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DULL PEOPLE AGAIN.

The crediting of dullness with abilities of which it is the only evidence, is a very favourite exercise of discernment among people who know that it is wise not to be misled by superficial circumstances. Thus, if, of two schoolboy brothers, one is a vivacious lad who likes his studies, learns quickly, and always brings his lesson perfect, and the other learns with toil and distaste only because he must, and as often as not prefers the dunce's place or the risk of reprimand or a flogging, as the case may be, to the tedious effort, there will always be some of the more covertly sagacious of their kinsfolk to shake their heads over the facile progress of the clever lad, and to predict the success of the future of the dull boy, on the ground that he is a dull boy.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise has a wise moral, but that moral, well weighed, is a warning to hares not to go to sleep instead of running, rather than according to the interpretation frequently fitted to it—a disapprobation of the natural speed of the hare as compared with the sober making haste which an anxious tortoise can achieve, and still less as compared with the pace of a tortoise indisposed to racing at all. It is probable, to say the least of it, that a hare who did not go to sleep would be at the winning-post before the staidest of tortoises; and one may venture to doubt whether diligent dullness can match diligent aptness. But a great many Mentors and guardians of youth are possessed of the idea that all hares must, by the nature of them, take naps, and all tortoises be somehow or other plodding on; and with similar confusion of inference they have a reverence for dullness in itself as far safer and sounder than aptness. Many

bright children, fond of their books and using their young abilities to all advantage, are unwisely discouraged by admonitions that what they acquire must be superficial, and soon to be forgotten, because they are able to acquire it so easily, with assurances that their dull comrades will in later grown-up days be solidly their superiors. The old hare and tortoise story, thus applied dashes the energy of many a hare for the one tortoise that it spurs on.

But the respect for dullness as a sign of sound capacity is not extended to the ripening intellect only. A discreet amount of dullness will pass off any sane man for the possessor of great practical judgment; and if his face be of the shape that smiles, he will be understood to be a shrewd and cautious observer, and he can have a reputation for deep success in any department of learning art, science, or connoisseurship to which his taste may lead him; or he may wear the character of a general philosopher with thoughts that lie too deep for words.

Dullness is not so good a certificate for a woman's intelligence—it is understood that speaking to the point by guess-work, with a promptness in answering questions rightly on wrong grounds is the particular merit of a woman's mind; and the soundness which dullness infers is incompatible with this more ethereal quality—but the dull woman is pretty sure to be held to have a great deal more in her than she shows; and the brilliant woman will as surely be accused of not being nearly so clever as she seems.

The dull man, like the poet in this respect, is born, not made; yet just as by the imitation of good models and much taking pains, many a versifier has arrived at all the honours of the poet, a careful disciple might emulate the dull and secure their privileges.

Few arts could be more conducive to the enjoyment of their possessor than the art of dullness; not to have it is to be liable to be bored and fatigued by dull people wherever you go; be simply dull yourself, and you are master of the witty and the wise wherever you find them, to make your diversion.

A Word in Season.

To the Editor of the "Antidote."

Sir,—Many of your readers, myself included, feared for some weeks during the early winter that the spicy little "Antidote" was falling away. I must now, Mr. Editor, congratulate you that our fears were ungrounded. The "Antidote" has become one of the brightest papers of the kind on either side of the Atlantic. Let anybody compare it with "Life" or "Pick-me-up," and I don't think it need fear for the result. The original matter is good, the selections are admirable, while the engravings, with a few exceptions, here and there, will hold their own with the best. Montreal may well be proud of the apparent success to establish a paper of the kind here—when so many have fallen by the way. The man or woman, the young people of society, who cannot find amusement in the columns of the "Antidote," must be lacking what Tom Hood the elder called a "funny-bone." Not least is the "Antidote" deserving of praise that it is not thrust into our faces in the streets and public places, and bawled at us 'till we suffer and are likely to lose our good will towards wits and gamins. With best wishes from myself and three young lady friends who prompt me to write this letter,

I am, Mr. Editor,

Applaudingly yours,

VALENTINA.

Sherbrooke street, Montreal,

14 February, 1893.

P. S.—Don't forget to give us a couple of those nice short stories every week. Two of them are worth more than the dollar it costs a year.—V.

(The foregoing was unfortunately received too late for insertion last week,—probably delayed on the way. The editor sincerely thanks his appreciating young lady readers for the compliment, and hopes always to merit the too high praise bestowed upon his efforts.



For months he had tried to coax

The papers to print his joax,

But 'twas all in vain;

So his mammoth brain

In alcohol now he soaks.

A good many ill-natured remarks are being made about hoops, but when they come the doors will be opened wider to receive them than for any fashion for years.

The Last Sensational Drama.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's last literary effort, the drama known as "Lady Windermere's Fan," about which the critics differed so widely on its appearance on the boards in London, has been recently introduced to New York audiences. The author is perhaps one of the most ingenious advertisers that has ever visited this side of the Atlantic. During his former stay in New York he was the observed of all observers in the street, and in the clubs and drawing-rooms. He allowed his hair to grow long, wore knee-breeches, and was wont to express himself in

"Utter platitudes
In stained glass attitudes."

Mr. Wilde is still the apostle of beauty among a certain set in London, who are dubbed by the scoffers as the *chromo-literary-set*, and the discussion about him and his writings have brought about a state of affairs that many an abler man must seek for in vain, and which even money cannot buy. Mr. Wilde is a versatile genius as he has shown by his efforts latterly with brush and pencil, and in other high art attempts. It will not be uninteresting to our readers to have some thorough knowledge of "Lady Windermere's Fan," as it is not among the improbabilities that it may be produced in Montreal in the course of some little time. This drama is a Comedy of manners, supposed to be London manners, and whether Mr. Wilde draws his types from nature or not, he has succeeded in making an amusing play, which falls short of real value only because of an exceedingly improbable plot. The author is a master of epigram.

Whether his paradoxes mean anything or not, they sound exceedingly well, and when enunciated with great care by competent actors it is no wonder that the audience think that there must be something wonderfully deep behind them; it is another illustration of Bunthorne's verse in "Patience" in which he exclaims "If this young man is too deep for me what a very deep young man this deep young man must be."

The actors reel of these paradoxes, bits of epigram and repartee as if they were full of wondrous meaning, and perhaps they are. At the moment they sound amazingly well and the audience is delighted. In "Lady Windermere's Fan" there are but one or two epigrams that now impress me as worth quoting. One of these was the definition of a cynic as some who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing, which is admirable of its kind. Another bit of bright characterisation was that of a woman who was said to have not only a past, but a

dosen of them. This is the sort of thing that makes the audience think that there is a great deal in "Lady Windermere's Fan."

THE IMPOSSIBLE PLOT.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" is so extraordinary a production, from a dramatic point of view, that the story is worth telling. Lord Windermere is a man of wealth and position, who has married a poor girl of unknown parentage. Lady Windermere believes her mother to be dead. She is the daughter of a woman who deserted her husband and child when the latter was still an infant to run away with a lover who proved faithless. The woman had a hard time of it for years and had lost all track of her child. When the play opens Lord Windermere has been approached by the mother of his wife, who declares that she must have help in regaining a position in society. As the price of this help she will keep silence as to the parentage of Lady Windermere. She needs money and social position. Lord Windermere can give her the one and Lady Windermere the other. She promises that if she succeeds in carrying out her plans, which include marriage with a certain idiotic young lord, she will disappear from their world altogether and trouble them no more. She has led rather a wild life of it during the last twenty years and is tired of it.

THE FIRST ABERRATION.

Here begins the absurd part of the play. Instead of telling his wife the true state of affairs, Lord Windermere, in order to shield her from pain, virtually accepts the mother's proposition. He establishes the woman in a handsome house in London, gives her all the money she needs for a luxurious life and prepares to help her social aspirations by introducing her to society at a ball in his own house. Unfortunately for this little scheme, the news of his devotion or apparent devotion to this Mrs. Erylne, who is still a beautiful woman, of course, reaches his wife's ears. Some of her dear friends in society come to condole with her and comfort her over the fact that her husband is supposed to be ruining himself for Mrs. Erylne. The young wife at first refuses to believe the reports; they have been married but three years and her husband has been wholly devoted to her. At least she thinks so.

A PRIVATE CHECK BOOK LEFT OPEN.

But the wife's suspicions having been aroused she began to look around for proof of anything wrong, and as Lord Windermere is careful to leave his private check book where anybody can examine it, she finds that, sure enough, he has been paying thousands of pounds to this woman of very questionable reputation, whose name he has never mentioned to her. Very naturally Lady Windermere is outraged and indignant. She makes a scene with her husband and throws the check

book in his face. If a man had been so idiotic as to begin such an extraordinary piece of folly it is evident that he would now see the idiocy of it and would tell his wife the truth. But Lord Windermere does nothing of the kind. He not only refuses to say why he lavishes large sums of money upon a woman his wife does not know but he insists that Mrs. Erylne shall be invited to a great ball the Windermeres are to give. There is too much for Lady Windermere who refuses point blank to send the invitation, whereupon the husband decides to send it himself, notwithstanding that Lady Windermere threatens to make a scandal should Mrs. Erylne appear, and to break in her face a certain costly fan that she has just received as a birthday present from her husband.

A FATUOUS CHARACTER.

Lord Windermere is an incomprehensible person to the end. He not only brings Mrs. Erylne to his wife's ball, but introduces her to lots of people who promptly turn upon her a cold shoulder, but pays devoted attention to her himself. Lady Windermere is so overcome with rage and mortification that she has not the courage to carry out her threat. She makes up her mind to revenge herself in another way. There is a certain titled rascal, Lord Darlington, who has been persecuting her for some months with his attentions, and telling her how devoted her husband is to Mrs. Erylne. Darlington hopes to profit when the explosion comes, and seeing that his scheme is ripe, he invites Lady Windermere to fly with him for the Continent. At this point Lady Windermere shows that her husband has no monopoly so far as extraordinary behaviour goes, for she listens quietly to the proposal and although she rejects it at first is evidently inclined to think it over. She watches her husband during the evening, and at last comes to the conclusion that the town talk has done him no injustice. He has evidently ceased to love her, and is entirely under the control of this woman. Lady Windermere resolves upon her revenge: she will accept Darlington's offer and she writes a hurried note to her husband telling him that she has left England with his friend Lord Darlington.

WOMEN HIDE AND MEN TALK.

This is no more than Windermere deserves. Mrs. Erylne happens to find the letters left by Lady Windermere and opens it. She resolves to save her daughter if she can and hurries after her to Darlington's house. She finds her there, and without telling her who she is convinces her of the enormity of the step she has taken and induces her to return home. But before the women can escape, a party of men, including Darlington, Windermere, Lord Loftus, the young noodle whom Mrs. Erylne wishes to marry,

arrive and retreat is cut off. The two women hide and there follows a long scene between half a dozen men, in the course of which Mr. Wilde has a good deal of bright talk. The men discuss various points of their acquaintances in a most amusing fashion and Lord Loftus is rallied by his friends for his devotion to Mrs. Erylne. He announces that he has just proposed to that lady and that she is to give him an answer on the morrow. Whereupon the young men of the party begin to chaff him and to remind him of certain questionable features about Mrs. Erylne's past that stand in need of explanation. Lord Loftus declares that Mrs. Erylne has explained all these things to him, and stands ready to explain anything else that may happen. She is evidently a woman whose forte is explanation, and Lord Loftus admits that she can explain anything.

WHERE THE FUN COMES IN.

At the end of the scene, just as the party is about to break up, Lady Windermere's fan is discovered upon a lounge, and there is an explosion. Windermere demands an explanation from Darlington as to how his wife's fan happens to be in Darlington's rooms. While Lady Windermere profits by the excitement to slip out, Mrs. Erylne appears at the rear and claims the fan. She sacrifices her own reputation in order to save that of her daughter.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The next and last scene is at the house of the Windermeres again. Lady Windermere is all tears and repentance, and has made up her mind to confess everything to her husband. Before listening to her story he tells her that he confesses himself to have been wrong with regard to Mrs. Erylne. He had believed her to be a repentant woman, and had discovered, so he tells his wife, that such was not the case; she had been found the night before in Darlington's rooms. Then Lady Windermere defends her, and when Mrs. Erylne appears to return the fan, which she says she took by mistake the night before, there is a long scene between the three, in which the two women hide from Windermere the real facts in the case. Lord Loftus appears very much crestfallen and bows coldly to Mrs. Erylne, who, however, induces him to see her to her carriage. He returns a moment afterwards radiant and informs everyone that it is all right—she has explained everything, and they are to be married at once.

A SEQUEL UNEXPECTED.

So the curtain falls upon this extraordinary condition of affairs, namely, Lord Windermere ignorant of the fact that his wife had almost run away with another man, and the wife ignorant of the fact that her own mother had saved her from ruin. This is so extraordinary and impossible a situation as to send everybody home with an uncomfortable feeling that

these people were going to begin their performances all over again at the earliest possible moment. Certainly Lord Darlington might be justified in hoping for better luck next time. There are so many weaknesses about the plot of the play, even briefly outlined, as I have been able to give it here, that the audience really take no serious interest in the story as a story; it is too improbable and too far removed from real life.

THE SECRET OF THE PLAY'S SUCCESS.

What makes the success of the performance, and it certainly had a certain success, were the delightful comedy scenes and the burlesques upon society. Among the friends of the Windermeres are a dozen or more of the typical society drones who act and talk most amusingly. There is a duchess with a simple-minded daughter whom she wants to marry off; there are a lot of young men extraordinarily weak and vicious; there are fashionable women full of envy and schemes, and all these people talk with a certain show of wit.



Society Notes.

Lady Smith's "At Home" this evening is expected to be largely attended.

Mrs. Henry Archibald gave a progressive euchre party at her residence, Durocher street, Monday last.

Mrs. John C. Gault gave an "At Home" at her residence, Stanley street, on the 22nd inst.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the St. George's Snowshoe Club, Wednesday, and was largely attended.

Miss Taylor's progressive euchre party proved a great success on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. W. Morris, of Drummond street, gave a very successful progressive euchre party on Thursday evening to forty guests.

Miss Crathern, of Sherbrooke street, entertained her friends Tuesday evening with a progressive euchre party. Six elegant prizes were awarded, and all graciously voted the entertainment a decided success.

Mrs. Hugh Paton, of Sherbrooke street, entertained at dinner Tuesday evening. There were covers for twelve, the guests being seated about a large round table, which had a pink-shaded lamp in the centre. About the lamp were clustered a great number of beautiful pink roses. From these flowers to each plate ran a pink ribbon. When the dinner was over the ribbon was pulled off the table, and with it came a bouquet from the centerpiece, a novel idea.

On Wednesday Mrs. Greenshields, of

Drummond street, gave a dinner. The circular table was decorated in green and white, broad ribbons of green stretching from the centre piece of lilies of the valley to the edge of the table, and separating the covers. A beautiful receptacle of Venetian glass held the flowers in the centre, and tiny swans of delicate porcelain, distributed at intervals over the cloth, held dainty clusters of violets.

Some sixty gentlemen who take time to wander away from the cares of life and stroll in pleasant paths where toll succumbs to sentiment, and worry to humor, gathered at the St. Lawrence Hall, on the 24th inst., and there and then the Royal Military College Club enjoyed one of its merry dinners. There was not a moment of dullness, for there were too many jolly good fellows there, who do honor to that expression in its higher sense.

A brilliant gathering responded to the invitation of Miss Arnton, 842 Dorchester street, Thursday evening. But spacious as the house is its five floors were taxed to the utmost. The costumes were lovely, the music good, the supper daintily served. As a rule a dance is more enjoyable when it is not "a crush," but in this case it was the traditional exception that proved the rule, and the very density of the throng added to the enjoyment. The decorations of flowers were beautifully and most artistically arranged. Only a small number of chaperones were present, and from beginning to end dancing was kept up with spirit. Miss Arnton looked charming in a becoming gown; and was gracefully assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Bell.

The Montreal Amateur Operatic Club in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera the "Gondoliers," has proved to be a pronounced success. Miss Walker and Miss Moylan, acted and sang their parts to the evident appreciation of the very large audiences, and were repeatedly encored. Attractive Miss Hollinshead's role was given with much charm, and she earned for herself a distinctive triumph. Miss Herbert also made a personal success, and was the recipient of much applause. Mr. Sturgis Jones was immense with his usual successful grasp of any character he undertakes. Mr. Cane made the audience laugh, and accomplishing this, fulfilled his mission. On the whole it was a splendid success, all acquitting themselves with distinction. Professor Couture deserves the heartiest congratulations for the thoroughly enjoyable performances which he so successfully inaugurated and conducted throughout.



From Letaon Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

There is a flutter and a threatened revolution in the make of skirts and bodices. Paris decrees eight yards to be the suitable width for a skirt; in England, at present, five and a half are considered sufficient; but how great are the possibilities of the future, when everyone is on the qui vive to know what is coming next. Fashion is, in fact, so insidious in her methods, that we scarcely notice the advance of a novelty until it is an established fact. The poor crinoline has been so badly treated; it has been flouted from east to west and north to south of the universe—the universe as represented by the press. But yet it is certain that the skirts will be wide and set outwards.

A pretty specimen of the out-spreading skirt, was made of chestnut brown cloth trimmed with black gimp, there was a blouse to go with it made of purple velvet overhanging a belt; the combination of colour was very successful.

A beautiful evening dress, had a skirt of brocade, and a full bodice drawn into a pleated belt of velvet, cut right off the shoulders, with a drapery of embroidered chiffon falling over the top portion of the arm, the sleeves being

made of double puffs, with a band of brocade between them. This fashion of cutting the bodices off the shoulders is extremely pretty, and grows, daily, or rather nightly, in popularity.

Capes are worn every minute of the time; even morning gowns have them and all street costumes need them. They are made triple, and either tall or finished or edged with fur.

A low princess robe, is made of white satin, veiled with a diaphanous tunic in starry white silk gauze or net. It is elaborately embroidered below the knee, and encircled at the foot with a thick garland of roses in keeping with those decorating the bodice. The centre tuft is intermingled with wide ribbon loops and long streamers drooping to the edge of the skirt. Narrow corselet, epaulettes, and frillings in variegated lace. Kerchief folds and short puffed sleeves in plain gauze or mousseline chiffon.

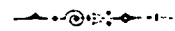
We illustrate a toilette de visite, made in Berlin for the trousseau of H. R. H. The Princess Marguerite of Prussia. The dress is in Nile green mirror velvet, trimmed with Venetian point lace of exquisite quality, given by the Queen of Italy. The skirt is bordered with lace, trimmed with white lace and jet sprays.

An icing for cake that is popular among French and German cooks and that is economical because it calls for no eggs, is made from a half pound of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of boiling water, the grated yellow rind of an orange, and enough orange juice to moisten it. Put the sugar in a bowl, then add the rind, next the water, and lastly the juice, and use at once.

Left-over egg yolks may be kept fresh if covered with ice cold water. Pour the water gently over them, that they may not be broken. By changing the water every day they may be preserved fresh and sweet for two or three days, even in hot weather.

Spider Cake.—One pint of sour cream, half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda, as much salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, and flour sufficient to make a soft dough. Mix lightly, roll very thin, cut into rounds, place them upon a hot spider, brown upon one side, turn, and brown the other. Serve hot with butter and syrup.

Maple Sugar Pie.—One cup of maple sugar broken and rolled fine, two cups of sweet milk, yolks of three eggs, well beaten together. Line a deep pie-tin with paste, fill it with maple cream and bake. When almost baked sufficiently, frost the top with the whisked whites, in which three tablespoonfuls of powdered maple sugar have been beaten. Brown slightly, and remove from the oven.



THAT WICKED CONDUCTOR.

In the parlor car sat a richly dressed young woman tenderly holding a very small poodle. "Madame," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car."

"I shall hold him on my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor. "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll fasten him all right for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir," said the young woman, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one." And, with an indignant tread she marched to the baggage car, tied her dog and returned. About fifty miles further on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely, "but you tied him to a trunk and he was thrown off with it at the last station."

Fragments from the New Opera, "The Ogalallas."

And therefore,
Love I'm sure.
First on the list of very youthful folly is:

Whoever heard of Homer making sonnets to an eyebrow?
Or Aristotle singing to the maiden with his lute?

Imagine wise old Plato, with his pale and massive high brow,
Wrinkling it by thinking how his love he'd prosecute;

Do you think Professor Apassiz learned all he knew by sighing?

Or that Mr. Herbert Spencer thought out ethics at a ball?

If our own lamented Emerson of love had been a-dying,
We never should have heard of his philosophy at all.

The last song in the opera is an Indian death song and is said to be one of the best things in the opera. One of the verses runs:

And what is this life
That man should feat to die?

And oh, what is death,
That man should love to live?

Like an arrow shot aloft in the air,
is he—

Or like the soaring flight of eagle swift—

Like the river that runs but to fall!
Raise on high the fearless death-cry—

Squand again the dauntless cry.

The Violin.

What instrument will compare with the violin, with its ringing tone, its calm singing, and lovely harmonies, its weird tremolo, and the wails, and cries, and the passionate fury, which it is able to produce? Assuredly none.

The piano and organ are excellent in their way, but they never can, and never will, be able to produce that perfect expression of emotions that a violin does in the hands of a true violinist.

But what is it that produces these lovely effects, which can be obtained from no other instrument? Of course the original source of them is the performer's own imagination, taste, and feeling. This applies to all instruments; the violin, however, has this difference; every effect, great or small, is produced by the performer himself, not by any mechanical contrivance. Every tremor, every vibration, proceeds under the performer's fingers, and is produced wholly by them; also every pressure or force exercised in bringing out the tone passes through him, which is not the case in such instruments as the organ or piano. No wonder then that it requires



TRYING IN THE BOIS.

great physical strength to play a great solo well.

Besides this the beauty of a performance consists in the perfect balance of the bow, as well as its perfect manipulation, and the method of fingering. On account of this, the same passage may be played a dozen different ways, each time sounding quite different, owing to different manners of bowing; sliding up on the strings; playing in high and low positions, as well as many other lovely effects.

Hence it is that you can express on a violin what you never could on any other instrument.—"Strad."

Double Responsibility.

Embarrassed Young Man: "Have you—er—got any cradles?"

Furniture Dealer: "Yes, sir."

Young Man (becoming still more embarrassed): "In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected, you know, and—and—and you have to buy cradles, you know, is it customary to buy two cradles or—or one cradle big enough for both of em?"

WHERE CAESAR WAS SHY.

Imperial Caesar, dead and Turned to clay,

Alas I ne'er lived to hear Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.

—After Hamlet.

"Why don't you believe that Prangley is suffering from concussion of the brain since he was thrown from the toboggan?" "Because if he'd had any brains he wouldn't have been on a toboggan."

A Law Against Mashers.

The following law is said to have been passed by the State of Ohio, and none too soon:—"To protect innocent girls and unmarried women, and to punish married men pretending to be single." Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Ohio, that any married man who shall fraudulently represent himself to be unmarried and make proposals of marriage to any unmarried female of good character, or repeatedly call on or keep company with such female upon such false pretense that he is unmarried, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction be fined not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than three hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail not less than six months nor more than two years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

The coalman drew a hand that spoiled
The iceman's little game;
The modest plumber saw them both,
And got there just the same.

The feast you never quite enjoy,
Although you may be starving,
If you are called upon, my boy,
To undertake the carving.

Wife—Why, John, I could hear you singing to the baby clear out in the street. Why did you sing so loud?

John—Well, I had to keep him from finding out that he was crying.

There is only one way to live without work, and that is to prey without ceasing.

A POWERFUL DRUG.

(No household should be without it.)

All respectable druggists, Montgomery assures me, keep the cio-root. That is the name of the drug, and Montgomery is the man who ought to write its testimonials. This is a testimonial to the efficacy of the cio-root, and I write it the more willingly, because, until the case of Montgomery dropped up, I had no faith in patent medicines. Seeing, however, in, they say, believing; and I have seen what the cio-root did for Montgomery. I can well believe now that it can do anything, from removing grass-spots to making your child cry out in the night.

Montgomery, who was married years ago is subject to headaches, and formerly his only way of treating them was to lie in bed and read a light novel. By the time the novel was finished, so, as a rule, was the headache. This treatment rather interfered with his work, however, and he tried various medicines which were guaranteed to cure rapidly. None of them had the least result, until one day, some two months ago, good fortune made him run against an old friend in Chambers street. Montgomery having a headache, mentioned it, and his friend asked him if he had tried the cio-root. The name even was unfamiliar to Montgomery, but his friend spoke so enthusiastically of it that the headachy man took a note of it. He was told that it had never been known to fail, and the particular merit of it was that it drove the headache away in five minutes. The proper dose to take was half an inch of the root, which was to be sucked and eventually swallowed. Montgomery tried several chemists in vain, for they had not heard of it, but at last he got it on a back street. He had so often carried home in triumph a "certain cure," which was subsequently flung out at the window in disgust, that his wife shook her head at the cio-root, and advised him not to be too hopeful. However, the cio-root surpassed the fondest expectations. It completely cured Montgomery in less than the five minutes. Several times he tried it, and always with the same triumphant result. Having at last got a drug to make an idol of, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that Montgomery was full of gratitude. He kept a three-pound tin of the cio-root on his library table, and the moment he felt a headache coming on he said, "Excuse me for one moment," and bit off half an inch of cio-root.

The headaches never had a chance. It was, therefore, natural, though none the less annoying, that his one topic of conversation should become the properties of this remarkable drug. You would drop in on him, glowing over the prospect of a delightful two hours' wrangle over the crofter question, but he pushed the subject away with a waive of his hand, and begged to introduce to our notice the cio-root. Sitting there smoking, his somewhat dull countenance would suddenly light up as his eyes came to rest on the three-pound tin. He was always advising us to try the cio-root, and when we said we did not have a headache he got sulky. The first thing he asked us when we met was whether we had a headache, and often begged to introduce to our notice the cio-root and gave it us in a piece of paper, so that a headache might not take us unawares. I believe he rather enjoyed waking with a headache, for he knew that it would not have a chance. If his wife had been a jealous woman, she would not have liked the way he talked of the cio-root.

Some of us did try the drug, either to

please him or because we were really curious about it. Whatever the reason, none of us, I think, were prejudiced. We tested it on its merits, and came unanimously to the conclusion that they were negative. The cio-root did us no harm. The taste was what one may imagine to be the taste of the root of any rotten tree dipped in tar, which was subsequently allowed to dry. As we were all of one mind on the subject, we insisted with Montgomery that the cio-root was a fraud. Frequently we had such altercations with him on the subject that we parted in suers, and ultimately we said that it would be best not to goad him too far; so we arranged merely to chaff him about his faith in the root, and never went farther than insisting, in a pleasant way, that he was cured, not by the cio-root, but by his believing in it. Montgomery rejected this theory with indignation, but we stuck to it and never doubted it. Events, nevertheless, will show you that Montgomery was right and that we were wrong.

The triumph of cio-root came as recently as yesterday. Montgomery, his wife, and myself, had arranged to go into town for the day. I called for them in the forenoon and had to wait, as Montgomery had gone along to the office to see if there were any letters. He arrived soon after me, saying that he had a headache, but saying it in a chery way, for he knew that the root was in the next room. He disappeared into the library to nibble half an inch of the cio-root, and shortly afterwards we set off. The headache had been dispelled as usual. In the train he and I had another argument about the one great drug, and he ridiculed my notion about its being faith that drove his headache away. I may hurry over the next two hours, up to the time when we wandered into Buchanan street. There Montgomery met a friend to whom he introduced me. The gentleman was in a hurry, so we only spoke for a moment, but after he had left us he turned back.

"Montgomery," he said, "do you remember that day I met you in Chambers street?"

"I have good reason for remembering the occasion," said Montgomery, meaning to begin the story of his wonderful cure; but his friend who had to catch a 'bus, cut him short.

"I told you at that time," he said "about a new drug called the cio-root, which had a great reputation for curing headaches."

"Yes," said Montgomery; "I always wanted to thank you—"

His friend, however, broke in again—

"I have been troubled in my mind since then," he said, "because I was told afterwards that I had made a mistake about the proper dose. If you try the cio-root, don't take half an inch, as I recommended, but quarter of an inch. Don't forget. It is of vital importance."

Then he jumped into his 'bus, but I called after him, "What would be the effect of half an inch?"

"Certain death!" he shouted back, and was gone. I turned to look at Montgomery and his wife. She let her umbrella fall and he had turned white. "Of course, there is nothing to be alarmed about," I said, in a reassuring way. "Montgomery has taken half an inch scores of times; you say it always cured you."

"Yes, yes," Montgomery answered; but his voice sounded hollow.

Up to this point the snow had kept off, but now it began to fall in a soaking drizzle. If you are superstitious you can take this as an omen. For the rest of the

day, certainly, we had a miserable time of it. I had to do all the talking, and while I laughed and jested, I noticed that Mrs. Montgomery was looking anxiously from time to time at her husband. She was afraid to ask him if he felt unwell, and he kept up, not wanting to alarm her. But he walked like a man who knew that he had come to his last page. At my suggestion we went to a hotel to have dinner. I had dinner, Mrs. Montgomery pretended to have dinner, but Montgomery himself did not even make the pretence. He sat with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his hands. At last he said with a groan that he was feeling very ill. He looked so doleful that his wife began to cry.

Montgomery admitted that he blamed the cio-root for his sufferings. He had taken an overdose of it, he said, tragically, and must abide the consequences. I could have shaken him, for reasoning was quite flung away on him. Of course, I repeated what I had said previously about an overdose having done him no harm before, but he only shook his head sadly. I said that his behavior now proved my contention that he only believed in the cio-root because he was told that it had wonderful properties; otherwise he would have laughed at what his friend had just told him. Undoubtedly, he said, his sufferings to-day were purely imaginary. Montgomery did not have sufficient spirits to argue with me, but he murmured in a die-away voice that he had felt strange symptoms ever since we set out from home. Now, this was as absurd as anything in Euclid, for he had been boasting of the wonderful cure the drug had effected against most of the way. He insisted that he had a splitting headache, and that he was very sick. In the end, as his wife was now in a frenzy, I sent for a doctor. The doctor came, said "yes" and "quite so" to himself, and pronounced Montgomery feverish. That he was feverish by this time, I do not question. He had worked himself into a fever. There was some talk of putting him to bed in the hotel, but he insisted on going home. Though he did not put it so plainly, he gave us to understand that he wanted to die in his own bed.

Never was there a more miserable trio than we in a railway carriage. We got a compartment to ourselves, for though several passengers opened the door to come in, they shrank back as soon as they saw Montgomery's ghastly face. He lay in a corner of the carriage, with his head done up in flannel, procured at the hotel. He had the rugs and my great coat over his legs, but he shivered despite them, and when he spoke at all, except to say that he was feeling worse every minute, it was to talk of men cut off in their prime and widows left destitute. At Mrs. Montgomery's wish, I telegraphed from a station at which the train stopped to the family doctor, asking him to meet us at the house. He did so; indeed, he was on the steps to help Montgomery up them. We took an arm of the invalid apiece, and dragged him into the library.

It was a fortunate thing that we went into the library, for the first thing Montgomery saw on the table was the half inch of cio-root which he thought had killed him. He had forgotten to take it.

In ten minutes he was all right. Just as we were sitting down to supper, we heard a cat squalling outside. Montgomery flung a three-pound tin of the cio-root at it.—From "A Holiday in Bed," by J. M. Barrie.

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

When Netta Mayne came to think it over afterward in her own room by herself, she couldn't imagine what had made her silly enough to quarrel that evening with Ughtred Carnegie. She could only say, in a penitent mood, it was always the way like that with lovers. Till once they've quarrelled a good round quarrel, and afterwards solemnly kissed and made it all up again, things never stand on a really firm and settled basis between them. It's a move in the game. You must thrust in there before you thrust in quarrels. The Roman playwright spoke the truth, after all, a lovers' quarrel begins a fresh chapter in the history of their love-making.

It was a summer evening, calm, and clear and balmy, and Netta and Ughtred had strolled out together, not without a suspicion at times of hand locked in hand, on the high chalk down that rises steep behind Holmbury. How or why they fell out she hardly knew. But they had been engaged already some months, without a single disagreement, which of course gave Netta a natural right to quarrel with Ughtred by this time, if she thought fit: and as they returned down the hanging path through thecombe where the will orchids grow, she used that right at last, out of pure unadulterated feminine perversity. The ways of women are wonderful; no mere man can fathom them. Something that Ughtred said gave her the chance to make a half petulant answer. Ughtred very naturally defended himself from the imputation of rudeness, and Netta retorted. At the end of ten minutes the trifle had grown apace into a

pretty a lovers' quarrel as any lady novelist could wish to describe in five chapters.

Netta had burst into perfectly orthodox tears, refused to be comforted, in the most approved fashion, declined to accept Ughtred's escort home, and bidden farewell to him excitedly for ever and ever.

It was all about nothing, to be sure, and if two older or wiser heads had only stood by unseen, to view the little comedy they would sagely have remarked to one another, with a shake, that before twenty-four hours were out the pair would be rushing into one another's arms with mutual apologies and mutual forgiveness. But Netta Mayne and Ughtred Carnegie were still at the age when one takes love seriously—one does before thirty—and so they turned away along different paths at the bottom of thecombe, in the firm belief that love's young dream was shattered, and that henceforth they two were nothing more than the merest acquaintances to one another.

"Good-bye, Mr. Carnegie," Netta faltered out, as in obedience to her wishes, though much against his own will, Ughtred turned slowly and remorsefully down the footpath to the right, in the direction of the railway.

"Good-bye Netta," Ughtred answered, half choking. Even at that moment of parting (for ever—or a day), he couldn't find it in his heart to call her "Miss Mayne" who had so long been "Netta" to him.

He waved his hand and turned along the foot-path, looking back many times to see

Netta still sitting inconsolable where he had left her, on the stile that led from thecombe into the Four-acre meadow. Both paths to right and left, led back to Holmbury over the open field, but they diverged rapidly, and crossed the railway track by separate gates, and five hundred yards from each other. A turn in the path, at which Ughtred lingered long, hid Netta at last from his sight. He paused and hesitated. It was growing late, though an hour of summer twilight still remained. He couldn't bear to leave Netta thus alone in the field. She wouldn't allow him to see her home, to be sure, and that being so, he was too much a gentleman to force himself upon her. But he was too much a man, too, to let her find her way back so late entirely by herself. Unseen himself, he must still protect her. He would go on to the railway, and there sit by the side of the line, under cover of the hedge, till Netta crossed by the other path. Then he'd walk quietly along the six-foot way to the gate she had passed through, and follow her, unperceived, at a distance along the lane, till he saw her back to Holmbury. Whether she wished it or not he could never leave her.

He looked about for a seat. One lay most handy. By the side of the line the Government engineers had been at work that day, repairing the telegraph system. They had taken down half a dozen mouldering old posts, and set up new ones in their place—tall, clean, and shiny. One of the old posts still lay at full length on the ground by the gate, just as the men had left it at the end of their day's work. At the point where the footpath cut the line, was a level crossing and there Ughtred sat down on the fallen post by the side, half-concealed from view by a tall clump of willow-herb waiting patiently for Netta's coming. How he listened for that light footfall. His heart was full, indeed, of gall and bitterness. He loved her so dearly, and she had treated him so ill. Who would ever have believed that Netta, his Netta, would have thrown him over like that for such a ridiculous trifle? Who indeed? and least of all Netta herself, sitting alone on the stile with her pretty face bowed deep in her hands, and her poor heart wondering how Ughtred, her Ughtred, could so easily desert her. In such strange ways is the feminine variety of the human heart constructed. To be sure, she had of course dismissed him in the most peremptory fashion, declaring with all the vows propriety permits to the British maiden, that she needed no escort of any sort home, and that she would ten thousand times rather go alone than have him accompany her. But, of course, also, she didn't mean it. What woman does? She counted upon a prompt and unconditional surrender. Ughtred would go to the corner, as in duty bound, and then come back to her, with profuse expressions of penitence for the wrong he had never done, to make it all up again in the orthodox fashion. She never intended the real tragedy that was so soon to follow. She was only playing with her victim—only trying, woman-like, her power over Ughtred.

So she sat there still, and cried and wept on, minute after minute, in an ecstasy of misery, till the sunset began to glow deeper red in the western sky, and the bell to ring the curfew in Holmbury Tower. Then it dawned upon her slowly,



"NETTA AND UGHTRED HAD STROLLED OUT TOGETHER."

with a shock of surprise, that after all—incredible! impossible!—Ughtred had positively taken her at her word, and wasn't coming back at all to-night to her.

At that, the usual womanly terror seized upon her soul. Her heart turned faint. This was too terrible. Great heavens, what had she done? Had she tried Ughtred too far, and had he really gone? Was he never going to return to her at all? Had he said good-bye in earnest to her for ever and ever?

Terrified at the thought, and weak with crying, she rose and straggled down the narrow footpath toward the further crossing. It was getting late now, and Netta by this time was really frightened. She wished with all her heart she hadn't sent away Ughtred—if it were only for the tramps: a man is such a comfort. And then there was that dreadful dog at Milton Court to pass. And Ughtred was gone and all the world was desolate.

Thinking these things in a tumult of fear to herself, she staggered along the path, feeling tired at heart, and positively ill with remorse and terror. The colour

had faded now out of her pretty red cheeks. Her eyes were dim and swollen with crying. She was almost half glad Ughtred couldn't see her just then, she was such a fright with her long spell of brooding. Even her bright print dress and her straw hat with the popples in it, couldn't redeem, she felt sure, her pallor and her wretchedness. But Ughtred was gone, and the world was a wilderness. And he would never come back, and the dog at Milton Court was so vicious.

As she walked, or rather groped her way (for she couldn't see for crying) down the path by the hedge, at every stop she grew fainter and fainter. Ughtred was gone; and the world was a blank; and there were tramps and dogs; and it was getting dark; and she loved him so much; and Mamma would be so angry.

Turning over which thoughts with a whirling brain, for she was but a girl, after all, she reached the little swing-gate that led to the railway, and pushed it aside with vague numbed hands, and stood glazing vacantly at the long curved line in front of her.

sudden shock stunned and disabled her. Mad bull or drunken man, they might do as they liked now. She was bruised and shaken. She had no thought left to rise or recover herself. Her eyes closed heavily. She lost consciousness. She had fainted. She lost consciousness at once. She had fainted on the line, with the force of the situation.

As for Ughtred, from his seat on the telegraph post on the side of the line five hundred yards further up, he saw her pause by the gate, then dash across the road, then stumble and trip, then fall heavily forward. His heart came up into his mouth at once at the sight. Oh, thank heaven he had waited. Thank heaven he was near. She had fallen across the line, and a train might come along before she could rise up again. She seemed hurt, too. In a frenzy of suspense he darted forward to save her.

It took but a second for him to realise that she had fallen, and was seriously hurt, but in the course of that second, even as he realised it all, another and more pressing terror seized him.

Hark! what was that? He listened and thrilled. Oh no, too terrible. Yes, yes, it must be—the railway, the railway! He knew it. He felt it. Along the up line, on which Netta was lying, he heard be-



"SHE CRIED AND CRIED."

Suddenly, a noise rose sharp in the field behind her. It was only a colt, to be sure, disturbed by her approach, dashing wildly across his paddock, as is the way with young horseflesh. But to Netta it came as an indefinite terror, magnified ten thousand-fold by her excited feelings. She made a frenzied dash for the other side of the railway. What it was she knew not, but it was, or might be, anything, everything,—mad bulls, drunken men, footpads, vagabonds, murderers.

Oh, how could Ughtred ever have taken her at her word, and left her like this, alone, and in the evening? It was cruel, it was wicked of him; she hated to be disloyal, and yet she felt in her heart it was almost unmanly.

As she rushed along wildly, at the top of her speed, her little foot caught on the first rail. Before she knew what had happened, she had fallen with her body right across the line. Faint and terrified already, with a thousand vague alarms, the



"IT WAS A TERRIBLE POSITION."

hind him—oh, unmistakable, unthinkable, the fierce whirr of the express dashing madly down upon him. Great heavens, what could he do? The train was coming, the train was almost this moment upon them. Before he could have time to rush wildly forward and snatch Netta from where she lay, full in its path, a helpless weight, it would have swept past him resistlessly, and borne down upon her like lightning.

The express was coming—to crush Netta to pieces.

In these awful moments men don't think: they don't reason; they don't ever realise what their action means; they simply act, and act instinctively. Ugh-

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tered felt in a second, without even consciously feeling it, so to speak, that any attempt to reach Netta now before that devouring engine had burst upon her at full speed would be absolutely hopeless.

His one chance lay in stopping the train somehow. How, or where, or with what, he cared not. His own body would do it if nothing else came. Only stop it, stop it. He didn't think of it at all that moment as a set of carriages containing a precious freight of human lives. He thought of it only as a horrible, cruel, devouring creature, rushing headway on at full speed to Netta's destruction. It was a senseless wild beast to be combated at all hazards. It was a hideous, ruthless, relentless thing, to be checked in its mad career in no matter what fashion. All he knew, indeed, was that Netta, his Netta, lay helpless on the track, and the engine, like some madman, puffing and snorting with wild glee and savage exultation, was hastening forward with fierce strides to crush and mangle her.

At any risk he must stop it—with anything—anyhow.

As he gazed around him, horror-struck, with blank inquiring stare, and with this one fixed idea possessing his whole soul, Ughtred's eye happened to fall upon the dismantled telegraph post, on which but one minute before he had been sitting.

The sight inspired him. Ha, Ha! a glori-

ous chance. He could lift it on the line. He could lay it across the rails. He could turn it round into place. He could upset the train! He could place it in the way of that murderous engine.

No sooner thought than done. With the wild energy of despair, the young man lifted the small end of the ponderous post bodily up in his arms, and twisting it on the big base as on an earth-fast pivot, managed, by main force and with a violent effort, to lay it at last full in front of the advancing locomotive. How he did it he never rightly knew himself, for the weight of the great balk was simply enormous. But horror and love, and the awful idea that Netta's life was at stake, seemed to supply him at once with unwonted energy. He lifted it in his arms as he would have lifted a child, and straining in every limb stretched it at last full across both rails, a formidable obstacle before the approaching engine.

Hurrah! hurrah! he had succeeded now. It would throw the train off the line—and Netta would be saved for him.

To think and do all this under the spur of the circumstances took Ughtred something less than twenty seconds. In a great crisis men live rapidly. It was quick as thought. And at the end of it all, he saw the big log laid right across the line with infinite satisfaction. Such a splendid obstacle that—so round and heavy!

It must throw the train clean off the metals! It must produce a fine first-class catastrophe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"What's all that fuss over there at the gate?" asked a resident of Hades of one of the attendant imps.

"The inventor of the fountain pen has just arrived, and Satan is giving him an enthusiastic reception."

"Hello, McCulley, how did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?"
McCulley—Oh, easy enough, he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes.

As William bent over her fair face he whispered: "Durling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?" She, summoning up her scanty knowledge of French, replied, "Billet doux!"

Trifles often overwhelm greatness. Mme. DeStael's greatest grief, and one which Time failed to cure, was her first wrinkle.

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. | ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, . 114 ST. JAMES STREET, . MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

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

CYRILLE LAURIN, } Montreal Agents
G. MAITLAND SMITH. }

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., - - - MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

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

ROBERT W. TYRR. - MANAGER FOR CANADA

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1800.

Capital.....	\$5,000,000
Total Funds in hand exceed.....	1,700,000
Fire Income exceeds.....	1,300,000

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

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.
OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1868.

Capital.....	\$6,000,000
Fire Funds exceed.....	1,500,000
Fire Income exceeds.....	1,300,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED IN 1844.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

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

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

Branch Office in Canada: 167 St. James Street, Montreal.
G. M. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE
Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, - - - 181 St. James Street
MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager
D. DENNY, H. W. RAFFAEL and CART. JOHN LAWRENCE,
City Agents.