

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.

ENJOYMENT.

A friend of ours asked us the other day, whether we thought there was the same amount of enjoyment, or recreation, compared with the business of life, now as formerly, and we were obliged to answer in the negative. This we did with a regret, which was entirely separate and distinct from the fact, that we had passed the meridian of our journey here below, and therefore personally no longer had the same zest for mere physical enjoyment as formerly. Apart from this necessary accompaniment of falling into the scar and yellow leaf, we are convinced, that in these rushing days of cablegrams and telegrams, there is not the same amount of leisure as there used to be, or in other words, we have not the time to indulge in that delightful rest we were accustomed to revel in, between the arrivals of the fortnightly or even weekly mail steamers. Half a century ago, or even less, business was looked upon as a duty, which certainly had to be performed, but it was not the whole aim and end of one's existence, as it is at present. Men took things more easily then, and at the end of a day's journey, did not enquire with anxious faces, of the bustling hotel clerk, for telegrams, but would quietly adjourn to the bar parlor for a chat with the buxom landlady or sprightly maid. All these charming amenities of travel, in which we include the landlady and her maid, have entirely passed

away, (except in one or two very old fashioned, and out of the way places,) and everything is sacrificed to business.

We live faster and get through more in a month, than our fathers did in twelve, and yet we are very sure that for solid enjoyment, the picture must be reversed. A few months back, the head of a New York financial concern, informed us that for a week he had not had the time to eat his dinner! Such an observation thirty or forty years ago, would have only been thought worthy of an infinite of bedlam.

Our very enjoyments nowadays have imbibed the high pressure speed which permanates our business, and therefore lose more than half their pleasure; we hurry through our existence and have no time for any but the briefest halts.

There are our annual holidays it is true, that is for most of us, but the remainder of the year is, what Mr. Mantalini called "a demd horrid grind," for which we confess we see no remedy, since unless we move with the crowd and hustle, so to speak, we shall find ourselves left behind in the race, but none the less do we maintain that much of the calm placid enjoyment in simple existence such as our fathers had, has passed away, as irrevocably as the stage coaches, which would bring us to a resting place. Now we look for no real rest, until the business of our life is over.

MAUDLIN SENTIMENT.

We do not think we can better describe maudlin sentiment, than by calling it honest feeling, which has so far forgotten itself as to become intoxicated, and staggers in an unseemly manner as it sheds tears, that are as ridiculous as they are false and disgusting. It has in truth put an enemy in its mouth which has stolen away its brains, and resembles the maudlin drunkard, who weeps over the loss of friends and position, brought about by his own follies and vices.

Maudlin sentiment appears to be inherent in many, who confuse it with the feeling of mercy for the sinner or the fool, when at best it is but a spurious imitation of such, and bad at that. This sentiment, we regret to state, is fed and fostered by many of

the journals on this side of the Atlantic, which are in the habit of giving a portrait of some wretch guilty of a heinous crime, generally adding a sketch of his life, thereby exciting an interest in the career of one, who is simply a vulgar criminal, undeserving of any notice outside the ordinary records of the police or law courts. If he be a murderer in the first degree and condemned to suffer the extreme penalty, then the more cold blooded and cruel the murder, the more minute are the particulars given of his last days and hours. Affecting interviews with his wife or family are related; how he bore himself after the sentence was pronounced, and so forth, until if you read that he was calm and resigned to his fate, you almost wonder whether you are not perusing the last moments of a hero or a martyr, and the maudlin sentiment is harrowed to the utmost, if you are told in pathetic words that, on ascending the scaffold, he remarked in a clear distinct voice "he was going to meet his Savior." If the sentiment were not in a reeling maudlin state, would not this blasphemous confidence of the red-handed brute strike you as positively nauseous? And soon after the drop has fallen, the recent sentiment sobers up, so to speak, the mock tears are dried, and we admit that the scoundrel deserved his fate.

Again we have observed before now, that when an accident occurs, the result of headstrong folly, by which the lives of the foolish ones are lost, that photographs of those who wrought the destruction are framed and placed before the public, as though the act had been one of heroism and the actors therein worthy of immortal fame! It is, we think, a trifle fulsome to put a special mark of honor upon those who have simply done what it was their duty to do, but to crown folly with a hero's wreath is only maudlin sentiment.

There are plenty of noble deeds which may call forth our honest admiration, many a life that offers us a bright example to be engraved in the annals of, either public or private history, without our debauching our feelings over crime or folly.