

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.

FROM HOPE

TO REMEMBRANCE.

Hope is the distinguishing attribute of youth, as Remembrance is of age. Of course we are speaking of mundane things, since our sermons are of this world, though we trust, not altogether worldly. When we talk of looking forward we confine ourselves, to the limits bounded, by the portals through which we must all pass, and beyond which no "Antidote" will be required on the one hand, or of any use on the other.

There are some, whose lives, having fallen in pleasant places, seem to glide imperceptibly into age, and with whom a little hope is intermingled, for a space, with the fast increasing remembrance. But the day, more or less defined, comes to all of us, when we dwell upon events, which have taken place, instead of on those which may happen. To make our meaning clearer, let us drop into an assemblage of young men, and listen to their conversation. We shall find them discussing the future, the cricket or rowing matches, which are to come off, or the battles to be fought, either on the field, whether military, mercantile, or professional; in short they are gazing ahead, with all the ardour of youth, and their pleasure, consists to a large extent in anticipation. They speak joy-

ously of what they intend doing, this year, or next, for hope is their watchword. Then let us pass into a room full of old fogies, and all this is changed. Now we hear of past triumphs, and as the gray-haired veterans, sip their wine, they love to recall the time, when they too were young, and the blood coursed quickly through their veins. They laugh over the frolics of days gone forever, but the remembrance of which is still delightful. When the young man marries, he looks forward to the happiness in store for him, with children growing up round him, and the girl he has chosen; whereas the old fellow, at the wedding breakfast, thinks of the first kiss he gave long ago, to the lady with silver locks beside him. The toast of the ensign, going into action, is, "To our next merry meeting," that of the general of a hundred fights, "Auld lang syne."

This difference between youth and age has existed, and always will, and whenever we meet with one, who tells you for the most part, of occurrences in past years, and maintains that life is not what it used to be, the girls not half as pretty, nor the plays so well acted, we know in that case, that our friend is growing old. It is not necessary that this descent into age should be sad, for that depends upon how we have made use of the talents entrusted to us, and after a fairly well spent life, we are inclined to think, that there is fully as much pleasure, in the remembrance, as ever there was, in the hope. The latter is occasionally delusive, the apples which look so fair turn to ashes, as we clutch them, but remembrance is no such will o' the wisp, it is our very own and if it brings no shame or remorse, is a happiness of which no one can deprive us. A fine sunset may remind us of a good life; a halo of glory shines forth as the last milestone is reached.

We may close our illustration with the lines translated from the Persian, thus:

"Tree in thy mother's arms a new born child
I saw, weeping when all around thee smil'd;
So live, that when in thy last long sleep
Smiles shall be thine when all around thee weep."

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

"Kick him! kick him! He's down, and has no friends!"

These were the sounds, (in imagination at least), which roused the Editor, upon one occasion, from a nightmare. He had been dreaming of some poor wretch who had slipped, and fallen in the mire, where he lay bleeding, and bespattered with filth. A passer-by—so the Editor dreamt—attempted to throw a cloak over the wounded man, to screen him from the public gaze, but several of the bystanders, having the forms of men, but with the heads and beaks of vultures, tore aside the charitable cloak, and screaming forth the words given above; accompanied with kicks, while they pecked with their bills, and gloated over their victim.

On awakening the Editor put his own interpretation upon his dream, and could not help thinking, that there are a few vulture-headed men among us, who, when one is down and friendless, set to work to trample on him. Misfortune with such carrion, is always a crime, and the amount of mock virtue they assume in punishing the victim is very edifying! Every kick, they pretend, is to point a moral, as though the world was half blind, and could not see the moral, unless so illustrated.

But there are other things besides failures, which our vultures exult over. Do you not recollect that unlucky affair of Mr. Smart and Mrs. Spangle, which had much better have been covered, as well as hushed up, yet was torn to shreds in the interest of morality! Out upon such morality! the Editor exclaims, as he pushes aside the nauseous dish, and would like to wake from the nightmare. Let us remember St. Paul's sermon on charity, and not be one of those who kick a man when he is down.

So the Editor consigned to the oblivious basket a small communication which brought back the foregoing dream to his memory.

CHICAGO ENTERPRISE.

It is proposed to produce an automatic machine from which, by placing a penny in the slot, one can obtain a policeman when required.