

☞ We have been repeatedly requested to come out as Councilman for Cataraqui Ward, next January, so as to get a peep behind the Scenes of Corruption. Well, *we* and *Baby*, would doubtless make a strong team, that is, —ah! We'll think about it.

COTTAGE BREAD.

Put into a large pan 14 lbs of flour, add one quart of warm water, a quarter of a pint of brewer's yeast, or two ounces of leaven, make a hole in the flour, and pour in the water and yeast; stir it well up with a wooden spoon till it forms a thickish paste, throw a little flour over, and leave it in a warm room; in about one hour or seventy-five minutes it will have risen and burst through the covering of flour, then add more warm water and four teaspoonfuls of salt, until it forms, when kneaded, a rather stiff dough; it cannot be too much worked; then let it remain covered with a cloth for about another hour, or an hour and a half; the time as well as the quantity of water it takes depends greatly on the quality of the flour. Use cold water in summer. Then divide the dough into five pieces. If the flour is old and good they will weigh four lbs each, and take about one hour and forty minutes to bake; the oven should be well heated, and large enough to bake the whole at one time; if the oven is small, make only half the quantity, and close the door well. If the bottom of the oven is too hot, a tile placed on it will prevent too much bottom crust, or a sheet of iron half an inch from the bottom of the oven will have the same effect.

The bread which we strongly recommend to those who earn it "by the sweat of their brow," is that made from unbolted flour; the mass of bread being increased one fifth, and price lowered between the difference of the price of bran as flour and as feed for cattle. Only the effeminate or delicate *duck* should partake of fine flour. It is only in modern times that sifted flour has come into general use, and the custom has been followed by the poor in imitation of the wealthy, at the expense of their health and pocket.

CORN BREAD.—Take three pints of water, put in a vessel, let come to the boil, put in a table spoonful of salt, add meal to thicken, and boil a few minutes, then take off and put in three pints of water to cool, add two eggs and thicken again with meal. Set aside covered in a warm place for about six hours to rise, and then bake with a hot fire about one hour—and if left in the oven moderately warm for a few hours, it will be still better.

BONE AND SINEW.—Who cares? Not you, Miss, or the thought of being an Old Maid would not at *this* minute trouble you. *Baby* cares, though! We have over one hundred subscribers in the Ontario Foundry alone! Mechanics! Yes, Miss Flimsey, grim-looking ones too; but they have the heart to buy and read their *own* paper. No borrowing there!

Why is *Baby* the best paper to advertise in? Because it is read by people who never see the *News*, and who don't want a *Whig*.

We advise our City fathers, next time they go in for a corporation *bust*, to wear tartan waistcoats, as a *check* on their stomachs.

Our auld friend Dean played a flute solo at the late St. Andrew's gathering. Would'n't a solo on the Scotch fiddle have been more *apropos*?

Why did the *Argus* (p)itch into a late professor of the college so strongly? Because its proprietor knew something about *Le-itch*.

The reason of there being no pipers at the late concert, was on account of the number of fiddles—the piper wishing to have the whole *amusement* to himself.

*Baby's* new contributors are *dog-matism*, *cat-echism*, *cro-nology*, *pus-illanamous*, *ductility*, *hen-pecked*, *ox-ygen*, *cow-slip*, *pig-ment*, *ass-teroid*, *rat-ification*, and little *mouse-tache*.

A POINT.—Seeing that our present worthy Mayor is officially retiring, physiologically speaking, and has no more interest in seeing the Corporation get its printing for nothing, we would diffidentially suggest that he tells his successor to his old shoes, that the City might save a few baabees by getting stationery, like printing—*by tender*. See the point?

*Turpin* is rather greedy. This is not the column to advertise in or give special notices. You bring to mind the old lady that boiled three eggs for herself, and gave her servant the *soup*. Send along the dimes, and we will advertise for you in the proper place.

*Annie* has a mustache, and she naturally does not like it. Depilatories will not help *Annie*. The hairs must be plucked up by the roots, which will be apt to cause tears; but such is the only remedy. Beware of shaving.

*Scotia*, as soon as our countrymen get impervious, we shall attend to Ireland; but we wish to do one thing well at a time. You keen, charity begins at home, and St Patrick's Day is coming.