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# THE ANTIDOTE

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

Vol. I. No. 19.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 22, 1892

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IS Published every Saturday at the offices, 171 and 173 St. James Street Montreal. It is issued by the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE plant and machinery, in time for the evening suburban trains. Personal inquiries may be made of the proprietor. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stations and newsdealers in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. John's, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 171 and 173 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS, or sketches. Published by M. S. FOLBY at the above address.

## \*OUR PRIZE LIST\*

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

## THE LATE LORD TENNYSON

It has been said that the Battle of Waterloo destroyed the poetic spirit of the age. Be this as it may, few men of culture will be found to dispute the fact that the poets of the second and third quarters of this century can scarcely, as a whole, be favorably compared with those of the first quarter. A comparison is at once suggested between the titled poets of the said respective eras. Let any lover of poeie read over the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," and then take up any of the longer poems of Lord Tennyson, and he will not long hesitate in his choice. In our enjoyment of the new author, we fail to remember the old, much as while endeavouring to fully understand and appreciate Wagner, we forget that we have nothing better than Beethoven or Mozart. Canning once remarked that, the man who says he prefers dry champagne to sweet,—lies. This may be accepted with some reservation, as it doubtless depends somewhat on age of the drinker.

There are numbers of people however, who affect or really have an appreciation of the fine polish of Tennyson where the original thought is so chiselled and embroidered that it almost eludes the reader, and makes him admire the finish of the workmanship rather than the work itself. The productions of our greatest modern poets, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne, are over exacting on the reader, who rises from a half hour in their company with

a senso rather of fatigue than of enjoyment. It is not so with Byron, Scott, Burns, Moore; we are borne along as it were "on the wings of song," and regret when the final line has been reached.

At a time when the whole world of culture is doing honor to the dead Laureate, it is scarcely fit to enter into a criticism of his writings, but our readers will perhaps excuse our just touching on their leading characteristics. We yield to none in our admiration of the giant poet who has just passed away, whose own fine poem "In Memoriam" must be his greatest hold on posterity. Tennyson is the poet of sorrow, and a perusal of one of his longer poems affects us like a musical evening among Chopin's compositions. A little of it is delightful; much of it arouses a morbid feeling, a kind of melancholy and sadness, that in this material age is neither good for gods nor men. But we owe much to Tennyson. He is himself pre-eminently a lover of his kind; there is hardly a page of his that is not felt to owe its charm to the affection which he bears to the persons he has known. His simplicity of feeling is like that of a woman; as is also his constancy; but he is rather devoid of practical sagacity. Unlike the more vigorous writers of the young years of the century, he has not the vices along with the virtues of men,—no passion, inconstancy, knowledge of the world, wit, many-sidedness nor any zest in the pursuit of pleasure. He has less of passion than of tenderness, "the feminine counterpart of passion."

As everybody possesses a copy of his poems, we need only refer to the following stanza in "In Memoriam" and the four following stanzas to illustrate and justify the account we have briefly given of his character,—for instance—

"O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hair;  
And glad to flud thyself so fair,  
Poor child that waitest for thy love:

As examples of the number of beautiful landscape images and pictures compressed into single stanzas, the following may be quoted:

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We heard beneath the woodbine veil,  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honed hours."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But Summer on the steaming floods,  
And Spring that swells the narrow  
brooks,  
And Autumn with a noise of rooks,  
That gather in the waning woods.—"

Again the three melodiously descriptive lines from the "Princess."

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

It has been well said that no one can express a truth of feeling in fewer words, and therefore with greater might and emphasis than Tennyson. Everybody is familiar with the lines,

"Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

He had also the *sobriety of language*, which is so impressive; but he had not largeness of grasp. All his works consist of a series of lyrics or pictures, exquisite, but isolated. There is not the grand sweep of Byron. We read the "Princess" for the stanzas—"Tears, idle tears;"—"Home she brought her warrior dead;"—"The splendour falls on castle walls," etc. The story is a mere frame to the picture, and without the wit which gives brilliancy and meaning to trifles. It would seem to have been suggested by the idea of Boccaccio's "Decameron," a subject which some of the noble poet's friends did not quite approve of for his chaste muse.

The "Idyls of the King" have little imagination though abounding in natural pathos. His tournaments do not compare with those of Scott; but then we live in a more peaceful age. Again, can anyone fancy a man making such a speech as that addressed by Arthur to Queen Guinevere on his first meet with her after the discovery of her infidelity? Moral maxims and reasonings are not the language in which injury expresses itself. We fail to find real ability, intellect, or readiness in expedients, in this his greatest character, or in Merlin, Geraint or Lancelot. They show great feeling, and are great examples of the force of conscience, but there is nothing heroic about them.

Maud contains some beautiful poetry especially throughout the middle of the poem. The lyrics beginning, "I have led her home, my love, my only friend."—"O that 'twere possible"—and "Come into the garden, Maud" are universal favorites. The last named has been set

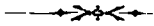
to music again and again, and sung in every concert hall and drawing-room wherever the English language is spoken.

Tennyson is far purer than Byron, but alas! not half so human; it is the latter's humanity (so to speak) which carries us with him, the passionate love of his *Corsair* is a real human feeling, not a mere lyric to be set to music. The man is flesh and blood not a beautifully chiselled statue, no halo of ethereal mist envelopes him as we read his epitaph,

He left a *Corsair's* name to other times,  
Linked with our virtue and a thousand crimes."

but we see in the pirate one formed like ourselves into whom life has been infused by a great master, whereas Tennyson always appears to us as the sculptor of poetry, his characters being chastely modelled, and lovely, but lacking the living breath, which alone can make them real.

In conclusion, and in justice to the late laureate, his purity of thought is superior to that of Byron, there is not a single line or verse, which, at the end of a long life, could cause him the faintest shade of regret, and for this his poems will be treasured and admired, though we hardly think they will live as long as those of the author of "*Childe Harold*."



### RATTLING OLD BONES.

Mr. Walter Besant is a clever writer, his novels are among the best published in this last quarter of our century. We have also read with pleasure many of his chatty articles in the "*Queen*" entitled "*The Voice of the Flying Day*." But there is a portion of one of the last of these to which we take exception. It begins "*Here followeth the re-opening of an old scandal*," and proceeds to recount a "*liaison*" ormorganatic marriage reported to have taken place between George III and one Hannah Lightfoot, about one hundred and forty years ago. He gives the evidence, for and against, which appears to us to be of a very vague and shadowy nature. It may have been within the range of possibility, that Hannah Lightfoot, born in 1730 and married to Isaac Axford at fourteen

years of age, ran away from the chapel door to join the Prince (afterwards George III) who was then sixteen, though we can hardly think the story savors of probability. But supposing the tale to have been true, we can only exclaim "*cul bono*" is to be served by shakking up these skeletons? George III has been dead and buried for more than seventy years, and Miss Lightfoot or Mrs. Axford, about the same period, so we really are unable to see, what good purpose is to be gained by rattling their poor old bones. There is nothing particularly interesting in trying to make two decayed skulls ogle and grin at one another, albeit one may have worn the crown of England, and we feel inclined to ask with Hamlet

"Lost thou think Alexander looked of this fashion i' the earth?"

"And smelt so? Pah!"

Yes the odor of the episode is not inviting, and it would have been more wholesome to have left the graves undisturbed. Mr. Besant should have remembered the ancient mandate "*Let the dead bury their dead*," rather than have raked up a musty fusty legend, which, whether true or not, only gives a disagreeable flavor to his otherwise well cooked and tasty dish.

We are forcibly reminded of the concluding lines in Byron's "*Vision of Judgment*"—

"And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,  
"I left him practising the hundredth psalm."

Could not Mr. Besant have had a similar consideration for the king so many years buried?



### Throwing Stones.

We are in receipt of a letter from the mother of a family complaining of the gossiping proclivities of a neighbour across the way, and enclosing some items in the history of the early years of the gossip herself—which, of course, are unfit for these columns. People who live in glass houses should not be the first to throw stones. The censorious man and woman should occasionally be reminded of their early years. Paying heavy toll late in life is not the Charity of which St. Paul speaks,—the Charity which is kind, envieth not, thinketh no evil,—but that is another story.



The students are back in town

\* \* \* \*

Now, on the face of this innocent looking statement, there doesn't seem much in it to a stranger, but, unless I am much mistaken, the news will cause considerable flutterings in many a Montreal dovecote and '*maidingly buzim*' At first the studious young man preserved an animous silence, he was so quiet that we hardly knew he had come. You see, for one thing, he had not got together, as it were, and, for another thing, he had to seek rooms, to which end he assumed the counterfeit presentment of the good young man who died, and he went around the town disguised in sobriety and moral rectitude. We waited to hear from him and we have heard. Now, "*oft in the stilly night, his voice is near*." He is back for all he's worth. We see him again in his true character—or want of it. He parades in select gangs among the street poles with his voice uplifted in tobaccoecian song, incidentally seeking whom he may devour. He propounds the same old chestnutly interrogation to the night winds. He wants to know what is the matter with old McGill, and as there is too many of him together for the average citizen to explain to him what is the matter—our student answers the question himself and informs the whole city and neighbouring townships that old McGill is all right! You bet!! Following up the information by a series of Indian warwhoops that puts a modern representation of the Brocken scene in Faust entirely in the shade and maketh the screech-owl bury his diminished head under his wing for very shame.

We warn "*that student fellow*" right here that the policeman who stands at the corner of our street has got his "*heagle heye*" on him. Let him beware and "*goe sloe*."

\* \* \* \*

Let's see now? Ah—yes. About those electric cars. They are booming and rattling along in great shape and proving, despite the animus predictions of "*the man who told us so*," a great success. Indeed, when the current gets ahead of the motor man, they are a brilliant and a startling success, altho' the passengers do wear that "*wonder-what's-going-to-happen-next*" look, which sat so touch-



SOCIAL AGONIES (No. 4.)

When, in the midst of that dreamy waltz with the girl you want to win for your own, something "gives" — and you realize that the something is yours.

ingly upon the remnants of the parrot who went up in a gunpowder explosion Personally, and from experience, I would prefer to be knocked off this mortal coil, so to speak, by an electric car, in preference to being chased into eternity by a wild and ramping cab horse driven by a whiskey-stained villain who fancies himself on the rolling prairie.

.....

'The boys' are looking forward to the winter season at Solmer Park. There is to be dancing and music and — and things and visions of Cremona Gardens are floating about.

But. (Large B please.)

One never does know—we are so excruciatingly respectable around these parts.

.....

Now there—there; pray sit down in front! I will explain. For true respectability I have every respect and doff my cap wherever I meet it, but I freeze at the smug and false respectability which strains at a gnat and swallows a camel and yet hath no charity, who

Condones for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to.'

You catch on?

.....

Reg Pardon?

.....

Well, they are talking about a new mayor. It's no use asking what's the

matter with Jimmy McShane, as is invariably done at all Montreal public gatherings. The Hon. James will be hard to beat—in Montreal, but, you see those French fellows are so restless and now they are aching to bestow the honor upon Alderman Rolland. At present it is not a safe question to bet on, but it's as safe as the championship match, and I am all accounts there was no end of money on that.

Imagine, by the way, the "People's Jimmy" consulting the oracle about that next mayor question, and imagine the oracle replying as thus. "Well James it depends a good deal on how public opinion will Rolland you Mayor you may not."

Then remember the words of that great writer who said that punning was the lowest form of wit.

.....

Facts are scarce this week.

.....

About that lacrosse match people are saying that the game will degenerate and the players become demoralized if it becomes such a money making "joke," that is, of course, as regards the tremendous sums of money invested in t'a issue.

.....

Have you noticed how the Gazette and Herald love each other in their editorials? American style.

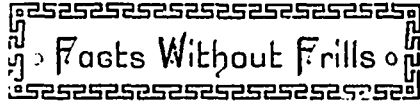
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Society must have sensation. It is immaterial whether that sensation be in the shape of a distinguished lion, no matter how distinguished but he must have "done something," or a charming scandal. The latest shock to the upper 400 has come lately in the shape of shocking revelations of the drinking habit among London Society ladies, and now America "goes one better" with the chloral habit. It seems to me that the rottenness of so-called society is becoming somewhat chestnutty and is scarcely worth the chronicle.

Policeman No. 0007, stationed amid the classic shades of Sherbrooke street, is haunted by a mystery. It appears that in the wee' sma' hours of a day last week he noticed one of Montreal's gilded youths returning to the paternal roof after a "good time." Said youth was as full as the moon and lovely well loaded with the special brand known to the initiated as "Tanglefoot." As the jaded youth entered the majestic portals of his home, No. 0007 sighed as he reflected sadly on the uneven distribution of 'his world's "likker." This official eye was still fixed upon the aforesaid portal when he was surprised to see it again gently open, and more so to see an uncertain hand carefully deposit a pair of shoes on the step outside! Now, whether the youth had retired to rest on the mat and put his

boots outside the supposed bedroom door to be cleaned, or whether the gilded youth had, in the course of his erratic homeward career, "rushed in where angels fear to tread," or whether he—all right, Mr. Editor, we'll leave the policeman to argue out the mystery with the milkman. Good evening!

ZERO.



Sweden has 2000 school gardens.

United States farm mortgages amount to \$1,400,000,000 in gold in circulation throughout the world.

Caterpillars attain a great size in Australia—some of them a foot in length.

The only city in the world on the line of the Equator is Quito; and there the sun rises and sets at the same hour all the year round—6 o'clock.

We can't save much by employing electricity to do our work, because of the consequent increase in current expense.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Gros Binet is the most ignorant of men. Entering a bookseller's shop he said: "I want a nice book, something in the historical line."

"Would you like the 'Last Days of Pompeii'?"

"What did he die of?"

? "An eruption, I believe."

—Petit affiches de Lyon.

#### THEATRICAL NOTICE.

"Madame B—, the actress, has just been appointed *jeune premiere* for life at the principal theatres in M—." —*Liegeois*.

#### BULLET-PROOF.

Lady—"Every word you say, Herr Baron, is a falsehood."

Baron—"You are right, my charming lady."—*Kikeriki*.

#### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

If I were a worm and had to turn,

As worms will do I hear.

It seems to me that I'd turn and flee

Ere the early bird came near.

—Puck.

"How is it the house is always so damp, dear?" asked Mrs. Credité of Mr. C.—shortly after moving into their new installment plan house.

"Probably because there is so much due on it," said he.

Though a man fancies that his wit is like cutlery, he makes a mistake if he undertakes to sharpen it by a continual grind.—*Washington Star*.

#### ONE WAY.

It fell to the lot of an Irish servant to inform her master that his wife was dead. She went to him and handed him the wedding ring in silence.

"He shouldn't say 'shoulder arms' to those cavalry men," "Why not?" "They have nothing but swords, he ought to say 'shoulder blades.'"—*New York Sun*.

There is a glut in the nail market; but the surplus should soon be worked off, now that the nailing campaign lies in the States has become so active.

Teacher—"In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?"

Little Boy—"I guess it's the part that says no man can serve two masters."

Plenty of Family—Friend—So you've married since we last met, Snobley. Any family?"

Snobley—"Oh, yes, she's a Mount-fitzflatheringame on her mother's side." —*Funny Folks*.

Mose Schanmburg, Jr.—"Vader, a shentlemans wants to know if dot unshrinkable undershirt don't shrink a leedle, anyvay."

Mose Schanmburg, Sr.—Does dot shirt fit him?"

"No, it vas choost a leedle too pig." "Of course it vill shrink. Vy don't you have some heads for pishaess."

Miss Smilax—"But didn't you promise me, when I refused you last spring, that you would never mention this subject again?"

Balfinch—"Yes, I know, but I never dreamed then that your father would have such luck with his sugar stock."

#### A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

"Now which of the great past men would you rather be, Robert?" after a long and interesting talk on the celebrities of history. "None of 'em," replied Robert, promptly. "None of them. Why not?" "Cause they're all dead."

Singleton—"Got a new baby at your house, I understand."

Fambly (who is in financial straits)—"Yes a boy"

Singleton—"Well, old man, you are just \$1,000 richer."

Fambly—"How so?"

Singleton—"Why your boy is worth that much to you."

Fambly—"That may be, but there isn't a blamed place in town where I can hypothecate him."

The fool never has an idea that is too large to slip out of his mouth.

"Do you believe that knowledge is power?"

"I do."

"That explains then why dudes are so frail."

Fogg—"Charley, you were born to be a writer."

Charley—(blushing with conscious pride)—"Oh! you have seen some of the things I have turned off."

Fogg—"No, I wasn't referring to what you have written. I was thinking what a splendid ear you had for carrying a pen. Immense, Charley; simply immense."

The height of generosity is reached by a person who runs in debt for a present to make to a rich friend.

"The summer bloom must fade, alas, From fields and woodland bowers.

And she, when this has come to pass, Will be demanding flowers."

—*Washington Star*.

Mamma—"I am perfectly discouraged. Eddie, I don't believe you will ever amount to anything, you are so indolent."

Eddie—"Well, I guess teacher don't think so, cause she said that I made more trouble than any boy in school."

Artist—"Madam, here are the two water colors you selected last week.

Mrs. Struckle (ringing)—"Hannah take these pictures down and have them thoroughly boiled before they are hung in my room."

Doctor—I will tell you sir, you are living rather high; you've got to come down."

Slimpurse—Great scott, I can't do it; it's all I can do to pay the rent in the fourth story."

#### SIX DON'TS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Don't exaggerate.

Don't let success tip you over.

Don't snub anybody—even a book agent.

Don't get the dumps. Live in the sunshine.

Don't jolt in ruts. Vary your services and methods.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food but not your language.—*Ram's Horn*.

#### CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

Back to our child's halcyon time

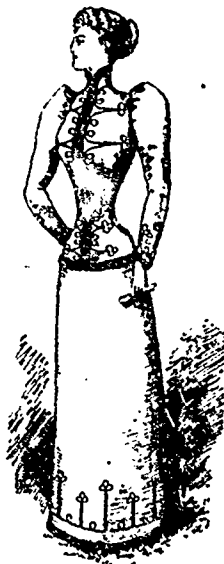
Regretful memory strays;

Though spanked for many a trivial crime,

They were our balmy days.

A "high old time" seems highest when the bill is presented."





From London Queen.

### THE FASHIONS.

In silks for evening wear the colourings are very delicate in hue, the beauty being enhanced by the combination of tints. Pink is the prevailing colour, in many shades—from shrimp to the faintest blush, but of course the wearer should choose what best suits her complexion and style. Yellow, both light and dark, is also in great demand, and peach fainter and more delicate than any heliotrope, also blue with a dash of turquoise in it, together with pearl grey, and the lightest lettuce green.

Brocaded satins will be much worn with amalgamations of colours. The lightest tones of pink and grey can be blended in the satin covered with laurel leaves which give an artistic effect. Green and cream may be united on a satin ground, with large straw and tilleul tinted silk leaves. Quite a number of beautiful gowns are being made of brocaded Pompadour satin with either shot or the new Merveilleux velvet, the latter being well suited to the "Josephine" dinner gowns of the resuscitated fashion.

Our illustrations represent three charming tailor made costumes as follows:—

No. 1. Tweed Dress in brown, checkered with red lines. Full red silk vest.

No. 2. Costume in waterproof covert coating. The skirt is gored and lap seamed. Pale blue waistcoat.

No. 3. Dress in heliotrope diagonal serge, braided in black, and trimmed with Astrakan.

Mr. Henry Clews has been pushing the claim of another ancient mariner to be immortalized with Columbus. But for the skilful navigation of Noah, Mr. Clews argues, Columbus would never have had a chance to discover America.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Helen Keller, Alabama's gifted blind girl, who is fast becoming as celebrated as the famous Laura Bridgeman, is writing a story for St. Nicholas, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the children's building at the exposition.

Miss Mary B. Toles, a recent graduate of the Indianapolis High School, has been appointed one of the microscopic examiners of the Indiana branch of the Governmental Bureau of Animal Industry. Her salary is \$600 per year.

Miss Katherine Sharp, of Chicago, was awarded the prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Relation of University Extension to Local Libraries," at the Regents' Convocation of the University of the State of New York, recently held at Albany.

Mrs. Peary, the wife of Lieutenant Peary, accompanied her husband, who has just returned to Newfoundland after being engaged in successful Arctic exploration. She is only twenty-three years of age, and has been nearer the North Pole than any other of her sex and culture.

Amelie Rives (Mrs. Chanler) hopes to go to Europe next spring with a view to writing a novel in collaboration with Catulle Mendes, the French poet and novelist. She made his acquaintance when she was last in Paris, and he asked her to write an American-French novel with him.

Lord Tennyson's new volume of poems will be called "Akbar's Dream," and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who also announce the new volume of George Meredith's poems.

Organist (to grumpy next-door neighbour).—I am sorry you've been ill! What have you been suffering from?

Un-musical Neighbour (acidly).—Organic disturbances, sir!

### A FAMOUS RIDE.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.

"See those two riding past?" asked Datchit, as he and his friend Grimes were standing, one evening, at the door of an hotel in Orange, New South Wales.

"Yes," replied Grimes, "a good looking couple; and what a splendid horse the lady has. Who are they?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Dunham of Eulalong," said Datchit, "and the horse, which takes your fancy, is old Melbourne."

"What, the horse that Nellie Tucker rode eighty miles in one stretch?" exclaimed Grimes.

"The same, and Nellie Tucker is now Mrs. Dunham," returned Datchit smiling.

"Do you mean to say that Bob Dunham actually married the daughter of old Tucker the saloon keeper?" cried Grimes in a kind of holy horror.

"I do; and what is more I believe you or I would have done the same under similar circumstances. Have you never heard the story? Then fill another pipe and I will tell it you."

Saying which, Datchit related the following narrative to his friend.

It was some five years ago when Bob Dunham first became acquainted with Nellie Tucker, and at that time he was not the staid respectable farmer he is today, but rather a wild fellow fond of a jumboree. John Tucker's saloon was a well known resort for gamblers and turf men, and Miss Nellie, as you may imagine from her surroundings, was very different from the quiet Mrs. Dunham you observed riding by her husband's side a few minutes since. I do not suppose that Bob had any ideas beyond mere flirtation, for he came of a good English family, and would have been as horror stricken, as you yourself were, at the thought of a matrimonial alliance with one in Mrs. Tucker's position. Still he found life on his sheep run pretty lonely, and Nellie's black eyes and handsome face no doubt had their attractions for him, though I do not believe anything serious would have happened but for what I am going to tell you.

It was one evening in winter, about the middle of June in fact, when Bob Dunham found himself at Tucker's where Jake King and Bill Norris, two lovely scoundrels, were also. Old Tucker was, as you know, a peculiar fellow who never cared who came to his diggings provided they paid their shot—took their money and asked no questions.

Bob was feeling good, having completed a big deal in sheep and had arranged to carry back the funds next day to Eulalong, and Nellie looked so uncommonly pretty, as she prepared his supper, that he paid her one or two pointed compliments, and ended by attempting to kiss



her. Nellie was a curious girl, very free with her father's customers and up to any amount of "chaff," but she drew a strongly marked line, beyond which like Carute of old she decreed "thus far shall thou go but no farther." Fun and jokes she would allow but not a single liberty, and when Bob put his arm round her waist she sprang away from him, her dark eyes blazing with indignation. "No you don't," she cried hotly. "How dare you? I thought you were a friend, Mr. Dunham."

"And so I trust I am, said Bob somewhat lamely.

"Then why don't you treat me as such, and not merely as a saloon keeper's daughter?" retorted the girl, and Bob confessed afterwards he felt meaner than a Chinaman. He stammered out some apology and promised never to offend again, whereupon Nellie forgave him and was all smiles once more.

She was a beautiful woman with jet black hair and eyes, and a lithe active figure. As she did not inherit her good looks from her father, who had none such to boast of, I presume she took after her mother, who was said to have been an actress of some sort and had died years before. However that may be, she was a fine girl and had had many an offer of marriage, but had refused them all for one reason or another, which did not seem to trouble old Tucker, who rightly supposed she was an attraction that brought grist to his mill, and she was to be seen at most of the race meetings, mounted on her horse Melbourne, the two forming as handsome a pair as you could wish to gaze upon, for in those days Melbourne was a magnificent five year old thoroughbred, fit for a princess to ride, and Nellie sat him with an ease and grace that made the picture perfect. How old Tucker had become possessed of such a valuable animal was a mystery, probably for some gambling debt, but to return to my tale.

"Don't let on what I told you Mr. Dunham," said Nellie in a low voice, as she stood beside his chair, "but I would not have much to do with those two in the other room, if I were you."

"No? And why not Nellie?" asked Bob, looking up with a careless laugh.

"Oh I dunno," the girl rejoined, "I don't like 'em."

"Ain't they square?" enquired Bob.

"Square enough I dare say, but don't trust 'em over far" was the answer.

"All right Nellie, and thanks for the warning," said Bob as he pushed his plate away and finished his tankard of ale.

In spite of what Nellie had said it was not long before Bob found his way into the other room where Tucker and the two were playing euchre. Jake King and Bill Norris were professional gamblers, the former having drifted down from San Francisco where he had been badly "wanted,"

while the latter hailed from Sidney with a doubtful reputation. Old Tucker was the best of the three, and he was no great shakes, so you will allow that it was a pretty shady crowd. But Bob did not mind, for he declared any company was better than merely his own, of which last he had too much at his farm at Eulalong. Call him foolish if you will, but recollect that much solitude is apt to make one callous as to the choice of companions, just as hunger gives a relish to the coarsest viands. Bob liked Nellie better than anyone he had seen from Brisbane to Adelaide, but his feelings towards her were of a free and easy nature, and had not as yet struck very deep, so there was no difficulty in persuading him to take a hand, and after a game or two of euchre Jake King proposed four handed poker.

You will agree with me that for pure gambling at cards poker beats all other games hollow and a good deal of money was soon on the table, but what struck Bob afterwards—though not at the time—was that nearly invariably both Tucker and Norris threw up their cards, leaving King and himself to play the hands out.

There is no occasion to relate the particulars of the game minutely, suffice be it to state that after various turns of both good and bad luck, Jake King "bluffed" Bob out of his last sovereign, and it being then midnight he yawned, gathered up the money and rose to go, when Bob cried out "Oh it's early yet; I'll have another try if Tucker will be my banker."

"Better stop for to-night Mr. Dunham," said Tucker, in which opinion Bill Norris appeared to concur, but Bob persisted, and King required no pressing to continue. The first round or two Bob won slightly, then he was dealt a hand, and drew three cards, King drawing one, and Tucker and Norris two apiece. Bob put down his cards in the manner of one who has concluded not to play, but immediately seized them again with a careless smile and put down ten pounds. Jake King who had noted both the action and the smile covered Bob's ten with twenty pounds. The other two players threw down their cards as usual, leaving the game between Jake and Bob, the former of whom could scarcely conceal a contemptuous sneer as he glanced at his adversary, who was seemingly bluffing so badly, since without looking at his cards, he hesitated, laughed awkwardly, and kept raising Jake everytime, borrowing money from Tucker until finally Jake planted down his last note, and Bob having covered it, was "called." As he placed his four aces on the table a very ugly look came over the face of Jake, who made a quick almost imperceptible movement with his hand towards the pack of cards on his left, but at an ominous clicking sound from the direction of Bob's

chair, he simply tossed up his cards exclaiming with a harsh laugh, "That is the first time I ever mistook four aces for a bluff."

Bob said nothing, but collecting his winnings he crammed them into his pocket with the exception of the amount borrowed from Tucker, which he repaid.

"Won't you stand a drink before you go Mr. Dunham?" said Jake as Bob rose and made for the door, "I'm dead broke."

Bob fixing a couple of sovereigns on the table without a word and immediately left the room. Jake glanced at Bill Norris and swore softly, but the latter broke into a volley of oaths asking his confederate whether he would take a hint in future and stop before making a fool of himself. Jake passed over the strong language without notice and handing one of the sovereigns to Tucker told him to get a bottle of champagne and provide Norris and himself with a room to sleep in.

The apartment to which Tucker conducted the pair adjoined Nellie's bedroom, being separated therefrom by a thin partition. Nellie had retired for the night, and having extinguished her light, was dropping off to sleep, when she was roused by the opening of the champagne. This was a common occurrence, and she would speedily have composed herself again, had she not caught sound of Mr. Dunham's name. Nellie was not, you are aware, a refined girl, and had none of those nice notions which people properly brought up have, regarding listening to a private conversation, so noiselessly slipping out of bed she stepped across the floor and placed her ear to the partition.

"I tell you," she heard the voice of Jake King saying in low tones, "that by starting early we shall be two good hours ahead of him, as he has to go to the bank, and we can easily be ready for him by the time he reaches Lonely Creek, which is just the spot for our purpose, so solitary and unfrequented that we may be in Sidney and on the sea before there is any wind of the affair."

"I don't half like it," was the reply of Norris, "but it will be a big haul, and is worth the risk."

"Risk! there is no risk," Jake answered. "Lonely Creek is five miles away from anywhere, and ——" here the speaker's voice was lowered, so that Nellie could no longer distinguish what was said, but she had heard enough to know that robbery, if not murder, was being plotted against Bob, and since the reputation of her father's house was such as to make it better not to court publicity, she determined to advise Bob secretly and persuade him either to postpone his journey back to Eulalong or take another route to that by Lonely Creek. She listened for some time longer, but the conspirators talked in such low tones that she could

make nothing out, so she went back to her bed, and it being nearly daybreak dropped fast asleep, for her physical organization was not easily disturbed, and she could hear, without changing color of things which would send most girls into hysterics.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Some thirteen gentlemen, friends of Mr. R. W. Kluhan of the National & Atlas, gave him a "send off" a few evenings ago, the eve of his departure for Chicago to annex one of the belles of the Garden City. The dinner to which they sat down was well served; so were the diners, and it goes without saying that memory, that fond deceiver, was at considerable of a premium "in the morning."

**Humorous.**

"Do you and Miss Ransom still play duets?"

"Nope; we gave them up. Our hands always got so mixed up that her mother objected"

"Is this song popular?" she asked of the music store clerk. "Well," he answered, "lots of people sing it, but, as yet, no one is sufficiently tired of it for it to be what you'd call a popular song."

An episode in the life of Gounod relates how a poor, worn out musician, carrying a violin which he was too feeble to play, was met with in Paris by three young students of the conservatoire. In response to his request for alms they searched their pockets, the united contents of which yielded only sixteen sous and a cube of rosin. Thereupon one of them proposed to take the old man's violin and accompany the voices of his companions. No sooner said than done. Commencing with a solo upon the theme of the "Carnival of Venice," a large concourse of listeners was soon attracted. Then came a favourite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche," sung in such a manner as to keep the audience spell-bound, and yet again the trio from "Guillaume Tell." By this time the poor old man was galvanised into life and activity by the artistic performance. He stood erect and with his stick directed the concert with the authority of a practised leader. Meanwhile contributions of silver and even gold rained into the old man's hat. To his astonished and grateful demand to know who were his benefactors he received from the first the name of Faith, and from the others the response of Hope and Charity. "And you do not even know mine," sobbed the poor musician; "my name is Chapner, and for ten years I directed the opera of Strasbourg. You have saved my life, for I can now go back to my native place, where I shall be able to teach what I can no longer perform." The young violinist was Adolph Hermann, the tenor was Gustav Roger, and the originator of this charitable scheme was Charles Gounod.



GOVERNMENT TO CULPRITS: "NOW, THEN, YOU JUST COME ALONG O'ME; WOT WITH LOOKING AFTER YOU—AND THE BOODLE, I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL."

CROWD IN BACKGROUND: "HOORRAY FOR VIRTUE!"

**RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA  
AND  
PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.**

BY HURKARU.

*Continued.*

Upon another occasion Cornelius O'Brady had not such a lame case as I won it, which was the more to his credit, since he had Mr. L. H. Burgess opposed to him as prosecuting counsel, a clever barrister who afterwards rose to high distinction on the bench. O'Brady and Burgess might be said fairly to be the two handsomest men at the bar in Bombay, the former was clean shaven with a fine Roman cast of countenance, though his nose had recently become "slightly red at the tip." He was also "about six feet in height," nearly bald, with an eye which could not only twinkle with Irish humor, but could flash forth unspeakable scorn or wrath at a refractory witness. O'Brady had not the legal knowledge nor the talent of Burgess, but he had ten times the eloquence, and had the knack of making a most stupid jury fancy themselves very clever fellows, and that he, O'Brady, was thoroughly aware of the fact which often goes a long way towards winning over a jury. Burgess on the other hand was a typical Englishman,

chestnut hair, small whiskers, otherwise like O'Brady clean shaven, good features of the determined kind, with a smile which, while open and pleasant, made one feel he was a man one would rather dine with than fight. He was two inches taller than O'Brady, broad in proportion and straight as a dart. His countenance was often immovable for long periods, whereas O'Brady's face was always acting, never in repose, but used to emphasize every argument or to contradict by dumb—though most speaking—show, what his opponent might be saying.

The case referred to was a peculiar one for forgery, the prosecutor being a rich Maharatti, and the prisoner a poor Hindoo, and had arisen out of a series of civil suits, in which the former had endeavored to prove that the latter had not paid the price agreed upon for a piece of land. Failing in these actions the Maharatti, with the pertinacity of his race, had sworn an accusation of forgery against the Hindoo, producing the deed of sale to show that the price agreed upon had been scratched out, and reduced. While this was incontestable, O'Brady's line of defense was, that the measurement of the land had been reduced at the same

time, and that the two reductions had been made by mutual consent.

The lawyer, who drew up the deed of sale, was Mr. Nibbs, a wretched half starved attorney, who was put into the witness box to swear to the original price to be paid for the land, which he did very promptly and clearly. The judge asked O'Brady whether he desired to cross examine the witness, and O'Brady replied in a meek manner, as though butter would not melt in his mouth, that he would like to put one or two questions, to which he did not desire to apply the harsh term of "cross examination," especially as Mr. Nibbs was an old friend of his. Then the heart of Mr. Nibbs sank within him, for neither he, the judge, nor I imagine anyone in the room was deceived by O'Brady's soft answer. He began by complimenting Mr. Nibbs upon the straightforward way he had given his evidence, showing that in spite of arduous toil, his (Mr. Nibbs') memory was still unimpaired, so that no doubt, having recollected the original price of the land, he would also be able to tell the jury what was the original measurement. Here O'Brady paused, and Mr. Nibbs paused too, before answering, feeling that he was in for a castigation whatever his reply was.

"Come Mr. Nibbs," said O'Brady slightly raising his voice, and ominously shaking his gown, "you drew up that deed, and like a careful attorney you naturally remember the terms, at least you have stated the price, and of course can just as easily name the measurement."

"I fear I have forgotten," stammered Mr. Nibbs glancing at the judge, as though seeking protection from what must follow.

"Forgotten!" roared O'Brady turning like a tiger on his prey, and metaphorically seizing Mr. Nibbs he ripped him to ribands, making him say first that he remembered the price but not the measurement, then that he thought the latter had been "so much" in order to correspond with the former, that he supposed the amounts had been both altered at the same time, but that he knew nothing for certain, and that the transaction had occurred so many years ago that he had upon second thoughts forgotten all about it. At this admission Mr. Nibbs was allowed to leave the box, feeling that he had fully expected to receive a castigation, and that those expectations had been realized. Mr. Burgess cast a look of withering scorn at his wretched witness, but O'Brady had on his blindest smile as he prepared to address the jury. It was really edifying to listen to Cornelius after having turned Mr. Nibbs so completely inside out, and made him contradict himself so many times, praise the said Mr. Nibbs up to the jury, how he (O'Brady) had been acquainted with him

for years and had always found him a man of the strictest honor.

"And what do we find gentlemen this honorable witness (upon whose word you may place implicit confidence) telling you? Simply that he had clean forgotten all about those figures and their alterations. And we cannot wonder at this honest admission, considering the lapse of time since the deed was drawn up, for how long gentlemen has it been do you think?"

Here O'Brady completely altered his tone and wheeling round upon the Maharatti seated beside his counsel, the hitherto mild manner being instantaneously changed into one of absolute ferocity—"how long has it been since this essence of malignity, this personification of vengeance, has been pursuing that wretched individual in the dock? Seven years gentlemen, seven long years! Why gentlemen, in seven years I will undertake to prove that the Queen of England is not the Queen of England, or that my learned friend Mr. L. H. Burgess is not six feet two in his stockings."

"They might both be dead," he remarked to me after the jury had given in their verdict of "not guilty," and we were strolling to the Bombay Club (formerly the "Indian Navy," upon Rampart Row), but I am happy to say that L. H. Burgess is now a Judge and Her Majesty is still referred to in the National Anthem, while O'Brady has long since been gathered to his fathers. The last time I saw him was in the Strand, London, when he jumped out of a hansom and almost embraced me so glad he was to meet with one from the far East.

Dear Cornelius O'Brady, he was a terrible old humbug and full of bombast, but I liked him better than many a better man. He was full of kindly impulses, and has helped to amuse me during hours which would otherwise have been very tedious. He was not a great lawyer nor yet a saint, but heaven help us if we set up too high a standard in this world! He was excellent company, could sing "Widow Macree" in good falsetto voice, and would help a friend in need so I will say "Peace to his ashes," and I do not think any the worse of him because in recalling him I can scarcely do so without a smile.



FANNY, St. Annes.—The duett in the play "If I were you," given by Mr. and Mrs. Mason and their excellent assistants at the Academy of Music in Montreal lately, is from the writings of Austin Dobson and may be found under the title "Tu quoque" in his: "London Lyrics." We suppose it may be termed an "adaptation."



AT the Queen's next week, CHAR. T. Ellis in "Count Caspar."

## MRS. GRUNDY.

(2)

There cannot be any doubt about it, that in nine cases out of ten—or more likely ninety-nine out of a hundred—Mrs. Grundy's golden rule is the best for us all. To refuse to do as others do, is to put ourselves in the position of the clown who, for want of keeping to the right-hand side and following the stream, jostles and is jostled at every step on the sidewalk. It is to insist on treading down for ourselves a way by the guide of our pocket-compass to where we need go, instead of accepting the evidence of sign-posts and using the ready-made highway. No doubt it would be dull never to be allowed to strike into a by-path, or lane on our holiday walks, but for use the highway is the thing. We cannot create each of us, his own life; our days are not enough; death would overtake us while we were each botching at our earliest abortions. We cannot wait for our habits, our tastes, our opinions, until we have originated them; before we begin to think about them, they are already there. For the most of them we have no better reason than that they are the habits, tastes, and opinions of other people; and for the most of them that reason is sufficient. Probably we could find, if we cared to find, good matter-of-fact grounds for the common practice or sentiment. For instance, we could urge a score of admirable arguments for using forks rather than fingers, or for preferring monogamy to polygamy; but the true motive principle of our own individual conduct in these matters is that, being civilized Christians, we follow civilized Christian customs. The experience of others was our inheritance, and we entered upon it, as it were, unconsciously; in other words, Mrs. Grundy led us by the hand and we went whither she would with a child's wisdom, obedience. The older we become we may, if we choose, discover why she led us in one direction rather than the other, and approve her wisdom.

And if we do not approve, if not from waywardness, and not from a zeal for being noted as eccentric, but in dull earnest we dis-believe the precept; we suffer in the practice. Why then, perturbed soul—

"Let thee and me go our own way,  
And we let she go shls'n."

The danger is not really so terrific as it is represented. Mrs. Grundy, as known to us in her serene maturity, has little of the bloodhound in her; she does not care to pursue and maul us, if unattacked. Do your will and let her be; it will be strange if she does not let you be; but if you cannot take leave to do as you please without shouting it into her ears, like a teasing schoolboy defying his school-teacher before all the other pupils, what can the good lady do?

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Capital and Assets . . . \$25,000,000  
 Life Fund (in special trust for life policy holders) . . . 5,000,000  
 Total Net Annual Income . . . 5,700,000  
 Deposited with Dominion Government . . . 374,246

Agents in all the principal Cities and Towns of the Dominion.

HEAD OFFICE, Canadian Branch . . . MONTREAL.  
 EVANS & MCGREGOR, Managers.

# NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1822.

Capital . . . \$5,000,000  
 Fire Reserve . . . 1,500,000  
 Fire Income . . . 1,000,000

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

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

# 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 resumed 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 157 St. James Street, Montreal.  
 G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

# PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COY.

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801.

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PATERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion

CITY AGENTS:

E. A. WHITEHEAD & CO., . . . English Department.  
 RAYMOND & MONDEAU, . . . French " "

# NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., . . . MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

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

ROBERT W. TYRE. - MANAGER FOR CANADA.

# ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

OF ENGLAND

LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

Capital . . . \$20,000,000  
 Reserve Funds . . . 40,000,000  
 Annual Income upwards of . . . 11,000,000  
 Investments in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy holders (Chiefly with Government) Exceeds \$1,000,000.

Every description of property insured at moderate rates of premium. Life Assurance granted in all the most approved forms.

Head Office for Canada: ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL. W. TATLEY, Chief Agent

E. HURTUBISE, } Special Agents | JAMES ALLIN, } Special Agents  
 ALFRED ST. CYR, } French Dep. | W. S. ROBERTSON, } English Dep.  
 of G. R. Robertson & Sons.

# ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1863.

Capital . . . \$6,000,000  
 Fire Reserve . . . 1,500,000  
 Fire Income . . . 1,000,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER

# 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.

F. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager  
 D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.