

## THE ANTIDOTE

IS Published every Saturday at the offices, 171 and 173 St. James Street Montreal. It is issued by the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE plant and machinery, in time for the evening suburban trains. Personal inquiries may be made of the proprietor or Louis H. Boulé. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stationers and newsdealers, in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. Johns, Kingson, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 171 & 173 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches. Published by M. S. FOLY at the above address. L. H. BOULÉ, Editor.

### \*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.

### MUSICAL MARTYRDOM.

A man who has no music in himself, sends us the following contribution for our musical column:—

When Music, heavenly maid, was young did she practise many hours a day? Did she train her fingers gymnastically with scales, and shakes, and exercises? or five notes; and did she plod through the bars and tollsome fantasias, repeating them through weeks, a dozen times together, until at last the patient process had achieved the crown of success and she could take the allegro; and, for the matter of that the andantes too, at a fast prestissimo? And did she have next-door neighbours?

In our days there are many maidens, young, and doubtless heavenly, who are perseveringly flattening their finger-tips with a view to becoming musical. They pursue their art of measured sounds ascetically, not to gratify a taste but to perform a duty. Left to their own instinctive aspirations, they would have been as likely to wish to learn bricklaying or instrumental music, but they, or their parents for them, know the moral proprieties, and therefore they set themselves to fulfil one of the chief purposes to which Nature has destined them and acquire the womanly virtue of playing the piano. The better the girl the longer she practices, Miss Goodenough just passes muster with an hour a day. Miss Wellbred takes rank as a pattern young lady with three, but Miss Nonesuch, with five, established her reputation as a glory and hope on her sex. The writer has known two Miss Nonesuches whose merit was quoted in each case as immeasurable enhanced by the fact that

the persevering votary of this "forceful art" was deficient in ear for music, and had no taste for it. One of them succeeded and became, for an amateur, quite a dexterous pianist, particularly neat in her fingering; the other, perverted by inclination for drawing and for lawn tennis, fell away after only two years' diligence, and by that instability lost more than all the ground she had gained during her period of melodious martyrdom. It was absurd of her to plead that her two years' hard work had not enabled her to play any one of her "pieces" correctly and in time; if she played so badly there was all the more need for practising. Putting aside any recollection of personal sufferings of our own, of chromatic ascensions across the way of which each note seemed hammered into our aching heads, of bluettes and pences, and rains of pearls and roses and stars, and all things droppable and drippable on the piano, setting our brains in a watery whirl, as we painfully try to write or read and not to hear of glib perpetual waltzes and too familiar "short tunes and long tunes" forcing themselves like old acquaintances defiant of "not-at-homes," through our unwilling ears and churning on inside our heads when we want to write our ideas on the canal question, or our recondite treatise on political economy—putting aside all subjective considerations, we must needs revere these martyrs to duty, who are to be found in every Canadian home and swarm across the way. What they do they do because it is right. They do not know why they ought to give a large part of their young lives to a protracted attempt at mastering a craft which requires a rare and special talent not belonging to them; they only know that it is their vocation. Like Tennyson's linnets, they do but sing because they must, but their's is not the linnets' unreasoning self-indulgent must, it is the "must" of the civilized being, obedient to conscience and with the conscience obedient to public opinion. The taunt sometimes levelled at them, that they seek and value musical acquirements as a means of winning a husband, is one which, in nineteen cases out of twenty at the least, is undeserved. Girls who consciously go to work to get married, know very well that a well-placed sigh is worth fifty sonatas and that no amount of major or minor trilling can win a triumph over a rival who, though a dunce at the music-book, is an expert in smiles and dropped eyelids. The patent fact that so many women leave off music after their marriage, is no proof of their skill or no-skill having been attained with ulterior motives. Other duties arise and

multiply, life has become too hurried and too full of much small business for piano playing as a duty, and the achievement has never been like the craft of the true musician, a necessity of nature—very likely not a recreation.

### THE EDITOR'S FILE.

Our brief summer is about over, and the Editor catches sight of the familiar faces on his rounds—the familiarity thereof, be it understood, by no means breeding contempt—he observes once more the dainty feet tripping over the sidewalks, to which they have been strangers for two or three months, and his heart is filled with joy. Only a short time back he sang (in spirit at any rate) "Some day, some day, etc.," and lo! the day has arrived, and the oft remembered, never forgotten smile, again casts sunshine over his path, as he takes his afternoon constitutional. In other words, the ladies are returning to town from the seaside and country, where there has been "youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm," and now with roses on their cheeks, and renewed health, they come to brighten Montreal with their presence. How many hearts during their absence canoeing or bathing, they have slaughtered, it would be monotonous to record, —the Editor's seat of affection has been killed scores of times, and is still susceptible to Cupid's arrow—but everyone will surely welcome the dear charmers back to their homes. St. Catherine street will once more be a gay promenade, and Sherbrooke street no longer a howling wilderness. King Solomon, whose acquaintance with the fair sex, was both varied and numerous, has stated that "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance" and arguing by induction, many merry hearts have returned to our city.

Still, the holidays have been spent, and as work resumes its sway, "The Antidote" will be needed more than ever. On the file are several short stories to be given the reader on the speedy completion of the present serial and nothing will be left undone to make the paper attractive, so that in the year's fall, we may look for "The Antidote's" rise.

### THE "ANTIDOTE" SCORES ONE.

Sir Edwin Arnold who has passed many years in India has endorsed "The Antidote's" opinion with regard to quarantining cholera. He uses the self-same words as Miss Florence Nightingale quoted in our article of the 6th ulto., saying "you cannot quarantine cholera."