The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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New Year's Calls—Refreshments.

COFFEE.—The best coffee will be found to be a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha. Buy ready roasted unless you have a rotary roaster; keep in a air-tight jar and grind only as required. For a pint of black coffee, sufficient for six "after-dinner cups," allow two tablespoonful of ground coffee to a pint of boiling water. Mix with a little egg and a spoonful of cold water, the best method for boiled coffee being to break an egg, shell and all, in a bowl; beat it with three spoonsful of cold water, and use a third at once. Cover the coffee-pot tightly, boil three minutes, then pour out a spoonful or so to free the nose from grounds, and return it to the pot. Put it on the back of the stove, and let it settle for not less than five minutes.

Serve with boiled milk and cream, or cream only.

SANDWICHES.—Chop the meat for sandwiches, whether it be tongue, ham, veal, chicken or beef. Season with mustard, salt and pepper as required, and add a very little celery. The meat should be specially prepared by *being simmered* for a long time in just sufficient water to cover, and then set away to cool. Carefully remove the fat from the top, and any gristle or bones; but chop the remainder, jelly, fat of meat, or fowl, all together, and season as directed, before spreading upon thin buttered bread or biscuit.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Pick a pound of meat quite free from bone, and thoroughly cleanse a good head of celery; chop both very fine, or, better still, pass through a mincing machine: put this in a large bowl. Beat the yolk of an egg until it is thick, mix with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a pinch of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Beat well into the mixture half a teacupful of thick cream, and add the juice of a small lemon drop by drop, beating the mixture with a fork all the time. Stir the dressing well among the minced chicken and celery. Mould with spoon into any shape you like, and serve on a dish with beetroot cut in fanciful shapes. Some prefer a tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar instead of lemon juice, and salad oil can be used instead of the cream; but the cream makes it much whiter and daintier in appearance, and gives a better flavor. The proportions can be increased of course to the quantity required.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a bowl, place them in a cool place, or if necessary in water or on ice; then proceed to pour, a few drops at a time, some very good salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one tablespoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, one teaspoonful of French white vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce is of the consistency of very thick cream; add salt and white pepper to taste; mix well and the sauce is made.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Rinse the oysters in their liquor, strain it upon them, and let them come to a boil; then take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare pure cider vinegar by boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, and when perfectly cold pour it over the oysters, and keep them in a covered stone jar.

ORANGE JELLY.—Take six large juicy oranges and one lemon, one pound of loaf sugar, and half an ounce of gelatine; dissolve the sugar in half a pint of water, pour half a pint of boiling water over the gelatine; when dissolved, strain it, put the sugar and water over the fire; when it boils add the gelatine, the juice of the oranges and lemon with a little of the peel, and let it boil up, and then strain it in moulds to cool. To make lemon jelly, use lemons instead of oranges, and one orange in place of the lemon.

LAYER FRUIT CAKE.—One coffee cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, the whites of five eggs, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with vanilla. Take from this one large tablespoonful; bake the rest in two cakes as for jelly cake. To this tablespoonful add half a cup each of chopped raisins, chopped citron, of flour, and of molasses; two teaspoonsful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, and one wineglass of brandy. Bake this in one layer. Put the cake together with soft frosting, putting the fruit layer in the middle. The top may be frosted or not as you please.

ICING FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE. Take two ounces of baker's chocolate; do not grate it, but put it unbroken on a pie-plate or in a shallow basin, and set it on the back part of the stove, where it will melt slowly. Of course it must be watched carefully and kept from burning. When it is all melted add four tablespoonsful of milk, two of water, and a teupful of sugar; mix thoroughly, and let it boil for five minutes. Make the cake after any good layer cake recipe. When the cake is cold spread the chocolate on the layers on the top of the cake, and set that in the oven to harden.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Take a half pound melted butter, and stir it until it froths. Take the yolks of twelve eggs, stir them into the butter, add half a pound of pounded sugar, the same of ground almonds, a quarter pound of chocolate, ground, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, pounded. Stir all well together for a quarter of an hour. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add these to the above mixture. Butter the mould, and bake the above in a moderate oven for five quarters of an hour.

STRAY WIT.

A colored waiter is a service sable person.

It is always "put up or shut up" with the umbrella.

Among the novelties announced for 1883 is an almanac with a new joke in it. Send in your orders early to avoid disappointment.

A teetotal bridegroom has lost an eye by a bouncing cork from a soda-water bottle, and the drinking men aver that Mumm's extra dry has never been known to knock an eye out.

A Floride man killed a rattlesnake by throwing a glass of whiskey in its face. It wasn't the effect of the liquor that caused the reptile's death, but it was the horror of the man's extravagance.

The owner of a small dry-goods store in Hamilton says that the amount of his annual sales has not varied 75 cents in thirteen years. A stranger ought to drop in and buy a bolt of cotton and scare him to death.

Augustus was told of an extravagant Roman knight who had wasted all his property. When his goods were sold at auction Augustus commissioned a person to bid for his pillow. Being asked why he wished to have this article of furniture in particular, he replied: "Such a pillow must be very desirable upon which a man so deep in debt could sleep so soundly."

A young author was telling of his woes with regard to a book. Said he: "I gave it to one publisher to read, and he accepted it and said he would publish it. But three days later he committed suicide. Then I showed it to another publisher. He agreed to publish it, and the next week took all his partner's money and fled to Europe. And then—what the miscief are you laughing at?"

A martinet of a sergeant turns up unexpectedly to call out a fatigue party. Only one soldier answers to the summons with promptitude. "Confound it all to confusion!" yelled the irritated officer. "What in the name of a hundred thousand devils do you mean by turning out alone, sir, when I called out the whole squad? Forty-eight hours in the black hole! That'll teach you to be the only man to turn out!"

A white man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the council stated to the court. "A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing." "Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the reconciled parties, "pray what does your honor want more than this?"

Ode to Christmas.

BY R. CROOKENDEN.

Hail! cheerful visitor of yore!
Across my threshold thou once more
Dost deign to come—
Thy very look my bosom warms
With joyous love: then lift thine arms
And bless my home.

Thine ancient beard and chaplet new
Are speckled with prismatic dew,
And flecked with snow;
Yet, while in this embrace we stand,
Thy breath is spicy, and thy hand
Is all aglow,

Come, dear old friend, we offer here
An invitation most sincere
From great and small:
Then enter not as a mere guest,
But make our habitation blest
By ruling all;

And let us crowd the fleeting day
With simple joys, for short thy stay
Ere we must part;
We'll sing the songs of long ago
And carols that thou lovest so
Shall cheer thy heart.

The music is not rare nor rich;
But Love has tuned to "concert pitch"
Each little voice;
And thou canst perfect all we do—
While sweet associations, too,
Shall make it choice.

Nay, use not an upbraiding lip,
Nor question each reluctant slip
Or broken vow
That may have stained the dying year!—
It is enough that thou art here
To bless us now.

And let the merry jest go round,
Nor be a single sentence found
Thou wouldst condemn;
Nor yet forget (thou dear old sage!)
Who sent thee on thy pilgrimage
From Bethlehem.

And when the happy day has flown,
And shadows o'er the landscape thrown
Exclude the light,
We'll watch thy footsteps through the snow,
Where the early daisies grow,
And wish "Good night!"

ALICE CARR'S ENGAGEMENT.

A Toronto Novelette.

BY FLORENCE FAIRFAX, A NEW TORONTO WRITER.

CHAPTER III.

STILL IDYLIC.

Mrs. Carr's consent was easily won; her life habitually moved "along the line of least resistance," she did not like opposition or difficulty making; her influence, like Frederick the Great's providence, was "always on the side of the strongest battalions;" at present the strongest battalions were those of Alice and her lover. So these young people had things very much their own way, they were not perhaps quite so much together as before the engagement, for James had resolved to apply with a will to his professional work, and his days were now regularly spent at his office. But with five o'clock, when the green light beckoned to him from the approaching Winchester Street car, James was almost every evening on his way to Mrs. Carr's house. Then came the day's most happy moments; the welcome at the door, the pleasant warmth and surroundings within, the cup of tea to which Alice's having made it imparted a charm of flavour such as no gift-advertising tea company in the world could attain.

Mrs. Carr was always bright and pleasant. Her ideas were simple and of a fashion, at least a century old; on all matters of religious or social interest her standards were solely personal ones. "Yes, Alice, I should like to go with you to hear Dr. Mild, but then you see, your aunt Carr might object, she is so much against going to hear dissenters." James tried to explain that there can be no dissenters in Canada as there is no established church for anyone to dissent from. Miss Carr's influence was the one unpleasant circumstance connected with James Field's new life. He could not exactly ascertain from what source it was, not certainly from family affection and respect, of *that* Alice was able to assure him; it could hardly be on account of her wealth for that as Alice said would almost certainly go to her favorite nephew, the Rev. Dr. Bland, now curate of the fashionable chapel of St. Nincompoop the Penitent at Montreal. Alice seemed to speak with some reserve and even pain on the subject of her Montreal relations, and at this James sometimes felt a little piqued. He need not have been. It is only after marriage that the entire soul can be surrendered and unveiled with no shadow of a reserve. The life of lovers during all an engagement is only the beginning of a life in which they learn to know and trust each other, nature to nature and soul to soul; engaged life, at its best, is a game at hide and go seek, of uncertain lights and shadows. A young man, especially one like James Field, who has had no sisters or home life, must expect to meet with much that he cannot understand, still less demand, as so many are foolish enough to do, a direct logical explanation. The first and truest lesson engaged life has to teach is entire confidence in her to whom you have plighted your undivided love.

That lesson James Field, however, had pretty well learned, although there were some things that seemed to far upon him. Such as Mrs. Carr's implicit deference to Miss Carr, "aunt Eusebia" in all things, not to speak of Alice's apparent acquiescence in the same; this was after all a trifle. They would be married, Mrs Carr should live with them, for James was of the opinion, so much sneered against by would-be wits and social critics, that the best way a man can show affection to his wife is by living on kindly and affectionate terms with her nearest and dearest relation. Miss Carr would pass quietly out of their lives, and might leave all her money to the forging bank clerk her nephew, now the popular curate of St. Nincompoop. When the young people were together their own plans naturally absorbed their thoughts. Out walking one day in the prosecution of that most engrossing and delightful of sports, house hunting as practised by an engaged couple, they had lighted on a set of detached cottages on the north-west side of the city, one of which was to let. It was just what they often pictured, a neat roughcast house of two stories, with a bow window and a neat garden, where several well pruned apple trees promised pleasant shade in summer. There were nice rooms, and both of them were so charmed with it that James paid the rent from that day in order to secure it. To this house they made frequent visits, James having had a small wood stove set up in the dining room, so that Alice could warm herself when they went to reassure themselves that "our house" was still there in Esther Avenue, and had not removed bodily to other regions like Aladdin's Palace or the holy house of Loretto. So that the days of Alice's engagement passed happily if uneventfully, and it seemed as if for once, the fates were determined that the course of true love should run smooth.

CHAPTER IV.

FACING THE WORST.

Reader! Have you ever awoke in the morning with a certain indefinable sense of depression and of approaching evil, something that seems like the impression of a forgotten bad dream? Presently you recall something of the fact in the back ground of your consciousness which partly, but by no means fully, accounts for this fit of that primary color "the blues." Yes! your one best, really lovely evening dress is spoiled by that spoonful of mayonaise lobster; or a sudden calamity has destroyed your real black lace, with a pattern like a cathedral window, and is truly Maltese as a cat or a cross; or a certain gentleman has gone away on a business tour; for over a month Toronto will know him no more. Or the Frumps from Frumpville have come on a visit of a week, they will want to be everywhere, and you will be held in "durance vile" to attend on them.

So woke James Field one morning in his room at Mrs Custard's boarding house, Adelaide Street West. He felt depressed, he knew not why; presently he remembered having felt uneasy as to some report he had heard at the *Universe* Office as to the stability of the Inter-Provincial Bank in which Mrs Carr's money was invested. The *Universe* had been writing against the prevalent habit of gambling in bank stock deposits, and had instanced the Inter-Provincial of Montreal as one of the most daring offenders. He resolved to see Mrs. Carr about it that very evening. He could not well go before evening, necessary business interfering, so he dressed in no very cheerful mood, shaving in tepid water with a razor as blunt as if it belonged to the Stone Age; twice the soap maliciously darted out of his hand and ensconced itself in a cobwebby corner under the bed where he tore his hand trying to get it out. The day passed at last; the green Winchester Street car put him down at the accustomed door. It was opened by Mrs. Carr, who apologised for Alice's absence; they went into the dining-room, where was seated a tall and rather handsome young man in ultra-clerical costume, whom Mrs. Carr presented as "my sister's nephew, the Rev. Softly Bland." Mr. Bland was of blonde complexion, aquiline nose and a great look of self assertion. From the first it was evident that he and James were not likely to pull together. When informed that James was a professional journalist he remarked, "Ah, indeed, I never read colonial journals, except indeed the excellent *Dumb Minnion Churchman*, the organ of all catholic minded church people in Canada." James replied that the only Canadian journal which Mr. Bland read he and Canadians in general did not read; it was as badly edited as it was bigotted, and was in fact "the sickest sheet you could strike in all Toronto." Mr. Bland looked disgusted at this coarseness nor were matters mended when James, whose thoughts were full of the Inter-Provincial Bank and Mrs Carr's danger there from, introduced the subject of gambling in bank stocks; he had no sooner done so than recollecting what Alice had told him of Mr. Bland's youthful escapades as a bank forger, he felt that he might be giving pain or offence, and changed the subject. Mr. Bland talked magnificently of his life at Oxford, of his intimacy with Lord This and the Hon. Mr. That, always covertly sneering at every Canadian in a way which made it very hard for James to keep the peace. He did so, however, not much helped by Alice, who flitted about on her household duties with scarce a word. James waited late, but Mr. Bland seemed determined to out-stay him; it was no use trying to see Alice alone. As he left he whispered, "can I not see you for a moment to-morrow evening?" "Impossible, I fear," said Alice. "I do so hate to be watched by *him*. He goes to-morrow night, come next day to breakfast."

When that day came James was so anxious about seeing Mrs. Carr and Alice as early as possible that he did not look at the morning papers. He missed seeing an account of the flight of Mr. Holyman, managing director of the Inter-Provincial Bank, and superintendent of the largest Sunday school in the city. He had fled with large sums of money, the property of the bank stock holders; and the affairs of the bank were in the greatest difficulty and perplexity. On arrival at Winchester Street, James found Mrs. Carr very ill from nervous shock. They had lost everything, Alice said, or must depend on their aunt Carr for a home until she could earn something. James tried to tell her that he had enough for them all, but the poor girl's high strung nature had been over wrought, at some taunts about "it being necessary now for Alice to give up her pauper engagement," and she could not respond to his words of cheer. To give it up, yes, but because *she* was a pauper, never would she bring her poverty and her mother's home to him, to burden and clog his career. So she held aloof as far as she could from his words of love and vows of constancy; yet truth to say she thought of nothing else all that day, and for many a day after they were her sole comfort. "But hush, James; here is aunt Carr." He had just time for a hurried kiss, and left the door just as a cab stopped before the house, and wheeling round discharged with the accuracy of a piece of artillery, an old lady in black. With her the cabman seemed to have a slight combat on the subject of his fare; the old lady, however, quickly routed him at the point of her umbrella, and withdrew into the house. The cabman drove off discomfitted and swearing by all the saints in the calendar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gas and Electricity.

When electricity was first successfully used for illuminating purposes there was a great fall in the price of gas stocks in all the large cities of the civilized world. There has been a recovery since then, and it really seems that Dr, Siemens was right when he claimed that the use of gas would increase, notwithstanding the employment of the electric light. He expressed the opinion that the latter can never be used economically in the household. But gas, he said, would take the place of coal for hearing and cooking purposes, and this prediction is being partially verified. We are now promised a revolution by the use of petroleum to produce a gas which gives out an intense heat. A patent has been taken out in every civilized country for the production of a gas by some combination of petroleum with lime. The companies have been formed, and it is said that within a short time, and by the pipes used for carrying ordinary gas, that burning material will be introduced into our households which will heat our rooms and cook our food at one-third of the cost now necessitated by the use of coal or wood. The recent speculative excitement in petroleum is said to be due to the practical application of this patent by some of our gas companies. Petroleum has never commanded a fair price in view of its production in excess of the demands of the consumers. Our wells have pumped out about 27,000,000 barrels per annum, but heretofore the world has been searched in vain for a market for the ocean of mineral oil. Should we make use of it, however, for a heat-producing and cooking gas, there will be an abundant demand for all the petroleum we could produce. It would add marvelously to human comfort if so bulky a product as coal could be dispensed with, and our dwellings were warmed by a cleanly and comparatively inexpensive gas.

Bijou Heron, or otherwise Helen Stoepel, is strikingly different from her mother, and the soul of refinement upon the stage, moreover. She is said to be engaged to marry Henry Miller, a handsome young player.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Local House is in full blast, and the members are speaking vigorously to Bunkum, seeing well that the elections are so near. The speaking is good, and the earnestness, whether real or affected, very inspiriting. Gesticulation is not wanting, and the voices of the orators rise with the occasion almost to a shout. Let them go at it and prosper. In those *nil admirari* days, it is a great matter for people even to appear in earnest about any thing, though shouting is no proof of mastery, rather the reverse. If the orators were bound down to saying only new things on the various points at issue the speeches weuld be shorter, and perhaps a great deal more effective.

It is a thing we have never been able to understand how the passion for office seizes suddenly upon people in advanced life, who have never experienced any desire or had any training for such work. A lawyer or a journalist on entering his profession looks to office as a possibility, he aims at it and if sufficiently persevering will reach it. But why a business man, who has grown grey in business, whose life out of his mill, store, or office has been spent at home, who has never given a moment's attention to subjects of public interest, who has, simply, known honesty and the good will of his neighbors to recommend him for election, can suddenly emerge from the quiet delights of home, stand the fatigue and slander of an election, and if elected encounter the work and worry of a life entirely new to him, is almost incomprehensible.

Earl Derby has joined the Gladstone ministry, and has at the same time come strongly out against the idea of granting Ireland anything that may properly be called Home Rule. He says, and with a great deal of apparent truthfulness, that such a concession would as surely result in separation from England, as that two and two make four. That England will never consent to such separation till she is reduced to her last gun and guinea is beyond all doubt. That a great deal of local business should be relegated to the municipalities, not only in Ireland, but in Britain as well, is beyond all questions, but for England to have Ireland in the position of an independent country is not to be thought of, and the Gladstone ministry has settled down to that, for it is not to be thought that Earl Derby should make such statements without having previously come to an understanding with the statesmen, under whom he has just taken office.

The fuss over this Langtry woman is not very creditable to those of the fashionable and æsthetic world who have led the rage. And the affected disgust over the supposed scandal rather caps the climax. Of course, everybody knows that the Lily was, is, and ever will be, an honorable and spotless woman. She has been, perhaps is still, a professional beauty. She exhibits her charms for cash, and will not condescend to be looked at without a very considerable *honorarium*. She gets intimate with addle-headed nincompoops that keep carriages, but of course all in the way of honor and vacant shoddydom and dazed æsthetics wonder, and smile, and insinuate. It's a poor affair all round. Sensible people will give it all a wide berth. What is the world coming to when the serious business of multitudes apparently is to follow and wonder after the movements of two such not very elevated specimens of womanhood as the two most talked and written about on both sides of the Atlantic.

There are some people awfully touchy about the order in which they go out of a dining-room or into it, and who think the world is next to falling if this, that or the other obnoxious individual takes the *pas*. Perhaps there is something in it, for human nature is essentially proud and vain as well. There is one thing very evident, and that is that this continual fuss about getting the chief seats in synagogues and at feasts does not seem to suit very well with being the disciples of One who told His friends always to take the lowest place at those social gatherings, and in all cases to be as those that served. There is evidently very little of that going. On the contrary, bustling and ambitious ecclesiastics, unless they get the first places won't take any, and sulk like spoiled babies if their dignity is not universally recognized, and they are not sufficiently "my lorded" and "your graced." Of course when two ride on horse back one must ride behind, and there must be some order observed even in going out of a door. But it is fun to see people who professedly are set to tell their fellows of "glory, honor, and immorality," making an ado about such things. The sooner this "lording," "gracing" business is over so much the better.

How comes it to pass that sometimes, though not often, men who have led decent, respectable lives till they are turned of sixty break down when on the "home stretch," and proclaim themselves to be little better, if not a great deal worse, than common rascals? Were they hypocrites all these long years? Were they conscious frauds all the time, and were they chuckling over the simplicity of those who gave them credit for virtues they did not possess, and knew they did not? Often, perhaps, such is the case, but not always. Here there is, for instance, a man who has led an honorable and honest life without a single soul for one moment questioning his honor and uprightness, and all at once, like thunder out of a clear sky, there comes out one great overwhelming scandal which makes everybody hold in his breath and hold up his hands. Is it not possible that it astonished the chief offender as much as any body? It, no doubt, began with little things just as the drunkard begins with his first glass, and on and on insensibly, but, surely till the last plunge the man was all the while saying his prayers and thanking God, and dreaming of nothing less than that he was either a humbug or a rascal. The dry rot had been going on in his character for years, and all at once, the last shake came and down the whole tumbled in irretrievable ruin. Very possibly, he was a treasurer of some society or county, or possibly a bank manager, or possibly, who knows? an elder with the bag to.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place; it is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loyal ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long, be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts; let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board, where a silent, if not sullen, company of animals come to feed; let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said; let the sitting-room, at evening, be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses is in order; let there be some music in the house—music not kept like silks and satins, to show to company, but music in which father and mother and sister and brother join; let the young companions be welcomed, and made for the time a part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of the back parlors with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments; in a word, let the house be surrounded by an air of cozy and cheerful good will; then children need not be exhorted to love it—you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

When *will* people learn to settle both national and personal difficulties in some more rational and effective fashion than by coming to blows? The idea of keeping millions of men in their prime in a state of idleness, and making the rest support them simply that they may be machines for killing others with whom—busy as the devil is—they have had no possible quarrel, is of all mad delusions the very maddest, or nearly so. And that, in addition to all this, these hired butchers who willingly bargain to stand up and shoot and be shot at, every day of the week, Sundays included, for as small a modicum of money as the humblest day laborer could earn if sober and diligent, should be honored and cheered as heroes whom all are bound to bow to, caps the climax of absurdity. A butcher smashing the head of a lamb or cutting a calf's throat is not a very noble or exhilarating spectacle. And yet, is it any worse than what takess place on every field of battle? Worse! It is a great deal better. To think of human beings being bruized and battered out of all recognition, and after all, their murderers steeped in their blood and begrimmed with sweat, dust and gore, being looked upon as matters over which all are expected to sing hymns of praise is terribly monstrous in all conscience. And, to think of millions of such who might be decent tillers of the soil, or workers at the forge, being condemned to idleness, celibacy and vice for such work reflects grievously upon the Christianity and civilization of the age. Some say that nations like individuals need blood letting often. Do they? As far as individuals are concerned, doctors have now come to the conclusion that there is a much better way, and the sooner the delusion about the good of national blood letting is also exploded, the better.

It is said that the difficulty in the Medical school, Kingston, about the co-education of the sexes in the anatomy and other classes, has been got over by simply settling that the present female students shall be allowed to continue attendance, but that no more shall be admitted. How any one could imagine that such co-education could go on comfortably, or with ordinary propriety, especially taking the average character and conduct of the young male medical student into consideration is more than we can imagine. Even in the case of the most sensitive and gentlemanly disposed young man, it might, and would sometimes be, awkward to dissect every part of the human body, and to discuss every one of its functions to a mixed meeting of youths and maidens. And how much more trying for ordinary modest female students for all this to be gone through with a number of unmannered, demi-semi-educated, and together ruffianly disposed persons, such as too many young medicals are, and have been. Let the ladies have separate classes and dissecting rooms while they go through the same examinations for their degrees, and are in every way subjected to the same tests of efficiency as are applied to their male compeers. That the country ought to have female doctors is beyond all controversy, and that it will have them at no distant day is equally plain. To have men at all in certain cases called in for the treatment of disease, or for the discharge of the duties of midwife, is simply horrible, and it is surprizing that such a state of things should have been allowed so long. This in any case. But the idea of having such rough, rude, unmannered fellows as often make night hideous in Toronto and other seats of medical schools, to wait upon one's wife, or sister, or daughter, is an outrage, even to think of. It is all very well to get funny on the subject, and to ask, with what is intended to be a mocking leer, "how would a man like to have his wife rise at two o'clock in the morning, and drive ten miles with a strange man for any purpose whatever?" Questions are easily asked, and difficulties easily conjured up, but there are going to be female doctors all the same, so the medicals that are, or hope to be, may possess their souls in patience.

A great many think there can be no vigorous writing where there is not a good deal of personality and rather coarse abuse. Any thing else in their estimation looks tame and does not tell. They are like confirmed drunkards, who only relish highly-drugged liquors, which take them, as they say, by the throat. To give a political opponent credit for ordinary honesty is thought to be idiotic weakness; to be inclined even to acknowledge that, in some insignificant cases, "the other side" acted with a praiseworthy diligence, and even with a good deal of judgment is not to be thought of. For any newspaper or any politician to acknowledge the probability of a mistake would be looked upon as supremely ridiculous. They and theirs are always all right, and if others had only the sense and honesty to see what is as clear as noonday, it would be a great mercy. What has rather a curious aspect is that the ones who, to all appearance, have the least reason to claim any superfluity either of judgment or of genius are the very persons who are the most active in the work of depreciation and insult. "Oh, he's a miserable little beggar!" "You can't believe a word he says." "Really, you know, he is not worth noticing." Perhaps the whole is wound up with such elegant little phrases as "Nasty little beast!" "The conceit of the creature is beyond all bounds!" or something equally spicy and appropriate. And you open your eyes in wonder and stupefaction, for these are exactly the terms in which others rejoice to characterize or ridicule this or that magnificent oracle, who dismisses to infamy and ruin the objects of his scorn and the subjects of his oratorical scalping-knife. Are all these foul terms absolutely necessary to vigor? Is an opponent sure to be silenced if he is called a "brute?" Will a man have the hardihood to survive after he has been told that he is a "base hound?" And is it perfectly useless to maintain the struggle after some fierce relation of Mr. Jefferson Brick has assured a Cabinet Minister that he is a knave, and more than insinuated that some honorable member is a thief? TRUTH has its doubts about such kind of vigor. It kills none but those who indulge in it, and it does not make political journalism either particularly "high-toned," or particularly effective. Very much the reverse.

What is Due our Children.

All that any parent owes to a child is a good education and a profession. Our offspring have a right to demand that they should be equipped for the battle of life, the only excuse for leaving superfluous wealth being in case any of the family are disqualified for work. The aged parents, the widow and the helpless child should have, at least, means enough to sustain them comfortably; but fortunes left to children have often wrought their ruin. The girl becomes the prey of the fortune hunter, while the young man but too often spends his father's hard earnings in riotous living. What a vast social change it would make, if parents generally realized that they owed nothing to their children but the best possible education and a profession or trade, which is the due of the daughter as well as the son.

Supper for Children's Party.

BEEF TEA.—Cook the beef in a double saucepan or boiler, and strain and serve in cups; it is first prepared by any butcher, by being chopped to a pulp. Salt it a little; serve hot.

TARTLETS.—Make some paste with one white and two yolks of eggs, four ounces of sugar, and six ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, a pound of flour, and a little water; work it lightly, roll it out to the the thickness of a quarter of an inch, line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Use strawberries, cherries, raspberries, or any other small fruit, to fill, after removing the rice; add more sugar; put them in the oven to get quite hot, and serve; or they may be allowed to get quite cold, and so served.

JUMBLES.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of pounded sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two eggs well beaten, five drops of essence of almonds, five drops of essence of nutmeg, well mixed. Break a piece size of walnut, roll it in sugar, and make into rings. Lay them on tins to bake, an inch apart.

ROCK CAKES.—One pound flour, a half pound of butter, a half pound powdered sugar, and a few currants. Mix these ingredients with two well-beaten eggs, and make into small cakes, which drop with roughened tops.

LEMON CAKES.—Three-fourth pounds flour, two ounces butter, rubbed together in a dry state; then add three fourths pound of white sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, and one egg. Bake in small cakes on a tin.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonsful of extract of lemon; dip the cookies in sugar before baking.

LEMON CHEESE-CAKES.—Two lemons (grate the rind and strain the juice), one pound of sugar broken into small lumps, six eggs (leaving out two whites), two ginger biscuits grated, a quarter pound butter. Put these ingredients into a pan, over a slow fire, stir gently until the mixture looks like honey; pour into jars, cover with paper and a lid, or with brandy paper, and keep in a cool place. It will keep good more than twelve months. Make a paste as for tartlets, and use this mixture to fill the patty-pans.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, two and a half cups of flour, two eggs, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Dissolve one-third cake of chocolate, mix with one half cup of the cake, then marble through the whole.

MACCAROONS.—One pound and a quarter of almonds blanched and pounded, with a little rose water added to moisten and flavor them. The whites of three eggs beaten very light, and the sugar stirred in very gradually. Mix all thoroughly together, and drop on clean writing paper. Bake fo about three minutes in a quick oven.

COCOANUT BISCUITS.—Grate two ounces of cocoanut, mix with a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar, and the whites of three eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth. Drop small pieces of this mixture on paper, place in a baking tin, in a slow oven for about ten minutes.

RICE CAKES.—Two ounces ground rice the yolks of three eggs, and the whites of one and a half, a quarter pound lump sugar sifted fine, one-quarter pound butter, which should be melted and poured into a basin, with the rice and sugar alone. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately for a few minutes; then stir in the flour, and mix them all together.

MILK BISCUIT.—One-fourth of a pound of butter, one quart of lukewarm milk, two wine-glasses of yeast, a half a tea-spoonful of salt, with flour enough to make a good firm dough. Stir flour in the milk to make a stiff batter, then add the yeast. Do this at evening. In the morning, after melting the butter stir that in and knead in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Cover it over in a pan and let it rise till perfectly light. Cut out the biscuit, place them in shallow baking-tins, and set them in a warm place to rise. When light enough, pierce the top of each one with a fork; rub the top with the white of an egg if you wish to have them glossy. Bake in a quick oven.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Take a pot of strawberry jelly, add to it one ounce of Cooper's gelatine dissolved in a little milk; then one quart of cream, whipped to a froth; put in a mold, and lay it an ice to set. When wanted dip the mould in hot water, and turn out the cream.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of thick cream and put to it the yolks of two eggs well beaten. four ounces of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up, then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

LEMONADE.—To one ounce of citric acid add the juice of six large lemons, two oranges, and one pound of loaf sugar. This can be put away to keep till wanted. When required, add two quarts of cold water and a cup of currant or raspberry jelly, and serve in thin glass cups with handles.

PREPARING CURRANTS.—To swell the currants for cakes, after they are picked, pour boiling water over them, and let them stand, covered over with a plate for two minutes, drain away the water, throw the currants on to a cloth to dry them, and do not use until they are cool. Or, after being picked and washed, put them on a dish in a cool oven with the doors open; turn about occasionally Sultanas are to be prepared for cakes in the same way.

CELERY SOUP.—Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until it will pass through a sieve. Grate the white part of three heads of celery on a bread-grater; add this to the milk after it has been strained; put it to a quart of strong veal stock; let it boil until the celery is perfectly tender; season with salt and cayenne pepper and serve. If cream is obtainable, substitute one pint for the same quantity of milk.

"Yes," said the captain of the ocean steamship, "we had a very expensive trip this time. Very little sea-sickness; passengers ate frightfully."

The lady medical students at Kingston are determined not to be put down by clamour or rowdyism. They have issued their protest, and stated very fully and very calmly their side of the question. If what they say is correct, and there is little room for doubting that it is, a bad case is made out against both professor and male students. Such laughter is just like them. Some medical students are gentlemen, but a very great number of them are not, and have small prospect of ever becoming such. What the ladies have to do do now, is to state in the plainest of plain Saxon, what were the points on the scunciation most of which these medical Goths cheered and jeered. Was it the reason given for Italian boy singers having all such fine voices? If so, all that we would say about either a professor looking quizzical, or boys or men cheering and laughing over the assertion, is, "You miserable hounds!"

The Mistletoe Bough.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the various retainers were blithe and gay
In keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes seemed to be
A star of the goodly company.
Oh, the Mistletoe Bough.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
And away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan
And Lovell cried, "Oh *where* dost thou hide
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh, the Mistletoe Bough.

They sought her that night,
And they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain,
When a week passed away;
And years flew by, and then at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale, long past;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried
"See the old man weep for his fairy bride."
Oh, the Mistletoe Bough

At length an old chest, that had long lain hid,
They found in the castle, they raised the lid;
And the skeleton form, lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate; in sport of jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
That closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there, in a living tomb.
Oh, the Mistletoe Bough.

Dinner for Eight.

CREAM TOMATO SOUP.—Use knuckle of veal and beef bone for soup. Boil slowly with celery, strain, and add part of can of tomatoes. Cook half an hour. Strain again. Mix one tablespoonful of cracker powder with a cup of cream in a bowl. Add it to some of the soup; mix thoroughly, and pour all back into the pot. Boil a few minutes gently, and serve.

MUTTON CUTLETS WITH FRENCH BEANS.—Cut the cutlets out of a piece of the best end of a neck of mutton. They should be less than half an inch thick, and neatly trimmed, with not too much fat left on them. Give them a few blows with the bat, and grill them on or near the front of the fire, which should be clear and fierce, so that each cutlet be full of juice when cut. Sprinkle with salt, and arrange them in a circle on the dish, overlapping each of them, round a heap of French beans prepared as follows: Boil them in plenty of salted water. When done drain them thoroughly, and toss them in a saucepan for a few minutes with a large piece of butter, add parsely finely minced, a sprinkling of pepper, and the juice of a lemon. Serve with currant jelly.

ROAST DUCK.—Make a light, savory dressing of a few bread crumbs, some butter, a little chopped onion, some thyme, sage, and a little parsley, well seasoned. Cover the breast with thin slices of bacon. One hour will roast a pair of good sized ones. Remove the bacon fifteen minutes before taking from the oven.

SNOW PUDDING.—Soak half box of Cooper's gelatine in a pint of cold water in a deep pan, then let it stand fifteen minutes, then set on the range till it is hot without boiling, then take it off, let it cool a little and beat to a stiff froth, with two and a half cups of pulverized sugar and the juice of four lemons. The whites of the eggs are to be mixed with the beaten gelatine, then all beaten together for half an hour and put in moulds to harden. Take the three yolks of the eggs, and a quart of milk, to be made in a thin custard, and flavor with the grated peel of one lemon, to be used as a sauce for the pudding, or rich cream may be poured over instead.

CORN STARCH CREAM PUDDING.—Three pints of milk, two large tablespoonsful of corn starch, the yolks of three eggs, nearly a teacup of fine white sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla, large pinch of salt. Separate the whites from the yolks, and keep in a cool place till the pudding is done. *Beat* the eggs and milk together, but don't let it boil until the corn starch and sugar have been put in, and be sure and let it be cooked enough, then make a stiff meringue and put over the pudding, and set it in a *warm* not *hot* oven, and let it slightly brown. *To be eaten cold.—Ellen's Receipt.*

PLUM PUDDINGS.—One and a half pounds of suet, same quant