NORTON'S BULLETIN.

Paine's Whist Boards, latest and best. We have all sizes and styles.
Also Whist Cards; in large variety, by the pack or by the dozen.
Games of amusements, all sorts, for old and young people.
Blank Account Books, all sorts and all sizes, from the vest pocket mem. to the largest Ledger, for all sorts business.
Stationery, everything desirable for the office, desk or counter, all the standard sorts and novelties, Choice Stationery for ladies' use.
Engraving and Printing to order of Calling Cards and Invitations on short notice and right prices.
See our Specimens and get prices.
Fancy Goods at greatly reduced prices.
Bargains in several lines to reduce stock.

M. NORTON,
322 Lackawanna Ave.

Shavings

The use of Shavings for bedding for horses or cows is not

New

But put up like straw in

Small Bales

Is something new.

Cheaper Than Straw.
Cleaner Than Straw.
Better Than Straw.
We keep it.

The Weston Mill Co
SCRANTON, OLYPHANT, CARBONDALE.

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN
EXTRACTION OF TEETH WITH "ANAESTHENE." FINEST DENTAL WORK IN THE CITY.

DRS. HENWOOD & WARDELL
36 LACKAWANNA AVE.

PERSONAL.

Levelman Dominick Healy, of the city engineer's corps, is ill.

Dr. Shumway left yesterday for Harrisburg on professional business.

Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Hill have returned from a visit to Coxsackie, N. Y.

Hon. William Connell, Attorney F. W. Fleitz and Hon. A. T. Connell went to Harrisburg yesterday.

Mrs. T. W. Vanorham, of Little Meadows, Susquehanna county, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. C. Myers, of 1816 North Main avenue.

REFUSED TO NATURALIZE THEM.

Because They Knew Virtually Nothing of Our Institutions.

Judge Archbald yesterday refused to naturalize two young men because they were deficient in the knowledge of this country's institutions. Both of them could read and write, but they were totally at sea when it came to telling anything of the form of government. One of them would have it that the president made the laws, and another for the life of him couldn't name any state in the union except Pennsylvania.

The judge told them they had made a lamentable use of the opportunities which their five years' residence in this land of freedom, free press and free schools had given them, and advised them to learn something of this country so that they might appreciate the boon they asked for the next time they came up to be naturalized.

"My daughter had stomach trouble which brought on nervous prostration, and a friend recommended Hood's Pills and she began taking them and they have cured her. Mrs. C. S. Fish, East Stroudsburg, Pa."

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. **

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.

The ladies of the Penn Avenue Baptist church will serve supper Tuesday evening, Jan. 26, from 6 to 8 o'clock. **

WHAT WE ARE DOING

In our show windows you will see the greatest offer in Gent's Shoes for this season, all styles and kinds. Formerly sold at $3.50. Will sell for

$2.50 The Pair.

SCHANK & SPENCER
410 Spruce Street.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF BURNS

Two Observances by Scotchmen of Scranton.

PROUD OF THEIR PLOWBOY POET

The Scranton Caledonian Club and the Robert Burns Club of the North End Celebrate Event with Elaborate Banquets--Fitting Tributes to the Memory of Scotia's Greatest Bard, Interspersed with Scotch Song and Story.

Scotchmen all over the world were last night engaged in paying their meed of tribute to the memory of him whom they so loved to honor for having honored them—Robert Burns.

It was the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of his birth. This city witnessed two observances, one at the Westminster under the auspices of the Caledonian club, the other at Company H armory, Providence, where the North End Sons of Scotia assembled as guests of the Robert Burns club.

BANQUET OF CALEDONIANS.

Pleasant Affair Held Last Night in the Westminster.

For the last quarter of a century the Scranton Scots have in each successive year celebrated the anniversary of the birth of their beloved bard, Robert Burns. Last night the celebration was, as has been its predecessors, for many years, in the shape of a banquet. It was held at the Westminster hotel and was attended by over four score of the city's most prominent sons of Caledonia, members of the Scranton Caledonian club, and their ladies. A number of invited guests were also present.

Preceding the dinner there was an informal reception in the parlors on the second floor. At 8.30 o'clock to the music of a Scottish air played on the piano by Miss Lydia Sailor, they filed down and into the dining room, which Landlord McBride had beautified with a profusion of tropical plants and flowers, flags of Scotland and America and portraits of Burns. When the guests had been assigned their plates Chief James Stein, M. D., formally opened the banquet and called upon Rev. Dr. Dixon to ask a blessing.

Then came the discussion of the first page of the menu card, over which Chef Eugene Ledat held sway.

It was a most tasteful and substantial dinner and served in a most creditable manner.

THE SECOND PART.

The second part of the programme over which Chief Stein presided was then entered upon. After an overture by Miss Lydia Sailor, on the piano, Chief Stein made a short introductory speech in which he welcomed the guests and complimented the club on having such personages as its guests. Then the song, "There Was Born a Lad in Kyle," was sung by Third Chieftain R. W. Rankin in same spirited manner in which he has rendered it at very Burns banquet for the last six or seven years, and was warmly applauded.

The first toast of the evening was "The Memory of Burns," responded to by William Stein, mine inspector of Shenandoah, and one of the most learned and eloquent Scotchman in Pennsylvania. He said:

Mr. President Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel proud tonight that I have the pleasure of mingling with the members of the Burns club of Scranton and also to have the honor to respond to the memory of the ploughman bard of Scotland.

Mr. President, although I believe that the subject "Burns" has bulked more largely in the public view, and has been more repeatedly thrashed out than any other subject of modern times, not even excepting those favorites of debating societies, the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots, and whether Cromwell was or was not justified in the execution of Charles the First, I shall, however, make no apology for again introducing it because, although old and often told, it is a subject which is or ought to be ever welcome to Scottish ears and to Scottish hearts. When it is remembered, however, that the subject "Burns" has been fully and ably discussed by I might say almost every man of note of and since his day, including among others such names as Scott, Lochart, MacKenzie, Byron, Woodworth, Allen Cunningham, Currie and Carlisle, Lords Jeffrey and Houghton, Professors Dugald Stewart and Shairp, and the Revs. Hadley Waddell, Gilfillan and Smith,

AN APT STORY.

You will not, I presume, be prepared to expect that I shall be able to throw any new light on the subject, nor do I profess to do so, and should I fail to come up to your expectations I hope you will bear with me—or do with me as the old Scotch blacksmith did with the iron he tried to forge into the shape of a horseshoe, and it may not be out of place for me here to relate the story. The blacksmith thought by adding horseshoeing to his business it would materially add to the profit side of his balance sheet at the end of the year, and so he had hand bills printed and posted up throughout the neighborhood stating that he was prepared to shoe horses, and soon afterwards a man came to him to have a shoe put on his horse's foot. He at once cut off as much iron as he thought would make a shoe, put it into the fire and then hammered some time on the anvil and then again put the iron into the fire, and after making a few unsuccessful attempts to make a horse shoe, he pushed the heated iron into the water trough, saying: "If you'll no mak a shae you'll mak a bizz!" So if I do not succeed in making a speech, I at least will make a noise.

What I propose and attempt to do is simply and briefly to speak of the character of Burns in its broader features, but still I trust of a sufficiently marked and distinct character to show at least under which banner my sympathies are enlisted. This, I consider, I shall best do by examining what Burns gives to the following questions, viz.: first, What is the proper attitude of man to his Creator? Second, What is the proper attitude of man to creation? Third, What is the proper attitude of man to man? No man can read the "Cottar's Saturday Night," his "Prayers under great distress and in the prospects of death;" his "Advice to a young friend" and several other of his poems and letters without being satisfied that Burns considered the proper attitude of man to his Creator was that of humble reverence and praise, implicit trust and confidence in His love, wisdom, goodness and mercy, and that amid all his doubts and difficulties with respect to the present or the future

"The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature."

THE SECOND QUESTION.

His answer to the second question is that the proper attitude of man to the animate and inanimate creation is to place himself in complete sympathy and harmony with it; that by doing so he will find nothing too humble or commonplace to be beneath his notice, and nothing too great and exalted to be above it, and that guided by thoughtful intelligence he has only to cast his eyes abroad over the face of creation to find like Shakespeare,

"Tongues in trees,
Books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.

This Burns illustrates very beautifully in his "Ode to the Humble Mountain Daisy" and in his "Ode to the Field Mouse," in which he deplores the rupture by man of nature's social union, and further inculcates the lesson that care and foresight, notwithstanding

"The best laid schemes o' men and mice
Gang aft agley."

In the case of the wounded hare the philosophy of Burns was certainly not that of a sportsman who maintained that the hare had as much pleasure in being chased as the dog had in chasing it, and by inference of course as much pleasure in being killed, as the dog had in killing or the sportman in shooting it; but as the views of Burns on this subject as well as my own are not likely to be acceptable or convincing to this sporting generation I shall simply content myself with lodging my protest and pass on.

The sympathies of Burns ranged from the humble songster of the wood and led up to heaven illumined man, and he even found room in his large heart for a merciful compassion of the great arch enemy of man himself. In his last stanza of his "Address to the Deil," he says:

"But fare ye weel Auld Nickie Ben,
O wad ye tak a thocht an' men,
Ye aibins micht I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake,
I'm wae tae think upon your den,
E'en for your sake!"

Had Satan retained the least spark of his original nature he ought to have crept to the farthest and darkest corner of his sulphurous den and covered his face with his hands for very shame whenever that stanza was penned and surely the man who had the large heart to conceive and express such a sentiment was a man worthy not only of our highest esteem and admiration, but also of the whole civilized world.

SCOTIA'S IMMORTAL BARD ROBERT BURNS

IN THE BANQUET HALL.

PROPER ATTITUDE OF MAN.

Lastly Burns shows the proper attitude of man to man to be humanity and brotherhood; he was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to be aware of the fact that wealth and not merit was the true passport to social distinction, rank and power, and that merit like honesty must to a considerable extent in the present condition of things be content to be its own reward, and further he saw that "Man when dressed in a little brief authority played such pranks before high heaven as made even the very angels weep and he asks somewhat indignantly:

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave
By nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'r planted in my mind."

Now you will observe that the question is here hypothetically put, and on the assumption that it was so designed, he can find no better answer than that "Man was made to mourn;" however this answer satisfied neither his reason nor his sense of divine justice and he casts abroad for some other explanation and finds it in fact that "Man's inhumanity to man made countless thousands mourn." It would be easy to furnish more extracts in elucidation of the idea of Burns, but enough has been said to show the healthy tendency and scope of his teaching, and he would be a bold man who would say that the world has not been the better and the wiser for his teaching. Such was the ideal of Burns. Such was the man. Such was the poet and Scotland shall ever hold her proud head high among the nations of the earth so long as her sons and daughters remember this teaching, avoid his faults, cultivate his virtues, practice the noble and manly spirit of self independence and wholesome scorn of hypocrisy and cant which were his, and with their hearts attuned to praise evince their love to God, to man and to the world in singing by turns the Psalms of David and the songs of Burns.

Then Miss Grace Winchel recited "Tam O'Shanter" in a most pleasant way, after which ex-Chief James B. Skeoch responded to the toast, "Scotland the Land of Our Birth:"

MR. SKEOCH'S RESPONSE.

Honored Chief, Chieftains and Clansmen, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In rising to speak of the land of my birth and my boyhood, I hardly know whether I ought to feel flattered over the honor which the banquet committee has forced upon me or not.

Our toastmaster has said a few flattering things about "auld Scotia and her bard," but how on earth could he do anything else. You might as well expect the leopard to change his spots as the Scotsman to cease to consider his native land as God's own chosen spot among the nations of the earth. Scotland is a little more than a dot on the face of the earth, in point of territory. It's area is less than one-third of Pennsylvania, while its resident population barely exceeds the four million mark, yet, at the same time, they tell us that if ever the north pole is discovered, a Scotsman will be found sitting on the top of it. Now, why should a Scotsman be singled out for this distinction? Guess, and you won't guess right, probably. To begin with, the Scotch are citizens of the world; wherever they go they identify themselves with the land of their adoption, and when I tell you the quality that makes them such you may feel a trifle surprised. It is "thoroughness." Let me repeat it and add, thoroughness of character, thoroughness of system, and thoroughness of purpose. Whatever a Scotsman undertakes at home, he must either do it well or get out of the business. It is different here. In America we find born citizens who are ready to undertake any one of a half a dozen trades, claiming proficiency in each and all.

In Scotland one trade is enough for any man. Now, how does he learn that trade? By a long apprenticeship, of five, six or seven years training, during which time he is bound to his employer, who in turn teaches him all he knows, and does it because he is sure that he has the lad for a term of years and the sooner he can break the apprentice into the trade, the better it is for himself.

THEY ARE THOROUGH.

Because of this thoroughness in business training, we find Scotsmen are foremen and managers the world over. Go into your American foundries, shipyards and factories, ask for the foreman or superintendent, and in seven cases out of every ten you'll find they are Scotch by birth or the sons of Scotsmen. You doubt me, perhaps. Don't take my word for it; there is no reason why you should. We'll consult a neutral authority. Take Max O'Rell, for instance; he goes a little further than I dare do, by claiming that all the foremen in the big foundries and shops are Scotsmen, and he had no occasion to lie about it.

But I am talking of Scotsmen in America. Now let us go back in fancy to the land of our birth and note for a moment the important position she holds among the nations of the world. I might spin yarns to you about the valor of her people, telling you that as a nation she has never been conquered, and point you to such crack military regiments as the "Black Watch," the Scots Grays, the Cameronian Highlanders and others, to show that the old fighting qualities of the people have not died out, nor will it die out till Scotsmen cease to exist for they are awful "dour," and that like the Jews, they preserve their individuality under all conditions. We are living in times of peace, however, and today Scotland's real greatness lies in her commercial importance.

Go where you will her products stare you in the face. The ships she builds dot the oceans the world over. Her locomotives run wherever rail and tie are found; the products of her looms go everywhere, and embrace many specialties for which she has no equal. In a word, Scotland is the greatest industrial bee-hive on the face of the earth, and there is not one of her innumerable products that do not stand high in the commercial world.

If time permitted I might say something of her statesmen, including Gladstone and Lord Rosebery and others as living examples. I might also speak of her eminent painters, sculptors, jurists, physicians, divines, journalists, etc., etc., for in all of them her sons have excelled and won world wide fame.

INFLUENCE IN LITERATURE.

Before sitting down I fear that I would be doing Scotland an injustice if I failed to note her influence on the literary world. Tonight we are met to commemorate the birth of Robert Burns, one of the brightest lights the Creator ever placed among men, but is Burns the only sweet singer or literary genius Scotland has produced? I think not. Just at present civilized people the world over are crazy over Scotch dialect stories which Ian McLaren (Watson) is manufacturing to order at fancy figures. These, however, will have their little day and pass into oblivion, but it is different with Scott, with Carlyle, with Hogg and many others. These men will live, and while the English tongue is spoken, they will never grow old. Why? Because they have left the indelible stamp of genius on their work and have made the world better by their lives.

But I must close here even if I have only touched on the edges of the subject alloted to me. It is one that is ever dear to the Scottish heart. I would ask you all to join with me in the wish that the land of Wallace, Knox and Burns may long continue to hold the honored place which she now does among the nations and that her influence for good which has been so marked in the past may never wane.

Clansman Andrew Swanston sang "The Battle of Stirling" in a way which evoked the heartiest applause. Attorney John M. Harris was given a warm ovation as he was introduced to respond to the toast, "Scottish Literature," and was frequently interrupted with applause as he proceeded. He said in substance:

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

Few nations can show a longer and more even line of development in their verse than Scotland. "Every Scotchman," wrote Sir Walter Scott, in his fragment of autobiography, "has a pedigree." It is a national prerogative as inalienable as his pride and his poverty. If we can catch the spirit of these lines and transfer it to Scotch literature, we shall see that it can boast of a kingly descent.

Scotch poetry began with a king by birth, and reached a point of sturdy excellence and sublimity in the writings of a man who was a king by reason of his mighty genius, Robert Burns. James I. was a royal poet in more than one sense, and the first of a long line which has made the land of the mountain and the flood famous as a land of poetry. The influence he exerted upon Scottish poetry was strong and lasting, and he is the father of Scottish melody, though Scottish music was little known until the days of Allan Ramsay, dear to the heart of every Scot as the author of the "Shepherd's Callendar."

But between King James and Ramsay there are milestones in the road leading to Burns and Scott that make it delightful traveling. Henryson, Dunbar, Lindsay, Montgomery, are names which come very close to the hearts of every lover of true poetry. Those who have read the "Thistle and the Rose" (Dunbar), and "The Dream" (Lindsay), can not have failed to see that they are passages of wonderful excellence, where intensity of the emotion, and the penetrating insight touching nature at her very depths, show that the words of these sons of Scotia expressed "the language of the heart, the feeling of the soul." Between the reigns of James VI. and Queen Anne, there was no poetry of note written in Lowland Scotch.

THE SONG WRITERS.

But with the return swing of Time's pendulum came genuine enthusiasm for song writers, in which the whole population participated. From the bold, black-eyed, lucky Isabel Pagan, who kept an ale house in Ayreshire, to the accomplished Lady Anne Linsay, one and all were ambitious of trying their hands at rhyme. We can easily account for this phenomenon, when we recollect that there has never been another nation in which, through all its ranks, reading and writing was a common attainment.

Whatever be the cause, immediately after the union of the kingdoms, there came a revival of Scottish poetry. The leader of this movement was Allan Ramsay. He was a man of noble birth, keen, witty and convivial. After his admission to the "Easy Club" he became so popular that he was elected poet-laureate, and was by formal minute adjudged "a gentleman." Renowned Allan was encouraged and stimulated by his connection with his Jacobite friends in the "Easy Club," and the result was his title to fame, "The Gentle Shepherd." For 2,000 years, or since the days of Theocritus, no such pastoral production had appeared, and its success was instantaneous and complete. Its merits are not so much along lyric lines as in its "arch, sly, pawky fun." In this it is inimitable. To its influence we can trace some of the more pathetic humor of Burns.

Between Ramsay and Burns, Scotland gave to the world Lady Ann Barnard, author of the most tender and affecting of modern Scottish ballads, "Auld Robin Gray;" and above all, John Skinner, author of "Tullochgorum," which Burns pronounced the best song Scotland ever saw, and declared it to be delightful. Then welcome to the masters of Scotch songs, Burns and Scott. These are the names to conjure with. Had Scotland done nothing but give these two to the world, it would have owed her a debt of gratitude too large to pay.

THEIR HISTORY KNOWN.

The history of the first of these two men is as well known to Scotchmen as the shorter catechism. During his lifetime he was regarded as a phenomenon. And when he has been more than a century in his grave, he is a phenomenon still. He came from Ayreshire with all the sense and shrewdness of the peasantry, the passion of its lovers, the wild merits of its theories and hallowe'ens, and of all the great men of the Lowland country he was incomparably the jolliest one. What fun he had! What melancholy! What passion! What homely sagacity! What sensitiveness! Not only did he purify existing Scottish songs, but he added to it most that is best and rarest.

It remains for us to inquire freely into the causes which have tended to make bonnie Scotland a land of poetry. It is almost a universal gift there—not to be a great poet, but to have thoughts and feelings which Walter Bogart would call "literates que," and a remarkable proof of this is seen in the fact that but recently thirteen volumes of modern Scotch poetry have been collected, and among them are some gems hard to match in any age or literature.

No branch of song or poetry is wanting in Scotland's contribution to the world's store of great verse. Briefly, then, the true causes of this are the Scotch scenery and the Scotch mind. In the bleak hills, in moore and glen, in battle field and ruined stronghold, every bird that sings, the brakes of gorse, impress themselves on the mind of the Scot and become the haunts of the muse. As the misty mountain blows on the Scottish bards, they become the loving oracles of nature. "To the last," as Steadman says, "Man will be awed by the mountains and saddened by the waning moon and will find the sun-kissed waves sparkling with his joy and the stars of night looking down upon his loneliness."

And few lands have such sweetly saddening, grandly inspiring scenery as blue heathered Scotland. It is a well known fact that the Scottish mind has a tendency to develope its overflowing tenderness and earnest passion in lyric strains of simple beauty which no literature and no age has surpassed. It has a quaintness and a grace, and elegant simplicity and an affectionate tenderness which are all its own. It is this feeling which cries to us in all its wondrous witchery in the lines,

"E'n then a wish I mind its power,
A wish that to its latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful piece or book could make,
Or sing a song at least."

[Continued on Page 6.]

THE KEELEY CURE

Why let your home and business be destroyed through strong drink or morphine when you can be cured in four weeks at the Keeley Institute, 728 Madison avenue, Scranton, Pa. The Cure Will Bear Investigation.

In Full Swing.

The sale of the Wright stock is proving the feature of the year in Jewelry selling. Happy crowds throng the aisles with bright eyes seeking the best of the abundance of bargains. The wisest of Scranton's buying folk are here. Are you getting your share? This crisp, cold weather is just the sort for shopping. Bundle up warm and come down today. Can you resist inducements like these?

Fruit Knives

Silver plated Fruit Knives. Plating will wear a year for every cent they cost. And only 10 cents stands between you and them. It's having little table brighteners like these that makes you glad when company comes. 144 go on sale this morning at 10c each.

Wright Price, 40c.
P. S.—Not more than 6 to 1 customer

So few of them, that's why. There'd be too many disappointed if we didn't put a limit on them. Be enough as it is. Then, too, it keeps the hotelkeepers from coming in and gobbling them all.

Lady's Watch

Do for the little ladies too. Get them one for school use. It'll teach them to be punctual. Make them careful, too. These are blue enameled. Have gold hands. Wind and set by the stem and sell readily at $5.00, but 15 go on sale today at $2.90.

Charms and Lockets

There is quite a little pile of them if they are dumped in a heap. Suppose some of them are worth $1 or $1.25, none of them worth less than 50 or 75 cents. We haven't time to pick them over. Have you? You can for 39c. Any one of them. If you're an early comer you'll no doubt get the best.

Whisk Brooms

Silver mounted whisk brooms, such as usually sell for $1. These are things of real beauty and would coax the money from a miser. Only about two dozen in the lot. Probably enough to last till noon. Sorry there isn't more, but we can't get more—at the price.

39c. for one of these today.

Collar Buttons

Fall in, gentlemen. Stock up for a year to come. Three today for the price of one. Pearl backs and celluloid backs Patent lever and "come off" tops. Big ones, little ones, long ones and short ones.

4c. each today. Worth a shilling.

Lady's Watch

Solid gold case, of good weight, hand engraved. In his we put a first-class American works, 7 jeweled and sell it for $12. How do we do it? Never mind how. That's what the other merchants want to know. Worries them. Don't wonder, do you?

Boy's Watch

We've a few first-class boy's watches. Enough for the first ten customers. Warranted in every respect. Stem wind and set, $2.25. Cheap enough for a warranted watch, isn't it? Not a clock—a regular made watch.

Two Tables

Full of silverware. Big pieces we mean. Everything you can name—almost. Put them on two tables. Everything worth not more than $3 on one table. Your choice, 98c. Then there's another lot. Those worth from 3 to 5 dollars, they're to go at $1.48, choice of the table. All warranted to wear 10 years.

Watch Chains

Seen those gold plated watch chains that don't get brassy? Plated on German silver. That's why. They always sell for $1 to $1.50. 6 dozen go on sale today at 50c each.

REXFORD'S, 303 Lacka. Ave.

BARGAINS

Closing out sale Odds and Ends, parts of sets and complete sets of open stock pattern which we wish to close. Now is your time to buy good goods at prices of poor

	Former Price.	Present Price.
56 Piece Tea Sets, brown and blue	$ 4.50	$ 2.49
100 Piece Decorated Dinner Sets	10.00	8.49
103 Piece Decorated Carlsbad China Dinner Sets	18.00	12.98
103 piece Decorated French China Dinner Sets	28.00	22.00
113 Piece Decorated China Dinner Sets	34.35	24.98
155 Piece Decorated Theo. Haviland China Dinner Sets	100.00	85.00

Odd Pieces of Glassware. Tumblers, Etc.

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MILLAR & PECK,
134 Wyoming Avenue.
Walk in and look around.

OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

BOYLE & MUCKLOW
416 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

THIELE
School of Music, 520 Spruce St.
Mrs. Katharine Thiele,
Voice Training, Solo Singing.
Ernest Thiele,
Violin, Piano, 'Cello ensemble. Both teachers at celebrated Scharwenka Conservatory, New York. Also other competent teachers engaged. Mr. Thiele is the successor to the late
HERR KOPFF.

EYES EXAMINED FREE.

You can save money by buying spectacles of Silverstone, the eye specialist, at 309 Lackawanna avenue, onely one flight over the Lehigh Valley ticket office. The following prices will satisfy you that they are the cheapest in the city: Solid gold-rimmed spectacles at $3.50 per pair; filled bows at $2; nickle bows from 50c. to $1.50; aluminum bows from 75c. to $2.00; colored glasses from 25c. to $1.25. We have a large line of reading glasses, the best in the market, at 25c. per pair. Opera and magnifying glasses at reduced prices. Office hours, 8 a. m. to 12m.; 1 to 6 p. m. Remember that your eyes will be examined free and satisfaction is guaranteed.

MT. PLEASANT
COAL
AT RETAIL.

Coal of the best quality for domestic use and of all sizes, including Buckwheat and Birdseye, delivered in any part of the city at the lowest price.

Orders received at the Office, first floor, Commonwealth building, room No. 31; telephone No. 2024, or at the mine, telephone No. 272, will be promptly attended to. Dealers supplied at the mine.

WM. T. SMITH.

The Best and most satisfactory way of making your wants known is through the columns of The Tribune.

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