

THE NUT-SHELL

"MULIUM IN PARVO."

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THE NUT-SHELL

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This miniature journal is printed from the smallest type ever manufactured, being cut and imported from Europe especially for this publication. It is a marvel of mechanical skill, and a fair index of the rapid advancement of the typographical art. This, and future numbers, should be carefully preserved as they will prove not only a curiosity, but will furnish for reference a large amount of valuable information not to be obtained elsewhere.

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Porcelain kettles and wooden spoons are best to use in preserving.

To drive away water bugs scatter burnt and sugar mixed about their haunts.

Cheap goods are very often literally cheap in every sense except in economy to the purchaser.

A handful of pokeberry root put into a pint of sweet milk is said to be a sure cure for erysipelas.

A tablespoonful of soda added to the water in which ironware is washed will facilitate the cleaning.

Always warm the plates and dishes on which you serve roasts and steaks. In fact, any hot meat or vegetables.

The white cedar that you can reduce to dust is what I clean my spoons and polish my tinware with.

Dishes browned by use may be cleaned by letting them remain half or three-quarters of an hour in boiling water.

As the table is the place where most waste occurs, guard it well and pay strict attention to the second serving of food.

Olive oil saturated with camphor makes an excellent application for inflammatory swellings, also for rheumatic joints.

The introduction of fresh and limpid cream from separators into towns and such markets has created a growing demand for the article.

To test jelly, drop a little into cold water, or on to a cold plate, stirring it for a few seconds. The best jelly should not be boiled over five minutes.

Jewelry can be made to look like new by washing with ammonia and water or alcohol, then rub dry, and polishing with prepared chalk applied with flannel or chamois skin.

LEADING THE CALF TO WATER.

"WHICH would you rather do," said my wife, "lead the calf to water or milk the cow?" With the alacrity of a man who sees a chance to drive a good bargain, I responded by starting for the calf shed, and began to untie the animal. Then for the first time I began to have misgivings. Accustomed to look for signs of cyclones among the clouds, I crept the calf with an eye to discovering his bad points. He had a very mild eye, but an undefinable twist in his tail that looked ominous.

There was a party of young people

tried to whistle a strain of "Home, Sweet Home." Incidents of a lifetime might pass through the mind of a such foolishness. I couldn't form more than half a thought before I'd be jerked beyond it. I tied a can to a dog's tail once, and a sympathetic feeling for the can fitted across my brain as we sped along. The path we made was no wider than that of an ordinary cyclone, and resembled the track of a rope a length in the rear of the calf. I never was proud, and knew my place in this instance.

My journey was now almost ended. I had had a stormy passage, and not a sight of a heaven cheered my soul. We were fast approaching a clothes line that hung in graceful festoons from "pole to pole," adjusted at a proper distance from the ground. The calf, with systematic cunningness, first dragged me through a half-dried slough, and then made straight for the line, which he cleared at one bound, leaving me hanging by the chin. When I was fully dry some friends came and carried me back home. At last accounts the calf was still going. I am now on my third bottle of arnica, and pass my time on a stretcher swung from the rafters, with my toes barely touching the floor. I have lost all my relish for real pie.

But the Jersey would not be ignored. Holding his tail like a flag-staff on the stern of an ocean steamship, he led the convention. I merely said, "Me too," and followed in his wake. Foreseeing an approaching crisis I had marked out the path I should choose if worst came to worst. But I found I was not in tow of that kind of a steamer, neither was I the pilot on that excursion, and the calf seemed to have shipped his rudder before we left the harbor. Without looking I became conscious that croquet no longer possessed attractions for the players—the grand calf reverse wait! ceased all other displays. I had lost my temper and several buttons trying to keep at the head of the procession, when suddenly the calf stopped short. I went on the length of the rope, when I stopped too, my neck cracking like a whipcord. The calf had evidently halted to start, so began to pull him alone. I pulled great rolls of skin up around his ears, while he bowed his spine like a cat in a back fence duet; when he became facetious, I wagged his head from side to side, and ran out his tongue at me. The rope was cracking with the strain when he belled for me to get on the way; I wasn't braced in the right direction, and when he started laid down on my back to rest. The calf, under the impression that I wasn't coming, jumped on to me to wake me up. I started for the croquet grounds. His impressions were not correct. The rope was now firmly wrapped around my wrist and I went along as much attention to me as I did to him. He scooped the first two arches at one shot, while I was pulling up the stake; and then I caromed against the "backer," and when he made the turning stake I scraped up the remaining wickets with my legs. This made us both "rovers," and it became a pleasure to travel with the Jersey a couple's length in the lead.

I still tried to appear unconcerned, and when I plow a furrow with my nose that would have done for a sixteen inch breaking plow, I actually

tried to whistle a strain of "Home, Sweet Home." Incidents of a lifetime might pass through the mind of a such foolishness. I couldn't form more than half a thought before I'd be jerked beyond it. I tied a can to a dog's tail once, and a sympathetic feeling for the can fitted across my brain as we sped along. The path we made was no wider than that of an ordinary cyclone, and resembled the track of a rope a length in the rear of the calf. I never was proud, and knew my place in this instance.

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CHAPTER ON BALD HEADS.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skill-sure. It has never been decided what causes bald heads, but most people think it is due to a rough head.

A good novel for bald heads to read,—"The Lost Hair."

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We need to part no more.

Motto for a bald head—Bare and forbare.

However high a position the bald-headed man holds he will never comb down in the world.

The bald-headed man never dyes. Advice to bald-heads—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair-raisers.

What does every bald-headed man put on his head? His hat.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

Shakespeare says—"There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

HOW TO GET A START IN LIFE.

As a general thing, the great majority of the working classes are in moderate circumstances, and as a rule "live from hand to mouth," and are more wasteful and extravagant than those who have accumulated through denial in their industrial pursuits. They are strangers to the first principles of denials which leads to success, and are always "hard up," and complain bitterly because they are not able to get what is termed "a start in life." Because they are not able to invest or buy by dollars they refuse to do so in cents, and trudge along in the same old beaten track, instead of making an effort to better their condition. They refuse to study the first principle of business success, and save nothing and therefore have nothing, and cannot borrow money at the legal rate of interest to make the desired start in business life. They keep their "nose to the grind-

stone," and are at the mercy of the shaver and pawn-broker.

They will buy their furniture and goods on the instalment plan, and pay if they had saved up had the dollars to have paid ready cash and save 50 per cent. The working classes—the bone and sinew of the land—to a great extent have no one but themselves to blame for the immense amount of money locked up in corporations and investments in bonds, mortgages, etc. The great majority of the wealthiest manufacturers and corporate monopolies are owned by those who were once poor and in modest circumstances but who learned the lesson of accumulation through denial in order to get a start in life.

OLD WISER'S TRIUMPH.

The celebrated German artist, Martin Osau, while on a visit to this country, named one day to attend Dr. Robbin's church, in company with a friend and countryman, who was a member of the choir. The character of the visitor, says the New York Leader, became known to the singers, and they were eager to hear the German play. The chorister whispered to the old organist, Winder, that he must let Osau play the congregation while the organist was simply a voluntary while the organist was in the habit of performing while the congregation were retiring at the close of the services. The old organist turned up his nose in disdain and disapproved, but the pressure became so hard that he at length gave in, and the German god-naturally consented to give a taste of his quality.

The closing anthem had come to a conclusion, the benediction was pronounced, and Winder reluctantly arose from his seat and allowed Osau to take his place. The people had risen in his place, below, and were making for the aisles on their way out. But hark! What a sound was that! A new voice had burst from the organ. A harmony unknown before was in the throbbing air.

The throng stopped where they stood, and listened. Even the pulpit stairs, stood as one spell-bound. Old Winder saw the situation. The congregation had been seemingly petrified, and their powers of locomotion suspended.

"Pooh!" he shouted, "that's what comes of meddling! You can't play 'em out. Let me show ye how it's done."

And with an unceremonious push he ousted Osau from his seat, seated himself before the keys and struck into one of his dogmatical voluntaries. Very quickly the people below dropped their heads and moved onward, and when the church was empty old Winder arose from the organ in triumph.

FACTS ABOUT THE PLANET EARTH

Diameter at the Equator, 7,925 miles; diameter at the poles, 7,864 miles; mean diameter, 7,706; circumference at the Equator, 24,859; surface of the earth in round numbers: Land, 54,500,000 square miles; water, 142,000,000 total, 196,500,000 square miles. Mean annual temperature: Poles, 30 degrees; polar regions, 36 degrees; torrid zone 75 degrees; equator, 82 degrees; globe, 50 degrees. Mean annual rain fall, 36 inches. Specific gravity, 5.45 to 5,600. Weight, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.