

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NUMO.—Correct in each case. Your letter did not come to hand in time to acknowledge under the proper headings. Communications intended for insertion should reach us not later than the Saturday preceding the day of publication, as we go to press early in the week.

H. A. M.—We stated last week that it is our intention to commence shortly a second serial tale. H. A. M. must bear in mind that we have to please a great variety of tastes, and that probably the articles he refers to are to his next door neighbour, amongst the most interesting in the paper. It is our aim to make the contents of the *READER* as varied as possible.

S. E. F., ST. JOHNS.—We are always pleased to receive communications respecting our Pastime column.

FANNY D.—Thanks! we have met with the question before, but it will probably be new to many of our readers. You should have sent the solution.

WILLIAM.—You should have stated the rate of interest allowed by the Bank, and whether you wish the simple or compound interest calculated. If you have not drawn any interest for six years, you are entitled to interest upon the interest, or compound interest. To calculate the latter it will be necessary for you to state whether the Bank compounds the interest it allows half yearly or yearly. We shall be happy to submit the question when we are enabled to state it properly.

E. H. A., QUEBEC.—We do not understand your questions respecting the two proverbs. Please state to what the figures refer.

C. D., TORONTO.—First attempts are generally consigned to the waste-basket, but as yours is a perfect curiosity in its way, we have determined to give our readers the benefit of it; we cannot, however, promise as much for the second, nor the twenty-second for that matter, as poetry does not appear to be exactly your forte.

WILLIAM'S LAMENT.

"Oh William, my dear, you look so sad,
Cannot I help to make you glad?
Tell to your darling little wife,
What it is that makes this petty strife."

"Mary, my love, it is hard to tell,
Do you think I look at all unwell;
For if you knew what is in my heart,
Oh wife, I think, that it will part."

"Willie, you be-fore confided to me,
Unless you tell me I will see."
(Such is woman's curiosity)

"Think, oh think of my destiny"

"Mary, my brain is going mad,
I feel as if I were something bad."

"Willie, tell it now to me, I say,
So that I may comfort you this day"

"Well, Mary, keep very silent then,
And I will tell you in records ten;
All this day I shall feel in dirt,
I have not got a clean, clean shirt."

TORONTO, Oct. 9th, 1865.

C. D.

Now C. D., your claim to immortality is unimpeachable, and we strongly advise you to rest upon your oars.

F. B.—We cannot insert the charades you sent, for obvious reasons. The gentleman referred to is far too modest to permit it. The other matter will probably appear.

GEORGE B.—Either of our booksellers will be happy to order the work from England; you would receive it in about one month from the date the order was despatched.

W. J.—The reported discovery of coal near Quebec is not likely to upset the theory of geologists. The celebrated Bowmanville mine days' wonder should warn us against receiving statements which are made by interested parties too implicitly. We have more faith in the science of geology than in the would-be coal discovery, although in this instance we would willingly see Sir William Logan and others at fault.

ELEEN V.—We decline "Voices by the Wayside," as not exactly suited for our columns. Our fair correspondent evidently possesses literary talent which she should cultivate.

× Your contributions are welcome; we shall make use of some of the anagrams shortly.

JOSEPH L., HAMILTON.—The manuscript is received, but has not yet been perused. We will

report when we have decided upon its acceptance or rejection.

FROSTRATES.—We decline to insert the "Lines to Mary," simply on account of the religious aspect you have given them. It is not our business to preach Roman Catholicism, nor is it our province to war against it. We do not wish to offend the religious sensibilities of any of our readers. The lines are well written, and we shall be glad to hear from you on other subjects upon the terms you suggest.

R. C., MISSISSAUGA.—The manuscript is to hand, and will receive attention in its turn.

THE FORGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—As above.

ALPHA.—The association is eminently deserving of support.

WILLIAM S.—The company is incorporated, but there is no appearance of its commencing active operations.

EDINA.—In English, the H is aspirated in Hotel, consequently "I was brought from a Hotel" is correct. In French, from which language the word is derived, the H is silent.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling; it is difficult from the taste to distinguish it from rich cream.

BROWN BREAD Pudding.—Take half a pound of stale brown bread grated, the same quantity of currants and shred suet, and a little nutmeg and sugar; add four eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and two spoonfuls of cream; boil in a basin or cloth full three hours.

COUGH SYRUPS.—Take Iceland moss two ounces, four poppy heads, four tablespoonfuls of barley, put in three pints of water; boil it down to two, and strain it. Add one pound of sugar. Dose, a tablespoonful whenever the cough is troublesome. Another:—boil down thoroughwort to a thick syrup, and sweeten with molasses. This cures when other remedies fail.

VOLATILE LINIMENT.—This is a valuable preparation, to be rubbed on the skin as an external stimulant in sore throats, rheumatism, spasms, and kindred pains. After rubbing it well in, which should be continued for twenty minutes to half an hour, flannel should be wrapped around the afflicted part. Volatile liniment is made by mixing equal quantities of spirits of hartshorn and sweet oil; by adding to this mixture a teaspoon or two full of laudanum, the preparation will be much improved in its efficacy in relieving pain.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

An old lady wants to know, if the compass has a needle of thirty-two points, how long it would take a woman with such a needle to make a shirt?

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "de butter of de poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A barrister who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed, "that he had been turning over Coke."—"I should have thought you had been turning over coals," remarked a wag.

A Paris correspondent tells the following story.—A newly-made doctor practising in the environs of Paris was called in by a small shopkeeper to see her child suffering from a sudden illness. He gave a prescription, went away, and called again two days after. The woman met him on the threshold wringing her hands, and with her face bathed in tears. "How is the child?"—"Dead" was the agonised answer. "Dead? what with?"—"The measles," gasped the weeping mother. "Measles!" thundered the doctor; "wretched woman, you have killed your child."

If you had only told me that it was the measles, I could have prescribed for it directly."

DO IT AT TWICE.—Madme. Thierry, who, like Congreve's *Diana*, "does to fat incline," was playing one evening at the Palais Royal, with Gil Perez, in a piece in which the latter, who is small of stature, and by no means physically strong, had to carry her off the stage. His efforts were tremendous, the perspiration streamed down his face, his veins seemed bursting, but still the voluminous fair one "stood like a tower." It was a first night, the audience began to titter, the situation was most critical, and Perez had nerved himself to a fresh assault, when a shrill, boyish voice came from the gallery, "Don't give in! If you can't do it all at once, do it in two journeys."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches!" said a young married lady to her husband, "with whom she was always quarrelling."—"The process is very simple," said the husband. "I once made one."—"How did you manage it?"—"By leading you to the altar."

"WHAT ought to be the cleanest of all trees?" asked Jones, as he was sauntering along the Margate pier with the choice of his own heart. "Why, the beech (beach), to be sure, dear, because it is washed by an ocean of water twice every day."

NAPOLEON AND THE COUNTRY GIRL.—During the stay of the Emperor and Empress at Biarritz, the rustic population frequently had open-air dances, at which the Imperial couple were at times present. At one of these balls Eugenie saw a country girl standing sadly apart while the other girls were merrily dancing. "Why are you not dancing?" the Empress asked her. "With whom should I dance?" said the girl, pitifully; "the man whom I love is in Mexico. Shall I venture to have a dance with others while Jean, perhaps, is lying wounded in the hospital?" This sincere language moved the Empress. She told it to the Emperor, and the latter at once walked up to the girl, and said to her—"My child, you must dance; and as your Jean is fighting for me in Mexico, I will dance for him here with his Mariette. One service demands the other."

GREEN, in our class in college, was a very cool man; he could play the most impudent tricks possible before the professor's eye, and never vince. One day the professor of mathematics had a theodolite brought into the room, and gave a long description of its machinery and use. When he had finished, each member of the class had an opportunity of examining it more minutely. When it came to Green's turn, he looked casually at it, and then commenced examining its three legs very minutely. This, of course, put the professor on the *qui vive*, who cleared his throat, and said—"Well, Mr. Green, any questions to ask?" Green took another look at its legs, and coolly remarked—"Why, they are not mahogany are they?" The effect was irresistible, acting in totally different ways on the professor and his pupils.

THERE'S MANY A CHANGE IN A WINTER DAY.—The late professor Duncan, of St. Andrew's, was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady; "a question you put to me when we last met?" The professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. Duncan?"—"Oh, yes," said the professor. "Well, Mr. Duncan," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," dryly responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorship to the close.—*Scottish Character*, by the Rev. C. ROGERS.

WHY LADIES WEAR WATER FALLS.

"A question 'tis why Women wear a fall;
The truth it is to pride they're given all,
"And pride, the proverb says, must have a fall.