4THE ANTIDOTE*

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OUR ACQUAINTANCES. (2)

The process of accommodation described in our issue of last week under this caption, may be, if not the most injurious, the most weakening where the least complete. There are men who having submitted to it for peace's sake, or, as they may have thought for duty's sake, have never been able to adapt themselves completely to the intellectual conditions they accept. They are conscious of two minds within them, their own and their neighbor's, and, earnestly bent on reconciling the two, they cultivate the logic of compromise and train themselves and those who come under their influence, to the unsatisfying and often painful art of conscience for conscience's cheating sake.

There are men, too, who can live in quiet in the bondage of old acquaintances, or in any other social bondage, by professing all they are called on to profess and doing all that which is prescribed and proper fort hem, while they keep their dissent from the manner of their lives a secret, shared perhaps with one or two trusty friends with whom they can have the relief of free expression. But these are merely dishonest: "non ragionam di lcr."

The fact that no one can do his level best until he has got away from the trammels of old acquaintanceship is much more recognized by deed than by word. It is not because there is no sphere for his ability in his native town or village that the youth of promise selects his career in some other; it is because in the new place he will start free. The attraction of the large city for the country bred genius, in love with green meadows and the song of birds, is not the society and the resources, but the independence it offers him. He knows that in the city and its concourse of people, is the quickening centre of the life of the nation; that the artist as well as the politician, the professional man as well as the aerchant, will find his lessons and his work there. He knows this and says it; but in reality the city is not so needful to him because it is the city as because it is not the other place—the place where the old acquaintance are.

No one likes, however, to put forward his desire to escape from his old acquisintances as a motive for his departure from among them, and many who act upon this motive are loth to recognize it to themselves. They go away for any reason rather than that; but they go. And surely their going is wisdom; they might find their precedent in sundry old fairy tales, where the hero's wits are under a cloud till the sets forth on his travels, and, once well out of reach of his old acquaintances' eyes and cars, straightway becomes a marvel of ingenuity and courage, and wins the beautiful princess with half her father's kingdom. He would have won no princess at all if he had stayed.

Of course new acquaintances may be moral wet blankets as much as old if you choose to let them. If a man makes it one of the great aims of his life to have a footing among some special class or clique, or if he is bent on being fashionable or popular, or on an eminence of respectability, he may be in social bondage of the straightest kind to acquaintances of to-day and but of tomorrow. But that rests with himself. And of course new acquaintances may take possession of him with the harrassing intimacy usurped more commonly by old acquaintraces. But himself. that Sigo reste with New acquaintances can make no claim on him for more than he chooses to give them. His duty to them is only theirs to him-civility and an exchange of social entertainments. With them he may require that liking should precede intimacy, and that unceremoniousness should not do duty for cordiality.

GOOD-BYE.

With this number, as already explained in our valedictory of the 27th ultimo, the A n t i d o t e bids good-bye to its readers, with many thanks for the patronage extended to it, and the many words of kindly appreciation forwarded us concerning it from time to time.

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The Stram Hat.

Hail the straw hat! On fevered brow of man it rests so lightly, In the dull street of towns it shines so brightly What though the jokers jest about it tritely.

Hail the straw hat! Hail the straw hat! No headgear ever yet devised excels it. When a man's head grows big it only swells it. What if it does roll when the wind propels it?

Hail the straw hat ! Hail the straw hat ! It is so light and restful and so airy,

Wearing it, a man feels gay and literary.

Once having had it, would we do without it ? Nary !

Hail the straw hat !

Hail the straw hat!

It is the greatest boom of summer weather,

A contrast to the hats of felt and leather,

A shelter and a solace put together-

Hail the staw bit !

-Sumerville Journal.

Horse Shoe Rolls.

These are a form of the Vienna roll, and have in baker's parlance an especial name. Make a Vienna bread or 10ll dough. When it is risen and ready to mold, roll it out very thin. Cut into squares, then cut each square so as to form two triangles. Brush over with melted butter very lightly. Then begin to roll from the base of the triangle towards its cone, fastening the end. When rolled bend in horse-shoe shape and put in a warm place to rise. When very light, bake for 10 minutes in a quick oven. The glaze formed on such rolls is done by a. jet of steam forced in the oven. This can be partly simulated by standing a basin of hot water in the hot oven, but does not accomplish the results possible in a baker's oven. Table Talk.

World's Fair Passes.