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ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY
BY THE
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Temple Building, Montreal, Que.

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VOL. I. MONTREAL, MAY 10, 1890. No. 6

AN estimable contemporary is anxiously seeking a cure for that most indescribably awful and awfully indescribable malady, the "blues." Its editor, who evidently enjoys a large personal acquaintance with the commodity, has appealed to his readers for help; but so far he has received nothing but the assurance that thousands of his fellow-creatures are eagerly with him in his search for a remedy.

The problem is a very serious one. This great big world, just at present recovering from a woful attack of "the grip," has a more deadly enemy still unconquered. Even the doctors are of no service against it, for, alas! the "blues" are not fatal, and the only relief which medicine-mongers bring is therefore sought in vain. Which of us knows nothing of the interesting sensation? The sunniest mortal "gets there" once in a while. And then, eh! what a thing is life! How changed everything seems when viewed through those horrid "blue" spectacles. Our erstwhile joys take on a sober hue, and our woes grow doubly dark. We can see no good in anything, and less than none in ourselves. Friends try to cheer us, but we won't have it. The sun shines, the dewdrop glistens, flowers send out their heavenly fragrance, music fills the air, children's laughter ripples round us, but the bright message which all bring jars on our disordered nerves. We are deaf to their silent appeal. We have the blues. That ends it.

And what's it all about? Well, there are two kinds of "blues," transient and chronic. The former can usually be easily accounted for. That indefinable stomachic conglomeration which you went through last night under the name of "dinner" is probably responsible for yours, my friend. Those nocturnal struggles with monstrous terrapins, hideous lobsters and fiendish-looking salads are having their depressing sequel. But you will soon recover

and be ready for another of the same. Or you, gloomy reader, have perhaps been disappointed in a fond delusion—love, or something else. Heart-sick mourner, relief is nigh. Another girl will soothe you, or a kindred ambition be realised. Or perhaps you have a bad conscience. Get rid of it, not the conscience, but the "bad," and your blues will evanesce.

But blues which result from causes thus easily diagnosed are nothing to "blues" blues, blues which come and go, especially the former. Their cause is much more mysterious. Have you ever tried to discover it, spectated pessimist? Better for you if you haven't. The less you think about the disease the speedier the cure. But the chances are you have. And your search has been in vain. Perhaps you blame your liver. Perhaps your liver is to blame. But our innocent livers are held responsible for a woful amount, and ourselves—the livers—for far too little. Eat less and exercise more, and things will take a brighter hue. Perhaps you blame this unsatisfactory world which cannot satisfy the cravings of your ambitious spirit. Just stop denouncing this unsatisfactory world, if you please, and try to make it a little more satisfactory. Or perhaps yours are physical blues, dependent on the weather, or your health, or circumstances similarly beyond your control. If so, fight the grim fiends to the death. Stick pins in yourself until you laugh with ticklish delight, rather than yield for a second to their tempting misery.

And, last but not least, when you have the blues, transient or chronic, and want a cure, don't think about your liver or your misery, don't take anti-bilious pills or put your feet in hot water, but just read SUNBEAMS. If it won't help you, yours is a hopeless case.

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