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Lehman's Shoe Store

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We also carry Mitts, the best that are made for Fall and Winter wear.

Remember our Leather Footwear, some better in town, for style, quality and price. Now, for a good Boot, Rubber or Mitt you must go to A. LEHMAN, as we carry nothing but the best.

Repairing and Custom Work a Specialty

Best of Polish always in stock at

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W. J. STARK, MANAGER

Notice to Creditors

AN INSECT MENU.

Every Item Thereon Long Known and Esteemed by Epicures.

Here is a typical insect menu of which no one need be afraid to partake, since every item has been known and esteemed by insect eaters for generations past.

It was served not long ago, according to Pearson's Weekly, at the table of a rich London epicure, who is also an enthusiastic advocate of an insectarian dietary:

Green Caterpillar Soup. Fried Locust with Wood Louse Sauce. Curried Cockchafers. Wasp Grubs Baked in the Comb. Stag Beetle Larvae on Toast. Moths Baked in Batter. Devilled Wireworms. Grasshoppers au Gratin.

The green caterpillars that compose the soup feed entirely upon vegetables, and mostly upon particular vegetables most relished by man, such as cabbage and lettuce.

In appearance the soup itself is not unlike clear turtle, while its flavor is delicious.

The locusts, which constitute the second course, have, as every one is aware, been esteemed by gourmands the world over and from the remotest antiquity.

"Eat ye the locust after his kind" is the Biblical injunction, and we know that John the Baptist is recorded as having lived for some considerable time upon "locusts and wild honey."

There are of course many ways of preparing them. They can be fried after their legs and wings have been plucked off, which was, as a matter of fact, the process adopted in this particular instance, or they may be powdered and baked into cakes or curried or boiled, turning red, like lobsters, in the process.

The wood louse sauce if properly made with fresh butter, flour, milk, pepper and salt will be found fully equal to shrimp, which it much resembles in taste. Indeed the wood louse, although he lives on land, is said to be so much relished by crustaceans.

Cockchafers, curried or otherwise, are delicious if selected of a serviceable size and plump. So, too, are their grubs when full grown. They should then be at least two inches in length and fat in proportion and may be eaten uncooked, like oysters, or stewed in milk.

Perhaps, however, the most toothsome of all insect delicacies is that which comes forth on our "menu of the day," wasp grubs baked in the comb. These grubs have been fed by their parents on a saccharine fluid composed of fruit and vegetable juices and are simply tiny balls of sugary fat possessing a flavor as exquisite as that of a nut.

The stag beetle larva is of course identical with the cossus, which the old Roman epicures used to fatten for their table upon flour and wine. The sixth course should be served steaming hot, since there is no more appetizing odor than that emanating from a plump baked moth.

Devilled wireworms are eaten in the form of a paste, spread upon sippets of toast, and taste not unlike anchovies when treated in similar fashion.

Divorce in New Guinea.

There is no use of divorce courts in New Guinea. When a woman becomes weary of her husband she simply leaves him and goes back to her mother.

When a husband tries to her mother he simply hits her over the head with a paddle, and if not killed outright she is certainly made to realize that she is no longer wanted.

When a "divorced" woman marries again her former husband rallies all his friends and conducts a war dance in front of her new home. This ceremony, however, is not as ugly as it looks. Its purpose is not to kill anybody, but simply to satisfy the grass widow's honor.

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"It was only two years ago that Mrs. Weddin took her B. A. at college, wasn't it?" "Yes, Why?" "She has just taken a higher degree—MA in the school of life."

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"Do you really believe that the proof of the pudding is in the eating?" "Sure! Give me the pudding and I'll prove it."

TO LET—Brick house in West end occupied by Mr. Manning, possession 1st Dec. Apply to JOHN MOORHEAD, Stouffville.

Both Plentiful.

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Soldier's Sense of Humor.

A high naval official, now dead, officiated as an example of ghastly humor on an incident that befell a young woman during the civil war.

"She was good and kind," he would say, "and during the war she visited the hospital daily, distributing fruits and flowers and tracts.

"One morning on her rounds a young soldier, immediately after she had passed him, set up a loud laugh.

"She turned and looked at him in surprise. His seemed a pitiful case. Nothing of him but his face was visible on the little white bed, and this young face was sadly thin and pale. Nevertheless he laughed like one possessed. His mirth resounded through the gawsome room.

"The visitor returned to him.

"Will you tell me what amuses you?" she said.

"Why, ma'am," said he, "here you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I've got both legs shot off."

Careful of Her Hoss.

Many interesting stories of courtiers and favorites at the old French court are found in the memoirs of the Marquis de Créqui. She says that on certain solemn occasions kings of France wore ermine linings to their robes, but ermine became scarce, and she writes:

"The anointing of Louis XV. was retarded some years for want of this fur for the court mantles, and at the coronation of Louis XIV. they actually used catskin."

Superbly elegant was the Duchesse de la Ferté, who generally was carried around under a canopy. The marquis goes into estimates concerning this particular duchesse, whose eyes "had the most disdainful expression I ever saw, though they had a slight cast in them."

But her supreme elegance can be appreciated when it is known "she never blew her nose for fear of spoiling her Greek contour, but dabbed it at intervals with a small square of cambric."

Benjamin Franklin's Wife.

A very unflattering description of Benjamin Franklin's wife is taken from the diary of Daniel Fisher, who was Franklin's secretary for a short time.

"She sat on the floor at a neighbor's. She assumed the airs of extraordinary freedom and great humility, lamented heavily the misfortunes of those who are unhappily infected with a too tender or benevolent disposition, said she believed all the world claimed the privilege of troubling her pappy—so she usually calls Mr. Franklin—with their calamities and distress, giving us a general history of many such wretches and their impertinent applications."

He mentions "the turbulence and jealousy and pride of her disposition" and the violence of her invectives. Pointing to Franklin's son one day, she exclaimed, "There goes the greatest villain upon earth!"

Books in Series.

While it is certainly a pretty sight to see a long row of books in a neat and uniform binding, like soldiers on parade, there is a distinct loss of individuality. As you glance over your books upon their shelves it is pleasant to recognize them from their outward dress. They keep themselves better in mind if each one is not exactly like its neighbors. You are even likely to forget what you have if you cannot know them from across the room.

We often go to the bookstore looking simply for "something to read," and then it is an advantage to know each book at the first glance. Of course this does not apply so strongly to the works of a single author. These belong in a uniform, and you know what is among them.

Fighting in Japan.

A Japanese woman flirts—as far as she knows the meaning of the word—with her sleeves and fan and not with her eyes and smiles. By the different movements of the ends of her kimono sleeves she manages to convey to her admirers all sorts of unspoken messages, and by the opening and shutting of her fan to the right or to the left, she can reject or accept the most weighty offers. Her code signalling with her sleeves and fan is quite an item of her social education.

French Soldiers' Handkerchiefs.

The cotton handkerchiefs provided for French soldiers have printed upon them a number of sanitary precepts to be observed on the march and during a campaign and are further decorated with medallions containing pictures of officers of all grades, the different uniforms being so distinctly portrayed that a French private can tell at a glance to what grade any officer he may see belongs.

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