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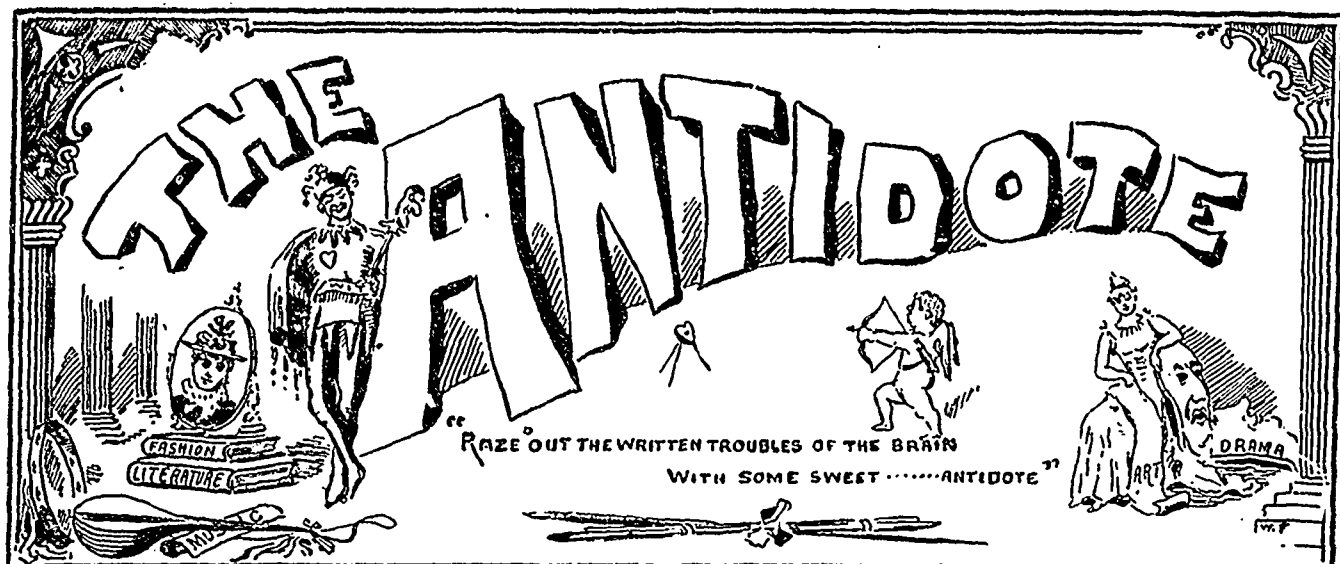
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Vol. I. No. 14.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892

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**Queen's Theatre**

MONDAY, 19th SEPTEMBER.

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... IN ...

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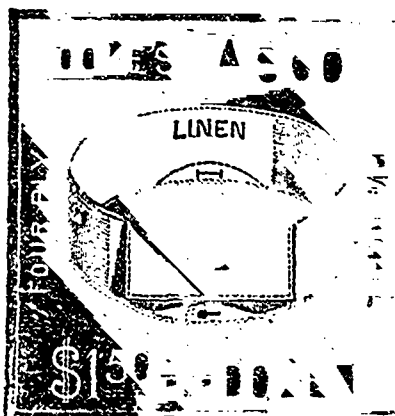
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## THE ANTIDOTE.

### PROSPECTUS.

The Antidote, as its names implies, is  
 intended to brush away the cobwebs,  
 so to speak, which usually collect dur-  
 ing the week in the minds of all who  
 are occupied with business or household  
 duties. One day out of the seven has  
 been wisely set apart, from time im-  
 memorial, for rest, which means for  
 those engaged, more or less, in mental  
 avocations,—a change in thought or  
 something which breaks the monotony  
 necessarily connected with the ordinary  
 routine of labour.

To accomplish this "The Antidote"  
 will please everybody and thus upset  
 the fable of the old man, his son and  
 their ass. It will strive to call a smile  
 to the lips of those who have laid a  
 tired or anxious head upon their Sat-  
 urday night's pillow, by comic quips  
 picked up from every quarter. It will  
 also strive to cheer the sick and stimu-  
 late the healthy, by light literature,  
 which will be a recreation rather than  
 a study, and will not forget the "fair  
 ministering angels," without whom ex-  
 istence would be a dreary blank, but  
 will devote a space to fashions and so-  
 cial events, to gladden their dear spark-  
 ling eyes. Neither will our young  
 "dudes," or the "bucks" of former  
 days, be neglected, for the theatres will  
 have a corner set apart for their pro-  
 ductions, and an occasional peep at  
 Sherbrooke street, on Saturday and  
 Sunday afternoons will not be omit-

ted, while harmless society news, far  
 removed from objectionable scandal,  
 will be retailed for those who take a  
 kindly (not venomous) interest in their  
 neighbors. "In short," as the immor-  
 tal Wilkins Micawber would say, no  
 stone will be left unturned to make  
 the paper pleasing and attractive.

Though "The Antidote" will be chief-  
 ly a local paper, mainly dealing with  
 events taking place round about us,  
 it will not eschew culling the honey  
 from flowers in other fields, but may  
 dip now and then into New York, keep  
 a wakeful eye upon Chicago or San  
 Francisco, and even once in a while  
 draw pictures from that wondrous  
 eastern clime, recently rendered so en-  
 chanting by the pen of Mr. Rudyard  
 Kipling.

Its illustrations will be among the  
 brightest features of "The Antidote,"  
 and no pains will be spared to make  
 them both pretty and attractive.

In conclusion "The Antidote" will be  
 a family paper in the true sense of the  
 term, and, in trusting it may call forth  
 many a hearty and wholesome laugh,  
 nothing shall be printed in its columns  
 which will bring a blush to the cheek  
 of any mother or daughter among its  
 readers.

The low price of one dollar per an-  
 num will place the paper within the  
 reach of everyone, the object being not  
 only to give our subscribers a good,  
 but also a popular publication,

## SEATH'S \$4 TROUSERS

MADE TO MEASURE.

How foolish it is for any man that wears pants and  
 likes to save money not to give us a trial order and  
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 now : **Do You Wear Pants ?** and  
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 to his own order* that will suit him. We most earnestly  
 beg of you in all good faith, both for the sake of your  
 pocket and for ours, to grant us this one trial. We will  
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## THE ANTIDOTE

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### \*OUR PRIZE LIST\*

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st 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; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

### OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The game of lacrosse, properly played, is both graceful and interesting, and though it is essentially a masculine sport, there is nothing in itself brutal or debasing, or anything which need preclude our wives and daughters from witnessing it.

We ourselves have seen lacrosse matches both here and in Toronto, which have been delightful exhibitions of strength and skill, and have reflected credit upon the players, as each side manfully strove its best to win. It is of course a game in which accidents may happen, more or less of a painful nature, as is the case in cricket, football, or any other pastime in which the full muscular power of the combatants is put forth in the contest for victory. Just as the cricketer may receive an ugly blow from the ball, so the lacrosse player's head now and then gets a knock, aimed at his bat, but as in either case the wound is purely accidental, it is taken in good part; the recipient never dreaming of harboring malice or revenge.

Canadians have been justly proud of their national game, and have carried it triumphantly to the other side of the Atlantic; it was a game in which gentlemen could indulge, and ladies could enjoy as spectators. We have used the past tense advisedly, for after the disgraceful scenes which occurred at the matches played upon Saturday

the 3rd inst., it would seem as though all feelings of honor and fair dealing had become nearly extinct amongst the rival clubs, and that a noble game has been debased into nothing more or less than a rowdy fight. No language is too strong to apply to those, who have neither the pluck nor good temper to play fair; they place themselves on a lower level than the prize fighter and are unfit to be associated with. The officers from the French ships of war, must have been highly edified and pleased at beholding members of two of our leading lacrosse clubs, not contending for the game in a square, honest manner and allowing the best side to win, but slashing and mauling one another like a pack of savages doing battle.

In Toronto the captain of the Capitals has been committed for assault, but this is hardly the method which is likely to add to the reputation of the game, nor the true mode to stamp out such malpractices. The respective clubs should have the power and will to expel any member who deliberately strikes a foul blow, and if this is not done not only do the clubs, as a whole, become equally guilty with the particular offender but they will bring the great national pastime to a depth of degradation, which will utterly prevent the respectable portion of the community from joining in it. We trust however that the point has been reached at which the reaction will set in, and that for the honor of lacrosse and those who previously brought the game credit and renown, steps will be taken to prevent the scenes we have condemned from being repeated in future.

Mr. Neil Warner is leaving for New York to take up a leading position at Daly's well-known theatre, and previous to his departure, will be tendered a benefit on the 19th instant at the Windsor Hall, when he will appear in his favorite part of "Othello."

Mr. Warner is well known and admired in Montreal and need not, like Othello, have any misgiving as to his success, either at the above benefit or for his future career in New York.

Queen's Theatre. Next week "Faust" with Mr. Lewis Morrison.

### THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

The other day a gentleman asked the Editor if he had ever read Mr. Bellamy's book called "Looking Backward" and on receiving a reply in the negative, requested him to do so at once, as the said book was a capital exposition of the doctrines and practise of socialism, and would do much to efface, if it did not altogether obliterate some of the prejudices the Editor had expressed against that creed. The book was read, but had a totally opposite effect to that which the gentleman intended it should have had, for of all the dreary, dead-level systems ever protrayed that held up and expatiated upon in "Looking Backwards" appeared to the Editor the most complete in its unvarying monotony and utter want of individuality of the component characters. Of course it was an entirely impossible picture because founded upon false premises, but none the less was it sad to observe that, since crime and misery had been abolished, the virtues of self-sacrifice, charity, and so forth had also ceased to exist, being no longer needed.

Socialists would seem to argue that everybody being born equal, we should all enjoy the same rights and privileges, and that it is wrong that some should rise in the social and material scale so much above their fellows.

But there is no such equality in birth, and not only socially, but morally, mentally and physically some start the race of life with greater advantages than others, and to enact that none shall push ahead of the crowd, is as absurd as it would be to force the athlete always to keep beside the cripple. Would anyone take an interest in racing if nothing but dead heats were run? No, emulation is necessary to welfare and progress, and "Excelsior!" should be the motto for all. Let us do our best according to the talents entrusted to us, not burying any, and when the post which we must all pass is reached, the looking backwards will not cause the regrets the Editor experienced in contemplating socialism. Instead of levelling down let us rather place a higher mark to strive for, give honor where honor is due and let the best man win.



### EXHIBITION FANCIES.

#### Scraps from "Pick-Me-Up."

##### HER CHANCE.

When first she stepped upon the stage  
 Her form and style was not the rage:  
 To reach the point of playing page  
 Is not so far.  
 But then she owned a perfect face.  
 Could attitudinize with grace,  
 And thus a "Breach of Promise" case  
 Made her a "star."

The girdle of beauty is not a stay-lace.  
 This is the only excuse for tight lacing:  
 a good housewife should have no waste.  
 The following advertisement appeared in  
 a newspaper some time ago:—  
 "Mr. and Mrs. O'Grubby have left off  
 wearing apparel of every description, in-  
 spection invited."  
 The advertisers of the above, being only  
 rag-bone-and-bottle merchants, forgot to  
 put a comma after "have."

#### NO GOOD TO HIM.

Although some thought him very wise,  
 You couldn't make him advertise,  
 He fails—gets poor—then ill—then dies—  
 A not uncommon fate.  
 Obituary notes we read,  
 Which glorify each act and deed  
 Ah! noble man, we all concede,  
 But advertised too late.

H. M. S. "MAGICIENE" AND  
"TAR-TAR."

We do not think the officers of the above ships will have occasion to complain of the treatment they have received from Montreal, for besides minor courtesies they have been given a reception and a ball both of which were very successful affairs. The latter was tendered by the officers of the various regiments and may be considered very select since the invitations were limited to the upper "four hundred." We regret it occurred too late in the week for more than this passing notice in our columns.

The Reception at the City Hall on Tuesday was largely attended, and the different uniforms, both naval and military, made the scene both gay and beautiful. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, the Union Jack in compliment to the visitors, predominating, and we need hardly say that one of the, if not, the chief ornament, on the occasion, was the well-known and charming figure of the Mayoress, who, standing beside Capt. in Pipon of the "Magicienne," received the guests with that grace for which she is renowned.

The cards of invitation distinctly stated that evening dress was imperative, and "The Antidote" could not help wondering whether he was mistaken as to the substantive or the adjective, for he observed a few in the crowd who certainly were in morning costume, though everyone must allow it was not a "mourning" occasion. Had we the space, we could present some amusing pictures, but must content ourselves with one, that of two stout ladies in bonnets, who like a couple of gallant seventy-four frigates fought their way through the crowd undismayed by the raking fire from the eyes cast upon them. It was useless for policemen and other officials to expostulate, for weight will tell and in the end they won the day.

Dancing was kept up till past midnight and "The Antidote" whose days of the light fantastic are over, felt ashamed as he watched the well rounded figure of one of our aldermen capering round in the Highland Schottische with all the activity of a youth, but he consoled himself with the recollection that all of us are not Scotchmen. The Mayor vied with his wife in his endeavours to make the evening pass pleasantly to Montreal's guests, and those endeavours were crowned with the success they deserved.

She.—How do you think I look on the stage? I don't look so very bad, do I?

He.—Charming—charming, anywhere—and unlike most actresses nowadays, you look better off than on.

## CHARACTER SKETCHES.

## NO. 14 OUR DOCTOR.

A little bird has whispered to us that in these series of sketches, we have been generally too prone to find fault, and appear almost invariably to have fixed upon types of character, with a view of picking holes in their coats. We might retort that, the representation of cloudless sky is not nearly so interesting for the artist to paint or the public to gaze upon, as a celestial scene with some ugly lurid spots floating across its surface, but instead of this, we will accept the rebuke in good part, and admit that we are too apt to dwell upon the little failings of our brethren and peck at the mote in their eyes, when lo! a beam is causing our own optics to squint in a terrible manner.

So we cry "peccavimus" and will try to forget that the rheumatic season is approaching, and not be too censorious. As a pledge of our good intentions, we this week select a sketch at whom it will be difficult to cavil.

Our Doctor—in the official capacity at least in which we know him—always exhibits the best side of his nature to those he visits or attends. If the case be slight, he walks in with a brisk step, and cracks a pleasant joke or two, while noting down the symptoms, so that you feel better before he has even left the room. Should the illness be serious his foot falls as though on velvet, yet notwithstanding his voice is hushed, his smile is cheerful, and the patient feels as if he had brought the sunshine with him. Then with the children—what child does not love Our Doctor? How gentle he is with those lithe ones, how tender in handling them. In short, Our Doctor is sympathetic; his kind face almost always brings consolation and comfort, and we must not forget that very often, he has to bury his private troubles, and when smile is brightest, he has probably been up all night after a hard day's work. A patient ought to be what his name implies, but too frequently he is just the reverse, and we have known Our Doctor when his own head has been splitting from want of sleep, come into the sick chamber with a genial countenance, and soothe a fractious child until he leaves it laughing.

Surely the world would be a better place if we all did our duty with the same unassuming fortitude which appertains to Our Doctor.

These sketches, as we have before intimated are not personal, but our readers will admit that the above "cap," so to speak, will fit very many of the doctors, who go their rounds in Montreal.

## ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

It does not matter where the photograph was exhibited; it was a portrait of an old lady we had never seen, and yet as we gazed at it we felt we should have liked to have known the original. As a rule it is not complimentary to affix the adjective "old" before one of a sex which is supposed to be ever youthful. But in this instance—so far from anything derogatory—we intend to convey the highest praise, by the epithet old lady, for the age carries with it a respect and veneration, not reckoned so much by the mere years, as by the use those years have been put to.

There was a placid beauty about the face of that photograph, which was the "outward sign of the inward spiritual grace" it reflected, and which no time could destroy, because it did not belong to time. When we meet such a one as pretty in her declining years, as she was in the days of her maidenhood, we doff our hats in respectful homage, knowing that the life must have been pure and good. That kindly smile, and those honest eyes, must have gladdened all who came within their reach, and cheered many a wayfarer on life's journey. Madam, those silver hairs are to our mind as lovely as ever your golden tresses could have been, and to have that bright countenance by the fireside would be an honor of which any prince might be proud. We see you in imagination (which is yet quite real) seated in your easy chair listening to the prattle of your grandchildren, whose parents strive with each other to make some return for all you have done for them.

The term lady, is often much abused, but we applied it to you in its proper sense—as we held your photograph in our hand—for to be a lady, is to be modest, sweet and womanly, tender in affliction, and quietly courageous under difficulties, always courteous, having a gentle dignity, which shields you from harm, yet has ever a true consideration for others. Her we salute as a lady whether she come from a cottage or a palace. Happy the man whose home is crowned with such a blessing.

The foregoing were our thoughts as we laid down the photograph and slowly took our departure into the busy street. May many of our readers have a similar picture in their albums, to remind them that this life is not merely a passing pageant, but a path leading to the promised land.

Queen's Theatre. One week commencing Monday next, Mr. Lewis Morrison will appear in his well-known part of Mephisto in "Faust."

### His Night's Rest.

Jones Couldn't Stand His Infant's Midnight Wails. So He Hires a Room in a Hotel.

My friend Jones is one of the most irritable and impatient men I know. He received a lesson the other night, however, well calculated to materially increase his somewhat limited stock of patience and tone down his irritability for some time to come.

Needless to remark, Jones is married—very much married, he says. He has a charming wife, a patient little woman, whom he bullies on all occasions, and who lately presented him with an heir in the shape of a bouncing strong-lunged baby boy.

Of course Jones, the infant, "yowls" at night as Jones expresses it. "Confound it, can't you keep that brat quiet," is all the sympathy he bestows upon poor Mrs. Jones, while the latter is exhausting herself with every manner of device in order to keep the infant's wails from the ears of her irascible husband.

"There," yelled Jones on the evening in question, "yell, you young fiend," and addressing his poor wife he added: "If you would only exercise the proper care over the young one he wouldn't squall so. I'm going down town to a hotel to get some sleep, I am."

And with this Jones arose, dressed himself and left the house, adds the Cincinnati Enquirer. He applied for a room, a quiet room, at a well known Broadway hotel. It was then near midnight.

Sorry we haven't any single rooms, sir," observed the hotel clerk. "I can give you a large room with three beds in it, though, if you want to take your chances. After this time of night it is not likely to be wanted."

Jones concluded to take his chances and was soon ensconced in a large double bed in a corner of the room near a window. "Now I can take some rest," he muttered as he turned down the lights and prepared himself for sleep. "Gracious Peter, what was that!" he suddenly exclaimed, jumping out of bed.

The door of his room was unceremoniously unlocked at this moment as a hall boy entered and deliberately lit the gas. Following the boy were two well dressed young men in an advanced stage of intoxication.

"Ta-ra-boom-de-aye—hooray. Ah there joblots (to the astonished Jones) le'sav noth'r drink—She's my sweetheart—Rah for us—We're the stuff!"

These and other yells broke in upon the rest of the disconsolate Jones, who remarked dryly.

"Gentlemen, would you mind making less noise? You see, my baby at home"—

Whizzer matter with y'r baby? Give m a tring 'r whisker. Come, have a drink of the old stuff, whisker," inter-

### Our Portrait Gallery.



Montreal's Chief Magistrate.

rupted the notorious young men in a chorus.

It was no use. Jones couldn't sleep. He was in for it now with a vengeance. The newcomers managed to make the night more or less hideous; nor did they desist until far into the morning, when they finally, and to the satisfaction of Jones, took their departure. Then Jones, with a devout sigh of relief, turned over and prepared to snatch a few hours of needed sleep.

Bang! bang! came on the door just as Jones had relapsed into a refreshing dose. Bang! bang! the knocks were repeated.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Jones, getting up and opening the door. "What the dash blank do you want?" said he to a porter who appeared on the threshold.

"Are you the gent as wanted to be waked at 8 o'clock?" he asked.

"Am I the man—get out!" yelled Jones, slamming the door and going back to bed. He was interrupted several times after that by hall boys, porters and chambermaids. He had lost the key somehow, and the door wouldn't stay shut. In final despair, and utterly exhausted from loss of sleep, he arose and wended his way homeward.

"Well, dear, did you pass a pleasant night, and get some sleep?" was the greeting his wife gave him as he opened

the door of his home. "And why are you not at business? Why did you come home at this time of the morning?" she again queried.

"Why did I come home?" repeated Jones with a look of abject melancholy. "I came home to get some sleep; that's what I did." And then Jones went to his room, and locked himself in.

### WHAT HE DID.

One day, said a member of congress to the crowd of listeners, I was away off in one of the back counties of my district, repairing fences and doing some missionary work incidental to the campaign, when I saw a woman sitting on the roadside watching a man splitting rails a hundred feet farther up the hill.

"Good morning," I said, stopping my horse.

She returned the salutation and the man kept on with his work.

"Stranger in these parts?" she inquired, after I had made a few inquiries as to health, crops and other matters of interest to a man when he is a candidate.

"Partly," I replied; "I live in one of the lower counties."

"Air you a drummer?" she asked.

I laughed.

"Do I look like one?" I asked.

"No, not exactly; more like a preacher."

"But I'm not," and I laughed again.

"I knowed it," she said confidently.

"How?"

"Preachers don't pack their bottle in their outside pockets," she remarked sententiously.

I took mine out somewhat guiltily and handed it to her.

"Oh, Bill," she called to the man splitting rails.

"Who is he?" inquired William.

She turned to me before answering.

"What do you do fer a livin'?" she asked.

"I'm a member of congress," I said, blushing at my own greatness.

She gave a long, low whistle.

"Bill," she called to the man up the hill, "he don't do nothin' fer a livin'; he's a member of congress," and William came down the hill and then there were three drinks less in the bottle as I rode on.—Detroit Free Press.

### Americans as Sugar Eaters.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: The average consumption of sugar per head is greater in the United States than in any other country in the world. Americans take their coffee and tea sweeter than Europeans, and in cooking of every description sugar is used with exceptional freedom. This is especially the case with pastry and pies, the latter very largely an American institution. This excessive use of sugar at all meals is one of the causes of the prevalence of dyspepsia and indigestion, sugar, feeding both these ailments and also causing an unhealthy accumulation of intestinal corpulency or fatness.





*From London Queen.*

## THE FASHIONS.

We lately informed our readers that an attempt to revive the costumes of First Empire (as the era of Napoleon Buonaparte is called) would be made, and this has actually been done in France. One introduced is of pale pink crepe, having a pattern of a deeper shade, with a long and narrow skirt having a wide embroidered Greek or key pattern border, and the same on the sleeves only narrower; there is a wide waistband almost under the arms, and fastened with a jewelled clasp; also a large "crepe de chine" scarf of a bright pink color embroidered with flowers, birds and Chinese pagodas. Another is a pale blue dress, covered with a pattern of that red shade termed "caroubier," the skirt is encircled with a wide border of the same design, and the bodice is cut round and low, finish-

ed with a lace ruche over a guimpe of cream Surah; the waistband round of caroubier velvet. A third dress is of mauve silk, with rather short sleeves made of two puffs drawn in with black velvet straps; a large blouse of very open black lace falls from a mauve yoke and comes to the edge of the skirt, but permits the whole costume to be seen through it; the bodice is close-fitting and the front of the skirt embroidered in shaded silks.

The above however may be said to be experimental at present, and we prefer to give illustrations of afternoon gowns generally worn. They are as follows:—

Fig. 1. Skirt of walking length and pointed plastron in fawn-coloured corduroy crepon cloth, bordered with a cross band of dark green corded silk, framed with a rouleau. The plastron is fastened with gilt buttons. Round

bodice and high puckered sleeves in green silk.

Fig. 2. Bodice with pleated basque in grey canvass cloth, enhanced with bands of silver and gold embroidery to correspond with the facings and wristlets of the close-fitting jacket, which is lined with lemon-coloured silk. Skirt touching the ground, also edged with a fancy band. Toque in black chip, ornamented at the side with a cluster of black ostrich tips, shaded with yellow.

Fig. 3. Gown in cote de cheval, striped with pink and bronze-brown. Figaro fronts and straight collar in either black lace or gimp. Empire sash with purse ends in black Bengaline silk. Hat in black rice straw, edged with black lace, and trimmed with piquet and wreath of variegated roses, and tinted ostrich feathers.



TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER XI—THE RETURN MATCH

You will easily understand that Madeline, whom we left at Scarborough Beach in a somewhat unhappy state of mind, was quickly aware that the report of Dugdale's death from the Tunnel explosion was all a mistake, but she has never forgotten the miserable blank which had seemed to stretch out before her for the few days succeeding the first news of the catastrophe.

On returning to New York in September her life resumed "the even tenor of its way," driving or riding in the park, calling or receiving, dining or giving dinners, balls and so forth. We all know the fashionable routine and only continue it long enough, the monotony becomes as great as in the most hum drum country existence. You meet the same people day after day, dance with the same partners night after night, hear the same stories and make the same remarks in reply. Now and then Madeline might seek relief in a quiet evening with the Ralstons,—who were not wealthy enough to move in the exalted atmosphere of the "four hundred,"—but naturally these occasions were "few and far between," and Madeline in consequence would laughingly call Annette her angel.

There was a slight ripple upon the calm waters of New York society when it was announced that Lord Falconbridge, after a lengthened tour through the States and a voyage to Australia and Japan, had returned by way of Vancouver and was again in New York. The Van Higgins expected his lordship to call, after the hospitality they supposed they had extended to him during his first visit, but he did not put in an appearance, and it was quite by chance that Madeline met the real owner of Bicksley Park, which happened thus: One afternoon she, accompanied by Annette, visited the Museum of Arts, and, as the two were standing before one of the paintings in the North Gallery, a lady, touching Madeline on the shoulder, said "Allow me to introduce Lord Falconbridge."

Miss Van Higgin returned, bowing coldly, "Lord Falconbridge and I have met—," but as her eyes rested on his lordship she suddenly stopped, adding "Excuse me, I took you for somebody else." Lord Falconbridge smiled, and murmured that he hoped there would be no mistakes in future. Madeline was puzzled; this was certainly not the man whom they had entertained as Lord Falconbridge some months previously, although there was a resemblance, while, as for his lordship, he had clean forgotten the name of Van Higgin and the trick he had played when last in New York, but hearing from a friend, he had met in his travels, that there were some really nice people in that city,



This is all very well, but—

he had determined to see for himself the class from which some of the English aristocracy had of late years chosen their brides. Of course the above meeting was but momentary, a bow, a few words, and it was over, but Lord Falconbridge had been very much struck with Madeline's appearance, and resolved within himself to improve the acquaintance.

A gentleman whom Madeline knew very well—a Mr. Winston—happening to join her as Lord Falconbridge was moving away, she said "Excuse me, you will think it a strange question, but can you tell me if that is really Lord Falconbridge walking with Mrs. Merwin?"

"Certainly that is the Simon Pure, Miss Van Higgin," replied Mr. Winston. "May I enquire why you ask, for I see you have a reason?"

"He does not seem to be the Lord Falconbridge I met last year," said Madeline. "He appears smaller, not so good-looking, yet more of a gentleman—in the society sense of the term, I mean."

"I was not in town on the occasion of his last visit," returned Mr. Winston smiling, "but I have heard a report—how far true I cannot say—that he played an atrocious practical joke, when here before, by making his man servant, who is so like him (though taller and stouter) that you might take them for brothers, represent him, but I can scarcely believe he carried the deception to the extent they say he did."

"His man servant—his valet I presume—it cannot be, and yet it is very strange," said Madeline laughing uncasily, while an indignant flush stole over her cheeks. "Is not Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' a glorious picture Mr. Winston? You can fancy you hear those horses snorting and squealing just as they do in Normandy."

Thus it was that Madeline, after the manner of her sex, entirely changed the conversation from a subject which had become disagreeable to her. It reminds one of a hare doubling when she feels the unpleasant breath of the hounds close behind her. Men are not so quick, but stutter and stammer and show plainly the talk is not to their liking, whereas Madeline Van Higgin dismissed Lord Falconbridge and began to discuss squealing horses, as though the one naturally followed the other at that particular point.

Lord Falconbridge himself was a trifle 'piqued' by Madeline's cool treatment of him, for he had become so accustomed to be "run after," that he could not, all at once, comprehend anything which partook of a repulse. "Who the deuce is this beauty, that she should give herself airs?" he wondered to himself, and then added aloud to his companion, Mrs. Merwin, "Miss Van Higgin is very lovely, but proud, is she not?"

"Oh no I never heard that of her," replied Mrs. Merwin. "We consider her one of the leaders of New York society,



—it has its drawbacks if the grass is damp.

nearly quoting scripture unconsciously, he was not worthy to unlace. Madeline, on the other hand, while she forgave his lordship, always thought from that time that a mere title had not much to do with ennobling a name.

CHAPTER XII—A CRISIS.

I have introduced Washington Van Higgin as a millionaire, which term, I take it to mean, that he was worth anything from one million upwards. His wealth was variously reputed, and since he had—as it is called—numerous irons in the fire, it was difficult to estimate the exact figures he would “foot up” from time to time. Besides having the controlling interest in the Colorado Tunnel Company, he was Director of several Railroad Corporations, and dealt largely in foreign bonds—South American and others. He also was a private banker, and his name well known in both London and Paris. He was pointed out as the lucky speculator who turned into gold every scheme he handled, and his career had been one uninterrupted success. He was looked upon as a sort of oracle upon financial matters, and his opinion carried immense weight in commercial circles. Socially he was much liked, for he was kind and generous, giving largely to charities and always ready to help a friend, an instance of which we have already seen. Perhaps his chief fault was an over-weening confidence in his own sagacity and foresight, which defect had been fostered and increased by the absence of a single noteworthy failure. If he had made mistakes, they had been so trivial as to count for nothing, besides his greater and far more numerous successes. We are now however coming to a turn in the tide, when, as may be the case with any one of us, his judgment erred and when, as was perhaps quite natural, he was blind to the error with the blindness of those who won't see. It is in such a time that the character of a man is tried and tested. Many of us lead gallantly on a victorious march, but when a check comes, seem to lose the talent and courage which should be called up to meet adversity, and here I cannot help endorsing the wise words of a late author who, in comparing Van Higgin's namesake, George Washington, with General Wolfe, pointed out that the former was greater than the latter, “because it is greater to endure than to dare.” So it was also that Wellington, behind the lines at Torres Vedras, showed a higher courage than the victor of Austerlitz.

It was shortly before Dugdale had completed his labors with regard to the Colorado Tunnel, that a small cloud appeared on the horizon. The expenses of that undertaking had been enormous, and though now some returns were coming in from the mines, the money was far

of course, but I never knew her to be in the least stuck up. Would you like to go to one of her receptions Lord Falconbridge, because I will take you if you would?”

“Thanks, I shall be charmed,” was the answer, and so it was arranged that the English nobleman should face the eagle in her nest. The day was fixed, and Lord Falconbridge found himself at No. 100 Fifth Avenue one afternoon, between five and six o'clock, struggling through a crowd towards Madeline, his name having been duly heralded.

The hostess, as she saw him advancing, colored in that smileless way so dangerous in a woman, and bowing haughtily, without extending her hand, asked “Are you really Lord Falconbridge?”

“Why, yes, I believe so,” he replied in a surprised manner.

“Then I wonder how you dare to come into this house,” said Madeline in a clear hard voice. Lord Falconbridge started as though he had been struck, and had a bombshell fallen among the company, the consternation could scarcely have been greater.

“This is one of the so-called English aristocracy,” continued Madeline in distinct tones, scorn ringing out in every word, “who considered it, I presume, a wonderfully clever joke, when last in New York, to send his valet in his place to receive the hospitality intended for himself. Probably he is proud of his ancestry and

thought himself far superior to untitled Americans, but I can only hope he is an unfortunate specimen of his class, for he has proved himself one, whom every true citizen of this republic—this democratic republic—must look down on with contempt.”

A dead, in fact an awful, silence ensued, during which you could have heard a pin drop, and then Lord Falconbridge (the recollection of what he had done flashing upon him) utterly abashed and crestfallen, said, in a low voice, “I deserve all you have said Miss Van Higgin, and more. I behaved like a brutal cad, I beg your pardon and will take my leave.”

What could he say more, he was covered with shame and frankly accepted his punishment, but Madeline seeing how complete was the nobleman's defeat, relented and exclaimed, with a smile, “Stay my lord, a pardon so freely offered shall wipe out the affront, though I cannot admit, with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the obligation. Will you take Mrs. Merwin in for a cup of tea or a glass of wine?”

“I have no right to expect such generosity,” humbly replied Lord Falconbridge, but he went nevertheless, and over afterwards if he heard Americans run down, and their manners disparaged, would staunchly maintain that he knew one of their ladies, the equal of any duchess in the peerage, a perfect queen among women by George, whose shoes, he added

from sufficient as yet to meet the outlay. One of two things was therefore necessary, either to stop the works or to increase the capital by a call upon the stockholders, or an issue of fresh stock.

A meeting was convened at the offices in Wall street, and after a somewhat stormy discussion Van Higgin succeeded in vetoing the first alternative, but the shareholders declining to respond to a call, the issue of further stock was finally passed. Van Higgin, whose blood was up at the opposition he had met, boldly, or more properly speaking rashly, took up a considerable number of new shares, but the remainder were allotted outside, which weakened the controlling power of the president. It would have been better had Van Higgin given way and allowed the work on the tunnel to be temporarily suspended, but he had been so used to assume the command, in every scheme he was connected with, that he did not see his mistake until it was too late. The money was collected, but owing to a sudden panic in South American securities, Van Higgin for the first time in his life found himself in what is called a corner. He still carried his head up and appeared to the world the same successful man as before, but he had received a blow and knew that within a week he must find a considerable amount of cash to meet his engagements. Misfortunes, it has often been said, never come singly, and in consequence of a crop failure a large lot of railroad stock became unsaleable. Then it was that Van Higgin began to lose his head, as it were; he omitted to attend an extraordinary meeting of the Colorado Tunnel Company, which was there thrown into the hands of a receiver. He still clung, with the pertinacious grasp of a drowning man, to the belief that the panic in South American bonds was all moonshine, until a cablegram announced the failure of one of the largest banking firms in London, when he was forced to admit that the worst had come and he was beaten.

He was seated in his office when the cablegram was brought him, and the clerk quite started at the terrific oath which burst from his employer's lips. Let us hope that the angel, who has so often had to weep, had still a tear left to expunge those ugly words. He gave orders that he could not see anybody, and on being left alone he locked the door leading to the public office. Rescating himself, he took a sheet of paper, on which he put down certain figures with memoranda opposite them, but he soon desisted, and sat with his hands before him vacantly staring. His life seemed then to rise up and pass like a panorama—his business life that is—showing how he had started a comparatively poor

man, and how by industry, tact, and perseverance, he had attained his pinnacle of wealth. He noted his bold strokes, and rapid conquests, in the financial world, which had made him the admiration of Wall Street. Then came the false step and the crash, the latter so complete that his energies and faculties appeared shattered and paralyzed, and he sank down with no fight left in him.

How long he remained thus he did not know, but finally he rose and let himself out by a private door leading to the hall. He made his way to the street, and hardly knowing where he went, found himself in the busy crowd of Broadway, when he turned his face uptown. As he walked along he caught himself wondering in a dull sort of fashion whether those he met knew who he was and if he saw anyone, who chanced to look at him, make a remark to a companion; he could not help thinking that such remark had reference to himself and what had taken place. He, the great Washington Van Higgin, the successful millionaire was being pointed at as a grand failure, and he fancied people pushed him rudely on one side as though aware that he was now nobody. Of course this was all morbid imagination, for in New York, except by a very few, you are not known from Adam, but at such a time a man is apt to become over sensitive.

At last reaching the space in front of the City Hall Van Higgin stepped into a cab, and giving the driver his address was quickly rattled up Broadway towards his home. Then came the thought of Madeline and how he was to tell her, for in the midst of all his pursuit of wealth and rush of business he had always loved his daughter with the whole force of his nature, and had endeavored, so far as his lights went, to be both a father and a mother to her—his wife having died during Madeline's infancy. He had lavished his riches upon her without stint, and of late years she had been his almost constant companion, they having travelled together not only in their own country, but in Europe. He had watched with pardonable pride how his child had gradually blossomed into the beautiful woman who had added lustre to his home and was admired by all who knew her. It had made his heart beat with joy as he saw her shine with a kind of regal splendour, even in their own democratic society—and now!

Grace Church is passed and he is still pondering as to how he shall break the news to Madeline. How he must make it plain that he will have to commence over again, as they say, and that she will have to give up the luxuries which have hitherto been so pleasant. He is no nearer solving the question, when he is landed at his house door.

"Why Papa how early you are! Do you know it is only two o'clock?" cried Madeline, as she met him in the hall. "Is anything the matter that you look so strange?"

"Yes something has happened Madge," replied Van Higgin, in a voice so unlike his own that it startled even himself. "I will tell you all about it presently. Would you mind ordering the mail phaeton round and coming out for a drive with me? I suppose you have had your lunch."

"Yes, but I can see you have not Papa, you are so pale" said Madeline, taking him by the hand and leading him into the dining room.

"No—I believe I forgot my lunch today—but never mind I am not hungry. Just send Graves here with some sherry and biscuits, and you go and get ready for the drive."

"Are you sure you are not sick Papa?"

"Quite—run off with you—I will tell you as we drive along—drive along," exclaimed Van Higgin in an impatient manner, and then repenting he patted her cheek and asked once more for the sherry and biscuits. As far as the latter were concerned the request was entirely superfluous, for he never touched them, but after a couple of glasses of sherry his color came back, and as he handed his daughter into the phaeton, neither Madeline nor anyone else would have guessed that he mounted that vehicle a ruined man.

To be continued.

#### GORY GAMBLERS.

The Frolicsome Fancy of a Champion Footballist.

I love my adversary's legs to kick,  
To frisk upon his features with my feet,  
Or butt him in the belly till he's sick—  
All this is sweet.

I smile to hear his collar-bone collapse,  
Accompanied by his expiring screech;  
To crack his ribs is happiness, perhaps  
Beyond all speech.

I laugh aloud when, in the scrimmage wild,  
I smash the thigh-bone of some lusty boy,  
And see him borne off, helpless as a child—  
That, that is joy!

My sturdy heel into his spine to jam,  
To beat his mouth until he pouts at fate,  
To punch him sternly in his diaphragm  
Is rapture great.

And then to batter flat his shapely snout  
Is pleasure that I can't afford to miss;  
To tear a handful of his giblets out—  
That, that is bliss.

Than to perceive his manly blood run red  
No greater joy can unto me be given;  
But at one kick to kick him down stone dead—  
That, that is heaven!

—English Sunday Chronicle.

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