

The Nut-Shell

"MUTUM IN PARVO."

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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 pokeweed 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 clinder that you eat 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 markets has created a growing demand for the product.

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 and polish, 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 wife, "lead the calf to water or milk the cow?" With the alacrity of a man who sees a chance to start for the calf ahead, 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 undefinable 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 befit the occasion. Tying with the knot in the rope awhile, to establish 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 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. The crook in his tail became more marked and a terrific hawl escaped him. 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 law and order, but the calf waded the red flag, his joints were no longer flexible, but with stiffened legs he hovebuck and forth in a kind of挪动 horse polka, and belowed his own accompaniment. I was not pleased, but I smiled a kind of snake smile, and carelessly held the rope in one hand. I examined the surrounding landscape very intently, and paid no heed to the calf. I 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 steamship, he belowed the conventional, "Gee too," and followed in his wake. Foreseeing an approaching crisis I had heard of out the calf. I should choose if 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 I should choose to have shipped his rudder before we left the harbor. Without looking I became conscious that croquet no longer possessed attractions for the players—the grand calf reverse waltz eclipsed all other displays. I had lost my temper and several buttons trying to keep at the head of the procession, when suddenly the calf stopped short. I went back to the length of the rope, when I stopped to my neck to crackling whipcord. The calf had evidently halted to stay, so I began to pull him along. I pulled great rolls of skin up around his ears, while he howed his spine like a cat in a back fence dust; his head from face to face and wagged his head from side to side, and ran out his tongue at me. The rope was cracking with the strain when he belowed to me as he went away; I wasn't braced in the right direction, and when he started laid down on my back to rest. The calf, under the impression that I was not coming with me to wake me up, then started for the croquet grounds. His impressions were not to be trifled with, and now firmly wrapped around my wrist, and I went along.

The calf did not pay half as much attention to me as he had. He scooped the first two arches at one shot, while I was pulling up the stake; then I caught the calf by the "hocks," and when he made the turning circle he lapped up the remaining wickets with his legs. This made us both "rovers," and it being the first principle of business with the Jersey a rope's length in the lead.

I still tried to appear unconcerned, and when I ploughed a row with my nose that would have done credit to a sixteen inch breaking plow, I 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 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 flitted 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 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 precision, 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 in the rear of my third bottle of arnica, and was now on time on a stretcher swung from the rafters, with my toes barely touching the floor. I have lost all my relish for

CHAPTER ON BALD HEADS.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull-ware.
It has never been decided what causes bald heads, but most people think it is a dandruff.
"The Lost Hair."

"What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? He goes to part no more. In motto for a bald head—Bare and furbare.

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

The bald-headed man will never dye. Bald-headed men hold the best of modern hair-raisers.

What does every bald-headed man put on his head? His hair.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

Shakespeare says—There is a divinity that shapes our ears, and we are bald men 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 careers. They are denied to the first principles of a tenacity which leads to success, and are always "hand 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 rut on 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 installment 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 sinner of the land—to a great extent have no one but themselves to blame for the immense amount of money locked up in corporations and under control of the rich with 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, while on a visit to this country, chanced one day to attend Dr. Roblin's church, in company with a friend and countryman, who was a member of the choir. The character of the music, says the New York Ledger, became known to the singers, and they were eager to hear the chorister. The chorister whispered to the old organist, Winder, that he must let Esau "play the congregation out." Esau 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 bore down on him, and he, who was a friend and the German good-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 Esau to take his place. The people had risen in the pews below, and were making for 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 one spell-bound. Old Winder saw the situation. The congregation had been seemingly petrified, and the powers of locomotion suspended.
"Fool," he shouted, "that's what 'em out. Let me show ye how it's done."

And with an unceremonious push he hauled Esau from his seat, seated himself before the keys and struck into one of his original voluntaries. Very quickly the people 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, 7,890 miles; mean diameter, 7,916; circumference at the Equator, 24,982; surface of the earth in round numbers: Land, 54,500,000 square miles; water, 142,000,000 square miles; total surface, 196,500,000 square miles. Mean annual temperature: Poles, 30 degrees; polar regions, 35 degrees; torrid zone, 67 degrees; equator, 80 degrees; globe, 50 degrees. Mean annual rainfall, 31 inches. Specific gravity, 5.45. Population, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

HOME DECORATION.

No one who enters many of the homes of the country can fail to notice what a marked progress has been made in beautifying them. Almost every one, are now capable of doing a large variety of things that go to make up home decorations and these are found in the household in great profusion. A few cents or dollars will go to a surprising length in the purchase of materials for this work. The aestheticians, and these in the deft fingers of wife and daughter, become choice attractions in beautifying the home. The decoration of the home is not only an effect of the growing taste and appreciation of the times, but is also a cause of improving these. Whoever lives amid beautiful surroundings partakes of the influence that emanates from them, and his or her life must be moulded considerably by them. They give a tone to life, just as a painting gets tone from its coloring. The mothers and daughters of a land, by means of their home decoration and beautifying, are giving a new coloring to life that makes it more precious than ever before.

LAUGHTER.

There ought to be societies formed for the encouragement of laughter. A real laugh is not common, for it must be remembered that a snicker is not a laugh. Foreigners coming in this country have more than one remark upon the singular gravity of Americans as a race. The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, and an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry. The first two centuries of our national life were busy years. Prisoners were many and the Indians almost constantly on the warpath. It is no wonder our forefathers rarely enjoyed a hearty laugh. Then came the Revolution, which was certainly no laughing matter.

Perhaps all these wars, troubles and privations may have fixed gravity in our national heart. Then it may be that the idea was wisely entertained that it was undignified to laugh. We knew that the eyes of the world were upon us, and that it would never do to act like children. Philosophers and cynics sneer at laughter. Goldsmith (who was always laughing) tells us of "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," and the scornful Byron says, "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep."

Many people are afraid to laugh, because they think it is common, so they repress their merriment with a smile.

They do wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how. Laughter is healthful, and provocative of good morals as well as good health.

Hamlet says that "one may smile and smile, and be a villain," and so one might; but one could laugh and laugh and be a villain.

To smirk, grin, guffaw or smile is not to laugh. A good, whole-souled, hearty laugh is a panacea for many ills, and worth a doctor's prescription.

OUR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

The average school-girl rises only in time to eat a hurried breakfast and to reach school at nine, or ten, in the morning. The girls under twelve, who are not the ones that break down, are not too dignified to romp at recess, and in that way they fill their lungs with fresh air every day. Those about twelve or thirteen rarely have a breath of outside air from nine to two in the afternoon. They eat their luncheons curled up in heaps in comfortable corollie exercise, except in a few schools, where they dance for a few minutes, solitary lunch of cold or "warmed over" food or something home is followed usually by a brisk walk or other exercise. There is more study after supper, and the girls studying late in the evening. If there is any well-established physiological fact it is that girls in their teens need an abundance of sleep before midnight, if possible.

able. The teachers must give a certain amount of home work to their pupils, in order to keep them up to the grade, more is the pity, but since that is a necessity, the fathers and mothers at home should make everything else bend to that and health. There is no one thing that is so necessary and that might be so easily secured, if firmness were exercised, as a long night of sleep for the fast-growing brain and the girlish frames that are rapidly assuming the proportions of maturity.

A CONSIDERATE MAN.

The most considerate people in the United States live in Ozark, Ark. One

ain't busy then I'll tell you what I want. Good mornin'. Janson rode away, and about an hour afterwards he agin rode up to the fence. "Still busy, Mis Greg?" "Yes, fur I ain't got the yard done yet, an' I wanted to finish it befo' the preacher comes." "When do you look for him?" "Most any munit now." "Well, then, I reckon I'll have to wait a while longer, for I don't want you to be embarrassed on my account." "How long would it take you to attend to the business you have got on hand, Mr. Sutton?" "Oh, not long, but we can put it off

I have had a large and lucrative practice in my profession, but this year the elements are against me. I know there is no snow on the premises, and rain is going to rain this afternoon and rain the rain off your sidewalk for a quarter, if you will give me ten cents advance money. Is it a go?" "Yes, it is a go," she said, she slammed the door in his face. "And they say that genius and tact win every time," he sighed, as he shuffled down the stoop.

AS PER SCHEDULE.

Mr. Nibbs—Oh, Miss Snocner I love you devotedly, truly, lastingly! On my knees I beseech you, will you be mine?

Miss Snocner—I have heard your application. Here is "Form No. 1," which I wish you would consider, and fill out the answers to the questions, and file the same with me to-morrow.

- Form No. One.
1. Did your mother ever have any bad luck in taking a pig?
 2. Was the last young lady who refused you entirely without fault?
 3. How many lodges a week do you attend?
 4. Do you think that women's rights go any distance beyond marriage rites?
 5. How many times did woman are made one, which is the one?
 6. How long, do you think, does a woman maintain her good looks?
 7. What should be the difference between a man waiting for a meal and a meal waiting for a man?
 8. What is the relative difference between a wife's relations and a bus band's?
 9. Define the point between liberality and stinginess?
 10. At what age does short-sightedness strike in your family?

ENGLISH SPEAKING RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES OF THE WORLD.

Episcopalians.....	21,450,000
Methodists of all descriptions	16,100,000
Roman Catholics.....	14,750,000
Presbyterians of all descriptions	10,700,000
Baptists of all descriptions.....	8,210,000
Congregationalists.....	5,650,000
Free Thinkers.....	1,900,000
Lutherans.....	1,500,000
Unitarians.....	2,500,000
Minor Religious Sects.....	10,000,000
Of no particular religion.....	10,000,000

English-speaking population, 92,500,000. A very large number of Hindus and Mohammedans in the East also speak and read English.

The estimates in the above table are from Whittaker's (London) Almanac, 1887.

EMERSON ON "CHARACTER."

Character is nature in its highest form. It is of no use to speculate, or to content with it. This masterpiece is best where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it.

Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike.

None will ever solve the problem of his character according to your prejudice but only in his own unprecedented way.

We have seen many counterfeits, but we are born believers in great men.

I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after each exchange of good office, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.

The people know that they need in their representative much more than talent, namely, the power to make his talents trusted.

How often has a true master realized all the tales of magic!

The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher to a lower vessel.

FRENCH PRECOCITY.

We have been shown a private announcement of birth which runs as follows: "M. Andre at 8 o'clock, eight days, has the honor to inform you of his birth which took place at the beginning of last week. He is quite well, and so is his mother."

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BLACK * GOODS * STORE
 CORNER OF
ST. PETER AND NOTRE DAME STS.
 MONTREAL.

REDUCED PRICES
 IN ALL
 DEPARTMENTS
 UNTIL 1st MAY, WHEN WE
 REMOVE TO
 2321

ST. CATHERINE STREET.
 JOHN ROW, PROPRIETOR.

of the politest and most considerate of those people is Janson H. Sutton, a man of limited means financially, but rich in courtesy. One day Janson, a bachelor, by the way, rode up to the fence surrounding the house of Mrs. Greg, a widow, and seeing her sweeping the yard, thus addressed her: "Oh, Mis Greg, have you time to come here a munit? I want to see you on a little matter of business."

"I am in a putty big hurry to git this yard done, Mr. Sutton, an' if your business ain't so mighty important, why I'd like for you to put it off awhile."

"All right. I'll be back this way in about an hour from now, an' if you

easy enough. I jest wanted to ask you to marry me, but I'll wait till you git the time. Good mo'nin', Mis Greg."
 —Arkansas Traveller.

WHERE GENIUS DIDN'T WORK.

He was just a plain tramp, unadorned with soap, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden snow-shovel several times too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way, and when she opened the door he said, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," (in surprise). "And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavor should be rewarded?" "Ye-es," "Heretofore

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity. Those who follow after others in sinning are in danger of following them in suffering.

Happiness lies concealed in our duties which, when fulfilled, give it forth as the opening rose gives forth fragrance.

Life to be worthy of a rational being must always be in progression; we must always progress to do more or better than in time past.

There are two sorts of content. One is connected with exertion the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virtue, the other a vice.

The next best thing to being happy oneself is to be able to make others so. Perhaps that may be the sort of happiness they have in the next world.

There is no true happiness outside of love and self-sacrifice, or rather outside of love, for it includes the other. That is gold, and all the rest is gilt.

The very consciousness of failing for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes the sting from trouble and doubles the joy of success.

Cold words freeze people, but words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is.

Bacon tells us that the virtue of adversity is temperance and the virtue of adversity is fortitude; but it depends upon ourselves whether we gather these and other precious fruits from either of those plants.

Conscience is like a sundial. If you let truth shine upon it it will point you right; but you may cover it over so that no truth can fall upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman who says, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."

For the earnest man or woman there is no end to effort. One aim reached and its difficulties surmounted, another will quickly present itself to the aspiring spirit; and before that is reached other difficulties must again be met.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

MILES OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

- The Irish mile is 2,240 yards.
- The Swiss mile is 4,133 yards.
- The Italian mile is 1,786 yards.
- The Scotch mile is 1,864 yards.
- The Tuscan mile is 1,826 yards.
- The German mile is 8,106 yards.
- The Arabian mile is 2,143 yards.
- The Turkish mile is 1,826 yards.
- The French mile is 1,826 yards.
- The Vienna post mile is 1,226 yards.
- The Roman mile is 1,826 or 2,025 yards.
- The West mile is 1,167 or 1,337 yards.
- The Dutch and Prussian mile is 6,490 yards.
- The Swedish and Danish mile is 7,345 yards.
- The English and American mile is 1,760 yards.

GOOD RULES TO GO BY.

- Never obtrude any advice unasked.
- Aim at cheerfulness without levity.
- Never dispute if you can fairly avoid it.
- Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.
- Never judge a woman's character by external appearance.
- Say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you.
- Never affect to be wiser or just so as to wound the feelings of another.
- Never court the favor of the rich by flattery either the realities or views.
- Never dispute with a man more than 70 years of age, nor a woman, nor an enthusiast.
- Never ridicule sacred things, or what

others may esteem to be such, however absurd they appear to be. Never think the worse of another on account of his differing with you in politics or religious opinions.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, nor seek any occasion to retaliate.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

- There are 2,750 languages.
- America was discovered in 1482.
- A square mile contains 640 acres.
- Envelopes were first used in 1830.
- Telescopes were invented in 1590.
- A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
- A barrel of flour weighs 116 pounds.
- A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
- A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
- The first steel pen was made in 1800.
- A span (horse measure) is four inches.
- Watches were first constructed in 1476.
- A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
- A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
- The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
- The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
- Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
- The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
- The average human life is thirty-one years and eight months.
- Coaches were first used in England in 1559.
- Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
- Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1850.
- The first newspaper was published in England in 1688.
- The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.
- Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.
- Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighteenth century.
- Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.
- Measure 289 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.
- The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr. in 1846.
- The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1763.
- The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559.

OKLAHOMA HOTEL RULES.

- Gents gain't be bed with their boots on will be charged extra.
- Three raps at the door means there is a murder in the house and you must get up.
- Please write your name on the wall paper, so we know you will be here.
- The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.
- If that hole where that pane of glass is out is too much for you, you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stun it.
- The shooting of a pistol is no cause for any alarm.
- If you're too cold, put the oil-cloth over your bed.
- Kerosene lamps extra; candles free, but they mustn't burn all night.
- Don't tare off the wall paper to lite your pipe with. Nuff of that already.
- Guests will not take out 'em bricks in the mattress.
- If it rains through that hole overhead you'll find an umbrella under the bed.
- The rats won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face.
- Two men in a room must put up with one chair.
- Guests don't enjoy the sawdust out of the pillars.
- If there's no towel handy use a piece of the carpet.

HOW TO SHARPEN A KNIFE.

It is a fact well known by dealers in cutlery, that not one man in fifty knows how to sharpen a pocket knife. A razor must be laid flat on the hone being hollow-ground, and requiring a

fine edge. The pocket knife, however, requires a stiff edge, and the moment it is laid flat on the stone to touch the polished side, its edge is ruined. The blade must be held at an angle of 20 or 25 degrees, and have an edge similar to a chisel. This is called the "canal," and is marked on all "w" knives by a fine white line, which does not remove or touch the polished surface.

CAN YOU AFFORD IT!

When tempted to go off with the boys for a lark,
 Think! Can you afford it?
 The most of their money is spent after dark.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 You may sit round the tables where cards are dealt out,
 Or pat the town red on a rollicking bout,
 In the end you're both money and character out.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 Chorus:
 Think! Can you afford it?
 Think! Can you afford it?
 If you save every dime they'll be dollars in time.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 You'd like to be dushy and spoking new clothes.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 How there'll be paid for nobody knows.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 It's all very well to keep decent and clean,
 And when with the boys not appear very mean,
 But your bank account's much better fat than it's lean.
 Think! Can you afford it?

Chorus:
 A wife is a good thing to have in a house.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 She'll keep you home and stop many a carous.
 Think! Can you afford it?
 She's a luxury, sure, and if you would try
 To keep her you'll find, perhaps with a sigh,
 That women, like the hats they wear now, come high,
 Think! Can you afford it?

MY NATIVE LAND.

I love the land of Canada—
 The dear land of my birth,
 I deem my native country,
 The fairest place on earth.
 I love her lakes and rivers,
 Her forests, grand and high,
 And every charm that brightens
 The landscape to the eye.
 I love the slender tamarac,
 The tall and stately pine,
 The lonic birch and kingly oak,
 With clinging ivy vine,
 So beautiful, so glorious,
 In their cold splendour dressed,
 I love them all, but oh! I love
 The maple tree the best.
 Old England has her royal rose,
 The thistle Scotland's pride,
 While the many brave and gallant men
 For Erin's shamrock died.
 But I will keep my maple leaf—
 And they may keep the rest—
 Our country's precious emblem,
 The dearest and the best.
 We'll take the red and gently rose,
 The maple's glossy leaf,
 The shamrock and the thistle,
 And twine them in a wreath,
 We'll take those we loved em,
 No fairer can be seen, (bleasn,
 And weave them in a garland
 For our dear and gentle Queen.
 Oh! lovely land of Canada,
 May joy and peace be thine,
 May the sun of bright prosperity
 O'er thy Dominion shine;
 May thy sons be brave and noble,
 Thy daughters true and kind,
 And the love of Queen and country
 Our hearts in friendship bind.
 —Marie Joussey.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

At a gathering of young ladies one evening last week one of them proposed that the party draw up in a

circle, and each give her opinion as to the qualifications of an ideal husband. It was immediately agreed to, says the *McNabner*. It is curious to note the diversity of prerogatives would cause a man to fear and tremble as to his acceptance of a wife. Some would have wings. One wanted a rich man, one a famous one, another a handsome one, some wanted a title, and most of them wanted all these things combined.

At last it came the turn of a sweet, sunny little creature in pink and white. For a moment her face grew white, and then came her verdict: "He must be moral, well-bred and have some fixed and honorable method of making a living."

What! not one word about his being titled, rich or handsome!
 "But," she continued, "the man I marry must be my other self. He must be sympathetic with me in my tastes and pursuits. When he comes I shall know him, and all the love I have to give shall be his, and I shall expect love in return for love. Of course, if he is young, and rich and handsome so much the better, but I do not care how his less were he none of these things."

Truly womanly sentiments! Would that they could find their echo in every woman's heart. The number of unhappy marriages would be lessened, and divorces would be rare. Many, fastidious by outward glamour, rush headlong into matrimony, and too late find that the tastes and inclinations of husband and wife differ as widely as night and day. For instance, one is literary and fond of retirement, the other despises literature and is inclined to society; each will wish to have the society and conversation of those whose tastes and opinions coincide with his own. The consequences of this estrangement of husband and wife in things that the world calls trivial, but which, in reality, decide their happiness; and each would find it easy to sacrifice all the other's charms for the one charm not there, namely, a responsive heart in all things.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble or reasoning on it; and no sane man can do that.
 Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.
 She can safely stick 50 pins in her dress, while he is getting one under his thumb-nail.
 She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will fret and fume and growl in one loose shirt.
 She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.
 She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."
 She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.
 She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.
 She can go to church and afterward tell you what ever woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.
 She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.
 She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it better than ever man can.
 She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.
 She can drive a man crazy for 24 hours and then bring him back to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does she lie.
 "I was the first mortal son of Adam's race that can do this."
 "KNEW WHAT HE WANTED."
 "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Cuzmo tenderly, when her husband was suffering from senescence. "What do you want?" "I want the earth," gasped Cuzmo, as he again leaned over the rail.

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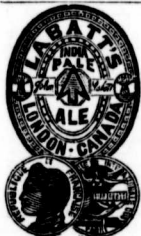
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