## **\*THB ANTIDOTB\***

WALTER KAVANAGH'S AGENCY, ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL	THE LONDON ASSURANCE.
COMPANIES REPRESENTED, SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL OF SCOTLAND NORWICH UNION FIRE INS. SOCY OF ENGLAND EASTERN ASSURANCE COY. OF CANADA. COMBINED CAPITAL AND ASSETS: \$45.520,000.	TOTAL FUNDS NEARLY \$18,000,000. FIRE RISKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES E. A. LILLY, Manager Canada Branch, Waddell Building, Montreal.
W ESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE & MARINE. Capital and Assets	LONDON & LANCASHIRE LIFE HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA. Cor. St. James St. and Place d'Armes Square, Montreal. Assets in Canada about
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influence. Even in regard to things it is often excessive, and in regard to living creatures it frequently becomes a tyratiny of the most hideous kind. But when it is allowed to intrude on the higher region of human character, when a man allows himself to think that he has a sort of ownership in his wife's spiritual nature, or when the parent allows himself to treat the child as if he had a right to make him exactly what he wishes him to be, this passion for ownership results in some of the most shocking of the moral perversions of which human nature admits.

(The End.)

## THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

To all appearances the marriage of the McGill College student from Coldbrook, N. S., to "a Daughter of Heth" (see Black's novel) is indefinitely postponed. It is not improbable that a law-suit may come of it. Boardinghouses in Montreal, as well as elsewhere would seem to favor matchmaking. "Though matches are all made in Heav'n, they say,

Yet Hymen who mischief oft hatches,

Sometimes deals with the house 'tother, side of the way,

And there they made Lucifer matches."

## AN EASY ONE.

Casey was digging a ditch in the stree; in front of his house for the purpose of making a connection with the sewer. He had a large pile of dirt thrown up in the roadway, and he was rapid; increasing it when stopped by a policeman.

"Phat are yes doin there, Casey?"

"Don't yer see O'im diggin ?"

"Hav yes a permit to blockade the sthrate with that pile of dirt?"

" Ol hav not."

"Thin don't yes know that yes hav no right to put that dirt there?"

"Phat will Ol do wid it, thin?" inquirel the pussled Onsoy.

"Oh, just dig another hole an' t'ro

it in." answered the man of the brass buttons, as he sauntered away.

Mrs. Hiram Daley—Why Bridget, I didn't know you could write?

Bridget (proudly) — Yis, mum. The writhin' has got me monny a place. Oi wroite all av me own ricommendations.

"I don't enjoy the roasting the critics gave me, of course." said the aspiring tragedian, looking sadly at a portrait of himself in an illustrated paper, "but this—this is the unkindest cut of all."

"I'm pot such a fool as I look!" said Barnes testily.

"No?" said Cartis. "What kind are you?"