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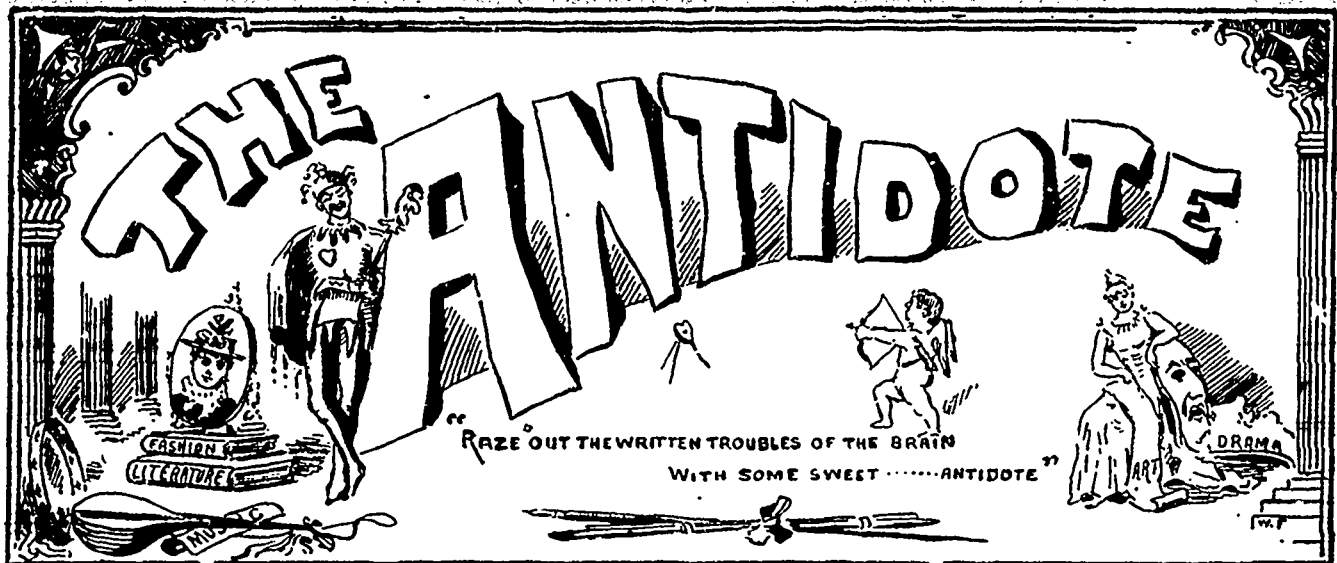
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Vol. I, No. 28.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 24, 1892

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HUSBAND-HUNTING AND MATCH-MAKING.

People think women who do not want to marry, unfeminine: people think women who do want to marry, immodest: people combine both opinions by regarding it as unfeminine for women not to look forward longingly to widowhood as the hope and purpose of their lives, and ridiculing or contemning any individual women of their acquaintance, whom they may suspect of entertaining such a longing. This is hard upon marriageable women. Their time is short; in many cases their opportunities are few, and meanwhile they are hampered with difficulties more numerous and more contradictory than were the old mans' with the ass, when he tried to take everybody's advice.

They must wish, and not wish; they must by no means give, they must certainly not withhold encouragement; they must not let a gentleman who is paying attention think them waiting for his offer; they must not be frank; they must not be coy; they must not laugh and talk indifferently with all comers; they must not show preferences—so it goes on, each precept cancelling another, and most of them negative: How are the girls to get themselves married and escape censure in the process? And if whether by fault or only worse luck than her neighbors, a mistaken damsel brings herself under the ban of more than momentary censure—gets "talked about" as the phrase is—henceforth there is small hope of her ever accomplishing her destiny at all.

If she be attractive, it will be her vocation to be flirted with. She may as she acquires experience in pleasing, make half-a-dozen men jealous of each other; she may, more or less, unwittingly hinder half-a-dozen other

girls of their husband in view; but the marriage column of the newspaper is pathetic literature for her, for it is her fate to see there the weddings of her admirers.

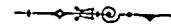
Not is the case of the parents of marriageable daughters less perplexing than that of the daughters themselves. They know how to do their worldly duty by their sons, they establish them in fit professions, giving them scope for the employment of such talents as they may possess, a definite place in the world, and opportunities for achieving distinction or wealth, or may be both. They have not a moments apprehension least they should be degrading the youths or themselves by taking all possible pains to place them in the posts for which they have been educated for which they have had them educated towards them in the highest degree of blame-worthiness if they left them in such a matter to chance and their own resources.

But as for their girls—for whom marriage is everything—they cannot with a free mind set themselves to arranging them a future at all. On the one hand, they see that if they die, leaving them husbandless, they will have left them in an abnormal, masterless position, for which nothing in their previous education has prepared them, and with many, in perhaps the majority of instances, insufficient or no income to live on, and no especial talent that can be turned to profit. On the other hand, with most people in this country where the matrimonial partnership has not yet become a sober bit of business to be negotiated for the young people by their more experienced and more reflecting seniors, any intervention possible to parents anxious to see their daughters provided with homes and happiness, is of an indirect and furtive kind, and is stigmatized accordingly.

The match-making mother is universally felt to be a thing for scorn and laughter; her prudence and her policy are classed with the lowest greeds and cunningings that make human nature pitiable. She is in her own eyes, a sensible guardian doing her duty, with a just regard for the future, but in everybody else's eyes, including those of all

the other match-making mothers, she is a vulgar schemer, making merchandise of her daughters.

As to the match-making father, for him there is added to all the obliquity that falls on the match-making mother, the contempt and disgust with which all regard womanly vices in a man; and if parents rashly hoping not to be contemned, or not to be found out will occupy themselves in the affairs of their daughters, and try to promote their marriage, they expose the young women to the ridicule and disrespect of all the men of their acquaintance, and to the indignation of all the women. No matter how guiltless the daughters may be of any share in the arrangements for their being eligibly fallen in love with their complicity will be taken for granted—they will be "husband-huntewrs," and "man-catchers."



The Neglect of Mozart.

It is a great pity that the piano-forte music of Mozart is so much neglected by teachers in these days. To be sure the technics of piano playing have advanced enormously since the days of the gifted Wolfgang, and digital feats which astonished crowds of his hearers would in our time evoke no comment whatever. But it is as an antidote to this very poison of excitement that Mozart-study should be employed. Now-a-days we are nothing if not surprised, and we are rapidly falling into the grievous error of regarding the piano as, in some sense, a compressed orchestra. Indeed, no less an authority on matters pertaining to this instrument than Anton Rubinstein has written a concerto in which the piano is supposed to urge successfully its claim to a position equal to that of the orchestra.

Because we are blessed with instruments of magnificent tone-producing power and of endurance far beyond the dreams of Streicher, it does not follow that we should spend our days and nights with the "Transcendental Studies" of Liszt. This is, of course, a slight exaggeration of truth. The best teachers and conservatories give their pupils abundant training in Bach, Clementi, and Beethoven. Bach, as the foundation of all pianoforte playing is, of course, the foundation of all pianoforte study. Clementi is an absolute necessity, and while Beethoven added nothing to the development of piano technics, he is musically invaluable. But after those three the student is

plunged into the moderns, and in three cases out of five gets very little Mozart, and that, too, without any special instruction in the nature and requirements of Mozart's piano music.

Now, we owe the essential nature of Mozart's piano style to two things: First, to the introduction of the use of the thumb by J. S. Bach, and second, to Mozart's training in vocal composition. Emanuel Bach, in his "True Manner of Playing the Clavichord" says: "Methinks music ought principally to move the heart, and in this no performer will succeed by merely thumping and drumming, or by continual arpeggio playing. During the last few years my chief endeavor has been to play the pianoforte, in spite of its deficiency in sustaining sound, as much as possible in a singing manner, and to compose for it accordingly." We have the testimony of Otto Jahn, the authoritative biographer of Mozart, that he followed the theory and practice of Emanuel Bach. Says Jahn: "He exacts a clear, song-like delivery of the long-drawn melodies, and a 'quiet, steady' hand, which should make the passages 'flow like oil.'" He tells us further, what the compositions show plainly enough for themselves, that almost all of Mozart's passages depend upon scales or broken chords. The jumps and crossings of later players are rare in his works, and he did not introduce the rapid passages in thirds, sixths, and octaves, which Clementi employed with such freedom. In short, Mozart never sought to produce any massive effects on the piano. He aimed at a clear, limpid, song-like style, evolved from scale passages, made practicable by Bach's introduction of the thumb. We may say that he could get little more out of the instruments of his day. That is, however, not the question for us. It behooves us to inquire whether a conscientious study of Mozart's pianoforte music, and of the Mozartian manner of playing it, would not be a powerful assistance to us in the cultivation of the art of producing a beautiful singing tone. One of the secrets of Paderewski's playing is his marvelous command of this singing tone. The more closely the piano, the violin, the cello, the orchestra approaches the infinite significance of the nuances of the dramatic vocal-style, the more subtle and powerful is its influence upon the emotional nature of the hearer. Berlioz knew this when he spoke of an orchestra's singing a symphony.

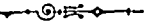
Now, of course, the passages which Paderewski plays so remarkably on the piano could not be sung, but he makes them sound singable. He can make



even an ascending chromatic scale-sound! as if it were sung. But that is a mere detail. It is in his broad, general treatment of a composition that he creates what we may call a vocal atmosphere. I do not know whether Paderewski ever made extended study of Mozart playing or not. I am inclined to think not. But the point to be made here is this: the Mozart piano music and style of performance is essentially vocal, and study of it under intelligent teaching will go far toward giving a student command of the singing quality of tone. This music ought to be studied and this tone acquired before the pupil begins work on Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt. For Chopin especially there is no better groundwork in tone producing than Mozart.

The severer technical studies, covering the devices of modern writers, especially those of the romantic school, might well be left till after the Mozartian style has been thoroughly mastered. And let me urge once again that it will not do simply to put Mozart's music before the pupil and make him play it. He must be required to play it in the way in which Mozart wished to have it played. Therein lies the

secret. If this were done more frequently than it now is, we should not so often hear the beautiful song-like melodies of Chopin ruined by a hard touch and a brittle, unvocal style.—W. J. Henderson in the "Etude."



Errata.

We have again to apologize for the shortcomings of our Junior. Juniors must form a part of the staff of every newspaper, or we should eventually have no seniors. In the "Antidote" of the 17th inst., our junior made a few, trifling errors which seem to have escaped the eye of the proof-reader: On page 4, in the 8th paragraph, "Seneca" should be "Seneca." In another paragraph the word "Madonna" is printed "Madorina," and in the article on page 6, ("The whole art of Poetry"), the second word is lacking the final "n"; the 5th word of the second line lacks the letter "t," and the tenth line which was faulty in the 4th word is repeated; but while the word "nascitur" is corrected, the letter "r" is introduced, making "poeta" read "potra." Our junior has been hauled over the coals, and we hope for better work from him for the future.

The Avenged Crow.

(Imitated from the French.)
 You have all heard the tale of the Fox
 and the Crow,
 But the sequel I fancy, that few people
 know:

Permit me to tell the "denouement," for I
 Was a witness, alas! of poor Renard's
 last sigh.

His Papa, his Mamma, and the nearest
 of kin

Who kissed his cold muzzle were filled
 with chagrin,
 When the doctor (called in to determine
 the question)

Pronounced his death caused by severe-
 indigestion!

"My Friends," said Papa, "this deplor-
 able case

Will brand us, I fear, as a gluttonous
 race;

'Twill be said this dear child, whom we
 idolized so,
 Died from eating the cheese of that im-
 becile Crow."

All groaned at these words. The dead
 "gou-mand" next morn

In a hearse with white plumes to the
 grave-yard was borne:

The Foxes in black—some three hundred
 in all—

Walked two and two, chanting the "Dead
 March" in "Saul."

When they stood round the pit, they again
 groaned aloud,

And the Mayor made a heart-rending
 speech to the crowd:

What he said I don't know—but of this
 there's no doubt

That each Fox held a handkerchief up to
 his snout.

Just then Madam Crow (perched hard by
 on a tree)

Croaked "Renard is dead! What a grand
 day for me!

He sneered at my singing, and pilfered my
 cheese—

In return, he lies there, carried off by
 disease!"

MORAL

The Moral is this: when we rob friend
 or foe,

It seldom brings weal, but it often brings
 woe.

Had Renard not been an inordinate thief,
 Dyspepsia would never have brought him
 to grief!

Geo. Murray.

NURSERY RHYMES.

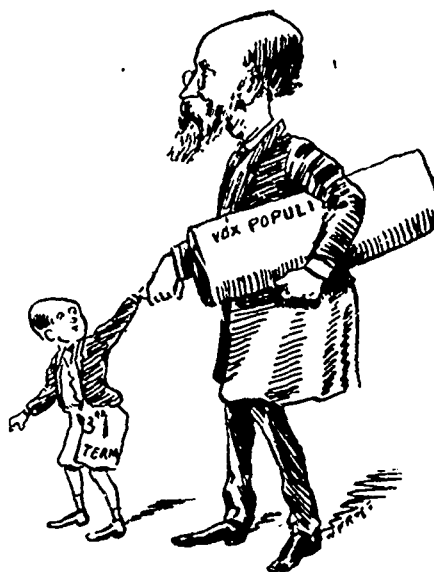
Sing a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye:
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
 The birds began to sing:
 Was not that a dainty dish
 To place before the king?

Here is a French translation of this
 venerable lyric.

Chantons une chanson à six sous,
 La poche pleine de blé;
 Vingt-quatre oiseaux noirs
 Cuits dans un pâté!

Quand le pâté s'ouvrit
 Les ois ux levaient leurs voix;
 N'êt-il-ce pas un joli plat
 A mettre devant le roi?



LEADING HIM ON.

SAVED.

Watch chains are no longer in fashion
 for men.—New York Paper.

The holidays are now here,
 And I am poor and blue;
 I'm half inclined to shed a tear,
 I know not what to do.

I've scarce a penny to my name,
 No money coming in.
 I cannot borrow for that game
 I've worked till its grown thin.

I cannot pawn another thing;
 My watch went yester eve;
 It followed scarf pin, studs and ring;
 The chain's just to deceive
 Those friends, my greedy creditors,
 Who watchful lie in wait,
 And who may turn me out of doors,
 If they find out my state.

What's this? O joy! "Watch chains no
 more

In fashion are for men"—
 That little item's worth a score
 Of pearls from poet's pen.

I'll paste it in my hat—last year's,
 My uncle I will see;
 I'll bid farewell to all my fears,
 And in the fashion be.

The Impetue.

How Men Propose.

Did you ever know a man who told
 you all he said when he proposed to
 the girl whom he subsequently mar-
 ried? A rejected man may "give the
 thing away," apparently, but he does
 not tell it all, you may depend upon
 it; and an accepted man may tell you
 what led up to it, as in the case of
 the gentleman who became engaged
 through the agency of a cow; but an
 absolutely correct report of all the
 nonsense spoken on occasions of this
 kind would be something that no man
 could bring himself to repeat, and if it
 were repeated, it would be very dis-
 agreeable to listen to.

The whole thing would appear pain-
 fully ludicrous, but it is not ludicrous
 to parties interested. It is serious

always, painful frequently, and some-
 times, as everybody knows, very tragic.

All these remarks apply especially to
 the love-making of young people. When
 an old stager proposes, he may be calm
 and collected. It is the voice of ex-
 perience that speaks, and if he is re-
 jected he may take it quietly enough,
 for in all probability he has proposed
 several times before.

There are some old bachelors who are
 chronic proposers. There are some old
 flirts who may be depended upon not
 only to make love to any woman who
 will give them a chance to do so, but
 who will be sure to propose, too. These
 men mean it, but they don't mean it
 very long, and women understand them,
 and will have none of them.

It is the fair sex that is the stronger
 in matters of this kind. The untappy
 marriages are numerous enough, but if
 women were as weak as men there
 would be a much larger number of
 silly matches.

Now, strange as it may seem, there
 is no doubt that the most successful
 proposee is the man who does it
 clumsily. When a man speaks well and
 calmly, and gives a woman good
 reasons for marrying him—argues the
 matter just as though he were plead-
 ing a case in court—the woman doesn't
 believe he is in earnest.

It is not a case that is governed by
 reasonable argument, and appeals to
 the brain are not what she cares about.
 The appeal must be made to the heart.
 He stands a good chance of success as
 soon as he convinces her that his heart
 is thoroughly in earnest.—

APPROACHING NUPTIALS.

The absorbing subject of conversation
 in society circles just now is the approach-
 ing marriage of Miss Small and Mr.
 Duncan McIntyre, Jr. The ceremony is to
 be private, only a few of the nearest re-
 latives being invited, as the young couple
 have such a large circle of friends that
 it would be impossible to have all. Fol-
 lowing the good old Biblical injunction
 "to whom that hath shall be given," rare
 and costly gifts are being showered on the
 lovely and accomplished bride.

CHRISTMAS PLUMS.

—Christmas week makes weak pocket-
 books.

—It is sad to note that the average
 Christmas stocking is longer than most
 purses.

—If you must give the boy a drum, give
 him a drum of figs; he will make a hole
 in it quicker.

—The old saying that "hanging is too
 good for them" is never understood to ap-
 ply to the Christmas stockings.—Good
 Housekeeping.

She's Married.

(By Frederick Locker.)

Heigh Ho! they're wed; the cards are dealt,
Our frolic games are o'er,
I've laughed and fooled and loved. I've felt
As I shall feel no more!
Yon little house is where she lives,
Yon spire is where she met me;—
I think that if she quite forgives,
She cannot quite forget me.

I.

Last June I trod the fields with Di,
Fields fresh with clover and with rye;—
Now they seem arid.—
Then Di was fair and single; how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair—and married!

II.

A blissful swain—I scorned the song
Which says that though young love is strong,
The fates are stronger:
Breezes then blew a boon to men,—
The buttercups were bright, and then
The grass was longer.

III.

That day I saw and much steamed,
Di's ankles, which the clover seemed
Inclined to smother;
It twitched, and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbon of her shoes, first one,
And then the other.

IV.

I'm told that virgins augur some
Misfortune, if their shoe-strings come
To grief on Friday:
And so did Di, and then her pride
Decreed that shoe-strings so untied
Are "so untidy!"

V.

Of course I knelt, with fingers deft,
I tied the right, and tied the left:
Says Di, "The stubble
Is very stupid! as I live,
I'm quite ashamed! I'm shocked to give
You so much trouble!"

VI.

For answer I was fain to sink
To what we all would say and think
Were better present:
"Don't mention such a simple act—
A trouble? Not the least! in fact
It's rather pleasant!"

VII.

I trust that love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover.
She's happy now as Mrs. Smith,
And less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover!

VIII.

Heigh-Ho! Although no moral clings
To Di's blue eyes, and sandal strings,
We've had our quarrels.
I think that Smith is thought an ass;
I know that when they walk in grass
She wears balmorals.

--The humble black-head hairpin has
been superseded by a gold-headed article.

--The newest umbrella is a feather
weight. Its frame is made of alumin-
um.



A FEW CHRISTMAS DON'TS.

--Don't give a bottle of perfume to a lady unless you are sure it is the sort she prefers.

--Don't send a box of ruled writing paper to a newspaper correspondent; she would rather write on the paper in which the grocer does up his tea.

--Don't give a cookery book to your washerwoman; she would much rather have the ingredients.

--Don't send a barrel of your best apples to the Queen; she will never acknowledge the receipt of them.

--Don't give a new pair of ill-fitting gloves, or a just-bought fan that you find you don't like, to people whom you think will appreciate these things. They won't appreciate them.—Good Housekeeping.

MUSIC.

When we received from Richard A. Saalfeld, 794, 796 and 798 Tenth avenue, New York, the first number of his New York Musical Monthly we wondered how any publisher could afford to give so much for so little. We all know what music costs, but here was a publication of 32 pages of music, large size, large print, equal in every respect to high-priced music, which he offered to the public at 15 cents per copy, or, \$1.50 per year, post-paid. The Christmas number contains 56 pages and 19 different pieces of music. The contents are as follows:

VOCAL.

- Crossing the Bar. Gower
(This song, the words of which are by Lord Tennyson, was especially written "In Memoriam.")
Mistletoe Bough. Sir Henry Bishop
One Sweetly Solemn Thought. I. M. Sargent
The Lord's Prayer. C. W. Wilson
Sion Paul Rodney
Angles' Voices in my Dreams. J. P. Skelly

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

- Cantique de Noel, (Christmas Song). Adam
Christmas Hymn, Pilgrims of the
Night. Hollaway
O Little Town of Bethlehem. J. Laird
Let Music Break on this Glad Morn. . . .
All Lowliness and Love. H. P. Fanks
Upon This Holy Day. " "
The Royal Child is Born. " "
In a Manger Rests the King. " "
There's a Song in the Air. H. Mackintosh

INSTRUMENTAL.

- Christmas (Noel). P. Tchaikowsky
Largo. Handel
Society Belies Yorke. W. A. Pratt

EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.

- La Czarina Mazurka. Ganue
The cover of the Christmas number alone is a work of art, being printed in 4 colors. This monthly is printed on elegant paper. Our subscribers would do well to send 15 cents for a sample copy, or, \$1.50 for a yearly subscription to the publisher.

A Sprinkle of Spice.

- "I was at a spiritualistic seance last night."
"Good medium?"
"Best in the world. A mince pie."—Pittsburg Dispatch.
"Convicted of heresy! Mercy's sake!
The thought of it causes me great distress,
And now will they burn him at the stake?"
"No, they'll roast him in the religious press."
—New York Press.

"I have just been reading an interesting story of two men who were lost in the Adirondacks while hunting," said the beautiful Miss Huckins. "Were you ever lost, Mr. Tubbs?"
"Once."
"When?"
"When I first saw you I was lost in admiration, and I may add that I have not since been found."—Boston Globe.

The car-horse gave a gentle start;
Then stopped by sorrow goaded;
And gayly spake the driver smart;
"He didn't know 'twas loaded!"
—Washington Star.

A sweet little 4-year-old added this clause to her evening petition the other night: "And please help grandma not to talk so much when the pies get burned." Boston Traveler.

RECEIPTS.

Squized oysters.—Drain the oysters, season them with pepper and salt, and put them in a hot frying-pan; put two ounces of butter in a shallow dish over the steam of a kettle and when the oysters are pulled put them into the melted butter and serve.

Kitty Clover Potato Puffs.—Take mashed potatoes, enough for a breakfast dish; add a cup of scalding milk and beat to a froth; add a tablespoonful of melted butter; place in a dish and cover with mashed potatoes pressed through a collar to make little worms over the top, then put in a hot oven and bake.

Potato Roses.—Select round instead of long potatoes, after taking off the skins cut round and round as if paring an apple, being careful not to break it until the potato is used up. Fry in a kettle of hot fat, sprinkle salt over them and drain. Steamed potatoes are very neatly and nice.

Mock Mince Pie.—To one cupful of chopped raisins add a cupful of rolled cracker, one cupful of good molasses, a cupful of dark-brown sugar, one-half cupful of vinegar, one-half a tablespoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg, allspice and cloves. Stir thoroughly and add a teaspoonful of melted butter. Bake in a deep pie-dish between two crusts.

Crumpets.—Warm one pint of new milk and one ounce of butter in a saucepan; when the butter melts, take it from the fire, let it cool a little, and mix with it a beaten egg, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make it into a batter; lastly, put with it a quarter of a pint of fresh yeast. Cover it, and let it stand in a warm place for a quarter of an hour. Bake the crumpets slightly, on an iron plate made for the purpose and well greased.

Muffins.—Make a dough of somewhat soft consistency with warm milk, allowing to every quart of milk one and one-half ounces of German yeast, which should first be mixed with the milk; add the beaten whites of two eggs, and cover the dough closely before the fire to rise. When ready, drop the quantity of dough required for one muffin upon a well-floured board, and form it into a shape by turning it round with the hand, then slide it upon the hot-plate. To make and break muffins well is no easy task, and great care should be taken. Time twenty to thirty minutes to bake.

—“If we should become financially embarrassed,” said George, “do you think your father would help me out?”
 “Yes, George. He said he was going to the next time you showed your face in our house.”—“Washington Star.”



From London Queen.

PAYABLE TO BEARER.

(By Marion Hill.)

It was at the theater, in this present year of our Lord, and the curtain having fallen after the first act, the audience awaited the customary burst of music from the orchestra; but among the musicians, there was a quiet dispute under headway. They were endeavouring to explain something to the violinist, a gaunt, reckless-looking man who was making sneering responses in a tone which, as his gorge rose, became more and more audible.

The audience, not yet alive to the delightful probability of a row buzzed contentedly.

To put an end to the insubordination, the leader of the orchestra tapped thrice authoritatively with his baton and started the selection. The discord which ensued was barbarous, as well it might be, since

the violinist with devilish sang froid scampered far in advance of the other instruments. The dismayed orchestra readily obeyed the signal for silence. The violinist stopped, too, and remarked, with a certain triumph:

“If you won't keep up with me, then fall behind, and be —— to you.”

The leader, by this time purple with spleen, commanded him to leave the theater.

“Leave the theater? Not a toe; and while I stay, I play, too; so we are likely to have a —— lively time.”

Such a resolute look accompanied his words, that his victim was momentarily nonplussed. Then recovering decision and presence of mind, he ordered two burly musicians to remove the bell-grease, and in the same second re-awoke to melodious activity his crippled, but by this time, un-animous orchestra.

"Take me out? That suits me." murmured the violinist, and he immediately relaxed his muscles so as to render himself a dead weight to his captors. The only resistance he offered was to convulse them by delivering, all recumbently, bits of profuse and profane advice. By the time his shabby shoes had been carried the way of his shabby body, the excited public had resumed their seats and the disturbance was at an end. In due time the music reached a peaceful and natural end, and once more the curtain rose.

Among those who had been near enough to hear as well as to see the disgraceful scene, was a man of military aspect, who sat in the first row of seats. He now leaned forward and tapped the nearest musician on the shoulder, saying:

"Beg pardon—the man who was carried out just now—his name? Do you know him?"

The man stopped blowing noiselessly into his cornet, and turned his eyes (so goggled as to be almost on moveable stalks like crabs) toward his questioner. "Know him? Everybody knows him. Huh!"

"But I am a stranger in the city. What is his name?"

"Him? Vance. Harold Vance."

The questioner made a swift swoop for his hat, and strode vigorously up the aisle and out of the theater, quite oblivious to the outraged glances that were thrown in his wake.

Once outside, he turned down a side street, and proceeded directly to the back door of the theater—rather a remarkable achievement for a stranger. Opening it he walked along the dimly lit passage—dully lit yet odorless with a prodigal escape of gas—to where two men, seated on boxes, were playing cards upon a barrel head.

"I want Harold Vance, if he is here; if not, tell me where he has gone, quickly!"

One of the players never stirred, except to cut the cards; the other shuffled and dealt methodically, casting but one glance at the speaker to impress him with the folly of haste. The gas-jet flared drunkenly in the draught. The doorkeeper arranged his cards in suits, and murmured "your play," then, keeping an eye upon the board, he condescended to reply:

"Harold Vance, sir, he went hout, sir, cussing tremendous, not 'arf a minute ago. Went to the Big Sun Flower, hopposit'e corner, hif I don't mistake, sir."

"Take your bloomin' time for playin'," came in a morose growl from the other; so the seeker after Harold Vance dashed impatiently into the street again and made for the indicated saloon.

As he attempted to enter, Harold Vance himself came out, almost stepping into the arms of the other, who said with a choke in his throat, "Vance, old fellow, is 't you?"

Harold Vance unceremoniously seized his interlocutor by both shoulders, and swung him into the light of a near lamp, under whose rays he proceeded to examine him, apostrophizing meanwhile.

"Before committing ourself, let us, first be sure of your identity. If you are a creditor, a brazen Bill Dunn, receive our courteous assurance that we are not we. If you are—"

Here the recoiling, loosened his hold and muttered:

"I wish you fellows were dead! all of you!"

"Do you really wish that of me, Vance? Do you know me?"

Bowing suavely, Harold Vance replied with recovered indifference:

"Of course I know you. Once plain Hugh Haines, esteemed co-worker and fellow-student; now, Major Haines, in Her Majesty's service."

"Colonel Haines," was the correction too automatically delivered to be charged to vanity.

Harold Vance bowed lower still, in ironical abasement, but some of his heart's agony pierced through his bravado and spoke in his whitening lips:

"You are coming home with me!" cried the colonel, vehemently.

"Lie number one," was the response.

"Then you are going to take me home with you!"

"I'll see you—well, anywhere you like, first."

"I'll follow you, then; I must speak with you! I will not leave you!"

The other considered a moment.

"Well do as you like; you'll live longer. Pride of place was never a failing of mine, so come on."

With this he led the way, and the colonel accompanied him.

"I was at the theater, volunteered the latter.

Harold Vance emitted a chuckle.

"You were famous for that in the old days at college," continued his friend in vague retrospect.

"Famous for what? Playing the violin, or the devil?"

"The violin," answered the colonel, gently.

"I'm, yes. That was something I could do, and play out of time I will not, no, not for Orpheus himself."

"I heard of your marriage," began the colonel again.

"Did you? And of my wife's death?"

"Dead? No, no, dear friend, I—"

"Pray don't console. My loss occurred several years ago, and I am slowly recovering." The tone of this rejoinder perfectly conveyed the idea that he had scarcely regarded his wife's death as a loss. He continued:

"I have a little daughter. You will see her to-night. She always sits up for me. She is an owlet, I am an owl, and we car-

ouse together, in the night season, she on books. I on morphine—in a word, we are disreputable!"

"Harold!"

Gospel truth. That is, we take our pleasures in our own way, which constitutes disreputability. I believe. Being poor, we select the cheapest style of orgie that the market affords; and morphine is cheap, when you know how to handle your apothecary."

"You cannot, with your random talk impose upon one who knows you well of old," said Haines, in what was nevertheless a troubled voice.

"Twelve years, it is twelve, is it not, Harold, since we left college and went our ways, each promising to hunt the other out occasionally? Twelve years since we shook hands in parting and we have never met again till now!" The speaker's voice trembled a little with heart-felt emotion.

"And what a joyous meeting it is!" responded the other, with flippant ease.

It has been written that a difference of tastes in jokes strains friendship, so does a difference in pathos. The colonel suffered natural chagrin. He restrained his footsteps and said with grave dignity:

"God knows I have no wish to force a renewal of our friendship. Is it to be good-by?"

Harold turned upon him fiercely.

"Go, and I'll curse you! Do you want me to twine about you like a woman? Would you have me slobber like a child? Is it lost, then, that intuition with which you used to fit your mood to mine? If it be then the sooner you take yourself off, the better!"

These coarse words appeared to comfort the colonel exceedingly, for he slipped his arm through his friend's and drew him forward; and if he pressed that arm almost with a woman's fondness, neither you know it, nor I.

They soon reached that unsavory precinct of old Soho, known as Rapping Court and before one of its hopeless tenements, Harold Vance stopped. By glowering perseveringly into the dark beyond of the doorway, one could faintly perceive the murky outline of apparently endless stairs.

"Brother, I trust thy feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," warned Harold Vance, as telling fragments of a brawl floated downwards to their ears. He then commenced to ascend with the grim quotation of, "Hoc opus, hic labor est."

After three flights had been climbed and the disturbance left behind, Vance struck out boldly through the darkness, and arrived at a door from beneath which stole a feeble grin of light.

"Here we are," he announced, opening his portal with a strong kick, less an excess of animal spirits than a necessity, since the door lacked its handle.

A little girl who sat at a wooden table, blinding herself with a book, glanced up at her visitors, then gravely measured the candle, and remarked positively:

"Harold you are early."

"And have all your lessons in deportment been for naught? Don't you know your duty toward your neighbor yet, Cheviot?"

The child quickly slipped from her chair, and put her fingers into the astonished colonel's.

"A friend of Harold's, I hope? Friends are scarce but welcome." She sighed and looked at her father with the request, "Introduce us."

"This gentleman is Colrael Haines," proceeded Harold, politely. "May he never want a bottle, nor a friend to give it, too. Colonel, my daughter, Cheviot. So called because she was born among those ancient hills, and because her mother wished her to be called something else."

Cheviot withdrew her hand and crept back to her book, and Haines sat down and stared blankly about him, while Vance poised himself on the table's edge and smiled satirically.

It is seldom that one is ashamed of being well-dressed, but, at the moment the colonel would have cheerfully forfeited a month's pay to his faultless evening suit and his light overcoat for articles of apparel that would have held up his friend's attire in less embarrassing and cruel contrast. His shining hat insulted the wooden table; his burnished boots shined scorn over the uncarpeted boards. Of the two the colonel was the man abashed.

The man of poverty quoted dryly: "Poor and content is rich and rich enough."

Hugh barely repressed a groan, and asked almost angrily, "How did you come to it? You promised brighter things in those old days. You never gambled, never drank——"

"No, never was beastly drunk in my life. Not an irremediable disgrace, though. Might attempt something in that line yet."

Haines made an impatient gesture.

"We are not back on the old footing and and the fault, Harold, is yours, not mine. There used to be confidence between us now we are speaking across a chasm."

"Meaning, I suppose, that I do not rattle off engagingly the various occurrences of the past twelve years, with philosophical analysis of the main causes which have led to these very palpable results. Can't do it, Hugh. A man never acknowledges he is falling until he strikes bottom with a thump. Expect no more from me than the admission that I am in perfect condition to point a moral or adorn a tale."

He flashed a suggestive glance over his bare surroundings, and again smiled at his friend's perturbation. Cheviot married the silence by turning a page.

"How old is she?" asked the colonel.

"Nearly thirteen."

"Impossible! you——"

"Exactly, I was married before I took my degree."

"But no one knew of it!"

"Naturally enough. It was nothing of which to be proud. In fact, it was an act of reparation."

"Reparation, Oh!"

"Yes, I followed the noble impulse of the soul that old Ruggo used to preach to us fellows, and the result was as disastrous and almost as prompt as if I had blown out my brains; there's a hitch in ethics for you."

His voice was melody itself, but his eyes burned with a fierce light as they looked back over a wasted, embittered life. Had the colonel seen that hot and hunted look, he would have withheld, I know, his next words.

"You seem to forget," he began slowly, "that had no wrong been done in the beginning——"

"Don't you suppose," insinuated Harold, "that my wife used frequently to present to me that view of the matter?"

In the voice was so dangerous a smoothness that the colonel looked at the speaker, and surprised on his young face a look of such utter agony, that he rose impulsively and sat beside him upon the little table, putting his arm around his neck and laying a hand upon his shoulder, recalling to both those far-off but well-remembered days in which they had so often read and talked together in just that familiar attitude.

"You have suffered, Harold, how much, how long, I will not ask, since you have no wish to tell; but I am in a position, thank God, to help you, if you will let me. On your side there must not be hesitation. You know the claim you have upon me. You seemed to think that, after you had succeeded in dragging me out of the water and bringing me up again into blessed sunshine, each mention of it from me was a personal affront. You forbade the topic; but the fact remains that my life belongs to you. You saved it in the face of fearful dangers, at your own life's risk."

"Do you forget that you gave me your note for the amount of the debt?"

"I remember nothing but the friendship of those old days," quickly interposed the colonel, speaking with an intensity of emotion, and yearning to electrify his old comrade out of what was apparently callous apathy—"those days when your arm used to be around me as mine is around you, now!"

"What fools we must have looked!" was the sympathetic response. The colonel's arm turned to lead and fell to his side. Vance with cynical carelessness took up the catechism in his turn:

"You, I thought, were in India, accepting promotions as fast as they offered themselves. How come you to be in London?"

"My cousin died a few months ago, unmarried," answered Haines, feeling baffled and weary-hearted. "I inherited the property and my presence here was imperative."

"Done with your liver disease and your bungalows, then? And do you propose to set me on my legs again with some of your new wealth?"

"Yes!" cried the colonel eagerly.

"No!" was the stern response, while the man's eyes glittered with somber pride. "If you have philanthropic ideas in regard to me, put them at once out of your thoughts. Fling your money, if you like, to London's despicable poor, but don't dare offer it to me!"

Here Cheviot stirred unconsciously, and both men turned their eyes upon her. Everyone is familiar with the invigorating and noble growth which a potato puts forth in dark places. Her slim weakness was of the same pitiable order.

"Have you no thought of her?" asked the childless man. "Can you imagine what her condition would be were you to die?"

"Very easily," replied the father with an inexorable smile. At the same moment that the smile played over his blue lips, a dewy moisture broke out upon his brow. It was naturally invisible to a casual observer. The man's nerve was superb in spite of its display being so highly unnecessary. "No, don't think of reforming me. I decline to sparkle as a jewel in your heavenly crown. Besides, by this time, respectable London is too hot to hold me. Not, of course, speaking climatically, but morally."

His brilliant and smiling eyes hinted at a new story of debt or shame. The colonel not only felt but looked as hopeless as a man who is trying to batter down an iron door with his fists.

The younger man laughed—laughed, for his sex is not the one which weeps. He continued: "Don't look so down in the mouth, Hugh. I may not long encumber the ground, you know. Since you take an interest in my death, I will tell you that exactly nine months ago I was given but three to live. I have a devilish bad knack of disappointing expectations. Just recall for a moment the various honors which you chaps used to prognosticate for me. You see, experience teaches us to expect nothing from fellows who go off like rockets from the roof of Alma Mater; they are never heard of again. The scrubs, mental scrubs, you understand, go promptly to work to invent a disease, or find a worm, or write a book, and get famous in a night. Study over the theorem and favor me with your deductions."

But the colonel studied instead the wasted physique of his friend, and said:

"I never heard of your being ill."

"I am not surprised. No one ever seems to have heard about me, somehow, and

yet the world, the flesh, the devil and I have raised several pleasing excitements. I have disgraced myself in every gentlemanly way known to the century. No, there I wrong myself. I have never run away with my friend's wife; but moralists would be pained to know that my sole excuse for the defection is that I never had a friend."

"Hush! Cheviot—he will hear."

"She will hear sound, not sense," said her father, with dogged pride. "She is an experiment of mine. She has had no mother to ruin her morals with nagging platitudes, so I have been able to bring her up properly. Women make wrong-doing beautiful to children by religiously warning them away from it; now, Cheviot has no conception of anything that is not good—she has never heard evil explained—consequently to her mind the world is good, life is good, man is good. The word sin suggests to her a mere physical discomfort like tic d'oroux or measles. My way of bringing up would be a failure with a boy, I admit. But a girl never asks embarrassing questions—either from inborn delicacy or from weakness of intellect, take your choice: to her, life is a varied picture: to a boy it is a puzzle which he begins early enough to pick to pieces. Cheviot knows only what is good. You ought to hear her explain some polluted passages of Fielding in the light of her childish and pure understanding. She'll hold you spell-bound. I'll set her at it. Cheviot!"

"God!" cried the colonel, shuddering, and gripping V lance's arm. "Harold, you are mad!"

Indeed, the supposition was not far from being correct. A tumult of repressed excitement, with bitter recollections and hot shame, is apt to madden a naturally erratic brain into dangerous activity. Moreover, the faultlessly dressed and irreproachably correct colonel was an unconscious factor in the disturbance. Often than one thinks does a shining example lead an erring brother into acts of desperation, rather than into those of emulation.

Cheviot had come in response to her father's call, and, divining that between the two men was trouble brewing, she wistfully asked:

"Don't you think, Harold, that it would calm our nerves if you were to play the violin for our guest?"

"Not if Rousseau was right when he said: 'Count all time lost that might have been better employed.'" answered her father. Nevertheless, she brought the instrument and placed it in his hands. Then she twined her fingers into those of Hugh and drew him down into a chair to listen, leaning against him with the pathetic trustfulness of childhood.

From the moment V lance's fingers closed

around the slender neck of the violin, his degradation and wildness fell away from him like a garment. He straightened up. With a rapid and masterful touch he tuned the instrument until it satisfied his absolutely correct ear: then he laid a caressing cheek upon it and asked a singular question:

"What is the theme, Cheviot?"

She gave herself a moment's thought before reciting quaintly, "'Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea! I have just been reading it, Harold."

"Very good indeed, O daughter of a musician," said V lance.

He mentally reviewed the poem, repeating aloud the lines which appealed to him. "Very good. 'I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.' Strange that we never took this before, young lady." His bright eyes seemed burningly to pierce the squalid walls, and to see the restless ocean picture. "The tender grace of a day that is dead," he said dreamily: and then commenced to play.

The ocean surged first, with a murmuring tide running in, and every now and then coming up far enough and high enough to break upon the crags, only to wash complainingly back again. Next the ear caught a faint melody—a melody that could scarcely make itself heard above the water which rippled over it and tried to drown it out. Again and again with sad insistence it tried to be heard, and as persistently the sea broke over it, and silenced it and wept at the foot of the crags.

V lance's face was very tender and patient. Gradually the air gained strength and asserted itself. It got the mastery. It was beautiful with triumphant pulsations that bore the soul to mighty heights, and yet at the same time went down into a man's depths and brought up great handfuls of God-born thoughts that had been mud-covered for years. It was a wonderful throbbing melody that you felt was destined to roll on to a stately end: but before its completion you feared that you heard the sea again, so quiet in its encroachment, yet so resistless. The air faltered, and the voice of the sea spoke louder.

"Break, break, break," and you knew that the grand song was never to be finished. Wave after wave rolled up and broke sullenly over the stones; through all, the ear strained after the struggling melody. It had spent its force, and had given up. It was a creeping minor echo of what had been. It was dreadful to hear the change in it; its minor voice cried out almost humanly, and dragged the heart down with it to be beaten against the jagged stones, and then washed out, out, out into a distant, dark and sleepless sea. It was over.

"It is my life! You have heard my

story!" gasped V lance, his hand on his throat, choking back the dry sobs that were bursting his frame.

The sensitiveness of the child answered to the father's mood, and she broke into wild crying. "This is not to be encouraged. Harold," she wept. "It is bad for our constitutions."

At the sound of her voice and the touch of her hands, the last vestige of self-restraint gave way, and calling out, "Oh, my God! don't listen to me!" V lance dropped into a chair, and, hiding his face, fell to weeping, in the horrible fashion of a man who hopes he has forgotten how.

Colonel Haines induced the frightened child to go to her room, and returning to her father, he heard (in addition to what he had guessed) more—much more than one creature should hear from and about another to meet him again naturally. The collapse of such a nature is prone to be very complete, and the frenzied confidences of Harold V lance overleaped the outermost bounds of conventional good taste.

Duped and handicapped from the start in the worst possible way, he had taken his revenge upon the world by meeting every man as an enemy and fighting him upon that ground. Any sane person sees at once that such a course gains one more knocks than friends. One inevitably gets worsted, too, in the unheroic but none the less despairing contest. But thousands are at it at the present moment; eventually, to be sure, they will see the folly of attempting to oppose the universe single-handed, and will learn the wisdom of fawning upon those who step upon them, and will thus gain fine opportunities of kicking back. But V lance approved not of these fine financial tactics, and fought it out until he was completely knocked under. Then he was reduced to the customary but friend-perverted and wholly illogical satisfaction of debasing himself.

He spared no detail of the recital Not a page but its blotted lines were read to the compassionate listener. The candle struggled and went out; but then it is easiest to read a blotted page without a candle, especially to read it aloud. The moon lay in soft patches upon the floor, still further bridging over the chasm between the men, until they became as boys again, and talked, if not hand in hand, yet closer still, heart to heart. Of all their words we need but hear the last.

"You will let me pay my debt then, Harold? It isn't only my right, it is my only wish on earth."

"Do what you like! Pay what you like! I will take anything from you. You have promised to lift me up into daylight."

"Once more, good-night, Harold."

"Good-by. I will sleep without the drug to-night."

The next morning Cheviot came to the colonel's hotel with a note. The colonel

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felt blessedly happy. A man who has undertaken a great and good aim invariably feels so. The note at first puzzled him. It was faded and abused with age. It was, moreover, in his own handwriting—his own, but strangely unfamiliar, his own of some fourteen or fifteen years ago. It read:

London, July, 19, 18—'

"I hereby promise to pay to Harold Horace Vlanee the worth of a Human Life, value received.

HUGH HAINES.

The colonel smiled. He remembered writing it a few days after Vlanee had saved him from drowning. He had written it as a joke—a boy's idea of one certainly—but still a joke. He wondered that Harold had kept it so long. Still smiling he turned it over. In fresh ink upon the back was written.

Pay to bearer.
HAROLD HORACE VLANCE.

The bearer? Why, that was Cheviot, surely! And now the colonel ceased smiling. With a creeping fear tightening around his heart, he quickly questioned the child:

"When did your father give you this?"
"Last night, late. He came to kiss me as he always does, and put it under my pillow, telling me to take it to you this morning, without waking him as he would be asleep."

"And when you left him this morning, was he—was he asleep?"
"Sound."

The child's quaint adjective sank like lead into her hearer's heart.
"Let us go to him."

He hired a cab to take them, and Cheviot laughed all the time for enjoyment. Cabs had not been in her line.

Yes he was sleeping still: on his face the sternness of a determined purpose, and in one clenched hand the drug he had promised to leave alone. So like Harold Vlanee. Untrustable, self-torturing, desperate to the end! The colonel's heart contracted with a grief and bitterness too dreadful to put into words. Never to be resumed—that friendship. Never to be made good—that debt. Never to be even commenced—that noble, unselfish aim. "Payable to bearer." instead.

The laughing child took her father's arm and lightly shook it, calling, "Harold! Harold! wake up!"

The colonel snatched her away from the bedside with a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.
"Cheviot, do you think—look away from me—do you think you could love me?"

Instead of answering, the child in whose eyes was the darkness of a coming knowledge, clung to the colonel's coat with two trembling little hands, and cried:

"What did Harold mean? He said last night that to-morrow I would take the violin and play 'Bonny Charlie's ganged awa' And to-morrow's to-day. What did Harold mean?"

"He meant—put your hands in mine—he meant—Oh, for my sake, little daughter, hide your face in my breast; hide it, hide it! for he meant that I should tell you something that children with fathers and mothers living must thank God they have never heard."

And in the hour that followed, the colonel felt that the first payment of his debt was heavier than he could bear.

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ROBERT W. TYRE. MANAGER FOR CANADA

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FOUNDED 1853

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 Fire Funds exceed 1,500,000
 Fire Income exceeds 1,200,000

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