

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

SUBSCRIPTION 1.00 PER ANNUM.
First insertion, per line, solid copy, 5¢
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 3¢
Professional cards, per year, 1.00
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One column, per year, 5.00
Half column, per year, 3.00
Quarter column, per year, 2.00
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Yours truly,
CHAS. A. SYDNER.

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Yours truly,
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Just Wait Till You See Flynn.

After a prolonged and vain search for a man named Flynn, the police officer accosted a strapping Irish woman who stood at the door of a particularly ramshackle hut. The woman showed signs of rough handling. Her left arm was in a sling, both eyes were blackened, she had a gash on her left cheek, and her head was swathed in bandages.

"Madam," said the officer, as he approached her, "can you tell me where a man named Flynn lives?"

"O' can."

"Where?"

"Right here."

"Then I presume I am addressing Mrs. Flynn?"

"Right yiz are."

"Is Flynn sick?"

"Indade an' he is. He's terrible sick."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Well, said the woman, as she readjusted one of the bandages on her head and wiped her left eye, "yiz see, Flynn and O' had a thrife of a dispute las' night, an' an' he's in bed as the result av it."

"And, madam," said the officer, eyeing the dilapidated countenance of Mrs. Flynn, "I imagine, judging by your appearance, that you got the worst of the dispute."

"Whist!" said Mrs. Flynn, as a broad grin overspread what was left of her face, "don't yiz say a word till yiz see Flynn."

The Canadian North-West.

Until within a very few years, the accepted opinion, as to the character of the Canadian North-west, was that, except as a hunting ground for fur-bearing animals, it was of little value. Even now well informed people have, as a general rule, a most inadequate conception of its resources and immense natural advantages.

The Canadian Senate has recently collected a great mass of information in regard to this territory, and as a result have revealed to the world the existence of a vast region, possessing a highly fertile soil and a genial summer climate in a latitude surprisingly near the polar circle.

It has been shown that wheat can be such as usually grown at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, in latitude 61° 51', or eight hundred and sixty-two miles north of the northern boundary of the United States; that barley is a safe crop at Fort Norman, on the same river, in latitude 65°; and that potatoes can be grown with fair success within the Arctic zone. It is a revelation to be informed that the Peace River country, which lies between 56° and 59° north latitude, is "almost semi-tropical"; it is the region of the cactus.

The Peace River is a feeder to the great river and lake system, of which the Mackenzie is the outlet. The Mackenzie has its source in the Great Slave Lake, a vast inland sea, rivaling Superior in magnitude, and empties into the Arctic Ocean, after a course of one thousand one hundred miles. With the great lakes which it drains, and the tributary rivers received by them in turn, it forms one of the most extensive waterways in the world.

From the source of the Peace River in the mountains of British Columbia to the ocean the distance is upwards of two thousand five hundred miles, and for the greater part of the way the navigation is excellent, in some places for the largest steamers. The Athabasca is another river of this system. It is a thousand miles long, and empties its waters into the lake of the same name, which, in its turn, finds an outlet to Great Slave Lake by means of the Slave River.

The rivers named flow for nearly two thousand miles, through a region highly adapted to agriculture. The Canadian Senate Committee reports that they, with the Saskatchewan River, drain an area of eight hundred and sixty thousand square miles, of which there is a possible area of three hundred and sixteen thousand square miles—over two hundred million acres—suitable for wheat.

If this is even approximately correct, its bearing upon the food supply of the hundreds of millions of people who will inhabit North America within half a century, at present rates of increase, can hardly be over-estimated. The whole area sown to wheat in the United States in 1888 was, according to the reports of the Department of Agriculture, thirty-six million acres.

On first considerations it will seem incredible that conditions favorable to agriculture can exist at such high latitudes; but when the explanation has been given, the case appears plain enough.

As is well known, elevation above the sea level has a potent effect in determining temperature. The Canadian Northwest is a distance of fifty miles east of the Rocky Mountains, the average elevation above the sea level of the Union Pacific Railway is five thousand feet.

As we go northward there is a gradual descent, until when the Mackenzie River Valley is reached, the altitude is only three hundred feet. It is asserted that this difference of altitude is equal to thirteen degrees of latitude.

If a close examination of any good map of America is made, it will be seen that no great river enters the Pacific Ocean along the coast of California and Oregon, and as most people know, the mountains form a lofty barrier to the warm winds which sweep eastward over the Pacific. But just at the northern boundary of Oregon, the Columbia River debouches, and still further north, a short distance above the international boundary, the Fraser River, empties its floods into Queen Charlotte Sound.

The numerous tributaries of these great rivers penetrate far into the mountains, so far, indeed, that they interlock with the upper branches of the Saskatchewan, which flows into Lake Winnipeg, and of the Athabasca and Peace Rivers, already spoken of.

Through the passes thus formed, the Pacific winds, the Chinooks, as they are called, find their way out on the Canadian plains, and carry a genial summer climate far beyond the Arctic circle.

In addition to the Pacific winds, there is a constant current of air, warmed on the plains west of the Mississippi, flowing northward. Canada has all the disadvantages resulting from the cold current from the Polar region, as a result of down over Labrador it drives the isothermal lines far below the latitude they occupy in Europe. It is only a just compensation, therefore, that the warm currents, which ascend to supply the vacancy at the North, should render the climate of the Canadian Northwest, for a large part of the year, very delightful.

An important influence, in determining the agricultural capability of this north land is the length of the summer days. In the centre of the Peace River country, the longest summer day is seventeen hours twenty-eight minutes long, that is from sunrise to sunset. The prolonged sunlight promotes rapid and vigorous growth.

It is a recognized fact that all plants are produced in their greatest perfection at the northern limit of the zone which they characterize. Wheat, oats and barley are essentially the products of the north temperate zone. Hence we would expect to find them in their greatest perfection in high latitudes where the conditions necessary for their growth can be found. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that the best wheat shown at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia was grown in the Peace River valley. (Chas. H. Loggia, in "Youth's Companion.")

Some time ago a Detroit girl was shot and nearly killed by her lover because, having discovered that he was already married, she refused to have anything more to do with him. Last week the villain was acquitted by a jury of twelve of his fellow-citizens on the ground of emotional insanity, the twelve holding that he was insane at the moment of committing the act. The incident leads the Detroit "Tribune" to remark that such an "outrageous and idiotic verdict on the part of twelve prize-jockeys" gives popular faith in the boasted jury system of the United States a tremendous wrench.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Truly Poite.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

"Naughty boys," said Johnny's mother, "oft are rude to one another, but I hope that you'll remember careless manners are not right; and wherever and whatever your surroundings, will endeavor to be scrupulously, cheerfully and ceaselessly polite."

"That I will," said Johnny sweetly, and he kept his word completely, and said "Please," and "beg your pardon," in a way that's seldom heard.

As a youth and as a man he still adhered to the plan he had so earnestly adopted as his gentle rule of life, and was often deferential when it wasn't quite essential, as for instance to his servants and his children and his wife.

When his business was up and bursted, and his creditors were worsted, with civility he told them he regretted such an end; and at his wife's demise, with a courtesy surprising he responded, "Dad, I thank you" to the question of a friend:

What I write is but a sample of the daily bright example which he set to show how life by proper manners may be greased.

Would that we might see another one so mindful of his brother: but, alas! he isn't born; and John, slack is long deceased.

"ROUGH JACK'S LITTLE LAD."

A Story of the English Colliers.

BY DAVID KER.

"Rough" enough he looked, indeed, the great black-bearded, grimy fellow, with his greasy cap pulled down over his hard, surly, bulldog face. And he was rough by nature as well as by name. Those huge bony hands of his, which could swing the heaviest pick-axe for hours without tiring, and could toss about great lumps of coal which other men could hardly lift, were always ready to knock any one who displeased him; and many a sturdy fellow in the Blackpool Collieries wore scars and bruises enough to make him sorry for having ever tried his strength against the terrible Jack.

But there was one person to whom even Rough Jack never said a harsh word; and that was his little Jim, the only child he had. Jim's mother had died soon after he was born, and his aunt, who kept house for Jack, was a big, bonny, sullen-faced woman, almost as untidy and coarse-looking as the rough collier himself. But no mother could have been more tenderly careful of the little fellow than they were. However dirty and untidy they might be themselves, they did their best to keep Jim's face clean and his clothes in order; and cross-grained Aunt Susan, who was always grumbling at having "stitch a power" of work to do, sat up at night several times, after her day's work was over, to knit a little pair of socks as a birthday present for him.

Jim had been the pet of the whole neighborhood, ever since he could remember; and these savage, wild-looking men, so fierce and surly with every one else, always had a kind word for "Rough Jack's little lad," as they called him. Every day he used to carry his father's dinner to the works in a little basket, going fearlessly among the colliers, savage bulldogs, which seemed to know him quite as well as their masters, and would wag their stumpy tails and put up their flat-nosed heads to be patted whenever he went by.

Indeed, the "little lad" seemed to have such perfect trust in every one, and to be so sure that nobody would hurt or vex him, that it was not easy for anyone else to think of going so. The rough collier lads, whose great sport was to pelt each other with heavy lumps of coal which made a bruise wherever they hit, shouted to one another to stop the moment they saw the little fair-haired head in the distance; and once when Rough Jack and his mate—who had been great friends hitherto—quarreled about something, and were going to fight, "little Jim" stepped in between them and, taking hold of his father's jacket, looked up at them, both with an air of such pitious astonishment, that the two fierce men, after eyeing him blankly for a moment, turned their backs, and slouched off in a shame-faced kind of way; and the next morning they were as good friends as ever.

But after a while troubles began to come upon Blackpool Colliery. Business grew slack, and wages had to be reduced, which bore very hard upon these reckless fellows, who spent their money as fast as they got it; never thinking of laying anything by. There was plenty of grumbling and growling against young Harry Forrester, the great man of the district, whom his father's death about a year before had left sole owner of the colliery; and the quiet people of the neighborhood began to rear a riot, and to talk of sending for soldiers from the nearest large town.

But amid all their troubles the rough men were still as loyal as ever to their "little lad." Many a grumbler went without his dinner to buy something good for Jim; Rough Jack, as he danced the little fellow on his broad shoulder, wore something as nearly approaching to a smile as his iron face could assume.

At last it began to be whispered one day among the colliers that a number of them were to be discharged. No one knew how there had arisen, or why, whether it was true or not; but the mere thought of it was quite enough for these wild fellows, ripe as they already were for mischief.

"We mun [must] strike," muttered a big, sullen-looking pitman.

"Ay, we mun strike—but not as thou meanst," growled Rough Jack, clinching his sledge-hammer fist with terrible emphasis. "I'se not let my little lad starve for a the' gentlefolks 'n' England. We mun strike Forrester's yed [head] so as he'll feel. Who'll join, lads?"

"I will."

"And I."

"And so'll I."

In fact every man there was as eager as Jack himself; and it was soon agreed that they should watch for a chance of attacking young Forrester, and then beat him within an inch of his life—and mayhap a

bit farther," as the burly pitman muttered, with a cruel gleam in his eyes. Two sharp lads were at once chosen to keep watch upon "young Squire Harry," who had come down from London a few days before; and, on the third morning, one of the scouts came running in to report that Harry had gone to see a friend a few miles from the colliery; and had sent the groom home with his horse, saying that he would walk back in the evening, the road being too rough to risk a good horse on after dark.

The lads exchanged by the colliers at this news said more than any words could do. All was soon settled. Midway along the road which Forrester must take lay a patch of bare, lonely moorland, well known to Rough Jack as his little boy's favorite playground. Here they would hide in a deep hollow overgrown with bushes, and pounce upon their victim as he passed.

Night drew on. One by one (for they knew that it would not do for many of them to be seen together), Jack and his gang came stealing up to the fatal spot, and crouching down amid the bushes, waited for their prey. But as time went on, and it grew darker and darker, and still there was no sign of him, they began to get uneasy. Could he have changed his mind and stayed all night? or could their plot have been discovered? No—there at last was a firm step, approaching, and the rising moon showed them the tall, active figure and handsome face which they all knew and hated.

The savage men clutched their heavy cudgels, and drew themselves together like tigers crouching for a spring. But just then there was a rattle of wheels and hoofs in the opposite direction, and a light dogcart came rushing along the highway like a whirlwind, evidently driven by some wild young fellow, who thought it fine fun to risk breaking his neck. At the same moment there appeared slowly crossing the road, right in the path of the maddened beast and the reckless driver, the figure of Rough Jack's little lad!

With a cry that made the air ring, the colliers burst from their hiding place, forgetting everything but the peril of their pet. As they ran they saw the child stumble and fall, trying to escape, and Harry spring forward to catch him up; but then horse and dog-cart came dashing down upon them both, and everything vanished in a whirl of dust.

But as the dust cleared away, Harry Forrester was seen rising slowly to his feet. There was a thin streak of blood stealing down his smooth white forehead; and his left hand was sorely bruised and out; but his right arm was still firmly around the child, who was looking up in his face, with round, wondering blue eyes, as if hardly knowing whether to be frightened or not.

Jack sprang to his child like a tiger whose cub has been wounded, and, finding him quite unharmed, took the tiny face between his huge, black hands and kissed it passionately again and again.

"God bless thee, my little lad," said he, in a broken voice. "God bless thee!"

Then his mood seemed to change, and flinging his cap on the ground at Forrester's feet, he folded his arms on his brawny chest and looked the young man full in the face.

"Look ee here, Mester," said he, firmly "we mun out this meet [night], to beat and hammer thee—mayhap to kill thee, outright; and thou'st nigh killed thyself! to save yon little lad, as I'd gi' my heart's blood for onny day. Now, here, I stand; knock me down if thou wilt, or gi' me over to the police, or what ye loike. I'se ne'er lift hand to stop thee, for I ha' done a craddently [cowardly] thing."

"And so say we a, I very mon of us," cried the older men, gathering round their leader.

It was a strange scene upon which the full moon fell in all its brightness: the wild waste of dark moorland in the background; the slender, handsome, gayly dressed young man, with little Jim's tiny face peering against his shoulder; the sooty skins and savage faces of the grim giants around him, and in front the mighty figure of Rough Jack, silently awaiting his sentence.

But the sentence came in a form which Jack little expected. With one hand Forrester put the little boy into his father's arms, while with the other he gave the colliers' great black hand a cordial grasp.

"If you've been wrong, my man, I dare say I've been wrong, too," said he heartily; "but, luckily, it's not too late yet to set things straight. We must just try, and understand each other a little better after this; and please G-d, we'll do it, with the help of this little peacemaker here."

He spoke truly, for from that day there were not three, better friends in all England than Harry Forrester, "Rough Jack," and "Rough Jack's little lad."

Sharp Teeth.

Yankees are ingenious, but they have not yet discovered everything. Mr. Eden describes an amusing trick of the Chinese fishermen in Australian waters, which it is doubtful whether any Cape Cod skipper would ever have thought of trying.

Before the net was dragged up I had noticed several curious black switches appearing above the surface. They puzzled me not a little until I discovered that they were the tails of "stingarees." These are large, flat fishes like the skate, with a prodigiously long tail armed near the base with three long, serrated spikes which they can raise or depress at pleasure.

The stingarees are very troublesome in a net, for if you haul slowly enough to give them time they fasten upon the bottom by suction, and it takes a cart-horse to pull them off.

The Chinese managed them very cleverly. At such times, however, getting hold of the end of the tail and biting it severely. The pain, I suppose, caused the fish to relax its hold, when a sudden jerk broke the spell.

Proclaiming His Disgrace.

The Siamese have a curious method of punishing their police-constables when found guilty of an offense. Not very long ago one of these guardians of the peace was seen standing near the door of the police station with his hands tied behind his back, and wearing on his breast a board with the following notice: "My name is Cuddy, and I have been placed here by the order of Corporal Sin. Last night I stole a sword belonging to His Majesty, the King, and was taken in the act by a guard at the moment when I was carrying off the article under my arm. To-day I repent that base action. The inspector is very angry with me, and says I deserve a punishment, my offense being a serious one, as I belong to the police. I entreat the passers by to look me in the face, and tell me sincerely if I ought to be whipped. In my opinion my crime is not a very serious one, because everybody here does the same."

BIG AND LITTLE SHIPS ON WHEELS.

The Chicago and Erie Railway to rival Capt. Eads' Project.

Across the narrow neck of land connecting the maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, work is now being constructed which, if a success, will cause Eifel to look to his laurels if he expects to establish the claim he has made for his tower as being the eighth wonder of the world.

This marvel of modern engineering is the Chicago and Erie Railway, a work which in prospect has been before the people of this country for the last fifteen or twenty years. Grit and Tory have alike noted and advocated the scheme, as they happened to be in or out of power. Nobody believed that the idea would ever be successfully carried out, but all scoffers were silenced by the arrival at Amherst in September last of the contractors, Messrs. Dawson, Symmes and Usher. These gentlemen, at once began to push the work in a business-like manner, and will this summer find employment for about five thousand men. Dawson & Co. are well and favorably known in Canada and the United States as wealthy and successful contractors, one of their last operations being the construction of the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

The promoter of the scheme is H. C. C. Ketchum, whose pluck has at last brought it its own reward. Mr. Ketchum will very probably be knighted if his railway proves a success.

The little isthmus across which the line is being constructed from the Bay of Fundy to Northumberland Straits, a distance of seventeen and one-half miles, is historic ground. Here, within a stone's throw, are the old forts of Beauséjour (now Fort Cumberland) and Fort Lawrence. Here, in days gone by, Vergaur, with his regular and Acadian, his habitants and Indians, struggled for colonial supremacy with Moncton and his brave New Englanders, with Lawrence and his British troops. Here the loyal New England States generously poured out their blood and gold in an effort to add one more jewel to the British Crown.

The contractors are under agreement to complete the work in two years from September 1888, and also to operate it for one year after its completion. It will be built in the strongest possible manner, enabling it to carry the largest vessel or steamer, with cargo. The car or ship cradle will run on four lines of steel rails, each rail weighing about one hundred and ten pounds. No wood will be used; all bridges and culverts are to be built of hewn stone. At either terminus there will be two large docks, an outer one, 500 feet long by 300 feet wide, forming a receiving basin, and an inner dock, 250 feet long by 300 feet wide. These docks will be faced with hewn stone and have a water depth of sixty feet. The inner basin will be filled with an adjustable platform, operated by hydraulic pressure, for the purpose of raising and lowering vessels in transit.

A ship or steamer making the overland passage is first floated into the inner basin, and the platform supporting the car or ship cradle sunk to the required depth. The ship is then floated until she rests securely on the cradle. Hydraulic pressure is applied and the platform raised until the rails on which the cradle rests are on a plane with those of the main line, when a powerful engine is coupled on and away "saile" the ship past Beauséjour and Cumberland, over swamps, and bogs, through forests of spruce and pine until, after sailing over some seventeen miles of dry land, she is launched into the waters of the Bay of Fundy or the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as the case may be. Vessels taking advantage of this short cut will save some hundreds of miles of dangerous passage around the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia. Especially will it be a boon to the Gloucester fishermen bound to the Labrador coast; the Bay of Chaleur; or other points north and east.

Mr. Ketchum has some millions of English capital at his back, and the line will certainly be built and operated—always provided Mr. Frye and Mr. Butterworth don't scoop the whole business. Canada is young, but she is coming; and she will have the first practical marine railway in the world.

Pacific Cables.

If a million dollars have really been pledged in San Francisco for laying an ocean telegraph to Honolulu, it is a good start. Perhaps its first effect will be to stir up British Columbia, Australia, and New Zealand to push ahead their own larger project of the same kind. Their cable is to go from Vancouver to the Sandwich Islands, thence to Fanning Island, thence to Samoa, thence to the Fiji; thence to New Zealand, which is already connected by wire with Australia. This is not the shortest route, from the Dominion, but it is about the most advantageous. It lands in two neutral groups, the Hawaiian and the Samoan, although its other intermediate stations and the terminal points are British. But will two telegraphs to the Sandwich Islands pay 150,000,000 even one? There was a measure in the Fiftieth Congress subsidizing the American scheme on the ground of its "strategic advantages"; but there is no likelihood of its being successful. The present activity in the project is probably due to the hope of anticipating the intercolonial plan, and absorbing the business by being first on the ground.

Good For Evil.

Cato said that wise men have more to learn of fools than fools of wise men. Probably he meant that, being wise, they would learn more. Everywhere the wise man is the least learner; and the lesson of avoidance is one which wisdom will ever glean from the exhibition of folly. While the examples of good and great men are powerful in winning us to love and to imitate their excellencies, those of an opposite description may exercise a warning and restraining effect. The cruelty which excites horror and indignation may lead us to cultivate kindness and compassion. The selfishness which appears in such repellent features may cause us to dread and shun it. The frolic and peevish temper, so disagreeable to witness, may stimulate us to be cheerful and patient. The sight of dishonesty, with its lamentable results, may be the turning-point in the career of one just beginning to swerve from strict rectitude. Certain it is that we may, if we will, in some of these ways, reap harvests of good from the evil that is all around us.

Ribbon Four Inches Wide Is Set in the Side Seams of Bodices, and Drawn Forward to a Knot at the Waist Line.

Ribbon four inches wide is set in the side seams of bodices, and drawn forward to a knot at the waist line.