mates are brought in personal contact with  
Christian ladies, who labor earnestly to  
influence them for good. I have rarely seen  
a more impressive sight than these women  
and girls present when assembled for one of  
these services.

Swayed ever by impulse, a hymn, a text,  
a tender word will bring a softened look on  
many faces, and a quick tear even in many  
eyes, while good resolutions are made, too  
often to be broken by the evil influence of  
associates more hardened.

That reformation, thorough and complete,  
is possible has been proved in many in-  
stances; but it has been despite the associa-  
tion, and due rather to the personal efforts of  
the staff or kindly hearted philanthropists;  
for as one lady recently remarked: "No  
one knows what the women in the Mercer  
have to endure from their companions, when-  
ever they endeavor to fight their way up-  
ward into a purer, higher life."

**A Hot Christmas.**

An English writer says, "I have spent  
Christmas under very varied circumstances:  
on shipboard in the North Atlantic in a gale  
of wind; in the tropical ocean in a calm,  
with the rain falling in torrents; in the  
backwoods of Canada, with snow for my  
bed, while the thermometer registered 69°  
Fahrenheit below the freezing point; with-  
out food of any kind except salt pork, and  
not enough of even that; and in South  
America, almost eaten up by mosquitoes."  
His South American experience he thus de-  
scribes:

After bathing we returned to breakfast,  
and as the sun mounted higher, and poured  
down his scorching rays upon us till the  
mercury stood at 104° Fahrenheit in the  
shade, we were glad enough to seek shelter  
from the fierce heat in whatever nook or  
corner we could find.

There was no appearance of Christmas  
around us except the plum-pudding, brought  
by a provident member of the staff all the  
way from England in a hat-case, to which  
we endeavored to do justice when the cooler  
air of evening had set in, and we, like so  
many wild animals of the forest, emerged  
from the lairs in which we had been hiding.

As we sat round that pudding, suffering  
all the while agonies of torture from the  
attacks of innumerable mosquitoes, we  
thought of our friends far off, and wished  
them all a happy Christmas, spent under  
more comfortable circumstances than fell  
to our lot that day.

As to our enemies, I trust we forgave  
them, and were in peace and Christian  
charity with all mankind, if not with the  
insect world.

**The Federation Question.**

It is not the want of success of the appeal  
for federation which has produced the recent  
agitation in the ranks of opponents. On the  
contrary, it is the success of the enterprises  
and the practical steps recently taken to  
carry forward the work that has aroused  
this open antagonism. We would say to all  
loyal Methodists. Do not be disturbed by  
rumours about the alleged failure or obstruc-  
tion of the movement. They are designed  
to create a feeling of doubt and uncertainty.  
With God's help we shall go steadily for-  
ward till we enter the new Victoria in the  
Queen's park to take our full share in mould-  
ing the intellectual life of this province. Let  
those who have subscribed arrange to pay  
their instalments as early as possible. The  
people of Toronto should now put forth a  
liberal and united effort to raise \$50,000 ad-  
ditional to what they have promised.

**It Might be Worse.**

The Arabs, says an exchange, have a cus-  
tom of thanking God that it is no worse. If  
he loses an eye, he thanks God that it was  
not both eyes; if he loses a hand, he thanks  
God it was not both hands; if he breaks his  
leg, he thanks God it was not his neck.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of  
looking at the best side of every event is  
better than a thousand pounds a year.  
When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God  
be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not  
the dwelling of some poor man!"

This is the true spirit of submission; one  
of the most beautiful traits that can pos-  
sess the heart. Will not every reader re-  
sist the temptation to see the sunny side of the world? If  
so, you have partly won the battle of life at  
the outset.

An official inspection of the tenement  
houses of New York shows that there are  
32,390 of them inhabited by 1,079,728  
people, of whom 142,519 are under five  
years of age. These figures tell a story of  
hideous immorality and wretchedness. It  
shows that more than two-thirds of the  
population of New York have no proper  
homes, and that the majority of them think  
life is not worth living or continuing;  
otherwise the number of children under five  
years of age in the tenements would be  
much larger than it is.

**Notes for Women.**

There are twenty-three women inspectors  
in the New York Custom House. Among  
them is a sister of Roscoe Conkling. They  
receive \$21 per week.

And yet another American girl is to marry  
a foreigner and a title. The engagement is  
announced of Baron Von Schroeder, of the  
Prussian Imperial Guards, to Miss Fritch-  
ard, of Boston.

It is said that the death of Bonanza  
Banker Flood will give his daughter, Miss  
Jennie, \$50,000,000 and make her the  
richest young woman in the world. She  
is fairly well to do now. It is related that  
one day as she was sitting in her sewing  
chair, her father dropped \$2,500,000 of 4  
per cent. U. S. bonds in her lap.

Some distinctive quality has always been  
associated in the public mind with the lady  
of the White House. With Mrs. Grant it  
was interest in national affairs; with Mrs.  
Hayes, Temperance; with Mrs. Cleveland,  
beauty, and with Mrs. Harrison it promises  
to be domesticity. Nearly all the items  
about her tell of her doing her own  
marketing and praise her skill as a house-  
keeper.

A letter from Alabama tells of a girl  
"who can drive like Jehu, ride, and shoot  
like a cowboy, run like a professional and  
swim like a duck. She will go rowing with  
no company but her dog and gun, and she  
can drop her oars, spring to her feet with  
her gun and shoot a marsh hen or a gros-  
beak without rocking the boat or misplacing  
the oars. She sleeps on pillows of down  
from birds and ducks killed by her own  
hand, and expects by next spring to have  
enough feathers of the same kind to make a  
feather bed."

Mrs. Harrison is an enthusiastic china  
painter and showed a correspondent the  
other day with pride a set of salad and fruit  
plates carefully painted under the instru-  
ction of a skillful Dresden artist now in  
Indianapolis. Each plate was decorated  
with the separate ingredients of a salad.  
One bore a delicate spray of celery, another  
a sliced lemon or a bit of lettuce, an-  
other a red tomato cut in half, and so on  
through the order of pickles, carrots, olives,  
cucumbers and purple beets. The fruit  
plates were finely decorated with different  
fruit—currants, gooseberries, plums and  
grapes. Among other gems were a water  
color of pantries and a large square tile with  
chrysanthemums.

Twenty-five years ago the now Princess  
of Wales and future Queen of England was  
living on the third floor of a corner house in  
Copenhagen, and her father, who no one  
ever dreamed then of being a King, was  
poorer than many a burger in the same  
street. She and her two sisters, now the  
Czarina of Russia and the Duchess of Cum-  
berland, occupied the same room, scantily  
furnished, and instead of a wardrobe a cur-  
tain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on  
which their few dresses hung. They had  
never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now  
Alexandra doubtless has all the dresses she  
wants, but it is more than likely that she  
looks back with pleasure upon those years as  
the happiest of her life.

Almost any morning about 3 o'clock in  
Charleston, S. C., a lady who has nerve, not  
nerves, may be seen going home from her  
work. She is proffered for The Charle-  
ston World. She comes from a family which  
is known both for brains and pluck. Her  
duties take her to the office of the news-  
paper about 8 o'clock every night and de-  
tain her there; until 3 the next morning.  
But she does not rely upon mere courage.  
She carries a loaded revolver in one hand  
and a lantern in the other. The police keep  
a lookout for her goings and comings, and  
a lookout as she passes their beats. She is a  
maiden lady and the task is unpleasant,  
but she considers it a duty to work, and  
what "her hands find to do" she does it  
with all her might.

**Our Seventy Year Clocks.**

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The  
Angel of Life winds them up once for all,  
then closes the case and gives the key into  
the hand of the Angel of Resurrection.

Tio tao! tio tao! go the wheels of thought.  
Our will cannot stop them. They cannot  
stop themselves. Sleep cannot still them.  
Madness only makes them go faster. Death  
alone can break into the case, and, seizing  
the ever swinging pendulum, which we call  
the heart, silences at last the tinkling of the  
terrible escapement we have carried so long  
beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

If we could only get at them: as we lie on  
our pillows and count the dead beats of  
thought after thought and image after image  
jarring through the ever tired organ! Will  
nobody back those wheels uncouple the pin-  
ion, cut the string that holds those weights,  
blow up the infernal machine with gunpow-  
der? What a passion comes over us, some-  
time after silence and rest! that this terrible  
mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry  
of time, emroidered with spectral figures  
of life and death, could have but one brief  
holiday! Who can wonder that men swing  
themselves off from beams in tempestuous  
that they jump off from parapets into the  
swift and gurgling waters beneath? that  
they take counsel of the grim friend who  
has to utter but his one peremptory mono-  
syllable, and the restless machine is shiver-  
ed as a vase that is dashed upon a marble  
floor? . . . If anybody would only  
conceive some kind of a lever that one could  
thrust in among the works of this horrid  
automaton and check them or alter their rate  
of going, what would the world give for the  
discovery?—[O. W. Holmes.

**Slaves of Fashion.**

Mrs. Anna J. Miller, when she delivered  
her terrific anathemas against bustles in the  
Detroit Women's Convention characterized  
them as optical horrors and wretched humps,  
and declared that women would travel the  
world over to find skilled surgeons had na-  
ture so disfigured her. Anna forgot that  
women were not born in theatre bonnets or  
French boots, and that all of their everyday  
attire and adornment is the invention of ne-  
cessity and taste, bad taste, maybe, but still  
women's taste. The decree of a dozen wo-  
men's congresses and all the ridicule that the  
newspapers can indite won't shrink the bustle,  
or lower the bonnets and boot heels till  
the sweet pretty creatures find something  
equally stylish, and get tired of them. A  
trim, nicely adjusted, flexible, spring elastic,  
inconvertible wire-woven, and harmonious  
bustle is a good thing. Its powers of endur-  
ance are wonderful. The more you sit down  
upon it the more popular it seems to grow.  
Suppose you let the bustle alone and talk  
about curly dogs and chewing gum.