



KING SKATE.

With stealthy stride, o'er fleecy covered ways
Of Winter glides and grips the icy
Beneath his numbing grip its action stays
And sagged stands all nature's circling blood.

Then do I reign!
Then call I forth my subjects, myriad told,
The long have ceased their inquiring eye for me,
Sought way I hid grim winter's terrors, hold!
And fill the world with carnival of ice.

But 'tis right merry to my yearly reign,
And ever welcome is my kingdom day,
The glow of health to faded cheeks again
Ere long I bring, and all the world making gay.

I show my blast and swift 't' exposing days
Whose doughty contests centre round "the
push."
Gather from farthest corners of the lands,
In flocked straggles of sustained pluck.

Orange dunes, and knights in sorted ranks,
Through the nice measures of the lay maze,
While, midst the waltzes Cupid plays his
pranks,
And few escape the ardor of his chase.

For what gives music like my glassy plane,
Typical clear, and wind-awing by the breeze,
The poetry of music mine aim at—
Who can compare with my fair Corymbes?

Who then can boast of merrier days like mine,
Or who can hold so wide a sphere in thrill?
I warn the hearts of millions with my wine,
And winter's monarch I am crowned by all.

C. TURNER, in *Outing* for January.

FAVORITE DRINKS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT drank Tokay, according to a French writer, who has been investigating the favorite drinks of great men; Peter the Great drank Madeira; Cardinal Richelieu, Romanee; Balens, Marsala; Cromwell, like Clarence, malmsay; Marshal Saxe, champagne; Talleyrand, Chateaux Margaux; Byron, port; Goethe, Johannisberg; Hamblott, Sauterne; Charles V., Alicante, and Francis I., sherry.

HYPNOTISM GETS JUDICIAL RECOGNITION.

HYPNOTISM has acquired a legal standing, and very properly in a court in prohibition Kansas, that paradise of cranks, where of all places on earth one would expect to see an active revival of Salem witchcraft.

It appears that a Kansas man, just up to the moral average of that prohibition semi-civilized, hired himself out to assassinate another Kansas. He did the killing to the satisfaction of his employer and was paid the fee he earned. The officers traced the murder in him and put him on trial. He promptly acknowledged the killing but stipulated the jury that he had been hypnotized by his employer, and therefore was not responsible. On the showing the astute Kansas jury found him not guilty, and returned a verdict of murder against the man who hired him.

And now the assassin, although a self-induced murderer for hire, walks the main plaza of Kansas a free man, all because Kansas prohibition jury thought

he was hypnotized. The *Champion* confidently expects many great things from Kansas besides prohibition and grass-hoppers.—The *Champion*.

RUSSIAN PRODUCTION OF ALCOHOL.

During recent years Russia has made rapid strides as one of the most important alcohol-producing countries in the world, and it promises to reach quite a unique position in this respect. According to the *Gazette du Commerce et de l'Industrie*, which is of the nature of an official publication, Russia produced during the period from January 1 to June 1, 1894, no less than 29,282,951 vedros of pure alcohol. In the corresponding period of 1893, 25,694,345 vedros represented the output, so that there is a considerable advance this year. Turned into imperial gallons, the output of alcohol up to June 1, 1894, amounts to 71,833,741 gallons.—*Wine Trade Review*.

JACK FROST TAKES A HAND.

The stars in their courses fight against the unnatural principles of prohibition. This we have long known, but until we read the following from Sioux City, Ia., we did not know that Jack Frost had entered the ring to do up that monstrous scurp of prohibition, the mule law.

"The weather department and the Martin mule law are likely to have a clash here this winter. The mule law enacted by the legislature last winter for the regulation of saloon business, provides that no obstruction may be put in saloon windows. Since the cold weather has set in and the windows of saloons were covered by frost some of the ardent prohibitionists have been raising objections to the condition and want the officials to insist that the windows be kept clear."

How would it do for the prohiols who have nothing else to do than attend to their neighbor's business, to take a hand at window-cleaning themselves.—*Critic*.

THE UTILIZATION OF SPENT HOPS.

The profitable utilization of spent hops has always been an attractive problem to brewers, and of the processes which have been devised to that end it may be said that their name is legion. It is clear that the general opinion is that we have not yet hit upon the best solution of the difficulty; and in these days of small profits and great competition, an inventor may at least be sure that anything he may propose with a view to strengthening profit margins will receive serious attention and be considered on its merits. *Le Gazette du Besouier* recently described a process, by means of which it is proposed to convert waste hops into cattle food. This involves apparently the use of a

special machine, by means of which the hops are thoroughly disintegrated, and reduced in fact to very small pieces. This is done while they are damp. The reduced hops are then dried, either in a revolving cylinder, heated by means of hot air, or else by placing them for a time in a chamber through which is driven heated air, this being supplied by a pipe situated in the centre of the chamber, and furnished with springs at intervals along its length. When the hops are quite dry they are allowed to cool, and then the grains are separated off by a system of fanning. These grains are then packed and sold for cattle food. As for the leafy and fibrous matters which remain as a residue, they can be usefully employed for horticultural purposes, or better still as a stable litter. If intended for the latter purpose they are made up into bales similar in appearance to the bales of German peat.

DRINKING HEALTHS.

DRINKING healths was a Roman custom. Thus, in Plautus, we read of a man drinking to his mistress with these words: "*Bene vos, bene nos, bene te, bene me, bene nostrum aliam, bene vestrum.*" "Here's to you, here's to us all, here's to thee, here's to me, here's to our dear—"
"*Nich*, v. 4. Persius (v. 1, 20) has a similar verse: "*Bene mihi, bene vobis, bene amicis nostris.*" ("Here's to myself, here's to you, and here's to I shall say who"), Martial, Ovid, Horace, etc., refer to the same custom. The ancient Greeks drank healths. Thus, when Themiades was condemned by the Thirty Tyrants to drink hemlock, he said: "*Hee protero Critio*"—the man who condemned him to death. The ancient Saxons followed the same habit, and Geoffrey of Monmouth says that Hengist invited King Vortigern to a banquet to see his new levies. After the meats were removed, Rowena the beautiful daughter of Hengist, entered with a golden cup full of wine, and, making obeisance, said, "*Loured kining, wucht heil!*" ("Lord King, your health"). The king then drank and replied, "*Drine heil!*" (Here's to you).—Geoffrey of Monmouth, book vi. 12. Robert de Brunne refers to this custom:

"This is ther custom and best gest
When they are at the ale or feest:
Ik man that salde, he shal drink
Salle say "Wosselle" to him drink;
He that bidde salde say "Wucht heil"
The tother salde say again "Drinkalle."
That says "Wosselle" drinks of the cup,
Kise and his felaw he gives up."

—Robert de Brunne.
In drinking healths we hold our hands up towards the person toasted and say, "Your health—." The Greeks lauded the cup to the person toasted and said, "This to thee." "*Genus in aphia posuim* *alient* *laditvris, cum nonsume adeunt.*" Our holding out the wine-glass is a relic of this Greek custom.—*From The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

AN IDYL OF HILLSBURG.

A VICTIM of circumstances is Mr. D. Man, of Hillsburg, Ontario. Mr. Mann is an able young hotel keeper who is referred to as Mine Host in the columns of the local press. It happened that on Dominion Day this year was celebrated in Hillsburg on July the 2nd, the 1st being Sunday. Mr. Mann arose betimes on Monday morning, if he did not stay up late on Sunday night. Early the week before he arranged for the services of four bartenders, and in order that they might not lose any time in making change Mr. Mann put \$120 in silver and small bills in the till.

When the first wagon rolled into the village Mr. Mann's four bartenders were behind the counter, and Mr. Mann's \$120 in silver and small bills were in the till. Never has there been such a day in Hillsburg. Country folks came in crowds bringing their hunger and thirst with them. The bar-room was crowded. The dining room was crowded. All the money was paid into the bar and Mr. Mann's smile broadened on up till midnight when he went to take the money out of the till.

Just then Mr. Mann ceased to smile. He had put in \$120 in the till in the morning and at midnight there was only \$256 remaining. The proceeds of the busy day in the history of the hotel had disappeared as well as \$64 from the original deposit of small change. Mr. Mann would not suspect the four bartenders for the world, but his experience is that busy days cost altogether too much.—*Exchange*.

A BEAR FIGHT.

It is one of the towns near New York there is a prominent bottler, who is over six feet in his stockings, and tips the scale at 250 pounds. One day, last month, an Italian with a performing bear was giving a street exhibition near the bottling factory, and while he was passing his hat around for pennies, the bear took the advantage of the auspicious moment to quietly disappear through the open door of the factory. Bears are inordinately fond of sugar, and brewer's keen nose had scented the syrup which the bottler had been preparing in an open slate tank. Eagerly the bear stuck his head over the edge of the tank and began lapping up the syrup, with a broad smile upon his countenance. But, in the language of the poet, "that bright smile was his last," on that occasion, for the bottler rushed in and grabbing the bear by the ears, stuffed his head down into the syrup. Now, wrestling was one of the tricks of this bear and he just grabbed that 250 pound representative of the aerated water trade and, in three shakes of a lamb's tail, he was floundering over head and ears in a saccharine bath, gaining 32^o Baume. Just then the Italian