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THE ANTIDOTE

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

Vol. I. No. 13.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE.

PROSPECTUS.

The Antidote, as its name implies, is intended to brush away the cobwebs, so to speak, which usually collect during the week in the minds of all who are occupied with business or household duties. One day out of the seven has been wisely set apart, from time immemorial, for rest, which means for those engaged, more or less, in mental avocations,—a change in thought or something which breaks the monotony necessarily connected with the ordinary routine of labour.

To accomplish this "The Antidote" will please everybody and thus upset the fable of the old man, his son and their ass. It will strive to call a smile to the lips of those who have laid a tired or anxious head upon their Saturday night's pillow, by comic quips picked up from every quarter. It will also strive to cheer the sick and stimulate the healthy, by light literature, which will be a recreation rather than a study, and will not forget the "fair ministering angels," without whom existence would be a dreary blank, but will devote a space to fashionable and social events, to gladden their dear sparkling eyes. Neither will our young "dudes," or the "bucks" of former days, be neglected, for the theatres will have a corner set apart for their productions, and an occasional peep at Sherbrooke street, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons will not be omit-

ted, while harmless society news, far removed from objectionable scandal, will be retailed for those who take a kindly (not venomous) interest in their neighbors. "In short," as the immortal Wilkins Micawber would say, no stone will be left unturned to make the paper pleasing and attractive.

Though "The Antidote" will be chiefly a local paper, mainly dealing with events taking place round about us, it will not eschew culling the honey from flowers in other fields, but may dip now and then into New York, keep a wakeful eye upon Chicago or San Francisco, and even once in a while draw pictures from that wondrous eastern clime, recently rendered so enchanting by the pen of Mr Rudyard Kipling.

Its illustrations will be among the brightest features of "The Antidote," and no pains will be spared to make them both pretty and attractive.

In conclusion "The Antidote" will be a family paper in the true sense of the term, and, in trusting it may call forth many a hearty and wholesome laugh, nothing shall be printed in its columns which will bring a blush to the cheek of any mother or daughter among its readers.

The low price of one dollar per annum will place the paper within the reach of everyone, the object being not only to give our subscribers a good, but also a popular publication.

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OUR PRIZE LIST

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

MUSICAL MARTYRDOM.

A man who has no music in himself, sends us the following contribution for our musical column:—

When Music, heavenly maid, was young did she practise many hours a day? Did she train her fingers gymnastically with scales, and shakes, and exercises? or five notes; and did she plod through the bars and tollsome fantasias, repeating them through weeks, a dozen times together, until at last the patient process had achieved the crown of success and she could take the allegro; and, for the matter of that the andantes too, at a fast prestissimo? And did she have next-door neighbours?

In our days there are many maidens, young, and doubtless heavenly, who are perseveringly flattening their finger-tips with a view to becoming musical. They pursue their art of measured sounds ascetically, not to gratify a taste but to perform a duty. Left to their own instinctive aspirations, they would have been as likely to wish to learn bricklaying or instrumental music, but they, or their parents for them, know the moral proprieties, and therefore they set themselves to fulfil one of the chief purposes to which Nature has destined them and acquire the womanly virtue of playing the piano. The better the girl the longer she practices, Miss Goodenough just passes muster with an hour a day. Miss Wellbred takes rank as a pattern young lady with three, but Miss Nonesuch, with five, established her reputation as a glory and hope on her sex. The writer has known two Miss Nonesuches whose merit was quoted in each case as immeasurable enhanced by the fact that

the persevering votary of this "forceful art" was deficient in ear for music, and had no taste for it. One of them succeeded and became, for an amateur, quite a dexterous pianist, particularly neat in her fingering; the other, perverted by inclination for drawing and for lawn tennis, fell away after only two years' diligence, and by that instability lost more than all the ground she had gained during her period of melodious martyrdom. It was absurd of her to plead that her two years' hard work had not enabled her to play any one of her "pieces" correctly and in time; if she played so badly there was all the more need for practising. Putting aside any recollection of personal sufferings of our own, of chromatic ascensions across the way of which each note seemed hammered into our aching heads, of bluettes and penses, and rains of pearls and roses and stars, and all things droppable and drippable on the piano, setting our brains in a watery whirl, as we painfully try to write or read and not to hear of glib perpetual waltzes and too familiar "short tunes and long tunes" forcing themselves like old acquaintances defiant of "not-at-homes," through our unwilling ears and churning on inside our heads when we want to write our ideas on the canal question, or our recondite treatise on political economy—putting aside all subjective considerations, we must needs revere these martyrs to duty, who are to be found in every Canadian home and swarm across the way. What they do they do because it is right. They do not know why they ought to give a large part of their young lives to a protracted attempt at mastering a craft which requires a rare and special talent not belonging to them; they only know that it is their vocation. Like Tennyson's linnet, they do but sing because they must, but their's is not the linnet's unreasoning self-indulgent must, it is the "must" of the civilized being, obedient to conscience and with the conscience obedient to public opinion. The taunt sometimes levelled at them, that they seek and value musical acquirements as a means of winning a husband, is one which, in nineteen cases out of twenty at the least, is undeserved. Girls who consciously go to work to get married, know very well that a well-placed sigh is worth fifty sonatas and that no amount of major or minor trilling can win a triumph over a rival who, though a dunce at the music-book, is an expert in smiles and dropped eyelids. The patent fact that so many women leave off music after their marriage, is no proof of their skill or no-skill having been attained with ulterior motives. Other duties arise and

multiply, life has become too hurried and too full of much small business for piano playing as a duty, and the achievement has never been like the craft of the true musician, a necessity of nature—very likely not a recreation.

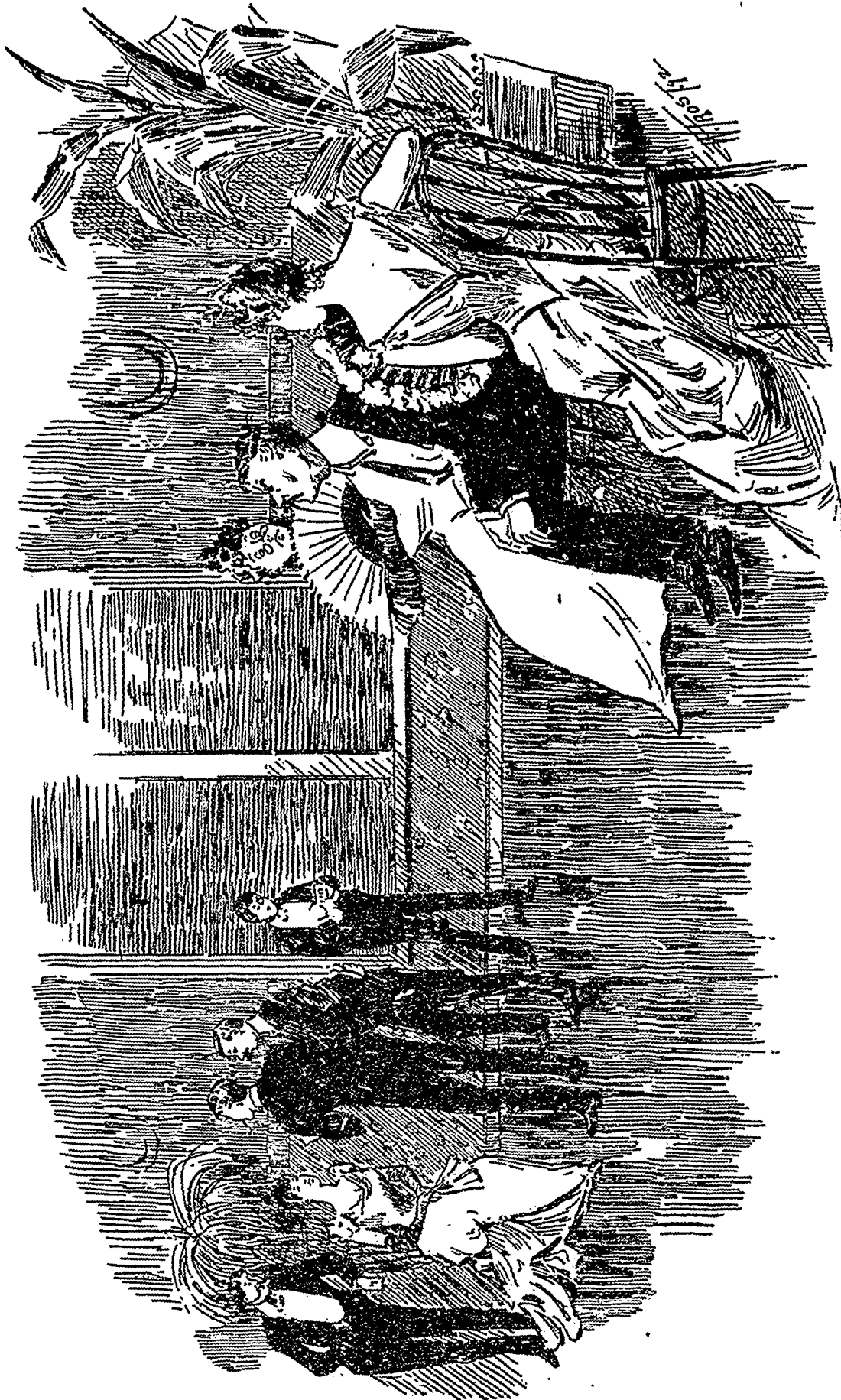
THE EDITOR'S FILE.

Our brief summer is about over, and the Editor catches sight of the familiar faces on his rounds—the familiarity thereof, be it understood, by no means breeding contempt—he observes once more the dainty feet tripping over the sidewalks, to which they have been strangers for two or three months, and his heart is filled with joy. Only a short time back he sang (in spirit at any rate) "Some day, some day, etc.," and lo! the day has arrived, and the oft remembered, never forgotten smile, again casts sunshine over his path, as he takes his afternoon constitutional. In other words, the ladies are returning to town from the seaside and country, where there has been "youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm," and now with roses on their cheeks, and renewed health, they come to brighten Montreal with their presence. How many hearts during their absence canoeing or bathing, they have slaughtered, it would be monotonous to record, —the Editor's seat of affection has been killed scores of times, and is still susceptible to Cupid's arrow—but everyone will surely welcome the dear charmers back to their homes. St. Catherine street will once more be a gay promenade, and Sherbrooke street no longer a howling wilderness. King Solomon, whose acquaintance with the fair sex, was both varied and numerous, has stated that "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance" and arguing by induction, many merry hearts have returned to our city.

Still, the holidays have been spent, and as work resumes its sway, "The Antidote" will be needed more than ever. On the file are several short stories to be given the reader on the speedy completion of the present serial and nothing will be left undone to make the paper attractive, so that in the year's fall, we may look for "The Antidote's" rise.

THE "ANTIDOTE" SCORES ONE.

Sir Edwin Arnold who has passed many years in India has endorsed "The Antidote's" opinion with regard to quarantining cholera. He uses the self-same words as Miss Florence Nightingale quoted in our article of the 6th ulto., saying "you cannot quarantine cholera."



SOCIAL AGONIES (No. 1.)

TO SEE YOUR NEW BRIDE MONOPOLIZED BY THE MEN, WHILE YOU YOURSELF ARE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD, AND ARE EXPECTED AS A MARRIED MAN TO MAKE YOURSELF AGREEABLE TO THE OLD GIRLS.

ROLLING STONES.

The world is much smaller than it was; not that its actual size has diminished, but in a relative sense Montreal is to-day much nearer to Yokohama than it was a few years ago to Victoria, and we make the circuit of the globe with greater ease and expedition than Columbus could accomplish in crossing the Atlantic. This transformation has wrought other changes, and our thoughts upon many subjects are totally different to those of our forefathers, so that certain proverbs, which used to be held in veneration as the embodiment of truth, have now, to some extent, become obsolete, because no longer applicable.

The old saying, for instance, that "rolling stones gather no moss" cannot in these days be taken in the literal meaning of the phrase that it was even in the beginning of this century. If a young man, a course of generations back, moved more than once to try his fortune, his parents and friends would shake their heads ominously and repeat the above proverb. Such a man was looked upon as a discontented "ne'er do weel," who could never succeed, and yet it is that very feeling of discontent which is the mainspring to human advancement and prosperity in this world. An individual or a nation without the ambition or desire to improve their condition, but thoroughly contented, will not progress, and the "moss" they may "gather," like that on an old disused castle, will only serve to cover their decay.

Of course the other extreme is almost worse and one, who rushes from place to place merely from an Arab propensity to restlessness or want of change, squanders his substance and his energy, just as a nation does who will accept no government or laws for long but is always in a state of transition or revolution. The first extreme is a ship without sails, the second one without ballast.

Still to return to the point from which we started, it must be admitted that, considering the practically closer proximity of places now to a hundred years ago, what was really "rolling" then, may be, with us, put down as barely turning over. A man discovers that the qualities or abilities he possesses do not meet a ready market in Montreal takes them to Winnipeg or Vancouver, with as much facility, as a merchant of the old time would remove from one locality to another he deemed more favorable, in the same city. For the truth is, what with rapid transit and electricity, the world has become like one huge town, and the proverb we have already quoted,

must be adapted to the altered condition of things. Discontent should not subvert perseverance, but rather be the spur which drives the latter to greater efforts, and he who finds a better opening in a place hundreds of miles away, than where he is at present need not be a "rolling stone" because he goes.

Let us not however be misunderstood, we are not wishing to praise a roving disposition, and those who are doing well, that is steadily advancing in prosperity and position, would be worse than foolish not remain where they are, but in these days of speed and competition the channels of enterprise are quickly filled in the larger and more settled towns, and there is more chance in breaking new ground. It is the "rolling stones" which have built up England's colonies and the United States, without which this continent would be still a wilderness chiefly inhabited by Red Indians and buffaloes.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO. 13. OUR CANVASSER.

Of course by Our Canvasser we mean the "Drummer" whose business it is to solicit orders for every kind of merchandise, publications, subscription, advertisements, invention, insurance, medicine, etc., etc. This branch of the commercial system has grown enormously of late years, and to sell or dispose of any article nowadays, it has come to be acknowledged that it is absolutely necessary to canvass both continually and thoroughly. Formerly merchants or insurance companies waited for their customers to come to them, but now they have to hunt up the customers, and therefore Our Canvasser is to be met in every warehouse and store, at every street corner, nay he even invades that "sanctum sanctorum," the private dwelling.

The two leading qualities which Our Canvasser possesses in a superlative degree are "cheek" (no other word so entirely expresses our meaning) and tact. Industry, perseverance and other attributes he may doubtless have, but—if we may use the parallel without disrespect—if he have not "cheek" and tact (especially the former) he will be "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," and that grand quality like the other we have hinted at "covers a multitude of sins."

Our Canvasser is stoutly built with not a jot of weakness in his knees and though he has a loud genial laugh, there is no trace of softness in his steel grey eye. He walks briskly into your office or store, and smiles blandly as he passes a remark upon the weather, and if you are really busy he has tact enough to

bow himself out, saying he will call again, but he is not easily deceived by any pretence on your part. Should you say that you do not want anything just then, he replies that, for that very reason he has come, in order to be beforehand, and down he sits beside you. He chats away upon indifferent matters, and unconsciously you begin to think he is rather a pleasant fellow, and pulling out your watch, you ask him to call again, which he does, not only once or twice, but twenty times, until you give him an order, as the sole way of getting rid of visits, that have become a nuisance, and Our Canvasser "scores one."

You have met the man often and have alternately cursed and cajoled him, but you have never shaken him off, for like the "old man of the sea" in the Arabian Nights, he sticks like a leech, and we, as Sinbad did, have to bear him on our shoulders. The great art in Our Canvasser consists not in making you order what you want, but what you don't want, and which of us has not some time or other been bamboozled into subscribing to some book, published in monthly parts, and when complete, can be bought for half the money we have paid for it, even then being thrust aside into some corner as entirely useless. Anyone may induce you to buy something you require, but to force you to take an article you have no use for, is the triumph of canvassing.

We have caught ourselves wondering what becomes of Our Canvasser, because, as a rule, he is unfit for any other occupation, and yet the physical exertion of his employment, prevents his following it much beyond the time when his joints grow stiff. Perhaps, he is translated like Sam Weller's post boys and donkeys, but however that may be, he is an undeniable fact in our midst at present, and though his persistence amounts to impudence, and his unconquerably good temper drives you to the verge of lunacy, you know him to be a necessary evil, and while he is canvassing you, your own canvasser is at somebody else. As for the good old times you wish back again, they can no more be recalled than the toys and rattle you once delighted in, and there, as you were thinking you had already enough life insurance, round comes Our Canvasser with a smirk on his lip and a gleam in his eye, wide awake and ready for business.

In Russia strikers who interfere with men willing to work are severely punished, because Russia isn't a free country. It is only in free countries that every man is at liberty to interfere with every other man's business.—Boston Transcript.



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

An unconventional walking dress can be made of blue and brown chevrot, having the bodice fastened over on one side, two large buttons of mohair at the top, and drawn into a few pleats, four inches or so below the waist; the skirt is joined on under a wide black braid band, tied in a knot at the back with long tasselled ends. The "enclosed" skirt is still fashionable. Plain linens for gowns with a charming range of color trimmed with white embroidery are very popular. There is a novelty called "plantation cloth" made of cotton, which is firm and more pleasing than might be supposed from the written description. For tea gowns, satin sheeting, with a white brocade and Louis XV garlands, has a pretty effect.

Our illustrations this week represent No. 1. Evening dress made of white royale with plain skirt trimmed round the hem with double bands of white velvet on one side with an applique of trimming made of pink mauve, green and yellow chiffon drawn into the shape of carnations, outlined and stenciled with gold tinsel.

No. 2. Walking costume made of heliotrope corduroy cloth, figured with dark lines of darker shade. It is fastened on one side with three braided ornaments to clasp it. There is a fold of dark colored velvet round the waist

tied in a short bow, and the tight collar band and cuffs are also made of velvet.

No. 3. Tea Gown.—This is of the faintest shade of shrimp-pink Algerian Crepe with large full sleeves edged with lace, and a deep square yoke-piece of cream "point de Venise," outlined with frills of the crepe edged with satin ribbon falling gracefully to the hem of the skirt.

From the "Étude."

SHARPS.

No sharps or flats belong to C,
One sharp will show the key of G,
D has two, and A has three;
In E are four and five in B,
The F sharp scale must then have six
And for C sharp all seven prefix.

FLATS.

F natural one flat must take,
Two flats the key of B flat make,
D flat has three and A flat four,
And with D flat count still one more;
For six, the G flat scale is known,
And C flat makes all seven its own.

LADIES' CORNER.

BREAKFAST DELICACIES.

Wash a beef kidney, let it stand fifteen minutes in cold water. Cook it in salted cold water till tender, cut off the fat, slice the kidney thin, and return it to the saucepan on the fire; cover with hot water, just enough for the gravy, salt and pepper to taste;

add a bay leaf, butter of the size of a walnut rolled in flour, and stew till gravy is thick enough. Turn this on hot buttered toast. A bit of onion may be added if desired.—Cut cold toast into square or rounds. If it is buttered toast, so much the better; if not, butter it with cooking butter. Lay a ring of tomato on this and some flakes of cold cooked codfish on the top, cover with a plentiful supply of parsley sauce, put it into the oven to warm, and serve hot. The dish is very economical, and serves to use up any stale bread, toast or fish and sauce which may not be sufficient to present at table a second time. Garnish with parsley and lemon rinds.—Ham Fritters: Mince any left boiled ham, fat and lean equal quantities. With each pound of mince put two eggs, a cupful of fine bread-crumbs, and half a teaspoonful of white pepper. Make a custard with custard powder, cut some neat, small slices of bread, soak in the custard, and fry with some hot butter. When lightly browned take them out, and spread the mixture thickly over them, placing a layer of bread-crumbs on the top, and fry them three or four minutes.—Jan.

Pro Bono Publico.

Let not be spasmodic Mr. Mayor. Rouse up the Board of Health by all means, for it needs it, whether the cholera comes or not, since we have known of refuse

barrels which were omitted to be emptied for over a week, recently in one of the best quarters of the town, and had Mr. Cholera been here he would have had a fine feast. Should the dire disease arrive at our shores, no quarantine will avail if reeking garbage is left rotting in our streets and lanes for days. We are not alarmists, and, as far as we can judge, the chances are against the cholera's visiting us, as an epidemic, this year at least, but we should never be caught unawares, and our health lamps should be always kept trimmed. Spasmodic efforts die away quickly, and no doubt Mr. Mayor you have heard the fable of the boy, guarding the sheep, who kept crying "wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf, until when the ravager really arrived, his cries were unheeded, and the flock decimated. From which allegory we may learn that we should be prepared at all times, and not merely when we are immediately threatened with the enemy. Therefore Mr. Mayor do not relax your efforts, but keep the Health Department (if you can) up to the collar, so that we may be able to defy the cholera, should we be called upon to do so.

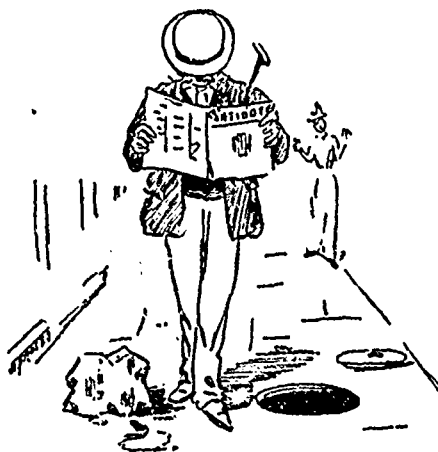
Long-lived Animals.

Threescore and ten are the years allotted to man, though the majority give up life's battle long before attaining the natural term. The king of beasts probably prowls his native heath a similar length of time, for even in confinement he has been known to live this period. A lion called "Pompey" was in the Tower of London over seventy years, and another, brought from the River Gambia, died at the age of sixty-three. The elephant has the advantage of him in this respect.

Ajax captured an elephant from Porus, a king of India. He inscribed upon a plate particulars of this victory, and this being annexed to the animal it was set free. It turned up again three-hundred and fifty years afterwards, still bearing the plate recording the circumstance.

To descend at once from the largest to one of the smallest of living creatures—the tortoise retains its life for a surprising length of time. A document, called the "Bishop's Barn," among the archives of Peterboro Cathedral, contains some interesting particulars of a tortoise which dwelt in the palace garden over two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Marsh's predecessor remembered it over sixty years, and he was the seventh bishop who wore the mitre during its sojourn there. Its shell was perforated and attached to a chain in order to restrain its propensity to appropriate the fruit of the garden to its own use.

The Lambeth tortoise, which took up its quarters in the garden in the time of Archbishop Laud, about the year 1625,



THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING TO BE
THANKFUL FOR.

lived contentedly there till 1753, when it died through some neglect of the gardener. Its shell is preserved among the curiosities of the museum. Sir Robert Heron, Bart., in his notes, professes an acquaintance with two tortoises, which were brought over to this country from Rochelle, soon after the siege. At the time of his introduction to these creatures, which took place in 1827, they were in the possession of Mr. Reid, who resided near York.

Several specimens of the Indian tortoise promennaded the garden of the Zoological Society in apparent vigor, though each had seen over two hundred years.

In Grant Allen's story of the "Great Taboo," the action of which is recent, a mystery is cleared up by a parrot which landed on the island in the company of an English sailor during the reign of King Charles.

What parrots are a long-lived tribe is certain. That the domesticated creatures which amuse us by their conversational talents do not often compete with Methuselah is due perhaps to ignorance as to their natural mode of feeding, to change of climate, and to the confinement, which is not conducive to longevity in any animal. Instances are known, however, of parrots living in domestication a hundred years, and even more.

Le Vaillant mentions one he saw which had been caged ninety-three years. The "Magazine of Natural History" for 1838 states that a person who had been in possession of a grey parrot for thirty-two years obtained it from a relative who had kept it forty-one, its age thus being at least seventy-three years. The same journal mentions two parrots whose ages were known to be eighty-five and one hundred respectively. Professor Schulze of Göttingen relates that a parrot brought from Italy to France in 1633 was living in

1743 at the age of one hundred and ten.

The age to which the swan may attain affords naturalists an opportunity of showing some disparity in their estimates. Bacon sets it down at a hundred, Goldsmith extends its career to three hundred years. Probably it is somewhere between.

At Alkmar, Holland, in 1672, there flourished a swan which wore a collar bearing the date 1572. In Molleson's museum there is a stuffed bird, known to fame as the "Old Swan of Dum," which died in 1823, aged two hundred years.—"Yankee Blade."

The Meanest of Thieves.

He Delays a Marriage by Stealing the Prospective Groom's Money.

Sneak thieves and burglars are a mean set; some are meaner than others, but W. J. McGrath, of Marshall, Mo., who is at the Midland with his bride to-day, is of the opinion that the meanest thief in the world has headquarters in Montgomery City, and that the State is entitled to what distinction there may be in it.

Three or four days ago Mr. McGrath journeyed from Marshall, in Saline County, to Montgomery City, in Montgomery County. His was a blissful state; his heart went up and down like a churn dasher as he came nearer and nearer Montgomery City, and finally when he arrived he was in that blissfully nervous state which precedes matrimony. The wedding ceremony was set for the next day after his arrival. Before leaving Marshall the prospective bridegroom, a tailor by profession, donned his wedding trousers. Deep in the northeast pocket he planted securely \$480.

The night before the wedding the trousers containing the money were hung carefully across the back of a chair in the room occupied by Mr. McGrath. In the morning they were found in the yard, the carefully ironed creases all out, the pockets cut and slashed and the \$480 gone.

Undismayed by what would have been the wreck of others' hopes, the prospective bridegroom journeyed back to Marshall and had another pair of trousers made, with deeper, wider pockets.

Then placing another generous roll of greenbacks, this time in the southeast pocket, he again returned to Montgomery City.

No sleep was indulged in by the bridegroom this time. The new trousers were carefully guarded, and on yesterday the plucky youth led his bride to the altar.

To-day the newly wedded pair are at the Midland, and the bridegroom is happy that he has scored a point on the thief who was mean enough to steal a bridegroom's trousers, therefore creating what some might term a hiatus in his trossseau. —From the Kansas City star.

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER IX—CLOSED.

In days gone by two or three hundred miles was looked upon as quite a formidable distance for a hero and heroine to be separated, and was in truth farther, according to the methods of communication, than Colorado is from Maine at the present time. Steam and electricity however have so nearly obliterated space, that we may expect shortly to read romances in which the courtship is carried on "viva-voce" between the gentleman in New York, or Boston, and the lady in San Francisco, or Los Angeles, and I must ask you now to return to Denver, whither Washington Van Higgin was hurrying with all possible despatch.

Arriving there, he very soon learned the truth regarding the late explosion in the tunnel, and having, in the course of his numerous business relations, often had dealings with the press, speedily rectified the false reports which had been circulated as to the origin of the disaster, so that not only was the stigma removed from the name of John Dugdale, but the affairs of the Colorado Tunnel Company, about which there had been some disagreeable whispers, were stated to be in the most flourishing condition and the work proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner. This latter was a slight stretch of the imagination, or at the least "taking time by the forelock," still we must not be very severe upon Van Higgin under the circumstances. He had a large amount at stake in the Tunnel and resolved to make it a success, so he justified himself in nipping what he honestly believed to be groundless rumors in the bud, by exaggerating, or as he put it anticipating, the progress of the work.

The day following his arrival in Denver, he proceeded to Dendville, the mining town at the east entrance of the tunnel, where he found Dugdale quite restored as to health, but laid on his back with a compound fracture of his leg, and evidently a cripple for some weeks to come.

"This is confoundly annoying Dugdale," he said, shaking the wounded man by the hand, "but it can't be helped, and we must discuss what is best to be done. I am thoroughly glad there was no failure so far as you were concerned."

"Failure!" cried Dugdale. "The machine worked splendidly, in fact too well to please the strikers, but we need not fear any repetition of what took place."

"Good; and I have no doubt the patent will be all right, which will be a fine thing for you, I suppose," returned Van Higgin cheerfully.

"Right you are," said Dugdale, "and a fine thing for the tunnel too. Now look here Mr. Van Higgin, or perhaps I ought to say 'Boss' in these regions —"

"Call me what you like."



ANTICIPATION.

"Well then Boss, we don't want any more delay. The shaft will soon be clear and in working order again. Here is the key of the desk on the table yonder; open it and you will find the sketch of the drill machine which you had better take to Boyce and Jones in Denver. They are good honest machinists and will construct a new machine in a week or so, but of course you will tell them the invention is private property and the patent applied for. By the time the drill is made I think I shall be able to stand being moved on a stretcher up the tunnel so as to superintend the work, which will be much pleasanter than lying idle here."

"You are one of those cards we call trumps, Dugdale," cried Van Higgin admiringly, "and I almost feel disposed to play a lone hand, only I never like to put all my eggs in one basket. But you must not overtask yourself, you know."

"Never fear—the hardest task that can be set me is to keep me doing nothing in a place like this with no one to help me," was the response.

Van Higgin had now secured, and pocketed, the plan of the drill machine, and once more seating himself beside Dugdale's bed he continued the discussion.

"What is your opinion regarding the tunnel—the time it should take for completion, the prospects, and so forth?"

"As far as I can judge, it will be four

to five years before there is a clear way right through," replied Dugdale. "But my work will be practically finished when the winter sets in, as by then it will be merely a question of following out the plans and orders for which a good contractor will be quite competent. As to prospects, they will depend greatly upon the quality and extent of the mines, but I should say that in from twelve to eighteen months the venture ought to rather more than pay its way."

"Let us go carefully into the figures," rejoined Van Higgin, but with those statistics I will not trouble the reader, and merely say that Van Higgin took leave of Dugdale apparently quite satisfied.

In another ten days Dugdale, with mattress on a stretcher, was carried to the scene of the late explosion where a new drill machine, modelled precisely after the former one, was in position ready for work. The surgeon attending Dugdale was very much opposed to the latter's being moved at all, saying that it might bring on serious consequences, but Dugdale was obdurate, maintaining that his health was more likely to suffer from inaction than from extra inconvenience or discomfort.

"It is not your health that I am afraid of Mr. Dugdale," said the surgeon.

"What then?" asked the patient.

"Permanent lameness," was the answer.

"I'll run the risk of that and take all



REALIZATION !!

the blame," said Dugdale firmly. "Settler limp through life with success, than dance through it with the ticket of failure stamped upon you."

He has been slightly lame ever since, but it is not very perceptible, and he treats it much as a soldier looks upon the scar of an honorable wound—in which one at least agrees with him.

And now Dugdale's first venture in the United States, so far as it concerned himself, was being brought to a conclusion. As the engineer of the Colorado Tunnel he had won his spurs, so to speak. His fame was secured, and the remuneration together with the benefits derived from his patent were such as to make him a comparatively wealthy man.

CHAPTER X—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

John Dugdale having arrived at the mature age of thirty-eight, or thereabouts, you cannot expect any "sighing like a furnace," or love sick sonnets to Madeline's eyebrow. No, as a man grows older he becomes more self contained than when two and twenty say, not that he feels less, but that he controls himself more. He is not cynical not "blase," but the youthful stream of life has broadened into a larger river. The latter is not so rapid as the former, and does not dash so impetuously over the rocks in its course,

but it is deeper without having lost any of its strength. This is only natural and proper, for while we admit that there is something pleasing and touching in a young fellow absolutely, irretrievably of course, and absurdly in love with a girl worthy of such devotion; when he can think, talk, and dream, of nothing else, and is ready, nay considers it an honor, to go down on his knees and grovel before his goddess, yet it would be manifestly preposterous for us to admire a man whose joints are no longer supple and whose hair is thin on his crown indulging in the same gymnastics. Thus we say, "there is a time for all things," in spring we love to see the blossoms budding, giving sweet promise of what is to come, and later on we love the fruit also, though the flowers have vanished.

It was late in November when Dugdale had finally closed his accounts with the Colorado Tunnel Company. He was enjoying a day's rest in the Albany Hotel, Denver, previous to returning to New York, and had seated himself in a comfortable chair in the reception room for the purpose of reading the latest number of some magazine. But his labors had been arduous, and he had fallen asleep with the book in his hand. He was dreaming of days long past, and in his imagination was thousands of miles away on the lawn

tennis ground of a bungalow at Poona, India, hitting the ball towards a fair creature on the other side of the net. She was smiling as her slim active figure sprang forward to return the ball. Then another figure, that of a man, came between them saying "My turn to serve I think," and Dugdale stopped back. He tried, again and again, to take up the game, but his opportunity seemed lost, and that same man always came between him and the girl, until he heard the latter exclaim "Too late, too late!"

He awoke with the sound of her voice in his ears, and though, in fancy, he had been in Poona, and was now, in reality, in Denver, he found himself listening to the same tones to which he had been a stranger for many a year. He rubbed his eyes, believing for the moment he was still dreaming; but no, a lady whom he did not see, his back being towards her, was saying "Yes, the scenery by the Rio Grande route is certainly more magnificent than any we have through the ghats in India, but then the people here Frederick are terrible! There is absolutely no 'caste' whatever, you know."

"None at all. I almost wish we had gone round the Cape to escape the Red Sea, instead of coming this way," was the reply peevishly given. "I wonder what time they have 'kana' (dinner) at this place."

Dugdale sprang to his feet and found himself, on turning round, face to face with the girl of his dream and her husband—the man whose turn it was to serve. Girl did I say? He saw before him a large stout woman pale and languid, though not bad looking, but who no more reminded him of her at whose shrine he had bowed, than his laundry woman would have done. He burst into a good hearty laugh, as the idol crashed to pieces before his eyes, and actually exclaimed "This is indeed a joyful surprise, Mrs. Ashley!"

Yes joyful, for when a ghost crosses our path, calling up buried memories, we are surely glad to find that the apparition is but a white post, or a harmless milestone. I dare say Dugdale thought of Madeline, and thanked his stars he was not standing in Ashley's shoes, just as Smith did the other day when he met Mrs. Jones and going home, and was more than ordinarily affectionate with Mrs. Smith, who little imagined that her husband was adopting this method of giving thanks for the lucky escape he had had.

"Mr. Dugdale! oh really—," said Mrs. Ashley, pretending to be confused, and thereby causing that gentleman infinite amusement.

"How are you Ashley? When did you leave India?" pursued Dugdale.

"Oh ages ago—been travelling by easy stages, as they say, though there is pre-

cious little ease about them that I can see."

"Frederick was very ill and was ordered home," said Mrs. Ashley. "So as the doctors thought it better not to go by the Red Sea, we came by way of China and San Francisco. My dear," addressing her husband, "it is time for you to take your medicine. He is still quite an invalid Mr. Dugdale, but what are you doing here?"

"I have been on this continent for a considerable time now," replied Dugdale.

"Ever since you left India? Ah those were happy days," said Mrs. Ashley simpering, "but of course you have forgotten them,—as a man always does."

"I remember them perfectly I assure you," replied Dugdale, who was again mentally comparing the slight active figure of his recent dream, with the stout languishing woman opposite him.

"So different to the life here," continued Mrs. Ashley. "Frederick for goodness sake don't pick your fingers in that horrid manner, unless you wish to drive me distracted."

"There is not much resemblance," said Dugdale smiling.

"Here it is all bustle and rush, while there the perfect repose was so delightful. Do leave your hair alone Frederick; why will you irritate me so?"

"Everything seems to irritate you," grumbled Ashley.

"What a kind remark," retorted his wife, "when I wait upon you hand and foot. Ah Mr. Dugdale, how I miss our Indian servants! There is positively no real service in this country, and I often wonder what Frederick would have done without me to look after him. Are you married?"

"No," returned Dugdale shortly, thinking it was not a particularly pleasant picture of wedded life that he saw before him.

"Wise man," said Ashley with a feeble laugh.

"I would not make absurd jokes if I were you my dear," said his wife.

"I never joke upon serious subjects," was the rejoinder, whereupon Mrs. Ashley remarked that Frederick must be *fairly* better he was so lively, and Dugdale began to wish he had not seen the light of other days. So it is that the scales drop off our eyes and the weeds stare at us from a garden where we fondly thought only flowers grew.

"Do you make a long stay in the States?" enquired Dugdale.

"Oh no, we sail from New York on Saturday," replied Mrs. Ashley, "that is if Frederick is not too fatigued with the railway journey from this place."

"You will leave Denver to-morrow evening then, I presume?"

"Yes, we had thought of going on to-night, but Frederick does not feel up to it."

"Beastly nuisance being so sick," said Ashley.

And this selfish brute, though Dugdale, has won her, whom I once deemed perfection, and who now alternately bullies and pities him. Where is the fault? She used to be a bright charming girl a few years ago, and he, though he was my rival, did not appear a bad sort of fellow. Is it always so? No, but there are some ships which are only suited for summer seas, and not a few houses, which are built upon the sand, in which case we know what the result will be when storms and bad weather come.

"No doubt you will soon pull round when you reach England," Dugdale remarked, by way of saying something cheerful. "I hope you are enjoying your trip—at least as much as possible, under the circumstances."

"I suppose so," replied Mrs. Ashley. "China was not bad, nor the voyage across the Pacific, but this country is fearfully democratic, don't you think?"

"It does not pretend to be anything else," said Dugdale quietly.

"I forgot you were always rather that way inclined yourself, and believe, in all men being equal."

"Pardon me, that is too sweeping an assertion," replied Dugdale. "Men are not in my opinion born equal, either physically, mentally, or morally, but they are all entitled to equal rights from a legal point of view, as separate from the social. Thus England in India, while not interfering with 'caste' rules or prejudices, allowing the Brahmin the privilege of imagining himself contaminated should a Peon brush against him, but in the halls of justice recognizes no distinction of caste, one being as amenable to the law as the other."

"What a dreadful leveller you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashley with a horrified air.

"We have to be so sometimes in our profession," was the smiling rejoinder.

"Oh but such doctrines are awful you notions—quite upsets all our preconceived notions of class distinctions," pursued Mrs. Ashley.

There are none such—or ought not to be—in the eye of the law, persisted Dugdale.

"By George you have become a perfect Yankee," struck in Ashley. "I begin to think someone must have perverted you."

"Do leave your cheek alone Frederick, you will scratch a hole in it before long," snapped his wife. "Then I suppose Mr. Dugdale you have no pity for Mrs. Windsor in that strange jewel robbery lately reported. Fancy a lady brought up as she has been, going to a common jail!"

"If she had been a poor woman, who had stolen a loaf of bread, would you be so sympathetic Mrs. Ashley?" asked Dugdale with a sneer.

"Oh a creature of that class is used

to it you know, and does not feel the disgrace," argued Mrs. Ashley.

"Used to it!" cried Dugdale losing patience. "Yes, God help them! Many of them are used to starving, 'clemming' as we say in Lancashire, and because of that, and being dressed in rags, no one wastes any pity on them when they are punished. But give them silk attire, bring them up listening to prayers and soft words, instead of receiving curses and blows, and then, should they snatch some glittering jewels from their best friend, adding perjury to the theft so as to make a desirable marriage, we are expected to look upon the criminal as a martyr, and remember her position in society!"

"What an excitable fellow you are Dugdale, and how extremely warm you get in argument!" drawled Ashley, to whom a man having strong opinions and standing to them was a curiosity, while his wife shaking her finger, as she glanced from one to the other, said with rather a dreary smile, "Shocking, shocking, Mr. Dugdale! You are not changed one bit from what you were in the old days."

Did she regret those days, and would she have altered her choice could she have recalled them? We shall never know, but Dugdale felt he could not return the compliment, (if it were intended as such) so he merely laughed, and taking out his watch remarked that it was dinner time and he hoped he might have the pleasure of sitting at their table.

During the meal they conversed a good deal about India and people they had known there; how Sir Michael Jelly, Judge of the High Court in Bombay, had retired, and Sir Richard Ottoman had been created a member of the Privy Council. Tom Drayton of the Civil Service was dead, and Jack Stirling, the Army Surgeon, had completed his service and was believed to have settled down somewhere in Canada. And so the talk flowed on, with the wine, and Dugdale could not help thinking that Ashley was inclined to put his glass a little too frequently to his lips, which made his wife nervous and fidgetty, for in that matter her control over him did not seem perfect. Dinner concluded, Ashley suggested that he and Dugdale should adjourn for a "peg," as a brandy, or whiskey, and soda is called in India, but observing a certain anxious look on the face of Mrs. Ashley, Dugdale declined, saying he should smoke a pipe in the office, and advising the invalid to retire early to recruit himself for the journey on the morrow. The expression of gratitude which shot out of Mrs. Ashley's eyes for an instant made him think more kindly of her than he had hitherto done. "Poor thing," he muttered to himself over his pipe, "I fear she has no bed of roses, and too many 'pegs' are already nailed in that fellow's coffin."

Somehow he was not sorry to part from them the following evening, the picture, I repeat, had not been a very pleasant one, and as the train steamed out of the depot, bearing away the light of other days into the darkness, he felt a "burra choop," or great tranquility, steal peacefully over him, and was glad he had postponed his departure so as to avoid having the Ashleys for travelling companions.

To be continued.

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MATTHEW C. HINSHAW,
BRANCH MANAGER.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA

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Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street
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