

"Dear Mr. Editor," (according to the degree of intimacy the writer assumes) "I admire your paper (off goes out hat) but why devote so much to fashions and things no fellow cares about?" Another remarks, "Let us have a serial story." A third, (a lady, of course), writes, "Never mind those stupid articles (thanks!) but put in more society news." "Do not confine yourself so much to Montreal, but go further afield as promised in prospectus," And so on.

To all of these the Editor replies, Ladies and Gentlemen, it took more than a day to build Rome, but have just a little patience and you shall all be satisfied. There shall be a serial for those who will read it, other scenes besides those at home shall appear on canvas, impersonal sketches with a little satire aimed at no one in particular but at characteristics common to humanity, and finally we shall not fail to please those "Home Rulers," the ladies, for whom this family paper is largely written. There is a serious as well as a comic side to life, and while the funny man amuses you for a few minutes, he is apt to become a bore if you spend a whole evening with him. We must not "the triple leaves dis sever," but combine Love, Valor and Wit, never forgetting that, in admiring the second, and smiling at the last, the first, as London Punch said years ago, "is the best of all."



## CHARACTER SKETCHES.

### No. 4—OUR PHARASEE.

You all know the man, who is ever giving thanks for his own virtues. He has been with us almost since the world began and is in our midst to-day. Circumstances are said to alter cases, and the Pharasee of the latter half of this century seldom assumes the arrogant bearing he did two thousand years ago, but has generally a Pecksniffian meekness of demeanor, in keeping—as he would have you believe—with his truly Christian character. Yet in gazing at his smug colorless face, you are unconsciously reminded of a certain poem in which a party—who shall be nameless—, smiles at his favorite sin, the pride which apes humanity." His

name may be connected with many leading institutions, such as the "Society for the Suppression of Drunkenness," the "Union to Protect Women," and so forth, for he feels he is a pillar of strength to such and adds honor to himself by belonging to them.

The life of our Pharasee is of course, irreproachable, there are no holes in his coat, and he walks with a firm upright step, without any stumbling, so it is not to be expected that he can stoop to pity—much less stoop to raise—the poor creature with the torn garment, who has fallen across his path. Stoop indeed! His moral backbone is much too stiff for that undignified action. He may know of women in receipt of wages upon which they can only starve, but he does not consider himself in any way answerable for what may, be and often is the result of that poverty. He says grace before and after a good dinner in a comfortable home, and is very properly shocked at the wretch, who leaves a lonely, ill-furnished apartment, for the cheerful light of the drinking saloon. Tempering justice with mercy is not understood by our Pharasee, and not being tempted himself, he cannot comprehend others yielding. He is not a bad man, but in parading his virtues, he is apt to do as much harm, as those who do not conceal their vices and we fear no prodigal would have the courage to return to his roof.

We need not continue for it is a very old picture we are presenting to our readers. There are plenty of the self-righteous as well as sinners in the world, and the former are unable to conceive the joy, which occurs, when one of the latter repents, for they are too much engaged in extolling their own goods points, otherwise they would not be Pharasees.



## WATER SPOUTS.

Dear Mr. Antidote.—I know you have a kind heart, in which there is a specially soft corner always open to a tale of woe coming from one of my sex, and therefore, I do not hesitate to address you on a subject, which has caused me a great deal of annoyance and vexation during the wet weather we have been experiencing this summer. I only arrived in Montreal some six weeks ago, and have been agreeably

surprised with the high state of civilization I have met. Please do not laugh, because I assure you that my family and friends, who live in an English country town, told me that I must be prepared to rough it in Canada, and take care not to wander far from the log house after dark for fear of the Indians! I found everything different to what I had been led to expect, only more so; your city is one of the prettiest I have ever seen, and your asphalted streets and footpaths—side-walks I should say—are delightful, in dry weather. But oh Mr. Antidote, you dreadful pipes! I do not mean the pipe which you are eternally puffing at, you horrid man, but those which drain the water from the roofs of your buildings on to—instead of—under the side-walks. I have suffered from this relic of barbarism, during the recent heavy rains, as only one of my sex can suffer, and though I have been brought up to consider patience and resignation under trials, as among the cardinal virtues, there is a limit to even female endurance, and I must and will speak out. My mother was always very particular in teaching me to hold up my dress when it rained, but good gracious! where is the use of following this advice in Montreal? I shall never forget, in a steady downpour, my first experience of those abominable pipes—an experience often repeated. I was passing along St. James Street, next the wall, (which was my "right" side in a double sense) with my dress properly held up according to the material direction, when a perfect cataract of water nearly carried me off my feet and completely soaked me from my knees downwards. If I walked through one of those miniature Niagaras I walked through fifty and the water falls made small rivers all across the side-walks. Of course I arrived home with my skirts wringing wet, and my boots full of water, and I have done the same many a time since. I do not think I am of a bad disposition, indeed my brothers say I am rather nice, but unless something is done to do away with such outrages, I fear my temper will be ruined as well as my dresses. Do please help me, Mr. Antidote, and I shall ever remain your grateful

AMELIA WILKINS.

June 30.

We quite agree with our fair correspondent's denunciation of the grievances she mentions, and have often wished we could effectually "dam" those torrents on wet days—we have tried our best, but our strong language has availed nothing.

Ed.



The Star calls THE ANTIDOTE a comic paper, which is only one side of us. We might with equal truth call The Star a Free Trade journal.