

## THE EDITOR'S FILE.

Several clippings have lately found their way to the file, from across the border, which is not only satisfactory, in proving that "The Antidote" is gradually extending its circulation, but is much pleasanter and more neighborly than retaliation. Some of our lady subscribers may inform the Editor that the said clippings are "just lovely," while others will describe them as "sweet" both of which compliments on the selections, would make the Editor feel happy for the success of a family paper, depends largely upon the fair beings who rule the household.

It is true one lady to whom some of the clippings were shown observed with stinging sarcasm, that she had already read the originals, but then she was one in ten thousand, and forgot that the remaining nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine had not her advantages. "Neither a lender nor a borrower be," can hardly be applied to knights of the pen; but rather the motto "Exchange (properly accredited of course) is no robbery." By easy transition from clippings we pass to translations, one of which—from the French—was given to our readers last week. Miss Isabel Smithson is well known in the New York literary world as a never translator, her great charm being, that she renders into readable modern English, the language and ideas of the author whose writing she translates, in which there is more art than people are apt to imagine. A mere literal translation will generally present a stiff unnatural composition, which neither does justice to the author of the original, nor pleases the reader, but Miss Smithson does not do her work in this school girl fashion. Without in the least destroying the nationality of the original, she gives you a story told in the English the author himself would have used, had he been perfect master of that language and written in it in place of his own, which is what a translation ought to be. When such reach the file, the Editor's rest is tranquil and undisturbed.

We shouldn't despise the day of small things, Galileo's first telescope was made of a piece of lead pipe with two spectacle glasses for lenses.

## BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Some of the pleasantest meetings occur between the acts in a theatre, and although we have heard those about us, complaining that the interval was too long, we have seldom found it so, but always managed to make good use of the time. In former days may be, there was a certain fan in a box or stall, over which a pair of bright eyes would flash the signal to us—answered promptly of course—and we shall never, never, forget the ecstasy of the ensuing five minutes! We receive fan signals no longer, and the eyes so bright have faded, but a decorous bow, accompanied with a smile, will still claim our attention, and when the drop scene falls, we trot off in response to the invitation and chat over the times when Charles Mathews acted "Cool as a Cucumber," or old Chippendale stood forth as Sir Peter Teazle. "How many years ago was that?" is asked in whispered accents. "Madam," is our reply, "gazing at our reflection in the mirror it was about half a century since but looking at you, it would seem only yesterday." And then we watch a young fellow, making his way to a damsel just as we used to do, so that when the footlights are turned up, we almost feel annoyed, that our dream is dispelled.

In the real drama of life, there are occasional halts, which resemble between the acts, when we rest for a while, and have our attention diverted from the piece in progress. Perhaps something sad has happened upon the true stage, the loss of fortune, a dear friend, or relation, and just when you are bowed down with sorrow, the scene is blotched out, and you are given relief. No doubt you are aware that the play must be continued, and that the respite is short, but you are thankful for the brief space between acts. Again it is well for us to learn now and then, that the most sunny life has its shady corners and we must not be too selfishly interested in our own drama (however light and sparkling), and thus as the drop descends your doctor's wife beckons to you, and relates how, while the house was in a roar of laughter, her husband had been summoned to one suddenly stricken down in his home.

Yes, whatever the piece, or our life may be, tragedy or comedy, we need not grumble but be grateful that the thread is here and there interrupted. Let us make the most of those little interludes, cheer or condole with our friends leave a pleasant impression behind us, for it will not be long before there are no more stoppages, when the dark curtain falls and we all go home.

## CHARACTER SKETCHES.

## NO. 10 OUR UNLUCKY MAN.

There are many who maintain that there is no such thing as "luck," and that a man makes or mars his fortunes, by his own intrinsic merits or demerits. While we are not prepared to deny that there is a certain amount of truth in this assertion it is not the whole truth, and as we have known many who without more than ordinary ability sometimes even less, seem always to succeed, where others more deserving fail, so there are men, who in spite of sound sense, perseverance and integrity appear doomed to flounder among the shallows and quicksands of life, and the "tide" which is said to "lead on to fortune" only buoys them up for a time, when an under current sets in, and dashes them back again. Our unlucky man is one of these last, and there is a kind of pathos in his history, which makes it impossible for us to judge him harshly. When we made the acquaintance of our unlucky man, he was in a good position, having just been made a partner in a mercantile house, he had served faithfully for years. He was sober, energetic and industrious, well informed upon the subjects of the day and clever in his business. After a year or two, the firm failed through the speculations of his partners on the opposite side of the globe, and our unlucky man was forced to start his career afresh. His friends found him a fairly lucrative appointment but the firm sold out, and his services were no longer required. He tried various things but always with similar results, and as he began to age, his hope and energy flagged to a certain extent, besides which some of his former friends died or removed to other cities, and he gradually sank a little below his former standing in the world.