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MONTREAL, APRIL 8, 1893.

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AN OBSOLETE VIRTUE.

There was once a virtue that everybody said was the most useful, and wholesome, and sensible, and self-rewarding virtue that ever was, everybody loved and respected it, even those who never thought of practising it. But so much was written and talked in its favor that there were few people who at some time or other did not make up their minds to practise it, and just as the good books told them they would do, they always felt a glow of satisfaction whenever they had carried out their intention, though some of them only carried it out once or twice and then gave it up again till the next time arrived for the making of good resolutions. That virtue, now so long forgotten that many of the present generation have never heard of it, was Early Rising. Its history was simple and sad, it was for a few centuries a habit, then, becoming rare, it was promoted to a virtue, in which honorable dignity it was suffered to remain long after it had lost all influence; finally, it was declared guilty of arrogance and of keeping unseasonable hours, and, falling in to disrepute, vanished ashamed into obscurity. Persons of archaic disposition, especially school-mistresses with a turn for inditing advice to youthful female minds, and getting it published, have, within the memory of man tried to re-suscitate the legendary honors of the fallen virtue; but such attempts were about as practicable and as successful as if they had aimed at the revival of knight-errantry, and their main result was to arouse damaging attention, and to suggest to lively but lie-a-bed writers of small talk essays, a palpable theme for sarcasms.

The change in the literature of early rising is indeed an indisputable phenomenon. During the epoch of mediæval

superstition and barbarity, when everybody got up early, it seems to have almost completely escaped the attention of poets and moralists; and such tributes to it as have been handed down to us are contained almost if not altogether exclusively in those pithy summaries of practical ethics called proverbs—terse axioms of experience which combine a whole code of policy into a few dozen words, but which do not concern themselves with virtues from an unremunerative point of view. When the proverb tell us that—

He that would thrive,
Must rise at five;
He that has thriven,
May rise at seven—

it ascribes no moral superiority to the five o'clock over the seven o'clock riser; it simply recommends a line of conduct serviceable towards getting on in the world; and so with other matutinal proverbs, we cannot in any way draw from them the inference that early rising was, in the time that gave birth to those proverbs, classed among the abstract virtues, neither can we draw from them the inference that it was not. They are economical recipes of the character of our own pet cut and dried phrases about small profits and quick returns, buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear, and so forth; phrases which would long since have been crystallized by rhyme, or alliteration, or homely metaphor into such familiar views as those which made the proverbs of our ancestors gospel to Hob and Wat and their babies, but for the disappearance of the gift of proverb-making from a spelling book-reading and grammar-haunted generation. One of the greatest iconoclasts of the old notion of mediæval times was the late John G. Saxe who, to the surprise of a people not yet emancipated from old time persecutions, denounced early rising in verses more forcible than elegant.

The time came, however, when early rising met with higher recognition than that of the few utilitarian proverbs. It is an invariable consequence of civilization that mankind comes to prefer being awake in the hours of artificial light and asleep by daylight; and thus as civilization progressed, early rising

became less and less customary, until at last it assumed that degree of rarity which is essential to virtue. The day of its triumph had arrived, the poet racked his brains for many-hued pictures of the dawn, and sang of the virtues of getting damp with the early morning dew; the social philosopher expatiated on the righteous joys of being up before everybody else, the strengthening of the moral tone, the improvement of the complexion, the increase of acquaintance with nature, and of appetite for breakfast. The arithmetician did inspiring sums about the decades which would be added to life by rising only a few hours before fires are lit, and sitting-rooms swept and dusted; and we all remember the joyous lilt of that beautiful ballad of the late tender-hearted Claribel, "Five o'clock in the morning," made so popular by the singing of the gifted soprano, Madame Parepa. From the round text copy-slips of our fathers to epics, early rising was the theme of every pen. And then without transition and without premonitory signs the reaction came—which it shall be our duty to refer to in another issue.

Social and Personal.

Mr. Hugh A. Allan and Mrs. Allen will leave next week by the "Parisian," via Halifax, on a short visit to England.

Mr. G. W. Stephens, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Stephens, spent Easter week in New York.

Mrs. Henry Birks, who has spent the winter in Ashville, N. C., has returned to town.

Mr. James O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien left town on Saturday last on a visit to Lakewood, New Jersey.

Mrs. Pangman, of Phillips Square, who has been suffering from an attack of la grippe, is now convalescent.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, is in town on a visit to Sir Donald and Lady Smith.

The Hon. Wilfred Laurier and Mrs. Laurier have arrived in town on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. David.

Mr. Bruce Campbell, Ste. Hilaire, is again confined by illness to Strong's Hospital.

Sir William Dawson and Lady Dawson, who as spring advances, have been moving gradually northward, are now at Ashville, N. C. Sir William's health being now completely restored.

◆THE ANTIDOTE◆

The Hon W. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith have arrived from Ottawa on a visit to their son, Dr. Laphorne Smith, Bishop street.

Miss Ida Brauchaud will shortly leave for Springfield, Mass., on a visit to her aunt, Miss Knue, thence to visit friends in New York, proceeding later to Chicago to visit the World's Fair.

Mr. Edward Rawlings, Mrs. Rawlings and Miss Rawlings, have returned from New York, where they have been spending Easter.

Prince Roland Bonaparte may visit Montreal on the occasion of the feast of St. Jean Baptiste in June. After visiting Chicago he will take in California and British Columbia and return by the C. P. R. to Montreal.

Mr. Chas. de Martigny is at Venice; Mr. and Mme. H. Beaugrand at Nice; Mme. Gelinas, Mlle. Rodier at Loranger; Messrs. F. X. Dion, A. Toussaint at Rome; Mrs. Phillips at Cannes; Miss R. W. Simons at Athens.

Mr. L. M. Spackman, a well-known member of the Montreal Hunt Club, met with an unfortunate accident recently in the Transvaal, where he was visiting his brother. While out riding his horse stumbled, with the result that Mr. Spackman was thrown and had his knee severely twisted.

Sir John Abbott, with his daughter and sister-in-law, have returned from their six months' sojourn in Europe, where they visited Paris, Rome, the Riviera and Naples. The hon. gentleman reports an extremely pleasant passage, with the exception of the last two or three days; still he expressed himself as being much improved by the voyage and his long rest, and seemed in cheerful spirits.

Amongst the Montrealers who have spent Easter week in New York were Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Meredith, Mr. E. S. Clouston, Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Wheeler, Mrs. and Miss Waddell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Mrs. Louis Sutherland, Miss Grace and Miss Amy Murphy, Mr. J. A. Strachy, Mr. Ernest Stuart and Mrs. Stuart, Mr. Hector Mackenzie, Lieut-Col. F. Henshaw, Mr. Vivian Dowker, who sailed for Europe by the "Teutonic," and many others too numerous to mention.

A fashionable wedding will be solemnized to-day, when Miss Hettie Penfold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Penfold, of Argyle avenue, Cote St. Antoine, will be married to Mr. Fred Crawford, of the Bank of Commerce, New York.

A large gathering responded to the invitation of Mrs. Hannaford on Tuesday afternoon, when their spacious house, on St. Catherine street, was the scene of a most enjoyable at home. About 100 guests assembled, many of whom wore pretty and stylish gowns.

Mrs. Leech gave a most enjoyable and successful dance at her residence. The decorations and arrangements were exceptionally good.

The St. Lawrence Curling Club had a pleasant re-union at the City Club last Tuesday evening. Music, vocal and instrumental, including the pibroch, together with toasts and sentiments enlivened the occasion.

The younger society element had a very enjoyable time at Mrs. J. J. Curran's, Hutchison street, Thursday evening, where a large number of bright and happy children went in for a "real good time." The scene in the prettily decorated rooms was all that could be desired.

The marriage of Mr. John G. Savage, of Montreal, to Miss Helen Lizers, daughter of the late John Galt, Esq., of "The Ridge," Goderich, Ont., was performed on Thursday at Fredericton, N. B. The bride wore a gown of cream satin, with French cord and point lace trimmings, and carried tulips.

A highly successful "at home" was held on Wednesday last by Mrs. E. W. Smith, of Sherbrooke street, the floral decorations, in which were intermixed fairy lamps, were much admired. Mrs. Smith received her guests, looking charming in a shrimp-pink crepon, elaborate with handsome lace. Mrs. Pennington, the mother of the young hostess, looked well in black brocaded silk.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hannaford, St. Catherine street, gave a brilliant ball on Wednesday evening, at which over 200 guests were present. A sumptuous supper was served, and dancing was carried on with unabated spirit. The rooms and conservatory were effectively arranged and decorated, the whole presenting a lovely scene.

One of the most important weddings of Easter week was at St. Paul's church on Thursday, the bride being Miss McCulloch, niece of Mr. Andrew McCulloch, the groom was Mr. Galloway Cheston, of Boston. The bride was gowned in a robe of white duchesse satin made-en-traine, and with corsage trimming of point lace. The tulle veil was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms, and fell to the hem of the gown. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. A large number of guests were present.

And now the social whirligig has begun to spin again after the wabbling and uneven method of revolving which of necessity marks its career during the Lenten season. People in society are fully aware how much mockery there is growing to be of this Lenten season devotion, and a good deal has been said and written about the hollowness of it, but let it be plainly understood that, take it all in all, the genuine and sincere religious observations

of the season of sackcloth and ashes (by the way, what a nice, long line, satisfactory line, that season of sackcloth and ashes is to the space filling scribbler on social chattering is), so far as Montreal is concerned, very praiseworthy, and far more noticeable than the same type of fashionable people exercise in Toronto and Hamilton. However, what difference does it make from the standpoint of the average reader? Why just a little less than none, save that there are not as many parties to be described in threadbare platitudes, and that the lists of "among those present" are not so extensive.

What with flowers in the home, around the chancel, and on the hats, the place has become a conservatory of bloom. Everybody is glad that Easter has come, for it is the harbinger of many things. There is a prospect now that the days will not succeed one another in quiet monotony, and the realization will replace retrospect and anticipation. With the spring comes gossip of a kindly nature, and wondering as to this and that. Prospective brides will receive their share of attention, and the world will laugh as it moves toward the bright, warm days when activity will be out of the question.

The spring season of the local fashionable world opens at Easter, with the usual annual Easter Sunday millinery and dressmaking parade, to say nothing of the masculine brigade of newly spring-suited callow youths and tailor-made men of tender years. This parade was first in motion after the morning service, more or less all over the city; but its most glittering battalions marched up and down Sherbrooke street (on the south pavement for preference) until past one o'clock, when it disintegrated and melted away until the afternoon, when, in less solid array, it played a second inning on the same ground, but penetrated into the wild fastnesses of West Montreal, and in the very numerous instances of spoony combinations, sought the most secluded thoroughfares of that delightful place, Cote St. Antoine. Other parts of the town naturally had their own little shows of new frocks and finery, but the Sherbrooke street display was certainly the finest.

At the Kennels.

The last Hunt ball took place Thursday evening at the Kennels. The dance was well attended, and was most bright and successful. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and the orchestra supplied excellent music. Many lovely dresses were worn, bright color being in pleasant evidence, but no sign of the dreaded crinoline.

The following are the subscribers to the ball:—

Ladies' List—Mrs. Hugh A. Allan, Mrs. Andrew A. Allan, Miss E. Angus, Miss Arntson, Miss Baumgarten, Miss Cantile, Miss Corbett, Miss Campbell, Miss E. Campbell, Miss Dunlop, Miss Drinkwater, Mrs. J. M. Fortier, Miss Fautoux, Mrs. Hugh Graham, Miss Hall, Miss F. Hall, Miss Hope, Miss Harvey, Miss Ibbotson, Miss Amy Judah, Mrs. W. Kerby, Miss Lamoinne, Mrs. A. Le Duc, Miss Lowe, Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. W. L. Maltby, Mrs. Maltby, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. D. McIntyre, Jr., Miss O'Brien, Misses E. M. and E. Rae, Miss Robertson, Miss W. Ryland,

Miss de Salaberry, Miss Strathy, Miss Thomas, Miss Utley.
 Gentlemen, Messrs. Hugh A. Allan, Andrew A. Allan, D. Forbes Angus, A. Baumgarten, J. Barclay, R. C. Buchanan, E. S. Clouston, P. Caron, E. A. Cullis, P. Crosby, W. S. Clouston, F. Oushing, A. Davis, J. H. Dunlop, J. M. Fortier, G. A. Farmer, Geo. Gillespie, Hugh Graham, W. Hopo, Geo. R. Hooper, H. Hall, A. Hamilton, W. Kirby, A. Lodge, Hector Mackenzie, W. H. Meredith, F. E. Meredith, W. L. Maltby, S. Meredith, D. McIntyre, jr., C. C. McIntyre, P. Rae, John Rose, Colin Sewell, J. H. Stewart, Gordon Strathy, Major Wilson, Dr. H. B. Yates.

RECIPES.

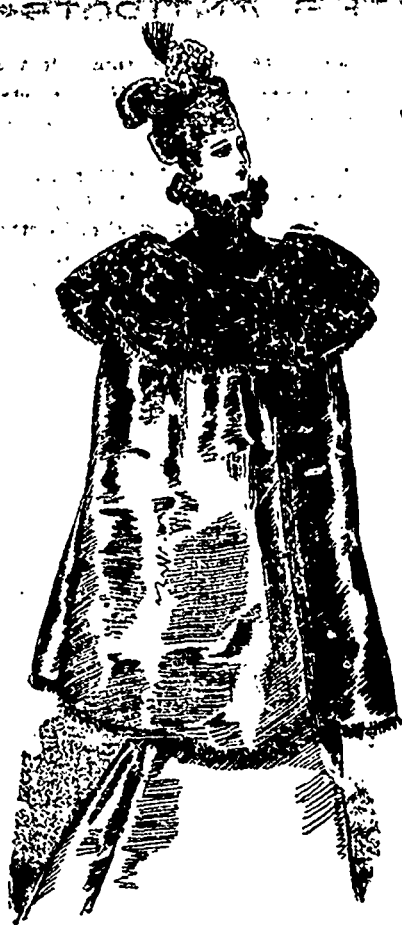
Fried Celery—Trim and thoroughly clean the celery and cut it into pieces about three inches long. Have ready a thin batter, dip the celery into it, and fry in plenty of butter or cottolene till a golden brown, serve very hot, with a garniture of parsley.

Macedoine of Vegetables—This is for left-overs. Put a pint of carrots, cut into cubes, into boiling salted water, and cook forty minutes, then pour off the water, and add one pint of cooked cauliflower—break the flowerets apart—one pint of French peas, rinsed and drained, one gill of white stock, a salt-spoonful of white pepper, a tablespoonful of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Cover the stew-pan and set where the contents will cook for ten minutes. Put into a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, and two even tablespoonfuls of flour; stir till smooth. Heat two gills of stock and add to this, place over the fire and stir till it boils; then add one teaspoonful of chopped onion, a bay leaf, one teaspoonful of salt, and one salt-spoonful of pepper. After cooking five minutes add half a cup of milk and boil up once. Strain this sauce over the vegetables and arrange them on a warm dish. This is very nice for an entree, or to serve with chops or cutlets.

Economical Pudding—Fill a pudding dish one-third full with stale cake. Make a custard of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one quart of milk. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Pour over the cake and bake. Use the yolks only. When cooked, spread with jelly; beat the three whites stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the pudding, and let brown.

One of the best insect exterminators known is hot alum-water. Put the alum in hot water and boil until dissolved; then apply with a brush to all cracks or lurking places of the pests, ants, cockroaches, bedbugs and other creeping things are killed.

Zinc bath tubs and all copper and tin kitchen utensils can be kept in pristine brightness by occasionally washing them with a hot solution of salt and vinegar.



—Ladies' Pictorial.

FASHION NOTES.

Delicacy and beauty of color and material were the rule in last spring's straws. This year the effort seems to be to produce something odd and curious. A collection of straws is as diverting as a vaudeville performance is supposed to be, and has about as much unity of conception, and is quite as erratic as to refinement. The woman who can decorate her head with some of the enormities of this year's millinery has the heroism of a "sandwich man."

The basket straws, plain and fancy, are as numerous as the basket weaves that are proving so popular. Smooth velvet crowns have straw brims faced with velvet to match the crown. Green and black are associated frequently and strikingly. There is much purplish pink in the straws. A pure brown is one of the prettiest colors. The details of a woman's costume go a long way toward the general effect. A plain gown may be very materially beautified by the addition of a few pretty trifles.

The Empire yoke is one of the sweetest novelties I have seen this spring, and it is sure to gain a high place in feminine favor, it is so easily made, and so effectual in brightening up a plain form. I saw one which was made of fine black Brussels not plaited into a collar of vel-

vet and finished around the shoulders with a deep ruffle of black lace about five inches in depth, gathered very full and edged with finely cut jet spangles. Above this lace ruffle were two rows of black velvet ribbon. Another was in cream white lace, having then each gathered in by tiny pale green ribbons. A very handsome one was of dull shades of blue, green and rose Persian brocade, and had full epaulettes of guipure lace.

The black satin coat is in high favor, and when it is worn, really the rest of the costume doesn't count, for it is elegance itself. The most popular shape is fitted in the back and half loose in front. It may be trimmed as elaborately as one wishes, with jet, lace and velvet. The sleeves are very full and very stiff.

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

A Henry County negro was discovered carrying a very large armful of books, which brought forth the inquiry:

"Going to school?"

"Yas, sar, boss."

"Do you study all those books?"

"No, sar; dey's my brudder's. Is a ignorant kind er nigger sidd him, boss. Yer oughter see dat nigger figgerin'. He done gone an' ciphered clean through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, creation, amputation and adoption."

McFingle—I thought you believed in letting the office seek the man?

McFangle—I do, but I'm going down to Washington just to save the office a few steps when it seeks me.

Wee Daughter—Mamma, may I have a party?

Mamma—There isn't room in this house for all the litt'le girl's you know.

Wee Daughter—That's why I think this would be a good time to give it. I'm mad at 'bout half of 'em.

"Guzzler is a very methodical fellow, isn't he?" Intimate friend: "Heavens, yes, he gets drunk at the same time every day."

Little May—Auntie loves you, don't she and wants you for her own?

Colonel Coldlead (who has lost an arm)—Why do you think so, dear?

Little May—Oh, you are all old and broken up like the Venus de Milo, and that's what she loves.

"I think the pilgrim mothers had a harder time than the pilgrim fathers," said Hicks.

"Why?" queried Dicks.

"Why, they not only had to endure the same privations as the pilgrim fathers, but they had to get along with the pilgrim fathers, as well."

The Skeleton in the Cupboard.

I.

The characters of great and small
Come ready made, we can't bespeak one;
Their sides are many, too,—and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life,
Some love their hobby till it flings
them,—
How many love a pretty wife
For love of the colat she brings them!

II.

A little to relieve my mind
I've thrown off this disjointed chatter,
But more because I'm disinclined
To enter on a painful matter:
Once I was bashful; I'll allow
I've blush'd for words untimely spoken;
I still am rather shy, and now—
And now the ice is fairly broken.

III.

We all have secrets; you have one
Which mayn't be quite your charming
spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiar who exhaust their days
And nights in probing where our smart
is—
And who, excepting spiteful ways,
Are "silent, unassuming parties."

IV.

We hug this phantom we detest,
Rarely we let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest,—
Now, are we not afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich, and brave as Hector—
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

V.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
So boarding is his ruling passion;—
Some gloomy souls anticipate
A waistcoat, straighter than the fab-
ion!—
She childless pines, that lonely wife,
And secret tears are bitter shedding;—
Hector may tremble all his life,
And die—but not of that he's dreading.

VI.

Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!
The beldames dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek,—they stir it for our sins.
And we must drain it for our troubles,
We toil, we groan;—the cry for love
Mounts up from the poor, seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A Father, infinite in pity.



From the "Strand."

VII.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,
Where sunbeams play, where shadows
darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
Its ghastly carnival;—but harken!
How dry the rattle of the bones!
That sound was not to make you start
meant:
Stand by! Your humble servant owns
The tenant of this dark apartment.

—Frederick Locker.

Old Stamps.

F. J. B. is informed that Mr. Fred (Bur-
nett) of the Royal Loan and Savings Co.,
Brantford, Ont., has (advertised in the
'Journal of Commerce' to pay the prices
referred to in the "Antidote" of March
25th.

Miss Pert:—I am sorry, but I can never
accept the man that snores.
Old Jackson—But I do not. Who says
I do?
Miss Pert—The rector. He ought to
know.

HIS LITTLE GIRL; OR, WORKED OUT,

By Pleydell North, in the "Strand." (Continued.)

It was seldom that Lady Peyton spoke with so much vehemence; she was terribly put out, and she overshot the mark. The following day Guy again called at Firholt; rode over alone; he remembered a suggestion he wished to make to Mr. Rawdon about the fishing. He had thought over the situation; had weighed and justly appreciated the change in the girl which had perplexed him the day before and thrown him out. He saw her determination not to be taken apart from her father, and it turned admiration into a serious and tender respect. He felt a chivalrous desire to atone to the girl who so bravely set herself to set aside her frivolities and lightheartedness, and fight society with this terrible little man by her side.

He found Ellinor sitting under the brown beeches on the lawn. Mr. Rawdon was not at home, which, perhaps, was a relief to everyone concerned. Tea was brought out under the trees, and Mrs. Montresor came with her work. Perhaps the threatened destruction of an intercourse which had promised so much made its renewal sweeter. At any rate, from that afternoon the story of these two people ran with even facility to its climax. Guy Peyton asked Ellinor to be his wife in a simple, straightforward way about three months after their first meeting. Tragedy and parting seemed so far removed from their fate, when once the difficulty of her parentage was faced and accepted, that there was no occasion for much protestation. The undoubtingness of their love made it simple in expression; they knew that it dated from the day they had met by the Leau, and Rollo had effected their introduction. Sir Guy and Lady Peyton were forced into cordiality, for the dower offered by Mr. Rawdon was simply magnificent. The £300,000 proved no dream; it was solidly invested, and he proposed to settle almost the entire sum upon his daughter on her wedding-day, retaining only a sufficiency to supply the most simple needs. He also signified his intention of vacating Firholt for her use.

"Perhaps," he said gently, "he would visit her occasionally—for himself rooms in town would be more to his taste." He explained this to Sir Arthur, who felt compelled to remonstrate, although secretly he thought the arrangement in every way admirable. Lady Peyton was exultant. With Mr. Rawdon's withdrawal, the one fatal drawback to the marriage was removed. But Matthew Rawdon said nothing of his plans to his daughter.

It was within a few months of the date fixed for the wedding that a great dinner was given at Firholt. At the last moment a note arrived from Lady Peyton; could

Ellinor find room at the table for a friend, an American on a visit to Europe, who had appeared suddenly at the Hall, bringing letters of introduction impossible to neglect?

They were among the last to arrive. Ellinor was receiving to-night; in the great drawing-room, and she looked fit to reign there. She wore a dress of golden-hued chiffon. Across her bosom and on the skirt were sprays of daisies, and the heart of every daisy was a blazing sapphire—a type of the girl's nature she was totally unaware of.

Her father had taken up his favourite position with his back to one of the fireplaces, and she stood near him. Mr. Rawdon had improved during the last few months. He shifted less; his clothes, thanks to Ellinor, were irreproachable, and, especially since his daughter's engagement, he had grown daily more calm.

The Peytons were announced.

Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton, Mr. Peyton, and Mr. —; the name was lost.

Ellinor saw a spare, tall man, keen-faced and vigilant. He was bowing before her. She heard a slow, slightly nasal monotone beginning—

"I must apologize, Miss Rawdon—" He had reached the slight elevation of the last syllable, when an irresistible impulse made her turn from him to her father.

Matthew Rawdon had grown deadly pale. He had leant back against the mantel, clutching himself nervously.

"Father!"

He gave a swift motion of the hand, bidding her be still, and with an effort recovered himself.

A moment later she heard again the American's voice.

"You have a fine place here, Mr. Rawdon, one of the finest I should say in this fine country."

Her father made some inaudible reply; the curious pallor was still upon his face, but dinner was announced; she had no chance of speaking to him. During dinner she watched him anxiously. She saw that he was more than usually nervous; that he drank a good deal of wine. Once or twice she caught a penetrating glance, swift and direct, thrown by the American to that end of the table.

Throughout she seemed to hear above every other sound the slight rise and fall of that slow, clear monotone, and felt she hated the man. It was a relief and reassuring to turn her head and catch Guy's smile, and she was thankful when she could give the signal for withdrawal.

After the ladies had gone, the American had the field to himself. His metallic bell gradually silenced the other men, and he got the ear of the table.

Mr. Rawdon's chief merits as a host were that he gave good wine, good dinners, and left his guests entire freedom. He usually headed the table in silence, with the result that, on the present occasion, his white, exhausted face escaped remark, except from Guy Peyton. Matthew Rawdon had now something more than toleration from his future son-in-law—partly on Ellinor's account, partly on his own.

The unobtrusive self-effacement of the little man appealed strongly to those who came within his immediate influence.

The American was dilating on the fortunes made and lost on the other side of the Atlantic.

"A curious case," he was saying, "a curious case I knew once—a poor, wretched little clerk in an office in Boston city—he had a wife and child and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. One fine day he presented a cheque at a bank, signed by one of the best-known names in the city—a cheque for three hundred dollars. The cheque was a forgery, sir—a forgery. The man was caught, trying to escape to Europe and sent to prison. He had been speculating, gambling, buying small shares out of petty economies; everything failed. When he had no more, he forged a name. Poor little chap, he threw himself at the feet of the man he had wronged and begged for mercy, but he went to the hulk—his wife died of a broken heart.

"Now, sir, for the remarkable point. While that man was serving his time, some damned sentimental fool died, and left him every penny of his colossal fortune. His time served out, the man went to Europe, where he was unknown, to spend his money. When I saw him again, sir, he was about to ally himself, through his daughter, to one of the oldest and proudest families of this proud old country. He had changed two letters of his name. The name of the clerk, sir, was Daw—"

There was a sound as of a blow, a clatter of silver and glass. The host had fallen forward in his chair; his body lay across the table, the arms stretched out.

"Where is my father?"

Guy Peyton was by Ellinor's side in the drawing-room. Nearly half an hour had elapsed since the abrupt conclusion of the American's story. Mr. Rawdon had been carried from the table, but Guy had taken care that no rumor of alarm should reach Ellinor until he himself could go to her.

"He is not quite himself; he is in the library."

"What is the matter? Why was I not told? I must go to him."

"It is not serious. My father is with him. Don't go, Ellinor. It was a slight faintness, that is all. Don't let people imagine anything has gone wrong. I asked Mrs. Montresor to go down."

"Are you sure? Would he rather I stayed here?"

"I am quite sure he would rather you stayed here, and I also, Ellinor."

She obeyed him, but she was uneasy with

used his name. Now I am going to beg once more—for my daughter—for Ellinor Stop this thing from becoming public; save

tack I had to-night was from the heart."

"And my son?"

"Tell him if you think it right; do as you like. Send him abroad. I will tell Ellinor she must wait for my return, but let it fall upon her gradually—gently; do not break her heart."

There was something in the absolute simplicity of the men's pleading that touched Sir Arthur's heart—not an unkindly one; also the plan proposed seemed the best for them all.

He did not know that Matthew Rawdon looked to the possibility that, with his self-effacement, his crime might be forgiven—to his little girl; that he hoped much from Guy's strength and Sir Arthur's need of that £300,000.

Sir Arthur hesitated. "I think," he said, slowly, at last, "it will be the best plan."

"You consent, then? You can assure this man's silence—"

"I consent. And as for Mr.—Mr.—yes, I can silence him."



"THE HOST HAD FALLEN FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR."

foreboding, especially when Sir Arthur did not return, and longed to see the list of her guests, that she might be free.

In the library lay the master of Firholt. He had shrunk in this last hour. He was more wizened; his hands and feet seemed drawing themselves up into clothes that had suddenly grown loose and baggy; his face was livid, even to the lips. He lay with his eyes closed.

Sir Arthur Peyton was walking up and down in the room, limping still from the gout, his face working; he was in a terrible passion.

"You own to it—that this man's story is true; that you have plotted to bring disgrace upon an honourable house; added crime to crime, the taint of it to fall upon the children of my son?"

The shrivelled figure on the couch trembled.

"I believed that it would never become known. I did it for her."

"Known or not known, the disgrace was there—the d—disgrace! Good God! how can I tell what Guy will do! The exposure alone—"

"Must that exposure come?" said Mr. Rawdon, faintly.

"Come? who is to prevent it?" said the man of title. "The scandal will half kill Lady Peyton. To be sure I have stopped that—American's mouth for the present. No one but he and myself know for certain."

A faint tinge of colour was coming back to Mr. Rawdon's face. He reached a cordial that was upon a table near, and drank it. Then he stood upright. There was a touch of dignity in his bent figure his thin hands were folded quietly, his feet shuffled no more.

"Sir Arthur, when I forged that cheque my wife was dying, and I had no money—none. I had begged five pounds from the father of the man who dined at my table to-day, and he refused it; then I

her from knowing. It will be better for you, too; and I—I will go to-night. I cannot stay here. I will write to her—telling her that the love of the old roving life is upon me—what you will. I cannot live long. I know it. The at-



"THE SHRIVELLED FIGURE ON THE COUCH TREMBLED."

When length Ellinor was rid of her guests, she went to seek her father. She found that he had gone to his room, and that the door was locked.

He answered back to her inquiries that he was better—anxious to sleep; she might go to bed without fear. She went back to Guy, who was waiting in the drawing room. He declined a seat in his mother's carriage and meant to ride home. Ellinor slipped her arms about his neck—

"Guy, what is the matter to-night? Something has happened, or is going to happen. What is it?"

He gathered her in his arms, crushing the chiffons of her yellow gown—

"Nothing but your own nervous fears, sweetheart."

"Guy, we have never talked much about our love. Tell me now how much you love me."

"An idle question, Nell. I love you, dear. If you were alone, and poor—"

"And dishonoured—say dishonoured, Guy."

He paused a moment, then said quietly—"And dishonoured, Nell—outwardly; in your own pure heart you never could be

you are mine, the one woman to whom, by God's help, I live or die."

She clung to him—

"Thank you, Guy."

"It is nonsense," he said; "it is you who give me everything. If I loved you less I could not take it. You believe that, Nell?"

"Indeed, I do."

She lifted up her face to say good-night. Suddenly he caught her back to his arms.

"Oh, my love, my love, I almost wish these things might come upon you, that I might prove it."

When the quiet darkness of night had settled down upon Firholt, the door of its master's room opened softly. Treading as a thief in his own house, Mr Rawdon stole out. He glided, a small dark blot, through passages where a faint moonlight from time to time illuminated his shrinking figure, until he reached the door of his daughter's room.

He paused, listening. All was so quiet within, he ventured to turn the handle. The stillness told him that Ellinor was asleep. Treading on tip-toe he stole across to the bed. There was sufficient light for him to see her face, plainly, and, stooping over her, he kissed her lightly on the forehead—for the last time.

The poor little outcast was crying; a tear was rolling down his cheek, but he wiped it away, lest it should fall upon her and waken her, following the light touch of his kiss. As it was she stirred a little in her sleep, and he drew back behind the curtain. He waited a few moments, then, without venturing to touch her again, he stole away out into the night. Early the next morning Mrs. Montresor came to Ellinor's room with a letter. She looked grave and anxious.

Matthew Rawdon had written to her, begging her to be herself the bearer of a letter to his daughter, and to break the news of his departure.

"How is my father?" asked Ellinor. "Has John been to him—have you heard?"

"Your father has been called away suddenly on business, dear child. He has written; here is his letter."

"What! without telling me? And he was so ill last night!"

Matthew Rawdon, in writing for the last time to his daughter, had characteristically avoided much self-expansion.

He spoke of his absence as necessary even for her own well-being, and begged her in the matter of her marriage to be guided by the wishes of Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton until his return.

Ellinor read his words in silence. She felt that some heavy blow had fallen, although as yet she could not realize its extent or nature; also she was wounded and amazed. Her father had already formed

his plans and discussed them with Sir Arthur when she bade him good-night at his door, and had said no word to her. It seemed that he had purposely avoided seeing her. Had she known of his secret



"MR. RAWDON STOLE OUT."

farewell, her pain would have been less. She might have turned to Mrs. Montresor for comfort. Now she was silent and tearless.

She had scarcely left the breakfast-room when Lady Peyton arrived. Sir Arthur had taken his wife into his counsels, and she fully agreed in keeping such secrecy as might still be possible. It was a hard blow for her; the sense of shame, of having been duped, added to the disappointment, the overthrow of all her plans, made it almost unbearable.

She frankly expressed a wish that Mr. Rawdon or Dawson might never be heard of again—might put an end to himself—"it is the only thing left for the little wretch to do with any decency," she explained.

It was easy to induce the American to hold his tongue. He had done mischief enough already in satisfying a feeling of personal animosity. He had no wish to see the doors of a society he was eager to enter closed against him, as Sir Arthur assured him would infallibly be the case did he bring down further scandal upon his present hosts.

It was clear that the breaking off of the engagement must come from Ellinor—there was no knowing what Guy's chivalrous notions might lead him into doing—and Lady Peyton drove over to Firholt in the morning, while her son thought her still in her room.

Her visit was a short one.

She entreated Ellinor for her own sake not to seek to know the reasons of her

father's conduct, she told her that his last express wishes, left with Sir Arthur had been that the marriage should be put off until his return, and implored her, for Guy's sake, to be guided by them.

"And his return—when will that be?" asked the girl, with blanched face.

"I—no one, I think, exactly knows."

"And it is for Guy's sake you ask me this?"

"Indeed it is—to save him from the consequences of a fatal mistake—from an irreparable wrong."

"And this mistake—it was my father's?"

"Yes."

Ellinor walked to the window. Was she to lose everything at one blow—father, lover—all that life held for her? "You are sure? This is best for Guy—is it to save him?" She asked again at last.

"I am quite sure."

The girl walked over to the writing-table without another word.

"You will know that my father has left me suddenly," she wrote. "I believe Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton know more of the cause than I—I learn that it is his wish that our marriage should be delayed until his return. No one knows when that will be. For your own sake I write to give you your freedom. I was mad to ask of you what I did last night—forget it Guy. Do you think I am cold-hearted that I write so? I think I am dead—I can feel nothing."

When she had finished Lady Peyton was prepared to leave.

"I will send this," Ellinor said: "John shall ride over at once."

"You are a brave woman, Ellinor," she kissed the girl's cheek. It occurred to her that there were things even more potent than wealth to wipe out inherited stain. Sir Arthur had purposely detained his son that morning, talking over matters totally unconnected with the topic uppermost in both minds. Guy had just escaped and was mounting to ride over to Firholt, when Ellinor's letter was put into his hand. He was thunderstruck and furiously angry. Although perfectly aware that something had gone seriously wrong, he had waited, determined that his father should take the initiative, and equally determined that nothing should induce him to give up Ellinor. What he was not prepared for was that his mother should get the start of him and deal the blow through the hand of love. He went straight to Sir Arthur, the letter in his hand.

"You knew of this, sir? My mother has seen Ellinor this morning," The elder man felt uncomfortable. There was an unpleasant look of conspiracy about the affair; but, Ellinor having proved reasonable, secrecy was no longer an object, and he told his son simply the whole story.

Carefully as he detailed his action in the matter, it was not difficult to read between the lines. The anger of the young man deepened.

"Very well, sir," he said when his father paused. I more than half guessed the truth last night. In the face of it I renewed my word to Miss Rawdon. You have thought fit to hound away her father, to treat me like a child, and coerce Ellinor into breaking with me, working on her sense of honor. I can only say—she will not marry me I will marry no woman alive."

Then he took his hat and went out over to Firholt. Ellinor came down to him, a haggard, white-faced woman.

"Ellinor, what do you mean—?"

"You know what I mean."

"Don't you know it is simply impossible to separate yourself from me?"

"You must not marry me."

"Nonsense, I mean to marry you."

She clasped her hands and rested the open palms upon his shoulder, looking into his face, her strained, tired eyes meeting his. "Guy, I must find him—find my father."

"Do you love him best?"

"No, but if I married you, even if your father and mother consented, if I could escape from doing you shameful injury, he would keep away, thinking that we might be happy. I should have his long pain, perhaps his death, upon my heart."

"Dear love, I will find him: then we will go away together, he and you and I."

"No, no, it is impossible. Your mother would be heart-broken, and she trusts me."

"She did wrong to appeal to you. If we had been married, they would have accepted everything; there would have been no alternative, and it is the same thing."

"Guy, what has he done?"

"Nothing, love, that has not long ago been wiped out."

But Ellinor kept her word. Guy must go, and she would wait for her father's home-coming.

Guy also kept his word. He told her that he held himself bound, that he would seek Matthew Rawdon through the world and bring him back. In the meantime Ellinor refused to receive his letters or write to him.

The months went by, and Matthew Rawdon did not come, nor Guy. Lady Peyton and Sir Arthur began to console themselves with the thought that the little man was dead, and to weary for their son. Ellinor advertised, sought the aid of a private inquiry office, all to no avail. She lived quietly at Firholt with Mrs. Montresor seldom going into society. She had grown into a grave, slightly reserved woman.

Every evening she went down to a path she loved, shadowed in spring by lilacs, laburnums and guelder roses; behind these

a plantation of laurels. On the other side it was open to the park. She used to fancy that some evening in the dusk her waiting would be ended and she should see her father coming.

After two years someone came; not her father, but Guy.

He had been to the house first, and took her unawares. Until she saw him, she did not know the exceeding bitterness of her loneliness and longing; she stretched out her arms with a cry.

"Sweetheart," he said presently, "there must be no more parting between you and me. My people can't stand out any longer—the loneliness of the old place has proved too much for them. I will not stay here without you, and they are ready to welcome you."

"But my father. If he came back, would they welcome him? And, until he does,

how can I break my word?"

"Listen, love—they think, we all think—Nell, I have tried all means to find him and failed." There was a rustling among the laurel leaves. "It was only a bird," said Guy, feeling that she started.

"You think," she almost whispered, that he is—dead?—without saying good bye—without a word to me? Oh, Guy, whatever he has done, I loved him. How can I be happy on the fruit of his pain—to die deserted and alone?"

He tried to comfort her. Would not the greatest wish, the one keen desire of the lost man's heart be fulfilled if she were beloved and happy?

Together they walked towards the house; when they were out of sight the laurels rustled once more, and in the dusk there crept out a small, dark figure, unshaven, ragged and forlorn. A beggar, surely!



"IN THE DUSK THERE CREPT OUT A SMALL, DARK FIGURE."

And the beggar knelt and kissed the dust where the young girl's feet had trodden.

In the morning one of the gardeners came up to the house with a grave face, and asked to see Mrs. Montresor.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a man, a tramp he looks like; a poor, half-starved creature, he's lying dead among the laurels down by the shrubbery walk."

"Good God! The poor man! Who can he be?"

The man's face was working; he was wringing his cap in his hands. He leaned forward and whispered—

"Ma'am, I think, I al—most think—it's the master, Mr. Rawdon."

For the second time the master of Firholt came home.

They carried the small, light figure to the house, to his own room, a strange contrast to its luxurious fittings.

There Ellinor went to him, and shut the door

"Father! Father! Oh, why will you not speak to me? Say once more, 'My little girl!'"

But Matthew Rawdon, the forger, would never speak again. Medical examination showed that he had been dead for many

hours, the immediate cause of death being an old and deeply-seated heart disease, increased by suffering and want. He seemed to have been leading the life of a vagrant, but how and where he had succeeded in so completely hiding himself never came to light. The story of his death was hushed up, as had been that of his crime. Lady Peyton carefully talked of him as "highly eccentric," and explained that it was entirely owing to his eccentricity that her son's marriage had been postponed. The odd little man had started off in such an accountable manner, and Ellinor had been so resolute in abiding by his wish that she should await his return.

Well, he had come, and he was dead, and there was an end of it. No one had much interest in ferreting out the truth of his story. When the days of her mourning were ended, Ellinor married very quietly.

Sometimes in the summer evenings she takes her children to her father's grave, hoping that he is in some way conscious of the fidelity of her recollection.

She knows what was his crime—surely long ago worked out—and prays that its shadow may never fall upon those she loves.

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"One evening, while riding over to the hacienda of my prospective father-in-law, a lasso was thrown over my head, and settled about my arms, pinning them to my side. My horse went on, but I stopped. A minute later I was surrounded by a dozen of as villainous looking Greasers as ever cut a throat. They bound me securely, carried me up into the mountains and anchored me in cave that was evidently the repository of plunder secured by robbing excursions. I supposed they

intended to hold me for ransom, and I opened negotiations with them.

I then learned that Romero had employed them to assassinate me, and that they had captured me instead, and proposed to serve the master who paid best. If Romero bid more to ave me killed than I could pay for my life, they would draw a knife across my throat. If I outbid him, I was free to return and settle with him. Romero's purse was long, his hatred infinite, and I fully expected that he would name a price that I could not pay.

"After they had opened negotiations with him, however, I chanced to overhear their conversation. Romero would not raise the original price, \$1,000. They came to me and told me that he had offered \$10,000 for my life. I saw through the game and replied that I would only pay \$2,000 for my release. They made a pretense of preparing for my execution, but I stood firm, and they accepted my price.

"It was some days before I could arrange the payment, and then I returned to have it out with Romero and resume

my attentions to the young lady. What was my surprise to find him coming to my rescue. While we were quarreling about the girl a Frenchman stepped in and married her. Romero wanted my assistance to kill the Frenchman. I declined to join the enterprise, and he undertook it alone and got the top of his head blown off for his pains. I was always a trifle sorry the affair did not end differently."

Kindly Old Gent—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?

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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 1804.

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

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, 1893.

Branch Office in Canada: 157 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
D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.