

THE ANTIDOTE

Published every Saturday at the offices, 171 and 173 St. James Street Montreal. It is issued by the JOURNAL OF COMMERCIAL PLANT and MACHINERY, in time for the evening suburban trains. Personal inquirer may be made of the proprietor of Louis H. Boulé. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stations and newsdealers, in Montreal; Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. John's, Kingston, 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. FOLLY 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.

"AT HOMES."

The subject of "At Homes" follows naturally upon that of marriage, for after the honeymoon a happy couple, not only desires to feel at home themselves, but is also generous enough to extend that wish to their friends. We have heard it said—we confess it with a mixture of shame and sorrow—that "At Homes" are a detestable invention. Yes some, whom we blush to acknowledge among our acquaintances, have gone so far as to describe those social hospitalities to consist of a crush, a cup of coffee, and a few words of vapid conversation, all compressed into five or ten minutes and not worth the trouble bestowed upon it. Yet, what more innocent pleasure can there be than that of a lady, her face wreathed in smiles, welcoming her friends, assisted, it may be, by her charming daughters? We have been to "At Homes" and heard some cynical old fellow muttering below his breath that he never could stand this kind of thing, and wondering why he had ever been asked. You may be sure it was not for the sake of his own grave countenance he was invited, but because of his wife or daughters. Nevertheless a fair hand warmly greets him and a sweet voice asks him if he will not take in Miss Smith to have some refreshment. He complies grumbling to himself instead of feeling grateful for being treated above his deserts. Oh you old curmudgeon, remember what a great author wrote, that he "never know a

sulky misanthrope who quarrelled with the world, but that it was he and not it that was in the wrong."

Likewise young gentlemen, who are inclined to be cross because you cannot enjoy a tete-a-tete with Emily or Angelica, do not forget that, with so many guests to attend to, it would be rude to neglect all for you, and thus learn the lesson to think of others besides yourselves.

Those who give "At Homes" do so to afford pleasure to others, not themselves, and it is in that spirit the entertainments should be accepted, when you will be surprised to find how much enjoyment you can derive from the ten minutes or quarter of an hour in many of our Montreal homes. Suppose you forego an extra cigar at your club to escort your mother or sister to an "At Home," recollect how much that mother or sister has given up for you. Duties performed cheerfully soon become pleasures; we put on our best coat with a flower in the button-hole thereof and trot off to make our bow when honored with an invitation. "Oh Mr. Antidote how glad I am to see you," and one daughter has said "Oh how do you do?" while another has cried "Oh please excuse my going with you just now" we have been unable to avoid the joke that they must all be dreadfully in debt since they "Oh'd" so much. We trust we in our turn may owe them for many of their pleasant "At Homes."

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

The Editor had always thought that Montreal was well supplied with plumbers, but he had no idea how very numerous were those belonging to that trade until the sketch of "Our Plumber" appeared. A day or two after our issue of the 24th September, various notes found their way to the file, all more or less smeared with red or white lead, and commencing with that kind of "Sir!!" which clearly intimates that the writer thereof consigns you unhesitatingly to a certain bottomless pit, where the climate is said to be decidedly warm. The aforesaid notes threatened the Editor with suits of libel not usually made by any tailor, and were couched in a very fierce and offensive style. The Editor, as he pursued these war-

like ebullitions, felt cold down his back, so he wrapped himself up in his dignity, and calmly tore up the letters, considering them as valueless as Mr. Micawber's I. O. U. S.

But a worse trial was in store for the Editor, since finding that no attention was paid to their written communications, a perfect army of plumbers invaded the Editor's office one morning, and for a moment made him feel as though he were a member of Parliament receiving a deputation from his constituents. His room was so crowded that there was a difficulty in breathing, and the passage and stairs were quite blocked up. Then a babel of voices hotly demanded whether the Editor had anything to say for himself or apology to offer. This was bad enough, for no man, however bold, can stand up against two hundred, and though "the pen" may be "mightier than the sword" it is a poor weapon to cope with several scores of brawny arms.

"Gentlemen" said the Editor mildly "does this portrait in The Antidote represent any one of you?"

"No!" yelled every voice.

"Then none have I offended" replied the Editor, with Shakespearian force. "By the way I hear a pipe has burst at the City Hall—"

The Editor had no occasion to continue, for his visitors rushed out pell-mell to secure the job.

"Nothing like competition said the Editor and resumed his pen with a hymn of gratitude for his escape.

He began to wonder what the noble army of plumbers would do when they read something about a cistern written by their best friend; but life is too short to speculate on possible contingencies and "sufficient unto the day etc."

The Queen's next week—The Coghlan Company—Diplomacy.

Sir Ambrose Shea, governor of Barbadoes accompanied by Lady Shea, his accomplished and charming wife, is sojourning at the Windsor.

THE RULING PASSION.

Miss Levy.—Fader, Mr. Solid half proposed to me, and I think I ought to accept him, for if hefer a man vas born mit a silver spoon in his mouth, he vas Mr. Levy (eagerly).—Is it hall-marked, mine dear?