

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

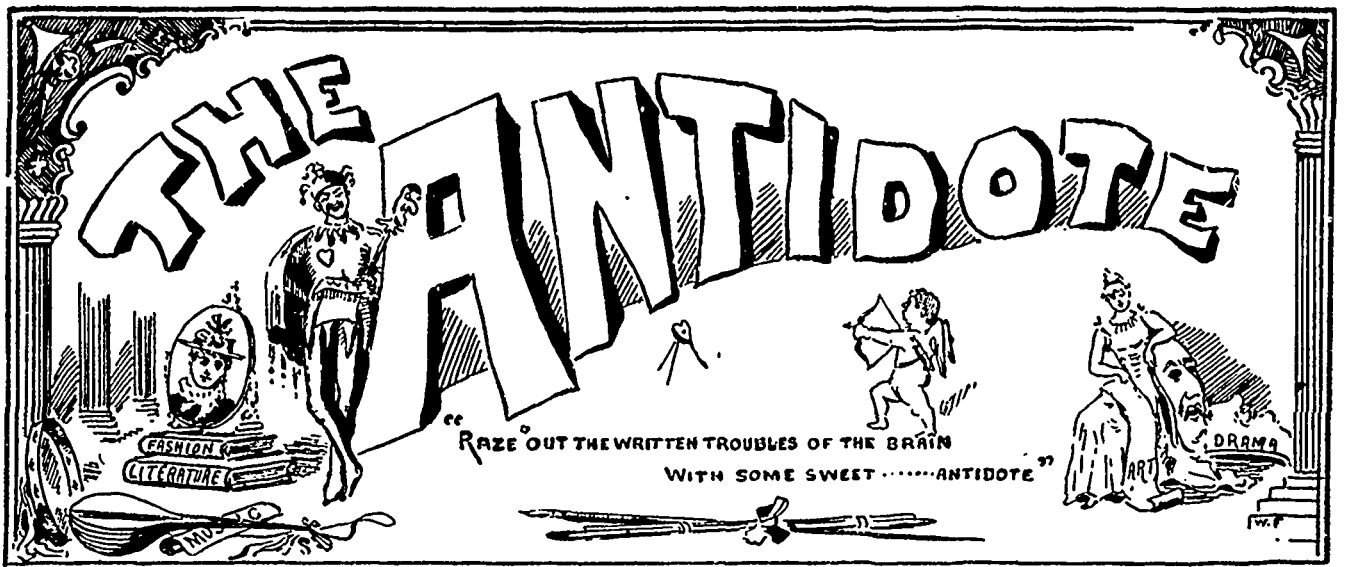
Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		



Vol. I. No. 52.

MONTREAL, JUNE 10, 1893.

{ ANNUAL SUB. \$1.00
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS

Queen's Theatre

Coming Attraction,

THE MASCOT.

COLONIAL HOUSE,
0000 Phillips Square. 0000

—We carry a Full Line of—
Fine Tweeds, Cloths and Trousering,
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,
Belts, Braces, and all Gents' requisites.

Two experienced Cutters always on hand. . . . Fit guaranteed.

HENRY MORGAN & Co.,
MONTREAL.



OUR VILLAGE BEAUTY.—M ELLEN EDWARDS.

Insurance Companies



Should bear in mind that the JOURNAL OF
COMMERCE, Finance and Insurance Review,
reaches people who

BUY INSURANCE

. . . as well as those who . . .

SELL INSURANCE

Address:

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE,
MONTREAL.

WEDDING CARDS, INVITATION CARDS BALL
PROGRAMMES, BILLS OF FARE, (MENU

— AND —

ALL KINDS OF SMALL PRINTING FORMS SUPPLIED NEATLY
AND ECONOMICALLY, AT THE OFFICE

OF THE

Journal of Commerce

171 ST. JAMES STREET,

Head of St. John Street.

High-Class **FURNITURE**
FEE & MARTIN,
 361 St. James Street.

ECONOMY ! * ECONOMY !!
 IN THIS PROGRESSIVE AGE.

NO MAN OF BUSINESS INTERESTED IN
 CANADIAN AFFAIRS CAN AFFORD
 TO DISPENSE WITH THE IN-
 FORMATION CONTAINED
 IN THE

Journal of Commerce

Every Youth preparing for a business career,
 whether Mercantile, Manufacturing or Insur-
 ance, should read it. By treasuring what he
 may learn from its pages, he will probably
 be spared the money usually wasted in after
 years buying experience.

Address,
JOURNAL OF COMMERCE,
171 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

Suretyship

The only Company in Canada
 confining itself to this business.
 + + +

THE
Guarantee Co.
 OF NORTH AMERICA

Capital Authorized, - - \$1,000,000
 Paid up in Cash (no notes) - 300,000
 Resources Over - - - 1,111,573
 Deposit with Dom. Govt. - 17,000
**\$916,000.00 have been paid in
 Claims to Employers.**

President: **SIR ALEX. T. GALT, G.C.M.G.**
 Vice-President and Managing Director:
EDWARD RAWLINGS.
 Bankers: **THE BANK OF MONTREAL.**
HEAD OFFICE,
Dominion Square, MONTREAL
EDWARD RAWLINGS,
 Vice-Pres. and Man. Director.

WANTED by a man of experience
 in Fire Insurance, a situation as
 Chief Clerk or Bookkeeper. Address,
 P. O. Box 885,
 ANTIDOTE Office.

SEATH'S \$4 TROUSERS

MADE TO MEASURE.
 How foolish it is for any man that wears pants and
 likes to save money not to give us a trial order and
 settle the : **Do You Wear Pants ?** : question
 now and
 forever whether or not he can procure from the **Pants cut**
 to his own order that will suit him. We most earnestly
 beg of you in all good faith, both for the sake of your
 pocket and for ours, to grant us this one trial. We will
 refund your money promptly if you so choose.
ROBERT SEATH & SONS, 1718 Notre Dame Street.

**INSTANTANEOUS
 ICE CREAM
 FREEZER.**

Price, \$5.00.
 Send for Circular,
INSTANTANEOUS FREEZER CO.,
 1860 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.

**Bombay
 Chutney**

THE FINEST AND
 CHEAPEST INDIAN
 RELISH MADE.
 EATS WELL WITH
 EVERY KIND OF
 MEAT OR CURRY.
 ASK FOR IT AT
 YOUR GROCERS.



JOHN RUSSELL, ; LADIES' Dressmaker,
 —AND MANUFACTURER OF—
 Ladies' and Girls' Underclothing.
2341 and 2343 ST. CATHERINE ST.
MONTREAL.
 Inventor of the **CURVILINEAR** System of Cutting Ladie
 and Girl's Dresses, Underclothing, &c.

WILLIAM O. ROURKE,
 2206 St. Catherine Street,
 —AND—
 Montreal Junction,

High-class Groceries, Fruits, &c.
 Direct Importer of Old Wines, Ports,
 Sherries and Maderias.
 Country & fishing orders promptly attended to.

W. F. STWARDON, . .
 2339 St. Catherine St.,
 . . . MONTREAL, . . .
 . . . Fashionable Bootmaker

THE ANTIDOTE

IS Published every Saturday in time for the evening suburban trains. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stationers and newsdealers in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. John's, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 272 and 273 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches.

OUR ACQUAINTANCES.

(2)

The process of accommodation described in our issue of last week under this caption, may be, if not the most injurious, the most weakening where the least complete. There are men who having submitted to it for peace's sake, or, as they may have thought for duty's sake, have never been able to adapt themselves completely to the intellectual conditions they accept. They are conscious of two minds within them, their own and their neighbor's, and earnestly bent on reconciling the two, they cultivate the logic of compromise and train themselves and those who come under their influence, to the unsatisfying and often painful art of cheating conscience for conscience's sake.

There are men, too, who can live in quiet in the bondage of old acquaintances, or in any other social bondage, by professing all they are called on to profess and doing all that which is prescribed and proper for them, while they keep their dissent from the manner of their lives a secret, shared perhaps with one or two trusty friends with whom they can have the relief of free expression. But these are merely dishonest: "non ragionam di loro."

The fact that no one can do his level best until he has got away from the trammels of old acquaintanceship is much more recognized by deed than by word. It is not because there is no sphere for his ability in his native town or village that the youth of promise selects his career in some other; it is because in the new place he will start free. The attraction of the large city for the country bred genius, in love with green meadows and the song of

birds, is not the society and the resources, but the independence it offers him. He knows that in the city and its course of people, is the quickening centre of the life of the nation; that the artist as well as the politician, the professional man as well as the merchant, will find his lessons and his work there. He knows this and says it; but in reality the city is not so needful to him because it is the city as because it is not the other place—the place where the old acquaintances are.

No one likes, however, to put forward his desire to escape from his old acquaintances as a motive for his departure from among them, and many who act upon this motive are loth to recognize it to themselves. They go away for any reason rather than that; but they go. And surely their going is wisdom; they might find their precedent in sundry old fairy tales, where the hero's wits are under a cloud till he sets forth on his travels, and, once well out of reach of his old acquaintances' eyes and ears, straightway becomes a marvel of ingenuity and courage, and wins the beautiful princess with half her father's kingdom. He would have won no princess at all if he had stayed.

Of course new acquaintances may be moral wet blankets as much as old if you choose to let them. If a man makes it one of the great aims of his life to have a footing among some special class or clique, or if he is bent on being fashionable or popular, or on an eminence of respectability, he may be in social bondage of the straightest kind to acquaintances of to-day and but of tomorrow. But that rests with himself. And of course new acquaintances may take possession of him with the harassing intimacy usurped more commonly by old acquaintances. But that also rests with himself. New acquaintances can make no claim on him for more than he chooses to give them. His duty to them is only theirs to him—civility and an exchange of social entertainments. With them he may require that liking should precede intimacy, and that unceremoniousness should not do duty for cordiality.

GOOD-BYE.

With this number, as already explained in our valedictory of the 27th ultimo, the Antidote bids good-bye to its readers, with many thanks for the patronage extended to it, and the many words of kindly appreciation forwarded us concerning it from time to time.

The Straw Hat.

Hail the straw hat!
On fevered brow of man it rests so lightly,
In the dull street of towns it shines so brightly,
What though the jokers jest about it tritely.
Hail the straw hat!
Hail the straw hat!
No headgear ever yet devised excels it.
When a man's head grows big it only swells it.
What if it does roll when the wind propels it?
Hail the straw hat!
Hail the straw hat!
It is so light and restful and so airy,
Wearing it, a man feels gay and literary.
Once having had it, would we do without it?
Nary!
Hail the straw hat!
Hail the straw hat!
It is the greatest boom of summer weather,
A contrast to the hats of felt and leather,
A shelter and a solace put together—
Hail the straw hat!
—Sarnville Journal.

Horse Shoe Rolls.

These are a form of the Vienna roll, and have in baker's parlance an especial name. Make a Vienna bread or roll dough. When it is risen and ready to mold, roll it out very thin. Cut into squares, then cut each square so as to form two triangles. Brush over with melted butter very lightly. Then begin to roll from the base of the triangle towards its cone, fastening the end. When rolled bend in horse-shoe shape and put in a warm place to rise. When very light, bake for 10 minutes in a quick oven. The glaze formed on such rolls is done by a jet of steam forced in the oven. This can be partly simulated by standing a basin of hot water in the hot oven, but does not accomplish the results possible in a baker's oven.
Table Talk.

World's Fair Passes.

The official returns of World's Fair passes of various kinds are as follows.

Photograph passes (full term).....	8,592
Photograph passes (monthly).....	2,897
Complimentary cards (used by officials).....	265
Special single admission passes.....	677
Workmen's daily passes.....	146
Return checks issued to holder of photograph passes on leaving the grounds temporarily.....	5,037
Total.....	17,614

"Jack's House."

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE
WELL-KNOWN NURSERY STORY.

London Congregation Magazine.

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impress on the memory; it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language is now lying before me, and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Congregational Magazine*, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in *Sepher Haggadah*, vol. 23:

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog.
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
5. Then came the fire and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
6. Then came the water, and quench'd the
That burned the staff, [fire,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
9. Then came the angel of death and killed
That slew the ox, [the butcher,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He.
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation :

1. The kid which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents Himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.
3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
4. The staff signified the Persians.
5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Roman or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the caliphate.
8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.
9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish

power by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.



STEPS TOWARD HEAVEN.

By Ethelyn T. Abbott.

What art thou, greatness?
A halo round the head of honest worth,
A guiding star to deeds of highest birth,
An inspiration for the lowlier ones of earth.

What art thou, honor?
A prize secured by self-denying deeds,
Heroic strength that ne'er from good
recedes,
A virtue that no higher glory needs.

What art thou, benevolence?
A hospitality bestowed on all,
An open heart which grieves when any
fall,
A kindly ear low-bent to sorrow's call.

What art thou, kindness?
Thou'rt compassion for the humblest man,
Thou'rt good-feeling on the widest plan,
Sweet charity which holds a world in
span.

What art thou, heaven?
The world to which by these steps we ascend,
By noblest deeds; this whole world to
befriend,
The place where love and life will perfect
blend.
May 15, 1898.

A Chicago man visiting this city refused an invitation to a breakfast a few days ago, because he had neglected to bring his dress suit.

Few sharper pangs are known to man than that suffered by the average druggist when he sells a postage stamp at its actual value.

RHYMES ABOUT THE SUMMER GIRL.

It's when the sun sinks in the west
The summer girl is at her best,
For when the twilight charms her soul
'Tis then she loves to take a stroll;
And by these presents be it known
She hates to take that stroll alone.

—New York Herald.

She filled her new puffed sleeves with gas.
And when the wind was right
To the World's Fair she lit out,
And soon was out of sight.



—Ladies' Pictorial.

A Tuscan Straw with a wreath of Roses.—Here we have a very pretty shape in Tuscan straw, with a wreath of pink roses underneath the brim, a

large bow of pale yellow ribbon, and graceful plumes of yellow ostrich feathers.—Ladies' Pictorial, London.

A GHOSTLY EPISODE.

They were a very comfortable party of ten or a dozen adults visiting in an old ancestral house, and all nearly or remotely connected or related. And it often happened that the conversation took a turn to include those deceased ancestors whose portraits hung on the walls and whose possessions were under the same roof with themselves.

"It seems like sacrilege," their hosts were saying, as they sat in the twilight glimmer, between hearthlight and daylight, in the old-fashioned drawing-room, "but Helen has about persuaded me to let her have her great-grandmother's wardrobe. I could never think myself of disturbing those things which my mother gave me as a sacred bequest. But Helen declares that the time has come when those old gowns can be worn without remodeling, and I fancy she would be rather proud of them as heirlooms."

"I should be afraid the ghost of the owner would look over my shoulder," remarked one of the cousins present, in an awesome tone.

"Oh, if it comes to that, we are all ghosts," said another one; "we carry our ghosts with

us. But as the good dames cannot even as ghosts, wear their old garments, why should we be denied that privilege?"

"I tell Helen she will only have the clothes, not the air of one born to them. My grandmother was a belle and a beauty, she had—well, there she is, you can all see her and judge for yourselves," and Mrs. King led the way down the long room into the vista of faint darkness to the portrait. A candelabrum was lighted and in that pale glimmer they saw the beautiful face of a girl of 19, with the shoulders and waist of an ideal figure. Her fair cheeks and rosy lips, her naughty chin with a dimple set in it, her large lustrous eyes were framed in a mass of such curls as were worn in that day. They hung over her lovely shoulders down to her small waist.

"There," said Helen, in an eager voice, look at that peach-colored silk flounce to the waist; see the puffed sleeves and the capes—oh, isn't it delicious, just as they are wearing them now, and it's up-stairs in an old mahogany trunk, packed in camphor! Why, the old lace on it is worth a fortune! Great-grandmamma wore it as a bride. And the white mitts and the dear little handkerchief bag on her arm, and the medallion picture of great-grandpa with his

hair in a queue—oh, it would be too lovely! And I," she concluded, with pardonable pride, "am said to resemble her."

"You do," said her mother; "at least we think you do look like her picture, but you need not imagine, you presumptuous child, that you will ever be half so beautiful."

"Not even in that dress?" queried Helen, with an alluring smile.

"I haven't fully decided that you shall wear that dress. I have often thought that there may be something in the suggestion that people do return—"

"Not as entitles?" suggested Helen's aunt.

"I do not know. All my tradition: teach me to respect that which I cannot understand. I have often been shocked by the unkind haste with which the living appropriate the possessions of the dead, as if they were eager to obtain the spoils."

"We brought nothing into this world—" began the aunt.

"Don't," interrupted Helen; "I take quite another view of it. As my great-grandmother had her day, why should she object to me having mine? She does not need these gowns of hers in her present condition, and should be pleased to know that after lying in state for so many years they are to be brought out by one of her descendants. I am quite willing to run the risk of incurring her wrath, if you will let me have the gowns," added Helen, turning to her mother.

Mrs. King shook her head, and the subject was dropped.

But another one was evolved from it later in the evening, when Helen and her lover, Walter Harter, and a visiting young couple disappeared to the library, leaving their elders basking in the firelight, so grateful on the spring evening, and telling to each other a collection of ghost stories, such as people who don't believe in ghosts can always tell better than those who are more credulous. There was Aunt Lavinia, from Laporte, Ind., who told a story current in the family ever since the first part of the century, concerning her great aunt, whose son came home at night from a journey, entered her room, took off his coat, which was wet, hung it over a chair, wrung the water out of his hair, looked at her steadily and intently, but did not speak, leaving the room finally without breaking the silence. The next morning his mother sent to his room to waken him, but he was not there, nor had his bed been slept in. An hour later came the news that he was drowned at the very time that his mother had seen him, while crossing a ford on his way home.

"That was merely a coincidence," said a fine de siecle matron who was present; "his mother dreamed it all, of course."

"I should find that as hard to account for as the ghost," said a cousin, looking over her shoulder.

"I should hate to think there were no ghosts," remarked a Virginia branch of the family. "I'm sure I saw one once on our gallery. It was dressed in white and strode up and down just

like real ghosts do on the stage. Our dog howled and the lights all burned blue."

"I sat up with Aunt Polly Williams the night before she died and heard three cracks of a whip right over the looking-glass. And they broke the glass into three pieces," related an aunt.

This had been told so often that the original number, "one crack of the whip," had been increased to three, but no one noticed that—the ghostly fact remained.

"Did you ever account for seeing your father after his death?" asked one of the relatives of her hostess.

"No, never! He had been dead a year on that night when I went to the hall clock to see if it had been wound up. You know the clock—one of those high ones? It has been in the family for generations. Its up in the nursery now. As I put my hand on the door to open it, I saw father standing close by me with a smile on his face, as if something pleased him. I was frightened and ran from the hall, but afterwards I looked into the clock and found a deed to some land we were dispossessed of, hidden there. I suppose, really, I only imagined seeing him. You know I don't believe it was really father, but it was strange it should lead to finding that paper."

"Another coincidence," said the fin de siecle matron. "When my ghost walks in with its head under one arm I shall look for a rational explanation of the phenomena."

"Talking about ghosts," said an elderly widow relative, speaking in a weird, mysterious voice, "did I ever tell you how my first husband appeared to me when I was thinking about marrying the man who was afterward my second—did I ever speak of it?"

"A hundred times to my certain knowledge," said the fin de siecle matron under her breath.

"If I never did, it was because I don't believe in ghosts myself, but that was just one of the things I couldn't understand. I was sitting in the parlor just as if it might be now, only I was alone. There came three raps—"

"Mercy! goodness! what is that?"

No one responded, no one moved, and for that time, at least, the ghost of the widow's first husband was laid unceremoniously—something ghostly was happening under the very faces and eyes of the party.

A puff of cold air ran through the room with such startling rapidity that the wax candles flared and went out, leaving only the light of the full moon through the lace-draped windows, mingling with the flickering firelight in a strange spectral glare, which was focussed upon the square of velvet carpet in front of the portrait they had been examining that very evening.

But what was this? Had the picture come to life and stepped out of its frame? The startled group at the fireside could see only a shadow there that paled and flickered, but stepped bodily and audaciously into the light. Was it the semblance of the portrait, or was it really the beautiful form and face of that woman of a cen-

tury past, wearing the same clothes which fluttered noiselessly, diffusing a cold sweet perfume that affected the senses like the incense of death? Her eyes were fixed as in the picture, but the red was on her lips and cheeks, and her little feet peeping from the flounces and laces of her wide skirts, wore the clocked stockings and ribbon-crossed slippers of long ago. There she stood before them all, yet never noticing them, and then she began to dance in stately measure a minuet, as if some unseen cavalier were treading the measure with her, and all the time that cold wind was blowing, and a strange, quiet melody was being played by invisible hands, aside from which there was not as much noise as if a hummingbird had fluttered its wings.

Then somebody screamed or fainted, and in a moment the music ceased. The dancer was gone, somebody lighted all the gas burners, and there was the portrait just as it had already been, and when the four young people hearing the hubbub in the library, came rushing in, they were overwhelmed by what they missed, nor dared they cast discredit on the evidence of their elders.

But youth throws off impressions easily, and Helen and Walter and their friends made such charming jest and gaiety out of it, that with the help of a warm supper, the elders were finally induced to throw off the mystery and solemnity of the astral dance, and looked upon it as a mirage, something quite explainable by certain laws of human occult development. Helen even declared saucily that her great-grandmother must have been a giddy girl to come back for a brief visit to earth just to dance that tiresome old minuet, and then she looked at Walter and blushed vividly.

"You see, you dear old stupid, you had talked ghosts until you were quite ready to see one in every corner. If great-grandmamma did appear, then it was to signify that she was quite willing that I should step into her shoes."

"I assure you that no power on earth would persuade me to ever allow her clothes to be disturbed in my life-time," said Mrs. King with emphasis.

Helen looked at Walter and her pretty mouth made a distinct shaping of the letters "P-h-e-w!"

Walter looked at Helen and telegraphed the word back again. But none of those worldly-wise people ever came near suspecting what might have been the real truth, not even when they saw Walter's autoharp, the most dreary musical instrument that was ever conceived, lying on the hall sofa the next day, or when they alluded, as they often did, to Helen's wonderful resemblance to her great-grandmother's portrait.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

SECOND NATURE.

"This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter of a Broadway restaurant; "can't I have a little fresh air?"

The well-drilled automaton raised his voice to a high pitch.

"One air?" he yells, after a pause adding: "Let it be fresh!"—Texas Siftings.

The crime of throwing peel on the pavement is known as bananaarchy.

For a Hammock Pillow.

If you have a hammock pillow and want it covered with a material warranted to wear, buy that oddly-named Japanese cloth called shifu. It comes in any number of well-blended colors and makes up an effective pillow when embroidered in gilt thread.

EULALIA AND THE POETS

They say there is no fitting word
That with Infanta rhymes;
And yet out poets seem to be
Quite equal to the chimes
Of measured writing; then why can't a
Poet jingle to Infanta?

She is a poem in herself.

Which every one admires,
And everything she does or says

The lagging muse inspires.
This true, there shouldn't be so scant a
List of jingles for Infanta.

—New York Sun.

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

"Done in oil"—sarabanes.

A hand to hand contest—A deaf mute debate.

An uptown girl is so fond of pets that she has a dog to match each gown.

An uptown man thinks he contracted hay fever by sleeping on a straw bed.

An accordion plented horse car has been devised to accommodate the 6 o'clock crowd.

A new paper is about to be published for policemen. Special rates will be made for clubs.

The decline of the dancer is putting hostesses to their wits' ends to devise novel entertainments.

The old time "duster" for traveling purposes is being revived under the alias of a "dust robe."

"Did you hear that Charlie had been jilted by Miss Moneybags?" "Yes: I told him there were just as good fish in the sea." "But Charlie's hunting for gold fish."

The game in the Pennsylvania mountains is said to be nearly entirely exhausted. It consists principally of tennis and croquet played by the guests of the summer hotels here.

A High School boy said recently in class in reply to the professor's question: "Among the different kinds of wind storms are the cyclone, tornado, whirlwind, typhoon and the Chicago drummer."

"Cholly, dear boy, don't you think you are taking cold here?"

"Oh, no: my man always attends to those things for me: very clever fellow he is."

"She flew into an awful rage when Tom kissed her."

"I don't see why when they are engaged."

"Think of it, though, he only kissed her once."

FORM IN DRIVING.

(Concluded.)

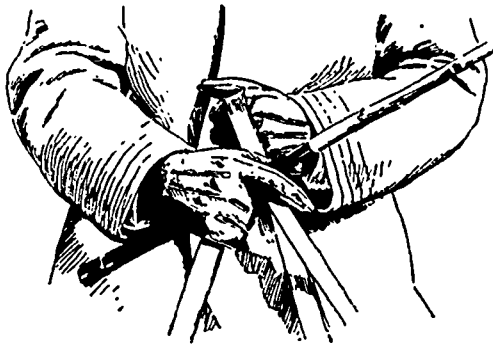


DIAGRAM A

A trap to be driven by the master should be brought to the door with the off or right side towards the pavement: it is better to have to turn round, if you are going in the opposite direction to your horses' heads, than to climb over your guest's feet, or to go round behind the trap to get in on the off side. The groom leaves the reins neatly deposited with one turn round the whip, or in the rein-holder on the dash-board, and gets out always on the off side, so as to be near the reins if the horses start, and waits at the horses' heads without touching them, unless necessary. Of course in places where he is likely to have to move off for some other vehicle he remains on the box seat. When his master or mistress comes out he touches his hat without looking directly at him or her, then places a hand on each horse's rein, as lightly as possible, not grabbing them roughly as some men seem to think necessary. A word here upon the subject of coachman and groom touching their hats when spoken to or when addressing persons. This is not a servile act, as some misinformed servants imagine; it is merely a custom arising from experience in intimating that an order is understood, and from the greater amount of formality which attends an equipage. No self-respecting servant, who takes pride in his stable and his turning-out, omits this

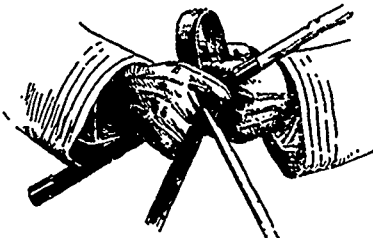


DIAGRAM B.

trifling finish to his manners, and I have never known one worth his salt who objected to it. This by the way. When seated and ready to start, the "whip"

nods to the groom, who, quickly stepping aside and again touching his hat, waits until the trap almost passes, then quickly jumps into his place. But a groom's work is not done when seated; he is not there merely to sit comfortably, gape around, and take his ease; he should not only sit perfectly straight and as if he saw nothing, but he should in reality see everything about the whole turnout or on the street or road, and be ready to anticipate whatever order may be given. A quick, smart groom adds much to even the most stylish trap, while a slouchy or incapable one can quite quite spoil the trap otherwise above criticism. Upon leaving the vehicle, people "fling the reins to the groom" only in novels written by the class of young ladies whom George Eliot includes in her "mind and millinery" categories: the prudent coachman gets down with the reins in his hand, and gives them to his man after he has helped his guest to alight. The moment the groom leaves the horses' heads, they will probably start, and, if no one has hold of the reins—chaos.

The subject of the driving, and of the manipulation of the reins and whip, is far too extensive and intricate a one to be discussed satisfactorily at the close of a short magazine article, but it is possible to indicate those cardinal and fundamental principles essential to the subject of this paper. The most imperative command of smart driving is to hold the reins in the left hand, the near side over the first finger, the off side between the second and third fingers, and seldom, save in emergency, separate the reins by taking one in each hand. Diagram A illustrates the correct position, in which we see also that the hands are held well up and close to the body, as a Frenchman graphically and facetiously enjoins; "Quant aux rennes, il faut les tenir aussi pres que possible du coeur (si vous en avez)." In this regard Figures 1 and 4 are incorrect. The wrist is bent, giving pliability to the hands, and the whip,

held in the palm of the hand almost entirely by the thumb, so as to leave the four fingers free to work the reins, is nearly at right angles with the horses, and about forty-five degrees from the horizontal. In turning to the left or near side, the right hand reaches across, and, taking hold of the near rein between the first and second fingers pulls it backwards over the off-side rein, which at the same time the left hand has forwarded slightly to slacken the draught. (Diagram B.)



DIAGRAM C.

The off-side rein is acted on in the same relative manner, except that it is taken hold of from the top by the last three fingers of the right hand, as shown in Diagram C, and pulled towards the left hand. Although generally confined to tandem and four-in-hand driving, it is often desirable to "point" in driving one or a pair, that is, to loop the near rein, if you would turn the near side, under the thumb, or if off side, which is more difficult, between the first and second fingers. The advantage of this is at once apparent, as it gives one a free right hand with which to use the whip on a slug-

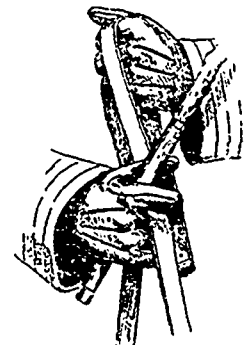


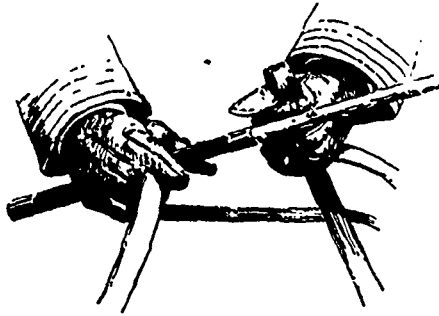
DIAGRAM D.

gish horse and "help him" either round a corner or in passing another vehicle. To stop, simply place the right hand at a greater or shorter distance, according to the speed, in front of the left hand (Diagram D), and pressing the right hand towards the body, and pushing the left hand a trifle out, raise both hands, the body

THE ANTIDOTE

meanwhile being kept straight, even inclining a bit forward. This is a far more effective and clean method than that of taking a rein in each hand, leaning back

off his hat; but, while he is at liberty to do so if he so elects, it is neither a slight to his feminine acquaintance nor a sign of incapacity as a Jehu if he merely raises



BAD STYLE.

and pulling, not only with the loss of dignity, but at the risk of the rupture of a blood-vessel.

There is a point which more properly comes under the head of the etiquette of driving than that which I have chosen to discuss in this paper, however briefly and imperfectly: it is that of how a man driving shall salute a female acquaintance when they meet, he being, ex hypothesi, on the box at the time. There are some rather exacting people who demand that the man shall, as when walking, take

his whip vertically and with it nearly touches his hat, making it more impressive, if desirable, by an inclination of his body. "Form" has set its seal upon this mode of "speaking," and is, as with most of the rules of this human-born power, based upon common sense; for it is oft-times disagreeable and uncomfortable to take off one's hat while driving in a high wind, and as dangerous to engage the whip hand in places where careful driving is required.

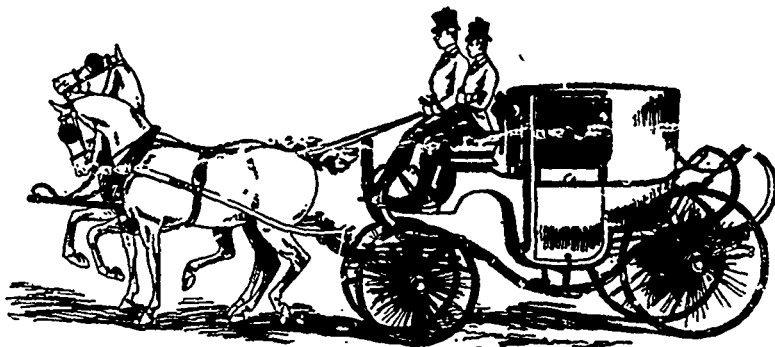


FIG. 10.—A PARISIAN TURNOUT.

Of essentially feminine traps, the styles are not numerous; though the mannish woman in England and the half-world in France do not hesitate to handle the ribbons from a mail phaeton or a high dog-cart. For town or Park, the most appropriate carriage for a woman to drive herself is the "Duc" or phaeton, or the somewhat louder curricule; and while she

should endeavor to have everything about her turnout as handsome as possible, she should eschew the unnecessarily ornate and fancy. The harness may be a trifle more elaborate, and she may have housings or saddle-pads, but in other respects she would best conform to the business-like appearance of the man's phaeton.—C. Davis English, in Lippincott's.

A FEW RIDDLES.

Why are cheap bargains like prisons?
Because they're mostly sells (cells.)

What is that which must be taken from you before you can possess it?
Your photograph.

When is a gardenor like a man, going to rack and ruin?
When he's going to pot.

What is the difference between a carpenter, and an enterprising barber?
One is a shaving pushor, the other is a pushing shaver.—London Answers.

Useful Basket.

AIR BOLSTERS FOR USE IN WARM WEATHER. HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Air bolsters that can be inflated to any size or allowed to be as limp and flat as a foot ball are the coolest cushions for warm weather. They cost about \$6, and can be as elaborately covered as one pleases.

A sack of the best salt standing where there is a smell of fish or other objectionable odor will absorb the flavor.

All traces of mud can easily be removed from black clothes by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half.

Never wear a woollen gown in the kitchen. It retains odors and smoke and soon becomes offensive as well as shabby.

A poultice made of Indian meal, covered with Young Hyson tea, moistened with hot water and laid on a burn will relieve the pain in five minutes.

Molasses rubbed on grass stains on white dresses or undergarments will bring out the stains when the clothing is washed. Soaking in sweet milk will also remove grass stains.

There is nothing like hot water and the rubber bandage for a sprain. The hot water soothes lacerated ligaments; the bandage prevents swelling. Liniments are worse than useless.

Children's Sayings.

"Mamma" said little Harry, aged 7, "is papa Mr. James L. Davis, senior?"

"Yes, Harold."

"Then," pursued he, "are you Mrs. James L. Davis, senior?"

"Yes," answered his mother again.

"Then if I am Mr. James L. Davis, junior, where is Mrs. James L. Davis, junior?"

The feeling of superiority in the sterner sex is inborn. "Mamma, do you think you'll go to heaven?" said Jack, thoughtfully looking into his mother's face.

"Yes, dear, if I'm good," said the little mother cautiously, wondering what would come next.

"Then please be good, for papa and I would be so lonesome without you."

Elizabeth, a tiny tot of 5, was making a first visit to the seashore. One day, on driving past the salt works on Buzzard's Bay, her attention was called to the windmills. Gleelessly she cried, "Oh, now I know where they make the salt air."—Kate Field's Washington.

WALTER KAVANAGH'S AGENCY,
ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

COMPANIES REPRESENTED,
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL OF SCOTLAND
NORWICH UNION FIRE INS. SOC'Y OF ENGLAND
EASTERN ASSURANCE CO'Y. OF CANADA.

COMBINED CAPITAL AND ASSETS:
\$45,520,000.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE & MARINE
INCORPORATED 1851

Capital and Assets.....\$2,551,027 09
Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891..... 1,797,995 03

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO ONT.
J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

A. M. SMITH, President. **C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.**
J. H. ROYTH & SON, Managers Montreal Branch,
190 ST. JAMES STREET.

SEE THE NEW TYPOGRAPHS . . .

. . . AT OFFICE OF . . .

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE . .
.... FINANCE & INSURANCE REVIEW,
THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CANADA.
171 & 173 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE. . .
ESTABLISHED 1720.

TOTAL FUNDS NEARLY \$18,000,000.

FIRE RISKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES

E. A. LILLY, Manager Canada Branch,
Wadell Building, Montreal.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE LIFE. . .

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA
Cor. St. James St. and Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.
Assets in Canada about.....\$1,500,000
Surplus to Policy Holders..... \$327,000

World-Wide Policies. Absolute Security.

LIFE rate endowment Policies a special y
Special terms for the payment of premiums and the revival of policies.

DIRECTORS

Sir Donald A. Smith, K. C. M. G., M. P., Chairman.
Robert Benny, Esq. R. E. Angus Esq.
Sandford Fleming, Esq., C. M. G.
Manager for Canada, B. HAL. BROWN.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY . . .
OF AMERICA.

Paid \$549,462.00 for losses by the co-flagration
at ST. JOHNS, N.F., 8th July, 1892, without a single
difficulty or dispute.

H. J. MUDGE, Resident Manager, . . . MONTREAL.
HUGH W. WONHAM, . . . Special City Agent,
1759 NOTRE DAME STREET.

It is easy enough to see
When the heroes begin to muster
That right at the head of the line
Stands the man with the linen duster.

Where are you going my pretty maid?
Going a hunting, kind sir, she said.
What kind of game, he asked with a beam;
Any one, sir, who will treat to ice cream.

"Boozer must have had a perfectly glori-
ous time at the champagne supper last
night."

"Why?"
"Well, I found his shoes on the stairs
his hat on the gas jet, and his clothes
thrown in the refrigerator."

"Don't you think," the mother said,
proudly, "that her playing shows remark-
able finish?" "Yes," replied the young
man, absently, "but she was a long time
getting to it."

Footpad—Gimme your money.
Mr. Lushforth (disgustedly)—Do you sup-
pose I would be goin' home at 9 o'clock
if I had any money? You are the biggest
chump I have met in a month of Sundays.

"Do you have much trouble in getting
servents in the country, Watkins?" "No,
indeed. We've had eight cooks, five wait-
tresses, and three laundresses in two
months.

Send for ESTIMATES

— TO THE —

. . . Journal of Commerce

— FOR —

ALL KINDS
OF

REPRODUCTION
SANS-SOUP

**BOOK
BINDING
AND
JOB
PRINTING**

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INS. CO

CANADIAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS

THE HONORABLE H. STARNES, Chairman.
EDMOND J. BARBEAU, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
WENI WORTH J. BUCHANAN, Esq.
ANDREW FREDERICK GAULT, Esq.
SAMUEL FINLEY, Esq.
SIR ALEX. T. GALT, C.M.G.

Amount Invested in Canada, \$ 1,350,000
Capital and Assets, 53,211,365

MERCANTILE Risks accepted at lowest current rates. Churches, Dwelling Houses and Farm Properties insured at reduced rates.

Special attention given to applications made direct to the Montreal Office.

G. F. C. SMITH, Chief Agent for the Dominion

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COY.

LONDON

ESTABLISHED IN 1780 CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PAFFERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion

CITY AGENTS:

E. A. WHITEHEAD & CO., English Department
RAYMOND & MONDEAU, French

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. | ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, 114 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

A Share of your Fire Insurance is solicited for this reliable and wealthy Company, renowned for its prompt and liberal settlement of claims

CYRILLE LAURIN, } Montreal Agents
G. MAITLAND SMITH }

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1899),

Capital and Accumulated Funds	\$34,875,000
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from Interest upon Invested Funds	5,240,000
Deposited with the Dominion Government for security of Canadian Policy Holders	200,000

ROBERT W TYRE. MANAGER FOR CANADA

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1825.

Capital \$5,000,000
Total Funds in hand exceed 1,700,000
Fire Income exceeds 1,200,000

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.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLMEW 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, 1899

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.

E. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager.
B. DENNE, M. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.