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THE ANTIDOTE

"RAZE OUT THE WRITTEN TROUBLES OF THE BRAIN
WITH SOME SWEET.....ANTIDOTE"

Vol. I. No. 17.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 8, 1892

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OUR PRIZE LIST

To any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

"AT HOMES."

The subject of "At Homes" follows naturally upon that of marriage, for after the honeymoon a happy couple, not only desires to feel at home themselves, but is also generous enough to extend that wish to their friends. We have heard it said—we confess it with a mixture of shame and sorrow—that "At Homes" are a detestable invention. Yes some, whom we blush to acknowledge among our acquaintances, have gone so far as to describe those social hospitalities to consist of a crush, a cup of coffee, and a few words of vapid conversation, all compressed into five or ten minutes and not worth the trouble bestowed upon it. Yet, what more innocent pleasure can there be than that of a lady, her face wreathed in smiles, welcoming her friends, assisted, it may be, by her charming daughters? We have been to "At Homes" and heard some cynical old fellow muttering below his breath that he never could stand this kind of thing, and wondering why he had ever been asked. You may be sure it was not for the sake of his own grave countenance he was invited, but because of his wife or daughters. Nevertheless a fair hand warmly greets him and a sweet voice asks him if he will not take in Miss Smith to have some refreshment. He complies grumbling to himself instead of feeling grateful for being treated above his deserts. Oh you old curmudgeon, remember what a great author wrote, that he "never know a

sulky misanthrope who quarrelled with the world, but that it was he and not it that was in the wrong."

Likewise young gentlemen, who are inclined to be cross because you cannot enjoy a tete-a-tete with Emily or Angelica, do not forget that, with so many guests to attend to, it would be rude to neglect all for you, and thus learn the lesson to think of others besides yourselves.

Those who give "At Homes" do so to afford pleasure to others, not themselves, and it is in that spirit the entertainments should be accepted, when you will be surprised to find how much enjoyment you can derive from the ten minutes or quarter of an hour in many of our Montreal homes. Suppose you forego an extra cigar at your club to escort your mother or sister to an "At Home," recollect how much that mother or sister has given up for you. Duties performed cheerfully soon become pleasures; we put on our best coat with a flower in the button-hole thereof and trot off to make our bow when honored with an invitation. "Oh Mr. Antidote how glad I am to see you," and one daughter has said "Oh how do you do?" while another has cried "Oh please excuse my going with you just now" we have been unable to avoid the joke that they must all be dreadfully in debt since they "Oh'd" so much. We trust we in our turn may owe them for many of their pleasant "At Homes."

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

The Editor had always thought that Montreal was well supplied with plumbers, but he had no idea how very numerous were those belonging to that trade until the sketch of "Our Plumber" appeared. A day or two after our issue of the 24th September, various notes found their way to the file, all more or less smeared with red or white lead, and commencing with that kind of "Sir!!" which clearly intimates that the writer thereof consigns you unhesitatingly to a certain bottomless pit, where the climate is said to be decidedly warm. The aforesaid notes threatened the Editor with suits of libel not usually made by any tailor, and were couched in a very fierce and offensive style. The Editor, as he pursued these war-

like ebullitions, felt cold down his back, so he wrapped himself up in his dignity, and calmly tore up the letters, considering them as valueless as Mr. Micawber's I. O. U. S.

But a worse trial was in store for the Editor, since finding that no attention was paid to their written communications, a perfect army of plumbers invaded the Editor's office one morning, and for a moment made him feel as though he were a member of Parliament receiving a deputation from his constituents. His room was so crowded that there was a difficulty in breathing, and the passage and stairs were quite blocked up. Then a babel of voices hotly demanded whether the Editor had anything to say for himself or apology to offer. This was bad enough, for no man, however bold, can stand up against two hundred, and though "the pen" may be "mightier than the sword" it is a poor weapon to cope with several scores of brawny arms.

"Gentlemen" said the Editor mildly "does this portrait in The Antidote represent any one of you?"

"No!" yelled every voice.

"Then none have I offended" replied the Editor, with Shakespearian force. "By the way I hear a pipe has burst at the City Hall—"

The Editor had no occasion to continue, for his visitors rushed out pell-mell to secure the job.

"Nothing like competition said the Editor and resumed his pen with a hymn of gratitude for his escape.

He began to wonder what the noble army of plumbers would do when they read something about a cistern written by their best friend; but life is too short to speculate on possible contingencies and "sufficient unto the day etc."

The Queen's next week—The Coghlan Company—Diplomacy.

Sir Ambrose Shea, governor of Barbadoes accompanied by Lady Shea, his accomplished and charming wife, is sojourning at the Windsor.

THE RULING PASSION.

Miss Levy.—Fader, Mr. Solid half proposed to me, and I think I ought to accept him, for if hefer a man vas born mit a silver spoon in his mouth, he vas Mr. Levy (eagerly).—Is it hall-marked, mine dear?



ONE WAY OF RECEIVING VISITORS.

SCENE: OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR: "Whist, Jimmy, here's another deputation!"

SECOND DITTO.: "True for you, Sandy, me boy!"

FIRST DITTO.: "Weel, what shall we do?"

SECOND DITTO.: "Hist! not a word.—listen, I will ture them on to have a drink, while you trot out your Fire Brigade, and when they sing, "We are Jolly Good Fellows," the citizens will, perhaps, believe it. Say I not well?"

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO. 17 OUR HUNTRESS.

Great as was Diana and indefatigable, as she was said to have in the matters of the chase, we do not believe she could hold a candle, in point of endurance and agile movements in her particular line, to Our Huntress in hers.

The latter is a lady who has a daughter, or may be two or three, whom she wishes to marry under certain conditions, the principle couple (indeed these are quite a "sine-qua-non") being wealth and position. For these two very desirable and comfortable attributes Our Huntress will undergo all sorts of fatigues and sacrifices, denying herself her rest when she is racked with neuralgia or rheumatism,



undertaking sudden journeys with a heroism equal to that of a general pursuing an enemy by forced marches, and smiling under defeat in a manner almost sublime. Our Huntress may be stout, but she can squeeze and wriggle through a very narrow aperture in attempting to bring down her prey. We have watched her at balls and dinners, with the eye of a hawk beneath her smirking countenance, manoeuvring to secure the "stag of ten" for one of her daughters, and have been tickled by the way she will sometimes pass us with a stony stare, when we are too insignificant to be of use, while at others she will greet us with the most effusive

cordiality if she thinks we can serve her ends.

She will freeze off Brown or Smith as being sprats not worth angling for, but she will exercise all her arts to catch a whale like Dr. Ponsonby, and will not only follow him all over Montreal, but will continue to stalk him to Quebec, Ottawa, or even New York. Sometimes she is successful and bags her game, and exults over her success, treating as romantically absurdity, that her child can be otherwise than happy with twenty thousand a year, though the latter's heart had long been given to Brown who has but a fourth of that income. Occasionally however she fails, one stag after another escapes, and her daughter, who has been put up "for sale by private contract," as surely as ever was a block of houses, becomes not so young as formerly, which cannot be hidden by all the tight lacing or cosmetics, till finally even her mother begins to fear her child is no longer marketable!

Oh that is a sad picture, for which Our Huntress is answerable and but for her, that daughter might have been a happy wife and mother, instead of the faded flower whom all pass by unnoticed, or worse still, perhaps with a covert sneer, remarking she looks as old as her parent.

Indeed the latter wears wonderfully well and carries her head with a never-say-die kind of air truly surprising.

Go to! you old worldling we cannot reverence you though your hairs are grey and while we admit it is commendable in a mother to guard her daughters from imprudent marriages, at that point she should stop and never stoop to the ignomy of becoming Our Huntress.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Richard A. Sualfield, Tenth Avenue, New York, the August number of his New York Musical Monthly. It is a marvel of cheapness and excellence. How any publisher can afford to give so much for so little is surprising. We all know what music costs, but here is a publication of 32 pages of music, large size, large print, equal in every respect to high priced music, which is offered to the public at 15 cents per copy, or, \$1.50 per year, post-paid. The number to hand contains "Baby Ruth" Schottische, by Marcus; "Baby McKee" Polka, by Marcus; "The Nasty Way 'e Sez it," by Jangle; "Au Matin," by Godard; "Ora Pro Nobis," by Piccolomini; "In the Chimney Corner," by Cowen; "Angels Serenade," by Smith. Previous numbers contained "Nightingale Song" from Tyrolean by Genee; "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," by Aecker; "Love and Duty," by Dryden; "Serenata" (Italian) Waltz, by Jax-

one; "Kitamin Schottische Militaire," by Leggett; "Darkie's Dream," by Lansing; "Tyrolean" Waltz, by Pratt; "My Son, My Son, My Only Son," by Geo. Le Brunn; "Poor Gal Didn't Know," song by John Cooke; "Love's Dream After the Ball" Waltz, by Czibulka; "For You" song, by Sidney Smith; "Minuet," by Paderewski; "Melodie," by Paderewski, etc., etc.

Signor Angelo Mascheroni, who has lately been a guest of Madame Patti at Craig-vonos Castle, has composed a new "Ave Maria" specially for the "Diva," and dedicated it to her. She is delighted with the new work, and intends to sing it at her forthcoming Concerts. "A Woodland Serenade" (Serenata Campestre), from the pen of the same Maestro, will be introduced to the public by Madame Patti, at her Grand Evening Concert at the Royal Albert Hall on November 10th next. Both these, and all Signor Mascheroni's new compositions will be published by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.

ABOUT THAT CISTERN.

BY RALPH FROST.

I am married, and I may state right here that the partner of my wedded joy is a woman in ten millions. Not only have I a wife staying with me permanently, but I have got a cistern—a cistern that was certainly the invention of the evil one, in the shape of a cross-eyed plumber, and it was placed in its present position by a builder who was even a greater Machievallian monster. The legend hath it that these two double-dyed villains met in the dead of night on a lonely moor and plotted how they could make one poor soul as wicked and hateful as they. They decided amidst a strong smell of brimstone that this could best be done by putting in a man's house an infernal machine and calling it by the name of cistern. This cistern was to run continuously when no water was wanted, and stop dead and refuse to budge whenever the house was dying with thirst, so to speak. Furthermore, the cistern was to be so placed that no one could possibly get at it unless provided with the neck of an ostrich and an arm as elastic as a shopkeeper's conscience. The train was laid, and the cistern fixed, and then the two men died—I put it very mildly when I say they died. The fact of their dying has really very little to do with the case except that in dying they "left behind them footprints in the sands of crime." Whilst negotiating for the house, the cistern was so quiet that I did not know it was there, and the water flowed from every tap with a limpid freshness that made one long to take possession. Ever since then that cistern has gone off with all the brilliancy and effulgence of a wet squib. "There's no water, my dear,"

said my wife as I arrived home one evening (she always calls me "my dear" when she has anything unpleasant to report). I was extremely tired that evening. I feel sure of this fact because I always do come over so weary when I see any "house work" looming in the distance. Anyway it would not do to appear ignorant of the workings of a commonplace cistern, so I said "Don't trouble in the slightest, I'll soon put that right. Cistern a bit out of order I suppose. Give me a light, and I'll just show you how easily a man who knows his way about can get over a trifle of this kind. Er, by the way, where is the cistern?" "I really didn't know there was one," said she. "Just as I thought," said I delightedly. "You have attained the age of thirty summers—twenty-eight is it?—and become a respectable householder and mother of a healthy family and don't know where they put a cistern. Well I always thought you were green, my dear." She murmured an inconsequential remark about having done one green thing that she was aware of, but I waved her lightly upstairs with the remark that I admitted that a man should have more sense, and that had I not known that cisterns were always kept on the roof I should not have been worthy to be a ratepayer. The roof was only to be got at I found by means of a ladder, and I had to poke myself through a hole that wouldn't have admitted a joy burglar. When I did manage to push up the trap door, and get the dust of ages out of my eyes, I became conscious of a beautiful and uninterrupted view of the heavens, but no cistern. As I had not come to star gaze, nor to inhale a strong odour of cats, I retired down the ladder, being assisted in my descent by an un-called-for knock on the head by that erratic trap door. My spirits were beginning to flag, and my reply to a question from my wife as to "why I had come in" was not tinged with the buoyancy of a light-hearted man. Armed with a hammer—why a hammer I know not—I commanded her to follow with the light, and I patrolled the bedrooms—at first calmly, then excitedly, then hysterically. I looked in every cupboard, under every bed and I believe up every chimney; but no cistern; and when I drew up hurriedly and dead beat at the foot of the stairs, that wife of mine hit me in the middle of the back with the candlestick, and what hot grease didn't go down my neck served to spread a 25 dollar frock coat. The pain in my neck rather took off the chagrin I should otherwise have felt about that coat. I believe I did make some comprehensive remark at the time, and then I added "There is no ghastly cistern. I knew there wasn't the moment I found it wasn't on the roof. That idiot next door must have one for both houses and

Our Portrait Gallery.



The Gallant Colonel.

turned it off on purpose to annoy me. But Julius Caesar! if he has, I'll have the law on him, that I will," and so on; when my wife remarked quietly "Don't you think dear that that door near the roof on the first landing may have something to do with it?" "How can I say till I see," I said (I am nothing if not logical). "Let's get those weak-kneed steps of yours, and I'll see, if I break my neck in the attempt." Constitutionally I am a brave man. I have been through the marriage ceremony, and I always feel a glow of valour whenever I read of anyone else doing any fighting. When I mounted those steps, however, I felt the same tremor come over me that I used to do when I met a female boarding school; and my want of confidence was not misplaced. No sooner had I reached the top than I reached the bottom. There we were in the hideous darkness, a writhing heap—the steps, my wife, myself and the candle. The latter shed a few more sympathetic tears of grease upon me as I lay. More language, a light and a few calmly exasperating warnings from my wife and I reached the closet door and pulled it open—to find the cistern certainly, but too high up to allow of anyone seeing into it. Outwardly calm I held a frightened council of war with myself. I knew there must be a ball cock in that cistern and felt sure it must have got jammed, so that it only needed downward pressure to bring on the water.

Regardless of consequences I clutched the rim of the cistern, pulled myself up and felt wildly for the ball. Joy! I found it, and put enough pressure upon it to break in the crust of the earth. Alas! all to no purpose; something certainly gave way, but not a trickle of water came, and I was compelled to come back. I succeeded in doing this after reaching out wildly for the steps with my feet in mid air for twenty-five minutes—my wife said seconds, out they were my feet and I ought to know. I explained to my wife how it was that we should never have any more water in that house, how there had evidently been a deeply laid design to deprive us of the greatest necessary of life, and how we should have to wait patiently until overcome by thirst, and how I had heard it from one who had tried it that death from water starvation was nothing when one got used to it. She made some futile remark about it being a comfort to her that baby only took milk, and then we retired to rest. In the middle of the night I was awakened by someone clutching at my hair and my wife's voice saying "Hush, George,—listen—what's that?" "That" was a very dreadful fit somewhere in the house, hissing, and gurgling, and gasping, and screaming, and then more gurgling. "Don't be alarmed my dear," I said, "it's only Jones next door come home in a high state of delirium. I knew he'd get 'em." "But its in the house," she whispered. "Oh George what shall we do, and baby is so young;" "Calm yourself my dear," I said, and then, with a yell—"What's that?" as an icy cold stream trickled on my face. Just then the horrible truth flashed across me. It was that unmentionable cistern of ours that had started work and couldn't leave off because I'd broken the ball rod. In a costume that would have been utterly condemned by Mrs. Grundy we once more gathered together our implements of siege, and rushed up to the fray. Once more I managed to reach the edge of the bank, once more I drew myself up, leant over and horror, fell headlong in; keeping time with my dangling feet to those hidden aquatic evolutions, and staying under water long enough to drown twenty ordinary men and a boy. Then I managed to get out, hang on the side for another five and twenty minutes, reaching the while for those never-to-be-forgotten steps, and then took the shortest way to the floor by falling off, and lay there a wet limp heap. I was found afterwards by my cruel-hearted wife who had been upstairs to lock the servant in as she did not wish her to catch me in such an undignified position. And this from a woman who had vowed to take me for better or worse. I dressed up in all the dry things I could find and went out for



From London Queen.

a walk until the first rosy streaks of dawn hailed the coming day. Then I called on a plumber and told him if he went to Soanoo Crescent he'd find a house with the furniture being washed out of the front door. He was to take a Salvage Corps with him to save any babies or other light articles they might find floating about, whilst he attended to that infernal machine. I let that cistern do its worst then, and it has been doing it ever since.

THE FASHIONS.

Summer has taken its departure for this year, and fall fashions are now being displayed; the styles are not entirely novel for fashion, like history, is apt to repeat itself, and the short waists, revers, full basqued coats, and fur tip-pets are simply revivals of what used to be. There are some becoming ulsters, some fur-lined and some with capes, and a charming afternoon dress consists of a black silk bodice, dragged round the figure in folds terminating on the hips with two little frills of black and scarlet ribbon; a small zou-ave jacket of scarlet cloth braided with black and edged with a jabot-like frill of coarse black crochet lace; the sleeves

and skirt are made of black and red tweed having two little frills round the hem of red and black ribbon completes the costume. A very pretty tea gown is made of yellow Nagpore silk, gathered round the neck and falling to the hem, over which is a coat of yellow and white brocade sloped away on the hips and rather longer in the front than at the back. Sleeves large and full and draped on the shoulders with a sash encircling the back and ending at the front in a rosette.

- Our illustrations represent:
- No. 1. Water-proof ulster with cape. This is made of plain material, namely coarsely-ribbed serge of tan-brown lined with plaid silk forming two garments in one.
 - No. 2. Walking costume of chesnut-brown serge having a tight fitting jacket bodice, outlined with broad Russian braid, with a narrower row worked into fanciful patterns at the corners. The vest of white hopsack buttoning straight down the centre.
 - No. 3. (centre) Matinee hat in rice straw, edged under the brim with lime-green velvet, and trimmed round the low crown with white ribbon loops, striped with honeysuckle pink, intermingled with fan pleatings in white lace. Shaded ostrich tips in front.

The Death of Lord Tennyson.

A cablegram yesterday at noon announced the death of the Poet Laureate. Lord Tennyson was in his eighty-third year. His early writings were not received with much favor by the critics, and some of them, his latter-day, friends and admirers, handled him rather severely, but for the last thirty years his poems appear to have been above criticism. Much of what he wrote will, of course, revert to library shelves, but his "In Memoriam," (which is the key to nearly all his subject-matter) his "Enoch Arden," "Locksley Hall," "Tithonus," "the Charge of the Light Brigade," and the beautiful lyrics scattered through the "Princess" and elsewhere in his works, are likely to live as long as the English language. Who may be appointed Poet Laureate in his stead it is difficult to forecast. In respect of ability Swinburne is generally conceded the best fitted for the place, but his appointment would be a glorification of the fleshy school of literature, and would hardly receive the commendation of our more decent era in literature. The Poet Morris, author of the "Earthly Paradise," would seem to be the only alternative.



REVERSING THE PROVERB.

ONE MAN'S POISON IS ANOTHER MAN'S MEAT.

MRS. JONES DE JONES. "Tell me, Doctor, do you think there is any danger of Cholera reaching Canada this year?"

DR. SCALPEL (dejectedly): "I fear not."

THE BARRINGTON GRAND STEEPLECHASE.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I--THE TRIAL.

Mark Talbot was a well built fellow of some thirty summers, with handsome features and a heavy brown mustache. He was a trifle over five feet nine inches, and rode about twelve stone in an ordinary hunting saddle, but with training and a light racing saddle could bring his riding weight down to eleven stone and a half, that is to say 161lbs. He owned a nice little estate in Ches hire, and might generally be seen following the hounds of that county during the season. He had recently married Harriet Effingham, the daughter of a neighbouring squire, a match in every way suitable since Harriet was not only a good housekeeper, but passionately fond of hunting, and a bright cheerful companion besides.

As Mark and his wife were seated at breakfast one morning in the early part of February, a letter was brought

to the former, bearing the Barrington post mark, and on opening and glancing over it Mark, uttered an exclamation of surprise, which caused Harriet to put down the cup of coffee she was raising to her lips.

"What is it Mark?"

"Starlingford wants me to run over and try his mare, Di Vernon, which nearly killed his groom last week, as he is convinced, she could pull off the Steeplechase if properly ridden."

Saying which Talbot handed the letter to his wife, and applied himself once more to his breakfast.

Lord Starlingford was the great sporting nobleman of the county whose seat was at Fulham Park, lying off the high road leading from Howden to Carnford. He had a horse in nearly every race of importance in the kingdom, and had owned the winner of the Barrington grand steeplechase more than once. He had lately purchased the mare Di Vernon, and had been considerably annoyed, to find that, unlike

the heroine her namesake, she had a very vile temper, which, unless cured, would render the chance of her winning the race, for which he had bought her, extremely problematical, and Lord Starlingford always entered his horses to win. After the escapade with his groom, in which, the vicious mare had bucked her rider clean over her head, and landed him on his own skull, with a force that stunned him, and was within an ace of ending his existence, Lord Starlingford began to consider whether he had not better get rid of the mare, when he bethought himself of Mark Talbot.

"The very fellow!" exclaimed his Lordship, "at any rate I will try and he can but refuse. There are some horses which require gentlemen to ride them."

Hence the letter which Mark had received, and a few days later, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot arrived at Fulham Hall, where they received a hearty welcome.

It was arranged that Mark, should make his trial of the mare, at the hunt meet, which took place the following day, being at the cross roads, half way between Howden and Cranford. A cover was close by, where there was generally a sure find, and the country was quite stiff enough to test the mare's jumping powers. The morning, with "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" was all that could be desired, and there was a goodly display of red coats at the place in question. Lord Starlingford was mounted on his grey horse, and Mrs. Talbot, in a well fitting riding habit, seated on her bay hunter, looked like "going" all over, while her father, Squire Effingham, was on his old horse, which had carried him so cleverly for many seasons.

The meet was a large one and much interest was evinced, when Mark Talbot, booted and spurred, prepared to mount the mare Di Vernon. She was a splendid chestnut thoroughbred, sixteen hands high; a beautiful picture, with her small head well set on a long handsome neck. She had a broad chest, with sloping shoulders; powerful fore legs, short below the knee, while her full rounded barrel and grand hind quarters, indicated both speed and endurance. Though large, she was not in the least heavy, and with her shining skin and distended nostrils, looked a perfect specimen of horseflesh, but she had a nasty trick of showing the whites of her eyes, and laying back her pretty small ears, which betrayed a vixenish temper. And sure enough, hardly has Mark flung himself on to her back, than she lashed out her heels, and lowering her head commenced to buck-jump, with a virulence, which would have quickly unseated any than a first class horseman. Mark however sat as though strapped to the saddle, and in spite of all Di Vernon's efforts to throw him, he remained calm and unmoved, without losing his temper for an instant. Only once did he use a violent corrective, and that was when, having plunged and bucked till she was tired, the mare in a transport of rage, and giving a shrill squeal reared straight up pawing the air with her fore feet, until she almost fell backwards. Quick as lightning Mark brought down the butt end of his whip smartly between the animal's ears, remarking "That's dangerous old lady, as you might break my neck or your own back."

The blow was hard, but the voice was kind, and the mare became tolerably passive, beginning to feel that she had met her master. A truce being agreed upon, Mark ventured to approach the others and exchange greetings with friends and acquaintances.

At that instant the huntsman's



Football not Incompatibility.

Football season has commenced, and this is the sort of thing the poor girls have to put up with.

"Tally-ho" rang sharp and clear; a fine dog fox broke covert and was soon scouring across the field in the direction of Cranford with the hounds in full cry. Away they all went, some rashly, some timidly, and others in the proper sportsmanlike fashion.

Di Vernon gave a bound as Mark touched her with his heel, and was off like a bullet from a gun, but her rider taking a steady tug at the reins soon pulled her together, though the first fence proved that she was not quite conquered, and had still some of her old temper left in her, for rushing at the hedge with her ears thrown back, she stopped dead short, just when she ought to have taken the leap. Mark Talbot wheeled her round, and setting his teeth muttered "Now or never" as he put her at the jump once more. Nearing the obstacle, he shortened his reins, and jammed in the spurs with such a will, that the mare cleared the hedge with two feet to spare, and settled into a good swinging gallop on the other side.

"She is all right now I think," he observed laughing as his wife came up beside him, while Lord Starlingford had been watching the struggle for mastery with both interest and admiration.

The pace soon grew too fast to suit all parties, some of the horses showed distress at the first ploughed field and could not be induced to take the hedge at the further end. Others shortly afterwards tailed off until Talbot with his wife, Lord Starlingford and the huntsman found themselves far ahead of all the rest. As the fences became bigger, the grand qualities of Di Ver-

non were manifested, and rising to every occasion, she took her leaps with an ease and grace, which quite enchanted her owner, and sent a thrill of delight through her rider. There was a regular rasping hedge in front, but she never flinched, her thoroughbred blood was fairly up, and over she flew. Just tipping the topmost twigs with her heels. Lord Starlingford next crashed through on his grey, making an opening through which Mrs. Talbot and the huntsman followed. "Hark forward!" shouted the latter as Mr Reynard scuttled across the road and dashed through the hedge on the opposite side with the hounds streaming after him. In and out bounded Di Vernon, as cleverly as a cat, giving the lead to the others. The run had lasted thirty minutes; the mare and Mrs. Talbot's horse were still comparatively fresh, but another ploughed field told upon Lord Starlingford's grey which fell behind, though still holding on, his lordship hoping for a check. The huntsman's horse was at last beaten, and Mark with his wife were the only two who were really up with the hounds.

The fox ran on but he was nearly spent, and in another few minutes Mark handed the brush to Mrs. Talbot saying "By jove Harriet that is the fastest forty minutes I ever knew! The mare is an out and out clipper."

"That she is Mark" returned his wife, who thoroughly admired a good horse.

To be concluded in our next.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Gossips in Montreal had a toothsome morsel on Wednesday last, when it was discovered that the bridegroom in a certain fashionable wedding party was absent from his place at the altar beside the lady of his choice. The young man had for a few days or nights before been solacing himself in the company of some friends, and after opening his mind and all its griefs to an elderly one, he was advised by the devil, or somebody else, to flee across the lines till the storm was spent. He had three or four troubles that would not down so easily as those who are free may suppose. However, this is Leap-Year and the respectable elderly lady who followed the wanderer and brought him back by the ear, has the satisfaction that the young couple are now tied together—for better or worse,—it is to be hoped, till death does them part. Ring out wild bells, let the "Wedding March" be heard, for all is well that ends well.

A SOLO.

Fair Singer.—"I a-a-am a-a-alo-o-nee," Tortured male (in an undertone).—Gad! I wish you were.

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA

AND

PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.

BY HUKKARU.

Verily those Indian servants are worth their weight in gold, and have not their equals in any other part of the world. I had the same boy for six years, whose whole aim was to serve me faithfully and well, in which he succeeded to perfection. He knew all my habits and tastes, to that degree that I had hardly ever to ask for what I wanted, or occasion to refuse what I did not wish for. He saw that my horses were properly looked after, nursed me when I was sick, with untiring attention, and had no ambition to be other than what he was, wherein I think lies the secret of the success of service in India. One who desires to be something more than a servant generally ends by being no servant at all.

Formerly the railway to Poona was divided, the first portion ending with Campoola at the foot of the Bhore Ghaut, whence you proceeded up by Palanquins—coolies, and bullocks taking your baggage up the said ghaut or mountain to Khandala, where you joined the other train which conveyed you to Poona, but modern engineering has overcome the difficulties of nature, and the railway at the time of which I write pursued its twisting path up the hill side without a break, in the same manner that the C. P. R. climbs the Rockies and the Selkirks. Poona is very enjoyable in the monsoon, the surrounding hills drawing off the bulk of the rain, and only enough falling to render the climate cool and pleasant. There was a capital race course—two indeed, but the old one was only used as an exercise ground by ordinary equestrians—a gymkhana field and the Bund where the band played twice or thrice a week. Besides which, there were not only private croquet parties—lawn tennis was not invented then—but also balls and dinner parties, so that altogether Poona was a gay place in the season. I shared a bungalow for a brief holiday once with my friend Jack Stirling, an army surgeon, and a man I could name with a hole in his skin almost large enough to thrust your fist into, can testify to Jack's proficiency in his profession.

One night, after Jack and I had been dining with our friends, Captain and Mrs Hunter, we were seated in our verandah enjoying a last Trichinopoly cheroot before turning in. The Hunters had a very pretty daughter, named Mabel, aged five years, who was to proceed to England with her mother by the next steamer, the "Benares." This reminds me of the ugly side of Anglo Indian life, how in a country where the

climate prohibits the rearing of children after the first few years of infancy, married life is made up of separations, the offspring being sent home, as England is always called, never to return for years if ever, while the wife is torn like Desdemona by "a divided duty," between her husband in India, and her children in Europe. That is the reverse side of the picture to the pleasant one, I usually like to think of, and yet it is continually making itself felt, though of late years rapid transit has done much to mitigate it, and fathers can now go home oftener than formerly, so that their children when grown up are not quite the strangers to them they used to be in the old days.

Mabel was bright and intelligent, and had won my heart that evening by her prattle when she made her appearance at desert. Like all Anglo Indian children, she spoke Hindoostanee, as well or better than English, and was very full of the idea of sailing away in the "Velati augboat" (European steamer) She also told Jack, that she had seen Dave Carson, and oh how she did laugh over his Baboo song, a great deal of which she could repeat. That song was a favorite with old and young, with white and black, but I doubt if Dave Carson ever thought it would be recalled at a deathbed scene, by childish lips and little did Jack or I, suppose how soon Mabel's short life was to be ended. We had become accustomed to hear that Jones, whom we had seen in good health two days before, was dead and buried, without much shock for such things happen in India, but but somehow with a child it is different.

Stirling and I sat long into the night talking of Mabel, and other subjects, when soon after we had retired and I was just falling asleep, I heard someone go to Stirling's room, and call "Sahib Sahib, chitty hai (letter here) Sahib!" Of course a doctor is always liable to be roused up, and as the sounds of Stirling's horse clattering out of the compound died away, I was in the land of dreams. Next morning however, at "chota hazri" (as tea and toast upon rising is termed—literally little breakfast)—I found that Jack had not yet returned, and when he did, as I was about to take my bath, he looked worried as well as tired. He swallowed a cup of tea, and after he had tubbed, and had his breakfast, he again rode off. At tiffin, he fretted and fumed, till at length it seemed as though in spite of both his professional and national caution, he must speak and he blurted out. "People have no business to take chances in this climate, especially with children." "What is the matter? I enquired,

"Little Mabel Hunter—they should have sent for me before—it seems she had been ailing for a day or two, but they thought it was nothing serious, and now I fear it is too late."

"Merciful Heaven!" I exclaimed "she appeared quite well last night."

"She was not, all the same" replied Sterling, "however I shall know by evening."

Alas a good number knew by sunset that the brief existence was over, and that the little voice and merry laugh which had charmed us all four and twenty hours before, were still forever. It was some time before Jack cared to recount to me the closing scene.

Mabel suddenly regained her consciousness, the pain of the disease subsided, and turning to her mother she said, "I am better now mamma, will you sing to me?"

"Yes darling, what song would you like?"

She did not ask for a hymn; children of her age sometimes do so in novels or on the stage, but not in real life as far as my experience goes. My own daughter in later years at Mabel's age when she was sick and wished to be soothed would ask me to sing J. K. Emmett's song of "Schneider how you vas," so nobody round Mabel's bed was surprised when she said "oh you know Mamma; about the Baboo, and finish with "Jolly good fellow take peg in the morning."

"Den in palki must go home."

Poor little thing, it was not in a palanquin, but in a coffin, she went home and that in a very few hours. They say it is but a step from the ridiculous to the sublime, and although I am perfectly certain Dave Carson never dreamed that his comic song would touch a pathetic chord, Jack assured me it was so as Mabel kept repeating "must go home" lower and lower, until she sank into that sleep from which there is no awakening, on this side of the narrow stream.

Jack left Poona soon after Mabel Hunter's death, and his departure hastened my own. It was one evening after my return to Bombay, that upon driving round to the Byculla club to see Stirling, I was seized by the hand and on ascending the steps, and a rich Irish brogue cried out: "Me deah boy and how are ye?" It was my old friend Cornelius O'Brady, the great criminal barrister, whose eccentricities and witticisms have helped to lighten many a dull hour during the assizes. But O'Brady must have a chapter to himself.

Boss Coghlan at the Queen's, in Diplomacy, Oct. 10th.

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Income for Year ending 31st-Dec., 1891.....1,797,995 03

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From Report of James F. Pierce, Insurance Commissioner for the State
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Liabilities.....	110,806,267.50
Surplus.....	15,141,023.31
Income.....	31,854,194.00
New Business written in 1891.....	\$152,664,982.00.
Insurance in Force (over).....	\$614,824,713.00

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Total Net Annual Income 5,700,000
Deposited with Dominion Government 374,246

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Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from Interest upon Invested Funds 5,240,000
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