

# THE ANTIDOTE

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## HONOR.

There are some who are apt to confuse the two terms honor and honesty, and to consider them synonymous, which is hardly correct. Honor strictly speaking is something higher than mere honesty, and while it generally contains the latter, implies more, or, in other words, stretches further. "True honor" as Shenstone graphically puts it, "is to honesty, what the court of chancery is to common law," and when we talk of an honorable man, we mean something beyond a merely honest one.

Probably our readers will remember the ready repartee given by the barmaid to the great Mr. Curran, who calling her in after dining with some friends, and filling her glass, asked her name, (with the intention of showing off his wit). "Honor, sir," replied the damsel, "Then here's to honor and honesty," exclaimed the lawyer. "Your absent friend, sir," said the maid with a curtsy, as she took the glass of wine. The story is recorded as the only instance in which the witty Irishman was nonplussed, and we repeat it, as an example of the acknowledged distinction existing between the two qualities honor and honesty.

The old adage "Honor among thieves" also goes to prove that there is a certain essence in honor separate and distinct from simple honesty. This

distinction, we take it, consists of a certain trust or faith attached to honor not necessarily reposed in honesty. Of course the two attributes may be possessed together in the same person, but we are endeavoring to draw the line of demarcation, and whereas we argue that, because a man has always been honest, therefore he will continue to be so, this is reasoning from evidence, if we may so express it, and is very different from the belief in a person's honor. Honesty will act up, fairly and squarely to the letter of the legal bond, but honor looks to the spirit or intention of an agreement, not to the mere form. There are some honorable acts, which seem scarcely honest, such as Esmond's destroying the evidence of his birthright, out of respect and gratitude towards his benefactors. So also, are there honest acts, which an honorable man would scorn to perpetrate.

Doubtless there have been many so-called affairs of honor utterly unworthy of the name, but we all know how a certain party can "cite scripture for his purpose," and we are dealing with the word in its proper sense. In judging of a coin we take the true metal not the spurious imitation, and to be known as a man of honor carries with it a title higher than any worldly potentate or government can bestow, a title that will keep his memory green to those he leaves behind long after the buttercups bloom over his grave.

## THE EDITOR'S FILE.

The Editor has been asked the reason for spelling the second word of the above with a "y" instead of a "j," the latter being obviously correct. The Editor cheerfully admits the error, which however, was intentional, and this probably cannot be said of certain journalists who make use of the word suicide as a verb. But to return to the case in question

In the first place the letter "y" is perhaps the most useful in the alphabet, and more conducive than any other to conversation, which is what the Editor had in view, when he started this column with the above heading. He desired to buttonhole the gentle-

men, or take off his hat to the ladies, and chat with them for a few moments, in quite an informal manner. Well, if you remark that we shall have a cold winter, the same is a mere assertion, not necessarily calling for anything further, unless someone puts in his "Why?" when reasons are given and the talk flows on. The query "Do you think so?" does not answer as well, because a taciturn man may only reply "I do," considering that quite sufficient. But "Why?" prevents the debate being closed. There are many things the Editor would like to know the "why" as well as the "wherefore" of.

Then respecting the other letter "i" the Editor was of the opinion, that it would be bad taste to be too egotistical, and while he must use his "eye" in sifting down superfluous matter he was sure, his fair readers at any rate, would not object to having a "tale" added to the file.

If these reasons are not satisfactory the Editor will endeavor to find others at some future date.

## Humor in Music.

(From London "Strad.")

"Rosa is a very fine violinist." "He is indeed, but there is something strange about his musical ability." "There is?" "Yes, he plays first fiddle in the orchestra, but plays second fiddle at home, and his wife is not much of a musician either."

Mr. Hoste (in a terrified whisper) "Marie there isn't half enough luncheon for all these people. What on earth am I to do?" Mrs. Hoste: "I'll get rid of some of them dear." Mr. H.—(ten minutes later): "You're a trump, Marie! But how did you get so many to go?" Mrs. Hoste: "I just whispered to them, that you had consented to sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

Butcher: "Ow is my daughter gettin' on with'er moose professor?" Professor: "Well, I am only teaching her the scales at present." Butcher: (indignantly)—"Teachin' er the scales! I don't want'er to know anything about the scales. She ain't goin' to serve in the shop; I mean'er to be a lady. Teach her the planner, or I'll take'er away from yer!"