

THE ANTIDOTE

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OUR PRIZE LIST

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SENSITIVENESS.

A sensitive plant is all very well in a conservatory, where it is protected from the weather and vulgar hands, but it is hardly suitable for the outside rough-and-tumble world. A good many people, in a measure, resemble the above sensitive plant, and are over-sensitive, as to what others may say or think, very often taking to themselves what was never intended. A century ago, one of such would have almost continually have his hand upon the hilt of his sword to avenge some imagined insult, and now that the days of duelling are past—in civilized countries at all events—the same thin-skinned individuals are ever ready to "cut" their acquaintances, with looks in place of steel, for a fancied wrong. This morbid self-consciousness, must be as painful to those inflicted with it as it is disagreeable to those who are visited with the results. Our over-sensitive man always believes that if a writer depicts some trait, or perhaps failing which he in common with many others may possess, it was he specially who was singled out as a target for the author's arrows. "O! tempora, O! mores" what a skin is this to travel about with, which you can hardly touch without bruising, and to which a joke is absolute torture.

Because Smith—who is not all the

man we mean by the bye—happens to be six feet high and to have been twice married, he is morally convinced, that an author writing a tale, in which there is a character of seventy-two inches, and who made a second venture in matrimony, has drawn him, Smith, when it is more than probable, the author has never seen or even heard of that sensitive gentleman.

Go home, you self-conscious booby, and learn that there are other tall fellows, beside yourself, with long ears and second wives.

We do not admire the opposite of the Smith type whose thick skins are as impervious as the hide of a rhinoceros—we have met one or two, nay a dozen such, so we have no reference to you, Mr. Jones—but of the two the obtuse man escapes much of the misery, to which his sensitive neighbor is subjected.

Those who are always dreading and resenting what they believe the world is saying of them, are they whom the world troubles itself least about, and the sooner they cast off their garment of sensitiveness the better for themselves and everybody else.

ENMITY.

In a recent article, we stated our belief that there are many of us, who pass through this life without experiencing true friendship, but on the other hand, there are very few, who have not felt the sting of enmity. Those, who have many enemies, are generally deserving of the same, for however we may pretend to sneer at the world for its judgment, the latter in its estimate of character is not often far wrong, in spite of what is called heartless prejudice and so forth. Strange to say however, as regards the opposite, we do not find, that he, who is without a single enemy, is one who commands either admiration or respect. There is a neutral tint, so to speak, — a want of individuality about him—which rather raises a feeling of contempt, or at least pity in our minds, occasionally accompanied with a similar suspicion to that found by Sir Oliver Surface in "The School for Scandal," of his nephew Jos-

eph, when told by Sir Peter Teazle that "everybody in the world speaks well of him."

We hope we shall not be misunderstood, but there is a kind of enmity, which a man is the better for having exhibited towards him, because it means, that he has pushed his way successfully, in doing which, he has trodden on somebody's corns. It is not pleasant to have one's pedal extremities trampled upon, but in growling, as we move aside, we acknowledge the weight of the crunching foot, whereas, though we smile at the goodnatured man who never so incommodes us, it is to be feared, that the latter feeling is as selfish as the former, the difference consisting simply from the amount of interference with our own comfort. The successful man must almost necessarily be subject to the above mentioned enmity, while he who fails, is too often himself his only enemy. The former claims more respect though he is seldom the best liked.

One with a strong individuality of character can hardly avoid making enemies of those he passes in the race, but there is no shame attached to this species of enmity which emanates from envy, and if a man lose not his own self-respect, even that envy will not blind the respect of its possessors. We do not live in Utopia, and when we "play at bowls" we must expect rubbers," so, in conclusion we maintain, that happy is he, who has only that enmity, which is "of the earth earthy," and being buried in his grave, leaves his fame untarnished as a heritage to his heirs.

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

The "Antidote" has been issued thrice; it has only been running three weeks, and yet the Editor finds a perfect deluge of letters on his fyle, containing all sorts of suggestions from numbers of correspondents. This is so far pleasant, that it proves the paper is being circulated and read, but there is another side to the picture, and the Editor—like Iago—cannot help exclaiming "How poor are they that have not patience." Among the epistles are some commencing, "Sir," "Dear Sir," or