

MUST KNOW MORE THAN BOOKS.

The Public Librarian Needs to Be an Active Business Man. The usefulness of a public library to a community is not measured by books and building, but by the ability of its librarian and the number of its readers.

The Casket in the Window.

"I used to wonder," said Mr. Goslington, "if the sight of caskets displayed in undertakers' windows ever disturbed people. I knew it never did me, but I wondered if it did others, and it seemed to me as though it might frighten children, but only yesterday I saw looking at a beautiful little casket, a child's casket, in an undertaker's window, two little children, a sweet faced, wholesome little girl of about 7, and her brother, a boy of about 9. 'What a cunning little casket!' said the little girl. Her only thought was of its beauty. 'See the little pillow,' said her brother, the older child, more soberly, with a sort of mild awe, but without a trace of fear."—New York Sun.

Thanksgiving Decorations.

One of the most pleasing decorations I have ever seen for a church was wrought out in dried Indian corn. Great stalks of it were made into bold groups above the windows and disposed here and there around the room, the ears of ruddy gold showing against the paler background with charming effect.

One of the most pleasing decorations of a leading Boston church a year or two ago was wrought out almost wholly in corn used in this manner. Those who have studied the decorative possibilities of corn will understand at once how bold and graceful and entirely harmonious the lines of such frieze can be made.

Had the old Greek sculptors had a knowledge of this plant I am confident they would have made use of it in their treatment of capitals and friezes, for it lends itself as readily to fine effects in sculpture as does the acanthus, which their chisels have immortalized.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Old Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner. Thanksgiving is a peculiarly American holiday in spite of its slight resemblance to the English rustic sports of harvest home, and in preparing a menu for the dinner let us turn our backs on the cookery of France and be boldly and wholly patriotic, eating native dishes and wearing in our buttonholes the stars and stripes in miniature. And this is the traditional if to moderns rather alarming

MEMU. Boiled ham. Roast turkey. Boiled turkey. Potatoes. Onions. Parsnips. Squash. Cranberry jelly. Pickles. Chicken pie. Currant jelly. Pumpkin pie. Apple pie. Mince pie. Custard pie. Cheese. Tea. Fruits. Coffee. Crullers. Muffins. Mulled cider. This can be abridged or elaborated according to the idea or taste of the housewife.—New York Times.

ALL WANT WHAT THEY CAN'T GET.

How a Certain Little Human Weakness Becomes a Factor in the Furniture Trade. "John," said a furniture salesman the other day to the mover whom he had summoned, "this bedroom set is sold, but it is not to be delivered just yet. Move it out of the saleroom at once and store it somewhere till I want it."

The salesman uttered a queer little laugh and said: "It is evident that you were never in the furniture business, or you would not ask that question. If I should mark that set 'sold' and leave it here in the saleroom in plain sight, it would probably lose us several good sales." "How so?" asked the purchaser, with an unbelieving look.

"It illustrates a universal weakness of human nature," laughed the salesman. "Everybody wants what he can't get, and there is nothing quite so attractive to the average buyer as a piece of furniture that somebody else has bought before he came around. If I left that bedroom set out marked 'sold,' half a dozen persons would say before night that it was exactly the set they wanted, and when they heard there were no duplicates they would fuss around enviously, and nothing else in the establishment would satisfy them."

Appropriate.



Miss Swansdown (at the ball)—I wonder what is the name of that fellow I just danced with.

Miss Taffeta—I heard him call himself a martyr.—Detroit Free Press.

One Woman's Work. As he opened the door and entered the room he was struck by a feeling of loneliness and desolation.

A sudden chilling sense of some mysterious and indefinable change stole over him. All the well known objects of his daily life—his pipe, the pictures on the wall, the books ranged on the open shelves, the thousand and one little articles of bric-a-brac scattered here and there—seemed strange and unfamiliar.

As he sank gloomily into a chair and buried his face in his hands he recognized that the place had lost its charm forever. That this little space bounded by those four walls, within which he had spent the scanty leisure moments snatched with difficulty from the years of arduous, incessant toil, would never be the same for him again.

That everything was altered through a woman's direful influence. For an instant he realized, with the swiftness of a man's subtle intuition, that his worst apprehensions were only too true.

The blow had fallen! The girl had swept his room!

A Goose Can Count. Shoreline gunners hold that the wild goose can count two, but not three. Accordingly it is customary in preparing to shoot wild geese from a blind or some detached ribbon of marsh for three men to row over to the station together and for two of them to return to the main land. The geese, being unable to count above two, believe when they see the two men returning that no enemy has been left upon the marsh and approach the spot without fear. It is asserted that if two men go out and only one returns the geese will carefully avoid the region of the blind.

MINUTE WONDERS OF NATURE. The fiber of the coarsest wool is about the five hundredth part of an inch in diameter.

Miss Henrietta Rhodes says that there is silk enough in a single cocoon to extend a distance of 535 miles.

Human hair varies in thickness from the two hundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch.

The thread of silk spun by the common silkworm is only the fifteen hundredth part of an inch in thickness.

EGGS IN WINTER.

Another Testimonial to the Value of Green Bone Food. Years ago, says E. H. Davis in The Poultry Monthly, the poultry business was not as lucrative as it is at the present time. During the winter months, although our poultry was well sheltered and fed and great care used to keep the buildings clean, giving plenty of fresh water, air, etc., we found at the opening of the spring we had no remuneration for our labor, as cost of grain, scraps, potatoes, etc., far exceeded the income of eggs.

We have now a better way of feeding, and most excellent results have followed. We feed cut green bones in fair quantity every other day, and some of the time every day. They are inexpensive, and with a good bone cutter they make when cut fresh every day so nice a food that we can only liken it to a nice rare steak to a hungry man. The fowls love it. They thrive, and the chickens grow rapidly when fed on it. The mineral part of this food gives chickens material for their growing bones, and for the laying hens the shells, while the meat, gristle and juices in these green bones give material for the flesh to the growing chickens and interior of the egg in abundance.

So now our fowls, instead of being overfat in winter, are giving us eggs. Instead of being a sorry looking, dejected, unprofitable lot during the molting period, they are wide awake and strong, and many of them go so far as to give us eggs regularly at this time. The grain bill being largely reduced, the egg yield being increased and no loss from sickness, all aid in making our winter and spring record very encouraging, and no one could induce us to neglect the feeding of green bone freshly cut at all seasons of the year.

Why He Was Elected.

A member of the Ohio legislature of some years ago had been elected from a district which had always sent a representative of a different political complexion, and it happened that he was given to bibulosity. He did well for a week or so, but then the temptations of a great city like Columbus were too much for him, and he began to drink. He kept it up for a whole week, and for that long he never appeared about the capitol. Then his friends looked him up.

"By George, old man," said one of them, "you'll have to quit this and get down to business." "Oh, I guess not," he replied carelessly. "You're bound to, or your constituents won't stand it. They sent you here to do something for them, and they expect you to do it."

"No, they didn't," he insisted. "This was a poser. 'They didn't?' exclaimed the spokesman. 'What did they send you for, then?' 'Why,' he laughed, 'they had to send me to keep the other fellow from coming.'—Detroit Free Press.

John Bull as a Sport. It may give some idea of the place of sport in English life to the sedentary American to say that it is difficult to find an Englishman between 18 and 65, in fair health and not supported by the rates, who is not a performer at some kind of sport or engaged in some phase of it. Of the 673 reviews and magazines of a non-religious character printed in England, one in six is largely devoted to some form of outdoor sport or occupation.

In a word, John Bull loves the fresh air. He is a sportsman, an athlete, a soldier, a sailor, a traveler, a colonist, rather than a student, and all the figures bear out in making the statement. During those horrible days in the Crimea these sport loving "young barbarians" were "all at play" when they were not fighting, racing their ponies, getting up cricket matches and off shooting such game as there was. One family—the Pelhams—have hunted the Brocklesby pack of hounds for more than 175 years.—Forum.

Marriage in Scotland.

A Scotch minister has been telling some of his experiences in marrying people, which are rather funny. Sometimes when he has asked a couple to join hands the four join hands all round, as if preparing to sing "Auld Lang Syne." On several occasions when the question was asked of the bridegroom whether he took this woman for his wife no reply was returned. He then repeated the question more pointedly, which always brought out the tardy but cool response, "Oh, ay!"

A common practice after the knot is tied is for the minister to shake hands with the young couple and say, "I wish you much joy." A bridegroom once braked the obstinate juror sustained.

"There's a living in this city," says a Bangor gentleman who thinks jurors have rights of opinion as well as judges, "a man who is very proud of a little experience he had as a juror. It was in Judge Cutting's day, and that excellent jurist was on the bench. The jury had heard an important case and failed to agree because this particular juror refused to consent to what he believed to be an unjust verdict. Judge Cutting asked how they stood, and the foreman replied, 'Eleven to one, your honor.' 'Who is the one?' asked the judge angrily. 'Let him stand up.' The juror arose and received a scathing rebuke from Mr. Cutting, who peremptorily discharged him from further duty. The case went over to the next term and was again tried, resulting in accordance with the views of the juror on motion for a new trial and was upheld by the full bench as manifestly right."—Lewiston Journal.

Very Waked.

"I am devoted to you," said the jangling young man. "I see you are," she sighed, glancing uneasily at the clock. "You do not doubt my love?" "Oh, dear, no!" "You seem perfect in my eyes. Do you believe that love is blind?" "I'm sure I don't know, but there is one affliction he undoubtedly has." "What is that?" "Insomnia."—Washington Star.

PHILANTHROPIC RUSSELL SAGE.

A Generous Deed Mixed Up a Little With Some Call Loans. A well known Wall street man told this story at the Windsor hotel:

"Russell Sage summers at Lawrence, N. Y. He goes down every afternoon and returns to New York in the morning. Not far from his home lives a family only about well to do. One summer an aged relative visited this family. She was in poor health, and Mr. Sage had known the family a long time, and when the sick woman came he believed that a daily drive in the cool of the day would benefit her. He purchased a fine victoria and a big bay and sent them to the aged lady with his compliments. It was a gift outright, but the poor soul was too far gone, and she died after a single drive in the fine equipage. Mr. Sage then insisted that the family accept the equipage. Along late in the fall, while members of the family were out for a drive, their victoria was smashed by collision with the carriage of a wealthy resident, and the horse was killed. The family waited a reasonable time to hear from the wealthy resident. No word came. The head of the household then wrote to the wealthy resident, who, by the way, is a man of affairs in New York, and in the letter requested remuneration for the big bay and the victoria. There was no response. As a last resort the family complained to Mr. Sage.

"Let me handle the case," said Mr. Sage. "A few days later the wealthy Lawrence resident came to the head of the household and profuse in his apologies and ascertained the value of the smashed rig. Within 48 hours a rig similar in value was sent around. The head of the household, meeting Mr. Sage, asked him how he brought the wealthy resident to terms with such alacrity.

"Oh, easy enough, easy enough," repeated Mr. Sage. "He banks in my bank, the Importers and Traders, and I had his loans called."—New York Sun.

LI HUNG CHANG'S WEALTH.

It appears, at least by report, that Li Hung Chang is a man of some versatility. He's crazy, a traitor and 500 times a millionaire.—Boston Journal. Li Hung Chang is reputed worth \$500,000,000. Any reasonable Chinese tailor should have no fears in taking his order for another chrysumthemum figured robe.—Washington Times. The Tacoma man who says Li Hung Chang has stolen \$500,000,000 and adds that he is a traitor and is crazy seems to be under the impression that Li is running for alderman.—Boston Herald. It is said that Li Hung Chang is worth \$500,000,000. One has an opportunity of acquiring wealth as viceroy of China which is possessed by no other individual outside the New York police force.

THE LISTENER.

Governor James P. Clarke of Arkansas is a tall, dignified man of pleasing address. He is regarded as one of the best lawyers in Arkansas. Lord Ashbourne has snow white hair. At the age of 30 it had already turned gray and was usually designated as "Gibson's premature autumn."

W. Bourke Cockran, it is said, was once a preacher in a seminary near White Plains, N. Y., in which village he subsequently practiced law in an inconspicuous way. Rev. Dr. Alexander Crummell, the well known colored Episcopal clergyman of Washington and rector of St. Luke's church in that city, has been 50 years in the ministry.

Colonel Hamilton Robinson of Indiana, who is 85 years old, is the oldest Odd Fellow in the state and one of the oldest in the Union. Despite his extreme age, he is hale and hearty. M. Faure, president of France, is a good linguist. He learned English during a two years' residence in London. It was there that he picked up, 28 years ago, his neat style of dressing.

The application of John Jacob Astor for membership in the New York Coaching club has been rejected. This does not mean that he was blackballed, but that he can't drive four horses. General Lloyd E. Baldwin of Williamstown, Conn., now 85 years of age, is the only surviving brigadier general of the old Connecticut militia, which was disbanded nearly 50 years ago.

Governor Morton of New York is an ideal host, and, without being fussy with his guests, gives them such courteous attentions as make them remember his geniality long after it has passed away. William S. Gummers, who has been appointed to the supreme court bench of New Jersey, is 44 years of age, a Princeton graduate and son-in-law of Justice Beasley, counsel of the Pennsylvania Railway company.

James J. Murphy, who is now serving his second term as president of Typographical Union, No. 6, of New York, has been appointed a school trustee. He is a Democrat in politics, but is affiliated with no organization. Mr. J. Collins Carr, the English dramatist, is a thickset man, with a bushy beard just tinged with gray. His dark hair is thick and curly, and his face enjoys an expression of firmness blended with a strange softness.

M. Andre Lebon, the new French minister of commerce, is only 25 years of age. In the study of political science he spent two years in England. As a member of the chamber of deputies he was a frequent speaker on economic topics. Dr. Parkhurst, when a young theological student, was sent abroad for several years to study. When he returned, he preached in the little town of Clinton, Mass., where he was born and where his father had been minister for 17 years.

General Barrios, president of the militant state of Guatemala, is a professional soldier and a West Pointer. His ambition is said to be boundless, and he comes of a fierce and warlike family whose name is dreaded throughout Central America. The Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis, who is now professor in Phillips university, Kansas, Japan, served four years as a Union soldier in the civil war, and during the last year of the war commanded a regiment. He has been a missionary of the American board for 23 years and a professor in Do-shisha for 19 years.



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