

THE NUT-SHELL

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THE NUT-SHELL

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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 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 enamel 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.

Olives 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 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, and let it stand 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.

"WHY I would you rather do," said my wife, "lead the calf to water or milk the cow?" With the alacrity of a man who uses 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 seemed to be well built, but there was an unfeeling twist in his tail that looked ominous.

There was a party of young people

playing croquet in the yard, and I was imbued 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 'not in the rope while, to establish the confidential 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 delicacy distinguished 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. The crook in his tail became more marked and a terrific bawl escaped him. In vain I tried to look at ease and not to appear responsible for the actions of the calf. I found myself in the same position as the true laboring man did when the anarchists appeared on the scene—we were in a kind of a law and order, but the calf waved the red flag, his joints were no longer pliant, and with stiffened legs he moved back and forth in a kind of hobby-horse polka, and bellowed his own accompaniment. I was not pleased, but I smiled a kind of seasick smile, and carefully held the rope in one hand. I examined the surrounding landscape very intently, and paid no attention to the calf, which thought was the proper thing to do, and indicated that every thing was progressing finely.

But the Jersey would not be ignored. Hoisting his tail like a flag-staff on the stern of an ocean steamer, he hoisted 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, 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 whine shipped his rudder before we left the harbor. Without looking I became conscious that I could no longer possess attractions for the players—the calf refused to follow. He went on his back to rest. The calf, under the impression that I wasn't coming, jumped to me to wake me up, then started for the croquet grounds. His impressions were not correct. The rope was now firmly wrapped around my wrist and I went.

The calf did not pay half as much attention to me as I did to him. He scooped the first two arches at one shot, while I was in the stake; then I caromed against the "basket," and when he made the turning stake I scurried up the remaining wickets with my legs. This made us both "down," and it became a "go as you please," with the Jersey a rope as the length in the lead.

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

tried to whistle 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 a notion of what I thought before I'd be jerked beyond it. I tied a can to a dog's tail once, and a sympathetic fellow 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 circus plover at a country fair.

We passed through a field of buck wheat and I reduced the wheat's threshing mill half an acre. I at all times maintaining a respectful distance of a rope's 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 the sight of a haven 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 exactness, 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 gin, 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 veal pie.

CHAPTER ON BALD HEADS.

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

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,

"The Lost Lady."

What does a bald-headed man say to a crowd? We meet to part no more.

Words for a bald head—Bare and furbare.

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-headed—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 content with a few dollars a week than those who have accumulated through diligence in their industrial pursuits. They are strangers to the first principles of business which lead 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 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 double what they are worth, whereas cents, they would have had the dollars to have paid ready cash and save 50 per cent. The working classes—the lone and snow of the land—no great extent have no one but the masses 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 cooperative 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 WINNER'S TRIUMPH.

The celebrated German artist, Martin Gsao, while on a visit to this country, chanced one day to attend Dr. Robt. Winder's, 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 that he must let Gsao play the congregation. "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 length gave in, and the German god-natured consented to give a taste of his quality.

The closing anthem had come to a conclusion, and Winder reluctantly arose from his seat and allowed Gsao to take his place. The people had risen in the pews below, and were making 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 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 't play.

And with an unceremonious push he ousted Gsao 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, 7,860 miles; mean diameter, 7,018; circumference at the Equator, 24,838; surface of the earth in round numbers, 196,000,000 square miles; water, 142,000,000 square miles; land, 54,000,000 square miles. Temperature: Poles, 30 degrees below; equator, 82 degrees; torrid zone 75 degrees; equator, 82 degrees; globe, 50 degrees. Mean annual rain fall, 35 inches. Gravitic gravity, 5.45 to 5.60. Weight, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.