

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.

Marvellous and Useful Experiments Made at Ottawa.

"How long can an egg be kept fresh and wholesome, without the aid of preservatives?" This was the question addressed to Prof. Saunders last fall, when the matter of shipping eggs to England was receiving general attention.

"That is a problem which we are trying to work out in the poultry department of the Experimental Farm," replied the professor, "and if you come out some afternoon I shall be pleased to show you what has been done."

This short conversation occurred in November last, and it was resolved at the time to run out to the farm and look into the experiments which had been referred to, but other engagements came in to prevent this being carried out. November passed, December came and went and the New Year dawned. In January Prof. Saunders was again spoken to concerning the egg experiments.

"How are those eggs getting along, Prof. Saunders?" was the question asked.

"Strange to say, we haven't been able to spoil a single egg yet," replied the director. "We have kept some of them at a temperature of from 78 to 84° Fahrenheit since the latter part of October last, and up to date we haven't found one to be bad. We have treated others even more severely, and yet they remain fresh at this date. It is beginning to be a problem with us now, whether an egg can really be spoiled." January and February came. On the 2nd of that month his excellency dissolved Parliament, and the country was plunged into the excitement of a general election. Eggs were never once thought of. The weeks sped by, and the crucial 5th of March came with its triumph for Sir John. On Saturday last, more than a week after election day, the correspondent again met Prof. Saunders.

"Professor; what about those eggs?"

"They are still fresh," was the surprising reply.

"We intend to test one from each batch this afternoon, and you had better come out and see them for yourself."

After so many invitations and failures to respond, it was thought best to put no further tax on good nature. The correspondent went out to the farm in the afternoon, and was present when the tests were made by Prof. Saunders and Mr. A. C. Gilbert, the poultry manager. The test in each case was very simple. An egg from the different batches was brought into the office and broken into a tumbler. It was then carefully examined.

No. 1—This was an egg laid on October 27 last. With others it had been packed in bran and laid away in the cellar. It was four and a half months old. Prof. Saunders broke it into the tumbler and it was found absolutely fresh and sweet. The albumen was clear, and the yolk firm.

No. 2—This specimen was laid on the 29th of October last, or four and a half months ago. It had been placed in the incubator on 31st of October and kept at a constant temperature of from 78 to 84 degrees until February 11—a period of three months and 12 days. It need scarcely be said that this represents a very much higher average than the temperature of our three hottest summer months, and was only 20 to 24 degrees below the hatching heat. When broken, however, this egg was perfectly good. The volume of albumen had shrunk about one-half and it was denser; but there was not the faintest trace of disagreeable odor. To the taste it was fresh and sweet.

No. 3—This egg was laid on 5th of November last and had been subjected to unusually severe treatment. From this time it was laid until the 11th of February—a period of over three months—it had been left for half of each day in the incubator, and for the other half in the colder atmosphere of the cellar. This alternating extremes of temperature each day would seem to be more than any ordinary egg could stand. But when Prof. Saunders broke the shell, the contents fell into the goblet clear and odorless. The volume was, however, considerably reduced, and at the point where the yolk had rested against the shell there was the faintest possible trace of staleness. In every other respect the egg was sweet and absolutely fit to eat.

No. 4—This specimen had also sustained heroic treatment. It was laid on the 7th December last, and on the 23rd of that month it had been placed in the incubator and kept at a temperature of from 78° to 84° until February 11. From that time until last Saturday it had lain in the open cellar. It was broken, and seemed in every respect as fresh as the day it was laid. The air space was small, the albumen clear and the yolk perfectly sweet.

No. 5—This one had been laid on 3rd of November last. It was then packed after a very common method. The surface of the shell was greased with lard and the egg buried in salt. It was considerably over five months old; yet it was perfectly sound. It was neither better nor worse than those which had received no special attention. It was simply a good, full, fresh egg.

No. 6—This was an extraordinary specimen. Along with half a dozen others it had been laid in the office drawer during the first week in August last. It had been given no treatment whatever. There it lay through all the heat of August and September, the changing temperatures of the fall months, the severer extremes of winter, not 10 feet from a base burner stove, and down to the hour of the test. When Prof. Saunders got ready to break this egg that had lain for seven months and a half in an office drawer, the newspaper man stepped back a pace or two, so as to be prepared for the worst. Back number eggs are always to be suspected. Yet, when the table knife broke the shell in twain, the contents fell out, sweet, fresh looking and perfectly wholesome. As a matter of fact, Prof. Saunders ate it for his supper, and pronounced it first class in every respect.

Here, then, were the proofs of the surprising fact that fresh eggs could be kept for a long period without suffering material deterioration. The last egg examined was over seven months old, lying all that time in a comparatively warm room and surrounded with no preservatives whatever. Yet, like all the others, it was perfectly good. It would seem that an egg packed away when quite fresh may be kept at a high temperature for many months, or submitted to extremes of heat and cold, without suffering to any appreciable extent in quality. These experiments also show that popular notions respecting the age at which an egg may be said to be fresh are in need of revision. If a farmer's wife labelled her basket: "Fresh eggs; laid three weeks ago," she would find

no purchasers. When we know, however, that it has been found impossible to spoil an egg within six months at the experimental farm, we are bound to believe that an egg is just as good in its third week, or third month, as when laid.

SALUTING WITH THE NOSE.

Singular Practice of the Inhabitants of the Dark Continent.

The junction of noses is so general, and described as so forcible in Africa and Oceania, as to have given rise to a fanciful theory that it had occasioned the flattening of the noses of the people. But in the accounts of many of the tribes of the dark continent and of the islanders of New Zealand, Rotuma, Tahiti, Tonga, and other groups, the essential action does not seem to be that of either pressure or rubbing, but of mutual sniffing. It is true that the travelers generally call it rubbing, but the motion and pressure are sometimes no greater than that of the muzzles of two dogs making or cementing acquaintance. The pressure and rub are secondary and emphatic. The junction only means the compliment "You smell very good." It is illustrated in the Navigator group when the noses of friends are saluted with a long and hearty rub and the explanatory words: "Good! very good! I am happy now!" The Calmucks also go through a suggestive pantomime of greeting, in which they creep on their knees to each other and then join noses, as much as possible like the two dogs before mentioned. In the Navigator islands only equals mutually rub their noses. The inferior rubs his own nose on and smells the superior's hand. The respectful greeting of Fiji is to take and smell the hand of the superior without rubbing it. In the Gambia, when the men salute the women they put the woman's hand up to their noses and smell twice at the back of it. In the Friendly Islands noses are joined, adding the ceremony of taking the hand of the person to whom civilities are paid and rubbing it with a degree of force upon the saluter's own nose and mouth. The Mariana islanders formerly smelled at the hands of those whom they wish to tender homage. Capt. Beechy describes of the Sandwich islanders: "The lips are drawn inward between the teeth, the nostrils are distended, and the lungs are widely inflated; the face is then pushed forward, the noses brought into contact, and the ceremony concludes with a hearty rub."

Driving Away an Eclipse.

Esquimaux are believers in ghosts. They also believe in the transmigration of the soul, that spirits return to animals, winds, rocks, ice and water; that they are evil, angry, or good, as the elements may be favourable or unfavourable; and that they can be appeased by hoodoo rites if the performer is sufficiently versed in occult sciences. To change the wind, for instance, they chant, drum, and howl against it, build fires, shoot against it, and, as a last resort, fire the graves of the dead. Tribes put hoodoos on each other by ceremonial dances and howling. The hoodoo of total destruction upon neighbours is the building of a fire within sight of those coming under their displeasure. Tribal relations are severed by making a fire outside and burning all ornaments or disguises used in ceremonial dances, such as raven skins, eagles' tails, deer horns, and masks. Tribes that are hoodooed answer by a return hoodoo; but with families and individuals it is different. Outlawed by their tribe or relations, they become discouraged, hopeless, and gloomy, and "go off and die." Eclipses of the moon create the greatest commotion, and almost paralysis, the people with fear. Arctic earthquakes having been coincident with eclipses of the moon, they say that an eclipse is the shadow of the earth being piled up and shaken. All the unskilled in a village will howl and drum till it is passed, claiming that they have driven the thing away. Among the Nootoks all hands rally around a pair of buckhorns, form a circle, and march around to the music of drums and wild chants till the eclipse is off.

Thackeray and Irishmen.

It was on the same day that a broken-down Irish gentleman, not unlike the great Costigan, fell into talk without being introduced. His brogue was thick and noble, and after a time he said: "Ye might not believe it, Sorr, but I'm an Irishman."—"Good heavens! You don't say so!" answered Thackeray. "I took you for an Italian." This playful love of Ireland and the Irish was for ever with Thackeray, and many of his Irish ballads are little less racy of the soil than Lever's own. But it was not understood, as he always felt he never was. His good tempered banter was set down as mockery, and one day, in Anthony Trollope's stables, a curious old groom who heard Thackeray's name said to him: "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish. You don't like us."—"God help me!" said Thackeray, turning his head away as his eyes filled with tears; "all that I have loved best in the world is Irish." Much did he love to talk of Irish oddities, and during his American lectures was delighted to tell how, dining at St. Louis, he overheard one Irish waiter say to another: "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That," said the first, "is the celebrated Thacker." "What's he done?" "D—d if I know."—[Life of W. M. Thackeray, by H. Merivale and H. T. Marjals.

Proper Time for Feeding.

The farmer who is up and at the barn before daylight in the winter, to give his stock a hurried morning feed, before he goes away to the day's work at mill or market, will no doubt, find them requiring another feed at noon, and again another after his day's labor is done, says the *American Cultivator*. On the contrary, the farmer who does not go to the barn until after daylight, and who feeds leisurely, adding a little more as they eat what is put before them, until their appetites are satisfied, will not need to feed again until the afternoon, when the same course of feeding will furnish them enough to last until morning. Probably this method will keep the cattle in quite as good condition, upon less food, than would be used by the other method, but the time spent each day in this way may be made more valuable than the excess of fodder, unless one has a large stock of cattle to feed. Yet those who thus linger over the feeding process usually have the stock in good condition and in good health, as there is a constant watchfulness that detects any indication of disease or unthriftness, in time to prevent any serious illness.

A PLEA FOR OSTRAICISM.

Might not modern democracies profit by adopting some wisely modified form of ostracism? This peculiar institution, so ably defended by Grote, was also approved of by the master-thinker Aristotle. It saved the common-wealth of Athens from sundry damages for a century, and its principle was copied by other ancient states with democratic constitutions during crises in their history.

It will be remembered by most students that, when the senate and public assembly of Athens decided that any too powerful citizen or citizens might endanger the stability of the state, these bodies named a day for a plebiscite. On this day each voter was entitled to write on a shell the name of the individual he thought most dangerous to the commonwealth, and to drop this shell into a receptacle provided for the purpose. No name was suggested to the people, but if any individual happened to be named on 6,000 ballots ("one fourth of the entire citizen population," says Grote), he was exiled for ten years. He retained his property and could travel where he pleased, outside of Attica. Ostracism was instituted as a safeguard to the state, not as a punishment for individuals. Indeed it was strong evidence of a man's prominence in his native country, and a man so exiled usually enjoyed a good deal of prestige abroad.

Have not modern republics in Hayti and Central and South America repeatedly had their Governments violently upset, as Athens had; by intriguing military leaders? Might they not to some extent guard themselves against this danger, as Athens did, by some form of ostracism? When the personality of an untrustworthy individual looms ominously large before the people, would it not be desirable that they should have some method of decreasing his peaceful withdrawal, as a precaution, not as a punishment? Should not the reputable element in a democracy—the men who prefer the welfare of the state to the triumph of any person or party—have the privilege of voting to avert a threatened crisis, instead of being constrained to battle with it?

Were the principles of ostracism adopted by a nation, the machinery could easily be arranged. One method would be to require the president, on the signed petition of a large and specified number of voters, to name a day for the people to give their answer, by secret ballot, to some such questions as these: "Have you good reason to believe that any citizen is so dangerous to the state as to justify his summary exile? If so, who?" If a fixed proportion of the registered voters (not of those voting on the occasion) should name the same individual, this would constitute a verdict of ostracism. What this proportion ought to be would of course need grave consideration. It might, perhaps, vary from a third, a fourth or a fifth of the registered voters, in a small republic, to an eighth or even a tenth in a large one. For it seems clear that the percentage must be greater in a small than in a large state of persons who have direct and reliable knowledge of each prominent citizen and who are qualified to gauge his ambition, his conscientiousness, and his resources.

If the adoption of this expedient might enable Hispano-American commonwealths to get rid of menacing military adventurers, it might help France in dealing with her Boulangers and pretendents. In the great republic on our borders there were some years ago persons who, misconstruing the character of General Grant, spoke much of the dangers of Cesarism and military dictatorships. But dismissing such fears as chimeras, our neighbors may have quite as formidable public enemies in the shape of influential demagogues. May there not arise in the United States, may there not be there now, some great political wire-puller, eloquent and magnetic, shifty and masterful, skilful in playing on passions and prejudices, a leader preferring his own aggrandizement to the welfare of his race, who would stoop to risk the peace of his country for the chance of winning some ignorant votes, and who would not shrink from burning the record of his errors in the blaze of a fratricidal war? If it has a citizen so brilliant and so unscrupulous, might not the American Union also profit by copying the old Athenian institution?

To get rid of self-seeking demagogues was not, it is true, the original object of ostracism, which was designed merely to guard the Government (which had no standing army to sustain it) from falling into the hands of usurping despots. And this suggests the reflection that, as novel uses of the institution would be probable in a modern community, novel abuses of the institution would be probable also. Though the name of nobody would be placed before the voters, and even though it should be a misdeemeanour to canvass against any individual, yet some worthy and high-minded citizen might have unselfishly championed a cause obnoxious to so many of his countrymen as to render his ostracism quite possible. An energetic apostle of direct taxation, or of a single tax, or of female suffrage, or of more generous treatment of the Chinese, or of checking the tyranny of labour unions, or of curtailing ornamental studies in the public schools, might find himself sentenced to involuntary absence from his country. But to such a man his exile would be a glory and not a shame. He would be welcomed and honoured by the thinkers and reformers of every civilized country, even by those who disagreed with his theories. His property would remain in his possession and, if he needed it, lucrative employment would readily be found for a man so eminent as he would necessarily be. Suppose there were in this Dominion enough bigoted prohibitionists to ostracise Mr. Goldwin Smith on account of his disinterested opposition to their favourite panacea, or suppose there were enough bigoted patriots to ostracise him on account of his "manifest destiny" utterances, is it likely that the status or the property of that great writer and honourable man would be impaired? If the machine politicians, who sneer at men who combat their party when they think their party wrong, could prevail on enough voters in the United States to ostracise that archmagnum, George William Curtis, they would only send him abroad with his income as a patriot enhanced and his income as a writer doubled. And in case the leaders of any political party were silly enough to remove a worthy but too popular standard-bearer of the opposite party by inducing their rank and file to vote falsely that he was a danger to the state, it is not likely that the blunder would ever be repeated. Sympathy for the distinguished exile and indignation against the dirty tactics of his foes would do more to give work for his

party than his presence and his leadership could possibly perform.

As to whether any system based on the principle of ostracism would be workable in a modern nation, or whether its good would outweigh its evil, I can only hazard a guess. This is merely a crude and hasty suggestion, diffidently offered for the consideration of deeper thinkers.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

HEALTH.

Consider the Stomach.

The evil habit of going too long without food is one from which many people suffer in the present hurrying age. Men sit in their offices, women rush about at their shopping, and both become so absorbed in their interests that the period of hunger is allowed to pass and that of fatigue and depression to set in. The worst of it is that, once the second stage is reached, the desire for food is gone; and after many hours' abstinence the man or woman is too exhausted to digest a meal.

To avoid this extreme it is only necessary to take the most light and rapid repast during the hungry stage. A glass of milk or merely a biscuit while hungry will prevent the after loss of appetite. And yet many prefer to ruin their health rather than take the trouble to turn into a dairy shop and drink a glass of milk.

The Room of the Invalid.

The invalid's world is bounded by the four walls of his room, and the veriest trifle occurring within its limits is of far more importance to him than the most stupendous events of the outside universe. A picture hanging away makes him risible; a twisted rug or a misplaced chair causes discomfort. If his room is stiff and bare, badly arranged or dingy creation to him is shrouded in gloom.

Any one waiting on an invalid knows how the monotony of meals taken in bed destroys the appetite and induces disgust of the most delicate fare, and this in spite of all the care which can be taken to make the appointments of the table dainty, and the bed clothing pretty and bright, as well as perfectly pure and sweet. In the same way the embellishments of an invalid's room will become hateful to him, and the daily sight of the same furniture and wall-paper a burden greater than he can bear. At this state of weakness and enforced idleness the strong man cries out more than against bearing the most acute pain. It might, then, be a good idea to introduce occasional changes, as far as possible, into the room of the sufferer. To bring in new articles of furniture, and remove those already there to other parts of the house. That the furniture is older or not so handsome is slight matter; it is new and interesting to the weary eyes watching from the bed. A fresh table will become quite an object of curiosity, and afford conversation for days; and a differently shaped bureau will be an exciting circumstance.

A novel arrangement of chairs or pictures might have a good effect, and often an entire change of mantel ornaments would be a perfect godsend to the sensitive nerves on which the old ones have grated so long.

Brain Work at Night.

To the imaginative young writer there is a fascination about the quietude of uninterrupted night work until much of its mischief has been done. If he has a fixed daily occupation, or is popular among his friends, the night offers the best chance for continued application by its quietness and peace. This very cessation of life's turmoil and the resulting feeling of ease should be accepted as nature's preparation for rest. Unless it is imperative, night work should be avoided, says a writer in the *Herald of Health*. It must be imperative to the staff of morning papers, and the question then assumes importance—of accomplishing the work with the least possible expenditure of vital force. While by working during the day persistently and deliberately an enormous amount of copy can be thrown off, that produced after midnight absorbs the best part of the writer's vitality.

When he should be in the prime of his faculties he is nervous, suffers from insomnia, and his overtaxed nervous system cannot rest even in artificial slumber. The natural temptation is to apply the whip of stimulation to the jaded brain; but this is dangerous, and at the best only a transient and uncertain remedy. The imagination answers fitfully to this kind of forcing, the next day's critical judgment of the results almost certainly will be favourable, and the mental excitement thus induced will probably be extravagant. Try to sustain the brain under such stress rather than to excite it.

How Knights Are Made.

The ceremony of conferring the order of knighthood at the hands of the Queen is not imposing. It is not a public ceremonial, and only those are permitted to witness it who, by their official connection with the Queen's household, may attend her. Arrayed in whatever uniform he may be entitled to wear, or whatever dress court etiquette and the time of day make proper, if he be a civilian, the subject presents himself before his sovereign and kneels at her royal feet. Seated on the throne chair, the Queen lays the shining blade of a sword across the shoulder of the kneeling but exalted beneficiary, and says, using the title which she is about to give. "Arise, Sir So-and so." In other cases than this of a plain knighthood, and when the title carries with it a decoration, the gracious Queen, with her own royal hands, pins the glittering and much-coveted bauble upon the coat of her elevated subject.

Your husband owns a yacht, I believe?" "You are mistaken, I assure you. The yacht owns him."

She (after the bath)—"My dear, I feel as if I had been born anew." He—"In heaven's name! Two birthdays?"

"I," said Blinks, "started out in life without a cent in my pocket." "And I," put in Hicks, "started in life without a pocket."

The man who will complain that a twenty minute sermon is too long will sit half a day watching a couple of chess-players making two moves.

ROBERT GEO. WATTS, M. A., M. D., M. R. C. S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., London, Eng., writes: "I cannot refrain from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

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100 Doses One Dollar

A handsome female photographer ought to do a good business with her taking ways. A courtesy or kindness on the part of a stranger should be received in the spirit in which it is meant.

It is absurd to say that a single swallow doesn't make a spring. Fire a stone at one and see if it doesn't.

Some men divide their lives between trying to forget, and trying to recover from the effects of trying to forget.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montigny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

A Diplomat.

He—"You are the embodiment of all that's beautiful and—"

She—"What on earth are you talking about?"

He—"Nothing on earth; I was speaking of a heavenly creature." (Cards.)

Natives friendly to the Italians defeated hostile Soudanese in two battles near Massowah.



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