

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. P. C.—Much obliged.  
 YELVA.—Received.  
 GEO. C. G., QUEBEC.—Please forward one of the translations complete. We will write you on receipt. Will return the MS. if not required.  
 C. S., KINGSTON.—We think we have succeeded in making an arrangement that will be satisfactory to you. Will write you with particulars.  
 EROSTRATUS.—We had intended to publish the article this week, as requested, but on referring to it again find we really cannot do so.  
 PENELOPE P.—We will insert in an early issue. We answer both queries in the affirmative, and spare you the anticipated retort.  
 J. R., CLERK.—We shall be happy to receive the article you mention. The other subjects are good, and we hope you will complete the sketches at your convenience.  
 SPARE HOUR.—We do not know what may be the practice of our city contemporaries, but we never insert poetry as we do advertisements, at so much per line. Respect for our readers, however, compels us to reject more than two-thirds of the so-called poetry we are favoured with. The stanzas forwarded contain some good ideas, poetically expressed, but "rare" does not rhyme with "tear," nor "form" with "morn," nor "hope" with "up."  
 LEX.—We do not care to offer an opinion of our own respecting the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. We believe the general view is that the treaty will be allowed to lapse, but that a new one will be negotiated within a year or two.  
 CADET, GUELPH.—You can probably obtain "A Summer in Skye," from the Toronto Book-sellers—if not, Messrs. Dawson & Bros. will be happy to forward it to your address, per Book post.  
 G. H. H.—Received. No. 15 will appear in our next issue. Many thanks.  
 IMOGENE.—A problem very similar to the first has already appeared. We insert the second. Please accept our thanks.  
 CANADIA.—Your contribution will appear in our next issue.  
 M. D.—Good, but we fear too generally known.  
 M. J. L., MONTREAL.—You have rung the changes pretty well upon that theme. P. R. & P. H. are late.  
 G. W.—Although we cannot insert your communication we are pleased to have received it, because we deem it a strong evidence of wide-spread good feeling towards the READER.  
 E. C.—Much obliged for the problem, which we insert. Shall be glad to hear from you again.  
 J. D., MADOC.—In reply to your query respecting Clubs, we repeat a notice which has already appeared in the READER. "Any person getting up a club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, published at three dollars."  
 J. H., TORONTO.—We will, as you suggest, submit the question to our readers, with the view of eliciting a solution.  
 L. M.—Declined with thanks.  
 VISTA.—We cannot penetrate the mystery. Have you any solution to offer?  
 OLD TOM.—Thanks.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Considerable interest has been excited in Birmingham by the exhibition of articles manufactured from the titaniferous iron sand of New Zealand, where the supply is boundless.  
 A mixture of clay and glycerine, which keeps its plasticity for any length of time at all temperatures, has been found very useful by modellers. The clay must be well dried before it is mixed with the glycerine. It is said that the mixture can be used in place of wax for the most delicate work.

A Captain Hagstrom, a Swede, has invented a new sort of needle-gun, which is to cut out the Prussian needle altogether. It fires ten shots in a minute, and does not get foul after a hundred shots. It has been accepted by the Swedish Government, and is to be introduced into the army.

At Kew a magnificent spectroscope is enabling the Director of the Observatory to map the remarkable variety of lines seen in the spectrum of the sun and that of other bodies. To keep the light of the sun in the field of view of the instrument, which is placed upon a large table facing a window, a clock is made to move a reflector so as to keep the light of the sun thrown upon the object glass.

An excellent cement for attaching metal to glass or porcelain consists in a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which should be boiled together and stirred till the mixture is thoroughly mixed.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—Among the many properties of charcoal, may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and colour; and, as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat the smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or flavour will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this; for when water is bad at sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to purify it. Colour is materially influenced by charcoal, and in a number of instances, in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colours, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its colouring, and become tawny; repeat the process two or three times, and you have destroyed it altogether.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

## MODERN DICTIONARY.

Nose-gay. A red nose.  
 No-tary. Great haste.  
 Nu-dity. A song just published.  
 Night-in-gale. A stormy evening.  
 Oil-dity. A queer song.  
 Pass-port. To hand round wine.  
 Pat-riot. An Irish shindy.  
 Pen-dent. Mark of a pen.  
 Pit-y. Full of holes.  
 Plain-tiff. A bluff easily noticed.  
 Quarter-staff. A twenty five cent cane.  
 Rain-bow. A young man who offers a young lady an umbrella in a storm.  
 Rein-deer. The young lady to whom he offers it.

THE "END" OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The attempt to lay the Atlantic cable has for a time terminated in disaster. We have witnessed the termination; but until they succeed in fishing the cable up again from the depths of ocean we cannot hope to see the "end of it."

NEAT AND CANDID.—When somebody once taunted a very shy man with his silence, the bashful one replied, "Talking is all very well when you have anything to say, but I have nothing."

TRICK FOR ONCE.—A traveller announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveller" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being "too sick to attend to each other's concerns."

A LOVING WIFE.—A farmer, going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbours; the poor man was knocked under the waterwheel, and the bag with him; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

FORCE AND PERSUASION.—When Themistocles went to Andros, to demand a loan of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion."—It was answered, "We have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

BALAAH'S ASS.—A princess of Hungary once asked a monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and the ass, adding, "God father, I can hardly believe that an ass could be so talkative."—"Madame, replied the father, "your scruples may cease when you are informed it was a female."

A GENTLEMAN once called upon one of our celebrated painters, and told him he wished a large picture painted for his dining room, giving him at the same time the dimensions, and offering him the paltry sum of ten pounds. The subject fixed upon for the picture was, "The Israelites crossing the Red Sea." When finished the gentleman called, and was surprised to see only a serene blue sky, and a calm, unruffled sea. "But where," said he, "are the Israelites?"—"Oh, they have passed over," replied the painter. "Well, then, the Egyptians?" continued the gentleman. "Oh, they are all drowned," replied the painter.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a millstone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

LACONIC.—A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, and knowing his repugnance to anything like verbosity, forebore speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:—First day (Lady enters, and holds out her finger).—Abernethy: "Cut?" Lady: "Bite." A.: "Dog?" L.: "Parrot." A.: "Go home and poultice it." Second day (Finger held out again).—A.: "Better?" L.: "Worse." A.: "Go home and poultice it again." Third day (Finger held out as before).—A.: "Better?" L.: "Well." A.: "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by."

JOHNNY is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so, because they are marked on the map.

He has found out something else, too. Somebody told him that pigeons eat their own weight every day. He knows a little bird, not so big as a pigeon, that takes a peck at every mouthful.

Why are the detective policemen in plain clothes, who look after coining cases, like Christ-mas delicacies? Because—(yes, that's quite right: nearly all answers begin with "because")—they are Mint spies! We decline an explanation.

WE are henceforth the 'cutest Shakespearian critic out. We have discovered that Othello held a legal as well as military office in Venice. He was "a tawny general."

A DEBT FORGIVEN.—An impertinent fellow was met by a gentleman whom he had insulted, who observed, that he owed him a good drubbing.—"Never mind, sir," said the fellow, "I'll forgive you the debt."

MISTAKES.—Mistakes! who does not make them sometimes? This reminds me of my curate days. After one Sunday morning's service—I had been reading prayers—my rector, one of the best and most gentlemanly of men, but fidgety when the gout was coming on, said in the vestry, "Why, you made six mistakes in reading!"—"Sorry," said I, "but I am not feeling well." In the afternoon it was my rector's turn to read. He began the morning Psalms, and read away to the end, the clerk reading his verses from the evening Psalms; the congregation was tittering. It was now my turn. I said in the vestry, "Rector, you read the wrong Psalms."—"Alli well," said he, "tis a wonder we do not make more mistakes."