

in a slow oven where they will dry thoroughly. When done, stand them away to become cold, split them down the middle without dividing them, and fill them lengthwise with whipped cream, or with a 'frangipane' flavored with coffee. Place them on a drying screen and cover them with glaze made as follows: Mix in a basin half a tumblerful of lukewarm syrup, add two teaspoonfuls of black coffee and a few drops of essence of the same, and stir into this enough sugar glaze to obtain a right consistence. Drop this all over the eclairs through a paper, squeezing it through a small hole, and put the cakes to dry.—Tory.



THE EDITOR'S F'ILE.

No doubt those of the Editor's sex are all proud of the letters received from fair correspondents. As bachelors they exult in placing the three-cornered missives in a conspicuous place, in their chambers, such as the mirror over the mantle-piece, for example, and, though, when they are married, they no longer exhibit the choice "billets" so publicly, it is not that their pride is less, but their sense of decorum more. How sweet and pleasant it is to find a little note addressed: "Dear Mr. First of April, I do so want to see you. Come this afternoon. Yours, ever Five o'clock Tea." Or again, "I shall be sure to be at the Flower Show to-morrow, unless 'very' wet. Yours. Wednesday evening."

'How touching and delightful! The mere reading of such carries the Editor back in imagination a hundred years or so, when he had a straight back and an elastic step, and when dear little hands were waved to him, or seraphic smiles, causing his heart to thump against his waistcoat. But alas, those days are gone past recall, and the notes, that the Editor finds on his fyle, though may be, writ in feminine characters, do not make his blood dance or his eye sparkle.

Some weeks ago the Editor received a contribution (among many others), which after reading, twisting and twirling, he finally had to throw aside. As a man he was sorry, but as an Editor he had no other course. It is distinctly stated that "The Antidote" does not undertake to return rejected M.S.S., and men accept this in the sense it is intended, but the ladies (bless them!) do nothing of the kind, and the other day a letter was handed the Editor demanding back the above contribution, failing to comply with which, would bring about the most dreadful consequences.



A. D. (l. q.)—"Capital idea these fire rope e-capes; you slide down before any one is up, and—there you are

The title of the M.S. was not even named, so the Editor sent back at random "A Treatise on Filtr'ing," (not required; everybody being well up in the subject), which again found its way to the file with the most indignant reply attached. Cobras, centipedes, and scorpions! In trying to find peace of mind the Editor fears he will lose a "piece" of his body.



GOTHS.

If we turn to the Dictionary, and hunt up the word Goth, we shall find "savage," "barbarian," given as two of the definitions, and this is the sense in which we intend to apply the term in the present article.

During the last century, and at the beginning of the present there were certain pests of society going by the name of Mohocks or Mohawks, whose noble ambition was to make nuisances of themselves, by such manly freaks, as roaring through the streets, at a time when respectable citizens were in bed, and wrenching off door knockers, pulling down bills, and beating decrep-

id old watchmen, who were facetiously supposed to be guardians of the peace, together with several other equally amusing and witty practical jokes. Even in these days, when the modern policemen have replaced the ancient "Charles," there are remnants of barbarism apart from the criminal classes and Montreal has a few Goths among its inhabitants. There are some, whose passion for wanton destruction is so great, that it entirely swamps all feeling of respect or gratitude with Mark Twain's double thong of satire, in his "New Pilgrim's Progress," for while those hunters carved and chipped at what was never raised for their pleasure or gratification, this is precisely what our Goths do in and about our city continually.

Montreal has provided a park on its mountain for which we all entertain a certain pardonable pride, and yet there are some barbarous enough to take delight in smashing and tearing up young trees planted for their benefit. No doubt our readers in passing up and down our mountain foot paths will have observed the destructive acts to which we refer, how sometimes the bark has been deliberately stripped off one recently planted sapling, while another has been broken short off at the roots. The same choice spirits occasionally carve and hack the benches, with their knives, and now and then you may notice that the edge of the grass in our squares, which has just been neatly cut, is trampled down purposely by a Goth's heavy boot, which we suppose is looked upon as an exquisite joke.

We never hear of these savages being caught and punished, because they perpetrate their outrages when no one is by, but we should dearly love to see an example made of one or two of them. They have no more sense of decency than a gorilla, and we believe the lash is about the only teaching that is within their comprehension. Once a Goth always a Goth, for "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."



SCENE: A WEDDING BREAKFAST.

Mr. Muddlehead (who has been asked to propose the health of the bridesmaids thinks he sees an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his character of a would-be wit).—In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to express the fervent hope that the charming sisters of the blushing bride, the Misses Green, may be evergreens!

(Great laughter and applause, and Mr. M. sits down a happier though not a wiser man).