

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**D. J. W.**—The manuscript of which you write would be of no money value to us; and frankly, we fear, judging from the specimens enclosed, that its publication would prove anything but remunerative. Poetry must possess more than an average merit to induce our readers-of-fact public to take it in exchange for hard cash.

**A. W.**—The waste basket it is. Nothing but a very proper feeling to commend in it.

**W. S. H.**—Advocate. Letter received; please see notice respecting back numbers.

**EMILY H.**—"Half a Million of Money" is written by a lady. We cannot tell through how many numbers of the READER it is likely to extend; possibly the authoress herself has not determined the length of the story. At any rate, its publication is not completed in the English periodical.

**B. S., TORONTO.**—So soon as we have collected the necessary information, we shall commence to publish lists of Masonic meetings, together with other items interesting to the craft. We have already by circulars, as you are aware, invited the co-operation of Lodges, and now repeat the invitation. Secretaries throughout Canada should mail us circulars calling each regular and emergency meeting of their respective Lodges. **G. H. H.**—"Trip" received; accept our thanks. Please favour us with your full name and address when writing again.

**J. W., NEW YORK.**—The READER has been regularly mailed to your address. No. 1 to 4 will be again forwarded.

**F. P. P.**—Chess type was ordered from New York some time since, but has not yet come to hand. We will examine your problem so soon as we are prepared to commence a chess column.

**W. N. J., W. W., GEORGE—A. H.**—We are obliged to you for your contributions to our "Pastime" column, and have availed ourselves of much of the material. We believe this portion of the paper is appreciated by our readers, and we are desirous of making it as original as possible; any assistance our friends may render us, will be cheerfully acknowledged.

**MISS H. D. M. W.**—Please see notice respecting back numbers. Nos. 2 will be forwarded to your address in due course.

**MOM. & BRO.**—We change the address as you request, and are obliged to you for what you propose to do to aid the circulation of the READER.

**E. S., ALMONTE.**—Our determination is that six months hence the READER shall better merit the approbation of our subscribers than it does to-day.

**J. S.**—Should have noticed our statements that answers to the Enigmas, &c., in No. 8 would appear in No. 5. As a rule answers will appear two weeks after the insertion of a given Riddle or Problem.

**TORONTOIAN.**—It is the Professor Wilson, lately connected with your University, who is spoken of as a candidate for the "chair" vacant by the death of Professor Aytoun.

**J. C. W., PERTH.**—Your letter is received. We will forward you the back numbers when again in print.

**R. C. F., TORONTO.**—Of course we will insert any article that we may approve. Generally, however, the friends of the READER will rather serve its interest by assisting its circulation than by forwarding articles for publication.

**REV. D. A.**—The missing numbers shall be forwarded in a short time.

**QUERY—J. N. E.** wishes to learn the derivation of the word "rink," as "skating rink." We have consulted both Worcester and Webster, and can obtain no information. We think the word is probably of Scotch origin. Can any of our readers throw any light upon the subject?—**ED. S. K.**

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**APPLE CHEESE CAKE.**—Pare, core, and boil twelve apples, with enough water to mash them; beat them up very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs, the juice of two lemons, and some grated peel, half a pound of fresh butter, beaten into a cream, and sweetened with pounded loaf sugar; beat all well in with the apples, bake it in a puff paste, and send it up like an open tart.

**QUINCES FOR THE TABLE.**—The best method of preparing quinces for the table is this; Bake them, remove the skin, slice, and serve with cream and sugar. Prepared in this manner, many prefer them to the peach.

**LEMON BUNS.**—Take of flour 1 lb., bi-carbonate of soda 3 drachms, muriatic acid 3 drachms, butter 4 oz., loaf sugar 4 oz., 1 egg, essence of lemon 6 or 8 drops; make into 20 buns, and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.

**MARROW PUDDING.**—Grate a penny loaf into crumbs, pour on it a pint of boiling cream or milk; out a pound of beef marrow very thin, beat four eggs well, and then put in a glass of brandy, with sugar and nutmeg to taste. Mix them all well together, and either boil or bake it for three quarters of an hour.—Cut two ounces of citron very thin, and when served up, stick the pieces all over it.

**WALB RABBIT.**—Grate fine three ounces of fat Cheshire cheese, mix it with the yolks of two eggs, four ounces of grated bread, three ounces of butter, beat the whole well in a mortar, with a dessert-spoonful of mustard, and a little salt and pepper. Toast some bread, cut in proper pieces, lay the paste thick upon them as above, put them into a Dutch oven, covered with a dish, till hot through; remove the dish, and let the cheese brown a little. Serve as hot as possible.

**MUTTON PIE.**—Cut mutton into pieces about two inches square, and half an inch thick; mix pepper, pounded allspice, and salt together, dip the pieces in

this; sprinkle stale bread crumbs at the bottom of the dish; lay in the pieces, strewing the crumbs over each layer; put a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg at the top; add a wineglassful of water, and cover in, and bake in a moderate oven rather better than an hour. Take an onion, chop fine; a faggot of herbs; half an anchovy; and add to it a little beef stock, or gravy; simmer for a quarter of an hour; raise the crust at one end, and pour in the liquor—not the thick part.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

The Japanese say, "The tongue of woman is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using."

**LEGAL QUERY.**—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

A NEGRO who had learned to read, wishing to give an idea of it to some of his acquaintances, who had never seen a book, said, "Reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

AN AFFECTIONATE backwoodsman's wife, who looked on while her husband was struggling fiercely with a bear, said afterwards that it was "the only fight she ever saw in which she did not care who won."

A NEAPOLITAN prefect found fault with a peasant for not paying his taxes. "What can I do?" replied the peasant; "there is nothing doing on the high road—I am out on it every day with my gun, but no one passes. I promise, however, to go every evening until I have picked up the fifteen ducats you want."

**WANTED.**—A pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air." A short club broken off the square root. And a rocker from the "cradle of liberty."

A READY REPLY.—One of the readiest replies we ever heard was made by an Irish labourer. A gentleman travelling on horseback came upon an Irishman, who was fencing-in a most barren and desolate piece of land.—"What are you fencing-in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land!"—"An' sure, your honour, wasn't I fencing it to kape the poor basties out iv it?"

A PROFESSOR of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of miners. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a halfpenny. A miner with hesitation handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the miner. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see't," said the miner, and turning it round and round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I see warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

A VERY happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, and then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further. "We came a little way in the train," said she, "and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

DURING the last illness of Dr. Cibrac, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients. "Why was I not called in before?" said he. "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" His attendant answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man," answered Cibrac; "he will not live six hours;" and his prediction was verified.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.—Two lawyers in a county court—one of whom had grey hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent, "A person at your time of life, sir" (looking at the barrister's grey head) "ought to have a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you may stare at my grey hair if you like. My hair will be grey as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you die."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was, *Non rapui sed recipi* ("I did not steal it, but I received it"). This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as bad as the thief!"

**MR. BETHELL**, an Irish barrister, when the question of the Union was in debate, like other junior barristers, published a pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Lyssight met this pamphlet in the hall of the Four Courts, and in a friendly way said, "Bethell, I wonder you never told me you had published a pamphlet on the Union. The one I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject." "I am very proud you think so," said the delighted author; "and pray, what are the things that please you so much?" "Why," replied Lyssight, "as I passed by a pastry-cook's shop, I saw a girl come out with three mucepops wrapped up in one of your works."

**MR. CALDECOTT**, a great session lawyer, but known as a dreadful bore, was arguing a question upon the rateability of certain lime quarries, and contended at enormous length that "they were not rateable, because the limestone could only be reached by deep boring, which was matter of science." "You will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir, that every species of boring is matter of science," said Lord Ellenborough.

**PLAIN LANGUAGE.**—Mr. John Clerk, in pleading before the House of Lords one day, happened to say in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English, ma Lords;" upon which Lord Eldon closely remarked, "In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr. Clerk." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Nae matter! in plain common sense, ma Lords, and that's the same in a' languages, ye ken."

WHEN Nelson's famous signal was hoisted, "England expects every man to do his duty," two Scotchmen were standing by. One pulled a long sour face, and said, "Ech, Sandie, there's naething there about puir auld Scotland."—"Hoot, mon," said Sandie, "Scotland a kens well enough her bairns always do their duty." It's only a hint to those sluggish Englishers."

A COUNTRY gentleman, while strolling out with a genuine cockney, approached a meadow in which was standing a crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wondrously. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip-tops. "Vy, vatever do you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "Hay! he, he! come, that's hay, just show me the hay-corns—come now!"

**THE SHOP IN COURT.**—"One more question, Mr. Parks," said a counsel to a witness, who happened to be a tailor. "You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"—"The one he has got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion," replied Parks. "Stand down," said the counsel.

A COUNTRY fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village and came to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "what the Queen was like?" "Loke!" cried Hodge, "why, I ne'er was so cheated in my life. What doo't think, Margaret? her arms are loike the's and nine; although I have heard our exciseman say a score of times her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

**DOUGLAS JERROLD**, discussing one day with Mr. Selby the vexed question of adapting dramatic pieces from the French, that gentleman insisted upon claiming some of his characters as strictly original creations. "Do you remember my baroness in 'Ask no Questions'?" said Mr. S. "Yes; indeed, I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your baronness," was the retort.

THE late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of a most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let's hope she'll begin with his nose!"

A SHORT time ago, gentlemen from different parts of the country attended Clumber Park, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, on business. Among them was a farmer who had never seen the present Duke of Newcastle, though he had had interviews with several of the noble duke's predecessors. It happened that while the party were in the waiting-room, the duke himself passed through the room to go to his agent's office. Before his Grace could gain the door, he was stopped by the worthy agriculturist, who shouted, "Hallo! stop; we go into that room by turns!" The duke, turning round with a smile, said, "Oh, then, I will withdraw." He then left and entered the office by another door. In a few moments the farmer was ushered into the presence of the agent, and found, to his great astonishment, that the person whom he had so unceremoniously stopped was the Duke of Newcastle himself. The hearty greeting of his Grace, however, made him quite forget the incident in the waiting-room.

**TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION.**—Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person: I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

**OXYGEN.**—Mr. Carlevaris, the inventor of a substitute for the lime in the Drummond light, writes from Genoa to *Les Mondes* proposing a new method of obtaining oxygen. The process consists in heating to low redness the ordinary black oxide of manganese with siliceous sand. Silicate of manganese is formed, and oxygen is liberated. Gas may be produced in this manner at Genoa at a cost of 40 centimes per cubic metre.

WHEN the chief of the Scotch clan, Macnab, emigrated to Canada, with a hundred clansmen, he, on arriving at Toronto, called on his namesake, the late Sir Allan, and left his card as "The Macnab." Sir Allan returned his visit, leaving as his card, "The other Macnab."

WE LEARN from a contemporary that Dr. Caminiti of Messina, has discovered a remedy for certain neuralgic pains. A female patient of his had long been suffering from trifacial neuralgia; she could not bear to look at luminous objects; her eyes were constantly watering, and she was in constant pain. Blisters, preparations of belladonna, and hydrochlorate of morphine, friction with tincture of acouite, pills of acetate of morphine and camphor, sub-carbonate of iron, &c., had been employed with but partial success, or none whatever. At length Dr. Caminiti, attributing the obstinacy of the affection to the variations of temperature so frequent in Sicily, adopted the expedient of covering all the painful parts with a coating of collodion containing a certain proportion of hydrochlorate of morphine. This treatment was perfectly successful; the relief was instantaneous and permanent, and the coating fell off in the course of one or two days.