

POT-POURRI.

In ancient times every body played the lyre. Nowadays the liar plays everybody.

It would seem to be pretty nearly time for some one to trim of the ragged edge of despair.

It is a very unfortunate thing for the poets that the best known rhyme for Cupid is stupid.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

A great many people profess to change their minds very often, but the indications show that there is the same old mind putting on new airs.

Thirteen tons of postage stamps were sold in New York last year, and the big town claims to be the great letterary center of the country.

Unfortunate skater—"Help! help!" Party on bank—"Hold on! hold on! I'll run right home and get my book on 'How to Resuscitate the Drowned and Relieve the Frost-bitten'."

A physician says that more wrinkles come from laughing than from worryings. Young women should remember this when they see a man's hat blow off and go whirling down the street.

Jack—"Gus, give me a cigarette." Gus—"Well but I have but one left, Jack. Would you take a man's last cigarette?" Jack, taking the cigarette—"Oh, yes, Gus, I can't smoke but one at a time, you know."

Eastern young lady (to Western young man)—Is not cultivation extending very rapidly in the West, Mr. Breezy? Mr. Breezy—Oh, yes, ma'am, I have two hundred acres under cultivation, agin half that last year.

A negro boy near Camden, South Carolina, lost a \$1 that belonged to his mother. He felt so badly about it that he began crying bitterly and did not stop for 24 hours, and then he died from exhaustion.

The Indiana Legislators could distinguish the scowles by establishing a whipping post for wifebeaters. Those low-down wretches ought to be made to feel the effect of the lash they are so free to use on the weaker sex.

A gentleman in jumping off a street car the other day fell and rolled into the gutter. While brushing the dirt from his clothes a little girl ran up to him and said "Mister, please do it again. Mamma didn't see you that time."

Mrs. Goodheart—"Why don't you give that woman a dime?" Mrs. Tiptop—"Mercy me! I can't afford to spare a cent. As it is, I don't see how we're ever going to pay for that \$200 dress I had to order for the charity ball."

Jinks (at a party)—"I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully fiery a little while ago, but now she won't have anything to do with me." Stranger—"I have just come in. She is my wife."

A cat crawled into the muzzle of a loaded cannon in the British barracks at Cape Colony a short time ago. When the evening salute was fired she was thrown a distance of 200 feet, but, strange to say, lived two hours after her involuntary flight.

Testimony has just been given before the grand jury at Russellville, Ky., that a farmer recently had an ox he was driving stick fast in the mud, whereupon he skinned the animal alive, and, taking the hide, left the poor brute to die in lingering agony.

A person convicted of any crime in China, except that of murdering one of the royal family, can hire a substitute to take the punishment, even if it is death. The rate of pay of these substitutes has lately advanced about 20 per cent, and the cause is laid to the English.

Virginia keeps ahead of the country in panther stories now-a-days. The latest narrative deals with a twelve foot beast, who boarded a moving freight train, carried off a lantern and a box of tools from the tender and went rattling up the mountain making music for miles around.

The beauty of the family (who has a temper of her own)—"Fancy, Mr. De Bullion has proposed! Isn't it wonderful, after only knowing me two weeks! Elder sister—"Humph! It would be a great deal more wonderful if he had proposed after knowing you two years."—London Fun.

Let the Toast Pass.—The Colonel (a bachelor)—"Ah, Professor, here's to woman and wine, equally intoxicating, and always inseparable." The professor (benedic)—"Quite so; if ever you marry, you'll find that no woman is without her wine, and like your port—as she gets older she gets crustier."—London Fun.

Robert Gibson, a miserly farmer living in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, a few days ago placed \$5,000 in a coffee pot and buried the coffee pot in a barrel of onions, in his cellar. Saturday night some one broke into the cellar and carried off the barrel of onions, money and all. Gibson is reported as having gone insane over his loss.

Architecture of the Future.—The Architect—"It's a splendid quality of stone I've employed for your house—lasts for ever and grows a beautiful color with age. Of course it's hideous when it's new." The Squire—"And how long will it be before it grows a beautiful color?" The Architect—"Well, you can hardly expect it to look decent in your lifetime!"—London Punch.

SIGN OF THE SEX.

Hoffman Howes—"Good gracious, Gibby, what's the matter? I never saw you look so dreadfully flushed." Howell Gibbon—"Awful mawtification, Hoffy! I was standing in the car, and a man got up, saying: 'Pway take this seat, Miss!' I'll neva go out without my single eyeglass again."—Puck.

A problem in compound proportion, requiring for the answer a certain number of cows, was given an A grammar boy. He solved the problem correctly, and ob-

tained the correct answer, but it contained a fraction. On examining the work the teacher remarked: "Your answer is quite right, but it seems a little unreasonable, as we scarcely know how to dispose of the fraction of a cow." At this Charley's face was fairly radiant, as he hastily replied: "Why, can't we reduce it to calves?"

Advices from the Indian territory say that the diary of Belle Starr, the noted female bandit, has been obtained. The record is replete with thrilling incidents and disclosures concerning crimes in Texas and the Indian territory, and tend to prove that innocent men have been sentenced on various occasions. The names of prominent persons are connected with crimes committed in recent years. Some of the sketches are lively and humorous.

It was the exciting moment in the madhouse scene of "Light o' day." The Thespian in the St. James's theatre, Manchester, England, followed the incidents intently. Suddenly a young lady, moved by the brutality of the blackguards, rushed past the checker at the stalls, jumped on the stage, and, seizing the actor taking the part of the keeper, set upon him in the most vigorous manner. The audience seemed to appreciate it—their laughter was long and loud—and to rather resent the officials' intervention.

Charles T. Orbann, a Philadelphia news boy, was pushed off a cable train by a conductor. His right leg was cut off. The boy has just recovered \$20,000 in damages, the case having been taken to the Supreme Court, and by it sent back to the Court of Common Pleas. Said the judge to the jury which just found liberally for the boy: "If you find that there has been negligence on the part of defendant, the plaintiff is entitled to damages. In determining what damages to give, you must regulate it on the theory of compensation. The defendant would be entitled to compensation for the deformity he had suffered, and for the loss of his earning capacity from the time he would reach the age 21 years to the end of his natural life."

Women as Guides.

Following out a hint from London, where the women guides are regularly organized and wear a bracelet as a badge, a New York woman makes a good living as a guide to other women visiting the city. She meets them at the trains, takes them to their rooms shows all the sights, and performs all the duties which are undertaken by European guides. In Philadelphia this service is rendered sometimes by messenger boys. The A. D. T. stations might, perhaps, consider it worth while to register a few women for this employment. Commissionair is a better name than guides, however, for this includes other services. Quite recently a lady desiring to obtain good boarding in Philadelphia, and not willing to spend the time in personal researches, sent to the Woman's Guide for a commissionaire. The young woman made out a list of about forty places to visit, was furnished with the figures of price her employer was willing to pay and the price she would prefer to pay; also, the conveniences she must have, etc. It is easier to bargain for others than for oneself. The commissionaire took ten hours to see the forty, selected two or three from which the lady made her choice, and was paid for her time at her own price.—Philadelphia Record.

Coon Hunting.

There was sport in the coon hunt for our fathers, and in a measure a man's importance in some communities was judged by the number of coon skins he could nail to his barn door after a hunt. Why the coon has come to be despised by sportsmen in these latter days is one of those things about which the remark has once or twice been made that no fellow can find out. He is as cunning as the fox and more difficult to trail. He is, moreover, the cleanest of animals, and eats only the most wholesome of food. He should not be despised, surely, because he can be hunted only at night, for in threading the woods in the darkness, following dogs that you cannot see, and whose baying alone breaks the stillness, there is a most singular enchantment.

Even in localities where coons are the most abundant, nine out of ten of the present generation never saw one, and few people know anything about them or their habits. Although the coon prefers the vicinity of civilization as his habitat, he plans to keep aloof from the eyes of men, and his habits render this an easy task. By day he lies in out of the way retreats, in the depths of hollow trees or isolated crevices and holes in the rocks. He wanders forth only at night and although his foraging expeditions may take him to the very doors of farmers, and even within the boundary lines of villages, he never betrays his presence. If more than one coon is brought to bay in a tree they will invariably be females or a mother coon and her offspring. The scent the coon leaves on the trail is at all times less than that of other game quadruped, but when the female is nursing her young during the summer months her scent is hardly perceptible to the dogs, thus saving her and her litter from many a race for life. The scent of the coon grows stronger as the cold weather advances, and through November and December the dogs follow it with comparatively little difficulty.—Philadelphia Press.

A Warrior's Matrimonial Fate.

Walking along Lake Shore with an old soldier, who had married thrice and for money every time, I had some new and valuable light shed upon the question, "Is marriage a failure?" The warrior takes an easy view of life. He is inclined to think that women are not as bad as they are painted, but that they require strong handling. "The marriage laws are much too easy on women. Now, look here! I'm a man of family—I mean social position. I have an income of between \$2,500 and \$3,000. That's not much, but as Shakespeare says,

"us mine own." I married a widow for my first wife. She had \$5,000 a year of her own and no social position, as her first husband was a saloon keeper. I got her into refined and fashionable society.

"How did she repay me, think you? Well, she insisted upon spending all her own coin upon herself, and then demanded half of my little income. Wasn't that pretty cheeky? She paid me nothing for my social position. She got everything and gave nothing—save the \$5,000 a year when she died to a twenty-second cousin near Prince Bismarck's home in Pomerania. My second wife was in her second widowhood, but not a bit softer about money matters than when she was a maiden fair. Everything settled upon herself. I paid for the wedding breakfast. She had a large income and she never gave me a cigar. She went to heaven and left her money to a sister. The sister wouldn't marry me, but I got a nice little woman with four children, who had buried three husbands and was as merry as a butterfly. She is alive now and is the hardest nut of all. She doesn't take half my money—she takes the whole of it, pays my bills and allows me fifty cents a day for spending money. No, sir; marriage was no failure—for three women who had the good fortune to marry me."—Chicago Journal.

A Cheap Lesson.

"That piece of paper isn't worth shucks, is it?" queried a stranger, as he handed a check in to the cashier of a Griswold street bank the other day.

"No, sir," was the reply, after a brief glance.

"It is signed John Smith."

"I see it is."

"He's a fraud?"

"I think so. Where did you get the check?"

"At the depot. Lent a party \$20 to get off on a train with, and he gave me this check of \$50 as security."

"You have been confounded."

"I know it. I knew it half an hour ago. When I started to come to town my brother said I'd let some one make a fool of me."

"And you have."

"I have. Turned out just as he said. Say, wasn't that confidence operator rather fresh?"

"How?"

"See here. Here's a wallet with \$3,800 in it, and the fool only asked me for \$20! Won't he kick himself if he ever finds out how cheap he let me off!"—Detroit Free Press.

An Absent Minded Man.

Cincinnati has the champion absent minded man. A gentleman living in the suburbs went in a store on Walnut street to make a few purchases. The only light in the store was a candle standing on the counter near the money drawer. After making his purchases he handed the proprietor a bill, and after returning him the change the proprietor walked to the rear of the store to arrange something, when suddenly he was left in the dark. He started toward the counter, and, groping around it, found, not the candle, but the change. It struck him then that probably the man, in a fit of absent mindedness, had taken the candle instead of his change. He started out after him, and, catching up with him, saw that he had the bundle in one hand and the candle in the other. After apologizing for the mistake the stranger took his change and gave back the candle.—Chicago Times.

The Acropolis of Today.

The town of Athens, and especially the Acropolis, is now passing through a very remarkable period in its existence. It is with mixed feelings that even those who reside here, and whose chief interest is in archaeology, look upon the sweeping alterations that have quite changed the character of its appearance. The tendency to demolish all monuments of mediæval or modern history has been allowed free play of late years; in a short time hardly anything will be left that does not go back at least to Roman times. The line will probably be drawn here, though if one regards nothing but the work of the great age of Athens as worthy of preservation, it is hard to see why (for instance) the pedestal of Agrippa deserves more respect than the "Frankish tower," which certainly was more picturesque and of higher historical interest.

But now it is too late to regret what may have been lost. Only two or three insignificant fragments of later walls remain, and those of quite recent period; when they are removed the Acropolis will appear—but for the wear and accidents of ages—much as it did when the so called "Beule gate" was first built. This is an intelligible aim, and we imagine it will now be recognized by all as the best attainable. The Acropolis can never again present that picturesque medley of historical associations and monuments of all periods that delighted the visitor twenty or thirty years ago; but we may hope, when the ugliness of recent excavations and alterations has worn off, when a painfully exact appearance of order and arrangement has been avoided (as is promised), and, above all, when the old verdure and flowers have once more spread over the whole, that a new and more purely classical charm may be found to have resulted from the temporary loss of beauty.—Athens Cor. London Athenæum.

The Nile Crier.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile criers begin their work. These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how

much the Nile has risen during the last twenty-four hours.

The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a complicated ceremony of words and motions, which usually takes some minutes to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his talk, he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus, and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:

"God has looked graciously upon our fields."

Response: "Oh, day of glad tidings."

"To-morrow begins the announcement."

Response: "May it be followed by success."

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, imploring blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children.

Not until this has been carefully gone through does he proceed to say the Nile has risen so many inches.

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his "baksheesh," or drink money—sometimes humbly and sometimes, too, very imperiously.—London Tid Bits.

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