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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, and 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 mist the ones—while 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.

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

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.

AN INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

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 you say ?"

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

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 Sutrø Tunnel and hoisted up the C. and had shafted in the stock."

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

A BOOK AGENT'S REVENGE

One year ago while I was canvassing in Pleasant Prairie, I came to a large, fine farm house. I walked up and gave the door bell a vigorous pull. The door was opened by a young girl as fresh and pretty to look at as a new blown rose. I loved with all the gracefulness of an accomplished book agent, attentiveness of a long and constant practice, and greeted her with my most beaming smile. She kindly invited me into the parlor, while her two eyes beamed upon me like rays of light shining through the windows of heaven. She seated herself on the sofa, and I, thinking "fair heart never won a fair lady," pulled out my prospectus and took a seat by her side. For one short, happy hour I talked with that fair young maiden, when just as we were beginning to get somewhat loving and confidential, the door opened and a six-foot, raw-boned, big-footed young farmer entered. He stared at us in blank amazement for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Gal, what in thunder are you doing with that young—Great Scott! It's a book agent!" He ended abruptly, catching sight of my prospectus.

"Sir," I said, rising and politely bowing, "I have the honor of introducing to you a work."

"And I," he broke in, starting for me, "have the pleasure of kicking you out of my house. You little red-headed—"

I did not wait to hear more, but catching sight of the size of his boots, I grabbed my hat and started out. Just as I reached the door his foot caught me like a cyclone, and, helping me over six steps, landed me in the midst of a thorn rose bush.

When I crawled out of that bush I was as mad a piece of humanity to the square inch as ever existed, but I smothered the raging volcano within, arose and bowed politely.

"Madam," I said, turning to the girl, who was standing by the door step laughing at me, "I beg your pardon for my hasty exit. Necessity compelled me to leave your sweet presence a trifle more suddenly than either politeness or inclination inclined me to, but in the near future I shall do myself the honor to call on you again."

"As for you, sir," I said, addressing the farmer, "we too shall meet again."

"Let me catch your red head shining in my yard again and I will kick you all over the farm," was the sweet good-by of the horny-handed son of toil.

That night I lay awake all night meditating a dire and awful revenge, and by morning I had my plans all made.

I had a piece of thick sheet iron made so that it fitted snug and cozy like to that part of my anatomy which got kicked, then I secured six ounces of dynamite and fastened it carefully in an oil-lined silk bag about six inches square. This I sewed on the inside of the seat of my second best pants and my machine of vengeance was complete.

As I walked up to the door I saw the farmer drop his fork and take a bee line from the hay-field to the house. The same girl answered the ring of the door bell. She seemed very much surprised to see me again, but with a rosy blush on her cheeks and a winsome smile on her lips, she again invited me into the parlor.

She seated herself on the sofa and a blush invited me to do the same. I did not dare to sit down, but I bent forward, so as to give the farmer a good opportunity for a square kick, seized her hand and had just begun to murmur passionately; "I must look upon your supremely beautiful face again, though the sun should fall and the heavens should fall."

"When—well, the heavenaid did not fall but the farmer's foot did square and fair upon that dynamite bag. Great Scott! who would have thought that six ounces of dynamite could create such a rumpus!"

"When I picked myself out of a straw pile ten rods away into which I had been fortuitously thrown and therefore not much hurt, I saw the farmer crawling out of a rear window in the hog yard some fifteen rods away and the girl hanging on the wire fence in the back yard."

"I bet that farmer don't kick another book agent," I muttered as I cleared out.

THE WORLD'S NOTED ERAS.

The era of Abraham began Oct. 1, B. C. 2016.

The era of Augustus began in the year of Rome 727, twenty-seven years before the Christian era.

The era of Tyre began B. C. 125, in the year of Rome 628, and in the 18th of the Seleucid or Grecian era.

The era of Antioch fixed the creation B. C. 5492. After 285, however, it coincided with the Alexandrian era.

The era of the Hegira dates from the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina on the 15th or 16th of July, A. D. 622.

The Chinese era begins B. C. 2977, but since the year 163 B. C. Chinese

first used on the 29th of November, 1791, and was discontinued Dec. 31, 1865, when the Georgian was resumed.

The Persian era began on the accession of King Y. and to the throne of Persia, June 16, A. D. 632. The Persian year was re-adjusted in A. D. 1075, and the system continues to the present time.

The Jewish era was adopted in the fifteenth century. The Jews date from the creation of the world, which they consider to have taken place 3750 years and three months before the announcement of the Christian era.

The Alexandrian era of the creation of the world was fixed at 5592 years before Christ, so that A. D. 1 corresponds with the Alexandrian year of the crea-

tion, adopted it, and did not abandon it for the one now used by them until within the last 400 years.

The era of Constantinople, which was adopted in that city before the middle of the seventh century, likewise commences with the creation of the world, which is assigned to B. C. 5598. The Russians followed this calculation until the time of Peter the Great, having received it from the Greek church, by which it is still used.

CURIOSITIES OF COMPOSITION.

The following items are from papers on English history, and should be weighed, considered, chewed, and digested:—

"Alfred the Great was the first to introduce time, which he did by means of candles."

"Roger Bacon, by means of his custom of writing books, became very poor."

"The Pope wanted him (Roger Bacon) to write, but paper and money were so dear that he could not do so until some time after, when he wrote a book called 'The Poor Man's Friend.'"

"Van Tromp swept the Channel with a brougham at his masthead."

"Newton invented the fluxions of light."

"Marlborough is first heard of at the battle of Turenne."

"Cromwell was a weak-minded man and went to the stake recanting."

"Eliot was one of the best eloquists in England."

"The clergy clung to the king because they were afraid of the Lollards, and the king turned merchant and made vast sums of money."

"William I was very strong and had a savage countenance, and never allowed himself to be tampered with."

"The friars were instituted by religious fanatics who did not like monks who only drank wine and eat."

"Lottery loans were loans borrowed and repaid at six per cent. But some of the money which was borrowed government in repaying it—the people who put it were chosen by lot, and had it paid back at very high interest."

"Newton invented the laws of gravitation and the motions of the planets."

THE NEW BIBLE.

At the dinner of the New England Society there were a number of brilliant speeches, but none more eloquent, patriotic or humorous than the one made by Mr. Grady of the Atlanta Constitution. In the course of his remarks he related the following story:—

There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson, he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages.

The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was—" then turning the page—"120 cubits long (laughter), forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood (laughter), and covered with pitch inside and out. (Loud and prolonged laughter.) He was naturally pruned at this. He read it again, verified it and then said: "My friends,

this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are immensely and wonderfully made." (Immense laughter.)

EVERYBODY LAUGHED.

A certain young newspaper man, who toils for his ducats not far from the North American office, recently became the proud father of the handsomest baby in the world. (He says it is the handsomest, and he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his day off, and he and his wife thought they would give the town a nice little baby out, and exhibiting it to the admiring multitude. They made two short calls on friends, and the lady concluded to do some shopping, too, while the baby was a fine, healthy youngster, and after a while it began to get heavy. Hubby had been carrying it, and to relieve him and allow him to stretch, he cramped arms the young mother took a turn with it. Before long the proud father was again staggering along with the precious load, and after that they

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writers have dated the year from the accession of the reigning emperor. The Cesarean era of antioch was instituted in consequence of the victory of Pharsalia, gained by Julius Cesare in the year of Rome 708 and B. C. 48. The era of Nabonness began B. C. 28, B. C. 747. It continued until the death of Alexander the Great, and was thence brought down to the reign of Antonius Pius. The Hindu era is quite complicated and its elucidation has given rise to much controversy. The current era—the fourth of the world's existence, the Kal Yug—began B. C. 3101. The French republic era began Sept. 2, 1792. The republican calendar was

tion 5503. This computation was continued until the year A. D. 284, but in quest of that country by Augustus, B. C. 38. It was adopted in Portugal, Africa, and the southern provinces of France. It was abolished in Catalonia in 1180; in Aragon, 1359, and in Castile in 1383, but it prevailed in Portugal as late as 1415 or 1422. The Grecian commences in the year of Rome 492, twelve years after the death of Alexander, B. C. 311. This era is still in use among almost all the people of Levant. The Jews when they became subject to the kings of

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took turn about carrying it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not by a baby coach? They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy a wooty home in comfort. To think was to act, and in a little while the front pannels were pushing a gorgeous coach up Chestnut street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other pannels could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upon. At first they were oblivious to everything but how well the baby looked in the coach, but hubby finally began to notice that people coming towards them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

He passed the coach a dozen yards or so and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were near 10th street, and he told his wife to cross over while he whistled. She crossed the street ahead of the coach, then turned, gave a gasp, and with a feeling that her neck-strings and the grippe combined, clutched a lamp post for support.

There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off marked in big black letters, "Our own make."

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

It has been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the first departing ray
In deep despair,
And so the spirit on its way
With holy Prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shined beneath
That cold and gloom,
T'would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yet in that hour if I could feel
From halls of gloe,
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secret,
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh I would ask my anatomy
No other boon.

But ah, a lovelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
A draw round me my pale robes of woe,
In a dark spot
To sleep through death's long dreamless night
Lone and forgot.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Encourage the modest man too much and he will become vain.
Getting cheated yesterday just teaches a man to cheat to-day.
A philosopher is a man who doesn't want the things he can't have.
Don't blame a man for being vain; he is only what others have made him.
If a husband is worth having he is worth taking care of.—Sent in by an abused man.
There are two rights a woman is slow to claim—the right to an old garter and

the right to an old paper bustle.

There never was a crime committed that did not leave its mark on the face of the man who committed it.

Marriage with a man is like the month of March. If he goes in like a man he never fails to come out like a lamb.

When the women get together they abuse the men, but it is to the credit of the men that when they get together they abuse the women.

There are only two kinds of women: one kind thinks her husband the greatest man in the world, and the other thinks that she is a greater man than her husband.

Give an extravagant woman all the money she can spend, and the harm she does is not to herself, but to the foolish women who try to keep up with her.

IPI SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to night
My friends would look upon my quiet
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left its last
And, laying snow-white flowers against
my hair,
Would surround it down with tearful
tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering
caress,
Four hands, so empty and so cold
to-night.

If I should die to night
My friends would call to mind, with
loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had
wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had
said:
Errands on which the willing feet had
sped,
The memory of my selfishness and
pride,
My music words would all be put aside,
And I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted
glance,
Who look upon me as of yore, per-
chance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, un-
conscious things?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-
night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold
now.
The way is lonely, let me feel them
now.
Think gently of me: I am travel worn;
My faulting feet are pierced with
many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I
plead,
When dreamless rest is mine I shall
not need
The tenderness for which I long to-
night.

SOME UNKNOWN LANDS.

The surface of the earth comprises
of an area of 293,000,000 square miles,
of which three-fourths is covered by water.
This leaves 59,000,000 of square miles
of land for the human race to occupy,
or about one square mile for every
thirty-five persons, big and little.
It would seem that such an area
would be enough to support such an
and so it would, says Golden Days,
if the density of population were the
same all over the globe.
But we find that the human race,
either from choice or accident, has al-
ways huddled itself into certain parts
of the world, leaving other parts either
entirely deserted or very sparsely popu-
lated. Some very good reasons some-
times exist for these irregularities, and
at other times the reasons are hard to
find.

We can easily understand why Green-
land, for instance, or Patagonia should
not be densely settled, but it is not
easy to understand how the great con-
tinent of Australia came to be so long
without inhabitation.
It is curious to note the queer way
in which populations have shifted in
the course of ages. Asia, as the cradle

of the human race, first became thick-
ly settled, and contains to-day two
countries—China and Hindostan—where
the population is extremely dense.
But portions of Asia—such as Arabia
and Persia—from all accounts must
have lost half, if not more, of their
population during the last thousand
years.

Great as the Shah of Persia fancy
himself to be, he is but a puny prince
compared with the great Darius or
Xerxes.

Africa has likewise suffered an enormous
loss of population since ancient
times. We have ample proof that the
valley of the Nile once swarmed with
life, and all through North Africa, now
almost a desert, given up to wild beasts
and wilder men, civilization once flourish-
ed to a remarkable extent.

Europe was settled from the south,
Italy, Spain small portion comprising
the southern and western parts of the
Mediterranean Sea were populated for
centuries, while what we now know as
France, Germany, England, Austria
and Russia were forests and deserts,
quite as barbarous and uncultivated as
the present interior of Africa.

These were the countries of antiquity,
North and South America and
Australia being unknown. Yet the
two former were densely populous in
the ages long ago.

The valleys of the Missouri, Ohio and
Mississippi swarmed with people en-
gaged in business and agriculture:—
Mexico had a population much ex-
ceeding its present one; the ruins of
great cities in Central America attest
its former greatness, and it is certain
that Peru, under the Incas, was the
seat of a mighty civilization. Australia,
however, has always been a sparse-
ly-settled country.

Such have been the changes of time,
that much of the world is still un-
known land, and we are now busily en-
gaged in discovering much that was
known before.

Europe has nothing to disclose, but a
great part of Asia and nearly three-
fourths of Africa is still unexplored
to us moderns. The explorations of
Stanley and those who preceded him
are mere spider-tracks in the desert,
and our best maps of Africa are half
guess-work.

In Asia, there is Thibet, Turkestan
and the great desert of Sahara to be ex-
plored. We know almost nothing of
Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and
thousands of islands in the Pacific
Ocean are still unexplored.

Great tracts of Australia have never
been trodden by the foot of a white
man, and nearly all of South America,
inside the coast lines, is known only
by hearsay and tradition. Coming up
to our northern half of the continent
we encounter some unknown lands,
Central America and Mexico offer ter-
ritories for exploration, and Lower
California has never been thoroughly
explored.

In the far north is Greenland, Baffin
Land, the great Hudson Bay region, all
of British America north of latitude 60
degrees, and our great territory of
Alaska. Here is a wonderful field for
adventurous explorers and it is impos-
sible to predict what is in store for
them. The natives of northern Alas-
ka also report that further north is an-
other land, not down on the maps—an
inhabited land with comparatively mild
climate.

Even in the new state of Washing-
ton there is an unknown land of 2,500
square miles. This kind is shut in by
the Olympic mountains, and Indian
traditions say that it is inhabited by a
very fierce tribe, which none of the
coast tribes dared molest.

Here, then, is half of our 59,000,000
square miles consisting of unknown
lands! What a magnificent field for
the men in search of health, wealth
and knowledge, and what room it gives
for future generations to travel and
settle! All is fertile, some is un-
inhabitable on account of severity of
climate, but much of it is as fair as
any land we know and fully as cap-
able of supporting life.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD.

Norway has 1 university, 48 profes-
sors and 880 students.
France has 1 university, 180 profes-
sors and 9,200 students.
Belgium has 4 universities, 88 profes-
sors and 2,400 students.

Holland has 4 universities, 60 profes-
sors and 1,900 students.
Portugal has 1 university, 40 profes-
sors and 1,300 students.

Italy has 17 universities, 60 profes-
sors and 11,100 students.

Sweden has 10 universities, 173 profes-
sors and 1,010 students.

Switzerland has 3 universities, 10
professors and 2,400 students.

Russia has 21 universities, 562 profes-
sors and 6,100 students.

Denmark has 1 university, 40 profes-
sors and 1,400 students.

Austria has 10 universities, 1,810 profes-
sors and 13,000 students.

Spain has 10 universities, 380 profes-
sors and 16,250 students.

Germany has 21 universities, 1,020
professors and 25,654 students.

Great Britain has 11 universities, 334
professors and 13,400 students.

The United States of America has 300
universities, 4,240 professors and 83,400
students.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

What makes me refuse a social glass,
well, I'll tell you the reason why.
Because a tonnie blue-eyed lass is ever
standing by,
And I hear her, boys, above the noise
of the jest and merry game,
As with baby grace she kisses my face
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Then, what can I do my lass to be
true better than to pass by,
I know you'll not think it my refusal
I drink a breec'h of your courtesy.
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet,
and her heart is full of love,
As with loving embrace she kisses my
face, and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast, to the one I love
Most, whose dear little will I obey,
Whose influence sweet is guiding my
feet over life's toilsome way.
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of
mine, from sorrow may she be free,
For with baby grace she bathed kisses
my face, and said, "Papa, be true to me."

LITTLE BITS OF CRYSTALLIZED WISDOM.

The richest man is the one who does
most for others.
The highest tree is the one that the
wind fights the hardest.
The poor man with Christ is rich.
The rich man without Christ is poor.
The way to perform a great work is
to do a little towards it every day.
Man's doubt of God makes angels
wonder.

The high priest of the temple could
not have done the work of the little
maid in Haaman's house.
A hog covered with the first mud hole it
came to.

Every man is ruled by what he loves.
The gates of heaven are always open.
A man generally walks the way he
looks.

Love's messages are always written in
red ink.
No man is right in his religion who
is not right in his living.
The weakest man is the one who is a
slave to his own desires.

Every Christian who is not giving
letting his light shine through smoky
glass.
The man who is willing to do wrong
in order to gain riches can never enjoy
them.

You don't have to be disagreeable to
be good or look like a corpse in pickle
to be righteous.
The foundation stones of a church are
of a good deal more consequence
than the steeple.
God has no use for the man who
imagines himself sanctified simply be-
cause he feels bad.

A photograph can now be taken
quicker than a mule can kick, but it
still takes just as long to hatch an egg
as it did when the mountains were new.
They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place on earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper of a sin,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

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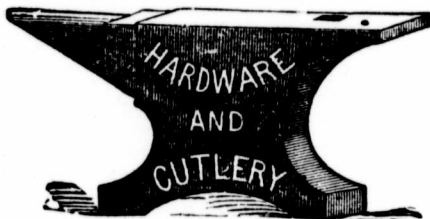
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