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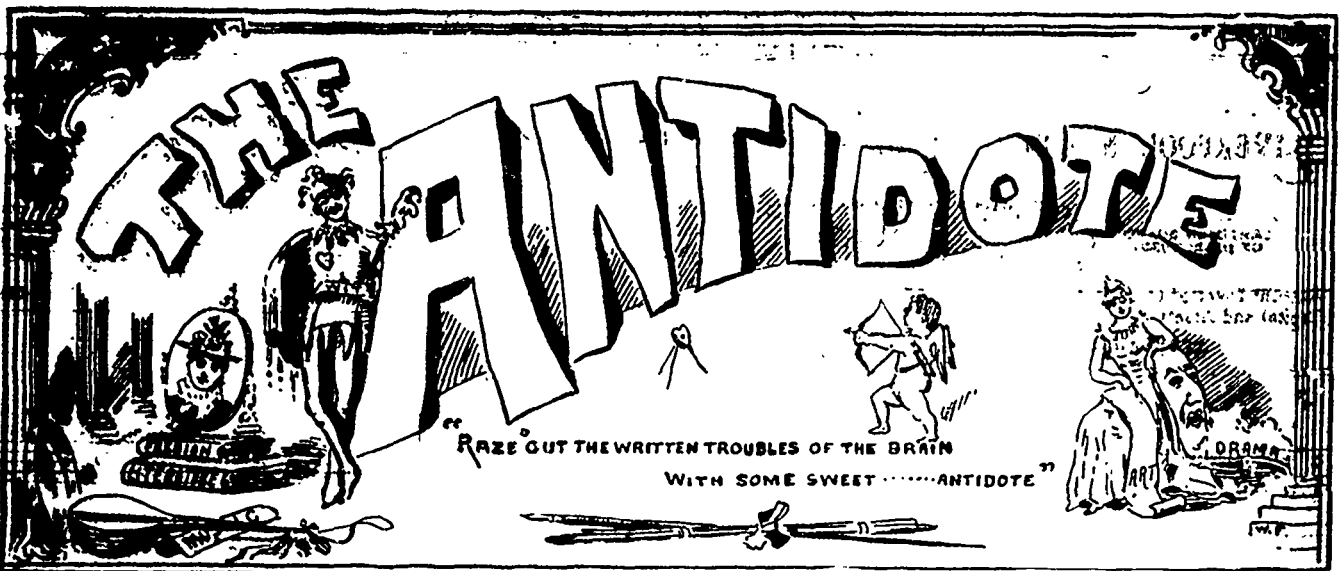
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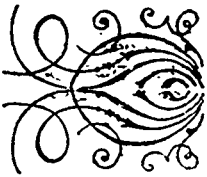
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YOKE FELLOWS.

A fretful person with a passionate one is a very unpromising arrangement; fretfulness does not awe passion, and is supremely irritating, while passion gives fretfulness the desired and bitter grievance on which it feeds and sickens. Two nervous persons will infallibly vex each others' nervousness into a misery for each and both, but the harnessing of a nervous with a phlegmatic person will drive the nervous partner to the extremes of the infirmity, and will develop in the phlegmatic person the latent unamiable temper, which unless phlegm is sheer stupidity, is sure to be united to it. Nervous people, in fact, ought not to be yoke-fellows at all; if marriage fits them it is in its more esoteric ideal. But in saying this reference is made only to nervousness as that irritability of physical rather than mental weakness which, though lessening intellectual strength, frequently goes with intellectual activity. Nervousness, as another name for ill temper, cowardly agitations, or excitable silliness, is likely to be very inconvenient in yoke fellowship, especially in the rather rare cases of its being the attribute of the male partner; but not being incurable, it is comparatively harmless where one of the partners is of a frankly good-tempered obstinateness.

But, be the tempers what they may, the great safety lies in the commingling of a secure affection with a certain healthy indifference—indifference is not a fair word for it, but the right one does not exist—which belongs to a respectable married life. Love with the wooing left in it, is a sensitive and fault-finding passion, not wholly satisfied with its own sufficiency for deserving the return it desires, and keenly aware of coldness or rebuke. But love at its ease as statutory affection, with its reciprocal rights, content to have given

and to have got and have done with it, is a good-tempered purblind humor, that has nothing to desire, and takes its response for granted. It is tolerant of shortcomings, but it does not perceive them, and misses no tendencies, for it would be bored by them; it takes good will and loyalty as a matter for granted on both sides and is content. It gives no trouble to anybody and is there for use when wanted. It has Tallyrand's element of safety, "point de zèle," and so takes the good that comes and gives the good it may without the mistakes of anxiety and the disappointments of enthusiasm.

When two people, who on the whole think well of each other, and who are bound together by duty and common interests, like each other thus genuinely but not to any disturbing extent, they very rarely take to quarrelling for its own sake. They have no such need of each other as to be irritable for lack of attention and disposed to scold as the next thing to petting. And if they do not quarrel out of good will they have still less temptation to do so out of ill-will. Their quarrels will surely be on real grounds—about something in which their wishes are different and one of them must yield something—in which the decision involves a definite result. They will not frown and pout about mere lovers' wrongs, coldness and neglect and such undemonstrable commissions and omissions; their disputes will be more practicable and will be easier to end, because there will be something to end them by.

It does not follow however, that because disputes are on real grounds they should be important ones. The questions which bring husband and wife or other house mates by the ears are not likely to be large ones, matters of faith and principle or important acts where there is faith or principle to guide and conscience to be respected on either side. The issues that trouble domestic calm are, in the details of common life, trifles that cannot be left undecided because something has to be done or left undone, and the doing or leaving undone affects personal comfort or taste. If such differences did not arise, as they will do in every home, mere sedative good-will

would suffice for peace; but to be sure such peace might be as Paley said; "mighty dull;" and quarrels on trifles, unless they are accumulative, do not leave great mischief behind them.

It is natural in speaking of yoke-fellows to refer specially to married people; but there are persons, spinster sisters, for instance, no less locked together, although there is no law to enforce the bond. They are in more than couples sometimes; but the reciprocal influence of each others, comfort is, of course, less among three than between two in quite other than arithmetical proportion. They live together not because they feel themselves companions by inclination and fitness, but because the relationship, or some other circumstance, has thrown them together and kept them together, and they recognise the propriety of the arrangement. Such unions are often quite as indissoluble as the bond between man and wife; and in them too one often sees the same no-reason in particular that each of the yoke-fellows should not have been as happy with any other, the success of the arrangement bringing about all the advantages that could have appreciated.

The wonder is not that yoke-fellows bicker sometimes, but that they get on so well together usually; and whatever affection may be deeper or higher there seems to be nothing more honest in the wear than the liking by habit of yoke-fellows, husband and wife, sisters, or however joined.

(The end.)



To Subscribers in Arrears.

A large number of subscribers in arrears for their "Antidote,"—only one dollar a year—will kindly pardon the abrupt open reminder sent them a few weeks ago. The official instructions were carried out too literally. The aggregate amount is considerable, although payable in advance. The names are as good as can be found in the directory, but the sum is so trifling that it is easily forgotten. One in five or ten responded; two took offense and asked us to forbear.

He now unpacks his ulsterette,
On which no winter storms have beaten,
But the moths have greatly changed the style,
For it is now an ulster eaten.

Society Notes.

Mrs. Findley entertained her friends to a charming little card party on Monday last.

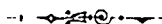
Mrs. Dobbin, of Hutchison street, gave two very enjoyable progressive euchre parties on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The rooms were all prettily decorated, and everything passed off delightfully, as was to be expected with such a host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden were at home at their fine residence, 49 Belmont Park, on the 4th inst. The reception, which was largely attended, was in every way a complete success. The rooms were charmingly decorated, and were crowded with smart people. Music of the best type and varied in character was provided in abundance. There were many pretty dresses worn. The genial hostess was attired in black satin and handsome ornaments. Her elder daughter wore a handsome gown of dark green silk, which proved eminently becoming. Miss Ella Holden wore a lovely matinee of blush-pink silk trimmed with lace.



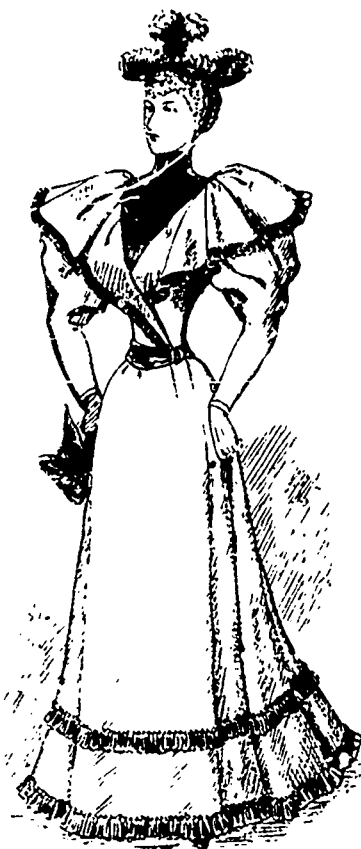
Paderewski to Marry.

In some mysterious manner the news got abroad recently that in addition to Hawaii, America is going to annex Paderewski. One of the parties to the negotiations is a charming young society belle of New York City. She had been one of the most devoted admirers of the great pianist, and as for Paderewski, it is said that he fell in love with her at first sight. The enforced idleness of the artist has not been without its recompenses. Though he is estimated to have lost \$55 a minute through his inability to keep his engagements, he has spent the time most enjoyably with his lady. She is said to be independently wealthy and to be deeply in love with the man with the wonderful head of hair. When the marriage is to take place is not yet known, and the name of the society belle is kept secret.



The Model Hostess.

The born hostess knows that the good dinner woman is a very rare bird. She must not be too old, she must not be too young, she must not be unpleasant to look upon, neither must she be a beautiful automaton. She must be quick, responsive, interesting and vivacious; but she must not monopolize the conversation, and cause others to fight for their rights; she must have in her the spirit of a Bohemienne; yet she must be the epitome of good breeding and refinement; in fine, she must be the most fascinating flower of a complex civilization.



From London Queen.

Dress Chat.

Few fair readers of "The Antidote," it may be said will fail to find matters for entertainment in the following extract from Cousin Madge's gossip in London Truth. Cousin Madge is supposed to be writing to her friend Amy, whom she thus addresses: "I wished for you so much Tuesday last at the marriage of Lord Lurgan with Lady Emily Cadogan. It was an ideal wedding day, with bright sunshine and soft spring airs. The splendid church—Holy Trinity, Sloan street—was filled with a crowd of guests, all very smartly dressed, and many of them very pretty women. It is undeniably interesting to see duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, with their husbands, sons and daughters, for, apart from other considerations, they offer the spectator an excellent opportunity of studying the fashions. On this occasion the most costly of furs and most sumptuous of velvets were displayed in every variety of the remarkable forms in which dress is now made. There were collars so high as almost to engulf the heads of the wearers; sleeves so high as to interfere seriously with the convenience of neighbors in the same pew; hats so large as to impede the view of those who sat behind them; and skirts so obviously heavy that one could but pity the victims to fashion who adopted them. The velvets were in warm and beautiful shades of deep brown, claret,

Burgundy, potunia, heliötrope, deep sea blue and glorious tones of purple and plum color. The prevalence of green was not quite so noticeable on this occasion as it had been before. We noticed that with very few exceptions the dresses were short enough to clear the ground all round by at least two inches. You will be glad to hear this, I know, with your dainty notions about immaculate chausse, and the unimpeachability of even the hem of your garments." Our illustration shows a dainty gown in fawn cloth trimmed with a darker shade of velvet.

Recipes.

Honey Candy.—Take one pint of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, half a pint of strained honey. Boil until brittle. Pull when cool.

Hard Sauce for Pudding.—Stir to a cream half a cup of butter and one cup of fine sugar. When well mixed add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and some grated nutmeg.

Ham Patties.—One pint of ham which has previously been cooked, mix with two parts of bread crumbs, wet with milk. Put the batter in goun pans, break one egg over each, sprinkle the top thickly with cracker crumbs and bake until browned over. A nice breakfast disk.

Pork chops and Fried Apples.—Season the chops with salt and pepper and a little powdered sage and sweet marjoram; dip them into a well-beaten egg, then in grated bread crumbs. Fry for 20 minutes, then put them on a hot dish. Have some sour apples cut in slices around the apple about three-quarters of an inch thick, lay them in the skillet the chops were taken from and fry a nice brown. Turn them carefully so as not to break them, and serve on the chops or in a separate dish.

A New Dessert and easy to Make.—A delicious pine apple cake, which is really a dessert rather than a cake, is made with a light sponge cake and a pine apple. Beat up three eggs, the whites and yolks together, add a cup and a half of sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Stir these together until they are foamy. Sift together two plates of pastry flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda. After having beaten into the eggs and sugar a scant half cup of cold water, add the sifted flour. This sponge-cake batter should be spread out into one or two layers about half an inch thick. Bake it slowly so that it will be moist; it will take about 25 minutes. While it is baking the pineapple can be prepared, although it will be juicier if allowed to stand in sugar for awhile. The pineapple must be peeled and the eyes and core must be removed, and then it must be either shredded into very fine

pieces or pounded into pulp. When this is sweetened it is ready to be used. When the cake is baked spread a quarter-inch thick layer of pineapple over it, then over this must be a meringe made by beating the whites of three egg very stiff and stirring into them three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Spread the meringe over the pineapple and then set the cake in the oven for ten minutes, when it should be well risen and nicely browned.

In Society's Realm.

Like a gentle dove with folded wings quiet has settled over the social world, but the blustering month of March will contain the last few weeks of Lent, and then the spell will be broken. The tocsin will joyfully sound and nature and humanity will re-awaken. The diversions of the past week could be easily named in a very short space; society has done something else than court the goddess pleasure. It is waiting now indefinitely for what the future shall bring.

"At any rate we have plenty of weather to talk about, if there is nothing else to discuss," remarked a young society matron the other afternoon over her 5 o'clock tea-cups, and most truly may it be said that the lady was right. And this plentitude of weather has caused great rejoicing among those who are in Florida and other pleasant climes, and whose letters from home bring wail after wail of woe about the dreadful condition of the streets and the hateful and annoying games which the wather sharp in charge of this particular parallel of latitude has been playing. The few fashionables who sleigh have appeared, but all the rest voted solidly that it is the most unpleasant, and envy their more fortunate friends, who are lolling in orange groves and watching the lassitudinous alligators bask in the sunlit waters of the land of flowers.

There has been a great deal of theatre-going, a custom which is growing rapidly as a Lenten amusement, where a few seasons back it was severely frowned upon and tabooed. And, by the way, speaking of theatre-going, it may be as well to add for the benefit of the local swifdom that it is now considered no breach of good form for fashionable New York women to go to the theatre in the evening without cavaliers. Mrs. Burke-Roche and some of the Vanderbilt's feminine have been seen unattended by dress coats at the play, the question of the propriety of going without male escort would seem to be no longer a mooted one over there. Men are so elusive, so difficult to secure for a quiet evening at the theatre. They so much prefer the club; they must be so bribed with good dinners and suppers, that women of good sense no longer bother to take them, and as they were, after all, purely orna-

mental, there is no reason why it should not be so. An energetic matron can easily marshal a levy of girls, or two friends can go to the theatre with perfect comfort and propriety, having din'd briefly and sociably beforehand. Apropos of theatricals, the seeker after diversion at the playhouses must have been hard to please indeed, if he failed this week to find something to suit him at one or the other of the local temples of Thespia.

During the Lenten Season

It is the very midnight of the Lenten season. There is consequently very little stir in social circles, except in a few rare cases, here and there among people who have not as yet taken up with the Lenten fashion. A few exceptions, which were largely attended, have been the exceptions to the rule.

The exhibition at the art gallery has been quite a boon to many, who otherwise had been subjects for him who is credited with finding mischief for idle hands to do. These local exhibits always possess interest for those who have an educated eye in matters of art, as well as for the many admiring friends of the young aspirants to pictorial fame. The drawings of any art are interesting to people of culture. The youthful efforts of our young painters should be viewed with all toleration and good will. We should be thankful that there are among us people with the taste and ambition to excel on canvas, as well as in the concert hall and in literary pursuits.

Who can predict from a glance, which is often all that is bestowed upon the work, what may be the future of these early flights of genius—that those, in a few cases, somewhat unfinished, and in others, ornate essays, may not command high prices some years since, when the young artist has compelled that universal acknowledgement which the world is so tardy in bestowing? Who will venture to predict that the name of Miss Holden, Miss Houghton, Miss Bell MacMillan, Mrs. Smith, Morrice, Miss Plimsoll, Miss Reid, Pinkey, Seymour, Watson, Tully, O'Brien, Miss Mentz, Fraser, Forbes, Grier, Hammond, Harris, Brymuier, Brownlow, Chaltoner and Paul Peel, each and individually, on the right hand corner of a painting or drawing may not be as influential as that of Madame Le Brun, Rosa Bonheur, Susan Schoenfeld, Jules Breton, Bougereau, a Bromley, or a Turner, a Leighton or a Tadmra, in drawing thousands or tens of thousands of dollars from the pockets of the budding millionaires among us. It need scarcely be said that we are not naming the old or the new in the order of their merit, but there are people to whom a prelude of Bach gives more enjoyment than a Mass of Beethoven, or a *La votte* by Gluck, than a *Morceau* from Wagner.

And thus the solemnity that Lent has brought to many people, and which appears to be getting more fashionable, and, may we say? tyrannical every year, has had much of pleasure, and what is often the greatest enjoyment of all, anticipation, because of the very meritorious exhibits at the art gallery during the last fortnight. Some of the artists have already enrolled their names in other cities, where the competition is greater and the criticism is more severe. To one of these, Miss Houghton, we have already referred in a former number of the Antidote, whose "Soir de la Vie" attracted favorable attention some time since in Paris. The hurried examination which the time at our disposal lately only permitted, will not enable us to do justice to the paintings themselves, but we hope to return to the subject again at an early day.

THE COMING GIRL TO BE VERSED IN THE ART OF PROPOSING.

And now, dear privileged woman is to be granted another privilege Mr. Labouche, of the "London Truth," says that she should become versed in the art of proposing; that there has always been a big mistake somewhere, anyway, and that it is a woman's place to propose, because she is more self-possessed, and could do the asking with more grace than the average man.

Poor woman! There are just two privileges that she doesn't want and has never asked for. She doesn't wish to wear men's clothes, because she has tried on her brother's quite often, just for fun, and knows that they are frightfully cold and uncomfortable. She doesn't want to propose because—well just because she doesn't.

Perhaps, though, the masculine girl may hail Labouche's idea with wild shouts of approval. Not that she wants to take upon herself a husband, especially, but only for the reason that she will be enabled thereby to grab one of man's dearest and most exclusive rights. But the woman who is glad that she is a woman, and wouldn't be a man for anything in this world, hasn't any use whatever for such a privilege.

Et—What makes the pupils of your eyes so large.

She—The oculist put atropine or belladonna in them, and now, do you know, when I set down to eat I can see nothing on the table at all.

Be—That's the way it is with me at my boarding house, but atropine has nothing to do with it.

"All things come to those who wait," but the trouble is starvation is one of them.

A LITTLE SURPRISE. *

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ABRAHAM DREYFUS, BY CONSTANCE BERRIDGH.



Sir William Beauchamp, Bart. (43).
Mr. James Dugdale (23) Lady Florence
Beauchamp (39). Kate Dugdale (18).
Porter, the Lady's-maid (30).

Scene: A country drawing-room. A
French window opening on to a flower
garden at the back of the stage. Doors
right and left. A sofa, arm-chairs,
smaller chairs, etc.

At the rise of the curtain, Jem and
Kitty are discovered sitting with their
backs to one another, evidently sulking.
Jem looks round every now and then,
trying to catch his wife's eye, and she
studiously avoids his glance. At length
their eyes meet.

Jem (rises): No! I tell you I can't
stand it!

Kitty: And why not? I always
went out with the guns at home.

Jem: "At home" and your husband's
house are two different places.

Kitty: So I find!

Jem: And I have told you over and
over again I detest to see any woman
—more especially a girl of eighteen, like
yourself—tramping over the moors in
gaiters, and a skirt by a long way too
short!

Kitty: Perhaps with your old-maid-
ish ideas, you would like to see me tak-
ing my walks abroad with a train as
long as my Court frock!

Jem: Perversely!

Kitty: I only know that papa, mam-
ma, and grandmamma always said—

Jem: Ah! But your grandmother—

Kitty: How dare you speak in that
way of dear grandmamma?

Jem: I never said a word against
her—

Kitty: But you were going to!

Jem: Nothing of the sort.

Kitty (repeats): I only know that
papa, mamma, and grandmamma al-
ways said—

Jem: Oh, Heavens! (He escapes.)

Kitty: Was ever anyone so wretched
as I? Only three months married, and
to find my husband an obstinate, vin-
dictive, straight-laced country bumpkin!
Well, not a bumpkin perhaps, after all,
but almost as bad as that! Why, oh!
why did I leave my happy home, where
I could do what I liked from morning
till night, and no one was ever disagree-
able to me? And yet during my engage-
ment what a lovely time I had! Jem
seemed so kind and gentle, and promised
me he would never say a cross word
to me! He declared our married life
should be one long shining summer
day; whilst I promised to be his little
ministering angel! I reminded him of
that yesterday. And what did he say?
That he had never thought a little min-
istering angel could be such a little

brute! I can hardly believe he is the
same man I used to love so dearly!
(Exit in tears.)

(After a moment Porter, the lady's-
maid, enters, ushering in Lady Flo-
rence Beauchamp.)

Lady Flo: Your mistress is not here,
after all, Porter?

Porter: No, milady! Yet I heard
her voice only a few moments ago.

Lady Flo: Well then, Porter, you
must go and tell her a lady wishes to
speak with her in the boudoir, and
be sure not to say who the "lady" is,
however much she may ask. I wish
this visit to be a little surprise to her.
Nor must you mention that Sir William
is here.

(Enter Kitty, with traces of tears on
her face.)

Lady Flo: Kitty, darling, Kitty!

Kitty: Aunty! Can it be you?
This is delightful! (They embrace.)

Lady Flo: I'm glad you call it deli-
ghtful! I came here as a little surprise
to you; but I daresay you will think me
a great bore for taking you by storm,
and interrupting your tete-a-tete with
Jem.

Kitty: Oh! far from it! I am only
too, too happy you've come!

Lady Flo: Is that the real truth?

Kitty: Indeed, it is!

Lady Flo: I thought I should find
you as blooming as a rose in June; but
you are not quite so flourishing as I
expected. Those pretty eyes look as if
—as if—well, as if you had a cold in
the head!

Kitty: They look as if I had been cry-
ing, you mean! And so I have. (Bursts
into tears afresh, and throws herself
into Lady Flo's arms.)

(Enter Sir William and Jem, the former
standing amazed, Kitty, leaving Lady
Flo's arms, throws herself into those
of Sir William, with renewed sobs. Sir
William turns into surprise to Jem.
Lady Flo looks down in embarrass-
ment.)

Jem: Oh! yes, Kitty! This is all
very well. Why not tell them I'm a
monster at once?

Kitty: And so you are!

Jem (aside): Have you no sense of
decency?

Lady Flo (aside): This is truly shock-
ing!

Sir W. (aside): Good Heavens!

Kitty: Is it my fault that my uncle
and aunt are witnesses of your ill-tem-
per?

(Enter Porter.)

Porter: Your ladyship's trunks have
just arrived from the station.

Lady Flo (hesitating): Let them be
taken back again.

Sir W.: We had intended staying but

◆THE ANTIDOTE◆

(An hour or two.)

Jem (to Sir W.): But I beg you to stay.

Kitty (to Lady Flo.): Never were you so much needed.

Jem (to Porter): Let her ladyship's trunks be taken to the Blue Rooms.

Kitty: Not to the Blue Rooms. They are quite damp. (To Jem) I may speak a word in my own house, I suppose? (To Porter.) Let the trunks be taken to the Turret Room.

Jem: The chimneys smoke there.

Kitty: Excuse me. They do not.

Jem: Excuse me. They do.

Sir W.: They smoked once upon a time, perhaps, but may not now.

Porter: Where may I say the luggage is to be carried?

Jem: Take your orders from your mistress.

Kitty: No! From your master!

Jem (to Kitty): Spare me at least before the lady's-maid!

Kitty (to Jem): Oh! nobody knows better how you behave than Porter. Our quarrels are no secret from her.

Jem: That must be your fault. How can she know of them but from you?

Kitty: I tell her nothing. But your voice would reach to the ends of the earth.

Jem: As for yours—why—

Kitty: Grandmother always said my voice was the most gentle she had ever heard.

Jem: But, then, your grandmother—

Sir W. (to Lady Flo.): I really think we had better leave, after all.

Lady Flo (affectionately): No! dearest Will! I really think we had better stay.

Sir W.: For my part—

Lady Flo: I tell you we must stay.

Sir W.: Very well, Flo, as you wish. You always know best. (They exchange smiles.)

Lady Flo (to Jem): Kitty will take me to my room. So I leave my better half in your good company. (Exit with Kitty.)

Sir W.: I can't help regretting I came here, old fellow. It was your aunt's idea. I made objections. But she insisted that you'd both be glad enough to have a little interruption in your honeymoon.

Jem: She never said a truer word.

Sir W.: Then the honeymoon is not so great a success after all?

Jem: To tell the truth, it's all a gustatory failure!

Sir W.: Poor boy! Believe me, I'm awfully sorry for you. (Puts his hand on Jem's shoulder.)

Jem: I'm awfully glad you're sorry.

Sir W.: I pity you from my heart.

Jem: Thanks very much.

Sir W.: For my part, if I led a cat-and-dog life with your aunt, I should wish to blow my brains out.

Jem: So that's the advice you give me! (Moves towards door.)

Sir W.: Oh! no! All I want is five minutes' chat with you. Anything that affects Flo's niece naturally affects me.

Jem: Naturally. (Laughs.)

Sir W.: Now come! Tell me! How did your misunderstandings begin?

Jem: I really couldn't say.

Sir W.: And yet quarrels always have a beginning.

Jem: Of course, when women are so profoundly selfish.

Sir W.: Kitty is selfish?

Jem: I don't want to make any complaints about her. Yet I must admit that she takes absolutely no interest in anything which interests me. You know my hobby—fishing—

Sir W.: And Kitty doesn't care for fishing?

Jem: Not she! Though, finding myself here, surrounded with trout streams, you may imagine how I was

naturally anxious to spend my days. Kitty said fishing was a bore, and after having come out with me once or twice, she sternly refused to do so any more. And why? Simply because she wanted to tramp about with the shooters from Danby.

Sir W.: All this is but a trifling dissimilarity of taste, and insufficient to cause a real estrangement.

Jem: A trifling dissimilarity! Why, our tastes differ in every essential point. Kitty has got it into her head that a woman should take an interest in things "outside herself." A friend of her mother's, who used to conduct her to the British Museum, taught her to believe in Culture—with a capital "C." To hear her talk of Pompeian marbles, hear her talk of Pompeian marbles, Flaxman's designs, and all that sort of thing—why, its sickening!

Sir W.: It strikes me you are unreasonable.

Jem: Oh, no! I'm not! A woman who takes an interest in things outside herself becomes a nuisance.



SIR W.: "IT STRIKES ME YOU ARE UNREASONABLE."
JEM: "OH, NO! I'M NOT!"

Sir W.: And yet I believe that with a little tact, a little gentleness, you would be able to manage Kitty, just as I have managed your aunt all these long years. There is no doubting the dear girl's affection for you. Remember her joy when her mother's scruples as to the length of your engagement were overcome.

Jem: That's true enough. Kitty was very fond of me three months ago. But it isn't only fondness I require of a wife.

She must be bored when I'm bored, and keen when I'm keen, and that sort of thing, you know.

Sir W.: Yes! I see. In fact, lose her idleness, as your dear good aunt has lost hers!

Jem: (aside): Oh, rather, as you have lost yours!

Sir W.: Well, I'll try and view things in your light, my good fellow. At the same time, you must have great patience—

very great patience, Jem, and then all may come right in the end; it is true I never needed patience with your aunt. But had there been the necessity, I should have been equal to the demand. Now, I date—may your little quarrels have been but short lived; and that after having caused Kitty any vexation, you have always been ready to come forward with kind words to make up your differences?

Jem: Yes, ready! But not too ready, as I feared too much indulgence might not be advisable. Now, one morning, after having been out early I determined to give up fishing for the rest of the day to please Kitty. On my way home—remember, it was before eight o'clock—I met her betaking herself to what she calls "matins." Now, I like a girl to be good and strict, and all that sort of thing. But imagine going to church at eight o'clock on a Monday morning!

Sir W.: A slight error in judgment; you might easily forgive the dear child.

Jem: I didn't find it easy. I said so. And Kitty refused her breakfast in consequence—only to aggravate me.

Sir W.: No! No! Perhaps she fasted only to soften your heart!

Jem: Far from it. In fact, to sum up the whole matter, we have no common sympathies. Kitty has not even any ambition, for instance, as to my future. You know I wish to stand for Portborough one day?

Sir W.: You!!

Jem: Why not?

Sir W.: Oh, no! Of course! Why not, as you say?

Jem: Yet if I begin to discuss it all with her, she begins to yawn; and her yawning drives me nearly mad, when I am talking on a matter of vital interest.

Sir W.: Dear! Dear! I begin to find all this more serious than I thought. For it does seem to me as if you differed on most subjects.

Jem (moodyly): So we do.

Sir W.: Ah! I am afraid it may be pretty serious! And after listening to all your story I can't help feeling, my dear fellow, that there is not the chance of things bettering themselves, as I had hoped in the first instance.

Jem: You feel that?

Sir W.: I do! I do! This divergence of taste and sympathies is no laughing matter. It rather alarms me when I think that the abyss between you and your wife as time goes on may only widen. (He indicates an imaginary abyss, which Jem stares at dubiously.) Yes! widen—and widen!

Jem (after a moment's pause of half surprise, half pain): What you say is not consoling.

Sir W.: At first I thought differently; but now I hesitate to mislead you, and I admit my heart sinks when I think of your future, after hearing all you have to

say. Indeed, I hope I may be mistaken. I have, as you know, but little experience in these matters. Your aunt and I have lived in undisturbed harmony these fifteen years. Never has an angry word been heard within our walls.

Jem: Whilst Kitty and I squabbled as soon as we had left the rice and slippers behind us! And since then scarcely an hour has passed without some sort of difference. I declare, when I think over it, that it would be best for us to plunge into the ice at once. A separation is the only hope for us. But, hush! I think I hear Aunt Flo's and Kitty's footsteps! (Lowers his voice, speaking apidly) For Heaven's sake, don't

breath a word of what I have said! Fool that I've been! Worse than a fool—disloyal! Not a word to my aunt!

Sir W.: Oh! I promise you! (Mysteriously into Jem's ear) Women are so indiscreet. Now, I wouldn't tell your aunt for the wide world!

(Enter Lady Flo and Kitty, who have overheard the last words.)

Lady Flo (silly): I beg pardon! We interrupt!

Jem: Not at all! We were merely discussing the relations of man and wife! Uncle Will has been telling me that a wife—*you* under the circumstances—has everything in her own hands.



SIR W.: "WOMEN ARE SO INDISCREET."

Lady Flo (flattered): Indeed!

Kitty: Indeed! I must say that no one could appreciate Aunt Flo's virtues more than I, although at the same time I am certain she would very soon have lost her sweet temper if her husband had been aggravating, ignorant, domineering!

Jem: Why not call me a savage at once?

Kitty: A savage! Yes! A savage!

Lady Flo: Oh! Kitty! Kitty! Is this the way to make friends?

Jem: Com', Uncle Will! Let us go into the smoking-room! I shall choke here! (Exit.)

Sir W.: There's but little hope for them! Little hope! Little hope! (Exit, shaking his head.)

Kitty: Now perhaps you believe that I have something to put up with?

Lady Flo (soothingly): And yet there's no doubt Jem is extremely fond of you.

Kitty: He has a strange way of showing it! The other morning, after we had had one of our little scenes, I went down

to the stream to find him when he was fishing. I would even have been willing to try and bait (shudders) his hook. But as I was starting off I met him coming up the garden, and he stared at me like an avenging god (or demon, I should say), and asked if I wasn't on my way to matins? Naturally, I did not contradict him.

Lady Flo: Dearest! You distress me!

Kitty: There's another thing I can't endure! You know I took the pledge, so as to be a good example to the village people here. Well! Jem is furious every time I refuse wine at breakfast or dinner. He declares that I pose! Can you imagine such nonsense?

(To be concluded in our next.)

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.



FIND JOHN BULL'S 3 DAUGHTERS



FIND JONATHAN'S 3 DAUGHTERS



LORD BUFFALO BILL

FROM THE "STRAND."

"What's become of your mocking bird, Dawson?" "It killed itself." "Indeed!" For what reason?" "Disappointed ambition. It tried to mock a German band last summer and couldn't."

Inspector (at the penitentiary)—I understand that measles broke out three days ago.

Warder—Yes, but the guards caught them!

Customer—Why do you refer to the folding bed as she?

Clerk—Because, sir, there is no danger of its shutting up.

Rooney—Say, Pat, you're a bit of a skolar. Kin ye tell me who it was ordered the sun to stand still?

Noonan—I dunno. Some son of a gun of a contractor who wanted to get a big day's work out of a laborin' man, ye can bet.

"Everybody else stopped my paper, so I concluded to stop it too," is the way a Texas editor explained his suspension.

"Dodsdod!" groaned Jingleberry, as he carressed his nose with his handkerchief, "Anybody that says cold always cotragts is a base deceiver. By cold has been expadding for the last sevred days."

Mrs. Ray—Would your husband leave you very much if he were to die?

Mrs. Day—Not much more than now. He leaves me six nights out of the week as it is.

Tommie—My papa says ither instead of either even when we don't have company.

Jack—Humph! Mine don't, He says ah there!

Clergyman (examining a Sunday School class)—Now can any one of you tell me what are the sins of omission?

Small Scholar—Please sir, they're the sins you ought to be committed and haven't.

MISFITS.

The blonde would be brunette,
The short girl would be tall;
The girl with eyes of jet
Loves blue eyes above all.
Stout people would be thin,
The thin ones would be stout;
Each nose displeases him
Who has to wear it out.
Hobbs likes the name of Schnitz.
Luc yearns for that of Kate;
In short, we're all misfits
With our own selves and fate.

When a young man dons his first silk
hat,
The fact may be divined,
That the cover he's chosen to put on his
head
Rests heavily on his mind.

Judge (to man up for having five wives)
—How could you be so hardened a vil-
lain?

The guilty one—Please, your honor, I
was only trying to get a good one.

Jagson says it's always a paradox of
drink that a man will get away with
more than he can carry.

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded.)

"Just the very thing that is wanted
here," she said; "our diggers go into Cas-
tlemaine to get their hair cut, and once
there they get on a spree, and come back
fly-blown. Now, if you stay here, I'll
recommend you, and, what's more, you
may begin at once on my little girl."

She was a woman of decision; out she
went and returned in a few minutes with
a towel, a pair of scissors, and a little
girl with the most awful shock head of
hair it has ever been my fortune to set
my eyes on.

"Now, I'll leave you to begin," she said,
as she handed Frank the towel and scis-
sors with an encouraging smile, and left
the room.

Frank took the girl between his knees,
adjusted the towel, snapped the scissors,
and touched the girl's head with
dainty fingers. One touch was enough.
Shoving the child away with one hand
he threw the scissors at my head with the
other.

"Hang it! I can't, and I won't," he
cried.

The poor child fled, not knowing what to
make of it, and I roared with laughter.
And never again did Frank Terry attempt
to start in the hair-cutting line. Notwith-
standing this contretemps, we slept there
that night rolled in our blankets on the
kitchen-floor. The good woman accepted
Frank's rather lame apologies, shrewdly

guessing, no doubt, that we were not much
used to work of any kind. Good-natured,
heartly Welsh diggers thronged in, and were
willing to "shout" for us as long as we
would drink, and talked to each other in
their strange native tongue, like croaking
"hoodies," or people with bad colds clear-
ing their throats. In a Castlemaine
paper we found an advertisement for an
assistant miller, and the next morning
Frank said if I would give him the chance
he would apply. We couldn't get work
together, sorry though he was, and so let
us each take the first billet that offered.
What could I say? I knew that I was
not fit for an assistant miller, perhaps
he was—let him try. So in we walked
to Castlemaine, and I lay down on the
open ground while he interviewed the mil-
ler. A long time he was, and eagerly
I asked him when he came back—"Well,
what luck?"

"That miller, Jack, is a true gentleman."

"But have you got the billet? What
did he say?"

"Well, he perceived at once that I was
a gentleman, and spoke so kindly. I told
him that I was an Oxford man—"

"One lie," said I.

"My dear fellow, when you have been
in the colonies as long as I have, you
will learn that you lose nothing by mak-
ing the most of yourself," said my mate,
angrily.

"All right. I bow to your greater ex-
perience; but do tell me, have you got
the billet?"

"Well, no," he replied, slowly: "he said
that not knowing the work, glad as he
would have been to have me, he was afraid
I might get killed by the machinery."

I was rather sore at his eagerness to
desert me, and I fear I laughed a scornful
laugh. However we tried the town with-
out success till late in the evening; and
though Castlemaine streets are literally
"paved with gold," there is none visible
to the naked eye. But we did see a curious
sight—half a dozen Chinamen with long
handled brooms sweeping the streets, which
are metalled with quartz, and carefully
collecting the dust in cradles, in which
they carried it off and washed it out, and
now and then found some very small bits
of gold left at the bottom of the cradle.
Some time afterwards I heard that the
authorities had stopped this practice, on
the ground that the Chinamen swept all
the streets away!

Poor persecuted Mongolians! cleanliness of
cooks, staidness of servants, always sober,
willing, and active, patient under abuse,
never bearing malice, is it simply a ques-
tion of fear of cheap labor, or is it that
the staidness and sobriety of the "heath-
en Chinese" puts to shame the Australian
Christian, that the colonies are now going
to close their ports against you?

But to return to my story. I had part-

ed from my mate for a while, as it was
now settled each should try for himself;
so we hunted in a couple no longer, but
tried different streets alone, when suddenly
he overtook me with a jubilant face, and
announced that he had engaged himself
as a billiard marker. A billiard marker!
of all hopeless occupations for a broken-
down swell, surely the most degrading.
Never away from the great curse of Aus-
tralia, the weary drink, seeing nightly
the worst specimens of human nature at
their worst. What a deadly pitfall!
How few ever get out of it!

Poor Frank! a little selfish, perhaps,
but a good mate on the whole; amusing
enough when in the vein, but, like all
people of sanguine temperament, prone to
fits of deepest melancholy. I only saw
you once again, and in good faith the
billiard room had not improved you. And
you, too, sleep under the gum trees. Ah,
well may I say with poor Gordon's sick
stockrider, slightly altering the words:

"Ah! nearly all my comrades of the old
Colonial school,

My ancient boon companions, long are
gone;

Hard livers for the most part, somewhat
reckless as a rule;

It seems that I am left here all alone."

Well, we parted friends. We went to
the billiard room and spent the whole
last shilling in drinking to each other's
luck. And I tramped out of Castlemaine
all alone with fourpence-halfpenny in my
pocket.

CHAPTER III — JACK THE SHEPHERD.

The first night alone in the bush must
be a curious sensation to any man. To
me, sick at heart, doubly lonely, having
lost my mate, utterly uncertain how long
I might have to tramp on like the wan-
dering Jew, the future a blank, the past
a remorseful recollection of folly—it was
a night never to be forgotten, to be
marked with the blackest chalk. How
vividly at such a time do all one's past
errors come back to us! What a fool I've
been! What chances I've thrown away!
How I've wasted all my talents! Such and
such-like thoughts crowded my brain in
rapid succession, and, to add to it all,
it was a dark, black night, the great
drops began to fall, and then it began to
pour with rain, no gentle shower, but
sheets of water coming down as if all
the clouds of sea and land had burst over
my devoted head. Then the thunder, at
first grumbling in the distance, then near-
er and louder, while the forked lightning
played in the forest, and lit up the huge
trunks of the gum trees. Then a crash
and a mighty tree, not a hundred yards
away, was struck, a huge limb fell off,
and the great trunk stood stout black and
smouldering. A night or two like this
and I would lose my head, wander off
into the bush, lie down and die—unwept

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and unburied, until some shepherd or bush-
man should come across my glittering
bones and say to himself: "Another poor
fellow lost in the bush. Well, I'll put
him und er the ground at any rate, per-
haps it may be my turn next."

But the sun came out again in the morn-
ing, the water magpies carolled sweetly,
flights of cockatoos with their harsh
notes, and chattering green parrots crossed
my path, and I tramped on down-hearted,
but not utterly despondent. I got a lift
in a dray as far as Sandhurst (the Ben-
dig oof old, renowned for lucky nuggets
and gigantic piles—where are those lucky
diggers now?) But I was far into the
Marong district before I got a billet. A
swagger, going down the track to knock
down in Bendigo a cheque which it had
cost him twelve months to earn, in about
as many days, told me that at a neigh-
boring station they wanted a shepherd
badly—the last had gone "cranky" and
and had to be sent down to the innatic
asylum. My feet were one mass of blisters,
my Cookhams had worn into holes, when
I, a wretched object, crawled up to Syl-
vester's station and entered the work-

men's hut. Only the cook was there, and
a right good fellow was he, though an
"old hand" of very questionable ante-
cedents. "The boss is away," said he,
"but we want a shepherd bad enough;
he'll be back to-morrow, so just shake
down here—you look pretty well sewed
up. Now I'll cook the billet, make some
tea, and cook you some devils on the coals.
The damper ain't ready yet." How good
those "devils on the coals" were. At a
city dinner last year my next neighbor
asked me what I thought of the turtle
soup, "Not half so good as devils on the
coals." said I. He looked astonished and
disgusted, and, as he never spoke another
word to me during dinner, doubtless won-
dered whether I was mad or drunk. The
hands came in, but I was coiled up in one
of the bunks fitted up around three sides
of the hut, too tired to move or speak.

"Who have we here?" said Jim, the bul-
lock puncher; "let's lug him out and look
at him."

"Oh, stow that," said the kind old cook
—he's dead beat, and I'm real sorry for
him; has been a swell by the look of
him. He's going to ask the boss for

Cranky Joe's billet, and I'm hanged if I
won't be right glad if he gets it."

"Right you are," said the butly log-
fencer, with a busy beard; I knows what
it is to be down on one's luck well enough."
Strange ouths garnished every speech of
those days—rough hands they were and
no mistake. A regular devil was Jim, the
bullock driver, when he was on a spree,
and like

"Quiet Mr. Brown,
On several occasions he had cleared out
the town."

But I'll always swear by him, for didn't
he come many a night after his work to my
hut five miles away to bake my damper
for me—an art I never thoroughly acquired.
My first damper turned out green with
too much baking powder; I gave it to
my dog and it made him sick.

Well, the next day back came the boss.
Recommended with more good will, I fear,
than truth by the cook, I got the billet—
was taken out to my hut, provided with
rations, shown my flock, told my duties,
and with a thankful heart became for
the next twelve months your humble ser-
vant—Jack the Shepherd in Blackwood.

The End.

THE ANTIDOTE

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CANADIAN BRANCH, 79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1868.

Capital \$6,000,000
Fire Funds exceed 1,500,000
Fire Income exceeds 1,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

69 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW,

BRANCH MANAGER

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

Subscribed Capital, \$25,000,000
Paid-up and Invested, 2,750,000
Total Funds, 17,500,000

RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, Chairman. ROBERT LEWIS, Esq., Chief Secretary.

N. B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1890.

Branch Office in Canada: 157 St. James Street, Montreal.
G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street
MONTREAL.

R. P. HEATON, Manager.

G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE,
City Agents.