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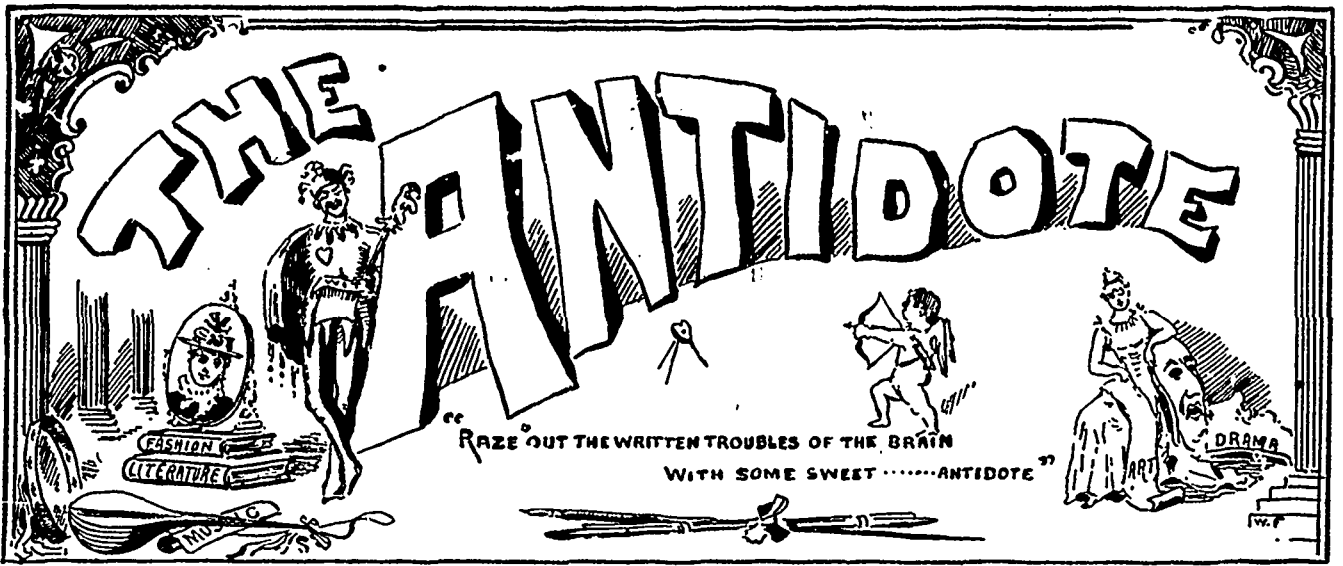
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# THE ANTIDOTE

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## TO OUR READERS

That no one may accuse us of any desire of springing a surprise upon them, our readers are hereby notified that it is not our intention to continue the publication of the "Antidote" after the close of its year, the 10th day of June, 1893.

The chief object sought to be attained in launching the "Antidote" is tolerably well known to many of our citizens, especially to the managers of the various insurance companies who generously put their hands in their own pockets and responded to the appeals made to them for patronage by a former co-worker, since appointed to a more lucrative position. It is not necessary to enter into any explanation of the causes standing in the way of success; suffice it to say that the support, however generous, did not aggregate sufficient to warrant a continuance. Paper, printing, engraving, and commissions cost money, not to mention the other expenses on a paper of the kind; and with all this is to be reckoned the fact—notwithstanding what some writers claim—that one enterprise of a literary character is usually as much as one man can expect to conduct and do it justice. That the "Antidote" had not been discontinued some months ago is due to the natural wish to keep faith with subscribers, of whom the vast majority sent in their names early. Those who subscribed later on may have any unearned balance returned to them on application on or after the close of the year.

The proprietor still maintains the belief that a paper of the kind will some day find a permanent field in Montreal, but there are few men with the proper qualifications for it whose ambition would be satisfied with the possible returns from such a periodical in this country.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. (2)

It is, of course, among people who know the commercial law of life, "Time is money," only as a respectable but distant fact akin to the latitude of Timbuctoo, that the waste of work inculcated according to the common interpretation, in the proverb which heads this article, comes to be accepted as work. When time has a well understood arithmetical value it is little enough likely to be spent in less than necessary performance; yet even so while honesty holds out against haste and weariness it may be misdirected and there may be a causeless exertion of patience and labor which would have more wisely served a larger aim. It is a mistake that generally kills itself; but not always without exchange for a worse, for the renouncing patience and labor altogether.

But, where time has no value that can be proved, where it merely means the opportunity for doing what it was not indispensable to do and what there can be no remuneration for doing, virtue, divided between the natural objection to fatigue and the desire of possessing the faculty of industry, spends its skill in ceaseless fussing, and uses ninety times nine stitches in time to save some futilely possible nine, and safely blinds a thousand things which no one will ever want to safely find, till negligence itself would be no more unthrifty, and indolence no more lavish of unfruitful hours.

And not, probably, from any special feminine indigestion of the apple Eve shared with Adam, but because their time is so habitually unrenunerative to them, women more than men spend themselves in vehement uselessness. A man sits manifestly at no toil severer than smoking, with his hands limp and lax, and fears no contumely. A woman sits unemployed, fingers like his, and feels no excuse in a busied mind anxious for more than Martha's cares; no matter what she thinks of, she is doing nothing. Let her tweedle thread to make a hideous and altogether objectional clout called an antimacassar, and she is industrious; so

she makes the clout, and since being worth doing it is worth doing well, she makes it with diligent pains and leaves off thinking. Poor soul, she thinks she is working; but her work was while her hands were still, the misapprehension is good for her. But the misapprehension is not always good.

Where there chance to be brains, and a use for brains, it is a pity when finger-twiddling takes the place of work, and the will to be useful is lost in task that, with hours of manipulation added, do not repay the outlay of the merest trifle upon the materials. And even in servicable needle-work, known by the name of "plain" there is the same tendency to the same industrious waste of time—a tendency about to be developed to hitherto super-woman extent by school-board authorities on sewing. Firmness and tidiness of work, as well as sensible accommodation of shape to requirements, cannot be too much esteemed by wearers of the garments generically described as under-linen; but who, save the washerwoman, will have opportunities of gazing critically and aesthetically on the varieties of stitching which may enliven the seams and variegate the hems of those various coverings which are "Born to blush unseen"?

And is our experience of our washerwomen's aesthetic tenderness for the works of art we consign to their chloride of lime and scrubbing brushes such as to call for a large expenditure of human eyesight in a handy-work, in elaborating the fantasies of decorations in cotton threads for their admiration? What are we to say of adornments without use and without artistic grace, and which have no beauty except to the eye of the technical seamstress, and to her represent beauty only by the pains and weariness that must have gone to their making?

But the art of a higher aim than the needle woman's is even the worse for this fine-stitch superfluity of quite imperceptible and meaningless detail with no influence on the whole to which it belongs, and no merit in itself but that of its having taken time to do.

Sometimes even that merit is a sham;

but whether the merit be sham or not, the theory of it is the same. It is supposed that the spending of time and labor, apart from the importance of the object on which they are spent, is a recommendation. It might be so if life were longer and there were less to do. But life and labor being as they are labor is not—or should not be—child's play to be done with toil and moil like the heaping up of sand-castles between the tide marks, with no measure of the work to its lasting, and no purpose but to work for the while. Doing well lies in doing fitly, not in doing with urgency apart from the need.

### Correcting Proofs by Machinery.

The correcting of proofs for the press under the new type-setting system is apt to lead to very trying mistakes. In the former—the handsetting method—the wrong letter was picked out and the proper one put in its place. Under the type-setting system a whole line is cast at a time, and when an error is discovered by the proofreader, the whole line in which it occurs must be removed by the operator and a new line cast. Although mistakes occur far less frequently than by the old system—where the errors arise chiefly through the falling of types into one wrong box—it occasionally happens that another error is made in re-setting the new line, thus necessitating greater watchfulness. We are indebted to Mr. Dawson of the Printers' Bureau, Ottawa, for a valuable hint toward avoidance of another mistake of too frequent occurrence. If the solid line of type in which the error occurs is only partly lifted out of its place—one end only being raised—there is less likelihood of the new and correct line being inserted in the wrong place, as often happens in early experiments with such type-setting machines. There are difficulties surrounding the introduction of most new machinery for which sanguine purchasers are slow to make allowance. As several errors crept into our notice "To our Readers" last week making the sense here and there rather obscure, we repeat the art-

icle in the present issue. It may be observed that the whole of the article and that following were set up direct from short-hand notes.

### A MODERN PYGMALION.

(Concluded.)

Poor Hermione little realised the blow which she had dealt her husband. She felt that the passing cloud would be amply compensated for by the news which she had good hope she would be the bearer of that night. But to Pygmalion the incident was a total eclipse to the brightness of his life. Wearily the day passed with him. All work was distasteful. Least of all could he occupy himself with the marble portrait of his wife which was now approaching completion. In the afternoon he heard Lord Harborough arrive, but his pride kept him from his wife's drawing-room during her cousin's visit, whilst his jealousy held him on tenter-hooks during its length, which it must be admitted was great enough to arouse the suspicions of a less vigilant husband.

It had been a piping hot summer's day, and about eleven o'clock in the evening Pygmalion, stifled by the heat of the house, and made restless by the tumult of his passion, took his hat and started for a walk whither his feet chose to take him. He had strolled on desultorily for an hour or so, when he found himself on the pavement of Portland-place, and realised the close proximity of his wife. Across the path he saw the usual crowd of idlers watching the grandees in and out of their carriages, and curiosity and idleness led him to mingle a moment with them. A hideous old dowager, painted and bedizened as shamelessly as her less fortunate sisters of the pavement, was just being handed to her carriage, and, as her cavalier with a foreigner's politeness kissed her hand, a contemptuous laugh went the round of the spectators.

Pygmalion was about to turn away, when a youth volunteered the information—

"By jabsers, here comes a stunner," and, looking through the open door, he saw his wife leaning on the arm of Lord Harborough.

"Mrs. Smith's carriage" was passed from mouth to mouth, as his own neat brougham drove up to the door, and out they came laughing and talking with the utmost good-humour.

"Oh, Harborough," he heard his wife say, "I can never be grateful enough to you."

"Well, Hermione," answered her cousin, "all I have to say is, mind you never let your husband know the part I have played in it."

"He would never forgive me if he did," said Hermione, as the door was banged

and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

Lord Harborough turned back into the house, his heart aglow with the consciousness of the good office he had performed for the sculptor. The latter turned away down the street, half mad with hatred towards his generous-hearted friend.

Meanwhile, Hermione was pondering on her way home how best to apprise her husband of the news of the contemplated visit to his studio of the exalted connoisseur, on whom she had succeeded in making a most favourable impression. More than once Pygmalion had declared that he was the only other person living whose opinion of his work he would care to have, and now she was the means of bringing about the desired consummation. She would make her old "Lion" guess first, and then she would tantalise him with all sorts of suggestions, and then she would put off telling him till to-morrow, and, finally, she would relent, and know the rapturous enjoyment of showing how, all the time he had been thinking she preferred the Hungarian reception to his company, she had been doing violence to her own inclinations, so as to further his interests. Her heart was all aglow with pleasurable excitement as she let herself into the dimly-lighted hall. Turning the gas out, she went up to her room, expecting to find Pygmalion fast asleep, but the bed was untouched. He must have stayed late in his studio! She would go and tell him the news there.

Downstairs she found all dark and deserted. Her husband had evidently gone out for one of his nocturnal tramps. However, here was the sofa on which she had posed for her portrait. She would lie down there, and, naturally throwing herself in the self-same attitude in which she was to be immortalised, Hermione blew out the candle and awaited her husband's return in the dim light of the warm summer night. She knew that he would come there before going up to bed, for his old slouch Bohemian hat, which he was only allowed to wear after dark, and which was relegated, on pain of total banishment, to this part of the house, was not on its accustomed peg. In a few minutes she was fast asleep, worn out by the fatigues and excitement of the day.

All this time Pygmalion was trudging homewards in anything but an angelic frame of mind. Indeed, by the time he reached the door of his house, he had a regular devil's tattoo beating in his brain. He felt desperate, reckless, disposed to tear something to pieces, to wreak vengeance upon something or somebody. His wife was false to him. The marble portrait which he was going to hand down to the ages was the presentment of a deceitful, prejured woman. Was he, like Don Juan Rocca, in Calderon's play, going to have his name bandied about as another "Painter of his own Dishonour"? Thank

Heaven, that, at least, he could put, out of the power of posterity.

The house was still as death. In the dim light of the studio, the positions of the white marble and clay figures could barely be distinguished. Over where the chef d'oeuvre lay, heavy draperies cast a deeper shade. Pygmalion groped his way in, his brain aflame with his jealous, unreasoning madness. His accustomed hands soon found chisel and heavy steel mallet, and in a moment he stood over the prostrate white figure, which his eyes could but dimly outline. For one instant he hesitated. Through his madness rose a momentary regret that so beautiful a thing should be destroyed. But the sense of his own dishonour rushed in upon him, and drove down the feeble regret. It nerved him, and gave him double strength. He raised his mallet and dealt the accursed thing a swinging blow. Great God! what was that that stayed his hand as he held it high for repetition? Surely the steel had not met with the resistance of marble which he knew so well! And, great heavens, what was that, that chilled his heart, that sent the blood whirling through his brain, and threw him, gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth, into the paroxysms of convulsions on the floor? It was a scream, a groan, a ghastly mortal yell, then a long-drawn sob right under his murderous hand. And then Pygmalion knew in one startled moment of lucid thought that in his madness he had blundered—that he had mistaken the reality for its counterfeit, and that he had killed his wife.

Sir Pygmalion and Lady Smith are now so well known in London—indeed in all European Society—that probably the only thing not generally understood about them is that their crest—a cat couchant with rouge wound in its back—takes its origin from the snow-white Persian tom, which had made a couch of the cool bosom of Pygmalion's great work, to its own destruction, on that sultry summer night long years ago.

FASHIONS.

I have just seen a bonnet of cork—yes, positively made of a thin layer of that material adapted to the crown and front and also to the large bow, placed in the front; it was trimmed with gold cord and ornamental pins, and a row of roses without foliage united the hair, and the bonnet at the back—petunia roses, by the bye, not very natural, but contrasting well with the cork. Straw, accordion pleated, is also used for the front bird-like bows, without, which no bonnet would now be complete.

Short waists make belts a necessity, and the newest are of expanding wire, orná-

cat and ear ends; and it fastens with buttons to the back and sides.



mented with jet spots about the size of a four-penny piece, fashioned like a Swiss belt in front, with a buckle in the centre.

A very large bow of either green or violet velvet or satin ribbon, with two sections to each side centered by a tight crossing torcade, is placed on the front of dresses, whether of silk or cloth, and so adjusted as to decorate the top of the bust, being on the exact middle of the front of the bodice, midway between the belt and throat. This very effective bow is so wide that it reaches almost to the armhole on each side. There are no pendent loops or ends, and the effect is excellent. In black velvet ribbon or toulard, showing a pattern of wild roses a bow of this kind is extremely picturesque. This effect is taken from the time of Louis Quinze, similar bows of a smaller size being seen on the skirt in rows of six or eight running upon the right and left, and having rows of lace between them.

We illustrate a lovely gown of glace foulard, shot with fawn colour, pale green, and pale heliotrope. The skirt is arranged with a double flounce, the upper one, which is also the shorter of the two, being edged with cream-coloured lace. The hat has a wide brim of fine Leghorn, and a crown of short green, and fawn velvet, trimmed with shaded roses in four colours, tiny rosebuds, and a large g. stening dragon-fly.

RECIPES.

**Rumbled Eggs.**—Beat three eggs with two ounces of butter and a teaspoonful of cream; put into a saucepan and keep stirring on the fire nearly five minutes, until it has risen up like little waffles. Serve hot on buttered toast.

**Chocolate Custard.**—Add a teacup evenly full of grated chocolate, to a quart of fresh milk, not skimmed. Boil together, then set aside to cool. Beat well four eggs, reserving three of the whites, however, for a meringue. Sweeten with a teaspoonful of sugar and season with a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Mix chocolate and eggs together, Bake in a pudding dish slowly, and only until set like custard. Put the meringue on when the custard is cold.

**Spanish Cream.**—One quart of milk, one-half box of gelatine four eggs, beaten separately, four level teaspoonfuls of vanilla, one cup of sugar. Soak the gelatine in the milk for half an hour. Then put it on the fire in a double boiler; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, and when the milk is boiling, stir the eggs in and cook until it begins to thicken. Beat the whites of the eggs very light, and stir into the mixture, when it is taken of the fire; flavor and pour into the mould to cook. Beat the whites well into the custard.

**Madeira Pudding.**—One half pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, six ounces of brown sugar, one-quarter pound of flour, two eggs, and two wine glasses of sherry wine. Mix the suet, bread crumbs, sugar and flour well together. When these ingredients are well mixed, add the eggs and two glasses of sherry to make a thick batter. Place in a pudding bag, and boil three hours and a half over a good fire. Serve with wine sauce.



### A DOWRY OF HERRING.

From the French, in Romance.

It was Jan. 20, 1795. The French army had entered Amsterdam and the soldiers waited in groups in the square where they had stacked their guns to have their lodgings signed to them.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the inhabitants had left their homes and were collecting in the streets to welcome the liberating army. The greatest enthusiasm reigned in the city, and in the evening every house was illuminated.

Near the Admiralty, however, stood one house whose dark and silent aspect contrasted strangely with the brilliant exterior of its neighbors. A narrow courtyard enclosed in a high wall, with a port cochere, intervened between the street and the house, and all the doors and blinds were now closely secured. This was the house of Master Woerden.

Master Woerden was a rich Dutch merchant. Entirely taken up with his commercial affairs, he was totally indifferent to the political events which so interested his countrymen, besides which he too thoroughly understood domestic economy to waste candles after the prodigal fashion of his neighbors.

At this moment Master Woerden was seated in a comfortable armchair in front of a blazing fire. His fur-bordered robe was folded across his chest, and his wolf-skin cap was pressed down upon his brow, whose few scattered gray hairs offered no protection from the sharp currents of frosty air that found entrance at every opening of the door.

On a table near him stood a polished brass lamp, a large pitcher of beer and a clay pipe. In the chimney corner an old servant whose extreme embonpoint betrayed her Flemish origin, occupied herself with occasionally stirring and feeding the fire.

Presently the door bell rang and the servant rose quickly to answer it. A few moments later a young man entered who threw his cloak on the sofa and approached the old man.

"Is that you, William?" exclaimed Master Woerden. "I had not expected you so early!"

"I left Brooks this morning," he replied, with a respectful salutation, but the roads are so cumbered with soldiers

and fugitives that it has taken me all day to get here."

"Did you see Van Elberg?"

The young man drank a glass of beer and sat down by the fire before answering this question.

"Yes, sir," he said slowly. "Master Van Elberg consents to the marriage, but he refuses to give his daughter more than 4,000 ducats as her dowry."

"But, father, let me—"

"Ah!" cried Master Woerden, frowning heavily, "then he may keep both his daughter and her dowry."

"Hold your tongue, William. At your age one would sacrifice every thing to love, but let me tell you love fades away, while money remains."

"But Master Van Elberg is one of the richest merchants in Holland, and what he will not give his daughter in his lifetime will surely come to her after death."

"What then? Am I not as rich as he? Listen to me, my son. You will one day succeed me in my business. Remember, then, these two axioms—never give more than you receive, and do nothing for the sole benefit of others. These are good rules for marriage as well as for commerce."

"But—"

"Let the matter rest, my son. We will not speak further of it now."

William knew the self-willed obstinacy of his father too well to reply, and sat still in great sorrow and perplexity, while the old man smoked his pipe.

Again the door bell rang and the dogs in the courtyard barked furiously.

"Ah!" said Master Woerden, "it must be some stranger. Look out of the window, William, and see who it is."

The young man did so, saying in tones of surprise:

"It is a mounted militiaman, father."

Presently the old servant brought in a letter, which Master Woerden received with an air of great disquietude; but on tearing the envelope with impatient fingers his face assumed its wonted expression of serenity as he read the enclosure.

"That is well!" he said, as he handed the letter to his son.

It was a requisition from the government for 400,000 herring to be delivered within a month for the use of the French army.

"William!" exclaimed the old man, after a moment's reflection. "I have an idea! You shall marry Van Elberg's daughter, and she shall have a good dowry, too."

"Can it be possible?"

"Leave it to me. As the canals are all closed by the ice, be ready with two saddle horses at daylight to-morrow. Ah! my son! if you only inherit your father's genius!"

The next morning the rising sun saw the

two travelers on their way to Broek. They arrived about midday, but were obliged to leave their horses at an inn outside the village, as neither horses nor carriages were permitted to enter its streets. Broek enjoys in Holland an extraordinary reputation for neatness.

The streets are paved with polished stones in different colors, which are arranged in mosaic designs. In front of each house is a space reserved for the use of the inhabitants, which is enclosed by an iron railing with bright ornaments of brass and furnished with sections of carved wood. So great is the mania for cleanliness that a withered leaf cannot fall in one of those elegant parquets without the family's rushing out in the utmost haste to remove it.

When Master Woerden and his son arrived with snow-laden shoes, many covert glances of indignation followed their wits. "You are a skilful merchant and progress toward Master Van Elberg's house; but as they were at once well known and greatly respected, no open remonstrance was made. On reaching their destination, however, the servant met them at the door with slippers in hand that they might leave their heavy shoes outside.

When the travelers entered the parlor, no only Master Van Elberg, but his charming daughter also received them with much cordiality.

Clotilda wore the costume of her country. The short, full skirt, richly decorated with embroidery, the velvet bodice and the dainty cap with its border of lace, the gold band across her dark hair, and the heavy gold earrings thickly set with jewels, made a picturesque garb that quaintly set off her fair, placid features.

"Good morning, Master Woerden!" cried Van Elberg, as he held out his hand cheerily to his visitor. "You know I care as little for the French as for the Prince of Orange. Politics never interest me. I come to propose a good speculation."

"That is well. What is it?" returned Van Elberg.

"I have engaged to deliver 400,000 herring in a month. Can you furnish them to me in three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand."

"Ten florins? Yes! I will undertake to supply them."

"Good!" returned Woerden, rubbing his hands together contentedly, as the dining room door was now open, displaying the plentiful breakfast which awaited them."

After partaking liberally of the good things before him, for the long ride had sharpened his appetite, Master Woerden glanced significantly at the young girl, who shyly turned her eyes away from him

as he began to discuss the question of the young folks' marriage. Finding his host firmly insisting on giving his daughter only the dowry he had before mentioned, Master Woerden made but a feigned remonstrance to these terms, and in the end conceded the disputed point. It was then decided that the marriage should take place in eight days.

As they returned to Amsterdam the next day, William ventured to ask his father why he had thus agreed to Master Van Elberg's terms.

"My son," replied Master Woerden, gravely, "do not disturb me about trifles. The contract for herring is a serious matter and requires all my thoughts."

Once more in his own house, Master Woerden shut himself up for hours in his own room, and when he at length came forth he gave his servant a large package of letters to mail.

Three days later the old man, with his wrinkled face alight with triumph, whispered to his son:

"Ah, William, I have your dowry all ready for you."

On the day appointed for the wedding Woerden and his son returned to Brock. This time they were received with great ceremony. The wide folding doors that are only opened for christenings, weddings and funerals were drawn apart, and a large party assembled.

The master of the house, however, came to meet them with so pale and troubled a countenance that William feared he had some bad news to make known. Master Woerden did not share his son's alarm, for he knew only too surely the cause of his host's distress.

"What troubles you, dear friend?" he said, with a hypocritical smile. "You look anxious and worried."

"Ah! I am cruelly embarrassed. I must speak with you at once."

"Can it be this marriage that displeases you? Do you wish to retract your consent?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, then, let us go on with the ceremony; when that is over and our friends are amusing themselves we can speak at our ease of other matters."

Master Van Elberg hesitated. He would gladly put all else aside until his distress of mind was explained; but seeing also how much wiser it would be to take the advice thus given him, he gave the signal for the marriage to go on.

A few moments later the wedded pair were kneeling at the altar to receive the church's blessing on their union, and immediately on the return of the party to the house, Master Van Elberg hurried his guest into his private room.

"My friend," he said anxiously, as soon as he had closed the door, "I have engaged to deliver 400,000 herring to you in 15 days, and I have not yet succeeded



A VARIATION OF TWO SUITS.

in getting a single one. They are all sold."

"Of course they are!" cried Master Woerden, with a burst of laughter; "I have myself bought them!"

"Ah!" cried Van Elberg, after staring a moment at his companion in utter amazement. "What then do you expect—"

"That you will fulfill your engagement. Listen to me, my friend. You will one day leave your daughter a large fortune, and I shall do as much for my son. That is all very well for the future, but for to-day they are not on equal terms. I shall give my son a share in my business, but you give your daughter only 4,000 ducats. I have not wished to disappoint our children's hopes, but I have planned to compel you to be more just in your arrangements."

While Master Woerden thus spoke his companion was becoming more and more bewildered.

"This is what I have done," continued the merchant of Amsterdam; "you have engaged to sell me these herring at ten florins a thousand, but I already have them. You can only retrieve your honor by buying them from me. I will sell them to you for 50 florins a thousand. Thus you will pay me 10,000 florins, and we are quits."

"It is well," replied Van Elberg, who had now regained control of his scattered brain. "He bowed ceremoniously to his companion, turned to his desk and drew up a check for the required sum, which he handed to Master Woerden with another bow."

The two fathers then returned to the parlor to partake in the wedding festivities.

Eight days later the merchant of Brock came to visit his daughter, who now lived with her husband at Amsterdam. He found Master Woerden in great tribulation.



"Ah, friend Van Elberg!" he cried in despair. "What shall I do?" The fishermen are bringing in my herring, and I cannot find a single cask to pack them in. They will all be spoiled.

"Ah," returned Van Elberg coldly. "You bought up all the herring and I have bought up all the casks. I could sell them to you at an exorbitant price, but as I wish to keep my word about giving my daughter her dowry of 4,000 ducats, I will only charge you the amount you so skillfully made out of me in the other matter. You are very cunning, you merchants of Amsterdam; but we of Broek have positive genius, you see."

"But you got the idea from me," replied Master Woerden, proudly.



### Four-in-hand Novelists.

The following is a word puzzle. It narrates the adventures of a four-in-hand novelist while trying to lose his reputation. Competitors do not require to be told that a four-in-hand novelist is a writer of fiction who keeps four serial tales running abreast in the magazines. The names of specimen four-in-hand novelists will recur readily every one. The puzzle is to discover who this particular novelist is; the description, as will be observed, answering to quite a number of them.

A few years ago, if any one in Fleet street had said that the Jay would come when I would devote my time to trying to lose my reputation, I would have smiled incredulously. That was before I had a reputation. To be as statistical as time will allow—for before I go to bed I have seven and a half yards of fiction to write—it took me fifteen years' hard work to acquire a reputation. For two years after that I worked as diligently to retain it, not being quite certain whether it was really there, and for the last five years I have done my best to get rid of it. Mr. R. L. Stevenson has a story of a dynamiter who tried in vain to leave an infernal machine anywhere. It was always returned to him as soon as he dropped it, or just as he was making off. My reputation is as difficult to lose. I have not given up the attempt yet, but I am already of opinion that it is even harder to lose a reputation in letters than to make one. My colleagues will bear me out in this.

If I recollect aright—for I have published so much that my works are now rather mixed up in my mind, and I have no time to verify anything—the first place I thought to leave my reputation in was a volume of pot-boilers, which I wrote many years ago for an obscure publication. At that time I was working hard for a reputation elsewhere, and these

short stories were only scribbled off for a livelihood. My publisher heard of them recently, and offered me a hundred pounds for liberty to re-publish them in book form. I pointed out to him that they were very poor stuff, but he said, that that had nothing to do with it; I had a reputation now, and they would sell. With certain misgivings—for I was not hardened yet—I accepted my publisher's terms, and the book was soon out. The first book I published, which was much the best thing I ever wrote, was only reviewed by three journals, of which two were provincial weeklies. They said it showed signs of haste, though every sentence in it was a labor. I sent copies of it to six or seven distinguished literary men—some of whom are four-in-hand now—and two of them acknowledged receipt of it, though neither said he had read it. My pot-boilers, however, had not been out many weeks before the first edition was exhausted. The book was reviewed everywhere, and, in nine cases out of ten, enthusiastically lauded. It showed a distinct advance on all my previous efforts. They were model stories of their kind. They showed a mature hand. The wit was sparkling. There were pages in the book that no one could read without emotion. In the old days I was paid for these stories at the rate of five shillings the thousand words; but they would make a reputation in themselves now. It has been thus all along. I drop my reputation into every book I write now, but there is no getting rid of it. The critics and the public return it to me, remarking that it grows bigger.

I tried to lose my reputation in several other books of the same kind, and always with the same result. Barnacles are nothing to a literary reputation. Then I tried driving four-in-hand. There are only five or six of us who are four-in-hand novelists, but there are also four-in-hand essayists, four-in-hand critics, etc., and we all work on the same principle. Every one of us is trying to shake himself free of his reputation. We novelists have, perhaps, the best chance, for there are so few writers of fiction who have a reputation to lose that all the magazine editors call to us for a serial tale. Next year I expect to be six-in-hand, for the provincial weeklies want me as well as the magazines. Any mere outsider would say I was safe to get rid of my reputation this year, for I am almost beating the record in the effort. A novelist of repute, who did not want to lose his reputation, would not think of writing more than one story at a time, and he would take twelve months, at least, to do it. That is not my way. Hitherto, though I have been a member of the literary four-in-hand club, I have always

been some way ahead with at least two of my tales before they begin to appear in serial form. You may give up the attempt to lose your reputation, however, if you do not set about it more thoroughly than that; and the four novels which I began in January in two English magazines, one American magazine, and an illustrated paper, were all commenced in the second week of December. (I had finished two novels in the last week of November.) My original plan was to take them day about, doing about four chapters of each a month; but to give my reputation a still better chance, of absconding, I now write them at any time. Now-a-days I would never think of working out my plot beforehand. My thinking begins when I take up my pen to write, and ends when I lay it down, or even before that. In one of my stories this year I made my hero save the heroine from a burning house. Had I done that in the old days they would have ridiculed me, but now they say I reveal fresh talent in the delightful way in which I re-tell a story that has no doubt been told before. The beaten tracks, it is remarked, are the best to tread when the public has such a charming guide as myself. My second novel opens with a shipwreck, and I am nearly three chapters in getting my principal characters into the boats. In my first books I used to guard carefully against the introduction of material that did not advance the story, yet at that time I was charged with "padding." In this story of the shipwreck there is so much padding that I could blush—if I had not given all that up—to think of it. Instead of confining myself to my own characters, I describe all the passengers in the vessel—telling what they were like in appearance, and what was their occupation, and what they were doing there. Then, when the shipwreck comes, I drown them one by one. By one means or another, I contrive to get six chapters out of that shipwreck, which is followed by two chapters of agony in an open boat, which I treat as if it were a novelty in fiction, and that, again, leads up to a chapter on the uncertainty of life. Most flagrant padding of all is the conversation. It always takes my characters at least two pages to say anything. They approach the point in this fashion:

Tom walked excitedly into the room, in which Peter was awaiting him. The two men looked at each other.

"You wanted to see me," Tom said at last.

"Yes," said Peter slowly, "I wanted to see you."

Tom looked at the other uneasily.

"Why did you want to see me?" he asked after a pause.

"I shall tell you," replied Peter, pointing to a chair

speak. But he changed his mind. Peter Tom sat down, and seemed about to look at him curiously.

"Perhaps," Peter said at last, "you know my reasons for requesting an interview with you here?"

"I cannot say that I do," answered Tom.

There was another pause, during which the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard.

"You have no idea?" inquired Peter.

"I have no idea," replied Tom.

"Do you remember," asked the older man, a little nervously, "that when old John Vansittart disappeared so suddenly from the Grange there were some persons who believed that he had been foully murdered?"

(Tom passed his hand through his hair. "John Vansittart," he muttered to himself.

"The affair," continued Peter, "was never cleared up."

"It was never cleared up," said Tom.

"But why," he added, "do you return to this subject?"

"You may well ask," said Peter, "why I return to it."

And so on. There is so much of this kind of thing in my recent novels that if all the lines of it were placed on end I daresay they would reach around the world. Yet I am never charged with padding now. My writing is said to be beautifully lucid. My shipwreck has made several intelligent critics ask if I have ever been a sailor, though I don't mind saying here, that like Douglas Jerrold, I only dote upon the sea from the beach. I have been to Dover, but no further, and you will find my shipwreck told (more briefly) in *Marryatt*. I dashed it off less than two months ago, but for the life of me I could not say whether my ship was scuttled, or went on fire, or sprang a leak. Henceforth I shall only refer to it as the shipwreck, and my memory will do all that is required of it if it prevents my mistaking the novel that contains the shipwreck. Even if I did that, however, I know from experience that my reputation would be as safe as the lives of my leading characters. I began my third novel, meaning to make my hero something of a coward, but though I worked him out after that pattern for a time, I have changed my plan. He is to be peculiarly heroic henceforth. This will not lose me my reputation. It will be said of my hero that he is drawn with no ordinary skill, and that the author sees the two-sidedness of every man's character. As for the fourth story, it is the second one over again, with the shipwreck omitted. One night when I did not have a chapter to write—a rare thing with me—

I read over the first part of this fourth tale—another rare thing—and found it so slipshod as to be ungrammatical. The second chapter is entirely taken up with a disquisition on bald heads, but the humor of it will be said to increase my reputation. Sometimes when I become despondent of ever losing my reputation, I think of taking a whole year to write one novel in, just to see what I really could do. I wonder whether the indulging public would notice any difference? Perhaps I could not write carefully now if I tried. The small section of the public that guesses which of the four-in-hand writers I am may think for a moment that this story of how I tried in vain to lose my reputation will help me toward the goal. They are wrong, however. The public will stand anything from us now—or they would get something better.—J. M. Barrie, in "A Holiday in Bed."



A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

(Money talks, yes, but never gives itself away.

A man is judged by the cigars he gives to his friends.

Mrs. R.—Why, Mr. H., isn't that Miss M?

Mr. H.—That was her name I believe.

Mrs. R.—Ah, she's married then! And pray do tell me what narrow-brained, simpering idiot you have married her?

Mr. H.—You refer to the minister who performed the ceremony, I presume, as I am her husband.

A YOUNGSTER'S DEFINITION OF A SNORE.

Mother.—"Paul, just step into the next room and see if grandpa is asleep."

Paul (returning after a short time)—"Mamma, the whole of grandpa is asleep, only his nose keeps awake yet."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Ambiguous.—She—"How was your speech at the club received the other night?"

He—When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."

WENT TO A GOOD PLACE.

Dentist: No; I've no objection to your sitting in my office during my extracting hours, but why do you want to do such a peculiar thing?

Young Man.—I've been delegated by our class to get points for a new college yell.

She filled her now puffed sleeves with gas, And when the wind was right, Toward the World's Fair she lit out, And soon was out of sight.

IMPORTED WIT.

A LIVELY DOSE.

A worthy doctor, residing in the Rue des Carottes, told his man to take a box of pills to one of his patients, and at the same time deliver a cage containing six canaries, at the house of a friend of his. By a strange oversight the man presented the cage to the patient, with the following prescription: "Swallow a couple every half-hour."—*Esprit des Autres*.

SEMPER IDEM.

Drowning Man:—"Help! Do throw me a life-belt!"

Passenger (a tailor)—"Most happy to oblige. What size round the waist, please?"—*Leber Land und Meer*.

Just as soon as the moon has quarters enough, she always gets full.

Little Florence Wheeler is the only girl in a big family of boys. Some one asked her when she was to begin going to school. "Dust as soon as I dots into pants!" was the solemn and sincere answer.

Farmer (in pawnshop, surprised at the diversity)—'Pon my soul!

Freiballstein—How much you vant of it?

"Did you advise Howler to cultivate his voice?" "Yes." Oh mercy! What for?" "A rain-producing machine.

AN INCURABLE CASE.

A certain celebrated New York doctor is noted for his gruffness. Not long ago an elegantly dressed lady belonging to the Four Hundred called at his office. "What can I do for you?" asked Dr. Gruff, not looking up from his writing. "Sir, I am Mrs. Sturvenant Knickerbocker Van Astorbilit."

"Do you want to be treated for it?"

"Are the Misses Dumahoe in?" he asked. "She are," returned Bridget, "but the young ladies is out."

## To "LA GRIPPE."

By a victim.

The time has come for you to leave this house. Seventeen days ago you folsted yourself upon me, and since then we have been together night and day. You were unwelcome and uninvited, and you made yourself intensely disagreeable. We wrestled, you and I, but you attacked me unawares in the back, and you threw me. Then, like the ungenerous foe that you are, you struck me while I was down. However, your designs have failed. I struggle to my feet and order you to withdraw. Nay, withdraw is too polite a word. Your cab is at the door; get out. But, stop, a word with you before you go.

Most of your hosts, I fancy, run you out of their houses without first saying what they think of you. Their one desire is to be rid of you. Perhaps they are afraid to denounce you to your face. I want, however, to tell you that I have been looking forward to this moment ever since you put me to bed. I said little while I was there, but I thought a good deal, and most of my thoughts were of you. You fancied yourself invisible, but I saw you glaring at me, and I clenched my fists beneath the blankets. I could paint your portrait. You are very tall and stout, with a black beard, and a cruel, unsteady eye, and you have a way of crackling your fingers while you exult in your power. I used to lie watching you as you lolled in my cane-chair. At first it was empty, but I felt you were in it, and gradually you took shape. I could hear your fingers crackling, and the chair creak as you moved in it. If I sat up in fear, you disappeared, but as soon as I lay back, there you were again. I know now that in a sense you were a creature of my imagination. I have discovered something more. I know why you seemed tall and stout and bearded, and why I heard your fingers crackling.

Fever—one of your bastard weapons—was no doubt what set me drawing portraits, but why did I see you a big man with a black beard? Because long ago, when the world was young, I had a schoolmaster of that appearance. He crackled his fingers too. I had forgotten him utterly. He had gone from me with the love of climbing for crows' nests—which I once thought would never die—but during some of these seventeen days of thirty-six hours each I suppose I have been a boy again. Yet I had many schoolmasters, all sure at first that they could make something of me, all doleful when they found that

I had conscientious scruples against learning. Why do I merge you into him of the crackling fingers? I know. It is because in mediæval times I hated him as I hate you. No others have I loathed with any intensity, but he alone of my masters refused to be reconciled to my method of study, which consisted, I remember (without shame) in glancing at my tasks, as I hopped and skipped to school. Sometimes I hopped and skipped, but did not arrive at school in time to take solid part in lessons, and this grieved the soul of him who wanted to be my instructor. So we differed, as Gladstonian and Conservative on the result of the Parnell Commission, and my teacher, being in office, troubled me not a little. I confess I hated him, and while I sat glumly in his room, whence the better boys had retired, much solace I found in wondering how I would slay him, supposing I had a loaded pistol, a sword, and a hatchet, and he had only one life. I schemed to be a dark, morose pirate of fourteen, so that I might capture him, even at his black-board, and make him walk the plank. I was Judge Lynch, and he was the man at the end of the rope. I charged upon him on horseback, and cut him down. I challenged him to single combat, and then I was Ivanhoe. I even found pleasure in conceiving myself shouting "Cackle-fingers" after him, and then bolting round a corner. You must see now why I pictured you heavy, and dark, and bearded. You are the schoolmaster of my later years. I lay in bed and gloried in the thought that presently I would be up, and fall on you like a body of cavalry.

What did you think of my doctor? You need not answer, for I know that you disliked him. You and I were Yoes, and I was getting the worst of it when he walked in and separated the combatants. His entrance was pleasant to me. He showed a contempt for you that perhaps he did not feel, and he used to take your chair. There were days when I wondered at his audacity in doing that, but I liked it, too, and by and by I may tell you why: I often asked him to sit there. He was your doctor as well as mine, and every time he said that I was a little better, I knew he meant that you were a little weaker. You knew it, too, for I saw you scowling after he had gone. My doctor is also my friend, and so, when I am well, I say things against him behind his back. Then I see his weaknesses and smile comfortably at them with his other friends—whom I also discuss

with him. But while you had me down he was another man. He became, as it were a foot taller, and I felt that he alone of men had anything to say that was worth listening to. Other friends came to look curiously at me and talk of politics, or Stanley, or on other frivolous topics, but he spoke of my case, which was the great affair. I was not, in my own mind, a patient for whom he was merely doing his best; I was entirely in his hands. I was a business, and it rested with him whether I was to be wound up or carried on as usual. I daresay I tried to be pleasant to him—which is not my way—took his prescriptions as if I rather enjoyed them, and held his thermometer in my mouth as though it were a new kind of pipe. This was diplomacy. I have no real pleasure in being fed with a spoon, nor do I intend in the future to smoke thermometers. But I knew that I must pander to my doctor's weakness if he was to take my side against you. Now that I am able to snap my fingers at you I am looking forward to sneering once more at him. Just at this moment, however, I would prefer to lay a sword flat upon his shoulders, and say gratefully, "Arise, Sir James." He has altered the faces of the various visitors who whispered to each other in my presence, and nodded at me and said aloud that I would soon be right again, and then said something else on the other side of the door. He has opened my windows and set the sparrows a-chirping again, and he has turned on the sunshine. Lastly, he has enabled me to call your cab. I am done. Get out. —J. M. Barrie.

## BRIEF BUT TO THE POINT.

Dr. Donne had married a lady belonging to a rich family without the consent of her parents, and in consequence was treated with great asperity; in fact, he was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The doctor went home and penned the pithy note: "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone," which he sent to the gentleman in question, and this had the effect of restoring them to favour.—Chamber's Journal.

## A GREAT LIKING.

Landlady (to boarder, who has passed his cup six times)—You are very fond of coffee, Mr. B.

Mr. Banford—Yes, ma'am, it looks as if I was when I am willing to swallow so much water for the sake of getting a little.

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Most exquisite screens are to be seen at art rooms framed in a wide gilt moulding and covered with dull green velvet. In the centre of the last is a medallion-shaped design worked in cross-stitch over canvas, which is pulled away after the embroidery is completed.—New York World.

FINANCIAL REPARTEE.

"I am worth 20 of you," said the dollar-bill to the nickel.

"That's what you say," replied the nickel, "but I notice that I can buy a cigar without having to go broke, which is more than you ever do." — Indianapolis Journal.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Squire Pillham—Hillo, deacon! What air you doin in my henhouse?

Deacon Pullet.—Fore de Lorl, sah, a case of necessity, sah, my wife, sah, am perry sick, sah, an de doctah, sah, pro-scribed poached aigs, sah, an I'm jes poachin a few aigs, sah.

Her First Baking.—Tattersall.—You are very, very cruel, madam. Mrs. Young's wife—Why? Haven't I given you something to eat? Tattersall—I asked for bread and you give me a stone.

More than half a century ago a good deacon, by the name of Day, had seven children—six daughters and one son. They were known as his six week Days and one son Day.

Servant—Step this way, Mr. Whizz.  
Caller—Mr. What? My name is Jones.  
Servant—Your pardon, sir. When I handed your card to Miss Mollie, she said: G. Whizz! Show him in.

Laker—I went to the mayor to-day and got a marriage license.

Mrs. Penns—How very unfortunate; I have married another man.

Laker—Well, I suppose I can wait; the license won't expire for two months yet.

A saw generally means business when its teeth are set.

Those who keep late hours have not much use for early hours.

Just when the coffee thinks it has good grounds for complaint the egg drops in and settles the whole business.

Man in the Moon—"Say want to do me a favor?"

The Sun—"Sure. What is it?"

Man in the Moon—"Just make it hot for that half million of Innatics down there who are going 'round screeching that I'm their sweetheart durn 'em."

She's an awful woman the neighbors say. And keeps her husband on misery's brink.

Yes. I saw her in a buggy to-day, when she actually drove a horse to drink.

\*THE ANTIDOTE\*

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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 COMP'Y**

OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1899),

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. TYRE. MANAGER FOR CANADA

**NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY**

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1850.

Capital.....\$5,000,000  
Total Funds in hand exceed.....1,700,000  
Fire Income exceeds.....1,200,000

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

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

**ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1861.

Capital.....\$6,000,000  
Fire Funds exceed.....1,500,000  
Fire Income exceeds.....2,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER.

**ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, 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, 1892.

Branch Office in Canada: 167 St. James Street, Montreal.

G. H. 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.

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

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