

PLYMOUTH church has resolved to retain Smith as a member. As far as the officers of the church are concerned, I do not wish to criticise them for their action. By the laws of their faith, they make it a rule, I believe, to accept the word of a man who apparently repents of a sin, and to offer him the aid and comfort necessary to lead him and keep him in the path of righteousness. The chances, however, are very slight that this man Smith, who three weeks ago was "raising" bonds for the purpose of putting money belonging to other people into his own pockets, who was defrauding his own partners, and kneeling in prayer each Sunday while thus engaged, is anything different to-day than he was then—a contemptible hypocrite and thief, who should be cast out of any church for the sake of religious purity, and be confined in State's prison for the protection of the world at large. A pastor who believes that years of moral baseness can be prayed away in a few days' time is a weaker and less admirable man than I had before fancied the Rev. Lyman Abbott to be. Let the forger Smith eat his prison beans for seventeen years, and then come out and show that he possesses the ability to be honest. It will then be time to consider him worthy of being a member of a church. He is not worthy of it now, and his own expressed hope that he is renders him only the more despicable.

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY.

After this week we will give a series of menus for little breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, with full instructions how to prepare each dish. We shall be glad at any time to answer any questions connected with the kitchen, and correspondents may depend on getting replies based on the best and most modern authorities. The following is appropriate for Christmas week:

ROAST TURKEY STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS.—Singe, draw, wash well, and neatly dry a fine, tender turkey, weighing 5 to 6 pounds; fill the inside with the chestnut stuffing described below, then nicely truss the turkey from the wing to the leg; season with a heavy pinch of salt, well sprinkled over. Cover the breast with thin slices of larding pork. Put it to roast in a roasting-pan in a moderate oven for one hour and a half, basting it occasionally with its own gravy. Take from out the oven, untruss, dress it on a hot dish, skim the fat off the gravy, add a gill of stock to the gravy, let it just come to the boil, strain into a bowl and send to table separately.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.—Peel a good sized, sound shallot, chop it up very fine, place in a saucepan on a hot range with 1 tablespoonful of butter, and let heat for three minutes without browning, then add a quarter of a pound of sausage meat. Cook five minutes longer, then add ten finely chopped mushrooms, twelve well-pounded, cooked, peeled chestnuts; mix all well together. Season with one pinch of salt, half a pinch of pepper, half a saltspoon of powdered thyme, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Let first come to a boil, then add half an ounce of fresh bread-crumbs, and 24 whole cooked and shelled French Chestnuts; mix all well together, being careful not to break the chestnuts. Let cool off, and then stuff the turkey with it.

ROAST DUCK WITH STEWED CELERY.—When the ducks are cleaned and wiped inside as dry as possible, to the usual dressing add one half the quantity of fresh celery and a minced onion, stuff and roast as usual, being careful to paste them well.

The Gravy.—Stew the giblets first in a little water; then chop them fine, and add water to the gravy in the roasting pan with a spoonful of browned flour; serve with Grapes or Plum Jelly.

S. M. N.

HE: "Here are your caramels, and now I suppose I will take those kisses you promised me."

SHE: "Did I promise you any kisses?"

HE: "Of course you did, darling—Great Scott! I've got you mixed up with my other girl."

TO OUR SOCIETY GIRL?

The Muses wait upon my pen—Poetry, Art and Drama,
But sympathy she beckons me and whispers do not harm her,
Harm who? I cry—not her who in society squeezes
Not her in tights—hush 'tis here society squeezes.

The curtain's up—the ballet girl, dressed in her wig and tights
Has made her debut kick before the bright foot lights
Her's are not limbs that some compare derisively to sticks,
Well formed and sound in muscle—legs that were made for kicks.

See how society blushes at each entrancing motion!
Leave the Theatre at once, that is her virtuous notion,
With whispered words to her friend "I wonder how she can"
She seeks a screen for her blush behind a muslin fan.

"I wonder how she can!"—"What does she do it for?"
Because—a shameful cause—because, alas! she is poor!
And in each kick and point she earns her daily bread,
Food for her child and mother—a roof to cover her head.

Think of yourself, society girl—have you no sisterly love!
If she is uncovered below, you are uncovered above,
Hard words unbecome the fair sex—shun such hatred and scorn;
Envy's the chord that strikes you—envy of her fair form.

The "British Matron's" a curse, an idiotic contemptible prude
Who reads French novels "Q T"; who studies ditto the nude,
To the world she's a benevolent sham who rents a satin lined pew,
And cloaks her sins by the mystic sign of the W. C. T. U.

Changes will come—as they do—society turn out "en masse"
To witness the great show of all—The British Matron—alas!
Has become the star of a "Tramp"—the particular shining light;
No words—no shrugs—a tableaux—The British Matron in tights.

T. P.

HE WANTED TO CHANGE OVER.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No; we ne'er thought o' that. Is't necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister. "You should have a groomsmen and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Who can we get, Jean, dao ya think?"

The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along, Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about until ye come back."

Jean set about as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride. When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just gawn to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather have that ane," pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage. I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

"I don't see why I can't keep my husband at home," said a distressed-looking little woman.

"Why don't you try to make home attractive to him?"

"I have. I've taken up the parlour carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the room, but some way or other it doesn't seem to make any difference."