

The Scranton Tribune

Published at Scranton, Pa., by The Tribune Publishing Co., 100 North Third Street, Scranton, Pa.

Subscription rates: One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, \$0.60; Three Months, \$0.35.

Entered as second-class mail matter, October 3, 1879, under post office number 100, Scranton, Pa.

Scranton, July 19, 1895.

Wonder what will the morning Cry-baby yell about now?

The York League Convention. Attention is directed to the official call of President Warren, elsewhere on this page, for the eighth annual convention of the Pennsylvania Republican League, which will assemble in York on Friday, Sept. 13, to perfect the preliminary work of next year's presidential campaign, and, if possible, no doubt to conserve enough of those surplus energies which Republicans appear now to be expending upon each other, to materially augment the big victory sure to be rolled up by Pennsylvania Republicans in 1896.

Apart from its political significance, which in the direction of pacifying the belligerents who may get somewhat exasperated at the Harrisburg convention three weeks before, as well as in the regular line of its auxiliary usefulness, promises to be considerable, the convention at York will be a notably pleasant social event, bringing all who may attend it into touch with a picture gallery and a host of people, both interesting and hospitable to a rare degree. The addition to the list of attractions of an excursion to Gettysburg will not be the least of the inducements to a large attendance.

Where was Mr. Fellows when the light went out?

The Why and the Wherefore. It is reported that when Senator Quay, by aid of Democratic allies, who seem to be with him yet, recently foiled the Governor's design for a re-appointment, he remarked to a companion: "Now I hope Hastings has been taught a lesson." As a matter of fact, Hastings had. He had been taught a very emphatic object-lesson in the Quay brand of practical politics—the lesson that neither personal pledges nor state constitutions were too sacred to be snapped asunder the moment that factional necessity required their sacrifice.

Up to that time, Governor Hastings had been most considerate of Senator Quay. He had deferred in nearly every instance to the senator's wishes; he had permitted the senator to name all but one of the members of his official cabinet when the break with David Martin came he had repeatedly endeavored to enact the role of peacemaker; to the end that the party at large might not suffer through a difference between two of its leaders concerning exclusively municipal politics. But when, regardless of these evidences of executive consideration, proffered gratuitously by Governor Hastings, than whom no other man in Pennsylvania politics owes Quay less, the senator, suddenly upon him, declared war upon his administration, and undertook to humiliate him before the people, what course was left but to assume the attitude of defiance?

We recite these facts in the hope that they will have a tendency to explain to many people hitherto dissatisfied at the prospect of factional warfare, why and wherefore the warfare was inevitable; and why and wherefore it has been pushed with such vigor in this county by those who feel that the administration's course has been forced upon it through Senator Quay's own ill-considered actions. There is no wish to degrade Mr. Quay; but he must accord to the Governor fair play in the premises, or be prepared to take the consequences.

Our friends in Luzerne are respectfully invited to go and do likewise.

Placing the Responsibility. We are aware of no reason in equity why the Reading railroad, already, in the opinion of most observers, encumbered in debt beyond hope of successful release, should be permitted by the courts, for no conceivable benefit to itself, to remain in an attitude toward the anthracite coal trade which is creating literal ruin among many honorable independent operators, who when coal is artificially forced down below its actual cost price, have no other way to shut their capital or shut up shop.

No wonder that labor in the anthracite fields is ill-pleased with the prospect. The producers of coal who employ the greater portion of that labor have only their mines in which to utilize it. They do not own railroads and cannot employ it on section work or repairing, or for their mines at a loss for the profit to be had in hauling

the coal thus mined. For months many individual operators, to our personal knowledge, have kept their mines busy at a loss, for no other purpose than to give their employees a chance to earn at least a partial living. Every ton of coal mined under these conditions has been mined at a sacrifice; and every ton of it sold would, had it not been for the necessities of the labor involved in its preparation, have been worth more to the operator in the ground than on top of the ground.

This state of affairs, however, cannot continue indefinitely. The time is drawing in when something decisive will have to occur, one way or the other. The individual operators have stood between two fires as long as they can afford to stand there, and, indeed, in many cases, a great deal longer. If the courts of this commonwealth are going to keep up the farce whereby a bankrupt railroad through the stubbornness of its receivers is permitted to drive property away from a legitimate and necessary industry for no other reason than to swell its own freight revenues so as to aid in the floating of new loans that it is not intended to repay, then upon the courts themselves will fall the responsibility. The helpless individual operator has been the common target quite long enough.

These are off days for the Scrantons. Even the bell club by that name has apparently forgotten how to win. The Result in the First. Of all the notable victories yet achieved by the friends of fair play in this state, that won yesterday in the First district is the most gratifying and at the same time the most significant. To observers remote from the scene of it, this result may seem only one in a link of marked popular triumphs; but to those who are familiar with the admiration felt for years by the Republicans of the First district for Matthew Stanley Quay—an admiration elicited by his unquestioned gifts of leadership and his extraordinary resources of political command—this great visitation of censure for Mr. Quay's present error is doubly and trebly reassuring.

We take it that it involves, not any turning away from Mr. Quay, the true leader, but rather a modification to him and to the intrigues who hide behind him, that genius of party generalship is not a license for the gross abuse of party authority; and that the truest function of fearless friendship is to prevent the ratification of deliberate mistakes. It is a result which betokens careful thought among the masses of the party, and a disposition to reach to the very bottom of the issue involved, irrespective of past predilections or prejudices. And finally, it is an emphatic and overwhelming rebuke, from Senator Quay's truest admirers, to the audacious misuse of his name undertaken by discredited local schemers who dared not fight their selfish battles out in the open, on their own merits.

The cutting lesson of three cumulative rebukes ought not to be lost on these foiled intrigues. They have three sought to stab their party and its candidate, Judge Willard, under shadow of Quay's supposedly invincible prestige, and each time they have failed, the last time more pitifully than the first. It would seem that the frustration of their stratagems would afford a sufficient indication of the public's will, without needing the clincher of a fourth demonstration. But if they shall desire to measure swords in the Third, the opportunity will no doubt be accorded, and the delegation made unanimous.

With Lackawanna holding out so good an example, we question if Susquehanna will sell out to Quay.

Should Eat More Oats. Quite a novel point is raised by the Chicago Times-Herald when it asks what is to become of the American oats crop if the trolley and the bicycle are to supplant the horseyour horse. "According to statistics recently gathered," our Chicago contemporary adds, "a conservative estimate places the number of horses supplanted by electricity at 50,000. The number displaced by the bicycle is a matter of speculation, but it is admittedly very large, judging from the reports of horsedealers and liveymen. It is claimed that the 80,000 animals alone consume 14,000,000 bushels of grain annually. As the oats crop in this country amounts to about 550,000,000 bushels annually, the decreased demand occasioned by the trolley car does not as yet have any appreciable effect upon the cash market, but it must ultimately cause a decline in price."

The period of declension is, in the Times-Herald's opinion, an opportune time to press the need and desirability of a more general consumption of this excellent and highly nourishing food product by the human family. "It is one of the notable dietical eccentricities of the American people," it observes, "that they consume such large quantities of wheat flour. We have failed to note the fact that some of the most rugged and robust nations of Europe eat very little pure wheat flour bread. The flour of rye, oats and corn constitutes an important factor in the culinary products of many European nations. It has been proved many times by the highest hygienic authorities that wheat flour, when separated entirely from the nutritious hull, is not an ideal food product. Indeed, it is maintained by many that in point of digestibility and nourishing properties it does not compare favorably with oatmeal or oatmeal. The human animal should eat more corn and more oats."

The wisdom of this advice will be attested by any practicing physician familiar with the nerve-wrecking ravages of the high-pressure meat diet consumed by most Americans. If a nation reflects the characteristics of the food that it eats, surely we have much to gain from a change which will bring to the masses of the people a better quality and larger proportionate quantity of wholesome nutrition, particularly

lary nitrogens matter, and a smaller percentage of worthless animal tissues disadvantageous even as filling.

The Pittston Gazette makes a plain appeal to Congressman Leisenring not to jeopard Wilkes-Barre's chances of getting a new federal building by working against the probable chairman of the next senate committee on public buildings, Senator Quay. This is equivalent to asserting that Mr. Quay proposes to use his position of United States senator to pay off the scores incurred in this state fight. Unless we are mistaken in John Leisenring, he will not be frightened by any such threat as that. He could better afford to erect a building in Wilkes-Barre at his own expense than to barter his manhood for the promise of Quay's help. Besides, the United States senate might have a word to say on this point, should it arise.

Has Been Fully Rewarded. Wilkes-Barre Times: "The sole reason advanced by the supporters of Senator Quay for his retention in power is that he has done so much for the Republican party that he ought not to be allowed to have his way even though he be in error. We grant that Quay in times past has done much for the Republican party in the way of winning votes for it in national campaigns, but he has always been well paid for his services. During the late years of his political career, he has in most instances dictated the nominations for state offices. He has made political deals during the time that he has accumulated a comfortable fortune."

Should He Call Down. Olyphant Gazette: "Some are who will claim that it would be better served public welfare to give Quay his way now; but if the man has acquired such complete control of the political wires as to make himself a dictator at whose very word all must bow, is it not better to face his enemy and receive his thrashings now than to wait until the time would be less auspicious for such a movement? Senator Quay in this state occupies the same position that Boss Platt does in New York, and it is solely due to his latter's unscrupulous machinations that New York is a doubtful state instead of a firm Republican one, and that the latter's worthy man has suffered public humiliation and defeat."

Questions Worth Considering. Philadelphia Press: "Is this curious Democratic support of Senator Quay prompted by a regard for Republican welfare? Or is it inspired by the belief that this is the best way to serve Democratic interests? How does it happen that these Democratic papers are so unanimous and so earnest for Senator Quay, and so anxious that Republicans should turn down the Republican administration that they have just elected by an overwhelming majority? It became clear to some of the anti-Hastings domination of 1890 resulted in Democratic victory before the people, and that the Hastings leadership of 1894 was crowned with an unparalleled success?"

Abundant Compromise Talk. Norristown Herald: "Finding themselves at a loss as to what to do, the delegates to the Republican state convention, those who are attempting to wrest the control of the party over from some Christian churches and thousands of their dead behind. I suppose the Romans erected a multitude of those grand cathedrals which for ages have been used for church purposes."

Would He Still Praise Him? Wilkes-Barre Record: "Suppose Quay should be elected chairman of the state committee, will the Democratic papers who are highly kept on praising him, or will they face about and call him names as they have for years and years? To be consistent they should keep right on supporting him. But who ever heard of a Democratic organ being consistent?"

Not Another Compromise. Philadelphia Bulletin: "Up to the present time there has been no suggestion of a compromise of any kind from the Hastings forces; there is not the slightest likelihood that there will be. It is evident that there is no occasion in that quarter for any such display of weakness."

A Veteran of the First Order. Olyphant Record: "John H. Thomas, clerk of the courts, asks no odds of any man. His excellent fight in Carbonate has been a real feat of the first order, and a general of admirable skill. He got the delegateship to the state convention with flying colors."

An Embarrassing Handicap. Philadelphia Bulletin: "Even supporters of Senator Quay are disclaiming responsibility for Cameron, and are intimating that he ought to be thrown over. The longer that handicap is carried the heavier it becomes."

Rossian Is Doomed. Olyphant Record: "Those who say that Lackawanna county is a Quay county, will revise their judgment. Rossian is doomed and it is time to be banished."

A Pertinent Question. Wilkes-Barre Record: "It is pertinent to inquire, now that Quay claims the Lackawanna delegates, why he fought them so fiercely."

THE YORK CONVENTION. President Warren, of the Pennsylvania Republican League, has issued a formal call to the clubs in the league to send delegates to the eighth annual league convention, which will be held in the opera house at York, Sept. 13, at 10 o'clock a. m. The ratio of representation will be three delegates and three alternates from each county club. No club, under the constitution, is considered qualified unless it shall have paid all claims for dues to within ten days of the convening of the annual convention.

The business of the convention will include reports from the officers of the league, the election of officers, a discussion of league work, and the nomination of a campaign with special reference to the congressional districts in the presidential year, time and place for holding the next convention, and such other questions as the convention may deem proper. Effort will be made to try to secure clubs from every congressional district, whose work, auxiliary to the regular party machinery, will enable the party to win in the great contest of next year. It is the privilege of the league to be first in the field to prepare the way for the work of that campaign.

"My life is the struggle," as the call says, "to make ready for the struggle, not for the electoral vote, that's sure, but for a solid delegation, if possible, in the lower house at Washington. We ought to begin at once a campaign of 'organization and education' throughout the commonwealth on a platform broad enough to attract from all parties the men who believe that the principles, policies and aspirations of the Republican party are best for the people of the country. The all-out effort in sympathy with the above, are cordially invited to join the Republican league of Pennsylvania, and, through clubs now organized or to be formed in the coming weeks, participate in the elections of delegates to the State league convention at York. We appeal to the young men in the several counties of the commonwealth to take advantage of the peacemaking plan of organization and camp clubs with special reference to the campaign of 1896."

It is proposed to get through with the routine work of the convention at as early an hour as practicable. Addresses will be made to the convention by some of the ablest platform speakers in the United States, including General D. A. McCallin, president of the Republican National League; Gen. D. Woodman, president of the Ohio State League; Governor Hastings and several congressmen of the state. Invitations have been sent to Hon. Benjamin Harrison, Hon. Robert T. Lili-

coln, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Hon. John P. Doliver, Governor William McKinley, General R. A. Alger, Hon. M. S. Quay, Hon. John B. Robinson, Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Hon. C. F. Warwick, Hon. W. A. Stone and others, to attend, and it is confidently expected that some, if not all of these gentlemen will be present. An excursion is projected to Gettysburg, York for Saturday, Sept. 14, returning in time to get trains from York to the several portions of the state. The citizens of York are preparing a most cordial reception and entertainment. The headquarters of the league will be at the Colonial hotel. It is expected that the railroad as heretofore will grant a one rate fare for the round trip.

REV. JOHN DAVY'S LETTER. Correspondence of The Tribune.

Tollard Royal, England, July 8.—I have been strolling around today, in the neighborhood of the old castle, and in my perambulations I have visited an ancient relic, a mound or bulwark thrown up in the time of Julius Caesar, when the Romans invaded this lovely isle. It was an inclosure of about six acres with the land all around it, and inside also as level as a park. It was the site of a Roman fort, a circle with a ditch on the outside and the earth from the ditch thrown up, forming an embankment from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and evidently the work of human labor as a fortification against the invading foe. About three miles from the castle, and there were several of them, there was once a large cemetery, but no one within the recollection of the great-grandfathers, had ever heard that there was a village or a town near by.

The dumb inhabitants of this mound are supposed to be the remains of those early wars and many skeletons were once found in all sorts of positions, some lying on their backs, some with face downward, some on their sides and some almost standing on their heads, supposed to be thrown in helter skelter into a pit from six to ten feet deep. There were also found, and various kinds of cooking utensils and chalk weights and other things too numerous to mention. Since finding the above I have seen all those articles, and also the skeletons that have been exhumed, some of them as perfect as though they were buried yesterday. The lord of the manor has established a museum in the castle, from where our people live, in which all those articles are preserved, and the most especially agricultural instruments that were used by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans five hundred years ago, with a host of relics of the dark ages, man traps and spring guns and tread mills, and instruments of torture from the inquisition and hold goods from idiotic nations; showing forth the folly of the human race upon religious questions. I also saw gold and silver coins that were made in the reign of the old Caesars, Nero and Constantine. The Romans came over to England about fifty-five years before the advent of Christ, fought the native Britons, and their great numbers conquered the nation, but when the northern hordes were swarming down upon Rome they left the British isle a prey to the Saxons, with some Christian churches and thousands of their dead behind. I suppose the Romans erected a multitude of those grand cathedrals which for ages have been used for church purposes.

On Thursday of this week I celebrated the Fourth of July, our Independence Day in America, by taking a seven-mile ride on a picnic excursion with Sunday school children. We visited the ruins of an old castle that was built in the thirteenth century with walls of solid masonry five feet thick. Cromwell, the great, when regulator of the affairs of the nation besieged it with one of his armies and the building was so impregnable that a woman, the wife of Lord Arundell, with her household servants defended it for weeks until their provisions and ammunition gave out, and we saw some of the cannon shots that were fired in the castle after the surrender.

We have heard and seen a little about the glory and the shame of England since we came over, about the meanings nobility and titles of English landlords, such as lords and dukes and viscounts. Our neighbor owns 30,000 acres of land in this and the adjoining county, and poor men are working in the hay and harvest fields for 12 shillings a week—about \$1.50 and boarding themselves. While I admire the rural scenery of my native isle, I do not like the long stride or broad pace between capital and labor, and must say of America, my adopted home:

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Long may thy rocks and hills,  
Long may thy brooks and rills  
With some Christian churches and  
And all acknowledge Thee,  
Great God, our King!"  
Respectfully,  
John Davy,  
Tollard Royal, Wiltshire, England.

WANTED TO BE WICKED. Mme. de Longueville, a beauty of Louis the Fourteenth's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy where her husband was; those who were about her said: "Mon Dieu madame, you are eating up with ennui; will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?" "No," she replied; "I don't like hunting. 'Will you work?' "No; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "No; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do then?" she asked. "What can I do?" she replied; "I hate innocent pleasures."

How Unkind. "My love for thee is like a ring," he cried; "It hath no end!" And then, in accents winning.  
"And mine for thee," the maiden fair replied,  
"Is like a ring—for it hath no beginning."  
—New York Herald.

John. Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Hon. John P. Doliver, Governor William McKinley, General R. A. Alger, Hon. M. S. Quay, Hon. John B. Robinson, Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Hon. C. F. Warwick, Hon. W. A. Stone and others, to attend, and it is confidently expected that some, if not all of these gentlemen will be present. An excursion is projected to Gettysburg, York for Saturday, Sept. 14, returning in time to get trains from York to the several portions of the state. The citizens of York are preparing a most cordial reception and entertainment. The headquarters of the league will be at the Colonial hotel. It is expected that the railroad as heretofore will grant a one rate fare for the round trip.

REV. JOHN DAVY'S LETTER. Correspondence of The Tribune.

Tollard Royal, England, July 8.—I have been strolling around today, in the neighborhood of the old castle, and in my perambulations I have visited an ancient relic, a mound or bulwark thrown up in the time of Julius Caesar, when the Romans invaded this lovely isle. It was an inclosure of about six acres with the land all around it, and inside also as level as a park. It was the site of a Roman fort, a circle with a ditch on the outside and the earth from the ditch thrown up, forming an embankment from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and evidently the work of human labor as a fortification against the invading foe. About three miles from the castle, and there were several of them, there was once a large cemetery, but no one within the recollection of the great-grandfathers, had ever heard that there was a village or a town near by.

The dumb inhabitants of this mound are supposed to be the remains of those early wars and many skeletons were once found in all sorts of positions, some lying on their backs, some with face downward, some on their sides and some almost standing on their heads, supposed to be thrown in helter skelter into a pit from six to ten feet deep. There were also found, and various kinds of cooking utensils and chalk weights and other things too numerous to mention. Since finding the above I have seen all those articles, and also the skeletons that have been exhumed, some of them as perfect as though they were buried yesterday. The lord of the manor has established a museum in the castle, from where our people live, in which all those articles are preserved, and the most especially agricultural instruments that were used by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans five hundred years ago, with a host of relics of the dark ages, man traps and spring guns and tread mills, and instruments of torture from the inquisition and hold goods from idiotic nations; showing forth the folly of the human race upon religious questions. I also saw gold and silver coins that were made in the reign of the old Caesars, Nero and Constantine. The Romans came over to England about fifty-five years before the advent of Christ, fought the native Britons, and their great numbers conquered the nation, but when the northern hordes were swarming down upon Rome they left the British isle a prey to the Saxons, with some Christian churches and thousands of their dead behind. I suppose the Romans erected a multitude of those grand cathedrals which for ages have been used for church purposes.

On Thursday of this week I celebrated the Fourth of July, our Independence Day in America, by taking a seven-mile ride on a picnic excursion with Sunday school children. We visited the ruins of an old castle that was built in the thirteenth century with walls of solid masonry five feet thick. Cromwell, the great, when regulator of the affairs of the nation besieged it with one of his armies and the building was so impregnable that a woman, the wife of Lord Arundell, with her household servants defended it for weeks until their provisions and ammunition gave out, and we saw some of the cannon shots that were fired in the castle after the surrender.

We have heard and seen a little about the glory and the shame of England since we came over, about the meanings nobility and titles of English landlords, such as lords and dukes and viscounts. Our neighbor owns 30,000 acres of land in this and the adjoining county, and poor men are working in the hay and harvest fields for 12 shillings a week—about \$1.50 and boarding themselves. While I admire the rural scenery of my native isle, I do not like the long stride or broad pace between capital and labor, and must say of America, my adopted home:

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Long may thy rocks and hills,  
Long may thy brooks and rills  
With some Christian churches and  
And all acknowledge Thee,  
Great God, our King!"  
Respectfully,  
John Davy,  
Tollard Royal, Wiltshire, England.

WANTED TO BE WICKED. Mme. de Longueville, a beauty of Louis the Fourteenth's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy where her husband was; those who were about her said: "Mon Dieu madame, you are eating up with ennui; will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?" "No," she replied; "I don't like hunting. 'Will you work?' "No; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "No; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do then?" she asked. "What can I do?" she replied; "I hate innocent pleasures."

How Unkind. "My love for thee is like a ring," he cried; "It hath no end!" And then, in accents winning.  
"And mine for thee," the maiden fair replied,  
"Is like a ring—for it hath no beginning."  
—New York Herald.

GOLDSMITH'S BAZAAR. Fleeting Chances

Should be grappled, ere they pass forever. Now is the time to avail yourselves of our Summer Clearance Sale. Scores of well satisfied customers are visiting us daily and taking advantage of the rare bargains that we are offering. It is the chance of a lifetime to get all kinds of summer wear at about half price. So don't let the opportunity slip to save yourselves dollars, and secure the most satisfying sort of bargains ever offered in a Dry Goods Store.

SPECIAL SALE OF Finest Shirt Waists. Such as have sold all season at \$1.49, YOUR CHOICE AT 98 CENTS.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. We will make, lay and line the Best Axminster Moquette Carpets, in newest patterns, for one week only, AT 98 CENTS.

LIGHTING FRUIT JARS. The best and cheapest Jar in the market. Give them a trial and you will never use any other kind. THEY ARE EASILY SEALED, and just as easily opened, no wrench or great strength required as with the old style of Jars.

THE GLEMONS, FERBER, O'MALLEY CO., [LIMITED.] 422 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

BELT, CAP AND BALL CHEAP. Clarence M. Florey, the sporting goods dealer of Wyoming avenue, has devised a scheme to keep the boys interested in the matter of base ball. With every ten cent ball or bat he will now give a fine cap and belt, which are uniform. Among the lustlers is Mr. Florey.

Clarence M. Florey, the sporting goods dealer of Wyoming avenue, has devised a scheme to keep the boys interested in the matter of base ball. With every ten cent ball or bat he will now give a fine cap and belt, which are uniform. Among the lustlers is Mr. Florey.

WANTED TO BE WICKED. Mme. de Longueville, a beauty of Louis the Fourteenth's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy where her husband was; those who were about her said: "Mon Dieu madame, you are eating up with ennui; will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?" "No," she replied; "I don't like hunting. 'Will you work?' "No; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "No; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do then?" she asked. "What can I do?" she replied; "I hate innocent pleasures."

How Unkind. "My love for thee is like a ring," he cried; "It hath no end!" And then, in accents winning.  
"And mine for thee," the maiden fair replied,  
"Is like a ring—for it hath no beginning."  
—New York Herald.

SUMMER FURNITURE Hill & Connell's. ALL AT SEA. A risky place to be in, and when you're in it, how no time in getting out of it. It's too uncertain, and uncertainty is bad at best. Above everything, be certain when you spend money that you get the most for it. And the place to spend it at

CONRAD'S HAT STORE. 305 Lackawanna Ave.

THE BEST OF THEM ZERO. All in the..... WEBER PIANOS. Call and see these Pianos, and some the most beautiful Pianos we have taken in charge.

Third National Bank OF SCRANTON. CAPITAL, 200,000. SURPLUS, 270,000. UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 60,000. Special Attention Given to Business and Personal Accounts. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

THE TRADERS National Bank of Scranton. ORGANIZED 1890. CAPITAL 200,000. SURPLUS, \$40,000.

MANUEL HINER, President. W. W. WATSON, Vice-President. D. R. WILLIAMS, Cashier. DIRECTORS: Samuel Hines, James M. Swartz, Irving A. Fitch, Pierce B. Vogt, Joseph J. Terry, H. S. Farmer, Charles P. Maltzow, John T. Forter, W. W. Watson. PROMPT, ENERGETIC, CONSERVATIVE and LIBERAL. This bank invites the patronage of business men and firms generally.

ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. are located the finest fishing and hunting grounds in the world. Descriptive books on application. Tickets all points in Maine, Canada and Maritime Provinces, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Canadian and United States North-west, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore., San Francisco.

First-Class Sleeping and Dining Cars. attached to all through trains. Tourist cars fully fitted with bedding, curtains and special adapted to waste of families may be had with second-class tickets. Rates always less than via other lines. For full information, see time tables, etc., on application to E. V. SKINNER, G. E. A. 353 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Moosic Powder Co., Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bldg., SCRANTON, PA. MINING AND BLASTING POWDER. MADE AT MOOSIC AND BUNDEDALE WORKS. LaSalle & Rand Powder Co.'s Orange Gun Powder. Electric Blasting, Pump for cutting blocks, Safety Fuse and

A HOT HOUSE can be cooled quickly if you have an Ice-plug. A good Ice-cream freezer, nice Ice-cream maker, all good crockery, and if you'll give us a call we'll show you our new line of goods. We'll give you a good price on everything you buy from us. We'll give you a good price on everything you buy from us. We'll give you a good price on everything you buy from us.

Fine Stationery. Blank Books, Office Supplies. EDISON'S MIMOGRAPH. TYPE WRITERS' SUPPLIES. STEEL AND COPPER PLATE ENGRAVING. IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

REYNOLDS BROS., Stationers and Engravers, 37 LACKAWANNA AVE.

FANCY RED RASPBERRIES. BLACK RASPBERRIES AND CHERRY CURRANTS, GREEN CORN, GREEN PEAS, WAX AND GREEN BEANS, EGG PLANT, CAULIFLOWER, TOMATOES, ETC.

WATERMELONS and GINTELOUPES. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. PIERCE'S MARKET, PENN AVE.

DR. HILL & SON ALBANY DENTISTS. Set teeth, \$5.00; best set, \$10.00 for gold caps and teeth without plates, called crowns and bridge work, call for prices and rules. TOWLE & A., for setting teeth without pain. No other. No gas.

OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

A HOT HOUSE can be cooled quickly if you have an Ice-plug. A good Ice-cream freezer, nice Ice-cream maker, all good crockery, and if you'll give us a call we'll show you our new line of goods. We'll give you a good price on everything you buy from us. We'll give you a good price on everything you buy from us. We'll give you a good price on everything you buy from us.

FOOTE & SHEAR CO., Washington Ave.