THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE --- SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

Pleasant Features of London Life

There Is Always Something Novel to Interest One There.

DIVERTING STREET EPISODES

Enjoyable Experiences Are in Store for the Observant American Woman Who Knows How to Perceive and to Appreciate London Oddities.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune. London, Nov. 20 .-- I have had my first glimpse of London fog, but as it was only a yellow one, it was nothing over which to go into superlatives, at all. It came last week one night, and when I awoke in the morning I could not see through the air outdoors, as it was all yellow and thick, like smoke. In the hous) things were not so bad, however, as very much of it did not penetrate to us, and we only felt slightly uncomfortable on account of the smoke getting anto our eyes, making them smart, and making our throats tickle and cough from its effects. I said to the girls at breakfast that I did not think it so very dreadful; that I had thought from the exaggerated accounts I had read of 4t, that it was something to dread exceedigly; but they all cried me down with a loud voice, and told me to wait until I had seen a bona fide London for -a black one, through which I could neither see nor feel my way, and which, they aver, fully justifies the exaggerated accounts (as I always had thought, which Charles Dickens gives of them. So I meekly submitted. But I shall not call my experiences of this dear, big, busy place complete until I have one of the black fogs to add to my constantly growing store. If I were in Rome, I'm sure I should go to see the Coliseum; or if in Paris I should certainly do the Grand Opera House; and as I am in London, I most surely want to go through a London fog. I expect it. I shall feel defrauded of my just rights if I do not. So, there!

London's Big Stores.

I am in love with this place. When I first came up here from Wales, I thought London was an unmitigated nightmare. Now I think it is a fairyland. The shops are all so alluring and lovely, especially on the inside; for, to tell the truth, the average shopkeeper over here does not trim up his window nearly as elaborately as our American ing allowed himself to tread on Miss one does, for the delectation of the passers-by, I'm rather afraid that our professional window decorators would have to starve for lack of occupation here. The way they do is to decorate by hanging things up in the windows, which just give a tantalizing hint of what may be seen inside, if you only will step in and look, and that little hint is a mighty powerful ore, sometimes. This applies to the average draper's Mr. Dude with him, and behold! the shop. Things are in the window, to be sure, often ticketed with most alluring dramatis personae. Whereupon the prices, but there is nothing at all wonderful in their grouping. You cannot be transfixed in London as you can in Mr. Beggarman with a big bundle of New York by a window whose artistic | rags falling out of the back of his coat arrangement catches your eye at once. There are half a dozen large drapers, like Peter Robinson, Henry Clare, Harvey Nichols, or Jay's, who put into | into the fatherly care of a policeman, their windows, dresses, furs, laces, mag- who had by this time arrived upon the nificent enough, of themselves, to root scene.

one to the spot, where one remains, last to the rest of world until

but she solved the difficulty for me by looking creatures. The beggars, by the placing it on the plano, where it way, are legion, of course, and they have a million different ways of begshowed more advantageously. She had ging. Some sit on the curb and grind a lovely voice, perfectly cultivated, but away on a microscopic hand organ-a song without expression, and was very way that was very famillar to me, as very coldly received. Now came the we had them at home in Wilkes-Barre. soprano, an oldish girl, decidedly Then there are others that take the homely, with a gown that could not world renowned street plano around, compare with the mezzo's, and on her bouquet ribbons that clashed with the even in the busiest streets, and harrow the souls of the people passing. Then color of her dress. She had a poor again, you see, as I saw the other day, voice, but made the most of it, usir g it a poor old man, almost too thin to live very well, and singing very artistically was showered with recalls. I te I should think, standing at the curb She playing away on an awful fiddle. No marked to the girls that on a little tones and no tunes came from it. A thing, singing with taste and expres little old wisp of a woman stood by sion, in her case at least, did everything him, to receive the penuies. Then there for her appearance. 'The poor mezzo' are blind beggars and lame beggars, make-up and bouquet and fine voic and beggars maimed for life in any availed her nothing against the little number of horrible manners, so un art which the otherwise unlucky looksightly that you would give them a pen-

ing soprano displayed. I rather exny to send them away; and the worst pected to see the mezzo get a recall of all these beggars is, that you do not from the audience, if only for the pleaknow which are deserving and which sure of looking at her; but no, it was are not. Some of these lame, halt and the unfortunate looking soprano who blind beggars are only "made up" to be 'went down," as they say here, just ecause she had a bit of feeling. I was lame, halt and blind, so that sometimes the most deserving are those who lool glad to find that such was the state of as though they were not, by far. affairs with audiences here. They are most discriminating. Persistent London Beggars.

But

But I must not pass the beginars by without mentioning the beggar with a voice, the singing beggar, I saw on

think, who ask for a penny or tuppence

"to get a cup of tea." I never had any

of them ask me for anything until

vesterday. When I was coming from

the Academy, I saw a woman on the

street-bald, bottle-nosed, and in a bad

state of preservation generally. She

was so ugly that I was rather fascin-

ated by her, and seeing me look at her

she spoke up and asked, "Miss, tup-

I was on my way down the street, and

her brandy was not bought by any con-

tribution of mine. I saw a very amus

ing thing happen down on Regent stress

the other afternoon, in which a blind

and maimed beggar was involved. A

pretty girl was going into one of the

shops, and at her heels walked a brain-

tess little dude, glancing worshipfully

at the little lady as she swept by. But

she had a train to her dress, and just

as she passed, a beggar man, all bent

double, and hobbling along on one leg

at a snail's pace, held out his hand to

Mr. Dude, auguring well from that gen-

tieman's beaming countenance. Mr.

Dude, to get rid of him, was in the act

of giving him something, and in so do-

Beauty's dress, which she smartly

pulled from under his feet, just as he

grabbed Mr. Beggarman in order to re-

gain his balance. Now, Mr. Beggar

man, as later developements disclosed,

all wrapped up with bandages in order

to appear crippled, which he was not,

could not sustain so much as two mas

culine lives on his one leg, and so, fell,

bursting his bandages, all rags, dragged

ground was instantly strewn with

Beauty sharply turned around, saw

Mr. Dude scrambling to his feet, and

-his former hump-and thinking they

had been in collusion, I suppose, to pick

her pocket, promptly delivered both

London's Street Beauties.

pence for a cup of tea, please?"

FUTURE OF PROHIBITION. the other day walking slowly along of Rev. J. C. Hogan, of Forest City, Gives a Oxford street, singing in a dramatic Number of Reasons Why He Feels Hopemanner, in all the din and noise of the afternoon traffic. No one seemed to ful Along This Line. notice him at all. There is a kind of Editor of The Tribune. beggar, the worst I have seen yet, I

Sir: In my recent letter to your pa per I promised to speak of additional reasons for the existence and the future triumph of the Prohibition party First-The Prohibition party, aside from the liquor question, appeals to the voters of this state and nation with a hundred-fold more of good reason than either the Republican or the Democratic parties. I know this is not apparent to the average voter, but that is largely because the Prohibitionists are without a daily press to report their work and present their views. But this will not

Sadie E. Kaiser.

always be the case. The Prohibitionist contends that the aloon or liquor question, in private and public life, is of vastly more importance to the general public, even from the standpoint of industry and conomy, than all the so-called issues of the two big parties combined. But besides that the Prohibition party's tariff principle is the only just and real rotective policy for American workmen and industries. We hold that tariff for so-called "protection," (the Republican idol), and tariff for "revenue" the Democratic humbug), are both alike frauds and delusions, and for

these reasons: Says the Tariff Is a Tax.

Money that is placed in any man's ocket by legislation must come out of he pocket of some other man. Legisation produces nothing, but only hanges conditions. Tax Scranton for

the benefit of Carbondale; Carbondale might reap some advantage, but the county of Lackawanna would be no icher as a county. Likewise put a ariff upon one class of our people for the benefit of another class, is the country any richer? It is simply a case of

obbing Peter to pay Paul. Tariff on an article makes it expen sive to import. This enables the American dealer to charge a higher price. It protects him against competition. It

people. You say it enables him to pay higher wages. Yes, it enables him, but it don't compel him. There is no law

Additional Facts About Old Quebec

The Most Impregnable Portress on the Continent of America.

AS SEEN FROM THE CITADEL

Military Stores and Arms Sufficient for Twenty Thousand Men-The Majestic St. Lawrence and Several Other Interesting Views.

Special to the Scranton Tribune Quebec, Nov. 28.-Approached from any quarter of the city, the fortress inspires the visitor with awe. From the bastions of the citadel the Union Jack floats, the symbol of British power in America, and the British heart beats and "the bosom swells with pride" at the sight of these frowning walls. The citadel is an immense and powerful fortification-the most impregnable fortress on the continent of Amercacovering forty acres of ground and ocated on the summit of Cape Diamond, which is said to be "the coldest place in the British empire." It is 350 feet above the St. Lawrence river, and 100 feet higher than the citadel at Hali-

fax, described in a former letter. The line of fortifications enclosing the citadel and Upper Town is over three miles in length. The road up and into it is somewhat like a maze. It is separated from the city below by a broad glacis, or sloping bank, which is broken by three ravelins, or embankments with trenches, the wall facing the city containing a line of casemated barracks. The entrance is by way of a winding road which leads in from St. Louis street and St. Louis gate through the slope of the glacis. We enter first the outer ditch of the ravelin, through what is called Chain gate, which is a

ponderous, massive frame, set thick place for archery and a rendezvous for with mighty bolts and spikes, with curious iron work composed mainly of iron chains, looped lengthwise and crosswise, the links seemingly from six to eight inches in length, with a corresponding width and thickness and black with age. Thence we pass (always under the mouth of cannon) into the main ditch, which is twenty-five feet deep and some thirty feet wide and faced with masonry. From this point the route opens into a narrow parade, where cannon are placed at such angles as to sweep it and the trenches. Passing the inner Dalhousie

gate the visitor finds himself in an open, triangular parade, under the loop holes of the Dalhousle Bastion. Here a sentry bars the way and to proceed further we must walk.

Inside the Famous Citadel.

On one side are the officers' quarters and the bomb proof hospital, while barracks and magazines are seen in advance. The armory contains a great number of military curiosities, held so sacred as not to be always accessible to tourists. Directly opposite are the officers' quarters in which the Princess Louise resides while in the city. Within the walls are casemated barracks,

loop-holed for musketry and commanding the trenches, with which the Citabenefits him, but at the expense of our del is surrounded, and the whole country landwards. Upon entering, we are given in

charge of a soldier who ushers to compel him to divide up with his us into the heart of employes, much less the general pub- del and escorts us around, making it acres, situate on the banks overlooking I Youth's Bicycle, Pasumat

wide, while the average width from the enemy landward, they might easily Lake Ontario to Quebec is over two be destroyed by the citadel guns. The roofs are constructed so us to be miles, and from Quebec to the ocean, some 450 miles, it expands from one emoved in action. A subterranean mile to 100 miles in width. Pilots say passage connects each with the forts. there are no soundings till 150 miles up the river from its mouth is reached." Looking northward the eye is fascinated by the commodious "silver basin" formed by this noble river meeting the descending waters of the St. Charles, which here mingle, and with the ample tide of fourteen feet furnishes for Quebec a harbor on whose bosom float craft of every description, from the huge ocean greyhound to the primitive cance of the Indian. On the north and westward the eye follows across the St. Charles valley to the high, rounded summit of the far off Laurentides, the oldest range of mountains on this con-

tinent. A little to the southward the land works. rises slope after slope, until the purple These famous towers no longer sugmountains close in the view, while gest wars, nor rumors of wars, for in these slopes are studded with villages, these times of peace they do but keep watch upon the squads of red-coats, who crowned with bristling steeples, looking down upon the river basin and during the week, pursue their "little shipping; and in the valley below are white balls" over these historic plains a line of long drawn out white cottages, The picturesque walls of Quebec are extending eight miles, through the of no defensive value now, since the modern improvements in gunnery, and French town of Beauport to the Falls of Montmorenel, a cataract fifty feet even the cltadel could not prevent danwide and 275 feet high-100 feet higher gerous approaches, or a bombardment than our Niagara-and at the base its waters unite with those of the noble St. Lawrence; and more distant still is the frowning Cape Tourmente, rising 2,000 feet abruptly above the St. Lawrence river.

The Isle of Orleans. While abreast in mid stream, on this mighty river, three and one-half miles below the city, reached by a steam ferry, is the rich and verdant Island of Orleans, twenty miles long, six miles wide, and containing nearly seventy square miles. It is richly wooded from shore to center with pine and oak, and laid out in cultivated farms, whose titles are vested in ancient French families of Quebec. This island is a favorite resort for tourists and has many fine summer residences, being located at the head of salt water. It is a noted

smugglers.

the fate of Canada.

The Wolfe Monument.

The passage ways, or tunnels, are ten feet in height, and vary from three to eight feet in width. They have occasional air holes, which form perfect ventilation. These mlles of tunnelling virtually honey-comb the fortress. The citadel is also connected with the Artillery Barracks, at the farther end of the city, by a bomb proof covered way 1837 yards, or over a mile long, to convey ammunition in safety. These bar racks are important buildings, over 600 feet long, crected by the French Garrison in 1750, and since the conquest, the government has made large additions They are now occupied by government

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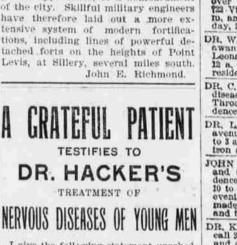
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Schools.

Ladies Who Value

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der. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.



I give the following statement unasked, have been a sufferer for so long a time ind have spent so much money with so-alled specialists and each time have been licensed and with the time have been To the west and southwest stretch out called specialists and each time have been disappointed and misled, that it was with a good deal of doubt that I called on DR. HACKER. But knowing of some of the eures he made in this city four years ago, and the confidence of the people of Scran-ton in him then, I resolved to try him. It was a lucky move for me. I was troubled with dizziness, spots floating be-fore my eyes, bad dreams, melancholy, easily startled when spoken to, no desire to exert myself and tired on the least ex-ertion, especially in the morning; had no pleasure in company; very nervous and altogether was a complete wreek. But thanks to DR. HACKER, I am today a well man. I would advise all young men the historic Plains of Abraham-the battlefield where Wolfe fell and Montcalm fought his last battle. This plain is the table land on the crest of the heights on the north bank of the St Lawrence river. A short distance to the southward, on the escarpment overhanging the river, is the path by which the British troops scaled the cliffs (which were thought to be too precipitous for an enemy to climb), on the

But thanks to DR. HACKER, I am today a well man. I would advise all young men-suffering as I did to call immediately; in 45 days I gained in flesh 18 pounds. For obvious reasons I prefer to withhold my name, but if any who suffer will call on DR. HACKER at the Lackawanna Medi-cal Institute, he will furnish my name and address. night before the battle which decided In the foreground stands a monument

(enclosed by an iron fence), erected by the British army, to mark the spot where Wolfe fell, which bears the in-NO CURE, NO PAY. scription: "Here died Wolfe, victorious Sept. 13, 1759." To the left of the Wolfe

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I Lovel Diamond Bloycle, Solid Tire, second-band.
I Ladies' Bicycle, Solid Tire, second-band

stone building, with walls pierced for musketry. This hostelry Quebec has but little use for, as its citizens-be it said to their credit-are a law abiding people, and acts of violence and crim are the exception. A mile beyond, across the historic

plains, is Spencer Wood, the most beautiful domain of Canada, with a park of eighty acres, formerly the home of the early governors of the province, but now the residence of the lieutenantgovernor, which is maintained by the Province at an expense of \$10,000 anthe cita- nually. His grounds comprise eight

the girls, summarily command on." The windows of the stationers and silversmiths are gorgeous, too, and also the milliners' cases But it is inside of the store, in every

case, where the real and best goodies are, like the plums in the pudding, and you must go in if you wish to see them Some of their shops are very largequite as large as our big New York concerns, and 1 dare say that Whiteley's, here, is the largest establishment in the world. It is a trite saying that you can get anything from a handkerchief to a white elephant there, as he sells every thing under the sun that is bought and sold, they tell me, except slaves, maybe. You can buy a house or a carriage and pair, or a piece of ground or a dog or pet bird, or a gun, or a dress, or-oh, anything. Of course, he does not really keep his houses and lots and such articles in stock, so to speak, but he is an agent, anyway, and can provide one with all the necessities and all the luxuries of life. There is a story current to the effect that he once sold a newly-rich man a house and lot, and furnished every nook and corner of the estate completely. However, when Mr. Whiteley brought his debtor to inspect his premises, the man, after expressing his satisfacton, remarked, ruefully, "Yes, it's all very fine, but it is not really home, for I have no wife, you see." Whereupon Mr. Whiteley expressed his ability and willingness to furnish the said article with neatness and dispatch. The man gave him leave to try, agreeing to take her gladly if she suited, which, upon acquaintance, she proved to do, and they lived happily ever afterward. I don't know how much she cost, though. They never bell that in the story. Whiteley calls himself the universal provider. and really one always thinks of that title as one wanders among his shops up in Westbourne Grove. I was there cisco. and spent a whole day, not long ago, teeing eventhing pretty under the sun, "and so cheap!" How I did enjoy that flay! And how tired I was when we rame home that night!

Interesting Street Sights.

The street sights of London are intensely interesting to me. The other girls here do not care for them at all; but then they have been here for years, and I suppose know all the different types by heart. But they all interest me. There is the old flower woman, selling roses, English violets and chrysanthemums by the curb, and the more ambitious young man flower vender, who has a whole stand of rosebud and violet bouttonieres, besides his large ussortment of table bouquets, potted plants, etc., which he has brought from a suburban greenhouse, to sell to the passers-by on the sidewalk. Near him stands, perhaps, an old woman with her cage of fortune-telling birds, little green things, which pick out your future for you, from a lot of printed slips. Then there is the toy man, displaying little mechanical toys, some of which are storks, dogs, cats, chickens, which walk about in a clear space on the corner of the sidewalk, by reason of the propelling force within. Then you come to the crossing-sweepers, people about whom I have read, but had never seen, and thought they existed only in books, he is fast becoming known as one of now-a-days. But here they are in the flesh, industriously sweeping the crossings clear of the mud which accumu lates from the wheels of the vehicles. They are men, women, or children, and a funny little broom, like the picture of the broom the witch rides on, in Mother Goose's Rhymes, my recollections of which classic are still fresh and Their task is self-appointed, vivid. and they exist on what the passers-by | that almost excluded her from view, it

T think I never saw so many pretty lie girls as there are here. Their complexions are my daily and hourly envy, they are so very fair and white, and then they have such cheeks! Just as

pink and protty as they can be. The average English girl does her hair up oddly, to me. They have an immense bang, something like the big Langtry, which we wore so many years ago, in America, and then they do their back hair up over little shapes made of whre and hair, which they cover with their own hair, thus making it appear as though Nature had been very lavish to them. But this arrangement would not be tidy or neat, as the hair would fall off the padding under it, and so they cover all with a not, and consequently they have a big knob at the back of their heads, which looks for all the world as though their hair had been docked, like their horses' tails. This is the arrange ment of the average English girl. They wear their hats very far back on the head, too. I don't admire their heads at all, except the faces. They wear horribly thick shoes and boots, and no overshoes at all. As I do not indulge in men's boots to wear, and will not indulge in damp feet, either, I wear my overshoes. I was putting them on one day at the Royal Academy, a young lady seeing me, cried out, "Oh, they wear those in San Francisco. Do you come from San Francisco?" I informed the lady, who had never been in any American town except that one, evidently, that any sensible woman the world over wore overshoes when it rained, and that it did not immediately stamp the wearer as a San Francisco woman, either. She loved San Fran cisco, she said. Was I ever there? Relatives there? Yes? Was I ever going out there? Yes? Of course? It is

needless to say that we became friends at once, on the strength of the overshoes that they wear at San Fran-

At a Flute Recital.

Nov. 24.-Last night I went to a flute recital in the Salle Erard, one of the daintiest of the concert rooms in London. It was most interesting, all the way through, as the flutist, who is one of the finest in England, had the assistance of some very fine artists on the oboe, horn, clarinet, bassoon, harp and piano, besides a tenor and a very fine soprano, Madame Amy Sheurin, who sang some exquisite songs. I cannot say how much I enjoyed the whole

concert. You see, so many wind in-struments made it rather unique, and there was not a dull moment the whole long evening through. The harp music was perfectly divine, and the flute selections simply exquisite. I must not forget to say that I had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated composer, Edward German, and of hearing him accompany Mr. Oswald, the tenor, who sang a song of Mr. German's composition, which is written with wind quinand planoforte accompanimenttette an odd one, but very beautiful. I hope all my own dear Klara Schumann girls in Wilkes-Barre will see this, for they will remember that Edward German wrote that most lovely trio, "Orpheus and His Lute." which we all love so to sing. All of the other incidental music in "Henry the Eighth" was given to him to write also, when Irving produced it here, and

the best composers of the day. Discriminating Audiences.

The other evening we went to Queen's Hall again, to hear another concert, and heard a very fine string concert. There were vocalists assisting there, too. It was so interesting. The mezzo-soprano was a magnificent looking woman, and she carried a bouquet of yellow roses them--pennies, ha'pennies and was so immense. I wondered what she farthings. Some of them are pitiable | was going to do with it when she sang, auctioneer,

Tariff on any article makes it expensive to import. But the amount consumed of any article is usually determined by its price. People will use more apples at 50 cents a bushel than when they cost a dollar a bushel To raise the price of an article is to ssen the demand for that article, unless it is an absolute necessity. And it is right at this point the people are made to suffer. For, under the Republican and the Democratic policies, tariff is placed largely upon the necessarie of life and finally paid by the consumer; and at the same time foreign labor comes into our country free of luty or tariff and consequently W have two or three men for one job, high prices and hard times, except for the 'protected" monopolists, who spend their summers by the sea and their winters in the city.

Free Trade in Labor.

The Republican and the Democratic parties are for "protection" on the cessaries of life, but both favor "free trade" when it comes to the question of admitting foreign labor, Tariff for "revenue" is an unjust sys em of taxation, bearing heaviest on the poor; and tariff for Republican 'protection" is an unjust burden, and protects no one but the favored few. enabling them to levy tribute upon the rest of the people While the present tariff law was before congress the sugar trust, born

under Republican rule, made \$40,000,000 in one sweep, and the whiskey trust leared \$54,000,000. It is also said that the McKinley tariff bill was purchased in advance by the monopolists, and it is well known that the sugar trust made \$20,000,000 while it was passing into law. We have all sorts of trusts in this country, until nearly every thing the people cat and wear is in the hands of a monopoly, and we must pay the price or go without.

Now, the Prohibition party believes in the protective principle of "millions for defense but not one centior tribute. That is to say, we believe that tariff should be levied only as a defense against foreign governments which levy tariff upon, or bar out, our products from their markets; and in all cases so as to equal the difference, if any, in wages at home and abroad, we favor a federal commission to investigate those points, revenue being incldental. Such a tariff would be in the interest of all the people and would. home from the present system of rob-

bery and corrupt class legislation. The Prohibition party is, therefore, the only protection party in this country. There are many other good reasons and reforms that I- might mention in this connection, but time will not per mit today. Cordially.

J. C. Hogan. Forest City, Pa., Dec. 5.



What child wouldn't laugh at pictures like this? It's one of Palmer Cox's "Queer People" concelts. Parts 2 and 3 of the "Queer People" are now on sale at The Tribune business office. Each part costs 10 cents; if by mail, 12 cents. Auction sale every afternoon at 2.50

and 7.30 at Freeman's, corner Penn avenue and Spruce street. Col. L. M. McKee,

vance. The armory containes a great his business to tell the weight of the different guns, to especially call our attention to the one captured of the Americans at Bunker Hill, in 1775, to inform us concerning the nature of the different buildings within the enclosure, and finally to lead us to the king's bastion, the highest part of the citadel, from which a gun is fired at noon and at half past nine at night. If the garrison are out on dress parade (as was the case on each of our visits). we are halted and allowed to witness the maneuvers which occupy the hours from 10 to 12 daily. We are then returned to the citadel gates, where our

driver, or "carter," awaits us. Driving around Citadel hill to the Grand battery we have another interesting view of river, mountain and plain, which never look quite the same when seen from different points. Upon

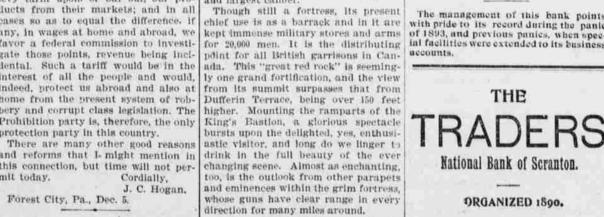
this battery are twenty-two 32-pounders, which command river and harbor. Alighting from the caleche we walk along the ramparts to St. John's Gate,

through Kent and St. Louis Gates. Here are deep trenches, massive outlines of loop-holes and bastions for artillery. We notice, too, how close upon the street all the houses within the walls are built, how each has its double door, and is elap-boarded over the stone or brick upon the side next to the east wind, which is the prevailing wind in winter.

Onchee's Powerful Armament.

Upon the fortress and within the GAPITAL nemorable walls of the city are 200 cannon, all told. Among them 26 field guns, six 4-inch rifles, sixteen 32-pound-SURPLUS ers, beside a host of antiquated smooth ore cannon. The 7-inch Armstrong guns weigh 11,228 pounds each and carry a ball that weighs 1.417 pounds. There are two magazines, each containing 1,500 tons of powder, one for the field battery and one for the garrison.

Nine to eleven men are required for each battery. Three hundred and sixty soldiers (all artillerist) comprise the Scattered over the Citadel garrison. are pyramids of cannon balls, shot and shell of all sizes and description. These guns are the latest improved patterns, and largest caliber.



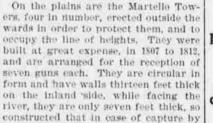
The Citadel View.

On one side (the east) flows the mighty St. Lawrence river, which to me is one of the most interesting objets found in Canada. A river 2,200 miles long-if not the longest, it is without doubt, the widest and deepest river in America-rising among our great American lakes and flows with a natural average current of nine miles an hour to the Gulf of St. Lawrence

and the North Atlantic. It is navigable the entire distance, from the ocean to Montreal, for the largest European steamers, and with the aid of a few miles of canal, steamers of 5,000 ton burden can traverse it for nearly a thousand miles. Its lime stone waters surpass in purity and clearness all other rivers in America. Its narrowest place is at Quebec, the "Gateway of Canada," where it is only one mile

the St. Lawrence, near the ravine up this. Wolfe brought his men to take the city on the eventful midnight of Sept. 13, 1779. At its base is Wolfe's Cove, and on the crest of its banks stands an Imposing French church. On the Plains of Abraham is located the Dominion Trotting park-the only one mile track in the Province. It is under the distinguished patronage of the governor-general, whose private apartment at the Grand Stand is designated by being painted in black and white.

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