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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, or reference a large amount of valuable information not to be obtained elsewhere.

SOME MAXIMS.

The following specimens of proverbial thoughts are from Maxims of Life, by the Comtesse Diane :

To be melancholy, you need only to think of yourself.

Beauty is the gift of making oneself pleasant without exertion.

People who really envy admire in silence.

When we have changed our opinions, nothing is more disagreeable than to encounter them in other people.

Suspicion poisons everything and kills nothing.

Scandal is like false money : people who would never be so base as to create it, do harm by circulating it.

It is easier to give than to pay one's debts, because a man prefers to comfort his heart rather than his conscience.

Virtue is the honor of woman ; honor is the virtue of man.

When the heart leads it misleads.

He who is loved and is unhappy, seems to the lover ungrateful.

The best way to retain any one is to let him believe that he is free.

HINTS TO MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

There is an abundance of literature on marriage extant, and the young girl, or the old girl either, who has promised to take care of some unhappy bachelor, need not fear to assume the charge of his wardrobe, his dinners, his babies that are to be, and his temper. There is plenty of light on the path.

It will be her own fault if she is not happy. How to be happy through marriage is an art for her easily compressed into a small space, convenient for framing.

She must smile, always smile. If her head throbs and her back aches, if baby is cross or child disagreeable, she must still smile, so long as her husband is around. She must always be in neat attire when he comes home, even though "the girl" has left her and she can hardly drag her tired limbs about. And she must smile.

She must feed her husband well and smile when he finds fault with the cooking or her judgment in marketing. She must make home attractive, for no married man is bound to stay at home if another place is more attractive to him. She must not cross his

will, but if she desires anything she must gain it by policy and smiles. Candour and explicit expressions are never to be used with a husband. The pleasant fiction that he is master might be disturbed, and the married man is notoriously easy to "upset" at home.

She must be superior to the need of recreation and exercise, if there are ladies in the house, and to the desire of praise for her efforts to please. She must never be from home when he returns from his labors. She must have no friends and recognize no relatives he dislikes. And she must smile.

A few more rules might be added, but the above are enough to show the engaged maiden how easy it is to have a happy home.

ADVICE FOR TWO.

That quality of intimacy which breaks down all the barriers of politeness should never be tolerated. Young wives and husbands cannot be too strongly reminded that prohibitive shipwreck they will make of their happiness if they yield to that ill-temper which expresses itself in discourtesy, want of compliance, unnecessary opposition, and above all that most disastrous amusement of "nagging" and creating a quarrel. Hundreds of homes have gone wrong for the mere want of checking in time, the habit of annoying, as a relief to a momentary feeling of irritation or discomfort, the wife who gets into the way of contradicting, or "checking" her husband, of opposing him in small things and standing out in large ones—the husband, who is smothering, contemptuous, tyrannical or fault-finding—perhaps neither side knowing the whole extent of its folly, but just giving way to it as more easy than to fight and conquer it—these young people are doing their best to dig the grave of their married peace, and some day poor, pale, fainting little love will fall into it, stark and plumeless, and will never rise again. In the beginning these little tiffs and discomforts are made up with a kiss from him and a few tears from her to add cement to the reconciliation. By-and-by the tiffs are more acrid and the reconciliation is less warm. By still further time this never comes at all ; and things get into that chronic state when there is never an open breach and never a formal healing, but an ever-swidening rift and a never-ending coldness. Then the two lives jar and grind like rusty hinges—locks which misfit the ones—wheels which the axle is stiff or anything else which should work together in harmony and smoothness, but which, for want of care to keep the adjustment exact—perhaps for want of oil to the joints creak and chafe and hang and do not fit—the annoyance, and more, of all the by-standers.

USES OF AMMONIA.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Door-plates should be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet in ammonia water.

To brighten carpets wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

If the colour has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the colour.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pint of water will clean windows better than soap.

When acid of any kind gets on cloth-

ing spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the colour.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia in water ; lay soft white paper over and iron with a hot iron.

Keep nickle, silver ornaments, and mounts bright by rubbing with a woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

A few drops of ammonia in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

Ammonia applied two or three times on a fresh cold sore will kill it. It will drive it away if used when the cold sore is first felt.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a scrub-brush ; it shines in clear water.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colours in carpets ; it will also remove white-wash from them.

Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth with ammonia before washing with soap.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water they bathe in every day it would keep their flesh sweet and clean, doing away with any disagreeable odor.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by the fire.

Flannels and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little soda. Rub as little as possible, and they will be white and clean and will not shrink.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a tea-cupful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry ; a few drops of clear aqua ammonia poured on the under side of diamonds will clean them immediately, making them very brilliant.

THE SCRAP BAG.

Some women carry cases and some the Town, but one swallow never has made an out-and-out-summer.

Yellow has suddenly loomed up as a very fashionable colour in evening gowns, and it does not come in cheap materials.

Agrettes and feather tips are very much used for head-decoration this season by the more or less "grand dames."

Artificial violets made of silk and very pleasantly perfumed are worn by many of the debutantes who are "given to dancing."

Managed by a woman "to the manner born," the long court train is always graceful and pronounced help to "personal style."

Gauze handkerchiefs, in the form of leaves, shells or hearts, and in faintest shades of lilac, pink or lilac, are the very latest thing out in Paris.

The new embossed studs for upholstery are very beautiful, but ought not to be put on chairs or sofas on which anybody sits in the opinion of women in the rural districts.

Lilac is the reigning colour of the advance leaders of fashion and style in Paris. Indeed, a private letter says :

"The fashionable folks of Paris have gone mad on the subject of lilac now."

AN INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Shortly before the recent long-continued snow blockade, writes Alf Denton to the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, two of us were on our return from Reno, seated in the comfortable smoking car of the regular passenger and mail train. On the seat ahead of us was a peculiar looking individual, with small round top hat, side whiskers, eye glasses, and tourist style. Nothing escaped his eye in passing, and he took frequent lead pencil notes in a little book. His ears were evidently as eager as his eyes, for pretty soon he showed the same by frequently, and as we considered impertinently, interrupting our conversation with such questions as : "Excuse me, but what did you say the gentleman's name was that is going to build dams to irrigate with ?"

"Newlands."

Then we saw him note down "Newlands-dam-irrigation."

Soon he again interrupted us with : "Is that the State prison over there, that you speak of ? How old did you say those prehistoric tracks are ?"

"About 17,000,000 years. Don't know exactly, but they were there before the prison was built."

"Aw, doncher know, that's a singular circumstance—and we saw him note it down—"State prisons—tracks of the builders—17,000,000 years old."

"Comstock ore—Morgan mill—full blast all the time, did you say ?"

"Yes, yes, it's a quartz mill, where they grind the silver out of the rock that comes from the Comstock lode."

"But how do they collect the silver ?"

"Oh, that's simple enough ; they grind the ore to a sort of sandy meal, as it were, and stir it up in a big pan loaded with quick-silver, which catches the silver and the sand washes off. Then they squeeze and roast the quick-silver out and have the pure commercial silver bullion."

Down went this into his little notebook : "Comstock silver meal—roasted—commercial bullion."

His annoying interruptions and notes as well as his inquisitively peculiar style, began to interest us, and we didn't mind steam-boating him a little.

"What's that you say—the trout in the river along here have no teeth ?"

"Certainly not, below the mills ; the floured quicksilver in the water salivates them so that their teeth drop out."

"Egad ! but that's natural enough," and we saw him note down :—"Trout in river all salivated—lose teeth—become suckers."

"No apples on sagebrush last year, did I hear say ?"

"None whatever : been getting scarcer every year for some time. Indians have to buy dried apples in the back-country."

Down went this in his notebook :—"The Sagebrush apple crop failure—poor Indian."

Here he pocketed his notebook, for we had arrived at Virginia.

Last week we met him again on O street. He was just up from Carson, where he had been shafting the stock.

He knew us right off, and shook hands.

"Got short of coal here, did you ? How did provisions hold out ?"

"Very well. Potatoes got scarce, but we soon got a supply from Dayton through the Sutrö Tunnel and hoisted up the C. and had shafted in the stock."

"We always planned over his shoulder" and saw him make the following note in his little book :—"Only use made of Sutrö Tunnel is transporting potatoes from Carson River to the Comstock. Met those two infernal champion liars again."