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This miniature journal is printed from the smallest type ever manufactured, being cast 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 borax 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 erysipels.

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 meats and steaks, in fact, any hot meat or vegetable.

The white chicle 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 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 rubbing rheumatic joints.

The introduction of fresh and limpid cream from separators into towns and city 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 little boy, "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 surveyed the calf with an eye to discovering his bad points. He had a very mild eye, and what I had feared, but there was an undefinable twist in his tail that looked ominous.

There was a party of young people

playing croquet in the yard, and I was fubbed with the feverish hope that the calf would do nothing rash. I had always borne an excellent reputation for sobriety and decorum, and intended to impress the calf with the dignity that befitted the occasion. Tying with the knot in the rope while, to establish confidence in relations, I untied the fastening and stepped quickly into the open air. Stepping on the softest spots of earth, to avoid attracting the attention of the croquet players, I endeavored to gain the shelter of the hay stack unobserved. No such false alibiway disturbed the calf: one glance at the croquet ground gave him the key to the situation. He knew his time had come for going on a strike. He snook in his tail became more marked, and a terrific haul escaped me. In vain I tried to look at ease and not to appear responsible for the actions of that calf. I found myself in the same position as the true laboring man did when the anarchists appeared on the scene—we were tied together; I was for, he and order, and the calf was for the red flag, his joints were no longer pliable, but with stiffened legs he moved back and forth in a kind of hobble-horse polka, and belloyed his own accompaniment. I was not pleased, but I smiled a kind of sea-sick smile, and earnestly held the rope in one hand, I examined the surrounding landscape very intently, and paid no attention to the calf, which I thought was the proper thing to do, and indicated that every thing was progressing finely.

But the Jersey would not be ignored. Holding his tail like a flag-staff on the stern of an ocean steamship, he belted 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 the tow that kind of steamer, neither was I the pilot on that excursion, and the calf seemed to have shipped his rudder before we left the harbor. With each look I became conscious that croquet no longer possessed attractions for the players—the grand calf reverse waltz eclipsed all other plays. I had lost my tempo 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 creaking like a whiplash. The calf had evidently halted to stay, so I left him alone. I pulled great rolls of skin up around his ears, while he bowed his spine like a cat in a back fence duct, and he bent his neck and dragged his head from side to side, and ran out his tongue at me. The rope was creaking with the strain when he belloyed for me to get out of the way. I wasn't braced in the right direction, and when he started laid down on my back to rest, so as I go as you please, and when he made the turning stroke I scurried up the remaining wickets with my legs. This made us both "rovers," and it became a matter of life and death with the Jersey a rope's length in the lead.

I still tried to appear unconcerned, and when I pulled my little white nose that would have done credit to a sixteen inch breaking plow, I actually

tried to whittle a strain of "Home, Sweet Home." Incidents of a lifetime might pass through the mind of a drowning man, but I had no time for 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 steam plow at a country fair.

We passed through a field of buckwheat and I reduced the owner's threshing bill half an acre. I at all times maintaining a respectful distance from 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 the sight of a haven cheered my soul. We were fast approaching a clothes line that hung of graceful festoons from "pole to pole," adjusted at a proper distance from the ground. The calf, with systematic coolness, first dragged me through the festoons from 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 arris, and pass my time on a stretcher away from the rafters, with my toes barely touching the floor. I have lost all my relish for real pie.

CHAPTER ON BALD HEADS.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull-sore.

It has never been decided what causes bald heads, but most people think it is dan'd rough.

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

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part no more. Motto for a bald head—Bare and farbare.

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

The bald-headed man never dies. Advice to bald-headers—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 denial 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 lay by dollars, they refuse to do so in order 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 double what they are worth, whereas if they had saved up through denial the cents, they would have had the dollars to have paid ready cash and save 50 per cent. The working classes—the home and view of the land—to a great extent have no more themselves to blame for the immense amount of money locked up in corporations and under control of the rich with their 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 moderate circumstances but who learned the lesson of accumulation through denial in order to get a start in life.

OLD WINE'S TRIUMPH.

The celebrated German artist, Martin Esau, when on a visit to this country, chanced one day to attend Dr. Robbins' church, in company with a friend and countryman, who was a member of the choir. The character of the visitor, says the New York Ledger, became known to the singers, and they were eager to hear the German play. The chorister whispered to the old organist, Winter, that he must let Esau "play the congregation out." This was simply a voluntary which 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 great that he at length gave in, and the German voluntarily consented to give a taste of his quality.

The closing anthem had come to a conclusion, and the benediction was pronounced, and Winter reluctantly arose from his seat and allowed Esau to take his place. The people had risen in the pews below, and were muttering the aisles on their way out. But hark! What new 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 good old doctor half-way down the pulpit stairs, stood as one spell-bound. Old Winter 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 that. Let me show ye how it's done."

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

FACTS ABOUT THE PLANET EARTH

Diameter at the Equator, 7,925 miles; diameter at the poles, 7,895 miles; mean diameter, 7,910; circumference at the Equator, 24,848; 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 55 degrees; equator, 85 degrees; globe, 50 degrees. Mean annual rain fall, 30 inches. Specific gravity, 5.45, to 5.600. Weight, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.