

MISCELLANEOUS

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

HIS PECULIAR LITERARY HABITS. HIS GREAT YEARNING FOR BETTER THINGS TO EAT.

The editor of an Eastern health magazine; having asked for information relative to the habits, of work and style and frequency of feed adopted by literary men, and several parties having responded who we no more essentially saturated with literature than I am, I now take my pen in hand to reveal the true inwardness of my literary life, so that boys who yearn to follow in my footsteps and wear a laurel wreath the year round in place of a hat may know what the personal habits of a literary party are.

I rise from bed the first thing in the morning, leaving my couch not because I am dissatisfied with it, but because I cannot carry it with me during the day.

I then seat myself on the edge of the bed and devote a few moments to thought. Literary men who have never set aside a few moments on rising on thought will do well to try it.

I then insert myself into a pair of middle-aged pantaloons. It is needless to say that girls who may have a literary tendency will find little to interest them here.

Other clothing is added to the above from time to time. I then bathe myself. Still this is not absolutely essential to a literary life. Others who do not do so have been equally successful.

Some literary people bathe before dressing.

I then go down stairs and out to the barn, where I feed the horse. Some literary men feel above taking care of a horse, because there is really nothing in common between the care of the horse and literature, but simplicity is my watchword. T. Jefferson would have to rise early in the day to eclipse me in simplicity. I wish I had as many dollars as I have got simplicity.

I then go in to breakfast. This meal consists almost wholly of food. I am passionately fond of food, and I may truly say, with my hand on my heart, that I owe much of my great success in life to this inward craving, this constant yearning for something better.

During this meal I frequently converse with my family. I don't feel above my family, at least if I do, I strive to conceal it as much as possible. Buckwheat pancakes in a heated state, with maple syrup on the upper side, are extremely conducive to literature. Nothing jerks the mental faculties around with greater rapidity than buckwheat pancakes.

After breakfast, the time is put in to good advantage looking forward to the time when dinner will be ready. From 8 to 10 a. m., however, I frequently retire to my private literary hot bed in the hay mow, and write 1,200 words in my forthcoming book, the price of which will be \$2.50 in cloth and \$4 with Russian back.

I then play Copenhagen with some little girls 21 years of age, who live near by, and of whom I am passionately fond.

After that I dig some worms, with a view to angling. I then angle. After this I return home, waiting until dusk, however, as I do not like to attract attention. Nothing is more distasteful to a truly good man of wonderful literary acquirements, and yet with singular modesty, than the coarse and rude scrutiny of the vulgar herd.

In winter I do not angle. I read the Pirate Prince or some other works, not so much for the plot as the style, that I may get my mind into correct channels of thought. I then play 'old sledge' in a rambling sort of manner. I sometimes spend an evening at home, in order to excite remarks and draw attention to my wonderful eccentricity.

I do not use alcohol in any form, if I know it, though sometimes I am basely deceived by those who know of my peculiar prejudice, and who do it, because they enjoy watching my odd and amusing antics at the time.

Alcohol should be avoided entirely by literary workers, especially young women of marked ability writing an obituary poem while under the influence of liquor.

I knew a young man who was a good writer. His penmanship was very good indeed. He once wrote an article for the press while under the influence of liquor. He sent it to an editor, who returned it at once with a cold and cruel letter, every line of which was a stab. The letter came at a time when he was full of remorse.

He tossed up a cent to see whether he should blow out his brains or go into the ready-made clothing business. The ready-made clothing business. He decided that he should die by his own hand, but his head ached so that he didn't feel like shooting into it. So he went into the ready-made clothing business, and now he pays taxes on \$75,000, he is probably worth \$150,000. This course saves over his wounded heart, he often says to me that he might have been in the literary business to-day had let liquor alone.

HOUSEWIFE'S SCRAP BOOK.

Stains on cups and saucers may be removed with ashes.

To remove mildew, soak in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the sun.

When sponge cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

If the oven is too hot when baking, place a small dish of cold water in it.

To prevent mustard plaster from blistering, mix it with the white of an egg.

Never put salt into soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as salt prevents the scum from rising.

When the burners of lamps become clogged with char, put them in a strong suds and boil awhile to cleanse them.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or tea pot, fill with water, add a small piece of soap, and let it boil about forty-five minutes.

Boiled starch can be much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little dissolved gum arabic.

Nurses in a sick room should not sit or stand too near the patient, and above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick person.

If matting, counterpanes, or bedspreads have oil spots on them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and then rinse with clear, cold water.

It is said that canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better, when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

A liquid black lead for polishing stoves is made by adding to each pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, and one ounce of sugar.

Picture frames made with a combination of polished oak and gilt ornaments are admirably adapted to water color drawings, and are less expensive than other styles.

To keep insects out of bird cages, tie up a little sulphur in a bag and suspend it in the cage. Red ants will never be found in closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept constantly in these places.

Old newspapers will put the finishing touch to newly cleansed silver, knives and forks and tinware better than anything else. Rub them well and make perfectly dry. They are excellent to polish stoves that have not been blackened for some length of time.

RECIPES.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—Add to the yolks of six eggs a tablespoonful of flour, pepper and salt; stir well together; add the whites of the eggs and fry in a saucepan in which has been melted three ounces of butter.

SWEET MILK GEMS.—Beat one egg well, add a pint of new milk, a little salt and graham flour, until it will drop off the spoon nicely. Have ready your gem pans, well greased and heated. Bake in a quick oven and send to table hot.

CROQUETS.—To one pint chopped beef or veal add one-half pint of cream and one tablespoonful butter (creamed), roll in about a tablespoonful of flour. Put all save the meat into a saucepan, season to taste and place over the fire to thicken; when this is done pour over the meat, mix thoroughly and form into shape, roll in cracker dust, and fry a nice brown, or if preferred, bake.

POTATO BISCUIT.—Eight potatoes of medium size smashed very fine, four tablespoonfuls of butter melted, two cups milk lukewarm, one cup of yeast, of flour to make a thick batter, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Stir all the above ingredients together except the butter, and set the sponge until light—four or five hours will be required; then add the melted butter with a little salt and flour enough to make a soft dough; set this aside for four hours longer; roll out in a sheet three-quarters of an inch thick, cut into cakes; let them rise one hour, and bake.

LACKING FAITH.—Now, look here, I don't want any more foolishness around here,' remarked the proprietor of a corner grocery to a gang of San Francisco hoodlums who had congregated under the eaves of his establishment.

'Who's foolin'?' inquired one of the hoodlums.

'You are.'

'Naw I ain't.'

'Yes you are.'

'I tell yer I ain't.'

'Well, let it go that way, as nobody believes you.'

They were walking together in the park. Said he, feelingly; 'A beautiful night.'

'Yes,' sighed she, 'a beautiful night, but nobody loves me!'

'None?' he said bending close, 'I am sure there is one.'

Blushingly she stammers, 'Who?'

'Your mother.'

They walked 16 squares without exchanging a remark.

WITH A KISS.

I have noticed, (writes a humorist,) a most revolutionary sentiment travelling under false pretences as poetry, and marked with a hospital sign something like this, Always Wake Him with a Kiss, and I want to say if that incendiary document refers to me, as it plainly seems to do, I want it understood that I not only demur but kick out right and that too, with both boots on. If a man can always be at home, and he has a wife who will be careful not to jab her eyes out with the concerns on which she has puts up her bangs, it might be less of a jar to his nervous system to be gently brought to consciousness with a kiss, and not so damaging to his hearing and general sanity as to be aroused with a pitcher of ice water, or by yells that leave the kitchen in robust health, and go all the way up to his bedroom without contracting infirmity; but it would be a dangerous precedent to establish, and would add to the already great burden borne by the woman who looks after his socks and keeps the children out of the cistern most of the time. If the joy of his heart had to climb back over three flights of stairs to wake him with a kiss after lighting a fire and getting breakfast well under way it would not only be trying on her constitution but would consume time of some value at least by taking her from more important duties, and the gravy might scorch or the biscuits lose their flakiness. When I think of this matter, and look down into my quickly pulsating heart for a hint as to what course is best, I feel doubly assured that no average man would hesitate which to choose, between a kiss which he was too drowsy to derive any benefit therefrom, and a well-cooked breakfast when he was wide awake and hungry. Thousands of men roam the earth whom nothing but the fear of death could induce any woman not blind from birth to kiss, and if some men whom I could run in with a constable's warrant had to sleep until they were gently brought to consciousness with the chaste salute of love, they would be sleeping when the mountains are no more. Not only in private life would this nonsensical idea lead to complications of doubtful expediency, if generally adopted as a custom but in the public service it would be absolutely disastrous. Once let this form of reveille take the place of the bugle in the army, and what security have we in the perpetuity of American institutions and the preservation of a gun squad in time of danger? Notwithstanding the example of a former commander of the army this practice if introduced into the wholesale manner practised by himself when making the grand rounds in private life, would be ruinous to discipline, and no measure known to military tactics would be found sufficiently strenuous to keep non-commissioned officers from deserting by the troop. The idea of getting people up in time for breakfast with a kiss may be more poetic, but for positive results I must say that I prefer a gong or a piece of ice for adults, and a good stout shingle for boys.

TEMPERANCE.

The following is from an article by Rev. W. A. McKay in the Independent:

Such is the Scott Act in Canada, and it is pleasing to state that hitherto it has commended itself in a marvelous manner to the judgment of the people wherever it has been submitted.

It was first passed in the city of Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, on Oct. 31st, 1878. Since then it has become law in the whole of Prince Edward Island; in thirteen out of the nineteen municipalities of Nova Scotia; in ten out of the sixteen of the municipalities of New Brunswick; in two out of the six municipalities of Manitoba; in twenty-seven out of the forty-seven municipalities of Ontario, and in five out of the sixty municipalities of Quebec. It ought to be stated that the municipalities in Quebec are small and the population is very sparse as compared with Ontario. Besides, in many parts of the provinces of Quebec, there are parish laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. This explains why the Scott Act has not been more generally adopted in that province.

As regards British Columbia, owing to a technical difficulty, it is impossible to submit the Act there at present.

Thus far there have been in the Dominion eighty-five Scott Act contests, and the Act has come out triumphantly no less than sixty-nine times. The average majority has been about eight hundred, making a total aggregate majority for the Act of more than fifty-five thousand!

Seven times the liquor-men have tried to repeal the Scott Act after being in force for some time, and seven times they have been defeated. No municipality that has tried it has ever rejected it.

BROTHER SMITH CRUSHED.

'Am pickles Smith in de hall to-night?' anxiously inquired the president as the notes of the triangle died away.

'Yes, sah,' was the prompt response. 'You will please step forward; I hev a few words to say to you.'

Bro. Smith walked forward in an uncertain way, wondering whether he was to be complimented for clearing the snow off the sidewalk, or censured for trading off an old wheelbarrow for a black dog and the president said.

'Brudder Smith, it am come to my knowledge dat you believe you has a mishun on earth. You believe it am your solemn dooty to be on hand at ebery funeral in your nayburhood, whether friends or strangers, an' offer your services an' consolashun. You stand ready to knock off work in de day time, an' to rout out of bed at night, an' it seems a long week to you when somebody isn't on his dyin' bed or on de move to rids de graveyard.'

'Yes, sah,' humbly replied Pickles.

'I'm not gwine to ax you to quilt, Brudder Smith, but Ize gwine to tell you dat, of all pussons on airth except criminals, de man or de woman wid a mishun am an enemy to mankind. De woman who imagines cat de Lawd put her on airth to relieve de poo' an' hungry will do no harm by feedin' lazy loafers and professional tramps fur a y'ar dan she kin offset in five by relieving genuine destitootshun.

'De man who imagines dat his mishun am to spread de light of de gospel by singin' and prayin' on de public streets, will be de cause of mo' cuswords, an' breed mo' ill-will dan his work for religion can compensate.

'De woman whose mishun am to carry from 10 to 30 poo' families freu de winter may lay up credit fur herself in heaben for good intenshuns, but she am also lyin' out work fur de poleece an' de cotrirs.

'Brudder Smith you am one of our oldest an' best members, an' I doan want to hurt yer feelin's. Since you took up dat mishun your 'rent gone behind, an' your family looks run down. If I were you I'd drop it. I'd bring myself dat de mishun of a mar'd man was to take good keer of his family and lay by a few dollars fur a rainy day. Pull de stockings off de feet of a woman wid a mishun and you will find holes in de heels. Go into de home of a man wid a mishun and you will find a suffering wife, half-fed children, and a hat ful of dunnig letters. Brudder Smith, you may return to your seat.'

HOMELY ADVICE.—Do not be above your busin. He who turns up his nose at work quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there is some discomfort in all trades except chimney sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of the wet; if bakers left off baking because it is hard work; if ploughman would not plough because of cold; and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pickingering their fingers what a pass we would come to. Nonsense my fine fellow, there's no shame about an honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to good tradesmen. Lucifer matches pay well if you sell enough of them. You cannot get honey if you are afraid of bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind; when you can dig the fields with toothpick; blow ships along with fans; manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cake in flower pots, there will be a fine time for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall have a deal to put up with. Let us put up with it like men.

WHY HE DIN'T GO SKATING.—Small Boy—I say, Jimmy, ma's jest got a new churn, one o' dem boss two-minute churns what brings de butter in no time.

Jimmy—Is it painted blue? Small Boy—Yep, Jimmy—Stan's up high like, wid four legs?

Small Boy—Yep.

Jimmy—Cog wheels on de outside, an a crank?

Small Boy—That's it.

Jimmy—Did the feller what sole it to yer ma have warts on his neck?

Small Boy—Yep.

Jimmy—(earnestly)—Scotty, I feels sorry fer you. Ma got one just like it last wenk. Dy'e know why I wasn't skatin' all day Saturday?

Small Boy—No.

Jimmy—I was churnin'.

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