

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. Boulton. 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. John's Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE" as above. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches.

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 Pianoforte; 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; for Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

If Subscribers will notify THE ANTIDOTE when they are leaving town, or changing their address, the Proprietors will see that the papers are duly forwarded.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY a very natural transition we pass from the subject of handshaking to that of friendship. We use the term friendship in the proper not the conventional sense, between which two there is a vast difference. There are plenty who will tell you that So-and-so is their friend, but ordinarily they simply intend to imply that they know him in business or society, and in point of fact that he is their acquaintance. There is nothing of the David and Jonathan attachment between them, and if So-and-so dies, though they may attend his funeral, with a piece of crape round their hats, they lose none of their relish for their dinner, and hardly is the last shovel-full of earth laid over the coffin than So-and-so is forgotten; "his days (to them at least) have been as grass, and the place thereof shall know him no more."

It is somewhat saddening to think in how few hearts most of us will remain when the sod covers us. The rush and whirlwind of this busy century, with its struggles for existence—to a great extent necessarily selfish—is apt to shut out and stifle true friendship. We are all so engaged in our individual pursuits, that we seem to have no time to stop in the race, in order to indulge in the luxury of holding a real friend.

Now and then, however, "circumstances over which we have no control" are kinder to us than ourselves; illness seizes and lays us on our back away from our family and home, and some good fellow finds his way to our bedside and cheers us up, when otherwise we should have been lonely indeed. Or we may "fall among thieves," and out of the many "who pass by on the other side" there steps forth one Samaritan to help us. Sickness and adversity are the true-tests of friendship, for in health and prosperity, there is neither difficulty nor merit in being a hale-fellow well-met. We see Jones daily at the club, play billiards and crack our jokes together, and say he is one of the right sort, but when dark days come he no longer greets us. Nor need we grow angry or condemn him as heartless,

since had the case been reversed, it is probable we should never have hunted Jones up, as after all he was but an acquaintance, and the contract between us was only intended for fair weather so to speak.

There are many, we believe, who go through life with many acquaintances, yet without a single friend. They are not perhaps unhappy, for belonging to the prosperous class they never miss what they do not feel the want of. As Cicero has said "Amici probanter rebus abversis," and those friendless men resemble the caravan crossing the desert well victualled and provided with water, who journey on unhedging past the fertile spots, which to the parched traveller are havens of rest and delight. But can we describe the happiness of him, who broken down, foot sore and weary, finds an oasis after a painful march, with a cool fountain at which he can refresh himself? As he lingers in the shade, he feels it was worth while to have gone through his sufferings, for the pleasure thus vouchsafed him. His tired limbs gather strength, and when he resumes his journey, he is cheered by the remembrance of that green resting place. Such may be an illustration of true friendship, a joy which comes to us in the midst of misfortune, just when we need it most. Happy is he, who in his tribulation, has felt the trickling waters upon his fevered brow.

As a rule a man makes his best friends comparatively early in life, before his nature has become too crusted with the world, and it is they who stand by him through good and evil fortune. Later on he may form acquaintances, but these do not take the place of those he camped out and hunted with, before his hairs were gray, or some woman claimed him for her own. And here we may observe, that aside from love and matrimony, every young man is raised higher by the friendship of a good woman. If he be worth his salt, he must be made better by that friendship, which will be a sort of a talisman to keep him from what is vicious and evil. Let him guard that treasure, and never suffer its bright surface to be sullied. Inasmuch as you "cannot touch pitch and be undefiled" so in like manner you must be purer for the friendship of those who are pure, for in the words of a great author, "no man can be otherwise, as he would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in church."

A "CROW-SKEERER."

Here is a story from Mr. Arthur Gilman's inexhaustible repertoire:

A party of New England farmers, returning from the Paris Exposition, were talking with a Scotchman about the damage done by crows in the corn, and heard this worthy, with great unction, describe the ordinary scarecrow as an original Scotch invention. No one, however, disputed what he said, but one man quietly asked:

"Did you ever meet Gen. Leonidas W. Bunker?"

The Scotchman did not "racklack" him.

"Wall," said the farmer, "he invented a patent, double-jointed, compound back-action North American crow-skeerer that would just lay over that idee of yours. Why, I see it tried down our way, and, I swan, if before the General had even turned on the back-action them crows warn't so skeered than they fetched back all the corn that they stole the week before!"

PATIENT,—“I guess I'm about well, ain't I?”

DOCTOR,—“Almost.”

PATIENT,—“What's my bill?”

DOCTOR,—“You're not quite strong enough for that yet.”