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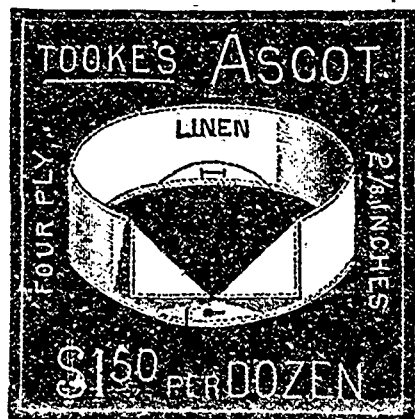
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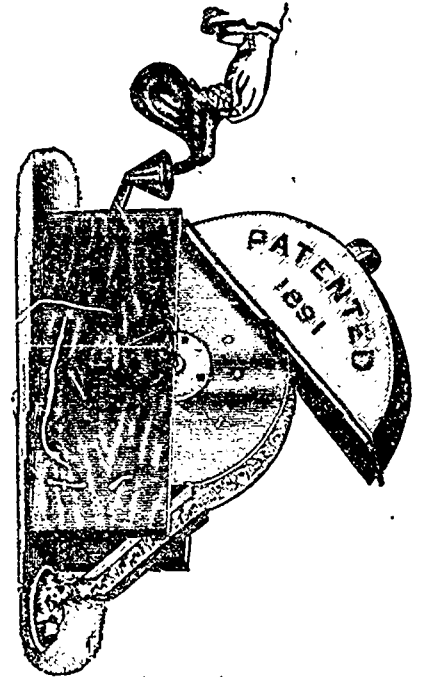
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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 31 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; for Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

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

"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.



A SUGGESTION
Why NOT UTILIZE THE POLICE FOR CROSSING
MUDDY STREETS?

THE LOST EARRING.

BY HURKARU.
CHAPTER II.

Returning from his office that day of Elsie's loss, Algernon Smith had met De Tomkques, to whom he was not particularly partial, as he believed him to have once been his rival for the hand of Miss Jefferson. But having won the prize Algernon could afford to be magnanimous and therefore made no objection to De Tomkques' turning, and joining him in a stroll up town.

After a few commonplace remarks, De Tomkques, who was very vain of his small hands, held up one of them, on which a diamond ring sparkled, and asked Algernon what he thought of it.

Algernon did not consider that diamonds became a man, but being perfectly indifferent as to whether De Tomkques wore those jewels or not, he replied "it was very pretty and a present I suppose."

"Ah, that's telling my boy," said De Tomkques with a knowing look, "it came out of an earring, but mums the word."

"All right," answered Algernon laughing, "we part here; good evening."

I will here explain that what De Tomkques said about his jewel was quite correct, but as I thoroughly despise the ordinary and stale mysteries, by which novel writers always endeavor to hide their plots—and never succeed—I will at once state, that he had bought his ring two days before at Benedicts, and though the diamond had certainly been once in an earring, it had no more to do with Elsie's loss than you or I had.

When Algernon arrived at the Jeffersons' apartments, he found Elsie alone,—her father having, as we are aware, gone to Richardson's on Seventh Avenue—but Algernon did not come to see Franklin Jefferson, and I blush to say, did not even enquire after him, for men in a certain condition, are all utterly wrapped up in "one" being, angel, darling, call her what you will, and so he was entirely happy, and content to be greeted by Elsie alone.

"But what is this my dearest? You seem out of spirits," he observed when they had seated themselves on the sofa.

"Oh Algernon! I have had such a loss; I secretly know how to tell you," replied Elsie.

"Great heavens! What is the matter? Your father?"

"Papa is quite well; but I have lost—one of those beautiful earrings you gave me."

"Lost one of your earrings!" cried Algernon, staggering to his feet, with De Tomkques' confounded ring forcing itself into his mind, like Othello's first misgiving.—"Has anyone been here to-day?"

"No; yes, Mr. De Tomkques called. Oh Algernon, what is it, are you ill?"



It is rumored in sporting circles that the well known handsome filly, "American Belle," is about to become the property of Lord Cadinaugh.

"Ill Elsie! No I am not ill. Ha! Ha! De Tomkques called you say, I understand Miss Jefferson—all is over."

By the last three words he intended to imply, of course, that from thenceforth, and for ever and ever, his life was to be a blank, a dreary waste, and so forth. Elsie hardly grasped his meaning, but a very dramatic scene would doubtless have followed, had not her father at that minute hurried into the room.

"Look here Elsie" said Mr. Jefferson, never noticing the glum glances of his future son-in-law, or the angry flush upon his daughter's face, "Richardson tells me there is another trap in the basement,

before the pipe from your basin joins the main one of the house, and perhaps the earring may be there."

"I do not give you any hopes, but there is just a chance," added Richardson himself from the doorway.

"Then let us try at once" cried Elsie eagerly.

"You will never find it," remarked Algernon gloomily, but no one paid him any attention.

Proceeding down stairs, they all arrived at where the lower trap was, and Richardson after much difficulty forced it open. He emptied out all the rubbish, in which were several pieces of soap, a solid silver teaspoon, but alas no earring.

"I thought not" said the plumber, closing up the trap, and gathering up his tools he took his departure, with the air of a man who had proved his case.

Sadly and slowly did Jefferson, Algernon, and Elsie turn to ascend the stairs, when the latter called to Sam and bade him gather up the rubbish carefully, put it in a bowl, and bring it to her room.

On reaching their apartment, Elsie took no notice of Algernon, but leaving him with her father straightway retired and summoned Jemima. After washing and sifting the refuse, brought from below, very carefully, Elsie with a cry of delight pounced upon the lost jewel!

Had the fear of detection caused Jemima to thrust the earring among the rubbish, or had the better feelings of her nature prevailed? I cannot say, for after the discovery that virtuous female announced her intention of leaving Miss Jefferson's service, which she accordingly did.

On regaining her treasure, Elsie put her earrings into her pretty ears, and marched gravely into the drawing-room, where her father and lover were seated, as silent as a pair of mutes at a funeral.

"See Papa!" she said, pointing to her ears.

"Eureka!" exclaimed Mr. Jefferson. "the lost is found, and we will have roast veal for dinner to-morrow."

Algernon looked and felt excessively foolish. He said he deserved to be horse-whipped, which did not appear to move Elsie in the least, but when he went up to her, and taking both her hands in his, whispered in a transport, that bright and sparkling as the diamonds where, they could not nearly equal her eyes, she smiled and forgave him, for what woman can withstand such a compliment? They are young now, but when they grow old and their eyes are dim to others, I trust my friend will still feel he can pay them the same tribute.

Thus endeth this most veracious history of The Lost Earring.



THE FASHIONS.

The probabilities are that thinner materials will be worn to a greater extent this summer than in years past. Embroidered and printed organdies, lawns, grenadines, and nets are displayed, profusely trimmed with ribbon. Some of the most beautiful goods of the season are the French organdies, with clear white grounds, over which are scattered large flowers in gay colors, delicate shaded stripes or curious interlaced designs of foliage and ribbons.

One of the prettiest fancies for the summer bodice is that which is made of silk, close fitting, with lace pulled on over it. A charming costume can be contrived with a skirt of crepon matching the silk lining, and balloon sleeves of velvet in the same shade or in black, matching however, the belt which unites the skirt to the bodice at the waist. These "balloon" sleeves are the latest mandate from Paris, and many extend only to the elbows, which is a welcome change, for summer weather, from the long Flemish wrists, but, alas! it brings with it the extravagant consequences of long gloves, or a fall of fine lace, which is expensive.

Millinery has become almost a fine art. Straw is plaited into lace trimmings which would almost convince an expert that they are real, while flowers rival Nature herself in delicacy of coloring. A spray of roses fastened upon a rustic straw hat with a scarf of pale-green chiffon is most lovely, and one is completely enraptured with a bunch of mauve orchids on a bonnet of straw interwoven with the palest shades of green, pink, yellow, and mauve, and tied with pale-yellow strings. A daring combination, and an artistic one, is a

hat of pale-green straw, which is lined with geranium-pink velvet and trimmed with pale mauve lilac.

Our illustrations give this week a charming bonnet and hat; the first is a becoming Marie Stuart of crimson lisse and jet. It is arranged with triple points, the lisse being covered throughout with jet, and is further ornamented with small tips of black ostrich feathers and a fitted aigrette.

The second is one of the newest and smartest hats of the season, is made with a crown of brown chip, and a wide brim of brown fancy straw. The trimming consists of a double wreath of pale pink roses, and some dainty bows and quillings of fine brown lace, arranged in the manner shown in the sketch.



Home-Made Delicacies.

Rice and Apple.—When the rice is about one-third cooked add a small quantity of tart apples sliced. When done, stir thoroughly together. If steamed this is a very nice dish.

Smoked-Beef Omelet.—Beat together three eggs, a tablespoonful of milk, a scant teaspoonful of salt and an ounce of smoked beef that has been chopped fine. Finish as for plain omelet.

Cream Cake.—Beat two eggs in a teacup, and fill the cup with sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, or one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon and bake in a moderately heated oven.

Fricasseed Tripe.—Cut a pound of tripe in narrow strips, put a small cup of water or milk to it, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, dredge in a large teaspoonful of flour, or work it with the butter; season with pepper and salt, let it simmer gently for half an hour—serve hot. A bunch of parsley

cut small and put with it is an improvement.

Scrambled Eggs.—For three eggs, take four tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of butter and dust of nutmeg. Stir it well over the fire in a pan till it thickens, then put it on little squares of toast; serve quickly.

Chocolate Wafers for Afternoon Tea or Reception.—One cup brown sugar, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, one cup grated chocolate, one teaspoon vanilla, enough flour to make stiff (about one and a half cups). Roll very thin, cut with little square cutter or tin lid. Bake a very short time.

Raspberry and Rusk Tart.—Line a china dish with roasted rusks (browned sugar biscuits), fill it three parts full with fresh raspberries and powdered sugar to taste; cover the top with a corn-starch custard, and bake ten or fifteen minutes, sprinkle the top with powdered rusks or grated cocoanut before serving. This may be eaten hot or cold.

Hermit Cakes.—Two eggs two cups sugar, one cup lard or butter, one cup sweet milk, one cup English currants, one teaspoonful cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Flour enough to roll out, mix soft as possible, sprinkle sugar over top after rolling out and before using the cookie cutter. Bake in quick oven. They will keep for months—that is if you keep them locked up.

Beautiful Dessert.—Make a lemon jelly by any good receipt. Have ready a handful of candied cherries, some malaga grapes, the meat of two oranges, and two bananas sliced. Pour a little jelly into a mould to harden, then put in fruit and more jelly, etc. When it is to be served, break it up and serve on a platter, with a thin custard made of one quart of milk boiled with yolks of four eggs, lemon flavoring. The jelly may be made in two parts, coloring one half yellow, by soaking several saffron leaves with the gelatine.—Ex.

MUSICAL.

SYMPATHETIC TONES.

To the Editor of the "Antidote."

Sir:—There is one peculiarity about the violin, to which, in the various works on that instrument, that I have read, I find no allusion whatever. I refer to the sympathy, which the playing of a stopped or fingered note excites in the open string next above, when the stopped and open string notes are of the same pitch, and also the sympathy which exists between stopped and open notes an octave apart. To begin with those of the same pitch, take the note A on the third string. What a round, full, and mellow tone? There is a sweetness and a responsiveness about it that you cannot get out of any other note on that string. Observe the slow and gradual manner in which its vibrations die out, compared with abrupt stumpy ending of B above or F below it. In short it has a sort of individuality of its own; but for this we must give some credit to the second string. It may not be amiss to say of these two notes that "a fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind." Though the stopped A is the only note actually bowed, both strings having the same powers of vibration, they reciprocate their little throbs and combine in producing one of the most beautiful sounds of which even the violin is capable.

The same may be said of the notes E on the second string and D on the fourth to which the first and third strings respectively, give their sympathetic aid.

You will notice when you play A on the first string, D on the second or G on the third, all in the first position, that they too have a sort of resonance quite distinct from all other notes on the violin except those three that I have mentioned above. I think I may say with this exception, for though other octaves may be made by double stopping, the powers of vibration in a string not actually bowed are greatly diminished by placing the fingers upon it. These notes A, D and G, being an octave higher than the open strings that they set in motion, the effect is not nearly so marked as in the cases of equal pitch. Still it is considerable and must surely force itself upon the attention, even of the beginner. To me, the strangest thing about these notes is, that, no one, so far as, I am aware, has considered them as aids in shifting from the first and second up to the third and fourth positions. That they are such is undeniable, for their sounds are so peculiarly their own, that no one with half an ear could play them out of tune without knowing it.

(NOTE.—While there is something in what our correspondent says, it will be found on examining a number of even fair or good instruments, that it is not invariably so marked as to be readily distinguished. Sympathetic tones in the common chord are common enough however, as any person may discover by bowing a note on the violin and listening at its close to the pianoforte. The corresponding string will be heard to vibrate "Tartini's Tones," or, as they are sometimes



Flower Song.

Sunny breadth of roses
Roses white and red
Rosy bud and rosy leaf
From the blossom shed
Goes my darling flying
All the garden through;
Laughing she eludes me,
Laughing I pursue.

Now to pluck the rosebud.
Now to pluck the rose
(Hand a sweeter blossom),
Stopping as she goes:
What but this contents her,
Laughing in her flight,
Pelting with the red rose,
Pelting with the white.

Roses round me flying.
Roses in my hair.
I to snatch them trying:
Darling, have a care!
Lips are so like flowers,
I might snatch at those,
Redder 'han the rose leaves,
Sweeter than the rose.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

called 'Resultant Tones,' discovered by Tartini in 1714, are known to most violinists. When two notes are produced steadily with great intensity, a third note is heard whose vibration number is the difference of those of the two primary notes. The stopping must be perfectly in tune. We fear "T" is somewhat mixed in his intervals. A, D and G, (1st position) are not "an octave higher than the open strings that they set in motion." He must go to the 4th position—the middle of the string for the octave.—Editor.)

Society Notes.

Fr. Hingston, while absent in England, will attend a Convention of Surgeons at Nottingham.

Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Shorey and Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Shorey have left for the cottages of Old Orchard South.

Mrs. E. A. Small and the Misses Small, who left on a transatlantic trip in early spring, are visiting the principal capitals and scenes in Europe. Mr. Small, who sprained his ankle a few weeks ago, is rapidly recovering the power of locomotion.

H. M. S. "Pyrales" has arrived in our port. It is a pity, but unavoidable, that the naval ships should always visit us, at a season, when most have fled the city for the seaside and country resorts, as we are thus unable to extend that hospitality we would like to do.

MEASURING THE BRIDGE.

The pedestrians while on a tour came to a bridge and a dispute arose as to its height. Each man knew his own inches and they agreed that the tallest of them—an Irishman—should lower himself over the side and hold on to the edge of the bridge while the next should slide down the tall man and cling to his heels, the third and last man in like manner to lower himself until he fastened on to the second man's heels, the idea being that their combined heights would enable them to settle their dispute. They carried out their plan, but when the third man had reached his position at the middle man's heels, the Irishman feeling the weight of the two beginning to tell, shouted out, "Hold on down below, while I spit on my hands."

He let go!—and—

CONVINCING.

"Say, Cawles, what's the difference between 'repartee' and 'referee'?"

"Don't you know? Well now, what was you brought hup. You see—supposin' a cove says to me, 'Bill, 'ow ar yer?' and I says to him, 'A daisy, sonny, 'ow's yer bloomin' self?' That's 'repartee,' 'cos I'm up agin' 'im shar'. But if a cove says to me, 'Ow goes it, Bill?' and I says, 'Ax me bloomin' foot!' That's 'referee,' 'cos I'm ref'ring 'im to a third party!'—From "Pick-me-up."

Prohibitive will never flourish in Texas as long as the price of a glass of lemonade will buy two beers.—Texas Sittings.

In connection with an announcement of the birth of a child to the Countess of Dudley, the Galaghnam Messenger recalls the following incident connected with the birth of its father, the present earl. An old friend of the family called at the town residence in Park Lane to learn the news. "Is it a boy?" he asked the gorgeous flunky who opened the door. "No, quoth James. "What, is it a girl?" "No, sir." The old friend became much interested. "Bless me, then, what is it?" The flunky proudly responded. "It's a heir."



FIRST INNOCENT : I wonder why those yacht boys stared so?
 SECOND INNOCENT : Strange ! The same thought passed through my mind, too.
 YACHT BOYS : By jove ! those girls have an ANTIDOTE ; let us also take one.
 Which they do.

• • LITERARY • •

The *Fortnightly Magazine* for June, reproduced by the Leonard-Scott Company, of New York, takes its turn for notice in our columns a little late. It opens with "The Gladstonian Secret," an article which exposes an assumed plan of Mr Gladstone to promote Home Rule—simply to invite the Unionists to a conference just before the next elections. If they yielded, all would be well; if not they would be shown up as inciting Ulster to the armed resistance they predict as the consequence of passing Home Rule. After formulating the plan, the writer makes Mr. Gladstone say in a less oratorical voice, "Of course you understand that we have been talking of a line that might be taken—probably the best. There is none without difficulty. The most promising thing about this one is that it would throw all the logical calculations of Unionist speakers and writers into confusion." The trouble with the scheme is that it affords both parties no common ground for discussion—and is therefore impracticable. The second article in the *Fortnightly* deals with the difficulty experienced in placing Sardou's "Thermidor" on the

French stage owing to the treatment of the characters of Robespierre and other actors in the Reign of Terror on which the play is founded. The audience would not endure any adverse comment on the conduct of the revolutionists. Although the play ends with "Vive la Republique," it would not be tolerated by the Parisians, and it was at length interdicted by the government. Coquelin finds his London audiences more tolerant and appreciative. "Egypt, 1882-92," is the title of the third article, which is from the pen of Sir W. T. Marriott. It shows that in the last ten years, under British rule, the cotton yield of the country has doubled, that the exports have increased seven millions sterling, and that it is no longer necessary to use a whip to collect the taxes. The improvement is owing to extensive irrigation bringing more territory under the influence of the Nile overflow, and to a wise system of government. It is believed that in seven years more that Egypt will be able to take care of herself. The best proof of the improvement is the fact that Egyptian bonds are at par. W. H. Mallock's article on "Poetry

and Lord Lytton," shows the writer to be a master of prose. He defines in the terms of their uses "Prose as the language men use when expressing themselves without emotion, or with emotion which is slight or intermittent; poetry as the language they use under emotion which is exceptional and sustained. We do not agree with the writer's view of the popular idea of a poet's manners and appearance. "Set any artist to draw a typical poet," says he, "and we all know what we shall see—some long-haired object, with flashing or languid eyes, who in ordinary society would look like a sentimental scarecrow, whom some women might love, but whom most men would wish to kick." Think of Tennyson, Lytton himself, Byron, Moore, Scott, with such a description. As a foil to the pessimism of some of the verses given in the article, the writer quotes the following beautiful stanzas from the poem called "Her Portrait," in the volume reviewed, and known as "Marah :

- I.
 Her form has the mingled grace
 Of a child and a queen in one.
 There is pride in her pure young face,
 In her voice a far off tone,
 And her eyes have the gaze of a forest
 creature
 That has lived in the woods alone.
- II.
 I have faced the world in my day,
 And have fought and overthrown ;
 I have struggled and won my way,
 And no rival has beaten me down :
 Yet my courage fails and my whole form
 falters
 If she chances to chide or frown.
- III.
 She has read not the tedious tale
 Of the dead world's grief and glee,
 Nor been stirred by the shrill birth-wail
 Of the ages beginning to be :
 But she carries secure, at her simple girdle,
 The Infinite's golden key.

Mr. Mallock believes that Lytton's figure as a poet, which was overshadowed during his life by his figure as a politician and a diplomat, will have justice done it by the world now that he is gone, "and will accord as high and singular a place to his poetry as all who knew him and understood him accorded to this born poet." The number closes with a charming little tale called "Elder Conklin," the scene of which is laid in Kansas, where

that state is divided from the Indian Territory along the banks of the Cimmaron, which is here called the "Cottonwood." The principal characters are Elder Conklin, a well-to-do farmer, his daughter, an unconventional western country girl, good looking, passionate, untamed; and a cultured young man from Boston, who teaches the local school while studying law, and boards with the Elder's family. The tale opens with an invitation to what has been called a "slobbering party," at which the big local bully insults the teacher because of the heroine's preference for the stranger. This leads to an encounter the following day, in which the slighter man, with his skill in boxing, makes the bully bite the dust. The maiden's love is fanned rather than cooled by the hardly concealed contempt of the young man for her unconventionalities, her views of life, her language, her ideas of social distinction, consisting in playing the "pianner" and driving along Fifth Avenue in a carriage with a pair of horses, with a nurse beside her to hold the baby. The young man is wholly under the influence of her beauty, until she begins to speak. The Elder can refuse her nothing, and when she tells him of the ambition of her engaged lover, he sets to work to procure the "pianner" and the sum needed to enable him to begin the practice of his profession in New York. He asks the teacher to help him take a drove of cattle to market some miles away. He notices large quantities of salt strewed over the pasture ground and that the place is fenced off from the river. The maddened, thirsty beasts turn and turn in vain to get at the water. It is only when nearing the market that they are allowed to drink. A close bargain is made with the purchaser, who is at length satisfied with an allowance of ten pounds per head off the weight. On the way back, the teacher, who is disgusted at the trick—he estimated that the animals must have taken in over sixty pounds of water each—tells the Elder his opinion of him. The spectacle of the Elder in his *robe de nuit*, kneeling in the middle of the stream that midnight and pouring forth the troubles of his soul, explaining to Heaven that all his sins are because of his anxiety to make his daughter happy,

is both wierd and conical. The earnestness of the old farmer impresses his unseen listener, and he next day implores his forgiveness. The heroine in despair of retaining her admirer, allows herself to be wooed by the lawyer of a neighboring village, who undertakes to vindicate the rights of the farmers to use the rich lands along the river bottom across the border in the Indian Territory. They had, with the Elder at their head, violently resisted the U. S. troops sent to drive them off and, if necessary, destroy their crops and fences, but it was ultimately agreed to submit it to the authorities at Washington. The tale ends abruptly with the disappearance of the heroine, no one knows why or wherefore. There is an apt simile employed in introducing the Elder's wife, who coming from the East with him years before, had become weaker and narrower ever since her marriage through living with a man whose character was too strong for her, who shades her, so to speak, as a great tree shades a shrub.

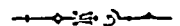


At the Queen's.

This week "Betsy" gave place to "The Magistrate," a piece which has met with considerable success on the London boards. Though called a comedy, "The Magistrate," as presented to a Montreal audience, is more properly speaking a farce, full of impossible, albeit amusing absurdities, rising from Mrs. Poskett's (the wife of the magistrate) having deceived her husband as to her age, and that of her son by a former marriage. The boy of supposed fourteen years, but really nineteen, is godson to Col. Lukin, who returns suddenly from India, and Mrs. Poskett, fearful lest her husband should learn of her deception, visits the Colonel (in company with her unmarried sister), at the latter's hotel, where with Capt. Vale, in love with the said sister, supper is ordered. The Magistrate, who imagines his wife has gone to visit a sick friend, accompanies his stepson to supper at the same hotel in an adjoining room. Mrs. Poskett pleads her case to the Colonel, during which Capt. Vale is banished to the balcony in the rain and the time being now passed midnight, the police raid the hotel for infringing the law—a somewhat improbable proceeding, but let that pass—and arrest the Colonel, Capt. and both the ladies, the Magistrate and his stepson making good their escape, which brings the second act to a conclusion. The

next morning Mr. Poskett arrives at his room in the police court in a very disreputable condition, when in an interview he grants to Colonel Lukin previous to the opening of the court, he refuses to listen to any explanations, sinking the man in upholding his magistrate's office, and afterwards, to his horror and dismay, discovers he has sentenced his friends wife and sister-in-law to seven days imprisonment without the option of a fine. The fourth and last act brings about the "denouement" in the magistrate's home and closes rather weakly by Mr. Poskett's consenting to the marriage of his stepson to the governess, provided they will depart to Kamskatka or Timbucto. Mr. Lyons, as the Magistrate, is of course, the leading character, and though a trifle tame in the first act, displays real talent during remainder of the piece. We think he overdoes his part, a fault which runs through the entire company with the exception of Mr. Clarges' Colonel Lukin, which is a well sustained piece of acting throughout. Mr. Lyons reminds us considerably of the late Mr. Bruckstone, with the same tendency to exaggerate certain points, which exaggeration, nevertheless is so irresistably comic that it is hard to condemn it. Miss Wainthrop as Mrs. Poskett, did well but infused into her part, at times, a little too much of the tragedy queen. Mr. Emmery as Captain Vale, looked his character to perfection, and Miss Alter as Cis Farrington, would have done the same had she not appeared more nearly twelve than nineteen years of age. The rest were comparatively minor parts of which it is not necessary to speak. We except that of Miss Kilby whom we hope to see in a part more suited to her talent than that of the slangy Charlotte Verinder. We might suggest that it is hardly appropriate to have port wine brought in an Apollinaris bottle, nor do butlers as a rule, dress and speak as grooms, which was the case with Mr. Robert's Wyke. We might suggest that it is hardly appropriate to have port wine brought in an Apollinaris bottle, nor do butlers as a rule dress and speak as grooms, which was the case with Mr. Robert's conception of Wyke.

In conclusion, however, we shall not be too critical and frankly acknowledge that "The Magistrate" accomplished its aim in making us laugh and that we did not consider our evening as ill spent or thrown away.



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