

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

"When I was in Kentucky last," said the man who had sworn off, "it was very dry down there, and they told me I'd have to take whiskey or nothing."

"And what did you say?" inquired one who was interested in his well-known answer.

"I said nothing," he replied with the air of a martyr.

"That was right; that was right, my dear fellow."

"Yes; I found out that it was. They always give a man whiskey under such circumstances when he says nothing."

WINE TABLETS.

The novelty of the product seems to have attracted the attention of every one having anything to do with the preparation of medicines to the compressed tablets as a means of acquiring a goodly supply of those attractive articles of the same kind which are turned out at the government mint. The latest in this line is a process for concentrating wine in tablets, which is described as follows: "The ripe grapes are taken, the stalks removed and the fruit pressed. The liquid is then pumped into a vacuum evaporator, heat is applied, and at a sufficient temperature vapor is produced, which is passed into a refrigerator. The result is a thick and syrupy liquor, which is afterwards mixed with the grape pulps and pips. The mixture is pressed into tablets which, it is alleged, will keep indefinitely. To make wine it is only necessary to add the amount of water which has been evaporated. A good wine of fine flavor, and from eight to nine degrees of alcoholic strength is obtained. The tablets contain about 80 per cent. of grape sugar.—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

ROAST TURKEY.

How Good Old Plymouth Rock Settlers Fixed Their Gobblers.

AMONG the subjects of turkeys, one of the dealers in the national feast bird asked a Florida *Times*-Union man what he knew how to prepare and cook a turkey properly. The scribe confessed ignorance.

"Get you a half pint of good old whiskey."

"What's that got to do with the preparation of turkey?"

"Everything. Saturate enough corn in the whiskey to soak up all the spirits. Feed that to your gobbler. The old fellow will like it. First thing you do he feels his oats—er, more properly, his corn. He will spread his tail to the breeze, trail his wings on the ground, and map off circles, under the impression that he owns the earth and is the boss of feathers, wrinkle his neck, and look intensely serious, all the while splitting the atmosphere into small chunks. By and by the old boy gets to staggering, his gobbles more frequent, but less coherent, he gives a lurch backward and another forward, jabs his bill in the ground, reels, and falls.

"Now for the ax; his head is off; he is bled and hung up for twenty-four hours in a cool place. Make your stuffing to suit your own taste. Put him in the baking pan breast downward. Only idiots cook fowls breast up: You want all the succulent juice to run into the breast. A juicy breast is the perfection of cooking. He comes to the table looking hot, and breathing an aroma like zephyrs which have soured through gardens of roses and fields of ripe corn. Then lay to."

"Yes," commented the reporter, "but the Society for the Prevention of

Cruelty to Animals would be horror struck."

"Not at all. The bird has got to die, so let him die happily."

"How about the very good people?"

"Why, they're your soul, man! That way of cooking a turkey is the invention of the Puritans."

TWO ANECDOTES.

That Illustrate What Some People Know About Good Wine.

(From Bonforio.)

A WELL-KNOWN Bordeaux merchant recently invited an English friend to breakfast at his home, and opened a magnificent array of wine for inspection.

"Fine wine, that," observed the Britisher, who, knowing little about the product of the Medoc, wished to be none the less polite.

"Yes," replied the host, "it is twenty-five years old."

"As old as that," said the other, taking another sip and smacking his lips.

"My, my! What must it have been when it was young!"

The guest was evidently of the opinion that one of the chief advantages of living in Bordeaux was that its inhabitants were able to drink their wine fresh from the vineyard.

The foregoing is not fiction but fact; and for the benefit of those who do not believe it I can back it up with the following story which I have from one of the foremost wine merchants of New York, whose word is as good as his name: A Gotham, and who, having started life as a porter in a downtown counting house, is ending it in a brown stone mansion on upper Fifth avenue, once entered this wine merchant's place to buy several cases of claret. He wanted a wine with as big a label as possible on the bottle, but did not care to pay too high a price. When shown a classified growth worth about \$6 a bottle he was instantly smitten that such a sum could be paid or even asked for such an article.

"But it's an old wine—a '75," said the merchant, who was beginning to lose patience with his customer.

"Then I can understand it less than ever," returned the other, "because it is certainly too old to be good."

GHOSTS RUN THE HOTEL.

"ONE of the most peculiar cases of ghostly visitations I ever knew," said Tom Wilson, at the Burnet, "was that which caused the big hotel at Newport Wells to close. Sixty years ago that was a famous spot of the country to spend the summer there. It is now a negro barracks, and those who see it when driving out from Newport would never imagine, if they did not know it, that it was once one of the most noted hotels in this section of the country. It was run by James Garrison, who was also the proprietor of the Madison House, then the leading hotel of Cincinnati. A bowling alley was run in connection with the place, and this was medicinal in properties, was drawn from wells by windlasses. One season the balls rolled in the bowling alley after it was closed, keeping up a racket all night; the windlasses kept running and the balls kept clanked down the sides of the wells. When the night clerk investigated the balls were in their proper places and the windlasses had been stopped, and yet the noises continued. So great did the disturbance become that the guests left the house, and it finally had to be abandoned to the mysterious

ghost. No explanation was ever made of the mystery."

AN ARGUMENT FROM THE PULPIT.

From the Toronto "World."

FROM THE Philadelphia Record we learn that 21,280 persons visited the art galleries of Memorial Hall of that city during the past month. More than one-half of these were Sunday visitors. Philadelphia has recently enjoyed the advantages of the rapid transit. It was only during the past summer that the horse cars were displaced by the trolleys. At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Traction Company, held a few weeks ago, it was pointed out that one of the most noticeable changes resulting on the introduction of the new system was the great increase in Sunday traffic. The Sunday traffic is made up to a large extent of people visiting the parks and museums. This method of spending the Sabbath does not seem to trouble the consciences of the Philadelphia editors. On the contrary, they take it as a matter of course, and even urge the people of the suburbs to make no apology for visiting the hospitals, churches and art galleries.

The "good people of Toronto shrink from the Sunday car arguments of The Record," they would from the Arch-Tempter himself. But surely they will not refuse to listen to the words of the accredited ministers of the gospel. Bear in mind good people, that the following arguments are not *The Record's*. They are J. H. Rylance, from the pulpit of St. Mark's Church, New York. The rev. gentleman is thus reported:

"I am faint to hope," he continued, "that the outcome of the struggle between the old orthodox conservatism and the progressive liberalism of our time will be the adoption of a more rational, more human and more social order than has hitherto been known on the face of the globe. The day of rest will never be lost, but the Sunday of the future will be a very different day from the Sabbath of the Puritans. That is gone out of Christendom never to return and I have no lament to make over the loss. The Puritan Sabbath had never any root in right, reason or in Christian Scriptures. It was an extravagant but temporary eccentricity of religious opinion and feeling, the origin that can be easily accounted for. The first Protestants made too free with the Lord's day, confounding it with the multiplied festivals of Romanism, whereupon came the Puritan reaction. No sane man will insist on carrying a literal conformity with the requirements of the Fourth Commandment."

"If the day of rest is to be commended to the workmen it must not be made a day of gloom, nor be hedged about by unreasonable restrictions. Children should be trained to love it, and not dread its appearance as the saddest day of the seven. But how grievously the day has been perverted by church rulers! Multitudes of good people are so lament to make over the loss. The Puritan Sabbath had never any root in right, reason or in Christian Scriptures. It was an extravagant but temporary eccentricity of religious opinion and feeling, the origin that can be easily accounted for. The first Protestants made too free with the Lord's day, confounding it with the multiplied festivals of Romanism, whereupon came the Puritan reaction. No sane man will insist on carrying a literal conformity with the requirements of the Fourth Commandment."

"At this point Dr. Rylance left his notes and said:

"The rich man may stock his capacious cellar with the choicest wines, so that on Sunday he may enjoy them, but if the workman sends his pitcher for beer to the only place he can possibly get to on the Sabbath profanation. My dear friends, you can not deal with society on such unequal terms. Limit the nefarious traffic rather than attempt to sup-

\$5,000,000 is an immense fortune, but is only a conservative estimate of the amount saved in doctors' bills to the people of the Dominion by the use of **St. Jacobs Oil** Its timely use not only saves money, but much suffering; a trial will win your endorsement.

press it altogether. Let us not be stupid, but reasonable and forbearing. Lock up the saloons, all the saloons, on Sunday, place a sturdy policeman at the door, so that not even a mouse can get in, but also lock up the bars in your clubs and hotels. Make your law, but apply it impartially. It is an account of partiality that there is so little respect for honesty in this community to-day.

"Class legislation should not be tolerated. Masses have been alienated from the churches because preachers had two goals, one for the rich and one for the poor. Dives may harness his horses and drive forth in state to church on Sunday, but the poor man avail himself of a street car on that day; it is desecration. The rich man may enjoy the fresh air of their country places on Sunday, but it would be considered profanation for the poor man to go forth and sniff the fragrance of the wild flowers or the invigorating breezes of the sea.

"Some things I have said in this address may be deemed bold, but the time has come for those who have the courage to speak. If Jesus of Nazareth were with us to-day in the altered condition of the nineteenth century, he would say like things in rebuke of our Christian Pharisaism."

SALES OF BURGUNDY.

ERASMUS, in one of his delightful essays, waxed enthusiastic over the superior qualities of the wines grown on the sunny slopes and gentle declivities of the Department now known as the Côte-d'Or.

"Oh, Burgundy," exclaims the sage of Rotterdam, "you should be called the mother of man, so rich is the milk which your breasts contain." This is a very happy metaphor, but could the old Dutch philosopher but return to life again he would find the article he loved so well about the most expensive milk in the universe. At an auction sale of 1894 burgundies which took place on Sunday, the 18th ult., at Beaune, a number of pipes of Chateau were sold at \$166 per pipe (121 gallons), making an average of about \$4.25 per gallon. Several lots of Savigny and Vergeles were disposed of at \$120 a pipe, some Beaune (from Mathieu-Comblot) at \$120 per pipe, and a number of other growths brought less.

BY "THE CAPTIOUS ONE."

HERE is a sample of Scotch wit that not only bears out Max O'Rell's exalted idea of that article, but that will be thoroughly enjoyed by anti-prohibitionists.

"Donald," said Dugald, "suppose the Clyde was all whiskey, and ye were to stak' wi' the stream just up to ye chin, what wud ye do?"

"Ye her hands tied!"

"And her feet?"

"Ye's. It's a terrible position; but dinna think ye could be in the same firm but she could mak' 'er waves!"