

## THE ANTIDOTE

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### \*OUR PRIZE LIST\*

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

### CAST LOOSE.

The above were the words we heard the other day, as one of our ocean steamers was leaving the wharf on her voyage to England. There were a large number of passengers, and several along with ourselves, had been bidding adieu to friends and relations. The scene had been a busy one, for the steamer had been taking in cargo and baggage up to the moment of starting. Barrels of flour, and bundles of hay were hauled from the wharf and lowered into the for'ard hold, while boxes and trunks of all sizes and shapes were hurried on to the deck, to be stowed away at leisure later on. Finally the bell for shore was sounded; the last kisses and hand grips were given; "God bless you dear" or "Goodbye old fellow" was said and maybe a few tears were dropped, for though the ship was staunch, such partings are never pleasant and then those who came to say "bon voyage" were on the pier, and the gangways cleared. Over the last plank the stevedore's men came, literally tumbling on the top of one another in their haste, and causing the sailors considerable amusement. The latter would shake the plank when those crossing it were about mid-way, which made it appear as though the board was slipping from the steamer's side, and consequently the retreat was turned into an absolute flight, till the men sprawling on the wharf were greeted with a roar of laughter from the crew on the fo'castle.

The last man ashore, the officer in command gives the word "Let go!" and the hawsers which bind the ship to land are slackened, the tug shoots ahead, tightening the cable fastened to the steamer's bow, so that the big vessel slowly turns outwards; one after another of the cables are hauled on board until the last remains, when the cry "Cast Loose!" rings sharp and clear, and in an instant the great liner is free from her moorings. Hats and handkerchiefs are waved, smiles and shouts struggle with dim eyes and a tightened throat for the mastery and the voyage of nearly three thousand miles has begun.

"Shall we ever see them again?" we ask ourselves, as the mighty steamer sped down the river, and moralizing with the license permitted to old fogies, we thought of another voyage which we shall all take some day, and when the Great Captain will issue the order to "Cast Loose!" the last hawser, which holds us to the shores of time, and we leave for the far-off port of eternity. When that moment arrives friends, may our ship be stout, strong and well victualled, so that those left behind, though their hearts be sad for awhile will feel that ere long they will join us where there are no more partings, when they too hear the words "Cast Loose!"

### CHARACTER SKETCHES.

#### NO. 19. OUR METHODOCAL MAN.

Our Methodical Man, as his name implies, performs every action of his life upon a fixed method, and his routine year after year never varies. He rises at a certain hour, breakfasts exactly at the same time every day, and proceeds to his place of business, where he arrives each morning, say at nine o'clock precisely. He takes half-an-hour, never more or less for his luncheon, and, we need hardly add, leaves his office every afternoon exactly at the same minute, dining at half-past six, and retiring to rest at a quarter before eleven, night after night. You may, with perfect confidence, set your watch by his movements, which are more regular than any clock in the city, for the latter may get out of order, but he never!

We believe "Our Methodical Man" prays, kisses his wife and children, dresses and undresses himself, all according to rules as unchangeable as the laws of Medes and Persians. He leaves for his annual holiday on the first day of August and returns on the fifteenth of that month without any alteration every year, and we never heard of his going to any other church but his own. His furniture and books in his house are arranged, as though they were so many business documents filed away for reference. His clothes are always of the same cut and pattern, suited of course to the particular season, and we are willing to lay a heavy wager, that he was never known to take off or put on his spectacles at a different time one night or morning to another. Nothing irritates him so much as something being in its wrong place, except somebody being late for an appointment.

A disorderly person or room is annoying and distracting, but to live with Our Methodical Man can only remind one of a prison or a lunatic asylum where meals are eaten and exercises and rest, both spiritual and temporal, are taken at fixed hours, the monotony of which must be nothing short of horrible.

When Our Methodical Man dies we can fancy him taking leave of his family and friends in the proper manner and order, and we hope on going aloft (for he is not a bad man) he will find the cherubim and seraphim with their hymn books, each at his or her right desk, otherwise we fear it will be no heaven for him.

Mr. John M. Cassils, Jr., son of Mr. John Cassils, of Shaw, Cassils & Co., has arrived home from a sojourn at Denver, Colorado, and his family are rejoiced to note a great improvement for the better since his return. He has been able to drive out every day lately, and he holds quite a levee from day to day in the number of friends calling to see him.

A bachelor citizen whose nativity dates from early in the forties should be cautioned by his friends, if he have any, to seek some other place for his tryst with a pretty nursemaid than the vestibule of the house she is employed in on St. Catherine street, west.