

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.

HYPOCRISY.

Many years ago a great satirist made out that everyone, that is everyone you conceive who might be considered a civilized being—was more or less a snob. It was an ignominious admission, and yet we fear it was one of those truths which has stood the test of time. However we do not propose to discuss that point, but we think it must be allowed, that not only in our social intercourse, are we all hypocrites but, that if it were not so, civilized society would cease to exist.

In theory we all profess the most utter detestation of a hypocrite, and to say a man is a hypocritical scoundrel, is about the strongest condemnation we can pass upon one of our fellow-beings. Still a certain amount of hypocrisy is not merely pleasant, and essential to civilization, but actually at times—paradoxical though it may seem—becomes a virtue. If you are robbed it is a great deal nicer, to be fleeced in a gentlemanly manner than to have your money taken from you forcibly, by a coarse brutal Bill Sikes, whose bludgeon and straightforward expressions respecting your eyes are intensely disagreeable, besides offending your sense of all good taste and decorum. A man, who arrives home in a bad temper and making no pretence about the matter, quarrels with his wife, and slaps his children, you very properly call a savage or a barbarian, yet he is simply giving vent to an honest expression of his feelings

and is no hypocrite. How many men have smiled under suffering, when the smile has been a lie, or a subterfuge, and is not this hypocrisy? Then those, whose bright eyes lighten our sorrows, even when their own hearts are aching, those dear little hypocrites who meet you with a laugh and pat your cheek, instead of speaking the truth and calling you a nasty, cross old thing! Madam, we bow low with an Eastern salaam, and cheerfully acknowledge that your hypocrisy—or diplomacy, should you prefer the term—sweetens our lives, and is the best part of civilization. If you have a fault—which we can scarcely believe—it is that, like Hamlet's mother, you "protest too much," but from such lips, nothing but pearls can drop!

What would society be without hypocrisy, which properly handled is but consideration for the feelings of others? Fancy going out to dinner and honestly speaking your mind! You tell your host that his wine is corked, his party intolerably dull and stupid and you remark to the lady beside you, that the young fellow opposite, between whom and her, there is a blossom of love ripening into fruit, is a conceited ass; or you hold your tongue, because forsooth you cannot say anything agreeable and are very properly put down a blockhead. Instead of all this, you act as a civilized gentleman, and smacking your lips, exclaim "capital wine Jones my boy—really a most charming evening," and you whisper to the lady in a manner which carries conviction with it, that the blooming idiot on the other side of the table, will be sure to make his mark in the world etc., etc. Jones thereupon considers you a good fellow, though hardly a judge of wine, while as for the fair being at your side, you have made a friend of her for life. In short you have practised hypocrisy without which we should quickly lapse into barbarism.

Doubtless there is a certain hypocrisy, such as wearing the cloak of morality or religion to cover one's iniquities, which is always revolting, but we are no longer in Eden, and require just a little clothing to cover our naked faults. So we say, to make up the amenities of life, "assume a virtue if you have it not." Should you have a bad temper,

hide it, and pretend you have a good one; if a man treads on your gouty toe, never swear, as you honestly feel inclined to do, but smile sweetly, and say with Mr. Toots "that it is of not the slightest consequence, I am obliged to you." Thus after extolling honor have we ventured to put in a plea for hypocrisy.

THE QUEEN'S AGAIN.

The New York Comedy Company brought their visit to an end on Tuesday evening and we are sure they will carry with them regrets for their departure, and wishes for their prosperity from all of the Montreal public, who were not "out of town" during the company's stay. There was a bumper house to enjoy the attractive programme on the above night, and we frankly confess we have spent many a worse evening at more pretentious theatres. "Why Women Weep" is an amusing one act comedy illustrating the powers of female tears over man's sterner nature, and Mr. Emery's acting as Arthur Chandos was everything that could be desired. We also must not omit a word of praise for the other actors, Miss Marion Kilby, Mr. Stewart and Miss Lottie Alter in their respective parts, and the piece was deservedly appreciated. Miss E. Winthrop gave a very good recitation, on the Memory of first love, and was accorded a hearty well earned applause. Regarding "Rob Roy" we always think it is somewhat disappointing to present part of a play, having neither beginning nor end and the above formed no exception to the rule. The Misses Simpson, in the Intertude danced a Gavotte and were applauded by their numerous friends securing a recall. The evening concluded with Sheridan's well-known play of "The Critic" and when we say we have seen the late Charles Mathews as Mr. Puff and yet could thoroughly enjoy Mr. Emery's personation of the character, we intend to bestow very high praise indeed. He ably assisted by the others—of which we may make special mention of both Miss Alter and Mr. Grant Stewart—kept the crowded house in a continual roar of laughter until the curtain dropped at the close of a most successful evening.