

THE TRIBUNE
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY
—AT THE—
TRIBUNE PRINTING HOUSE,
MAIN STREET STOUFFVILLE.

SUBSCRIPTION 1.00 PER ANNUM.
First insertion, per line, solid newspaper... 5¢
Each subsequent insertion, per line... 3¢
Professional cards, per year... 4.00
RATES UNDER CONTRACT.
One column, per year... 50.00
Half column, one year... 30.00
Quarter column, one year... 18.00
Eighth column, one year... 10.00
For six months or three months is the same ratio.

HOIDGE BROS.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

STATIONERY
—AND—
FANCY GOODS

WHEN YOU REQUIRE
Stationery,
Confectionery,
Biscuits, or
Canned Goods

CALL AT
HAMILTON'S.
(Next door east of Station.)
STOUFFVILLE
—ALSO DEALER IN—

Oysters,
Fruit,
Toys and
Fancy Goods
SMOKERS' SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.
The most select stock of Mouth
Organs in Town.

Boys, give Hamilton a Call
Addison's Livery

MAIN ST., STOUFFVILLE.

First-class Horses and rigs,
Cartage of all kinds of freight and
Express from the station promptly
attended to.

CHARGES MODERATE

BUS TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS.

Commercial Travellers supplied at
reasonable rates.

J. E. ADDISON, Proprietor,
Stouffville, March, 1888.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

A. G. BROWN,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.,
—AGENT FOR—
LONDON LIVERPOOL & GLOBE;
ONTARIO MUTUAL OF LONDON;
And Manufacturers' Life and Accident
Insurance Companies.
Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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

A. G. BROWN.

CENTENIAL

SHAVING PARLOR.

FIRST-CLASS SHAVING PARLOR,
fitted up in neatest styles.

Hair-Cutting and Shaving

Equal to any city Barber Shop.

Ladies' and Children's Hair dressed in
the latest fashion.

Ladies, please do not call on Saturday
after 5 p. m.

WM. A. BOVAIR,

Burkholder's Block,
STOUFFVILLE.

He Recognized Them.

At a whist-party one night the rector of a
certain parish cut in and found himself in
partnership with his churchwarden. Presently
the parson produced four threepenny
pieces as markers, when the churchwarden
observed, "Ah, parson, you've been robbing
the plate, have you?" "Oh," growled the
rector, "You recognize your beggarly con-
tributions, do you?"

HARNESSES.

GEO. MINNS

Has constantly on hand

LIGHT & HEAVY HARNESSES

COLLARS, SADDLES, & C.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Repairing done Cheap.

MAIN STREET - - STOUFFVILLE

**EAST END
GROCERY**

BEST VALUE.

In Teas Sugars,

SPICES, FRUIT,

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.

Stouffville, April 25, 1888

Lumber Yard.

W. P. HARTNEY

Keeps constantly in stock a full supply of

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES,

SALT, PLASTER, COAL, WATER LIME

PLASTER OF PARIS, COAL TAR,

TAR PAPER, FIRE BRICK, FIRE CLAY

etc., &c., &c.

Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep skins

and all kinds of Grain.

Warehouse Opposite Railway Station Stouffville.

HARNESSES!

The undersigned keeps on hand an

excellent assortment of

HARNESSES, COLLARS, WHIPS,

ETC.,

ALSO A STOCK OF SPLENDID

YACK ROBES.

All cheap for CASH.

A. von BUSECK.

MAIN STREET, STOUFFVILLE.

Farms For Sale

TOWNSHIP OF CALEDON, CO. OF PEEL.

YOUNG FOLKS.

THIS PIG STOPPED AT HOME.

By A. DAD.

I have already told the young readers of
Tauris of the Pig that went to market and
the trouble she got in and got out of. It
so happened that Old Papa Pig said he was
tired of going to market at the very time
that mamma pig said she was tired of
stopping at home. So they changed places
and the fat old-man Pig minded the house
while mamma went down town.

The Fat Pig (we might as well call him
that, as he was as big as any two of the
others), the fat pig I say took a look around
his pen and put his nose high in the air and
sniffed the weather. "I will have a quiet
day," he said to himself, and then he went
over to the gate to see if he could stroll into
the garden. He got under the gate and
made a big push and then it seemed as if
the whole world fell on top of him. But it
was only the gate off its hinges and on to
his back, and after running around the
grounds two or three times he shook it off
in a bed of flowers. "I never knew a gate
to stick like that," he said; "gates ought
to keep to their posts better," so he sat and
looked lazily at the gate for a quarter of an
hour and then felt better.

"I must see where the folks are," he
thought, and so he made his way
into the kitchen, eating a couple of
hot baked apples on the way. To cool off
he drank out of a long bottle and it was
sour, and then out of a short one and it was
hot, hotter than the apples. This took his
breath away and he stepped over into the
dining-room and danced around till all the
silver on the sideboard rattled again. "There
is no one in the whole house," said he, as he
entered the next room—a great big room
with lots of pretty things in it. Just then
however he saw he was mistaken—for as he
walked across the floor he saw a big ugly
pig coming straight to meet him. He held
up his nose for war and the other pig did
the same. "That's an ugly customer," said
he, "and I don't know if I could thrash
him." He made a jump forward but the
ugly pig did the same and they were within
an inch of each other, with glaring eyes and
bristles like a clothes brush standing out
on their backs. The fat pig flapped his
right ear and the ugly pig did just the same
with his left; our pig winked and the other
winked, and then they both walked away.
The funny part of it was when the fat pig
got over to the other side of the room he
couldn't see a speck of the ugly one.

"Well, I never," said he
"if that doesn't beat all. I shouldn't like
to have had a square fight with that fellow:
he was the ugliest piece of hog I ever did lay
eyes on."

The fat pig thought he heard some one
coming so he trotted gently over to the door
and then gave a yell and a jump, for he rub-
bed up close against the ugly pig. I tell you
he didn't wait to come back but went into a
room with a lot of boots and horns and clay
dogs and wooden men. The oddest thing he
saw was a little man with a pig's head.

"This is too bad," said he, "these people
should do us pigs no wrong. I have heard of
a man turning into a hog's head," he added
with a chuckle, "and a man turning into a
beast, but this looks as if a beast were be-
coming a man. However, it may be the
other way, and I will see if there is any
explanation."

So the fat pig found a sheet of paper under
the figure and on it were printed these
verses:

The Pig-Headed Man.

It was a solemn, solemn man,
Who sat him in his study
He was not fair to look upon
He wasn't even ruddy,
His clothes were very neat and clean
His boots were never muddy.

His word dispelled all things in doubt
His look it frowned down chatter
To any one who dared dissent
He proved that didn't matter:
And every time the baby cried
Got madder than a hatter.

He was so right he couldn't live
For man to wrong is wedded
And so he changed outright at last
Into a thing he dreaded:
Altho' his body kept its shape
His head it got pig-headed.

"I don't think that is fair to us," said
the fat pig; and he made a rush at the
thing and toppled it and a lot of other
things over on the floor, and then made
his way out into a snug little room
with a comfortable looking sofa in it.

"That," said he "looks softer than
my bed, and after the the fatigues of morn-
ing I think I will take a rest." So he laid
himself snugly out and drew a tidy over his
back and put his nose in the cushion and
was half asleep in two minutes.

Just then he heard footsteps and several
"Oh my's," and a couple of "Dear me's,"
and "I'm so tired," and a fat old lady came
waddling in. "Some one has been through
this house," said the Fat Person. "I find the
match holder all broken, the mirror quite
dirty, the vinegar and mustard spilled on the
dining room floor; and bless me if there is
not mud every where on the carpet." So she
proceeded to take off her things and sat
down on the sofa, unloosening her bonnet
and sticking her shawl pin about two inches into
the Fat Pig.

O Dokory, Dickery, darel!

I don't know which flew higher into the
air, but the Fat Pig came down first and the
Fat Person next—straight on top of the
pig's back and in a dead faint. They both
rushed around that room five times, then
into the big room and the pig got an-
other sight of his old enemy the ugly pig,
this time with a witch on her
back with a broom-stick, or umbrella
or something like it in her hand. Some of
them, or all of them, (pigs and persons) gave
such a yell as would wake the dead. The
fat pig came to what he thought was a high
door with curtains around it, and he saw
outside the garden, and lawn, and liberty,
so she made one mighty effort and sprang
for dear life, leaving the Fat Person inside
the room, and himself and forty thousand
knives and razors and pieces of them out-
side. To make things worse he came plump
against the grocer's boy with eggs and
things and toppled him over in a twinkling,
upsetting a baby carriage with one small
baby, five dolls, two kites and a steam
engine in it. Then the neighbours all came
out and the old Fat Person cried "Fire,"

and three dogs, six men and fourteen small
boys chased the Fat Pig around the square,
under a gate, and over a wall, until at last
he got home. And he sat down on the
straw and declared he would never stop at
home another day, but would remain the
Pig that went to the market.

Every Inch a Man.

She sat on the perch in the sunshine
As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was a blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lillies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh;
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble
Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look—
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book—
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it,
That God grant the years fulfil!

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies:
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and he bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew;
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
Hearts

Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

—Christian Intelligencer.

She Pays Her Debts With Kisses.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

I know a winsome little pot,
With wealth of rosy cheeks and blazes,
Who takes what favours she can get,
And pays her debts with—kisses.

At night when I come home to tea,
She bubbles me with her "kisses,"
Then plants herself upon my knee
And tastes of all my dishes!

She comes off best in every "trade,"
And seldom ever misses
To catch me in the trap she's laid,
Then "pays me off" with—kisses!

She says she wants a "dolly" nice,
With long and golden tresses,
And if I ask her for the price
Gives kisses and caresses!

I dearly love this little maid
Above all other misses;
I'll take back every word I've said,
And "trade" with her for "tissers!"

Blacking Boots.

"Did it ever occur to you," said a chem-
ist, "what a remarkable and unique pro-
cess the blacking of a boot is? You see, we
smear the boot with a preparation of bone-
black, which is entirely devoid of luster;
and then, by the friction of a dry brush,
make it shine like the sun. The key to the
mystery lies in the fact that diamond is
nothing but crystallized carbon. The black-
ing is little less than carbon paste, and
the friction of a hair-brush, being one of the
most efficient methods of generating elec-
tricity, has the effect of crystallizing the
carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is
done, the boot is covered with millions of
infinitely small diamonds, and, of course,
begins to shine, as a mass of diamonds
would. The bootblacks are engaged all day
in turning blacking into diamonds.

A Clever Royal Surgeon.

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, who is
married to the Infanta Paz, is a very clever
surgeon, and at one of the hospitals in Ma-
drid he recently operated on a woman who
was suffering from cancer of the breast with
complete success. His relative, the Duke
Charles Theodore, brother of the Empress
of Austria, is both oculist and surgeon, and
is very skillful; but his fondness for the
hospitals, for whenever he operates all the
regular arrangements are upset, the whole
staff is required to be in attendance on him;
he must always be respectfully addressed as
"Your Royal Highness," and strict etiquette
is observed, all of which is decidedly a nu-
isance. When the Duke is at Vienna he often
passes the whole day in the General hospital,
and if there are any arms or legs to be cut
off he hastens joyfully to the work. Duke
Charles' zeal may possibly be moderated by
his accession to the Bavarian estates of his
father, Duke Max, who died the other day.
He is married to a cousin of the King of
Portugal.—[London Truth.

The Retort Courteous.

"All the presents you have ever given me,
Mr. Sampson, said the haughty girl, will be
returned to me to-morrow; save of course
the caramels and ice cream. Would that I
could return them too!" "You need not
worry about the caramels and cream, Miss
Smith," he returned with equal hauteur.
"My share of the responsibility for the bro-
ken arm-chair will balance the cost of them."

The following incident occurred at the bat-
tle of Bull Run. In the heat of the action
an officer, who has since become prominent
and well known throughout the country, was
then in command of a brigade on the right
of the line. While riding over the field he
discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the
ground, which was of just sufficient dimen-
sions to afford him shelter. The general rode
up to him, inquired as to his regiment, and
ordered him full in the face, placed a thumb
upon his nose, and replied:—"Oh, no, you
don't, old fellow! You want this hole your-
self."

Very Saving.

Stories without number have been told to
illustrate the "penuriousness of Occidental
miserers; but not one of them is more graphi-
cally in setting forth a miser's willingness to suf-
fer want than that he may save something, than
this anecdote from the Persian.

A merchant of Ispahan, who left at his
death a large sum of money, was so great a
niggard that for many years he denied him-
self and his little son all food except a crust
of coarse bread daily.

One day he was tempted by a friend's
description of the flavor of a certain kind of
cheese, to buy a small piece. Before he
reached home, he began reproaching him-
self for his extravagance. His repentance
was very thorough, for instead of eating the
cheese he put it into a bottle, and contented
himself with rubbing the crust of bread
against the bottle. In this somewhat Es-
traginative enjoyment of the cheese his son
was allowed to share.

One day the miser, on returning home
later than usual, found his son eating his
crust and rubbing it against the door.
"What are you about, fool?" exclaimed the
father.

"It is dinner-time, father," answered the
son; "you have the key, and as I could
not open the door, I was rubbing my bread
against it, for I could not get at the bottle."

"Cannot you go without cheese one day,
you luxurious little rascal?" asked the irri-
tated father. "There, take that, you'll
never be rich!" and he kicked the poor boy
away from the door.

Why Wasn't he a Comet?

Young Mr. Staylate was sitting in the
dimly-lighted parlor the other night watch-
ing a seventeen-year-old girl trying to keep
awake long enough to see the morning star
rise. They talked astronomy.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at
his own poetic fancy.

"I would rather you were a comet," she
said, dreamily.

His heart beat tumultuously.

"And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the
same time taking her unresisting hands in
his own. "And why?" he repeated, im-
periously.

"Oh," she replied, with a brooding ear-
nestness that fell on his soul like a bare foot
on a cold pillow, "because then you would
only come around once in every 1,500
years."

He didn't say anything until he was
half-way to the front gate, when he turned
around and shook his fist at the house and
muttered between his teeth: "By the gods,
it'll be a thundering sight longer than that
before I come around again."

But by that time the poor girl was in bed
and fast asleep.

Spoke From Experience.

Fond mother: "Now look here, George! I
want you to break off with that girl. She
is very pretty and all that; but I know her
too well to want you to risk your happiness
by marrying her. Why, she knows no more
about housekeeping than I do about Greek
—not a bit!" George: "Perhaps not; but
she can learn." Mother: "After marriage
is rather late for that, George." George:
"But you said yourself that you did not
know a thing about housekeeping until after
you were married." Mother: "Very true,
George—and your poor father died of dys-
pepsia twenty years ago!"

Entertaining an Author.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, as he
entered the family room, "I have brought
Mr. Yellick, the author of the famous new
book, 'Random Reflections,' with me to tea.
He is in the parlor. I have been telling him
how much we admire the work, and he
seems greatly pleased." "For goodness'
sake, Mr. Chugwater," exclaimed the wife,
"take him into some other room while I cut
the leaves of that copy of 'Random Reflec-
tions' that's on the parlor table!"—[Chicago
Tribune.

Different Points of View.

Very stout old lady (watching the lions
fed)—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't
a very big piece o' meat for such an animal."
Attendant (with the most stupendous
show of politeness)—"I s'pose it does
seem like a little piece of meat to you,
ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

Difference Between the Two.

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, look at this.
Is that the way to spell 'window'—'w-i-d-
o-w'?" Johnny: "No, sir." Teacher: "What
is the difference between 'window' and
'widow'?" Johnny: "Ye can see through
the one but no through the tither."

Her Willing Contribution.

Magazine Editor—"I am arranging a
symposium on the subject, 'Is marriage a
Failure?' Would you like to contribute?"
Author (married a year)—"Indeed, I
would I'll contribute a photograph of just
the sweetest, prettiest baby you ever set
eyes on."

No Impediments.

Of the late Lord Chancellor Westbury a
London paper tells this story: "In his
later life, when he was sitting regularly on
the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council
he met ex-Chief Justice Erie and asked him
why he did not attend. 'For three very
good and sufficient reasons,' said Sir Wil-
liam Erie; 'because I am old, because I am
deaf, because I am stupid.' These are no
impediments," said Lord Westbury; "—is very
old,—is very deaf, and— is very stupid,
and yet we four make an excellent court."

A Little Bit Out of Style.

"I left a check for \$10,000 among the wed-
ding gifts," said the bride's father to his pro-
spective son-in-law, on the eve of a fashionable
wedding last week, "and after the ceremony
you will please tear it up. That's the style
nowadays, Frank." "Ye es," hesitated
Frank; "that's the style, I know; but I'm
afraid it's too late to tear it up now, as I
went down to the bank this morning and
had it cashed."

Paternal Economy.

Bobson: Aren't you afraid to give such a
highly painted toy to your child?
Skindint: Oh, no! It's economy in the
end. He'll suck all the paint off, and
that'll make him so sick that he won't want
candy till the holidays are over.

Apply to
THOS. PARSONS,
Real Estate Agent,
P. O. Box 138, Orangeville.

The Sultan is afraid that the Suakim affair
will be used as a pretext for prolonging
British occupation.