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seven of his legs. Since I have had one of your
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ANDREW TRENT,
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sent to any address on receipt of price by the
proprietors. Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

An Item for Englishmen and Irishmen.
One of our contemporaries has hastened to
anticipate that the Marquis of Lorne and
the Earl of Elche are both Scotchmen.
We do not think any grievance will be
founded upon the nationality of the bride
groom-elect. At we once admit the prin-
ciple that our young Royal ladies should
marry natives of the United Kingdom we
must leave the rest to personal selection.
The Scotchmen are possibly more successful
woolens than either Englishmen or Irishmen,
and those who win have a right to the spoils.
—[Liverpool Mercury.]

An Unconcerned Man.
Poplajay—"Blossom is the most uncon-
cerned man I ever knew."
Dampsey—"How so?"
Poplajay—"Why, the other day I stopped
at his house during a thunder storm. Pro-
tly soon he drove into the yard, and just as
he jumped out of the buggy the lightning
struck his horse and killed it as dead as a
doornail. What do you suppose that man
said? Why, he strolled up to this piazza
and says he; 'That was a plucky lucky thing,
Poplajay. I always did hate to unharness
in the rain.'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The officer of a bank in Vermont resides
in Canada, and for many long years has
walked across the border to his business.
Now the Washington officials are trying to
bring him into their category of a laborer
immigrating under contract. If he were
really to become an immigrant, by trans-
ferring his residence to the United States
and thus breaking the law, he would hear
nothing more about it. His not breaking
the law is the reason of his being troubled.
The Washington officials are, however,
anxious to keep out the heathen Chinese, but
perhaps this is because they fear being out-
rivalled in dark and peculiar ways.

The United States Government has ap-
pointed Professor Todd, of Amherst College
Observatory, chief of an expedition which
will be sent to Africa next fall to observe the
total eclipse of the sun on December 22nd.
The party will take up its station about 125
miles inland from St. Paul de Loanda in the
Portuguese province of Angola. The eclipse
which will take place at three o'clock in the
afternoon, will last a little over two hours
and it is expected that the observers will
have a fine view of the solar corona. The
members of the party will risk their lives in
the interests of science, for the climate of
Angola is most dangerous to strangers,
three-quarters of whom die within three
months after their arrival.

Among the latest projects of this enter-
prising age is a railway through the Holy
Land. The undertaking conveys with it the
idea of desecration, and bids fair to deprive
Palestine of at least one of its romantic fea-
tures—difficult travelling through a country
that is attractive only for the sacred asso-
ciations attaching to it. When the conductor
shouts "all aboard for Jericho or Jerusa-
lem" the traveller will reflect upon the
passenger rates, and determine from them
whether or not he has fallen among thieves.
There can be little doubt, however, that the
application of science to the Holy Land will
popularize the desire to see it. The easier
the pilgrimages to the city of David the more
numerous the pilgrims will be.

Those who wish to live long—and who
does not?—will be cheered by the informa-
tion that the duration of human life appears
to be extending. Common sense applied to
the problems of existence is doing much to
remove the causes which make for early dis-
solution. People are indeed learning to
avoid the death traps, and to operate the
human machine with such care that it will
last long. The point to be remembered is
that in youth there is a reserve power which
must not, by dissipation or other unnatural
agencies, be drawn upon. Let that power
be economized, and it will stand its posses-
sor in good stead when sickness or old age
overtakes him. The willful waste of vitality
on the other hand will lead to the proverbial
"woful want" in due time.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, esti-
mates that about \$2,500,000 has been ex-
pended for the relief of the sufferers by the
Conecough flood, and of this sum nearly
\$1,100,000 in cash has passed through his
hands. The flow of contributions has by no
means ceased yet, as on Friday last the
Governor received \$11,000—\$8,000 of which
came from Germany—and on the following
day between \$2,000 and \$3,000. The people
of Johnstown are now protesting against
any further expenditures except in the way
of direct gifts of money. They assert that
the greatest extravagance and carelessness
have been displayed, and that they have re-
ceived no adequate return for the expendi-
ture.

Grave statements are made with reference
to the condition of the Indians on the British
Columbia coast. It is alleged by Mr. R. A.
Pocock in a letter to the Victoria press that
the aborigines are, as a whole, even more
immoral than when the white man found
them. As an illustration of the result of
immorality upon them it is mentioned that
one tribe, the Kwagwilt, numbering seven
thousand in 1853, has been reduced to 1,998.
The decimation of the tribes is marked even
in the later Indian reports. In 1888, for
instance, the Cowichan band is reported to
have decreased by eighty-four persons, the
west coast Indians by 205, and the Kwagwilt
by thirty-eight. Vice in all its forms reigns
supreme, and the officials are powerless to
check it.

She Had Some Preference of Denomination.
One of the assistants at the Post-office
happened to be standing at one of the deliv-
ery windows the other day when a buxom
dame of eighteen summers stepped up and
asked if stamps were sold there. Upon
being told that they were she said that she
wanted to buy a dollar's worth.

"A dollar's worth?" replied the assistant.
"Of what denomination?"
The damsel showed symptoms of embar-
rassment and hesitated to reply. She
twinkled her shawl fringed nervously, and cast
her eyes about to see if any one was near,
moved a little closer to the window and final-
ly asked in timorous voice:

"Do you bid to write it down?"
"By no means," answered the courteous
assistant; "that is not necessary, but I pre-
sume you have some preference as to the
denomination."
"Ah—well—yes," replied the stranger,
her face turning scarlet. "I, for some, I
generally go to the Piscopal Methodist my-
self, but the fellow I'm buyin' the stamps
for he's a Universal Orthodox." —[Sunday
National.]

Some Caution Necessary, Perhaps.
Luke Schoolcraft, the minstrel, told a
characteristic story at one of the Elks' socials
recently. It was of a jolly old Irishman,
who was addicted to a very free use of the
bottle, much to the disgust of his faithful
wife. She knew that he was "going it" at
too fast a pace and she appealed to their
priest to pull him up. In view of the cir-
cumstances, this priest thought he was justifi-
fied in employing one or two fairy tales, so
when he met Pat on the street he called him
aside and said:

"Pat, you're drinking too hard. Now,
you know that you can depend upon what
I say, and I have no hesitancy in telling you
that if you keep on as you are doing you will
change into a rat."
This awful prediction annoyed Pat greatly,
and when he went home he told his wife
about it. Of course, she worked it up and
told him the priest was undoubtedly right.
Pat was deep in thought for some time. He
did hate very much to give up his toddy,
but the rat idea was too much for him.
Finally he said:

"Luk here, Bridget, av ye see the whis-
kers an' tall comin' an me, all I ask av ye is
jist to keep yer eye on the cat."

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Voyage to Slumberland.
She sails away on the River of Dreams.
This little Skipper with eyes of brown,
As the fire-fly's torch in the twilight gleams
And the garish sun goes down;
Her bark floats over the grimy town
To Slumberland, and its silver sea;
The folds of the Skipper's snowy gown
Are no whit fairer than she.

There are angel-birds in the warm, still air,
And the skipper laughs with her eyes of
brown
And they sing to her old songs, sweet and
rare,
To the beat of their wings of down;
They sing of a Prince of high renown
And a Princess ever so young and fair;
But where is the Princess had ever a crown
Like the crown of her soft brown hair!

Cometh a storm o'er silver sea
That ebbs on the Dreamers' Land;
And the angel-birds fade out to the lee
Of this singular Slumberland;
In there a Harbor, by angels planned,
From all storms, whatever they be,
From the wicked fairies of Slumberland
And the waves in its silver sea?

Up like a flash comes the little brown head,
And the brown eyes only see
A billowy blanket of silk, outspread
On an ocean of dimity!
But it's fearlessly the Skipper will flee
With a soft little barefoot tread—
By the chart she learned on her bended
knee,
To the Haven of "Mother's Bed."

JOHN PAUL BOECK.

King Frederick's Kiss.
One Summer morning, a great many years
ago, a boy was lying sound asleep on a bench
in one of the rooms at Sans-Souci (the
country palace of the King of Prussia) with
his clothes on. Very gay clothes they were;
from the trim blue jacket, with its embroid-
ered cuffs and shining brass buttons, down
to the smart shoes, with their well-polished
steel buckles. But the poor little fellow's
face was not as gay as his dress by any
means. It looked sadly pale, and as worn
and tired as if he had been up all night.

So indeed he had, for tough old King Frederick, who could work from 4 in the morning till 10 at night without seeming a bit the worse, sometimes forgot that his poor little page-boy was not as strong as himself, and would often keep him on duty till Karl fell asleep from sheer fatigue, just as he appeared to have done now.

All at once a bell rang sharply in the next room. At that signal the page ought to have jumped up and gone in to receive his orders for the day, as he had to the first thing every morning, no matter at what hour he had gone to bed. But he was so fast asleep that he never heard it; and the bell rang again still more sharply without any answer.

Then the door of the inner room opened, and out came a very strange figure indeed. It was a small, lean, gray-haired old man in a shabby uniform coat and a pair of long riding boots, which looked as though they had not been cleaned for a month; and as if he were not untidy enough already, he had smeared the whole front of his coat with snuff, which fell off in flakes whenever he moved.

His face might have been carved in stone, so cold and hard did it look; but in the midst of it there gleamed an eye so large and bright and piercing that it seemed to go right through every one upon whom it rested. But for this commanding glance one would most likely have taken him for a beggar, and have wondered what business such a slovenly old fellow could have in the palace at all.

But in reality this queer, shabby little old man was no other than King Frederick of Prussia himself, the greatest general and statesman in the world, and famous throughout all Europe under the name of "Frederick the Great."

One could see by the flash of his eye and the set of his hard old mouth, as he came striding out, that he was very angry at being kept waiting, and that a terrible scolding awaited the poor little page, who lay sleeping there so peacefully, knowing nothing at all about it. But as the king's eye fell upon the lad's unconscious face his mood seemed to change.

"Hum!" muttered he, with the very ghost of a smile flickering over his iron face. "How famously the young dog sleeps! I only wish I could have such a nap now and then. One can see that he hasn't got to worry himself about governing five millions of men, or carrying on war against five nations at once! Ha! what's this?"

A crumpled sheet of coarse paper, which seemed to have dropped from Karl's hand, was lying on the floor beside him. The king picked it up, and these were the first words that caught his eye, written in the shaky, straggling hand of a very feeble old woman.

"I thank you much, my dear child, for the money that you have so kindly sent me, which has been a great help. Take your old mother's blessing for it, and see that you always do your best to be a worthy and faithful servant to our master, the King, whom God bless and preserve."

As he read that simple message the soldier-king's grim face softened so no one had ever seen it soften before. Perhaps the memory of his own mother, dead years ago, rose up in his mind once more; perhaps he was touched by the old woman's prayer for himself, or by the discovery that this had been the boy's last thought before he fell asleep.

"Were all my subjects like that," he murmured, "I should be the luckiest king in Europe. And so he has been saving money from his wages (and poor enough wages they are, I am sure) to send to his mother! Well done, my boy; thou'rt a true Prussian!"

At that moment Karl moved slightly, as if about to wake.
The king noticed it, and a new idea appeared to strike him, which must have been a droll one, judging from the momentary twinkle that lighted up his stern eyes. "Yes, that will be the best way," said he to himself, "and a fine surprise it will be to him."

Stepping back into the room whence he had issued (which certainly had very little "royal luxury" about it, for it was almost as bare as a cattle shed, with no furniture save a battered old deal table and a broken chair), Frederick hunted in the table drawer till he rummaged out a well worn writing-case, from one of the pockets of which he took three gold coins.

These he slipped into the page's pocket along with the letter, taking great care not to awake him in doing so. Then he rang his bell violently and called out:

"Karl, come here!"
The sharp, stern voice effectually roused our hero, who started up at once, and drew back in dismay as he saw Frederick's keen eyes fixed upon him.

"Pardon your majesty, pardon!" stammered he. "I was—"
"Never mind about that just now," interrupted the king. "Come in here and get your orders."
As Karl sprang eagerly forward to obey, the money which had been put loosely into his pocket, rolled out again, and fell ringing and obnoxious upon the floor.

"Hello, young man!" cried Frederick. "You ought to be a good deal richer than I am if you can afford to fling your money about like that."
"Oh, sire!" cried the boy, imploringly, "I don't know anything about this money. I don't indeed! Somebody must have meant to ruin me by putting it into my pocket, and then saying that I had stolen it."
"No," said the king, gravely, "that money is God's gift to you, to help you in assisting your mother. Write and tell her that I know all about her, and that I'll take care of her and you too."
And King Frederick kept his word.

He Had Learned Something.
One day Patrick O'Connell, a little Irish boy, took his dinner to school, and it was eaten by cats while school was in session. The next morning he ate long after the others were through, and, being asked why he was eating so long, as he seemed to have no appetite, said: "Why, the cats took my dinner yesterday, so I'm going to put it where it will be safe."

Grace's Guess.
Grace, aged four, being kept indoors on account of the rain, became restless, and, to take up her attention, was given a piece of finished sewing from which to pick the basting threads. After working busily for half an hour she was called to the dinner-table. After eating a few mouthfuls of string beans she said: "I guess God forgot to take the basting threads out of these beans."

He Knew.
A teacher was telling her little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"
"Yesam," from the class.
"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"
"Yesam."
"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"
No answer.
"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?"
"Scratches," replied the boy.
"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"
"Whiskers," said a boy on the back seat; and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.

HOW GLUCOSE IS MADE.
A Description of the Process of an Interesting Manufacture.
The process of making glucose will be best understood, says the American Analyst, by following the corn from the time it enters the factory until it runs out at a spigot, a clear, colorless liquid. The shell corn is first soaked for several days in water to soften the hull and prepare it for the cracking process. The softened corn is conveyed by elevators to one of the highest stories of the factory, and shoveled into large hoppers, from which it passes into mills that merely crack the grains without reducing them to one-tenth of their original size. The cracked grain is then conducted to a large tank filled with rinsing water. The hulls of the corn float at the top of the water, the germs sink to the bottom, and the portions of the grain containing the starch, becoming gradually reduced to flour by friction, are held in solution in the water. By an ingenious process both the hulls and the germs are removed and the flour part now held in solution contains nothing but starch and gluten.

This liquid is then made to flow over a series of tables, representing several acres in area, and the difference in the specific gravity of the two substances causes the gluten and starch to separate without the use of chemicals. The gluten is of a golden-yellow color and the starch snow white. By the time the gluten has been completely eliminated the starch assumes a plastic form, and is collected from the separating tables by wheelbarrowful and taken to a drying-room where it is prepared as the starch of commerce or placed in a chemical apparatus to be converted into glucose.

To Drive Out Flies.
I haven't a mosquito bar nor a screen door about my house, says Herbert A. Finley, in the St. Louis "Globe Democrat," and yet there are seldom any flies, and never any mosquitoes about it. I learned the secret of successful warfare against these pests when living in the swamps of Louisiana, where, summer or winter, mosquitoes swarm. For some years life was unendurable, and no meal could be eaten in peace. But all at once there was a change for the better. Bars and screens were often out of place, but there was almost an immunity from insects. I was bathing at the time, and had just changed my colored boy. The newcomer explained to me how he kept the "critters" away. He burnt small pieces of gum camphor on the cook stove, and used a secret preparation he called "undekillo." When I got married and came to Missouri I imparted the secret to my wife, and as there is no patent on it that I know of, I would advise all fellow-sufferers to go and do likewise. The gum camphor alone is ample for the purpose, and need only be used two or three times a day.

What we want mostly, in the opinion of the New York Times, is not so much an extended market for disposing of our surplus crops, but cheaper methods of production. If our vast crop of corn can be grown one cent a bushel cheaper than it now is, we should save \$20,000,000 annually on that crop alone.

GRAZED BY THE FLOOD.

An Actress who Thinks her Lover Went Down in the Johnstown Raft.
Miss Mollie Robbins, one of Chicago's reigning society queens and an heiress to nearly half a million, has been crazed by the Johnstown flood. Miss Robbins is not over 20 years old. She is handsome and stylish, and wears a fortune in diamonds. The family reside in the fashionable quarter in Michigan avenue, in Chicago. She believes that the man to whom she was engaged to be married was lost in the flood. In order to cure her of the delusion her mother and brother have brought her to Philadelphia and will take her to Johnstown, where it is hoped that a meeting with her affianced husband will restore her reason.

Miss Robbins appeared the other day at a railway station in Philadelphia. She approached one of the officials, and tapping him on the shoulder, said:
"Is this the safest road to heaven?"
The official was too much surprised to reply to the question, and the young woman continued:
"Yes! You may think me crazy, but I am not. I am as sane as you are, but I want to find the safest road to heaven, and I am told this is one of them."
The man laughed and said he guessed this was as safe a road as any other. She walked away from him, but returned later and said:
"I don't want you to have the impression that I am crazy, because I am not. I am looking for the safest road to a heaven of rest for the summer, and if you can direct me I will be very much obliged to you. You see, I am the Goddess of Shade and Dow, and if I can keep away the burning sun from those of my satellites I will have made their way smooth to the good spot. Say, I have lost my wings! Can they be in the carriage?"

While the young woman was rambling on in this strain to the astonished official an aged, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a tall young man, stepped up to the young girl and said: "Come, Mollie, dear we missed you." Then the trio walked away. The tall young man was Miss Robbins's brother, and when he was seen by a reporter he said that the Johnstown flood was the cause of his sister's present mental condition.

"The night before the flood she awoke from a sound sleep and startled the whole household by her unearthly screams. It was over two hours before we could calm her, and strange to say, when we questioned her we discovered that she had dreamed the dam had burst at Johnstown, and the flood had carried away her intended, who was in that neighborhood, and had washed his body up into a tree, where she had been struggling to release it. She could not be wholly quieted, but imagined she was an angel trying to pull the body from the tree, and that unless she did so she could not find the pathway to heaven."
"We brought her on to see one of Philadelphia's noted insanity specialists, and he suggested we take her to Johnstown and see if the surroundings and the meeting with her intended, who was not there at the time of the flood, but whom she has since not seen, will not restore her. She is very quiet, is perfectly sane on all other subjects, and if this delusion can be dispelled we will be happy."
"But the strangest part is that she plainly described twenty-four hours before the flood exactly as it occurred. Oh, yes, we were acquainted there, and spent two weeks last summer in the town. It seems her intended had written to her the day before the flood, telling her that he would not be surprised if the dam should some day burst and wash out Johnstown. That was on her mind and evidently influenced her dreams."

Why He Was Down on Prize Fighting.
"So, neighbor Yager, you are down on prize fighting, eh?"
"Vell, no vunder. Dot peckness got me down on vonce."
"How long ago?"
"Vell, dot vas about dirty year long go, when I met mit der show vent yit. Dot vos der Robinson and Lake Show. Dot vos on Buffalo. New York. I Dere was a jessle feller for Irishmanland, what say he grawls der ganwas under; und gone der show in midout pay. I say: 'You'n dozd.' Und he say: 'You'n bet my sceved life Ivill Und den I walk mit him up to 'dake his coat col'lar hot' and throw him der lot out; aber I no could gatch him. Him some hard fids make and shump und dance me before dis' say und dot; say like some mongeys, when before I somedings know I somedings don't know und lay der ground dereon so 'dead' like some mackerals' fishes. Und when I vas to life come agains, some feller say: 'Yager, you'n peen some fools.' Dot vas a prize fighter. Und den I say: 'So I feels.'"
"That, then, is why, you're so down on prize fighting, eh?"
"Dot's what I say, because dot briza fightin' vas down on me vonce."

A Heartless Brute.
Mrs. Muckles—"Henry, I do think you might use your manners when we are alone as well as when there is company here. What would you think if I were to sit around with my feet ooked up on the table, like you do?"
Mr. Muckles—"I think the chances are that the table would break down."

Moderous Proposition.
Bridget—"Mr. Sophlegh is in the parlor, moon."
Laura—"That hateful little dude again? I wish I could think of some plan to get rid of him."
Brother John—"Why, don't you try insect powder on him, Lol!"

Wanted Things in Keeping.
Mrs. Honeymoon—"Algernon, dear, I wish you would put on your red necktie for dinner." Mr. Honeymoon—"Why, my love? Mrs. Honeymoon—"Because we are to have radishes, tomatoes, strawberries and claret."

She Had Aged.
Young Husband—"What? You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young Wife (wearily)—"I have aged rapidly, since I married."