

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. C., TORONTO.—If the "inclosed peace" for which we are requested to remit "by return of male, wat you think it is worth" were either a little better or a little worse, we would forward you a spelling book per express.

F. B. D.—Remit by registered letter to the publisher, and the READER will be mailed to your address regularly. We do not know how you can better forward the interests of our paper than by using your influence to extend its circulation in your neighbourhood. We have attended to your request in the present number.

PRTER.—It cannot be except by changing one of the "u's" into "v." The proposer must have overlooked this—we certainly did.

MARY S.—We regret to say that we cannot publish the stanzas. They are not written with sufficient care.

SOLO.—We are glad to welcome you again, and trust the obnoxious tooth has abandoned its efforts. "Who is Espiegle?" We are not permitted to answer that question; but to your other queries we reply that she is a young lady and a Canadian. We will take an early opportunity of forwarding to her an extract from your letter.

ARTIST.—Perhaps you had better wait until the first is published, which, by the bye, we have been compelled to hold over longer than we intended. We will consider your suggestion, and may possibly act upon it.

J. W. H., MONTREAL.—Whilst on the one hand a number of our correspondents are saying "Give us tales and light reading," others like yourself write "We want solid articles—something to think about," what can we do? Simply use our own judgment.

GRAMMATICUS wishes to know, whether that class of physicians, whose motto is "Similibus similia curantur," should be styled "Homœopaths," or "Homœopathies?" We refer him to the subjoined note of Mr. Tourniquet's.

"Harry Tourniquet is aware that in the jargon of the day, certain medical practitioners are styled 'Homœopaths,' but he rejects the nomenclature, together with the other *malpractices* of the school, he altogether declines to walk in their paths. He has no bigoted attachment to the term 'Homœopathic,' though he has employed it, and it is not contrary to analogy to use the adjective as a substantive in words derived from the Greek, but what grammarian or man of sense would not *trample with scorn* on the idea of calling a puerile writer a 'path' or what is more to the purpose, a sympathiser a 'sympath?' This suggests the true title, which is 'HOMŒOPATHISER,' a good *ore rotundo sesquipedalian* word; and though 'not at all adapted for my rhymes,' nor exactly an *infinitesimal dose*, it would unquestionably look well on the brazen door-plates of 'the Disciples of Bahnmann.'"

ELLEN G.—We think "Half a Million of Money" will extend through about six or seven more numbers of the READER. "The Family Honour" will increase in interest as the tale progresses.

JAS. H.—The Civil Service Bill is a dead letter, and has been so from the first.

THE MILK SEA.—M. Trebuchet, captain of the French corvette *Capricieuse*, lately witnessed the curious phenomenon so named, about twenty miles south-east of the island Amboyna. The Dutch call it the "winter sea," probably because it resembles fields covered with snow. The observers thought first that it was an optical illusion, caused by the moon's light reflected from the water, but this proved a mistake, as it continued after the moon had set. Captain Trebuchet found the whiteness arose from rings of numerous animalcules, of which he discovered about 200 in four or five litres (about seven English pints) of the sea-water. They were as slender as a hair of a child's head, and adhered to one another endways to the number of twenty, forming little chaplets.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—Three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a little rosewater, half a cap of yellow ginger, and one pound of flour. Bake it thin.

SEED CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour on the board, and cut it in rounds. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonful of cream tartar, one of soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound cake, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Bake in shallow pans one hour and a quarter.

FOR MAKING WASHING EASY.—To sixteen quarts of rain water add three pounds of sal soda and three-fourths of a pound of unslacked lime. Set it over the fire until it is just warm, then stir it well, and set it away for use. Take one pint of the fluid to two pails of water, and boil the clothes in it. The dirtiest of them will come out white and clean with very little rubbing. There is no danger of rotting the clothes, as it has been thoroughly tested. It is within the reach of all, and costs only two or three pence or so for a common washing.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Half an ounce of turpentine, one quarter of vinegar, three quarters of an ounce of spirits of wine, half an egg, a quarter of an ounce of camphor, and a dessert-spoonful of mustard. Beat all well together, and apply, night and morning, to any pain, swelling, stiffness, or contraction.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Boys are a good deal like Farina jelly. Just as you mould them, they are likely to turn out.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

"The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Moore is very great," said one lady to another; to which reply was made, "When they have a little Moore it will be greater."

CONNELIUS O'DOWD relates that when a great legal authority once at a Bar dinner responded to the toast of "The Navy," on the plea that he had begun life as a midshipman, Lord Brougham attributed his zeal to a mistake, and said he must have thought he was returning thanks for the Bar, and that Navy was spelt with a "K"—knavy.

SCENE: A Railway Station. Railway official (very kindly): "Nice child that ma'am! What age may it be?"—Delighted Mamma: "Only three years and two months."—Railway official (sternly): "Two months over three. Then I shall require half price for it, please."

If any person were to say that Anak is only Anaktor, or Anakrobat, who has Anak of making himself look bigger than other people, or that, being like the giants who, we are told, lived long ago, he is a perfect Anakronism in these days, would such a statement afford matter for Anak-ton at law?

TAKE ADVICE.—An old gentleman who, many years ago, used to frequent one of the coffee-houses where physicians most did congregate, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case. Accordingly, he one day took an opportunity of asking Dr. Mutt, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, sarcastically; "you should take advice."

IT DOESN'T SUIT HIS "PALETTE."—A hard-up portrait-painter complains that there is no chance for his craft, now that the sun is made to take likenesses. He says, however much others may praise the invention of sun-pictures, he considers it as decidedly hostile to the painter's calling. It is, in fact, he declares, the *foe-to-graphic-art!*

KILLING comes natural, half the places in Ireland begin with kill. There is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys); and what is still more ungallant, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarrack, after the English soldiers; Killcrow for the navy; Killbritain, for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder; Killmore, if that's not enough; and last, though not least, Killpatrick.

THAT Johnny is listening again! He says he supposes dwarfs couldn't get enough to eat when they were young, so they went *short*; but giants must have been better fed, because he cannot think how they could be kept *long* without food. He wouldn't be.

ONE English playwright is said to have written to another as follows:—"Dear Bob,—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it to him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a mad-house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book-post. Yours, &c."

DEFINITION OF A BLUSH.—A writer in the *Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:—"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by reflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The explanation beats Dr. Johnson's celebrated definition of network; "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

SOMETHING LIKE A TORNADO.—The late tornado in Minnesota, according to a local paper, kicked up some queer pranks. It blew eight oxen over a river eight hundred yards wide. It took all the water out of a pond, carried it a mile, and then set it down on Mayor Doran's farm in the shape of a small lake. It blew a man's boots off. Another man's coat was not only blown short, but actually buttoned from top to bottom. One old lady went up like a balloon, was carried two and a half miles, and finally landed astride a telegraph wire, where she was found by her grandson, and relieved by a ladder.

A "BARBAROUS CONCLUSION" (by our own hair-dresser).—Why is Macassar oil like a chief in the Fenian conspiracy?—Because it's a *head centre* (scenter)?

A MR. N. was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared, who innocently inquired, "Grandpa, which hoss you goin' to sell: dat one you build a fire under to make him d-r-a-w?" The bargain was at an end.

WHERE'S THE ADVANTAGE?—"Ah? here you are, my good fellow; how d'ye do? Upon my honour, it does my heart good to see you once more! How's your family and your wife? we havn't seen her for a long time—when is she coming down to see my wife?"—"I am quite well I thank you; but, indeed sir, you have the advantage."—"Advantage! my good fellow—what advantage?"—"Why, really, sir, I do not know you!"—"Know me! well, I don't know you; where in the world is the advantage?"

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card—consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honour me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a donkey! Here is my card—consider your *nose pulled*. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show or kick you into the street for your impudence."