

## THE ANTIDOTE

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### UNEVENNESS IN WRITING.

We have often heard it remarked that it is strange a certain author is so uneven or unequal in his productions. In our opinion it would be a great deal more wonderful if this were not case, for it would be simply implying that the author was more than mortal. A man cannot be always either mentally or physically, at his best, and if something goes wrong with the machinery of his mind or body, such is almost as surely to be transmitted to the medium, through which he makes his thoughts public, as a fault in the lens will cause a blur upon the photograph. The troubles of the mind may be said to act directly upon the author's pen, just as the sufferings of the body will have an indirect influence, for it is an undeniable axiom that "Mens sana in corpore sano."

Respecting the direct action we can recall the time when a celebrated author wrote a very bitter and savage chapter in a well known novel, where he advises his readers to hide their feelings, in order to travel comfortably through life, or better still, he goes on, have no feelings at all. The author afterwards in a private letter admitted the virulence of the said chapter, which he said was penned at the period of a great domestic affliction. There was the secret Neither the publishers nor public could wait and the author had to work with the har-

ness "rubbing the raw." Was it any wonder that he metaphorically kicked over the traces?

Take the works of the immortal dramatist and the inequality is palpable for we have difficulty in believing that the same hand wrote both "Hamlet" and "Troilus and Cressida," or "As you like it" and "The Comedy of Errors." Indeed there are some who argue that many of the plays attributed to Shakspeare could not have been written by him, because they are not worthy of the genius which shines through his other works, but this argument does not stand the test of experience.

Thus even with a simple paper like "The Antidote" the numbers may not all be equally pleasing, since with a twinge of the gout, it is well nigh impossible to crack a good tempered joke or to view the world in a philosophical spirit. We may endeavour to stifle the pain, but there it is, and the pen splutters and will not run smoothly. We glance over the printed copy, exclaiming "Oh the rheumatism seized us there," or perhaps the taxes had come in so that "post equitem sedet atra cura," or may be—but enough has been said to warrant the remarks concerning unevenness in writing.

### GRACEFUL LAZINESS.

Although it may appear at the first blush somewhat like splitting straws, nevertheless there is a decided difference between graceful laziness and lazy grace. The former—to define more distinctly what we mean—refers to repose, the latter to movement. We often say a man has a kind of lazy grace in all his actions and if we desire to bestow very high praise liken him to Apollo, but we must turn to the other sex, and call up Venus, when we seek a model for graceful laziness. We trust our readers will now see the distinction we are endeavouring to convey. Men show to the best advantage, in action; women are often most beautiful in repose.

There is nothing attractive about a lazy man, and when he becomes such, he degenerates into a loafer, for whom we feel either loathing or contempt. When he throws himself down on the

turf there is nothing of grace in his posture, and seeing him thus, the inclination which rises uppermost in your mind is to spurn him with your foot.

How different it is with a woman, who is often most perfectly graceful when she is most utterly lazy. We have frequently admired a lady reclining in a laudau a picture of beauty, whereas a man in the same position would only strike you as an awkward lout. Is it the dress which creates this difference? Not altogether, for we have seen both sexes in the East where neither is over-laden with superfluous clothing, and yet even there a woman will be graceful in laziness, but a man never.

The fact must be confessed that it is only a woman who can be gracefully lazy, and it is an art we cannot hope to compete in. Action is our forte, and a man can run with grace, which is more than a woman can do, in spite of the fable of Atalanta and the apple. It is true we have known good feminine riders and lawn tennis players, and have admired them in both past-times, but in each, we of the sterner sex can rival them, but there is a charm in their laziness all their own, which was fully appreciated by Byron in the poem, we will not name, when he wrote

"Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy  
"Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy?"

You may talk of a brisk, energetic man, and we will agree with you in meting out his praise, but for a woman give us one who is perfect in repose.

### FULLY EXPLAINED.

"I wonder why it is," said old Tope to his wife, "that women prefer drowning and men shooting in case of suicide."

"I suppose," she replied, as she thoughtfully contemplated his nose, that it is because men hate water so."—From the Detroit Free Press.

### OF SUITABLE MATERIAL.

Dancing Master—I want to look at some nice shoes for dancing.

Shoe Man—Yes sir, here you are, a nice pair of kangaroo skin shoes—and you know, sir, for hops the kangaroo can't be beaten.—From the Chicago Inter Ocean.