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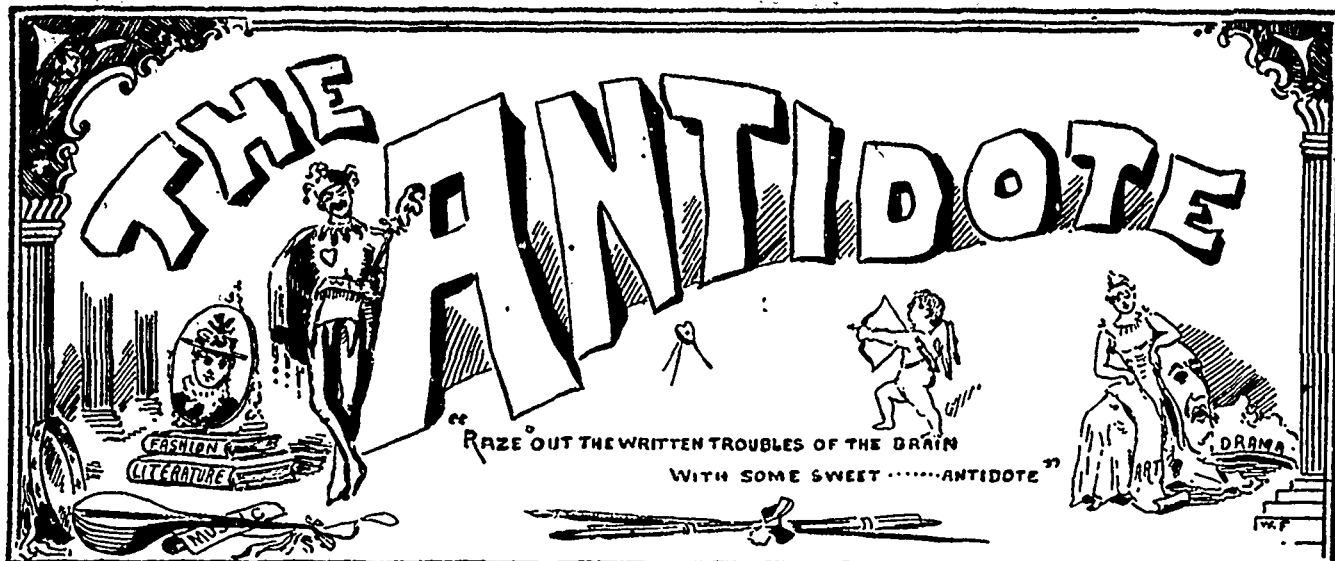
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EARLY RISING.

The causes of the revulsion of style by which the obsolete virtue (See "Antidote" of 8th April instant), now so disused and venerated, became a theme for reprobation and derision, seem to have been severally and widely dissimilar. One, and perhaps the most important, doubtless, the spirit of earnestness, which, though already on the wane, was predominantly manifest among us a few years back, persons who had decided on earnestness could not be content with what is called lip-service; it could never be to their mind to recognize a duty, to praise a virtue, without strongly putting it into action; they said early rising was wrong. Another cause was the spirit of levity of these latter days, that mocking spirit which rejoices in exhibiting time-honored respectabilities in a comic light and making, as it were, Aunt Sallies of the venerable idols of a didactic past.

Yet another was that, which, for want of name in classic English, must be called the spirit of topsy-turvyness, that spirit which moves us to eulogise the modest merits of a Nebuchadnezzar, the first vegetarian, and the votary of a proud simplicity in days of effeminacy and luxurious apparel, and to despise the selfish cowardice of a Boadicea, taking with her in her chariot her two young daughters to face the missiles of the enemy, while she, safely ensconced behind them, displayed her skill in rhetoric, intelligently deaf to any side but the other side, and vivaciously blind to whatever sin is not concealed by a milestone. Much, also, was due to the fact that there was nothing left to say in honor of early rising—no similes, no sums, no eloquence—all had been used up by that obtrusive class of person, which in spite of malediction, has persevered through centuries in saying our good things before us. Obviously, when an object has got to a stage in which nothing

new can be said in its favor, the next thing for authors to do is to write against it.

Early rising, then, has become known among us as an act of arbitrary asceticism—a vain glorious piece of Phariseism to be abhorred of modest souls who sleep late and make no boast over their neighbors—a disorderly caprice and an infringement of the uniformity of domestic routine. It is impertinent, it is ridiculous frequently, alas, too frequently—for "sweet is sweet, and a duke is a duke," but while a little strange—frequently it is observed that the early wren would not have been got out by the early bird if he had staid in his hole. It is asked why we should be set to imitate the lark and the lamb, rather than the owl, the very bird of wisdom, and the victorious lion. How we can rise with the dawn, when the dawn varies from 4 a. m. in summer to almost noon, or, occasionally, not at all in winter; why we should lengthen our lives by getting up early more than by sitting up late; and, if it has not been added, it might be—what is the use of getting an appetite for breakfast, when you cannot get the breakfast!

And whatever amount of argument there may be in the questions with which it is now customary to answer the ancient problems and precepts, who shall deny the irrelevancy of this last? In it he who runs may read the monumental farewell of early rising. It is simply an anachronism. In 1898 servants like a long night's rest, and they like it to begin late and they do not like masters and mistresses getting up before them; they do their best to discourage it.

Whatever other guilt there may be in early rising, the reproach that it is Pharisaic, is now in itself an anachronism. There is no pomp of conscious virtue about early rising now; if we commit it we are abashed and secret; should some ill chance require avowal we admit the practice timidly, we are humbled by our malefeasance, we make haste to forestall the coming ridicule by laughing at ourselves; we say the things about the early wren; we put forward our excuses deprecatingly, as who would lie as late as the latest if we could have our will; we hug ourselves when we hear a fellow-culprit, and endeavor anxiously to make out that he is a quarter of an hour the sooner. The

pickpocket may be proud in—fitting company—but not the early riser.

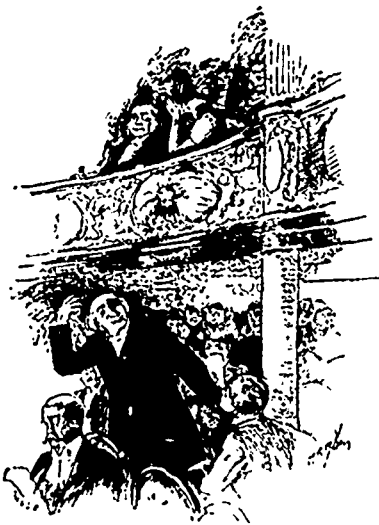
And yet, something might be said in favor of lengthening our forenoons, or rather, of having forenoons at all, for that part of the day, more and more curtailed, would seem to be fast disappearing from our practical existence. Much of the hurry that worries the lives of business and professional men is due to that crowding the appointments of the day into three or four hours, to which, if they do not condemn themselves, others condemn them; they are perpetually striving their energies to get in 420 minutes between mid-day and five o'clock. Seamstresses lie in bed late because they sit up late, but would it not be better for them to use the early daylight than to work on wearily at night and blind themselves over their needles by nightlight. And so with other callings, both men's and women's; might not the work, both with advantage to the work and the workers, be begun sooner in the day and end sooner? It will come to that in the end; meals, occupations, amusements, grow later hour after hour, till at last custom will have gone round the clock and passed on from rising at sunset to beauty-sleep and eight o'clock breakfast, but that will take a generation or two.

Meanwhile a large number of persons follow the fashion of lateness after Charles Lamb's style of measuring his office time, "they get up late, but then they go to bed early." To have legislated all night, or to have danced all night is full reason for sleeping away the next morning; and after all, it is only keeping good hours for the antipodes; but there are households by the million which having neither duty or amusement to keep them up get into bed at a punctual or even a premature ten, and barely manage to get up in time for breakfast at a lagging nine. In ancient times these people would have been exposed to unpleasant references to the ways of the ant; but there are no sluggards now, only people too wise to waste the precious hours by being out of bed earlier than they can help.

A CLOSE GUESS.

"Speaking of ages, Miss Flypp, when do you suppose I was born?" said young Mr. Gilley.

"On the first of April, I imagine, Mr. Gilley," replied the maiden.



A PATHETIC SCENE.

Bald-headed Gentleman in Pit (To Lady in Dress Circle): "Madame, I respect your emotion, but you are weeping on my head."

In Society's Realm.

It is quite evident, even to the most casual observer, that the social season of 1892-93 came to an end, so far as fashionable festivity is concerned, when Lent arrived, for we have only witnessed a few delayed dances of late, that were decidedly lacking in snap, and a moderate number of miscellaneous entertainments of exactly the same patterns as have been going throughout the 40 days when the world of fashion is supposed to be resting on its oars for the after-Lenten spurt that is to carry it into the smooth and placid waters of the early summer season.

Springtime has, however, so evidently made up her fresh young mind to get promptly to work and give society a chance to take up its out-of-door amusements at a rather early period of the calendar year, that the change from gas-lit dancing rooms and heavy suppers is a most welcome one to all, save the super-enthusiastic feminine debutantes and the boy buds, blessed with the abnormal appetites which appertains to bipeds of their class. And while these types in the social fabric are important, in a certain degree, their opinions are absolutely of no earthly account in the sum total of what society at large best approves of as pleasurable, so the change from the winter to the spring-time programme may be voted a decidedly welcome one to the great majority of those interested. Therefore, the curtain may be considered as about to be rung down on the record of Montreal's social season, and a new leaf turned over, on which to record the less numerous events that mark the interval between Easter and the breaking up for summer quarters, near and far.



From the "Strand."

FASHION NOTES.

It is delightful to notice the novelty of all the spring modes, for there has never been so great a change for years. Things are strikingly different from those of last spring and infinitely prettier. There is such a piquancy in everything this spring. The flaring skirts and huge sleeves are extravagantly chic, and modes of trimming are very dainty and attractive. The old-fashioned "milliner's folds," piped bias bands, and bound flounces that were worn before the war, have suddenly sprung into great favor. Great quantities of lace are used in the piece as well as at the edge. Many new gowns have the sleeves of lace over stuff, while others have the bodice covered smoothly with it; or again it may be used for the smart little Spanish jackets that cling to popular fancy so long. Flounces are set on skirts in various ways, sometimes close together, one overlapping the other, or set many inches apart in the Empire style. Bands of trimming, too, are set on far apart about skirts, and consist of ribbons, velvet, galon braid, or lace insertion. All skirts are either lined throughout with muslin, or faced for half a yard with horsehair or canvas. No trains appear on the street; in fact, they are only seen on dressy - use gowns and evening toilets. Silken petticoats are, however, quite as much an evidence as when trains were in vogue, for fashionable women still hold their skirts up very high, and the petticoat

is even more be-ruffled and covered with frills of delicate lace.

They are made full like the new skirts, and have very voluminous ruffles, lined with horsehair to make them stick out stiffly and help support the skirt.

Silken blouses are more popular even than last summer, if such a thing can be imagined, and are worn inside the skirt instead of flying loose from the belt as before. Many of those shown this season are of Scotch plaid silk and are worn with wide suspender bretelles and flaring shoulder capes, matching the skirt. A lovely frock seen was of violet cloth braided in black and trimmed with wide bias bands of black satin. The gores of the skirt were outlined with braiding as were also the bands of satin.

Personal.

Personal.

Mr. Justice Davidson and Mrs. Davidson have returned from a visit to New York.

Dr. Hingston arrived back from Detroit on Wednesday last.

Dr. Charles McEachren, who returned from his short trip to England by the "Vancouver" arrived in town this week.

Mr. A. F. Gault has returned from a six weeks' trip through Southern California, much improved in health.

Mrs. Waddell and Miss Waddell, who have been spending ten days in New York, have returned to town.

Mr. Jonathan Hodgson, who, with Mrs. and Miss Hodgson, have been for some time in New York, have returned to town.

Mrs. G. N. Hamilton and Miss Hamilton, Peel street, left this week on a short trip to England by the "Parisian."

Mr. Gerald E. Hart returned home from a ten days' visit to New York on Sunday last.

Miss Boyer and Miss Aumond have arrived safely in Genoa, after a most enjoyable sea voyage.

The Canadian commissioner at Paris, Mr. Hector Fabre and Mme. Fabre, gave a reception in Paris lately, in honor of Sir John and Lady Thompson, the Hon. C. H. Tupper and Mrs. Tupper, and Lady Caron. Mrs. W. C. Van Horne has left on a visit to New York, accompanied by Mr. B. Van Horne, who returns to West Point to pursue his studies having spent the Easter vacation in Montreal.

Mr. G. W. Stephens and Miss Stephens, who have been spending a week in New York, returned to town last Sunday morning. Mrs. Stephens remained for a few days longer in New York.

Mr. Thomas Tait, assistant manager Canadian Pacific Railway, has been on a visit to Washington, where he was joined by Mrs. Tait, who has been wintering at Ashville, N. C., and who will spend some weeks at Lakewood, N. J., before returning to Montreal.

My Favorite Author-Antidote

Just outside the city limits—to give the cabby his chance—is a sleepy lane, lent by the country to the town, and we have only to open a little gate off it to find ourselves in an old-fashioned garden. The house, with its many quaint windows, across which evergreens spread their open fingers as a child makes believe to shroud his eyes, has a literary look—at least, so it seems to me, but perhaps this is because I know the authoress who is at this moment advancing down the walk to meet me.

She has hastily laid aside her hoop, and crosses the grass with the dignity that becomes a woman of letters. Her hair falls over her forehead in an attractive way, and she is just the proper height for an authoress. The face, so open that one can watch the process of thinking out a new novel in it, from start to finish, is at times a little careworn, as if it found the world weighty, but at present there is a gracious smile on it, and she greets me heartily with one hand, while the other strays to her neck, to make sure that her lace collar is lying nicely. It would be idle to pretend that she is much more than eight years old, "but then Maurice is only six."



Stranger (to Solemn Individual); "Is this a funeral?"

Solemn Individual: "No, it's a Wedding."

Stranger; "Oh! I thought you were a mourner."

Solemn Individual: "No, I am the Son-in-Law of the Bride's Mother."

Like most literary people who put their friends into books, she is very modest, and it never seems to strike her that I would come all this way to see her.

"Mamma is out," she says simply, "but she will be back soon; and papa is at a meeting, but he will be back soon, too."

I know what meeting her papa is at. He is crazed with admiration for Stanley, and can speak of nothing but the Emin Relief Expedition. While he is away proposing that Stanley should get the freedom of Hampstead, now is my opportunity to interview the authoress.

"Won't you come into the house?"

I accompany the authoress to the house while we chat pleasantly on literary topics.

"Oh, there is Maurice, silly boy!"

Maurice is too busy shooting arrows into the next garden to pay much attention to me; and the authoress smiles at him good-naturedly.

"I hope you'll stay to dinner," he says to me, "because then we'll have two kinds of pudding."

The authoress and I give each other a look which means that children will be children, and then we go indoors.

"Are you not going to play any more?" cries Maurice to the authoress.

She blushes a little.

"I was playing with him," she explains, "to keep him out of mischief till mamma comes back."

In the drawing-room we talk for a time of ordinary matters—of the allowances one must make for a child like Maurice, for instance—and gradually we drift to the subject of literature. I know literary people sufficiently well to be aware that they will talk freely—almost too freely—of their work if approached in the proper *ex* rit.

"Are you busy just now?" I ask, with assumed carelessness, and as if I had not

been preparing the question since I heard papa was out.

She looks at me, suspiciously, as authors usually do when asked such a question. They are not certain whether you are really sympathetic. However, she reads honesty in my eyes.

"Oh, well, I am doing a little thing." (They always say this.)

"A story or an article?"

"A story."

"I hope it will be good."

"I don't know. I don't like it much." (This is another thing they say, and then they wait for you to express incredulity.)

"I have no doubt it will be a fine thing. Have you given it a name?"

"Oh, yes; I always write the name. Sometimes I don't write any more."

As she was in a confidential mood this seemed an excellent chance for getting her view on some of the vexed literary questions of the day. For instance, everybody seems to be more interested in hearing during what hours of the day an author writes than in reading his book.

"Do you work best in the early part of day or at night?"

"I write my stories just before tea."

"That surprises me. Most writers, I have been told, get through a good deal of work in the morning."

"Oh, but I go to school as soon as breakfast is over."

"And you don't write at night?"

"No; nurse always turns the gas down." I had read somewhere that among the novelist's greatest difficulties is that of sustaining his own interest in a novel day by day until it is finished.

"Until your new work is completed do you fling your whole heart and soul into it? I mean, do you work straight on at it, so to speak, until you have finished the last chapter?"

"Oh, yes."

The novelists were lately reproved in a review for working too quickly, and it was said that one wrote a whole novel in two months.

"How long does it take you to write a novel?"

"Do you mean a long novel?"

"Yes."

"It takes me nearly an hour."

"For a really long novel?"

"Yes, in three volumes. I write in three exercise books—a volume in each."

"You write very quickly."

"Of course, a volume doesn't fill a whole exercise book. They are penny exercise books. I have a great many three-volume stories in the three exercise books."

"But are they really three-volume novels?"

"Yes, for they are in chapters, and one of them has twenty chapters."

"And how many chapters are there in a page?"



WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP

Clara: "I am going to see Bella Simpson. Shall I take any message?"

Dora: "What, that horrid girl! give her my love."

"Not very many."

Some authors admit that they take their characters from real life, while others declare that they draw entirely upon their imagination.

"Do you put real people into your novels?"

"Yes, Maurice and other people, but generally Maurice."

"I have heard that some people are angry with authors for putting them into books."

"Sometimes Maurice is angry, but I can't always make him an engine-driver, can I?"

"No. I think it is quite unreasonable on his part to expect it. I suppose he likes to be made an engine driver?"

"He is to be an engine-driver when he grows up, he says. He is a silly boy, but I love him."

"What else do you make him in your books?"

"To-day I made him like Stanley, because I think that is what papa would like him to be; and yesterday he was papa, and I was his coachman."

"He would like that."

"No, he wanted me to be papa and him the coachman. Sometimes I make him a pirate, and he likes that, and once I made him a girl."

"He would be proud."

"That was the day he hit me. He is awfully angry if I make him a girl, silly boy. Of course he doesn't understand."

"Obviously not. But did you not punish him for being so cruel as to hit you?"

"Yes, I turned him into a cat, but he said he would rather be a cat than a girl. You see he's not much more than a baby—though I was writing books at his age."

"Were you ever charged with plagiarism? I mean with copying your books out of other people's books."

"Yes, often."

"I suppose that is the fate of all authors. I am told that literary people write best in an old coat—"

"Oh, I like to be nicely dressed when I am writing. Here is papa, and I do believe he has another portrait of Stanley in his hand. Mamma will be so annoyed."
—J. M. Barrie.

RECIPES.

Two delightful sorbets, those ices which are so refreshing served in the course of dinner after the roast, are made of fruit. For a banana sorbet, peel six ripe bananas, rub the pulp through a sieve, add a pint of water, the juice of two lemons or of two Mediterranean oranges, and a wine-glass of maraschino with a cup of sugar. Freeze this mixture for about 10 or 12 minutes and serve it in little punch glasses or sorbet glasses.

For a peach sorbet with champagne take a quart of the nicest canned peaches, rub them through a sieve, add a pint of water a cup of sugar and the strained juice of two Mediterranean oranges. Add finally half a pint of champagne. Freeze this preparation until it is frappe and serve it with a little slice of served peach, which has been slightly baked in the champagne, on the top of each glass. This sorbet is particularly nice made out of fresh peaches, strawberries or grated pineapple. It should be remembered that a sorbet is not as firm as an ice cream. It is never frozen more than 10 or 15 minutes, or until it is frappe.

A Moorish Dish—This is a dish which is recommended highly by those who have eaten it: Thick slices of bread are soaked in new milk, fried in olive oil, and then spread with honey and eaten hot. It is a dish of Moorish origin, and bears the name of rebanadas.

The Frescoed Dude.

A London correspondent reports two new fashions for men—beg pardon, not for men, but for dudes—and that the "smart" set of Montreal may not lag too far in the wake of "smart" London, we hasten to describe these latest pwopah capahs. The fan, the bracelet, the e-rs-t and the curling iron having become old and familiar accessories of the dude's dainty toilet, it (the dude) yearned for something new in the direction of charming effeminacy. One day a London dude was seized of a idea. After its valet had restored it to consciousness in dudedom—by spraying its delicate nostrils with diluted eau de violet, it sent post haste to its druggists for a pot of rouge. That was the idea! And now the latest thing in the dude line paints its cheeks, shades its eyelids, pencils its eyebrows and lines the veins of its useless hands with a blue pencil.

The correspondent who discovered this latest wrinkle of the dudeocracy thus describes a specimen. "Having encountered



"THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR."

—T. K. PELHAM.

two of these creatures, I kept a vigil for others of their kidney. Was it possible that a new fashion in man had been projected? Evidently, yes, because my watch has revealed companions to the primary pair. At a reception the other night I espied a being more wonderful than either of the two who started my quest. He was "made-up" like a second-rate prima donna. His cheeks had an even pinkness most delicately laid on. His nether eyelids were pencilled, his hands were undeniably lined. He was a pattern in rouge, and he looked for all the world like one of Mme Tussaud's wax images, except that he was much better dressed than any doll in Marylebone road. He is, I am informed a man of wealth and 40 summers. It is alleged that he has culture, and that he shows it in his writings about art and music. Wherefore, the wonder increases that any cultured being can paint himself.

But it is to this that the dandified are coming. I have seen a dozen painted men of an evening at the play, and they were not on the stage. Strolling in Piccadilly of an afternoon these gentlemen disport themselves. It is getting to be, in the language of the time, quite the proper caper for dandy men to paint themselves. Every year sees a new mode in silliness. The handshaking antics of last season, when it was "the thing" to greet your friend as if you were going through the figures of a fancy dance, pales before the latest fashion in arranging the skirts of your frock coat (otherwise the "Prince Albert") lest you crush them when sitting. The Piccadilly swell of 1893 precedes his sitting posture by a curious performance which is just making itself known. It is the latest work of admiration at the clubs. The proper youth stands before the chair in which he contemplates re-

pose, makes ready to drop into it bends his body till the trunk thereof is at right angles with the legs, clutches with both hands the tails of his coat, brings them to the front of him, twists them leisurely into fat rolls, thrusts them on his lap, and then squats in the selected chair to the supposed approbation of all beholders.

Sneer as we will at thinglets such as these, they are doubtless created for some good purpose. If they are good for nothing else they at least serve to make brains and manhood seem all the more admirable by contrast.

HE WENT BELOW.

St. Peter sat by the gates of pearl,
Where enter saint and sinner;
He smiled a cheerful, happy smile,
For he'd just come from dinner.

Moreover, 'twas a dinner fit
For gods, and e'en Ward Mac
On such a feast as Pete had had
Would scarce have turned his back.

Sate Peter, then in cheerful mood.
Hard by the pearly gate,
And passed within, with scarce a glance,
Each anxious candidate.

A bright, bright day it was for them,
Those spirits who had ne'er,
For fear of Peter's catechism,
Tried them to enter there.

For each and every one he had
A smile, a pleasant word;
A day like this, on Peter's part,
Had ne'er before occurred.

And pleased were they, these spirits glad,
Each palpitating sinner,
To think that they, mayhap, some time
Might eat as good a dinner.

As Peter just had risen from;
And now, assimilating,
Sat smiling o'er and holding back
Th' celestial, pearly grating.

Within they passed, both rich and poor,
Beggars and Prince and Lord,
And Peter, smiling, let them in,
And questioned not a word.

Swift by they walked, this eager throng,
And there, within the portals,
Came many spooks, who once had been
Quite wicked, naughty mortals.

At last Saint Peter cast his eye
On one who onward pressed—
A holy looking man, who seemed
Much better than the rest.

"Ho! Stay thy feet my seemly friend,
I would a word with thee,
Come sit beside and answer, please,
Some questions small, for me."

The stranger paused, and turned to him
A calm, religious face,
And bowed with dignity as he
By Peter took a place.



1st Traveler (entering): "That's my corner."
2nd ditto: "There was n-thing here to keep the seat."

1st ditto: "That's my hat box up there."
2nd ditto: "Then sit up there on your hat box."

"And thou, what wert thou," questioned Pete.

"Butcher, or candlestick-maker?"
"Neither, good saint; on earth, know thou,
I was an undertaker."

"Aha!" quoth Peter; "I dare say
You righteous are—and tears
Came at thy bidding, to be shed
O'er other mortals biers?"

"You mourned with them who mourned,
no doubt?
You sorrowed with the sorrowing,
And troubled much with those folks who
Trouble are always borrowing?"

The spirit bowed, and Peter then
Would fain have passed him in,
This goodly spirit, who it seemed,
Had very righteous been.

"But, stay!" cried Peter, suddenly,
"I know what a sad task it
Is to be an undertaker—
But—did you a white casket

"Exhibit in your window, where
All men who passed must see
The grewsome thing. Didst thou, my
friend?
I prythee, answer me.

"You did? Alas, it saddens me;
But rules are rules, you know:
Though some sins are forgivable,
For this—you go below.

"Ho, Mr. Devil! Here is one,
A hardened man, and tough,
For whom your direct punishment
Could not be half enough.

"Give him the hottest, driest place
That ever you can find,
Where water never is, and heat
Is hottest of its kind.

"Go get a casket, snowy white,
And make him sleep within it,
And place it where, in waking hours,
He'll see it every minute."

SMILES.

Patient—You have drawn that tooth splendidly!

Dentist's Assistant—And no wonder, considering the number of bottles I uncorked when serving my time as a waiter.

A Model Advertisement—A widow with three married daughters, wishes to hear of a suitable husband for her youngest. References: Her three sons-in-law.

To a gentleman who has married the daughter of a rich biscuit-baker, a friend said: "So you have taken not the cake, but the biscuit, this time?" "Yes; and the tin with it," was the witty, if ungallant reply.

Fair Hostess—That is a difficult song Miss Flatleigh is singing. Herr Albrecht von Trombohn—Divvult! Would it were impossible.

"Tom," she whispered, nestling on his shoulder, "have you found your ideal?" "Well, if I haven't," was his answer, "I've found a mighty good substitute."

"Barrow's wife is a very handsome woman."

"But she has one abominably homely feature."

"What 's that?"

"Barrows."

"Do you ever have spring-chicken at your boarding-house?"

"Yes, to be they seem to be kind of woven-wire springs."

She—But what I want is a horse that is perfectly broken.

He—Broken? Well, this one half the time goes on three feet."

"I wonder why Miss Primmaway sings 'My Sweetheart is the Man in the Moon?'"

"I fancy it is because he can't come down and deny it."

Misfortune may not remove the mote from our eye, but it takes the beam out of it.

Religion is a natural instinct with women—politics is an acquired taste, like the relish for olives.

The stars which one sees upon being knocked down furnish the fierce light that beats about the thrown.

"And the air is healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort. "Excellent air, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."



A PUZZLE PICTURE.

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."—Find the young man.—*New York Press.*

Smiles.

Mrs. Plankington—Here is my new dress right, but where is the bill?
Boy—I couldn't carry both.

Miggles—This hat doesn't fit; it's away too big. Can anything be done to make it right?

Hatter—Yes, you try taking a couple of glasses of beer, one of whiskey, and several of champagne, and it will be just about your size.

Go to the ant, thou slugger,
Consider her modest way:
She toils and earns her living,
And hasn't a word to say.

And now the Easter bounnet joke
Will have to take a rest,
But the summer girl and bathing suit
Will soon be at their best.

The man who fights Corbett has almost
as poor a show as the man who goes to
see him act.

This difference still lingers
Among the women in all lands;
The rich ones ring their fingers
And the poor ones wring their hands!

An empty bottle as often brings a mes-
sage of a wreck on land as at sea.

The briny drops fall from her azure
i i i i i i i
He pauses as her deep distress he
c c c c c c c c c
"What crying, Lucy? Don't now—come ba
y y y y y y y
"Oh—oh—boohoo! I've lost—lost—my
e e e e e e e e e!"

Pete's Picture.

W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur',
He hed an agonizing look,
His neck was twisted in a crook
Jest like a bow-constrictor.
His hair was flying all about;
Besides his tongue wuz rollin' out.
Seems if his ears they flopped an' shook.
W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur'.

W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur',
He said that he proposed to look
Jest like them pictur's in a book—
Jest like a Roman victor.
But his ol' whiskers stood out straight.
So straight a forty-seven pound weight
Couldn't pull 'em down, an' there he set
With one eye open, t'other shet,
W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur'.

W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur',
He looked so despr'it and forsook,
He'd such a stranglin', chokin' look,
Jest like a bow-constrictor.
An' w'en the man showed him the proof,
I thought that Peter'd raise the roof.
He couldn't control himself at all,
But hed to sit right down and bawl,
W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur'.

Ideal and Real.

He was a reader of Shakespeare,
And longing a poet to be,
She was a student at college,
In quest of an M. D. degree.
They stood in the pale, silent moonlight,
He holding her soft, dimpled hand;
A happier lover than he was
Sure, never lived in the land,
For she had just told him, the darling,
A secret he'd long sighed to know—
Ah, lady, you'll guess what the thing was,
That is, if you e'er had a beau—
"My loved one," he murmured in rapture,
With a fine touch of dramatic art,
"Are you sure that those words you have
uttered

Come straight from your warm, tender
heart?"

She answered—her full tones were sweet:
Thou creecendoes from nightingales'
tongues,

"Ha, ha! From my heart? How absurd,
dear!

The voice always comes from the lungs."

Jaspar—Bighead is a strange man for a
philosopher.

Jumpuppe—Indeed!

Jaspar—Yes, he said that all men are
merely animals, and yet got angry when
I called him an ass.



ANXIOUS NEWS.—GEO. MORTON.

Cassagnac's epigram—M. de Cassagnac
says of the new French cabinet: "It is
not a government, it is a salad."

"Yes," remarked the stranger to the
editor, "Yes, headwork is very trying, and
the man who makes his living by it needs
a vacation now and then." "Yes," said
the editor; "headwork is very trying. I
find it so—especially when the hours are
long." "How many hours a day do you
work?" asked the stranger. "Four,"
said the editor. "Gracious I work
ten." "Headwork?" "Yes, every bit of
it." "Newspaper or general literature?"
"Neither, I'm a barber." Then the editor
—for editors are not all wise—shut him-
self up as close as the umbrella which he
carried.

Gounod's new "Ave Maria". We are
soon, says the "London Court Journal,"
to have the pleasure of hearing the new
"Ave Maria," composed by Gounod, which
is said, if anything, to excel his classic
"Ave," which has so long delighted the
world. He stipulates that it shall be
first sung in London by a lady whom he
shall nominate. The oddity is that Ma-
dame Melba will be assigned the honor.

Stranger—Suppose a policeman exceeds
his authority and assaults reputable citi-
zens, what redress have you?

Mr. Gotham—Well, those of us who get
killed have the privilege of swearing at
him through a spiritual medium.

"Hello, Jones, taking anything for your
cold?"

"Yes, I'm taking whiskey and advice
every half hour."

He (gazing at her jewelless ears during
a temporary lull in the conversation)—
Why! Did you never have your ears bored?
She—Never, up to the present time.
St.—I wonder why parrots learn to
swear so easily?
He—I guess because they always have
such awful bills before them.

HOW I LOST A BRAND-NEW FROCK COAT.

"AN OWER TRUX TALL."

Every schoolboy (I am not referring to Macaulay's hypothetical schoolboy), but, I say, every schoolboy has heard of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, and has, doubtless, like myself, wondered on what possible ground each of these sages obtained his high reputation for wisdom. I am not, I believe, vain of my own aphoristic ability, nor have I thought it worth while to cultivate it to any great extent; but, I do really think that at times I have uttered maxims quite as distinguished for their political sagacity, as some of the sayings attributed to the famous Seven Greeks of the Sixth Century, B. C. The name of Bias, for instance, has floated down to posterity on the strength of his oracular dictum that "most men are bad." King David had long before "said in his heart, all men are liars," and in the nineteenth century Carlyle has ventured to assert that England contains so many millions of inhabitants, "maistly iules." I appreciate these remarks at their full value, but it is not high.

Chilo, again, another of the Seven, is known to us by a solitary apophthegm, "Consider the End." Now, it seems to me that the amount of intelligence and intellect required for the elaboration of similar saws, mottoes, adages, or whatever else we may choose to call them, is by no means exorbitant; and that the most common-place individual, even in these "fin de siècle" days, could dictate kindred reflections by the word to a stenographer or type-writer. I doubt, however, whether he would amass a fortune by subsequently publishing his Tupperisms.

These crude thoughts occurred to me, when, a few days ago, a friend mentioned the name of the man who (like William Gerard Hamilton, immortalized by a "single speech," delivered in 1776) became an object of public interest after his declaration that "nothing succeeds like success." Alas! for the emptiness of earthly fame! I have clean forgotten the author of this axiom, and have in vain tried to recall it. I will, in default, favor the readers of "The Antidote" with a counterpart to the thread-bare maxim. It is as follows: "Nothing is so unsuccessful as want of success." I will, however, do more than hand over to the public this gem of "Proverbial Philosophy." I will illustrate its truth by relating a brief episode in my somewhat uneventful life.

I am by profession what is called a "representative of the press," and I have always taken a great pride in my calling. In order to attain eminence in my craft I have toiled assiduously at almost every branch of newspaper work, and flatter

myself, that though, as a journalist, I am not an absolute genius like the late Geo. T. Lanigan, few Canadian reporters can describe more graphically than myself a fire or a shipwreck, a cricket match or a horse race, a parliamentary field-day or a public execution. My services, therefore, have always been in request; the situations that I have held have been lucrative; and either in Canada or in the States I can rely on making a comfortable income, so long as my good health lasts. These remarks may seem, and perhaps are, egotistical; but I wish to show that I have always done my utmost to please my employees, and have neglected no opportunity of serving their interests. Nay, more. On certain occasions, contrary to the advice of Talleyrand, I have exhibited too much zeal in attempting to distinguish myself, and it is with one of these luckless occasions that my present truthful narrative is concerned. The confession of my weakness will perhaps lay the ghost of a painful reminiscence; at any rate, it will serve as a warning to others, and point the moral of Pliny's anecdote, "ne sutor supra crepidam," or as the English proverb has it, "A cobbler should stick to his last."

Some years ago there was a strike in Montreal, among the laborers on the wharves. I forget the particulars, and they are of no importance. The only point which interested me was that a respectable man named Brown, who, during the winter, had been employed about our office in some capacity, had been brutally beaten by a gang of strikers because he refused to join them. The assault took place at night near the custom house, and the police had, as usual, failed to arrest any one of his cowardly assailants. Now, it is a notorious fact, that countless numbers of our frail humanity believe that we possess in a phenomenal degree, talents that we positively lack. Consequently, though Heaven has bestowed on us merely a napkin destitute of talents, we go about in society, flourishing our empty napkins complacently in the face of mankind, as though they contained samples of all imaginable talents. This, to a limited extent, was the case with me. My "fad" was a peculiar one. For some occult reason, I had long cherished the notion that I was an Edgar Allan Poe at solving mysteries, and that nature had originally moulded for a clear-headed, far-sighted, and nimble-witted detective. In no longer hold this opinion. I am content to recant with unfeigned humility, and, metaphorically, to draw in my horns. My belief that I was a Vidocq is what Lord Denman once called "a delusion, a mockery and a snare;" and I swallow the leek publicly as an act of penance, to atone for my imbecile self-complacency.

I proceed now to detail the modus oper-

andi by which my unwarrantable vanity was crushed. The beating that poor Brown had received on the wharf was much talked of in our office. We raised a subscription in aid of his wife and children, and blamed the police and detectives for failing to unearth the ruffians who had nearly murdered him. An insane ambition, like some evil spirit, now suddenly seized upon me, and goaded me on, at all hazards, "to pluck out the heart of the mystery." I even went so far as to rehearse privately the triumphant tone in which, when I had succeeded in my self-appointed mission, I should be able to exclaim "Eureka;" and my easily tickled fancy listened with rapture to the loud congratulations of my fellow-journalists. I was almost too excited to sleep, and a great part of the night was passed in mapping out the plan of my campaign. To a cunning strategist like myself failure seemed out of the question. The word "impossible" was for the time blotted out of my dictionary. I was as "cock-sure" of success as Macaulay was said by Sydney Smith to be "of everything."

Accordingly, the morning after I had drawn up my programme, I determined to execute my coup d'etat without any delay. Knowing, as Hamlet said, that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," I took pains that my dress should not be "expressed in fancy," but should be eminently respectable. I, therefore, unhooked from my wardrobe a new black cloth frock coat, and when my toilet had been carefully completed, I looked into the glass, and noted with satisfaction that there was nothing in my personal appearance to attract attention, or arouse suspicion. I was simply an ordinary gentleman, wearing a dignified black frock-coat that had lately cost a considerable number of dollars.

I will now briefly explain my plan of action. The assault on poor Brown had been committed near Joe Beel's Estaminet, then the "Windsor" of Common street. Most of the men on strike were, of course, frequenters of his canteen; many of them, no doubt, boarded and lodged with him. It was from that community, that, in my role of amateur detective, I was to glean the needed information. Skillfully allured by my serpent tongue, they should be forced unconsciously to furnish the clue which would enable me to unravel the tangled skein of the mystery. At about 11 o'clock on a bright summer day I entered the notorious canteen, where my victory was to be won. I nodded carelessly to the proprietor, and bade him "Good-day." There were two or three stools in front of the counter, and on one of these I seated myself, and, pulling out my pipe, began to smoke. The huge Boniface behind the bar gruffly asked me what I would take, so I asked for a glass of

beer. Joe handed me the morning paper before drawing the beer, and I glanced idly at its columns, while I waited, like Mr. Micawber, "for something to turn up." Nothing turned up for at least a quarter of an hour. Joe remarked that the strikers were holding an open-air meeting, and would soon be coming in to dinner. He was naturally on the side of the strikers, and spoke contemptuously of "rats," remarking that "They were only fit to be poisoned." I trembled with excitement when he began to speak, and took a sip of beer to hide my emotion. The name of Brown as a "rat" was on the tip of my tongue, when another customer entered the hotel and asked for some "square gin." With an eye to business I invited the man to drink at my expense, and he at once grinned assent. "A thing of beauty," the poet tells us, "is a joy forever." My guest was certainly not "a thing of beauty," and could never possibly be "a joy forever" to any one on this planet. He was of about five feet eight inches in height, thick-set in figure and bullet-headed. His nose had lately been broken in some rough and tumble scrimmage; but his eyes were his worst feature, on account of a hideous squint which made the blood of a spectator run cold. It was impossible to tell whether he was looking at you, or not; and yet you felt at the same time that he saw through you so clearly that he could count the buttons on the back of your coat, even when you were facing him. I am unable to say under what particular category of strabismus his visual distortion could be ranked; but an uncanny feeling began to creep over me, and some instinct warned me that I was threatened with misfortune by those evil eyes. Though the day was fearfully hot, he wore an ancient and weather-stained fur cap, corduroy breeches, and heavy hob-nailed boots. But it was his coat which fascinated my gaze, almost as much as his diabolical squint. Of what material it had originally been composed I can form no theory. As I looked at it dreamily, fragments of Shakespearean phraseology involuntarily occurred to my memory. The coat was a thing of "shreds and patches"—it was a "muddy vesture of decay"—it was "looped and windowed raggedness," etc., etc.. But it was more than this. It had evidently wallowed in many gutters in the obscene company of its temporary proprietor, for these loathsome garments for different reasons often change owners. It was bespattered with grimy stains of beer dregs and pea soap, and tainted the air around for yards, as though some attempt had been lately made to wash it in bilge-water. But I will say no more on this subject.

The man was called Bill by the landlord, and, to my horror, I soon found him seated confidentially alongside of me.

True to my mission, however, I did not flinch, but lured him on to speak of the strike, and more especially of "rats." He mentioned the names of some of the leading "rats," but made no reference to Brown, or the punishment he had received. Meanwhile, I had been compelled, in carrying out my programme to order, against my will, a second glass of beer; and, to borrow the words of Byron, "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." The day, as I said before, was fearfully hot, and, as I looked at the St. Lawrence through the open door, it seemed to be simmering in a suffocating haze. My temples throbbed wildly, my heart palpitated irregularly, and I felt as though I had been smoking two or three pipes of opium, or had taken an overdose of the most acrid Hashceeh. There is nothing that goes more against the grain of my nature than to entertain evil suspicions, without ample grounds for so doing. Far be it, therefore, from me to say, or even to insinuate, that the late, lamented Joe Beef had used artificial means to strengthen the watery beer which I consumed that day on his premises. But I may, at any rate, be permitted to hazard the remark, without prejudice or malice, that the two glasses of beer, which I drank unwittingly to further the interests of justice, contained an undue proportion of copperas, cocculus Indicus, or possibly strychnine. And still all the time Bill was talking to me, and my ears tingled and tinkled, and buzzed unceasingly, as though I had a hive of bees in my head. The last words of Bill that I can accurately remember ran somewhat in this wise: "Well, sir, this chap as I am speaking of was just about the size of you or me, for you and me, you know, are about 'the same size.'" I protested in a polite manner that I was shorter and slighter in build than Bill, but he proceeded: "That ain't so; you and me can wear just the same clothes to a 't,'" we'll just change coats, and then you'll see." What horrid infatuation induced me to rise, and to allow Bill to divest me of my frock coat, I shall never have the chance of learning from any source! Suffice it to say, that when I awoke from a sudden fit of irresistible stupor, I found myself still seated on the same stool in the sweltering hot canteen, but Bill and my new frock coat were gone. There I sat, a wiser and sadder man, clothed in his oleaginous and evil-smelling upper garment. My head ached and my heart seemed broken. Something had to be done at once. "Mr. Beef," I exclaimed deprecatingly, in tones that would have melted a stone, "our mutual friend has gone, and has taken my coat with him and left me his. Look here." And I held out my arms before Joe, silently drawing his attention to the tattered state of my greasy apparel. He answered in a voice that might have par-

alyzed Achilles: "Young man, take care of what you're saying. Bill'll be back in a minute. Do you think my friend's a thief? Say it again, and I'll knock your blooming head off your shoulders." I had heard before of a few of Joe's achievements, and I believed most devoutly that he was quite capable of performing the feat that involved serious damage to my "blooming head." So I made no answer, except to murmur feebly that I had full faith in Bill's integrity, and that he would no doubt return promptly. Nevertheless, I moved slowly and sadly to the door, and bowing to the famous artilleryman, I looked out into the street. All seemed quiet, except that from the west I saw a crowd of men marching along a hot cloud of dust. They were the strikers coming to their dinner. They must not see me in my unwonted apparel. I must be off without delay. At this moment, providentially, I heard a cab rumbling over the stones. I hailed the driver promptly, and after a wondering gaze at my attire, he admitted me into his vehicle and conveyed me to my lodgings. Of course, I gave him double fare, in my thankfulness for his services; and, looking around cautiously to see that no one was watching me, I sprang from the cab, opened the house-door with my latch-key, and mounted the stairs to my bedroom in "double-quick" time.

But all was not over yet. I had still a task to perform. With a trembling hand I tore from my shoulders Bill's polluted rags, and nervously wrapped them in the Saturday edition of an evening paper. As my room fortunately looked on the back yard, I saw at a glance that the coast was clear, and, with my unsavory bundle, descended to the coach-house. There stood an ash barrel, and there, also, I found a spade. It was the work of a moment, only. I removed a few shovelfuls of ashes, and buried from my sight forever, though alas! not from my memory, the abominable togger of Bill.

I then took a warm bath at my leisure, and after I had eaten the most meagre of dinners, for my appetite seemed as dull as my intellect, I went down to my work at the office. Of course, everybody noticed that I was out of "kilter," and asked what had happened. "My own familiar friend," who sat in the same room with me, remarked sarcastically that "I looked as if I had been paying the funeral expenses of all my poor relations." I bore it all bravely, patiently, humbly. I had brought it on myself by my pig-headed conceit, and I suffered in silence all the gibes, flouts and jeers, which fell to my lot that day. At the close of the day, when the staff had all gone, I wrote the following short paragraph: With respect to the cowardly assault on the un-

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HUGH W. WONHAM, - - Special City Agent,
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fortunate man Brown, the police are at length on the track of the guilty parties. It would be imprudent at present to say more than that one of the ring-leaders is a ruffian named Bill. He is a "wharf rat" and "sun-fish" of the most repulsive appearance, with broken nose, etc. More need not be said. He will, no doubt, be at once arrested, as he is wanted on a number of serious charges. His last offense against the law was that he robbed one of our most respected citizens of a new black frock coat under circumstances of peculiar atrocity."

There, I said to myself, as I finished the few lines, if Mr. Bill, or any of his friends hear of this, it will keep him away from his usual haunts for a few days, at least. More I could not expect. I need hardly add that I never again visited Joe Beef's, and that, from the day of my one visit there, I ceased to practice as an amateur detective, and have ever since confined myself to journalism pure et simple. I have often uttered the warning words, ne autor supra crepidam, to imprudent friends, and am a thorough believer in the truth of my own aphorism, that "Nothing is so

unsuccessful as want of success."—Communicated.

THE OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

Fair Visitor—How can you tell an optimist from a pessimist?

The Artist—The one says "that's good" and the other says "that's not bad."

The tender leaves have not appeared
Our spirits yet to cheer up,
But the trees that take the cake just now
Can furnish maple syrup.

"Did you know that Miss Dalton is taking salt baths?"

Mrs. Miggs—No, but I'm glad some one was brave enough to tell her she was too Irish.

He—Your protege, the German painter, has lost his job.

She—How?

He—He painted some signs for the park which read "Keep the Grass Off".

INFORMATION ON TAP.

"Papa," said little Johnny Partington, "who is the god of the winds?"
"Borax," said Mr. Partington.

The horseman lost,
And said, "Ah, me,
I broke the colt
That now breaks me."

It is the festive egotist
Who, when profane he'd be,
Exclaims with all his main and might,
"Oh, dear me."

When the fair flower of humanity, lovely woman, again dons the crinoline, and hoops, will it be in order to speak of her environments as the flower barrel?

"Sorry I've no better quarters to invite you all to, Mrs. Quiverful."

"Ah, you should marry, Capt. Sparks! If you'd get a better half, you'd have better quarters, too!"

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FOUNDED 1868.

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