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"That's cool," said the policeman,
when the burglar whom he had heard
falling into the water-bat, pitiously asked
him to help him out. "Cool," moaned the
burglar. "Cool's our word for it—it's
deev'lish cool, that's what it is; help me
out quick, or ye'll hae the credit o' capturin
a deid man."

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LIGHT & HEAVY HARNESSES

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log house, well fenced, good clay loam. Price,
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120 acres, 95 acres cleared, frame house; bank
barn, well fenced, flag station on the farm, P. O., 8
miles from the Town of Orangeville; clay loam;
must be sold. Price, Four Thousand Dollars.

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barn, well fenced, well watered. Price, Two thousand
and Eight Hundred Dollars.

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The largest college in the world is said to
be a Mohammedan institution at Cairo,
which is credited with 300 teachers and 10,
000 students.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Honora Mullally.

Poor little Honora Mullally,
At the close of the Thanksgiving Day,
Was standing in front of her alley,
A-watching some children at play.
Her gown was a wonderful garment,
All patches from shoulder to hem,
And hat and her shoes—well, I beg you'll
excuse
Any further remarks about them.

But poor little Honora Mullally
Had a face just as bright as could be,
And no flowers in meadow or valley
Was ever as pretty as she.
And so thought an old woman, who passing,
Stopped a moment to smilingly say,
"Why, bless you dear heart, I am sure
you have had
A very good dinner to-day."

"Yes, indeed," said Honora Mullally,
"I did: for my friend Mrs. Down
Had a hape of sweet-taters that Sallie,
Her sister, baked lovely and brown,
Wide—oh, ma'am, if you could but have seen
it—
The fatter and foinest of hins.
And they giv' me the gizzard and neck of
that hin,
And all of the sweet-tater skins."
—Harper's Young People.

THE SPOT ON HIS NAME.

BY REV. EDWARD A. HAND.

"Hum—hum—hum!"
It was the sound of life in the old yellow
school-house at the Corners, a bee-hive hum
intensified. Everybody was busy with
work and mischief behind the old scoured
decks where three generations had nestled.

"Too much noise!" shouted the master
behind a table on the platform. "Now go
on, everybody in the spelling-class. Tau-to-
logy!" he yelled to a row of scholars before
him. The spelling-class opened its mouth
as wide as possible, and in chorus began to
shout out the syllables of taology.

"Oh, dear!" said a boy, Bob Hawkins,
on the back seat, "I can't study!" It was
a relief to look out of the window on the
great sea pushing a current of amethyst up
the creek near by, covering the yellow flats,
overlying the strips of black mud along
the shores. "However," he said to him-
self energetically, "I will, will study. So
here goes!"

As he turned back to his books, an elbow
that, ever since he knew anything, had al-
ways seemed to be in the way, struck a big
school atlas. Slam! it went upon the
floor.

"Who's that?" howled the master. He
was a man of fierce energy, and had a big
head of red hair, and when Reese Baker
shook his mane he was terrible. "Who's
that?" he demanded again. In his domina-
tion it was a crime to drop a book upon the
floor. "The sound came from the back
seats. That you, Bob?"

The school-master was a good shot this
time. Bob's awkward, horrid elbow had
sent the atlas to the floor and he very well
knew it, but when the master asked that
question, popping at him like a rifle-shot,
Bob blushed, stammered and replied, "Nun-
no, sir!"

The scholars in the neighborhood of Bob
knew who he did it, but when Reese Baker
insisted upon pressing this question, "Any-
body round there know anything about it?"
not a tongue moved. A spell of awe hushed
the back seats into silence.

"Who dropped that book?" shrieked the
master, his face reddening into a shade like
that of his hair. Up sprang a chubby little
girl half down the feminine side of the school-
house. "Me, tir!" she piped.

It was Susie Boardman, the bare foot,
blue-eyed child of Skipper Sam, the fisher-
man. She was a kind of pet for Bob, living
near him and sheltered by him behind the
folds of his big coat on stormy days.

"Me, sir!" she piped again, having seen
the book as it fell from Bob's desk and de-
termined to shield her favorite. The school
began to laugh.

"Sit down, you little booby!" commanded
the stormy pedagogue. "You are not big
enough to lift a book that could make such
a noise as that. You don't know enough to
make a cup of catnip tea."

This was a phrase current in the neigh-
borhood and the equivalent of great inca-
pacity. Susie felt this out of the master's
words falling like a whiplash. She planted
her plump, brown hands on the desk and in
disgrace bowed her head upon them.

"Who dropped that book, I want to
know?" called out the teacher.
"I did, sir!"

This reply was from the right quarter.
There stood Bob on his feet, his face crimson-
eared, but the excitement only lent new
beauty to his features. Everybody called
Bob Hawkins "a handsome boy." Susie
twisted her face round and shyly with her
moist blue eyes, like melting sapphires,
glanced at Bob. Such a look of trust and
admiration! It comforted the boy on the
back seat.

"You did it? You said you did not do it,
How will you explain that contradiction,
sir?" pompously asked the master.
"I didn't tell the truth, the first time."
"You didn't? Why didn't you?"
"I don't know, sir."

This was a fact. Bob did not know why
he lied the first time. He was like some
other unfortunates, who in one moment of
timidity are surprised into a falsehood they
are thoroughly ashamed of.

"You may take the book you dropped,
go to the window near the road and hold
that book up so that all going by may see
you and see it. There is a spot on your
name you ought to get off."
Looking very foolish, Bob went to the
window, held up his book but held down his
head.
"Now, Susie, you may go to the other
window and look out," shouted Reese.
Susie almost sprung out of her seat in her
eagerness to share Bob's disgrace and, gig-
gling, went to the window to watch the sea
and the clouds and the dusty roads.
Bob did not giggle. He smarted under
the stroke of that charge of a spot on his
name. If the master had dropped vitriol
on Bob's skin the smart could not have been
worse.
An hour later Bob and Susie were going
home together. The schoolmaster went in
the same direction, but they allowed Reese
Baker to move on ahead.
"Don't you mind what he said," advised
Susie, looking up into Bob's face.

"Well, I was a fool to say 'me,' and if I
had thought I wouldn't have said it, for I
don't believe in lying. He came at me so,
like a lion, shaking his head, that my senses
left me. I don't want him to think I got a
spot on my name because I intended to."
"I don't," Bob," comfortingly said Susie,
turning her trusting eyes of blue toward
him. "I don't think you got a spot."
"Hush!" he answered. They were near
the creek. It was not wide but deep
enough at high tide to cover up the tallest
grenadier. Two beams had been stretched
from bank to bank and boards laid cross-
wise upon them. It was a rude structure,
without any railing, but could be safely
crossed, provided one did not go near the
edge.

"Hush!" said Bob, again. He hated
and listened anxiously. Susie stopped also.
It came distinctly now, a cry, "Help-
p-p!"

"Somebody is in the creek," said Bob,
bounding away. He did not say it was
Reese Baker, but he thought so. And there
he was in the creek, the water up to his
breast and he was pitifully bawling!

"Help-p-p, Bob! I am on a rock," he ex-
citedly screamed. "Tide's coming in and I
can't swim."
Bob knew what the situation was. Reese
had fallen into the creek and was standing
on a rock that he had reached somehow.
Bob had swam in the creek and knew that
if Reese should step off from that rock in
any direction save that down stream, he
would go over his head.

"Mr. Baker, you do as I say and you
will come out all right."
"Say, you take that spot off," cried Su-
sie to the schoolmaster, stamping her foot.
"Susie, you keep still," said Bob. "Mr.
Baker, you put your foot off on the side of
the rock down stream and you will find you
can wade there."

"I have been trying to touch bottom on
different sides and I can't."
"You try where I tell you."
Should the schoolmaster try the bottom of
the creek down stream? It looked so obli-
quely in that direction.

"Tide's coming!" warned Bob, running
to the bank nearest the schoolmaster. Yes,
and what if it covered his breast, covered
his chin, covered his mouth, covered him
away up to the crown of his head and be-
yond? "Here, give us your hand," said
Bob, boldly walking out. The schoolmaster
gripped that proffered hand.

"Now bear away to your left," directed
Bob. "Don't be afraid. That's it. Fellow,
me." Reese Baker was quickly ashore.
"Well, I am obliged to you, Bob. I was
going over the bridge, foolishly reading,
and before I thought, over I went."
"That's the way I told that lie."
"Oh, don't you care for that. You have
washed that spot off. I'll make it all right
in the morning, in school."

Reese Baker kept his word. But Susie
did not feel that her account with the mas-
ter was balanced.

Twenty years passed. Bob Hawkins and
his handsome wife were entertaining a
guest that complained of a slight indisposi-
tion.

"Just try my wife's famous herb tea," re-
commended Bob.
"Oh, gladly," said the guest, and he
readily drank it.
"There!" exclaimed the guest. "Better
already."
"Mr. Baker," said Mrs. Bob, "you once
told me in school I could not make catnip
tea. What do you think now?"
"Capital! I take that all back."
Susie Hawkins smiled and thought, "We
are even."

Generosity and Thrift.

It is very easy to win a reputation for gen-
erosity. You have only to give waiters,
railway porters, cabmen, and crossing-sweep-
ers a shilling where anybody else would give
sixpence; to make a good many presents of
trifling value, and chiefly to persons from
whom you hope to get something in return;
and to take care that the fame of these mag-
nanimous actions shall be well bruited
abroad—and your character as a generous,
whole-souled being is established.

It is very noble to be liberal, but not at
other people's expense. The old copy-book
maxim is a very sound one: "Be just
before you are generous." If your liberality
hinders you from paying what you owe to
your butcher or your tailor, you are not just
to him; nor, it may be added, are you really
generous, but only lavish.

But avoid meanness and stinginess. Give
away as much as you please, the more the
better, always provided that nobody but
yourself suffers by your giving, that the
person benefited by it is worthy, and that
it is done without ostentation.

The truly generous man is he who denies
himself some luxury, or better still, some
necessary, in order that he may have where-
with to give to those who are in need. The
millionaire, with his £40,000 a year, often
gets great praise for his gifts of £1,000,
£2,000, £3,000, or even £10,000; and when
his donations reach a quarter of a million,
statues are erected to his memory, and
poems are sung in his praise. But in all
probability the signaling of his big check
does not entail the sacrifice of the smallest
pleasure or the slightest gratification. Un-
less he gambles on the turf or the stock
exchange, he cannot spend on himself more
than a certain not very large annual amount,
and there is therefore no very marvelous
generosity in his handing over the surplus
to one or half a dozen charitable organiza-
tions.

Dr. Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of Lon-
don, began life with a determination to give,
if possible, one fifth of his annual income in
charity. When he became rich he gave
away one-third of his income for charitable
purposes. During his tenure of the fee of
London he gave away not much less than
£150,000. It is an open secret that Mr.
Ruskin has stripped himself of the bulk of
his fortune that he may teach English
artisans to love what is beautiful. These
are examples of true generosity.

There is a close relation between gen-
erosity and thrift. The thrifty man has
always a reserve upon which to draw for
charitable purposes. In benevolence, as in
business, A, without being in the least
degree stingy, can make a shilling go fur-
ther than B's half-crown. Some men have
the knack, by a careful adaptation of means
to ends, of getting or seeming to get a far
greater return for their money than others.
This is a science well worth cultivating.

What a picture of thrift does good old
Hugh Latimer give in one of his sermons!
"My father," he said, "had no land of his
own, but only a farm of three or four pounds
a year at the utmost; and hereon he tilled
so much as kept half a dozen men. He had

a walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother
milked thirty kine. He kept his son at
school till he went to the university and
maintained him there. He married his
daughters with five pounds, or twenty no-
bles, apiece. He kept hospitably with his
neighbors, and some alms he gave to the
poor; and all this he did out of the said
farm."

Where Boys and Girls Marry.

When legal marriages occur in British
Honduras the parents of the couple make
all the arrangements between themselves.
The tender passion takes early root in the
tropics, and it is not uncommon to see a
bride and groom both under 14 years. When
the boy wants to get married he tells his
mother all about it. She talks with the
father, and if both are willing to accept the
girl as their daughter they repair to the
house of her parents, taking with them a
chiquibuite of fowls, fruit, bread, ears of
dried corn and strings of peppers. They
organize a sort of procession, composed of
their relatives and friends, headed by a band
of music, thus publicly proclaiming their
intention.

It is good form for the girl's mother to
politely refuse the first request until she
has had time to consult the maiden as to
her wishes in the matter, and to find out
what her own friends may think of it. She
sends the procession home completely in
the dark as to the result of its mission. If
the answer be irrevocably unfavorable, she
simply sends back to the parents of the
would-be lover, their basket with contents
untouched. If, on the contrary, she be
inclined to entertain their proposal, in the
course of a week or two she sends to them
another chiquibuite filled with similar offer-
ings.

FUNNY LITTLE STORIES.

Limited Powers.

A mother was correcting her little boy the
other day and appealing to him, asked how
he would feel if he had a son who didn't do
this and didn't do that and so on. When
she had reached the end of the inquiry he
answered: "Well, mamma, if I had a little
boy eight years old, I don't think I'd expect
the earth of him."

The Outward Indications.

The little boy had come in with his clothes
torn, his hair full of dust and his face bear-
ing unmistakable signs of a severe conflict.
"Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother,
deeply shocked and grieved, "you have dis-
obeyed me again. How often have I told
you not to play with that wicked Stapford
boy!" "Mamma," said Willie, "do I look
as if I had been playing with anybody?"

All for the Best.

Madame's small boy has broken out in a
new place. He had been visiting one of his
schoolmates, and he came back with a seri-
ous face. "Mamma," he said; "I guess it's
all right with that piece of poetry you told
me about. 'He doeth all things well.'"
"Oh, indeed," said Madame, "and why?"
"Well, I think he did just the square thing
in giving me to you instead of to Mrs. Dun-
nep. For I've been over there three hours,
and I know I could never stand that wo-
man!"

Superior Wisdom.

A new baby came to a home on Charlotte
avenue, and the little three-year-old, Harry,
brought in a little playmate to rejoice with
him over the new sister.

After looking at it a moment the little
visitor says: "Why don't it laugh? Our
baby does."
Little three-year-old looked at baby and
then at his playmate with marked disap-
proval and replied:
"Our baby knows better than to laugh
at nussin'."

Victor Hugo's Religion.

We have so often heard the great French-
man's name coupled with such epithets as
free thinker, skeptic, that we are glad to
publish a few of his later sayings which show
the true faith of the man. There is no
skepticism about this.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like
a forest which has been more than once cut
down. The new shoots are stronger and
livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, to-
ward the sky. The sunshine is over my
head. The earth gives me its generous sap,
but heaven lights me with the reflection of
unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the re-
sultant of bodily powers; why then is my
soul the more luminous when my bodily
powers begin to fail? Winter is on my
head and eternal spring is in my heart.
Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance
of the lilies, the violets, and the roses as at
twenty years.

The nearer I approach the end, the plain-
er I hear around me the immortal sym-
phonies of the worlds which unite me. It
is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale,
and it is history. For half a century I have
been writing my thoughts in prose, verse,
history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradi-
tion, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But
I feel that I have not said the thousandth
part of what is in me. When I go down to
the grave, I can say like so many others:
"I have finished my day's work;" but I
cannot say, "I have finished my life." My
day's work will begin again the next morn-
ing. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a
thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to
open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this
land as my fatherland. My work is only a
beginning. My work is hardly above its
foundation. I would be glad to see it mount-
ing and mounting forever. The thirst for
the infinite proves infinity.

Chestnuts Not Gum.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, crossly, "I
wish to goodness you'd stop chewing that
gum. It's enough to drive a man distracted
to hear his wife smack, smack, smack like
that when he's trying to read."
"I'm not chewing gum."
"What are you doing, then?"
"Eating chestnuts."

There was a silence for a moment, then
Mr. Jones asked meekly:—
"Are they roasted, Maria?"