

baste frequently with butter. Serve with the fish the following sauce.—Blanch a handful of parsley in hot water, when cooked drain it dry and chop up fine. Put half a pint of water into a stewing pan, with a little melted butter. Let it cool, then season, add the chopped blanched parsley, allowing it to simmer for two minutes then serve.

Fried Chicken.—Cut into joints one tender young chicken. Take two eggs beaten light; half a cup of cracker crumbs and sweet lard for frying. Lay the chicken in salt and water for 15 minutes, wipe dry, sprinkle with pepper and salt. Dip in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs and fry slowly in the lard. Drain dry and arrange on a hot dish.

Crab Soup.—Wash in cold water one pint of oyster crabs. Take one quart of milk, season with salt and pepper, put on the fire and stir until it begins to boil. Throw in the crabs and serve immediately.

Well Qualified.

The following has been sent in answer to an advertisement and we presume met the success it deserved.

Montreal, 16th June, '92.

Dear Sir:—

In answer to your advertisement for a stenographer and typewriter, salary \$4 per week. I would say that I know a youth who, besides these qualifications, possesses a critical knowledge of six modern languages, as well as drawing, painting, architecture, telegraphy, (land and submarine), can play a snare drum, teach roller skating, is a promising lightweight scrapper, in religion a strict Calvinist, in deportment a Chesterfield, and is seldom in liquor. This lad is anxious to work for you for \$3 a week, for the reason, (as he asserts) that in case you should fail at any time to pay him, he will not lose so much, —so he will not accept your liberal offer of four cases. I have suggested to him that in case he should accept this latter and larger sum, the possession of so large a sum every week might prove a temptation for people to rob him and perhaps lead him into dissipated ways. In this he concurs with me. He is perfectly willing to scrub out the office, hustle building material around in the yard, lick postage stamps, and run on errands when not engaged in shorthand writing, as he believes these to form a part of the stenographer's duties. Should he come, will you please discharge your janitor and one teamster and allow him to fill their places in his leisure hours? He would like this. If you have not a machine he will be pleased to furnish a Remington, Caligraph, or Ham-

mond typewriter, (as he is a proficient operator on each of these machines), in consideration of the above liberal wages. Meet me at the entrance of Mount Royal Cemetery at 12 o'clock to-night and I will introduce you to this youth, when you can tie a rope around his neck and drag him to your office.

Yours very truly,

Stenographer.

FROM "PICK ME UP."

Miss Bopeep (to Lothario, who has "popped").—I am very sorry, but I can only be a sister to you.

Lothario (ecstatically).—Sorry for me, darling! You have given me my soul's desire, and raised me to a seventh heaven of happiness.

Miss Bopeep (astounded).—How so, sir?

Lothario.—You have promised to be my sister, therefore your surname must be the same as mine; and that's a thing you can only bring about by marrying me. So name the day, my dearest!

Elderly Maiden (singing).—"And men may come and men may go, but I roll on for ever."

One of the Audience (thoughtfully).—I think I should be one of the men that went.

Gentleman (being shown over a private picture gallery).—Is this one of the old Masers's? Housekeeper.—No, sir. It used to be old master's, but he gave it to the young master when he came of age.

Mistress.—Bridget, you forget yourself. Bridget.—No, mum; I might forget others, mum, but I never forgets myself.

Mr. Boniface (to a customer).—Ah! I made a great mistake in life, I did. I ought to have been a barrister.

The Customer.—Dear me! Did you study the law, then?

Mr. B.—No; but look how often I'm called to the bar!

She.—What have you brought that brown paper and string for?

He.—Oh, some one told me that this was the sort of music one could take away with one. Do to pack it up, or what?

Kind hearted Gentleman (to persistent tramp).—Come to-morrow. I have nothing for you to-day.

Tramp.—Just my luck. Always have to give you credit. Can't you stump up an instalment?

Sympathizing Friend.—"You'd better try the faith cure. It's a wonderful thing."

Sick Man.—"How much is it a bottle?"

Society Notes.

Miss Annie White, fifth daughter of the late Hon. Thomas White, was married in Ottawa on the 28th ult., to the Rev. W. H. Green, of Whitewood, N. W. T. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura White (sister to the bride), Misses Mabel Macrae, Mabel Hodgson and Minnie Barclay—all of Montreal. Among the guests from this city were Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Miss Christie, Mr. and Miss Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Hodgson, Mr. and Miss White, and Mr. Kinghorn.

Miss Amy Simpson, daughter of the late William Simpson, was married last week to Mr. Joseph Prevost.

Mr. Joseph Haskell has just completed the erection of a fine residence on the lake shore.

Mr. Murray Smith, Montreal Manager of the Bank of Toronto, has built for himself a house at Point Claire.

Mrs. Gibb, Miss Kilby, Mr. Grant Stuart, Mr. Knyvett and Mrs. Emory, of the New York Comedy Company, are staying at Mrs. Kilby's on Dorchester Street.

Mr. Robert Meredith appears to be taking charge of the bachelors at Point Claire this summer, and, as might be expected, has his hands pretty ...

Last night there was the usual hop at Point Claire, to which several ladies in Montreal were invited.

Col. Fred. Massey and Mrs. Massey left by the "Parisian" last Saturday, for a trip to Europe.

We are indebted to Lord Montstephen for a fine salmon of about 25 lbs., caught on his river down the St. Lawrence, and to Mr. E. Irwin of Belmont Park, for a fine 7 lb. trout.

Mr. H. W. Higginson, of R. C. Jameson & Co., who recently bought one of Mrs. Dakers' new houses in Belmont Park, has secured some of the fine mahogany furniture sent by a maritime Province firm to the Exhibition at Jamaica.

REASSURED.

Lady (whose young niece is about to go for a sail with some members of a rowing club): "I should like to go with you, only I am so afraid of drowning. Are the gentlemen good swimmers?"

Gentlemen (in chorus): "Oh! no; we can't swim at all!"

Lady: "Then I think I will go with you, for, in that case, you are sure to be careful."—*Plandrecke.*

THE YOUNG MEN SEEM TO LIKE IT.

What is the lightest summer fiction you know of?

"The summer girl's 'I love you!'"—*Chicago News.*