

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.

THE CRAZE OVER MASGAGNI.

The Paris papers are making merry over the reception accorded Mascagni during his sojourn in the Austrian capital. We need not again allude here to the popularity of his two operas, the "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the "Amica Fritz," which aroused so much interest in musical circles last season in London and elsewhere in England. The Parisians did not take very kindly to the new luminary, and are therefore the more inclined to laugh over the reception accorded him in Vienna. The ladies of that city have certainly acted in a very absurd manner towards the new composer. They have followed him about in his walks through the streets and squares, seeking for an opportunity to "touch the hem of his garment"; to scramble for the possession of the stub of a burnt cigar which he has thrown away; and even in his eating-house to scramble for the cherry stones on his plate after he has finished his piece of pie. It is said that one of them even invaded the house of his washer-woman and was making off with an inner garment when she was met at the door by a number of others who succeeded in each bearing off a rag of the "robe de nuit." "L'autre jour au Frater," says 'Le Guide,' "deux mille personnes l'ont s'est bousculé pour du toucher du doigt; des dames l'ont embrassé; l'une d'elles même a arraché le cigare que fumait le maestre et l'a emporté—le cigare plus le maestro—comme une relique." We are reminded by this craze over Mascagni of an incident that took place some years ago in a public garden in London. The Prince of Wales was eating cherries and as he dropped the stones, some loyal lady picked them up and pocketed them, in order, as "Chambers' Journal" said at the time, "To bequeath them as a legacy to her issue." C. S. Calverley took up the subject and made it the vehicle for some pleasant verses which he headed "Precious Stones, an incident in modern history."

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My cherry stones! I prize them,
No tongue can tell how much;
Each lady caller eyes them
And madly longs to touch.
At eve I lift them down and look
Upon them and I cry—
Recalling how my Prince partook—
(Sweet word) of cherry pie.

To me it was an era
In life, that dejeuner;
They ate, and sipped Madeira
In much the usual way.
Many soft items there would be
No doubt, upon the carte;
But one made life a heaven to me—
It was the cherry-tarte.

Lightly the spoonfuls entered
That mouth on which the gaze
Of ten fair girls was centered,
In rapturous amaze.
Soon that August assemblage cleared
The dish, and as they ate,
The stones all coyly re-appeared
On each illustrious plate.

And when his Royal Highness
Withdrew to take the air
Waiving our natural shyness,
We swooped upon his chair;
Policemen at our garments clutched;—
We mocked those feeble powers—
And soon the treasures that had touched
Exalted lips were ours.

One large one at the moment,
It seemed almost divine—
Was got by that Miss Beaumont;
And three, O, three are mine!
Yes! The three stones that rest beneath
Glass, on that plain deal shelf,
Strangers, once dallied with the teeth
Of Royalty itself.

Let parliament abolish
Churches—and States and Thrones,
With reverent hand I'll polish
Still, still, my Cherry stones!
A clod—a piece of orange peel—
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a Princely heel,
How beautiful they are!

PRACTICE.

It is not often that pupils or students err on the side of over-practice. There are some noted cases however. Among those of a past generation is the celebrated Schumann, who, in his endeavor to render all his fingers equally flexible, had an operation performed on one of his hands that rendered it almost useless ever after. One of the most thorough young lady amateur pianoforte players in Montreal permanently injured her hand a few years ago through over practice, to the great loss and regret of many admirers in the charmed circle wherein she moves.

A Handful of Epigrams.

(From the French.)

"With perfect ease," a Scribbler cried,
"I pour my verses forth;
They cost me nought." A friend replied,
"They cost you what they're worth!"
De Marsey.

"Silence in Court!" a judge harangued,
"This noise is quite absurd!
Five men I've sentenced to be hanged,
Whose pleas I have not heard."
Baraton.

Greece that produced a warrior-host
Renowned in all our schools,
Could but of "Seven Sages" boast,
Who then can count her fools?
Grecourt.

This play-right, arrogant and mean,
Is not his friend to tell
He has the secret of Racine—
He keeps the secret well!
Arnaut.

A bard, whose name I won't disclose,
Asserted once with pride:
"I never deign to write in prose:"
His "verses" prove he lied.
Voltaire.

Slab, as you will, with venom'd quill
The living and the dead:
Few will abuse your jealous muse,
Because—she's seldom read.
Oocquard.

My friend you thought me stupid once,
Because I scarcely spoke.
I thought you, too, an empty dunce,
Whenever you silence broke.
Linieres.

The Bachelors' Ball.

One of the social events of the season in Montreal—The Bachelors Ball—takes place on Wednesday next at "The Kennele," and is expected to be a great success.