

REVENGE.

"And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"—Shylock.

It has often been said that revenge is sweet, and some of our greatest authors have endeavored to idealize the attribute, and invest it with the bright garment of justice. But the cloven-hoof shows itself underneath the cloak, attempt to hide it ever so well, just as the assine hee! haw! betrays the long-eared wearer of the lion's skin. Revenge is one of the meanest and most degrading of human passions, being the exact opposite of that which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." We are not referring to the reprisal in hot blood, when smarting under a wound, mental or bodily, you strike back on the spur of the moment, but to that revenge, which is nursed long after the injury has been inflicted, and waits, watching stealthily, for the opportunity to repay evil with evil, maintaining that it is weak and undignified to overlook, or allow a wrong to go unpunished. This is the revenge, which warps and demeans a man's better nature, and is no more to be confounded with just punishment, than is "lawful mercy kin to foul redemption." Punishment is intended to benefit the recipient and as a warning to others, but the revenge we speak of is simply a selfish gratification of hatred, administered for the purpose of personal injury, with no ulterior or nobler end in view. Taken even upon the lower ground of policy, and we shall find that revenge never stifled enmity, but on the contrary always feeds and increases it, for as Shylock exclaimed, "the villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Say that a man has played you a shabby trick, or done you a cruel wrong, which later on, you have a chance of retaliating in his own coin, as it is called, are you going to belittle yourself by descending to his level? You despised him for his action, and yet how can you imitate him without losing your own self-respect?

If we would only think of this, and remember that revenge is only worthy of the untamed, untutored savage, we should banish it from our breasts, for as Lady Elizabeth Carew beautifully expresses it:

"The fairest action of our human lives
Is scorning to resent an injury."

Do you wish to insure your life or your property? All of the companies whose advertisements appear in the columns of "The Antidote," are thoroughly reliable.

Montreal and Western Railway Company.

On Saturday last, the 9th instant, we were honored with an invitation to attend the formal opening of the above line, which runs from St. Jerome to St. Agath, and in spite of the unpropitious weather had no occasion to regret our acceptance of the hospitality afforded us. The President, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, was unavoidably absent, but the Vice, Mr. Desjardins, Messrs. Rolland, Beemer, Brennan, and the other directors all accompanied the expedition, and we were also favored with the presence of the Hon. Mr. Ouimet, the Federal Minister of Public Works, who together with Mr. Nantel, occupying the like position for the Province of Quebec, lent a lustre to the proceedings, and were both well qualified to speak to the advantage (from a National as well as a Provincial standpoint) of the new line running for some forty miles through a fertile country which it will assist to populate.

The rain poured in torrents at starting and remained with us during the greater portion of the day, but failed to damp the spirits of the party. In passing the St. Dennis Boulevards, with the large placards marked "Lots for sale," we could not help thinking that they referred to water for the land was entirely inundated.

The Montreal and Western leaving St. Jerome passes through some very choiced scenery, consisting of wooded hills rising from valleys of rich pasture and farming plots, the beauty of the landscape being enhanced by the lovely North River interspersed with water falls and lakes which would provide sport for the followers of Izak Walton.

Speeches were made at St. Saver, St. Agath, and St. Jerome, of an appropriate nature, setting forth the benefits of the railway to the country at large as well as to each place in particular. The stations were all tastefully decorated with trees and flags, the tints of the latter presenting a contradiction, since the rain had caused the colors to run violently into one another, and yet for this very reason they could not be termed "fast" colors. A cold luncheon was provided at St. Agath on a substantial scale with an impartial regard to the tastes of both teetotallers and those who preferred the sparkling champagne, frothy lager, or something else. On reaching St. Jerome on the return journey, we found a banquet prepared at the hotel to which ample justice was done and at which the ceremony of decorating some of the guests, with a buttonhole of roses, was performed by the pretty daughters of the landlord, "The Antidote" being one of the favored ones, but the kiss we stole from the maiden, will be remembered long after the flow-

ers have faded. Frown not, oh reader, the little damsel was but nine years of age, and so the proceeding was quite innocent and proper.

Of course there was the man, there always is, on such occasions, who had promised his wife to be home in Montreal at seven o'clock in the evening, and as the banquet was not over before midnight he kept his promise in the manner such men usually do.

In conclusion the affair was well conceived, admirably conducted, and capitally carried out, and we trust the future of the Montreal and Western Railway Company in all its aims will meet with a similar success.



Home-Made Delicacies.

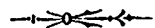
Broiled Saguenay Salmon.—About an inch is the proper thickness to cut the slices; dry them with a cloth, put salt on them, and lay them skin side down on a gridiron over hot coals, and serve with sliced lemons.

Fresh mackerel should cook for five minutes after coming to a boil. Egg sauce or cream sauce with green parsley or stewed gooseberries.

A Quick Drink.—Take a glass of sherry, a small bit of mint, and some sugar to taste, mix together in a tumbler, add some powdered ice, and then pour on it a pint of cider, drink it when it effervesces. Half the quantity will generally be found enough, or the ingredients may be divided into two glasses, unless you have a soda water glass.

To Keep Lemons.—Keep them in cold water, change every week. This also adds to the juice.

Meats and Their Accompaniments.—Roast Lamb, mint sauce. Roast Beef, horse-radish. Roast Mutton, currant jelly. Boiled Chicken, egg sauce.



WOMAN IN PROVERBS.

A gossiping woman talks about everybody and everybody talks about her.

Women are wise on a sudden and fools on reflections.

A foolish woman is known by her finery.

A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer.

Miss A. of Sherbrooke Street exclaimed to Mr. K. of Dorchester Street, who is a sour old bachelor: What a great many weddings took place in June.

"Yes," replied he. "the month has been noted for marriages and other disasters."

The weather prophet seems to be carrying water on both shoulders and spilling it all the time.