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TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to Scotland.
Serious floods prevail in Prussian Silesia.
The modus vivendi fishing licenses are to
be continued for this season.

Gen. Boulanger had a fainting fit the other
day and had to be conveyed home.

Henry George is meeting with considerable
success in his English lecturing tour.

It is said the efforts of the Salvation
Army in the German capital have completely
failed.

The socialists of Chicago have nominated
candidates for all offices in the city elections.

Prof. Goldwin Smith was accorded an
inter-view with President Harrison.

This year's sugar crop in the Hawaiian
Islands will be 125,000 tons—the largest on
record.

The town of Pinal, Russia, has been de-
stroyed by fire. Six persons were burned
to death.

A Portuguese anti-slavery society has
been formed, with King Luis as honorary
president.

Cholera has broken out at Zamboanga, in
the Philippine Islands. There have been
500 deaths so far.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria is so weak
that her proposed journey to Wiesbaden has
been postponed.

A French torpedo boat foundered off Cher-
bourg in a hurricane. Her captain and four-
teen of her crew were drowned.

A romantic marriage was celebrated at
Saratoga in the early part of the week.
According to a despatch, the contracting
parties were Warren B. Westcott, age 69,
and Miss Jane S. Truman, age 58. More
than twenty-five years ago the parties were
engaged. They were about to be married
when Mr. Westcott fell in love with a
widow and married her. Instead, a breach
of promise suit followed, in which Mr.
Westcott was compelled to pay damages.
He was left a widower three years ago,
when he returned to his former love.

Mrs. Lightpurple: "Here is an article
in this paper entitled 'The World's Debt to
the Jews.' Shall I read it?" Mr. Light-
purple: "No; that's 'obscure.' I guess
nearly everybody is in 'debt to the Jews';
we all know that. Here, put this last
ticket with the others."

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Problem in Three.

If three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little
maids
As play in the garden wide,
And if each little maid had three little cats
(Three times three times three),
And if each little cat had three little kits,
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little
friends
With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And if none of them all should send regrets,
How many guests would there be?
—(St. Nicholas.)

JONAS POPKIN'S MODEL.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

It was a great surprise to Chester Ludlow
when he found out that Jonas Popkin had
taken pattern after him. But the way he
found out—that was the more surprising
still! Jonas was a small colored boy, black
as coal; and Chester was a white boy, the
leader of all the other boys in the village.
Jonas would have given all the world to be
the sort of boy that no one dared to make
sport of,—just such a boy, for instance, as
Chester. He always watched Chester when
he ordered the other boys around; and he
was always very willing to be ordered
around himself by Chester, for whose
father he worked. But one day something
happened that, taken altogether, astonished
Jonas very much.

"Look here, Jonas, I'll tell you some-
thing if you will keep it to yourself," Che-
ster said, taking him out behind the house.
"I'll never say a word," Jonas answered.
"Guess I know how to keep mum as well
as you do."

"All right. Follow me, and I'll show
you something."

They went into the stable, and climbed up
on the haymow. In a barrel under the hay
Chester had hidden away an old suit of
clothing, a mask, and a worn-out beaver hat.
These possessions he drew out, article by
article, and exhibited.

"I'm going to have a high time to-night,"
he explained.

"You're gwine to the masquerade up at
the school-house," said Jonas. "I know
that was jes' what you was up to. I could
tote you so."

"We're going to have a roaring lot of
fun," Chester continued. "But I'm afraid
mother won't let me out after dark."

That was the reason everything happened
as it did. Chester's mother did not let him
out that night until he had pleaded with her
a long time, and it had grown late. In the
meanwhile the idea had occurred to Jonas
to put on the masquerade, and go to that
party himself. If Chester could not go, he
would not, of course, want all the fixings he
had hidden; and Jonas believed he could
borrow them an hour or two without any-
body being the wiser.

"The fellows will think I'm Che-
ster," he chuckled. "They'll never know the differ-
ence if I jes' cover my head and hole my
tongue. I'll hab some fun, sure!"

His teeth chattered and he shook in his
boots,—he was so nervous,—while he stood
on the hay-mow and changed his clothes
for the disguise. If Chester caught him he
knew it would go hard with him. But he
did not intend to let any one find out what
he was doing. Out in the road he stopped,
and reflected in the moonlight. There was
Farmer Cole's apple orchard, which he would
have to pass on the way to the school-house.
He would never have a better chance, as
long as he lived, to help himself to some of
those apples. Whenever he had been in the
orchard before he was always afraid some
one would spy him, and know that he was
Ludlow's colored boy. Now no one could
tell who he was.

It must have been about the time Jonas
was climbing over Farmer Cole's fence that
Chester gained permission from his mother
to go out, and made tracks for the
stable to array himself for the evening's
frolic. He scrambled on the hay-mow
and made haste to get to the barrel; but
when he got to it, of course, he soon was
not in the best of tempers.

"It's that little nigger," he said, standing
petrified and looking ferociously at the
moonbeams filtering through a cobwebbed
window. "That's just who it is,—that little
nigger Jonas. Not a soul except him knew
where those duds were; and he has either
hidden them somewhere else, or taken them
and gone to the party himself."

Chester searched here and there desperately
a few moments, upsetting all the hens
that had gone to roost, and frightening the
horse and cow. He found Jonas's clothes
sugaled in the corn-crib. All was plain
to him then.

"I'll fix him!" he growled savagely, bund-
ling up the clothes, and returning to the
house with them.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, any one on
the watch might have seen a very black
negro boy stealing out the back door of Mr.
Ludlow's residence; but no one would have
been likely to guess that the boy was
Chester himself. He had blackened his face
with the shoe-brush, and put on Jonas's
clothes. His straight, brown hair was con-
cealed by an old fur cap, which he pulled
down over his ears. He meant to go to the
party disguised one way or another, and
he meant to catch Jonas if he had gone
there.

By this time Jonas's indiscretion threat-
ened to bring dire disaster to him in more
ways than one. Farmer Cole was after him
also, and he carried in hand an orogard that
had a bad in it.

"I'll teach you, boy, not to steal apples,"
he cried, chasing Jonas round and round
the orchard. "I'll teach you, you young
darkey, to be up to better tricks than
such dishonest ones."

The mask and beaver hat had fallen off
but Jonas held them in his hand, and ran
with all his might. Farmer Cole knew him,
and now he was in a fix, sure. He did not
stop to think much; however, he threw him-
self over the fence, and dodged among an
acre of stumps, until he escaped the old man
and his dog. After that he crawled away
to some bushes, where he rested and re-
covered his breath.

Chester looked for him in vain among the
thirty or forty boys gathered in the room
of the old-fashioned school-house. They
were all in masquerade of one sort or another,

and he could not easily make out who any
one was. Jonas was not there, though, in
his disguise. He was certain of that; but
he expected he would make his appearance
any moment, and he kept watch of the door.

"You keep watch; too, Dave," he said to
one of his friends, who had been told the
secret. "When he comes in, we'll nab him
before he knows where he is."

"Hold him against the wall, and I'll tie
his hands behind him," Dave suggested.

"Then we'll drag him outdoors," said
Chester.

"And after that you can settle with him,"
added Dave.

While this arrangement was being made,
Jonas happened to be standing in the rear
of the school house eating an apple, and
looking in at one of the windows. It had
occurred to him that it would be best to
wait a while and see what was going on
before he ventured in among the white boys.
They were having a good time; there could
be no doubt about that. Shortly he decoy-
ered there was a colored boy among them,
—a colored boy who was blacker than even
he himself was; and—unless, his eyes de-
ceived him—that boy had on his clothes.
Jonas dropped his apple half eaten, and
moved nearer the window. He felt rather
scared. How had that strange boy got those
clothes? His hair almost uncurled and
stood up straight the next instant, when he
saw Farmer Cole rush in among the crowd,
and seize that colored boy by the nape of
the neck.

"Now, then, sonny," shouted Farmer
Cole, "come along with me!"

"Let go of me. What are you doing?"
Chester replied, resisting with all his
strength.

"Come on, I say," and Farmer Cole drag-
ged Chester outdoors before he could do
anything to save himself.

In a few minutes everybody knew that he
had been stealing apples. Chester was taken
by surprise. He had helped himself to
Farmer Cole's apples whenever he felt like
it, but he had not been near the orchard for
more than two weeks. He did not suppose
that any one, not even Jonas Popkin, sus-
pected him.

"If I'd got my hands on you half an hour
ago, when I was chasing you around those
stumps, boy, I would shook the wind out of
you," said Farmer Cole.

"I guess you've made a mistake, Mr.
Cole," Chester answered. "I haven't been
near your stump-field to-night."

"Tut, tut, boy, don't you try that game.
You had a mask on and an old beaver hat,
but I saw your face. And I followed you all
the way up here to the school-house."

They were walking down the road, follow-
ed by several boys, and Farmer Cole kept
his grip on Chester's collar. Chester gues-
sed, as soon as he heard about the mask and
beaver hat, that Jonas had gone to the or-
chard instead of the school-house. It was
Jonas who should be punished.

"It was Jonas Popkin, our colored boy,
you chased," Chester asserted stoutly, re-
fusing to go any farther.

"You're not that boy, but you are
blacked up to look like him!" Farmer Cole
asked with some surprise, halting a moment.

Well, you are the boy I want all the same,
black or white. I saw you, and you can't
get off that way."

Chester was marched home to his father
and mother, in spite of everything he could
say. Jonas was in bed up in the attic then,
but he could hear Farmer Cole's voice down-
stairs, and he knew something awful was
taking place. By and by somebody crept
up the stairs, and Jonas sat up in bed nearly
scared out of his wits.

"Oh! I'll fix you to morrow, Jonas
Popkin," Chester whispered at the door by
way of comfort. "You won't steal any
more apples in a hurry."

"I ain't gwine to steal nuffin agin,
neber," Jonas answered. "I ain't gwine
to be like you any more. You better nobber
steal apples any more yourself."

Chester shut the door. He did not want
to say anything more. After he got into
bed, he lay awake half the night thinking.

Any one may guess what he was thinking
about. His thoughts did not make him feel
very manly the next day.

Multiplication vs. Addition.

I plucked up one of the daily papers the
other day, and read this item: "The Round-
up dropped into the post-office yesterday to
post a little billet to a maiden, and while
buying his stamp saw a boy slowly counting
a sheet of two-cent stamps. Any ordinary
person, to be sure! They were the right
number, would have counted how many
there were in the top row, counted the
number of rows multiplied, and got the
result. Not so the boy. Patiently he
told over every stamp on the sheet until he
had ascertained there was just a hundred,
when he sighed for relief and trotted away."

Now, a boy who would waste time like
that can never make his mark in this busy
world. In doing any work we all want to
do it the best way, but we must learn next
how to do it the best way in the least time.
We must learn to use the multiplication
table in everything we do.

One afternoon this week I got into a car
on the elevated road going up-town. As I
stepped into the car I saw the top of a small
felt hat between two of the cross seats; I
took one of the seats across the aisle. On his
knees was a bright-eyed new-boy about
eleven or twelve years old. He was busily
folding papers. Every paper was folded
perfectly even, and carefully creased in the
middle; after folding about two-thirds of
what he had, he wrapped them in a piece of
black oilcloth, but wrapped in such a way
that he could easily get at them. The re-
mainder were as carefully creased and fold-
ed and laid in a pile outside of the others.

"Why do you not put them inside with
others?" I asked.

"Cause then I could not reach them so
fast. I don't want 'em all to get wet. I'll
keep the rest dry till these are gone, and
he left the car whistling, going out into the
fog and rain.

Another thing I noticed; before our train
went out of the station, the down train
came in with the front platform crowded
with newboys who were pushing and el-
bowing each other; and left the train yelling
like young Comanches. The newboy in
our train looked up with a smile, and said:
"Some of them fellows will get left."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'll sell most of my papers before them
fellows gets there. I always gets 'em
early. Ye catch the fellows then that leaves
their up-town offices early."

I feel pretty sure that boy will be more
than a newboy before he is much older.
He was careful, prompt, and alert. He
would use the multiplication table in busi-
ness instead of addition.—(Christian Union.)

WINDFALLS FOR SAVAGES.

Thriving on the Misfortunes of Shipwreck-ed Sailors.

A few weeks ago the British vessel Anglo
India was wrecked on the Formosan coast,
and the natives who, on about a third of the
big island, are still thorough savages in spite
of the Chinese occupancy, flocked to the
beach to collect their booty. Fourteen of
the crew, fearing to fall into the hands of
the savages, put off to sea in a boat and
were lost. The others were taken captive,
deprived of their clothing, and terribly mal-
treated. The plundering of the vessel was
in progress when a Government boat came
along, drove the natives into the forest, and
killed three of them as a warning to the
other pirates.

It is a lucky day for many a savage tribe
when a wrecked vessel gives them a chance
to exercise their thievish and murderous
propensities. The fierce natives of the An-
daman Islands have only just been taught
through a long and bitter series of reprisals,
that shipwrecked sailors are not providen-
tially thrown in their way as targets for
their arrows.

One of the greatest prizes ever taken from
the ocean by uncivilized men, fell a few
months ago into the hands of some of the
Gilbert Islanders, and they have thus far
been left in possession, as their good fortune
involved no crime. The British ship Rock
Terrace was abandoned about a year ago by
her crew in the Pacific. She was supposed
to be in a sinking condition, but, strange to
say, she floated about for several months and
finally brought her cargo of oil and general
stores to one of the Gilbert Islands. The
joy of the islanders knew no bounds when
they found that the winds and waves had
washed them so bountiful a treasure. They
unloaded the vessel, enriched themselves
with the cargo, and the insurance company
which meanwhile has paid \$125,000 to the
owners will hardly look to the islanders for
reimbursement.

The United States Government sent agents
thousands of miles to reward the Chook-
chees of Behring Strait for their hospitality
to the unfortunate crew of the burned steam-
er Rodgers, and those other dwellers by
the Arctic ocean who saved the lives of a
part of the Jeannette expedition. Thus the
recognition of services rendered by uncivil-
ized peoples to seafarers in distress, as well
as the retribution visited upon others, is
lessening the perils of sailors who are cast
away in savage lands.

Probably the Eskimos of King William's
Land do not know to this day what a chance
they lost to win the world's favor and sub-
stantial rewards when they destroyed almost
every vestige of the Franklin expedition,
and used to kindle their fires the precious
records that would have given us the story
of that tragical voyage.

THE FATE OF AN AFRICAN KING.

The Downfall of Mwanga the Bloody.

The fate of King Mwanga, recently the
bloodthirsty tyrant of Uganda, shows that
speedy retribution can overtake cruelty and
injustice even in the heart of pagan Africa.
Almost the only person in the world to
give him now a helping hand is the
missionary Mackay, whom Mwanga often
threatened with death and kept a prisoner
for many months after he had slaughtered
his Christian subjects and murdered Bishop
Hannington.

This fallen king, who, a few months ago,
numbered his army by many thousands and
his subjects by millions, was, at last ac-
counts, 300 miles from his country, virtu-
ally a prisoner in the hands of Arabs. He
feared the Arabs would send him back to
Uganda to be murdered, and so sent a mes-
sage to Mackay, imploring him to come to
Maga and take him away. "Take me any-
where you like," he said "or slay me if you
like." He added that he would go to Eu-
rope if Mackay would take him there, for
he had heard that a big king in great
trouble (meaning Napoleon III.) had once
been welcomed to England when driven out
of his country.

Mr. Mackay, when he wrote, was about
to start for Maga, in the hope of getting
the fallen king away from the Arabs and
removing him to a place of safety. "If
the English send an expedition here," Mwanga
used to say to Mackay, "I will kill
you." "It becomes me," writes Mackay
now, "to do all in my power to return good
for evil." What a remarkable opportunity
to show forth the teachings of his Master,
and how nobly this humble missionary is
improving it!

HOW IT FEELS TO BE EATEN.

Three Eminent Men Have Asserted That It Is Not Painful.

Sir Lyon Playfair, recently related that
he knew three men who escaped with their
lives after being partially devoured by wild
beasts. The first was Livingstone, the
great African traveler, who was knocked
on his back by a lion, which began to
munch his arm. He asserted that he felt
no fear or pain, and that his only feeling
was one of intense curiosity, as to which
part of his body the lion would take next.
The next was Rustem Pasha, now Turkish
Ambassador in London. A bear attacked
him and tore off part of his hand and part
of his arm and shoulder. He also said that
he had neither a sense of pain nor of fear,
but that he felt excessively angry because
the bear grunted with so much satisfaction
in munching him. The third case is that of
Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian Officer,
now occupying a high position in the Indian
Office. He was seized in a solitary place by
a tiger, which held him firmly behind, his
shoulder with one paw and then deliberately
devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at
the end and ending at the shoulder. He was
very positive that he had no sensation
of fear, and thinks that he felt a little pain
when the fangs went through his hand, but
is certain that he felt none during the
munching of his arm.

The Railroad Commissioners of Mass-
achusetts have made a report to the Legis-
lature, in which they strongly recommend the
heating of cars with steam from the engine.
They were inclined to think that the danger
of the pipes bursting, by reason of inability
to control the pressure from the engine, was
very remote indeed. They believed that the
advantages of the system were so obvious
that the companies would in time adopt it
without compulsory legislation. Some com-
panies, however, are opposing the reform
strenuously.

How the Romans Enjoyed Life.

The lavish expenditure of the Romans on
the coena, the great meal of the day, was
often fabulous. Vitellius is actually re-
ported to have squandered 400 aetertia,
about £3,228, on his daily supper, though
surely this must be a monstrous exagger-
ation! The celebrated feast to which he
invited his brother Lucius cost 3,000 aet-
ertia, or £40,350. Suetonius relates that
it consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish
and 7,000 of fowls, and this did not ex-
haust the bill of fare. His daily food was
luxurious and varied beyond precedent.
The deserts of Lydia, the shores of Spain,
and the waters of the Carpathian seas were
diligently searched to furnish his
table with dainties, while the savage
wilder of Britain had to bear their part in
replenishing his larder. Had he reigned
long Josephus says that he would have ex-
hausted the wealth of the Roman Empire
itself. Aelius Verus, another of these
worthies, was equally profuse in the ex-
travagance of his suppers. It is said that
a single entertainment, to which only a
dozen guests were invited, cost 6,000,000
aetertiae—6,000 sesteria, that is—nearly
£48,500. History relates that his whole
life was passed eating and drinking in the
voluptuous retreats of Daphne or at the
luxurious banquets of Antioch. So profuse,
indeed, was the extravagance of those times
that to entertain an Emperor was to face al-
most certain ruin; one dish alone of the
table of Heliogabalus is said to have cost
about £4,000 of our money. No wonder
these imperial feasts were lengthened out
for hours, and that every artifice, often re-
volting in the extreme, was used to prolong
the pleasure of eating, or that Philoxenus
should have wished that he had the throat
of a crane with a delicate palate all the way
down. One does not like to associate the
name of Julius Caesar with habits of low
gluttony that would disgrace a prize fighter,
and yet, if our memory does not play us
false, even he did not disdain to take emet-
ics to return to his banquets with a keen
appetite.—[The National Review.]

An Insulted Bridegroom.

"Is this the editor?"
"Yes, sir. What can I—"
"My name, sir, is Grumpy. I was marri-
ed last week."
"Let me offer my congratulations, Mr.
Grumpy. I am glad to see you. By the
way, we published in this morning's paper
quite a full account of your wedding."
"Yes, sir. I saw it."
"You have come, perhaps, to order some
extra cop—"
"I have come, sir, for personal satisfac-
tion. Your reporter asked for photographs
of Mrs. Grumpy and myself to use in writ-
ing up the wedding, sir."
"Yes. Didn't he—"
"He said he would have engravings made
from them and run them in with the article
he wrote about the affair."
"Yes. Was there any—"
"And some 'lop-eared,' wopper-jawed,
bow-legged gourd-head of a printer in this
office mixed up the portraits, sir. You pub-
lished me this morning, sir, in your adver-
tising columns as a Tennessee barber who
had suffered for fifteen years with a lame
back and a sore throat, and had been cured
by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Billjaw's
Compound of Hankus Pankus; and you ran
the portrait of that infernal Tennessee bar-
ber in your account of my wedding, sir.
You can stop my paper, sir. And
now, will you show me the typesetting
department of this office? I am on the way
path this morning, sir, bigger than a grizzly
bear, and I am going to find the man that
mixed those cuts and reorganize him from
the ground up!"

In the excitement and confusion that fol-
lowed some one hastily turned in a fire
alarm, and it took the entire department
and a squad of police to quench the fiery
young man.

English Gall.

The following three advertisements recently
appeared in an English paper:
"WANTED, an able-bodied man as country
rectory, willing to make himself generally
useful; must have thorough knowledge of
chickens, pigs, and understand milking;
must be able to drive horses and groom
them; ring the church bells, dig graves, be
cheerful mourner, and not object to carry
coffin; where parlor maid is kept."
A PIOUS YOUNG MAN desires to be received
into a respectable family, where the
excellence of his example and superior
morality might be considered as an equivalent
for board and lodgings.
ADORPTION. Youth, 19, highly respectable
family, gentlemanly appearance, is willing
to be adopted; reasons and particulars on
application.

He Knew How It Was.

"Miss Silkington dresses very handsomely,
doesn't she?" remarked a young lady to
Blyven.
"Yes, I believe she does."
"You should have seen her yesterday
evening. Her jewelry is gorgeous."
"Is it?"
"Perfectly magnificent. She had four-
large, handsome diamonds."
"Yes, I know," said Blyven, absent-
mindedly, "she drew one card and you
held up three aces and bet them all; she
called you, and showed that she'd caught
the other one. I know how it is."

What She Knew About Him.

"What do any of you know about Wash-
ington children?" asked a teacher in the
school on Thursday.
"One bright-faced youngster put up his
hand."
"Well, Willie, what do you know about
Washington?"
"He was the first President of the United
States," replied the boy.
There was silence then for quite a minute.
This seemed to have exhausted the stock of
information until at length a triumphant
smile about a little girl's mouth broke out on
the general area of perplexed faces, like a
splash of sunshine on a muddy pool. A
little hand went up.
"Well, Annie, what can you tell us about
Washington?"
"Washington!" said the teacher, with an
encouraging smile.
"Please, ma'am, he's dead," answered
the little girl.

French biography has just received an
addition in a study of "Francis the First
and His Times," by Madame G. Colinet.