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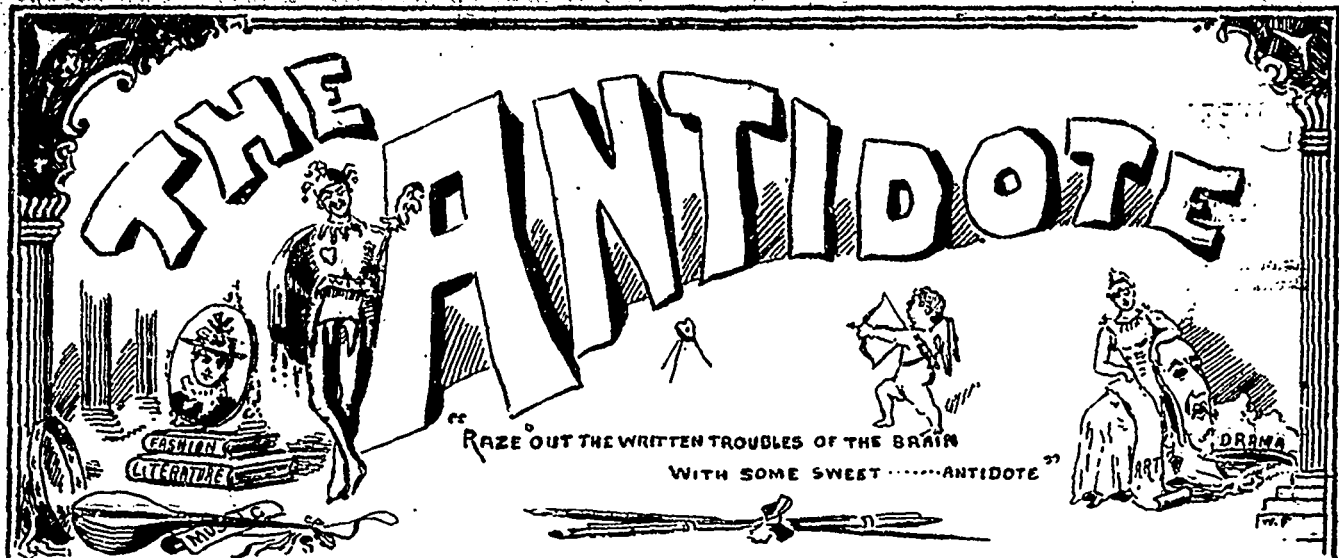
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MONTREAL, DECEMBER 17, 1892

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## CHILDREN'S TOYS AND GAMES.

A toy is a plaything; a plaything is a thing to play with; that at all events is the childrens' definition and it is one whose antiquity commands our respect. It has good argument too: If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Jack must sometimes be allowed to play; and if he plays he must have some plaything, and the plaything must be to play with, for if they are to work with, Jack is at work and not at play. A toy ought not to be a teaching-trap; under that aspect it is altogether reprehensible, it is an impostor, a creature which shrinks into discredit under a fictitious guise and with crafty designs; it is misleading, it upsets Jack's honest feeling in distinguishing between work and play; it is baneful, it sophisticates play and deludes work; it is a bore. The amusements of all grown up people are unexhilarating enough, but at all events we do not undergo them with an arduous sense of having our minds improved and taking in instructive information.

There may be a good deal of blank space still in our heads where the instructive information should be—we may admit that in our humility—but offer us a nice game of political economy, question-and-answer cards, instead of our meaningless rubber of whist, or devise making our cotillon or our german educationally valuable by our assuming each some historic characters for others to guess, and our offering chronological remarks in keeping as we whirl and change partners, and see with what gratification we shall hail the new recreation. Or let any admirer of scientific teaching-traps try presenting the lady he delights to please with a ball-room bouquet, hap-

ply arranged to impress on the mind the difference between dimidiato and tetrahecal anthers, or sending his father in the country a barrel of oyster shells with each pair of valves containing, instead of the customary inmate, an ingenious surprise calculated to illustrate chemical affinities.

All the teaching-traps, all the frauds upon children, whether in the shape of playthings or games, have one quality in common: they do not teach what they aim at. How should they? Let an illustration be never so happy, it illustrates nothing to those who mark only the illustration indifferent to the thing it means. Thus it is the fate of many a careful allegory and many a tale of warning to please, indeed, perhaps to be read and re-read a score of times almost as if it were no more purposeful than Jack and the Bean Stalk, and to have impressed no single lesson lurking within it. One might deduce many an instance to show that this wholesome capacity of assimilating the jam without the rhubarb does not belong to children only; but it would still remain sure that the gift is especially a childrens' gift. Children always skip the moral; they skip it even if it is as the moralist fondly hopes: inextricably mixed into the acceptable parts of the story. They draw out the sweet and leave the bitter unstirred as infallibly as the busy bee herself. And they exercise the same faculty on their amusements and toys. For instance, the garden squirt would illustrate in a nice familiar way a good deal of educational intelligence by the suction, such as a teacher, who believes in the new favorite doctrine that what the man may most usefully know is what the child should be learning, would wish to lose no time in communicating to his infant pupils: and a bright boy of sound health, with no premature or abnormal speciality of genius, will accept the intelligence as one fact and the squirt as another, and putting aside the intelligence as one fact, and squirt as another, and putting aside the intelligence as for the present irrelevant an dwill be convinced of the extreme suitability of the apparatus for watering his mother's rose tree and his little sister.

The illustration will become interesting as an illustration only when, with riper faculties he has learnt an interest in the subject, not depending on the illustration, and which can dispense with it. It is the same with the games that should teach chronology and geography and other assortments of names and numbers, hard to learn and easy to forget; the children who know the facts win the games and are merry; the children who think Penetanguishene might as well be situated in Prince Edwards Island as anywhere else, and that there is no great difference as to a century or two here and there when you are dealing with the lives of people who lived too long ago to have been real, give the wrong answer-cards and don't think the games first-rate anyway. There are no other permanent results.

## Wives of Famous Men.

Racine was so disgusted with the failure of one of his plays that he determined to become a monk. His confessor persuaded him to take a wife instead. He did so and never regretted it.

Tea, dyspepsia and a scolding wife made Hazlitt's life a burden.

Nero kicked his wife, Poppaea, to death.

The domestic relations of both Thackeray and Dickens were unhappy.

Fielding, the novelist, married his maid-servant and was miserable.

Lessing married a widow with four children and made them a good stepfather.

Moliere, at the age of 40, married an actress of 17 and soon separated from her.

Steele was happy in both marriages, and pays high compliments to each wife.

Goethe married an estimate "frau" who made him quite content with his home.

The married life of the famous Palestrina was long and unsullied by domestic clouds.

Milton's wives gave him so much trouble that he wrote a treatise advocating divorce.

Verdi married young, winning a charming Italian girl, who made his home ideally perfect.

Van Dyke married a lady for her money, and was disappointed on finding she had none.

The married life of Lord Nelson was made miserable by his infatuation for Lady Hamilton.

Dr. Sir Hugh Smithson married a Percy heiress for love and became Duke of Northumberland.

Alexander and Julius Caesar were both accustomed to whip their wives on the slightest provocation.

Leigh Hunt was happy in his marriage, though his wife was no cook and a very poor housekeeper.

The wife of Burns was as affectionate as he was inconstant, and readily forgave all his shortcomings.

Alfieri was happily married to a lady who had been the wife of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender.

Fausta, the wife of Constantine the Great, was so bad that the Emperor had her smothered in a hot bath.

Corregio married beauty, wealth, and happiness. Several of his Madonnas have the features of his wife.

Rubens was twice married, and left portraits of both his wives, with whom he lived in singular concord.

Swift married Stella at the remonstrance of friends whom he dared not disoblige, but never lived with her.

Ben Johnson had a shrew who used to go to the ale room after him and bring him home, scolding all the way.

Paulina, Seneca's wife, had her own veins opened when he was put to death, but was saved by the doctors.

The marriage of Isaac and Rebecca is the typically happy union, and is still cited as such in the prayer books.

Lamartine married an English lady named Burch, who, learning that he was poor, offered to share her fortune with him.

Moore got along with his wife, in spite of his constant flirtation, which, after all, may have only been word deep.

Heine had so warm a regard for his wife that he wrote, "For eight years I have had a frightful amount of happiness.

The famous John Hunter married a fashionable wife and constantly angered her by ordering her company out of the house.

The wife of Grothus shared her husband's imprisonment, and finally succeeded in smuggling him out of jail in a trunk.

George III. ablet a little henpecked, was a model husband, and his domestic life was, for a king, singularly free from contention.

Clarendon was married to one of the most noble women of history, and pays a frequent tribute in his writings to her grandeur of character.

Cato married a poor girl that she might be completely dependent on him and found her as troublesome as though she were an helless.

Mozart was as happy with his wife as a man could be whose affections were perpetually straying; but she was forgiving, and never reminded him of his numerous imperfections.

### Rules for Carving.

(By J. M. Burrie).

Rule I.—It is not good form to climb onto the table. There is no doubt a great temptation to this. When you are struggling with a duck, and he wobbles over just as you think you have him, you forget yourself. The common plan is not to leap upon the table all at once. This is the more usual process: The carver begins to carve sitting. By-and-by he is on his feet, and his brow is contracted. His face approaches the fowl, as if he wanted



CANADA SUMMONS HER CHILDREN HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.  
Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Rich man, Poor man, Beggar man, Thief.

to inquire within about every thing except that the duck is reluctant to yield any of its portions. One of his feet climbs onto his chair, then the other. His knees are now resting against the table, and, in his excitement, he, so to speak, flings himself upon the fowl. This brings us to

Rule II.—Carving should not be made a matter of brute force. It ought from the the outset to be kept in mind that you and the duck are not pitted against each other in mortal combat. Never wrestle with any dish whatever: in other words, keep your head, and if you find yourself becoming excited, stop and count a hundred. This will calm you, when you can begin again.

Rule III.—I will not assist you to call the fowl names. This rule is most frequently broken by a gentleman carving for his own family circle. If there are other persons present, he generally manages to preserve a comparatively calm exterior, just as the felon on the scaffold does; but in privacy he breaks out in a storm of invective. If of a sarcastic turn of mind, he says that he has seen many a duck in his day, but never a duck like

this. It is double-jointed. It is so tough that it might have come over with Jacques Cartier.

Rule IV.—Don't boast when it is all over. You must not call the attention of the company to the fact that you have succeeded. Don't exclaim exultingly, "I knew I would manage it, nor demonstrate your way of doing it by pointing to the debris with the carving knife. Don't even be mock-moest, and tell everybody that carving is the simplest thing in the world. Don't wipe your face repeatedly with your napkin, as if you were in a state of perspiration, nor talk excitedly, as if your success had gone to your head. Don't ask your neighbors what they think of your carving. Your great object is to convince them that you look upon carving as the merest bagatelle, as something that you do every day and rather enjoy.

--Maud—"Going to start to college next week? That will be delightful. What do you expect to take for the first year?" Daisy—"Seven trunks and one study."—Chicago Tribune.

THE FASHIONS.

A handsome costume seen recently was a brown bengaline, with large puffed sleeves and Empire belt of velvet and edging of bear fur; large hat of brown felt trimmed with pink and brown velvet and ostrich feathers, and a cloak of brown cloth lined and trimmed with fur.

Another consisted of green cloth trimmed with otter fur and cloak to match, with velvet cape lined with salmon pink; large Rubens hat of green velvet with ostrich feathers and pink velvet. At present, evening gowns are naturally a subject of all-absorbing interest, and among the smartest and most effective is a lovely gown made in the Empire style, in one of the soft Empire satins in a beautiful shade of pale turquoise blue, it is very prettily trimmed with pale pink rose-buds and pink ribbon velvet.

A second is made in a beautiful eau de nil brocade. The bodice is arranged with long sleeves and pointed Empire cuffs of brocade, corresponding with the particularly handsome Empire collar.

Another beautiful evening dress is made with a train of pearly velvet, and a bodice and petticoat of palest yellow satin, a contrast of color which is always very effective. The bodice is entirely novel in design, and is crossed in front by slender chains of small amethysts. The large square-cut collar is made of pansy velvet, and forms a distinctive feature of this handsome gown.

Our illustrations this week show two dainty gowns. The first consists of white crepon, trimmed with lace and ribbon.

The second being an Empire gown in white surah, or a soft satin in any light shade. The short-waisted bodice can be modified if required, and made to fit the figure in the ordinary way. It looks equally well when it is drawn tightly in to the waist.

NOTES.

Green gray, brown and baize are now very popular for woolens.

For velvet gowns and cloaks, dark green, red and black will be most employed.

Bonnets are all possible shades and their garniture is often most original.

There will surely be a return of flowers to mid-winter favor. Already the later importations of Paris bonnets to New York show flowers, lace and fur in close combination.

The little grinning mink heads nestled below dimpled chins and brushed by fair cheeks, or perched upon ladies' hats, are accorded too many privileges. If the modern Romeo envies the glove upon his Juliet's hand how must he feel toward this new intruder?



From London Queen.

RECIPES.

Golden Quail.—This method of cooking quail produces a dish which is as good as it is sightly—and that is saying a great deal in its favor. Have ready a kettle of hot lard, or nice dripping. It must be just the heat necessary for frying fritters, that is to say, commencing to smoke. Prepare your birds as for roasting. Dip in flour, in which you have mixed pepper and salt in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper to each cup of flour. Gently drop the quail in the hot fat. They will be cooked through in five minutes. Repeat until all your quail are cooked. Put them where they will keep hot. Dip large, diamond-shaped pieces of stale bread in a batter made of three eggs, two cupsful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and one fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Fry these a rich buff color in the fat in which you cooked the quail. Remove, drain, place on platter. On each slice place a bird, which will be of a uniform golden tint. Surround with a green hedge of crisp, fresh parsley. Serve with currant jelly.

Calves Feet Fricaseed.—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones; cut in good sized pieces; dip them in the yolk of egg, cover them with fine bread crumbs; pepper and salt them; fry a beautiful brown and serve in white sauce.

Graham Muffins.—Two cupsful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of Graham, two cupsful of flour

in which is well mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, about half-cupful of butter or good drippings, salt, if needed, and lastly one beaten egg. Bake in hot irons in a hot oven.

Jenny Lind Cakes.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, one ounce of volatile milk, two tablespoonfuls of cochineal color. Rub the butter, sugar and flour together on the board. Make a bay pour in the milk and color, and reduce into mellow and workable dough. Roll out very thin and cut out with a small-sized ginger-bread butter. Place on greased tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

Mandy—Josiah, didn't they say that here in this zoo they had all kinds of birds?

Josiah—Yes, Mandy. Why?

Mandy—Well, I've read every sign on them cages and I hain't seen no jall bird yet, have you?

When usefulness is considered, the society man who smokes cigarettes isn't in it with the man who smokes cigars.

The liquor question staggers the intemperate man more than any one else.

"Do you ever suffer from stage fright?" asked Adlet of the famous tragedian.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "One of the ugliest girls in the ballet is in love with me."

## The Whole Art of Poetry.

We learn from advertisements in the London papers that an apparently most important book has been recently published. It is entitled "A Hand book of Poetry: being a clear and Easy Guide, divested of Technicalities, to the art of making English Verse." This comprehensive title speaks for itself, and seems to indicate that the old theory of "poeta nascetur non fit, i.e. theory of "poetra nascitur non fit, i.e. "a poet is born, not made" is now exploded at the end of this great Nineteenth Century, and that in the present day the poet's art can be acquired like any other form of common business.

We have not seen the book and don't want to see it. We have long been in Arcadia, and know all about that delightful country, and its musical inhabitants. We need no hints from any "Hand book of Poetry," and are able to give our readers all needful instructions how to compose English verse, just as well as the London author. In fact, even at the possible risk of an action for the invasion of copyright, we will venture to give a few hints ourselves on the same subject. Many of these valuable suggestions chance to be included in the work to which we are referring; we cannot help it. It is not our fault. The writer should have sent us a copy for review.

The hints and instructions that we are now about to offer to young poets are, we need hardly say, founded upon a close and critical examination of some of the best models to be found in the works of various modern poets. It seems to us that in the days of our boyhood we heard the names of a Roman named Horace, and a Frenchman one Boileau, who both attempted to force upon the public what they no doubt considered elaborate treatises on the "Art of Poetry." If either of these works are to be found on the bookshelves of the readers of "The Anti-dote," they may as well be burnt at once, as their occupation will be gone on the publication of the following essay.

In the first place, then, the young poet should ever bear in mind the supreme dignity of poetry. He should never allow the flights of his imagination to be in any way impeded or retarded by any of these trivial considerations which seem to fetter ordinary prose writers. He should on all occasions avail himself to the utmost of what is called "poetic license." For instance in regard to grammar. Many ignorant critics would, if they dared, assert that though the poet may be allowed to soar beyond the realms of fact, and even, on occasions, to dis-



An institution that is openly winked at by the police.

regard all the laws of probability, still the laws of Syntax are as inflexible as those of the Medes and the Persian's. Nothing can be further from the truth. A moment's consideration often works for some of our most popular poets—for, of course, Shakespeare and his contemporaries were ignorant of all grammar—will at once show the fallacy of adhering to the rules of Syntax. Were poets to write grammatically, what would be the use of eternally prating about "poetic license." Did not Byron write of the ocean, "There let him lay?" Are we asked to believe that Byron didn't know what he was about? A vulgar poet might, and probably would, and should have written "lie" instead of "lay." But Byron was not a vulgar poet. Again the ballad-writer sings:

"Let you and I the battle try."

Some miserable blur-eye pedant therewith remarks: "It is against the rules of grammar to say 'let I try.'" True, O King! but how would "let you and me the battle try" sound? It might certainly be "sound" grammar, but it would certainly not "sound" well. The true poet is emancipated from all the petty restrictions which bind ordinary mortals. Like the Emperor Sigismund at the Council of Constance in 1414, he has the right to declare "Ego Sum Rex, et supra grammaticam," i.e., "I am a King and above all grammar." Napoleon the Great, it is well known, was a notoriously bad speller, but he excused himself that "a man occupied like himself with public business cannot attend to orthography." It is ridiculous to expect such condescension. Now poets, to our estimation stand quite as high as the Emperors Sigis-

mune and Napoleon. They are entitled to equal privileges with these deceased gentlemen, and should not be compelled by public opinion to pay the lightest respect to grammar or orthography. If we grant this principle, and who is bold enough to deny it? The following lines are perfectly admissible:

Him and me  
Was happy and free  
As the bright blue sea!

If the author of these charming lines had been obliged to use the nominative case, and say "He and I," there would have been no rhyme. The beauty of the three lines would have been destroyed, and, in fact, the poet might as well have written prose at once.

Again. One of the chief embellishments of poetry is rhyme. The youthful poet, therefore, should be very careful in adopting a correct standard of pronunciation, at any rate in places where it affects the rhyme. Now, as it is universally acknowledged that the Cockney, or London pronunciation of the English language is the purest—for is not London the Metropolis of the World?—the poet must of course adopt the London orthoepy. The following specimens of rhyme will serve to illustrate our meaning:

The maiden spoke; then brushed  
away a tear,  
And rose, with queen-like grace, from  
off her chair.

N.B.—The word "chair," as all educated scholars know, is always pronounced "cheer" by the "haute nouvelle" of Cockneydom.

Here is another equally instructive example:

"There, while the elements were  
warring,  
Fah Amy sat, the landscape drawing  
ing

N.B.—"Drawing" need not be spelt in the poem with the obtrusive "r," but we give it for showing the true pronunciation of the word.

One more specimen may be added:  
No more she'll desert him; through  
good or through evil  
She'll follow. Wherever he goeth,  
there she vill.

N.B.—The same remark applies here. An ordinary poet would have written "she will." Not so the genuine bard, who in his imagination complete keeps well up to the London standard, and writes "v" for "w."

One more suggestion. It should be borne in mind by the young poet that, so far from intelligibility being essential to poetry, the want of it is frequently the principal—and in some cases the only—claim to excellence. In proof of this we will quote only one instance out of a thousand specimens that we could give, viz, the well-known lines by the lamented Alfred Bunn:

When hollow hearts shall wear a  
mask,

It will break your own to see.

This is pure poetry, and we Canadians, whose poetical literature is in its infancy, should be eternally grateful to minstrels of Mother-Country for furnishing us such models!! If poetry appeals to the imagination and not to the mere reason, we fancy it would be difficult to discover anything more poetical than this couplet. Reason has nothing to do with it—can make nothing of it; but the imagination is left free to picture. If it can, how hollow hearts can put the mask on, and how, when this is done, the fact of its being done will break your own mask! These two lines of Alfred the Great are a striking instance of what all true poetry should be. Let it be taken as a rule, from which there are no exceptions, that the poet who wishes to be fully appreciated, must, above all things, never let himself be understood.

If we remember right, it was St. Jerome who flung the Satires of Persius into the fire, saying, "Si non vis intelligi, debes negligi," i.e. "If you won't be understood, you shouldn't be read," but "nous avons change tout cela," and we have altered Jerome's dictum into "Si vis legi, non debes intelligi," i.e., "If you want to be read, you must not be understood." Many people are of the opinion that Robert Browning is the greatest poet of this century. But are there two sane people in the world who can understand the lines of rhapsodical rubbish? Certainly not. How could there be, when Browning himself had not the faintest idea of what he was driving at? We need not repeat the story of Douglas Jerrold and Sordello, but there can be no doubt that the story is true. Therefore, we again say that to earn fame and popularity the young poet must never let himself be understood.

As our readers may say that we can't write poetry, though professing to teach the art, and as there is nothing like example, we will illustrate some of our remarks by a few lines of blank verse with which we have been inspired:

Tell me, thou busy calculating brain,  
If of that fish, which, when enjoying life,  
And gaily sporting in the briny deep,  
Seems of a hue in which are shadowed  
forth

A mixture of its own pure innocence,  
And of yon azure sky 'neath which it  
dwells;

But which same fish, when caught by ernal  
man,

Salted and cured, becomes of ruddy tint,  
If of this fish one sample and a half  
Can be obtained for three small copper  
coins,

(Most worthless of all worthless metal  
dross)

By men called half-pence, then, how many  
can



THE REAL OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Be purchased for a round and silver dice,  
(Eight times the value of the copper coin)  
That bears a faint resemblance to the  
moon;

Though smaller far than she—for that  
small dice

Half-way between the valuable gold  
And trumpery copper, like Mohammed's  
coffin

'Twixt earth and heaven—tell me, if you  
can.

How many can be purchased for a shilling?  
This is genuine poetry; whereas the

same question asked in these terms be-  
comes more prose, as follows: "If  
a herring and a half cost three half-  
pence how many can you get for a  
shilling." We may return to this sub-  
ject.

A man must always be going from good  
to better or from bad to worse. It is  
now solemnly declared that the Prince of  
Wales has acquired the banjo habit. It  
is but a step from buccarat to the banjo.

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

Nine days to Christmas.  
The wheel travels on its shape.  
The fashionable girl is all shoulders.  
A pleasant change—bright new quarters.  
The year is passing away with knagaroo  
leaps.

It is all over with the murderer when  
he gets to the end of his rope.

An old Leghorn hat filled with moss,  
with some roses stuck in it, makes an ap-  
proved table decoration.

Little Harry (returning from a walk)  
Oh, mamma, all the dudes are wearing  
coldslaw in their buttonholes."

First girl—"He said your hair was dyed."  
Second girl—"That is false."—F. G.—I  
told him it was false and he said that was  
worse than dyeing it."



## MUSICAL NOTES.

Mascagni has finished his fourth opera, "William Ratcliffe."

The death of Robert Franz, the great song-writer, takes away another of the world's great musicians.

In a letter to Dr. William Mason, Paderewski declares his intention of arriving in this country about December 2nd.

Tschaikowsky's new opera, "Eugeny Onegin," was given its first production in English in London on October 17.

Mr. G. W. Chadwick received \$500 for his music for the World's Fair Dedicatory Ode. Miss Monroe, the writer, received \$1,000 for the ode.

It is rumored (and also denied) that Josef Hoffmann, who won celebrity as an infant pianist, has run away from his parents and gone to India as a stowaway. It is said he is crazy from overstudy.

It is said that the excessive feting of Mascagni is due to the fact that he represents a new Italian school of composition, to which school is also added the name of Ruggero Leoncavallo, the composer and librettist of "Pagliacci."

Prizes of 1000 francs for a symphony of four movements, with piano arrangement; 500 francs for a piano concerto; 300 francs for a suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and piano, are offered by the French Society of Composers.

Among the owners of genuine Cremona violins in Canada are, Charles Holland, general manager of the Ontario Bank, Toronto, a Guarnerius; Andrew Macculloch, stock-broker, Montreal, a Maggini, and M. S. Foley of the "Journal of Commerce," Montreal, an Andreas Amati. All three are valuable, well-preserved, fine-toned instruments.

Miss McLaren, violinist, who has made Montreal her home, gives occasional exhibitions of her great skill to choice coteries of her friends.

Robert Anderson, a promising and clever young professional violinist, is again on his feet, after a severe attack of typhoid.

Le Barge, the celebrated mandolin player and composer, has taken up his residence in Montreal.

The Saturday "At Homes" or receptions at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dobbin are distinguished as much by the choice musical treat accorded their friends as for the charming conversation, the pauses in which are so pleasantly filled up. This goes without saying with Prume and his violin and Mrs. Heinberg at the piano.

"Wang" at the Academy of Music is drawing larger houses than ever Albani had in the same temple.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, Boston's great Contralto, sings in the "Messiah" in this city next Tuesday. The Diva is quite a favorite with the cultured summer visit-

ors from Montreal at Old Orchard where, at her father's picturesque sea-side cottage, she occasionally charms them with her lovely voice, musical and conversational.



## HIS COLF MADNESS.

(By Geo. S. Layard).

When Edward Standard married Ethel Preston, every one said it was a mistake, and that they were a very ill-assorted couple, and for once every one was right. To begin with, Edward was forty, and Ethel was barely twenty. Edward hated society, whilst to Ethel, balls, routs, dinner-parties, flirtations were as the breath of her nostrils. And what made it worse, Edward, who had amassed a considerable fortune in the Colonies before he was middle-aged, had returned home for good and all, and from being a man who lived laborious days, came to be one whose leisure hung heavily on his hands.

At the time he came across Ethel, and fell head over ears in love with her, he was beginning to find his enforced idleness intensely irksome. However, for the moment his engagement and prospective marriage gave him an object in life, and in a vague sort of way he expected that matrimony would prove an occupation rather than merely a condition of life, and felt more hopeful for his future.

He looked forward to and promised himself satisfaction from his pretty wife's constant companionship. He pictured himself and her pottering along through life together, content to take as many sweets as they could get, and to minimize the evils of existence by an inseparable and sympathetic union. Love was all-sufficing—at least, so books and songs were continually reiterating, and he expected to find they spoke the truth.

They would have a place in the country, and they would have horses and ride about together, and they would have a trout-stream, and they would fish together, and they would have a library and a billiard-room, and a music-room, and a lawn-tennis court, and this, that, and the other, and they would read and play billiards and sing together, and lob balls backwards and forwards to one another, and do this, that, and the other to their very great mutual satisfaction. That was Edward Standard's dream, but Ethel Preston's was very different.

Her intention was that they should have a house in Mayfair and live the life of a smart couple, and, like most smart couples, should see less of each other than of everybody else. Edward should belong to clubs and be away from home all day long, like other men were. She should have carriages and horses, and dresses and laces, and boxes at the Opera and at Ascot and Sandown, and her attendant fan-holders, which was the privilege of all pretty

young married women. Not that she was vicious, but her one idea in life was to live and die smart, and certainly there would be little opportunity of doing either buried in the country with the one man in the world on whom all showiness would be worse than wasted. Dress was a passion with her, and what was the use of dressing without spectators? Edward might not care for that sort of life, but he would soon learn, like hundreds of others, to acquiesce in it. Men were such sentimental creatures before marriage—at least, non-society men like Edward were; but he would soon see that it was absurd to expect a girl to give up all her tastes and occupations just before she graciously consented to be his wife. From all of which it will be evident that Edward and Ethel were hardly the best assorted couple in the world.

Of the two dreams above mentioned Ethel's was the one most nearly fulfilled in the first year of their marriage. Edward, who was devotedly attached to his wife, gave her everything that she wished and that money could buy, but at the same time he did not conceal from her that the gay life she led and the separate existence to which he was condemned was anything but satisfactory to him.

Now Ethel, although she was not prepared to forgo all amusements of a gay and fashionable life at her husband's desire, was yet sufficiently attached to him to feel some compunction for his evident disappointment at the result of their matrimonial experiment. She, of course, did not see that she was to blame. It was so evidently his fault that he did not solace himself with occupations like to those of other men of her acquaintance. But still she was not so heartless as not to feel a desire that he should find some interest in life that would free her from what he considered her responsibility for his discontent. She was, on the whole, very well satisfied with her own life, for she was very pretty and very popular, but at the bottom of all her enjoyments was the bitter consciousness that her husband's unhappiness was a sort of reproach to her. If she could only rid herself of that she felt that she wanted nothing else. Not that she would have rid herself altogether of her husband if she could. There were times when she felt it the greatest relief in the world to have his quiet support to fall back upon, but then the craving for excitement and adulation and flattery would soon return upon her, and poor Edward's glimpses of paradise were never long enough to satisfy him.

Now, Ethel Standard prided herself on her powers of management. There was no doubt about it that she was blessed with a very nice tact, and, considering her youth, showed considerable dexterity in leading people by the nose. Diplomacy may be an-

older name for "lying as a fine art," but Machiavelism is not condemned by everybody. And Ethel produced a rather elaborate little fiction for the purpose of developing an enthusiasm in her husband which would relieve her from the reproach of neglecting him.

"Edward," she said, just before Whitsuntide, "I'm sick of London. We must get right away together alone into the country."

"Them's my sentiments exactly, my darling; where shall we go?" said Edward, delighted at the prospect.

"Oh, I've heard of a delightful place, right on the top of the Cotswolds. The Saundersons have taken a house on Minchinhampton Common, and they say there's a dear little place with a lovely little garden close by to let. What do you say, dear; shall we spend Whitsuntide there?"

The crafty little woman said nothing about the golf bacillus which is said to abound in those high latitudes, nor did she hint at the fact that the whole population of the neighbourhood surrounding

Mincing Hampton, Painswick Proud, Beggary Bisley, and Strutting Stroud, talks, dreams, thinks, and energizes about caddies, and bankers, and brassies, and fozzles, and putties, and gutties, and divots and stymies, to the exclusion of almost every other consideration in life.

"Once," Tom Saunderson, an enthusiastic golfer himself, had said to her, "Once, Mrs. Standard, you get your husband to address a golf-ball with the object of emulating the average drive of a golfing friend, once he finds that the club of 'ener misses than meets that ball, and once you laugh at him for failing in his attempt from that moment, in the words of a classic, 'he is a golfer. Nothing can save him; his days will be occupied with topping balls along the ground, and his nights with dreaming of balls flying through the air.' No idle man who has once taken up the fascinating pursuit has ever been known to abandon it; and many a man has given up the prosecution of learning, the hope of distinction, the carrying on of business, for the sake of pursuing 'gutties' and 'putties' to their destined holes."

These words had sunk deep into Mrs. Standard's mind, and, with Tom Saunderson's co-operation, she looked forward to the enthralment of her husband; and certainly the results fully justified their anticipations.

The day after their arrival at Laburnum Lodge, Tom Saunderson called round. He carried in his hand a brassy.

"What's that thing?" said Edward.

"Oh, a golf club."

"What, do they play golf up here? I've never seen the game played."

"Never seen the game played, my dear fellow; why, no one does anything else here. What do you say to a walk round the links?"

"Oh, do let us," chimed in Ethel, running up at once to put on a hat.

"This is Pond Hole," said Tom Saunderson, after they had been walking a few minutes, and found themselves by the circular little piece of water which is paved, like another place, with good intentions—in the shape of golf-balls.

"You see that grassy corner there up among the trees, about a quarter of a mile away, that's Lancaster's Hole; you have to drive the ball from there, in as few strokes as you can, on to this green. Once on the green you try to put the ball into this little hole."

He took a "gutter" out of his pocket, and throw it on to the green about ten feet from the hole.

"That looks easy enough," said Edward.

"It's harder than it looks," retorted Tom. Then, turning to Ethel, he said.

"The next hole is up over yonder, this side of the distant wall. That's the Gate Quarry Hole."

Meanwhile Edward was surreptitiously trying, with but little success to put the ball into the hole with the handle of his walking-stick. It was harder than he had expected.

"Oh, I should so like to see a drive," suddenly exclaimed Ethel.

"That's easily done," said Tom; and, dropping a ball, with a beautiful clean sweep he sent it flying away over the pond a hundred and fifty yards towards the Gate Quarry.

"Oh that's lovely do let me have a try," cried Ethel.

Tom tee'd a ball nicely for her, and by good luck she sent it a few yards over the greedy pond in front. Then nothing would satisfy her but that Edward should try to emulate her success, and Tom, not without a sly smile, deposited another ball in position.

Their victim then grasped the "brassy" tight with both hands, brought it back quickly with both arms well bent, rose on his toes, hit wildly at, and—entirely missed, the ball.

Ethel laughed merrily, and Tom said, "Try again."

He did try again, and this time hit the earth so soundly with the heel of the club, some six inches off the ball, that he broke the head clean off the handle. Then there was an end to their performance that journey, but from that moment Edward Standard had an object in life. From that day he followed a jack-o'-lantern, a will-o'-the-wisp which landed him in ruts, in quarries, in bushes, in ponds, and bunkers of all sorts. He invested in innumerable drivers, and brassies, and bulgers, and irons, and nibbicks, and mashes, and cleeks, and spoons, and putters. In fine, before they left Laburnum Lodge he was a golf maniac of the most pronounced type.

When they returned to town, he cut a series of holes in the carpet of the billiard-

room, and practiced putting around the table. He became a member of every golf club that had a vacancy, and got put down for every one that was full. He spent at least four days a week, on the average, out of town, and was soon known on every green in the United Kingdom.

And Ethel Standard was abundantly satisfied. She could now enjoy herself with a clear conscience. She and her husband seemed to have reached a nice equilibrium in their lives. It was very satisfying to realize that now, for the first time since their marriage, her content was equalled by his.

"Toddy," she said to him one day at breakfast, "you remember it's Ascot next week?"

"Oh, is it?" he answered absently, turning over the leaves of the Field. "I hope it'll be decent weather. I shall be at St. Andrews."

"Indeed you won't my darling. You've got to take me to the races."

"My darling, I'm afraid that's quite out of the question. I've arranged with the two Fenwicks and Jack Loring to go up tomorrow (Sunday morning) by the Scotch express, and play a series of foursomes all through the week."

"Well, I do call that a shame. You knew I should want you for Ascot."

"My darling, I knew no such thing. Indeed, it's very difficult for me to know when you do want me. I'm sorry it should put you out; but really you have only yourself to blame."

"Oh, of course, you never do anything wrong. I wonder you like your wife to go to races under the escort of any other man. I should have thought, at least, my husband was the proper person to take me to such places."

"Now, Ethel, you know you are talking nonsense. However, it's no use discussing the matter further. I cannot go with you, and there's an end of it."

Yes, and that was not only the end of their first battle on equal terms, but it was also the beginning of the complete emancipation of Edward Standard from the government of his wife.

But it is not our object to follow out the process by which the equipoise of life was soon a thing of the past. It is sufficient to say that, whereas in the first year Ethel had ignored her husband's happiness, and neglected her domestic duties for the sake of routs, dinner-parties, flirtations, and balls, now, in the second year of their married life, Edward evinced a devotion to putting-greens, hazards, and golf-balls, which deprived Ethel almost completely of his society.

And then, of course, like every other human being, directly she had, by every means in her power, brought about a residence nothing would satisfy her but that she must have her plaything back again. In her heart of hearts she had always

loved her husband, and now, deprived of his ever-ready attention, she found, to her dismay, a growing distaste for the frivolities to which she had up till now devoted herself. And then she grew frightened, for she found herself thinking, "I cannot live without some one to love me. Suppose I have lost Edward's love for ever? Well, if I have, he is as much to blame as I am, and he must take the consequences."

Indeed, so terrified did she become at the reckless thoughts which came into her head, and the persistent way in which the impassioned tones of one of her most constant equires would recur again and again to her remembrance, that she sent a telegram there and then to Edward, who was at their golfing cottage in the country, announcing her intention of joining him the next day. A few hours brought back the following reply:—

Sorry. Cottage full of men. Come next week.

Had Edward Standard known what was in Ethel's mind, and what this rebuff meant to her, he would have given his guests summary notice to quit, but, as Nathaniel Hawthorne says in his tale of "David Swan," "we hear not the airy footsteps of things that almost happen." When he hesitated whether he should postpone Ethel's visit or not, he little guessed what, in his future and hers, hung in the balance.

That same evening Ethel addressed a letter to Captain Julian Carbine, care of E. Standard, Esq., Last Hole Cottage, Bulgam Common. It ran as follows:—

My Dear J.,—You, of course, remember the proposal you made to me when we parted at Lady Fortune's dance last week. I felt that I could not then possibly fall in with your plans. Edward has, however, again treated me with the most absolute coldness. I shall go down to the place you mentioned, by the eleven o'clock train, the day after to-morrow (Wednesday) morning, unless you wire me that you cannot meet me there. Do not forget to telegraph for rooms.—Yours, over affectionately.—Ethel.

On Tuesday morning Julian Carbine, who had been Edward Standard's guest at Last Hole Cottage since the previous Saturday, and had come down for a stay of ten days, suddenly packed up his traps and departed, leaving a message for his host, who was out at the time, that he was called to London on the most urgent business.

On the Thursday morning Edward Standard received the following letter. It was from one of Carbine's brother officers, and an intimate friend of his own. It ran as follows:—

(Private.)

Dear Standard,—I hear that Julian Carbine is staying with you. It has come to my knowledge that he is in danger of being led into an exceedingly serious entanglement from which, as his friend and yours, I would give my right hand to save him. It is quite impossible for me to get away this week, and I beg you to keep a sharp look-out on him, and, if he goes off at

short notice, do you go with him and stick to him like a leech. If the worst comes to the worst, you may be able to head him off by showing him this letter.—I am, in great haste, yours ever,  
Bernal O'Malley.

The same morning Edward Standard found the letter written by his wife to Julian Carbine lying about, and read it. The meaning of the whole thing flashed upon him in an instant.

That afternoon he arrived at his house in Eaton-Square, and learnt from the servants that his wife had left town yesterday morning, saying she would be gone for a week, but leaving no address.

He thereupon took a hansom and drove off to Julian Carbine's club.

"Yes," the porter said, "of course he knew Mr. Standard, and would be happy to give him the address. There had been a letter only that very morning ordering everything to be sent on to the Captain at Cross-roads Cottage, Stow Plowden."

An hour later Edward Standard had taken train for the little Essex village.

In his heart murderous hate for a man who was false to him whilst yet eating his salt, and yearning, pitiful, reproachful love for a woman, hustled each other for place. Then there flooded back upon him the early love for Ethel that had been swamped by the all-engrossing pursuit which he followed. After all, she had not been so much to blame in preferring her youthful amusements to a stay-at-home life with an old stick-in-the-mud like himself. If only he had had patience with her she would soon have tired of these frivolities, and by natural process have come back to his companionship. At any rate, he had no right, once having made her his wife, to neglect her as he had done for the pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp which engrossed his every thought. It was sheer insanity this outweighing of a woman's love with a golf-ball. Oh! how he cursed himself to think that now the mischief was done, and nothing remained but the conventional retaliation, the customary shameful repudiation.

Good God! how he prayed that if it were possible this thing might be as though it were not. But his experience told him that, though God may do all things, even He cannot undo the past, and despair settled down upon his soul.

"Yes," they answered to his inquiry at the little station, "yes, there was just such a couple as he described stopping at Mrs. Jones's at the cross-roads yonder, the white house on the brow of the hill."

And Edward Standard strode forward up the hill, blindly eager to get the thing over, but utterly oblivious of the fact that though he had rehearsed the scene to himself in a hundred different ways, he had not come to any definite conclusion as to how he proposed to comport himself.

"Captain Carbine at home?" he asked of the little maiden who opened the door,

and who stood with open mouth scared by the sight of this bloodless-faced, savage-looking stranger.

"No, sir, he's just gone out; but Mrs. Carbine's in, sir, if she'll do."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Car—that is to say, the lady will do just as well," said Edward, with a grisly attempt at a smile, as he stumbled over his wife's new name.

"She's in there, in the parlour, sir," said the girl, intimating a closed door; "shall I tell her any name, sir?"

"No, thank you, she knows me; I'll announce myself."

With these words, Edward Standard seized the handle of the door and walked in.

There was a very smart and attractive-looking young lady sitting on the sofa. She rose as he entered.

"Oh, excuse me," said Edward, taken aback by the unexpected apparition. "I—er—the servant—er—said I should find Mrs. Carbine here. I beg your pardon; there must, I fear, be some mistake."

"Not in the least," was the exceedingly self-possessed answer. "I am Mrs. Carbine. To what am I indebted, may I ask, for this unexpected pleasure?"

"Oh, er—the fact is—I, er—by-the-bye—perhaps your husband will be in soon, and I had better say it to him."

Luckily for Edward Standard, at this moment the handle of the door turned and Julian Carbine stood in the room.

"By Jove, Standard," he said, holding out both hands to him. "this is, indeed, good of you. I should hardly have thought you could have got down so quickly from Gloucestershire in answer to my letter announcing my marriage and address. You have, I see, made the acquaintance of my wife already. I knew you would be great friends directly you met. Why, you must have started by the first train after receiving my letter. It is, indeed, good of you."

"Yes," said Edward somewhat mendaciously, "I could not bear the idea of appearing cold in a matter which so deeply concerned your happiness, old fellow."

That evening, as he was saying "good bye," Julian said to him,—

"By-the-bye, Standard, please apologise to Ethel for me for my not having answered a letter I received from her the day I left Laburnum Cottage, asking me to go down to Felixstowe with her to teach her golf. She wanted to surprise you by her play when next you met."

#### CUPID'S CLOTHING.

Love is blind, according to the proverb, and according to the pictures he dresses as if he thought other people were.

A Russian Joke—At a country ball: "My dear sir, you have just stepped on my partner's foot. I demand satisfaction." "Oh! certainly; yonder sits my wife, go and step on her foot."—Peterburgskaya Gazeta.

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

**PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. | ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital . . . . \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, . 114 J. T. 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. MATTLAND SMITH. }

**COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.**  
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

FIRE ! LIFE !! MARINE !!!

Total Invested Funds . . . . \$12,500,000.

Capital and Assets . . . . . \$25,000,000  
Life Fund (in special trust for life policy-holders) . . . . . 5,000,000  
Total Net Annual Income . . . . . 5,700,000  
Deposited with Dominion Government . . . . . 374,246

Agents in all the principal Cities and Towns of the Dominion.

HEAD OFFICE, Canadian Branch . . . . MONTREAL.

EVANS & MCGREGOR, Managers.

**NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1860.

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.

**ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

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, ROBERT LEWIS, Esq.,  
Chairman. Chief Secretary.

N. B.—This Company having renounced the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1892.

Branch Office in Canada. 187 St. James Street, Montreal.

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

**PHŒNIX FIRE INSURANCE COY.**

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1786. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PAERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion

CITY AGENTS:

E. A. WHITEHEAD & CO., . . . . English Department.

RAYMOND & MONDEAU, . . . . French " "

**NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPY**  
OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., . . . . MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

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 . . . . . 300,000

ROBERT W. TYRE. . . . . MANAGER FOR CANADA

THIS SPACE . . . .  
TO LET

**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.

**GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE**  
Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Canadian Assurance Building, . . . . . 181 St. James Street.

MONTREAL.

J. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

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