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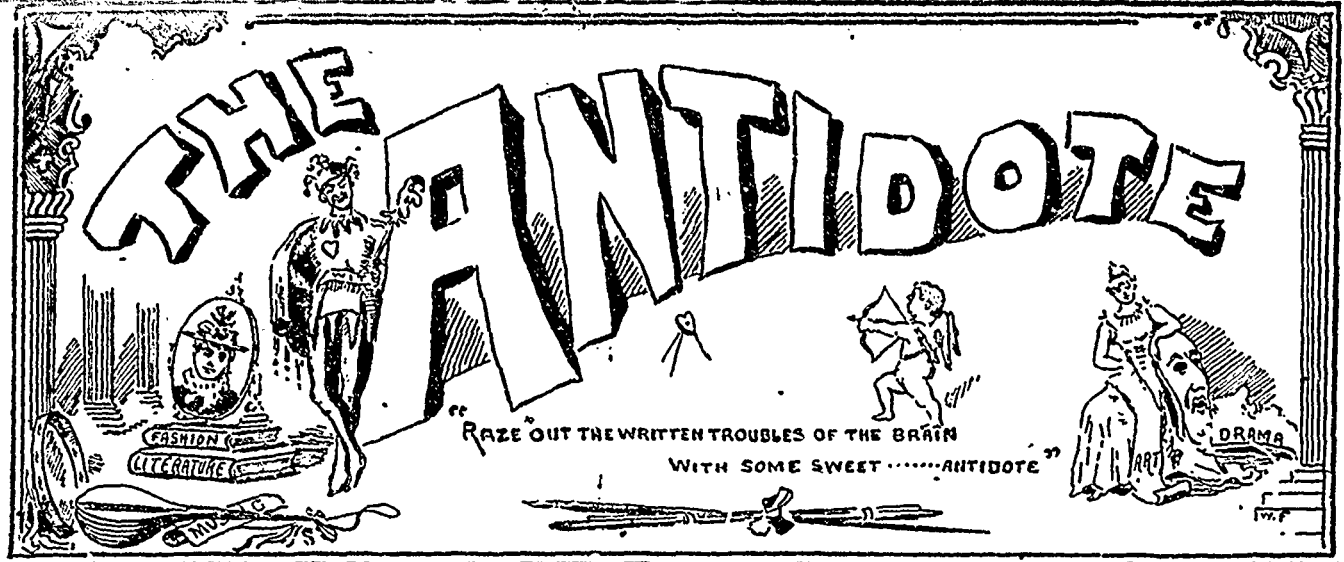
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THE ANTIDOTE



Vol. I. No. 15.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE.

PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE ANTIDOTE

IS Published every Saturday at the of ces, 171 and 173 St. James Street Montreal. It is ed by the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE plant and machinae, in time for the evening suburban trains. Personal inquiries may be made of the proprietor or Louis H. Boulz. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stationers and newsdealer, in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. Johns, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 171 & 173 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches. Published by M. S. FOLSY at the above address. L. H. BOULZ, Editor.

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.

MARRIAGE.

Shakspeare tells us that "there is a divinity doth hedge a king," and in like manner there is a sort of halo, half sacred, half romantic, with which marriage is invested by right minded people, of every civilized nationality.

Far be it from us to attempt to dispel or destroy that general feeling, for happy marriages not only bless the individuals and families directly interested, but spread the blessings to the whole community. We fear however that all marriages are not made in heaven; there is something beyond mere love required to make wedlock happy in this matter of fact world. We do not live in Arcadia and billing and cooing will not fill the larder. Cupid may be a bold archer, before the knot is tied, but, as has been often said, he is afterwards very apt to beat a hasty retreat through the window, when poverty peeps her grim visage in at the door. In novels we have all read how the hero and heroine are shown to be completely above all worldly considerations, and in marrying without a dollar, how they nobly struggle for a brief spell, with hands clasped and hearts entwined, until towards the close of the third volume, the fairy godmother, in the shape of a rich uncle or aunt, suddenly appears, and the curtain descends upon a scene of ecstatic bliss. We lay down the book exclaiming: "What a charming

story!" but is it real, and are there fairy godmothers in this life, who arrive in the nick of time to save those from the sad punishment of an imprudent marriage? We can simply answer No; and when a young girl on being urged by her lover to wed without delay, has the sense to enquire what his means and prospects are, we applaud her prudence and should like to know the parents of a daughter so well brought up.

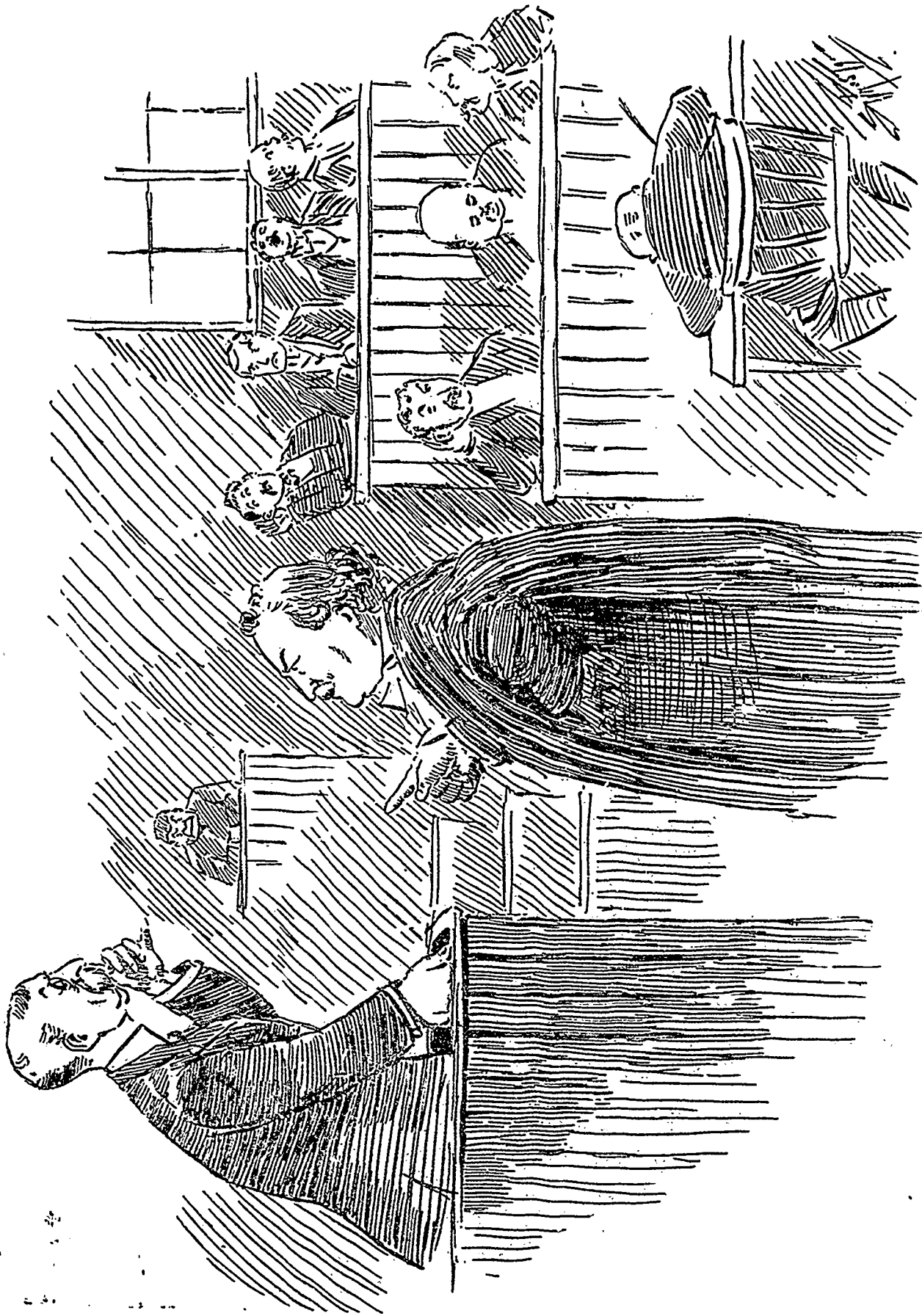
This may be condemned as worldly by romantic people, but after all we live in the world where butchers and bakers have to be paid. Suppose Jack and Jill marry with little but their love to support them. When the rent and taxes come in, no amount of bravery sealed with kisses will meet such. Jack is but mortal, and a bad dinner usually provokes a bad temper, while Jill, who has been slaving all day, at the hopeless task of reducing the expenses, can no longer call up a smile to greet him. There is no money for amusement or relaxation, and the children appear to come as troubles rather than blessings. What a joyless existence! And still we defy anyone to prove our picture of an imprudent marriage over-drawn. Indeed we might have made it more tragical and been within the bounds of truth.

We do not mean to argue from this foregoing, that riches are to be the sole measure of married happiness. Love there must be first of all, for without it the "stalled ox" will bring more misery than even the most meagre dish of herbs, but before Jack and Jill are tied together irrevocably, the former should have enough to make a comfortable home for her who gives up one for him. He should also insure his life, be able to lay by a trifle, and have fair prospects before him, according to his station in the world. This is the prudent marriage to which no good parents will object. It is the blossom which will not wither on the stem, but ripen into fair fruit, and though there may be trials,—for who is without them—they will not be unbearable; his smiling spouse and laughing children will gladden his home, while society and the country will be the better for his having lived.

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

"Poeta nascitur non fit." This quotation struck the Editor with full force the other day, as he took from his file a few verses descriptive of a seaside idyll. Our fair contributor—for he will presume the lines were penned by one of the gentler sex—no doubt deemed that poetry consisted of rhyme pure and simple—very simple—so as "sea" ended one line, "tree" was made to terminate the next, without any thought as to whether pines, are usually to be found rearing their trunks upon the wave-washed beach. "Shore" was matched with "o'er," and as the rays of the moon were said to fall upon the former, the Editor concluded that in all probability the "ore" would be silver not golden. The lunar orb is—so the verses gave one to understand—a "shining light," very much so for it shone two or three times in as many lines, but the Editor regretted that in his judgment the term could not as yet be applied to the authoress, whose tender age he should suppose would be somewhere about ten or twelve years. It is pleasant for "you" to be rhymed with "true," even if you have doubts as to its being strictly correct, but after all poetry is something more than this and maids sighing and youths dying are not of themselves sufficient to remind one of Tennyson or Byron.

Poor little girl, thought the Editor, she has wasted half a minute of his valuable time, and he does not know how much of her own, but—here the Editor was interrupted by the second mail delivery, and in glancing over the various letters, observed one addressed in the same handwriting as that of the verses. Opening the missive he read:—"Dear Mr. Editor,—Please do not use the poetry I left at your office; I only sent it in fun, indeed I did. Oh pray do not insert it and oblige. Yours, Dorchester Street." The Editor smiled, for there was not the slightest occasion for the alarm expressed by his young correspondent. He mentally pledged his word not to inflict the idyll upon his readers, and in this instance at all events his word will be as good as a bond.



ECHOES FROM THE COURTHOUSE.

COUNSEL (cross-examining)—“Now, Sir, when you saw the prisoner knock down the woman, what did you do?”

G. C.—“Come, Sir, no prevarication, what did you do, on your oath?”

G. C.—“Well, really—I—er, really, I—er looked at my watch.”

C.—Yes, and then what did you do?”

G. C.—“Well, er—aw—Yes, to the best of my recollection, I—er, in fact, replaced my watch in my vest pocket.”

(And the G. C. with shattered reputation is allowed to stard down.)

THE CHOLERA SCARE.

The amount of balderdash—we can use no milder expression—indulged in of late by many of the newspapers and Governments, both here and in the States, regarding cholera and the methods to be adopted to prevent its obtaining a foothold on this side of the Atlantic, is simply astounding. One would think the journalists and Government officials were a parcel of school girls giving way to hysterics, from sheer fright, and utterly incapable of taking a calm view of the situation. That the epidemic has prevailed badly in Russia is unquestionable, aggravated no doubt by famine and the low condition of the populace consequent thereon, and it has also reached Hamburg, but west of that the disease, as an epidemic, does not appear to have spread. One or two doubtful cases have been reported in England, but such were strictly confined to the patients who had landed from infectious parts. Our views regarding quarantining cholera have already been expressed, and the London "Lancet," no mean authority, states boldly that with proper sanitary arrangements, no count, will find quarantine necessary for cholera. Precisely what we have ourselves contended; the safeguard of any community from cholera lies within and not without, and this is substantiated by the facts stated above with respect to the disease in England where there is practically no quarantine. Cholera, we repeat, is not a personally contagious disease. There is another feature which our alarmists appear to overlook, namely, that cholera can only exist when the atmosphere is above 70 degrees Fahrenheit, so that Canada under ordinary circumstances need not fear a visit during this year. Yet in spite of all this there are those who shriek out for a quarantine, which will stop immigration and seriously interfere with trade, while in New York the treatment of passengers arriving is justly stigmatized by an English paper as simply brutal. The action of our own government and that of our neighbours is not the result of wise deliberation, but merely the outcome of childish panic arising from ignorance.

Cholera is the offspring of dirt and is nourished by dirt, therefore cleanliness and perfect sanitary arrangements are the weapons to cope with it, but Canada or the States might as well try to keep out an easterly wind from their shores as to quarantine cholera should the disease cross the Atlantic.

We are glad to notice that there are one or two of our journals who have not joined in the hysterical howlings of their contemporaries, and we trust the latter before long will recover their reason.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 15, OUR PLUMBER.

Our Plumber is a mighty man; he is also a terrible man. He is the first, because he knows in his strength that you cannot do without him, and he is the second from the way in which he uses that strength. What householder has not some time or other 'squirmed' under the power of Our Plumber? A lady tells her husband at breakfast that there is a leak in one of the pipes, and he replies that he will send Our Plumber up at once



to put it right. How that wretched householder anathematizes the day when Our Plumber first crossed his threshold is painful to contemplate. It is now about two years since, yet Our Plumber is still a constant visitor. The leak, which was in the kitchen, was speedily stopped, but strange to say another made its appearance in the bathroom immediately afterwards, and

then a third upon the top flat. Mr. Brown (the householder) found calling round at Our Plumber's growing a trifle monotonous, so he enquired whether it would not be possible to make one thorough job and have done with it. Certainly it would by having an entirely new pipe, was the reply. This was accomplished, Brown being deprived of his bath for one morning water having to be stored in pitchers all over the house. Still the work being finished, husband and wife breathed a prayer of thankfulness as they laid their heads on their pillows, and Our Plumber took his departure with his tools, and a smile, as Brown told him he was glad to see his back. The house had been scoured down and made nice and comfortable once more, when a man from the Water Works Department called in and pointed out that two of the taps dripped and must be repaired. It was then that Brown first lost control of his temper and swore. "Hang it!" he cried, only he used a very much worse expression, "since we first had Our Plumber in the house we have scarcely had a week's peace. "Perhaps that is because he does not employ his men by 'piece' work," said his wife attempting a mild joke, though her heart too was sick. The taps were repaired, and then—but why go on? Our Plumber continues to pay his periodical visits and his bills come in with the regularity of taxes, so that by this time Brown is becoming resigned to his fate, and is calculating the average annual sums he must set aside to go into Our Plumber's pocket, just as though it were a life insurance premium.

We do not think the above example overdrawn or exceptional, and this is why we call Our Plumber a mighty and terrible man. He invades your castle, and having effected an entrance "all the king's horses and all the king's men" will never put Our Plumber out again.

The Players' Company at the Queen's Theatre, Monday, 26th September.

One of the pupils of Miss Stone, the well known teacher of painting, Miss Gwendoline Mitchell, has won the prize at the Exhibition for China paintings.

Montreal Hunt Club.

The members of the Montreal Hunt Club gave their annual breakfast last Saturday previous to the hounds throwing off at Petite Cote. The weather was everything that could be desired for the breakfast and the display of pretty dresses, but by no means a morning to charm a huntsman, there being no "southerly wind" or "cloudy sky." The meet was largely attended, the members having asked their friends with that hospitality for which the Club is celebrated. We will call no names as some of our daily contemporaries have done, marrying people who never were married and making the "singular" mistake of erroneously recording names in the plural number, but content ourselves with saying that the breakfast was as usual a great success. His Excellency the Governor General was invited but unable to attend.

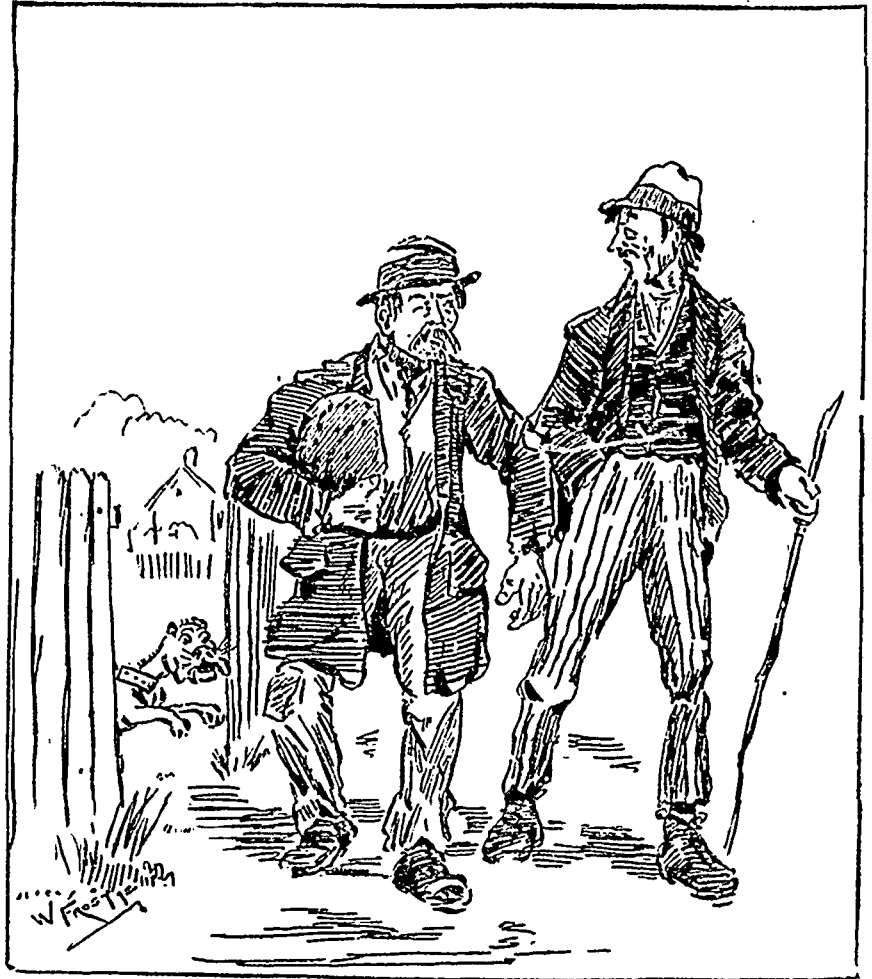
Shakespeare up to Date.

An original feature was introduced into the performance of Shakespeare's "Tempest" when that play was given the other day on the stage of a French provincial town. The actual tempest was produced by fifteen men, hidden under the green cloth which served as the surface of the sea, and producing the "swelling of the voiceful sea" by hobbing up and down. But the theatre did not pay, and the director lowered the wages of the tempest makers from a franc each per night to half that sum. Whereat the men decided to strike. Next evening, when the wind howled over the stage, and hailstones made of beans fell on the boards, the green sea remained sullenly silent. "Swell and roar at once," the director cried, in despair. "If you promise to give us 80 centimes instead of 50, we will." "No, 60; not a sou more." The audience shouted with laughter; the sea remained calm. "Seventy centimes?" "We said 80." And 80 it had to be. Then there began a roaring and swelling of the ocean which, for vigor, had never been equalled. The result was that suddenly the green cloth burst and the heads of the fifteen appeared on the stage to the uproarious delight of the house. The theatre "paid" after this.—From The Manchester Examiner.

SO THE MAXIM SAYS.

Mrs. Keedick (praising young Mr. Adlet to her daughter)—He doesn't smoke, drink or swear. He's a good boy and would be true to you.

Miss Keedick (shaking her head)—He's too good to be true, mamma.—From Truth.



"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."

NEW TRAMP—"Say, Vanderbilt, what sort o' dawg do you call that?"

OLD TRAMP—"Depends which side of the fence yer on. I calls um the sort o' dawg to keep off. Come on,—I've been there."

Fight between Wolf and Eagle

"I once witnessed a battle between an eagle and a big gray timber wolf," said Lieut. Charles E. Crittenden. The wolf had singled out a lamb for its midday meal, but just as he was preparing to gather it in, an eagle swooped down upon it. Before the bird of freedom could rise into the air with its burden the wolf attacked it viciously. For about a minute the air was full of feathers and hair, and then the combatants separated and sized each other up.

"The wolf came to the scratch, but I regret to say that the emblem of this great republic showed the white feather unmistakably. Instead of coming up with that never-say-die courage with which it is accredited, it spread its wings and flew screaming away. I do not believe that a bird that a thieving wolf can chase away from a square meal is a fit emblem for the greatest nation on earth. I would rather see a game rooster on our standard."—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Mosquito Does It.—A mosquito's bill is an elaborate contrivance, and consists of two sharp saws and a lance inclosed in a sheath, which is also employed as a pump. The saws are bony, but flexible, and the teeth are near the end, which is pointed. The lance is perhaps the most perfect instrument known in the world of minute things. It is first thrust into the flesh, and the opening is enlarged by the saws, which play beside it until the sheath can be inserted. The sawing is what causes irritation when a mosquito is biting.—(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Chicago literary club recently debated the question, "Was the Inventor of the Barbed Wire Fence a Barbarian?" It is safe to say that everybody took sides and nobody got on the fence.—St. Paul Globe.

"What are you doing?" asked the convict of the reporter who was writing up the penitentiary. "I'm taking notes." "Humph! That's what brought me here."—Washington Star.



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

Black corduroy is predicted as one of the fashionable materials for tailor-made gowns next season. It is a material that fits well and one that will undoubtedly be popular, for although it may be made up very simply it will stand either fur or braid trimming with artistic results.

In these days of self-supporting women what to wear at the office is a matter of deep importance. The smartest and most suitable dress seen is that of a woman who wears a close-fitting gown of black suiting with pockets at each side and, as adjuncts to it, deep linen cuffs and collar. From under the collar comes a soft scarf of mauve silk, tied in front.

For a gown, both easy and elegant, after a tiring day we may note one made of soft white silk patterned with large branches of purple-tipped pink May blossom. The bodice is of a novel shape, formed simply by two long-shaped scarves coming from beneath the arms and shoulders, crossing and re-crossing the figure. It has no bone or lining and ends at one side in a bow of ribbon while round the open throat fall soft lace frills, the sleeves being full to the elbow and edged with a flounce of deep lace. This dress is charming when made of pale coloured

Surah, with a small chemisette added to close at the throat.

In our illustrations we present the following:

Nos. 1 and 2. A travelling cloak made of black alpaca, coarse grained, and cut to completely cover the hem of the dress. The front is double-breasted and semi-fitting with two rows of large dark pearl buttons, and can be worn open or closed at the throat. The sleeves very full to the elbows, and thence tight to the wrists. The back imitates the old fashioned ulster drawn in by a short belt at the waist. This is a comfortable, cool, and graceful garment.

No. 3. A walking costume of mouse grey cloth trimmed with black with six rows of the same colored ribbon round the hem. The bodice is of the coat description, with large sleeves and deep plaited collar lying on the shoulders, made of black moire, and displays in the front a close-fitting vest of grey cloth with a belt of black ribbon round the waist.

RECEIPTS.

Golden Husk, or small, yellow tomatoes make a very rich preserve. They will easily take the place of the Scotch marmalades at the breakfast table, as they may be flavored with either orange or lemon,

while still keeping their own qualities. Make a syrup by dissolving in a half-pint of water, one-half pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Cook the tomatoes until tender, remove with a draining-spoon, boil the syrup half-an-hour longer, and pour over the fruit. You can either put fresh lemon or orange peel, cut in square dice, among the tomatoes while cooking, or rub the rinds of the fruit with the lumps of sugar until you get all the coloring off down to the white rind. Yellow tomatoes are good dried, as a substitute for raisins, in pies, pudding and ca. c. Boil fruit in syrup, then place on plates to dry. Next day place again in syrup. Repeat this three days, then boil the remaining syrup very thick and pour over the fruit. For drying use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

Iced water-melon A L'orientale.—Peel a large water-melon, cutting away also the hard white inner rind; then slice the melon into horizontal slices, and carefully remove all the seeds. Dust each slice on both sides with candied sugar; then pour on both sides of each slice a little kirsch or rum. Reform the melon entirely, and put into a freezer and freeze. It is most delicious.—Emile Solie. This recipe is available for any kind of melon, but is best with water-melons. Juicy pears may be treated in this way, and bananas also.

Almond Ice Cream (Curmier).—One coffee cupful of sweet almonds (blanched and



DANGEROUS "FEAT."

COUSIN GERALDINE (from Boston)—"I shall certainly fling my old shoe after Charlie when he is married."

MAUD—"But won't that be rather hard on the bride, if you should chance to hit him?"

C. G.—"Gracious! How?"

M.—"Well, would you yourself like to be made a widow on your wedding day?"

[They have been strangers ever since.]

pounded to a paste with orange flower-water), three bitter almonds (treated in the same way), one quart of cream, the yolks of three eggs (whipped to the utmost) one small coffee cupful of whipped cream, loaf sugar to taste (heated). Heat the cream to boiling point, and pour it boiling hot upon the almond paste. Cover the pot of cream, set it in another of boiling water and set it in a warm place, where it will draw but not cook, for fifteen minutes or more. Meanwhile whip the eggs to the utmost, and stir into them the already whipped cup of cream; strain the almond cream, and whisk it, a tablespoonful at a time, into the eggs, then pour all into a jar, set it in a warm place, and stir in the sugar. As soon as it is melted, and the cream is sweetened to taste, set the jar in boiling water, and stir until the cream thickens. Remove it from the fire, and as soon as cold whip it again, and freeze. Serve, surrounded by amandes pralines.

Crepe Vierge.—Make as above, omitting the eggs and bitter almonds, and adding a handful of candied orange blossoms, which should infuse in the hot cream before it is strained.

Coffee Ice Cream (Curmier).—One large

breakfast cupful of coffee grains of the finest quality, roasted on the spot, one quart and one cup of sweet rich cream, heated to boiling point, sugar to taste. The moment the coffee is roasted to a turn, and the cream heated to boiling point, throw the coffee into a jar, add a handful of loaf sugar, pour over it the boiling cream cover the jar, set in a warm place, and let all infuse for half-an-hour at least, when the coffee has drawn, strain carefully and add gradually, heating all the time, the whipped yolks of five eggs, sweeten again to taste, and set on the fire to thicken in the bain-marie. As soon as it thickens remove from the fire, and when cold, freeze, the eggs may be omitted.

Cherry Ice (Alex. Dumas).—Three pounds of ripe cherries (weighed after being stemmed and stoned), one large handful of blanched and pounded cherry kernels infused in lemon juice and a very little water, clarified sugar to taste. Throw the stoned cherries into a pot, set this in boiling water, and heat slowly to a boil, until the juice flows freely. When the juice flows press the cherries through a sieve, strain the juice, add the strained cherry water, and clarified sugar to taste. Stir smooth, pour into the freezer and freeze.

White-Hot Iron in Bare Hands.

Philadelphia Press: An interesting sight is afforded the belated pedestrian who passes the Baldwin Locomotive Works about midnight. Dozens of men with bare arms are dexterously handling countless bars of red-hot iron. They will throw a bar white with heat from one to another and catch it with metal tongs. Others pick up the glowing iron and hold it fully two seconds. This is accomplished by dipping the hand after each clutch. Huge sparks fly about but never seem to damage the human flesh so freely exposed. Accidents are very rare in this department of the works.

At the Queen's Theatre, 20th September, The Players' Company.

HE WAS THE MAN.

They were discussing religious questions. Said Brown—I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither does man. There is no difference between a man and a beast.

Deacon Jones (demurely)—If anybody could convince me of that, Brown, it would be you.—Boston Transcript.

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER XIII—TRUE METAL.

It had come to be acknowledged, that Washington Van Higgin's mail phaeton and horses, could not "be beat" in New York. The vehicle was light, but strong, having two seats in front, the seat for the driver being considerably raised above that for the companion, on the left hand side thereof. Indeed the driver's seat was so high, that practically the one who handled the reins leaned rather than sat on it. The horses were very handsome bays, with black points, having fine sloping shoulders, and grand quarters, which together with clean made limbs, short below the knee, bespoke both strength and speed. They had plenty of spirit, for both Van Higgin and Madeline were good 'whips' and liked horses, which required more than ordinary driving. On the present occasion the animals were decidedly fresh as they had not been out of their stable for some days, and though they were tolerably quiet while trotting up Fifth avenue, they no sooner turned into the drive way of Central Park, than they began to show signs of insubordination. By this time, the effect of the two glasses of sherry had passed off, and a nervous lassitude again appeared to seize Van Higgin, though at first, Madeline hardly noticed the change.

"What is it that you have to tell me Papa?" she asked, thinking little of the horses' prancing, as she reclined comfortably back in her seat. "It is something that troubles you I am sure." "I scarcely know how to begin" replied Van Higgin, feeling his throat and lips becoming dry, and parched, as he slowly proceeded, "It is something I must mention and yet I am afraid it will be—a great shock to you Madge,—It is not my fault—I could not help it—but—great God!" he exclaimed, dropping the reins and throwing up his hands, "they are off!" Which was true enough, for the horses believing from the feeble manner in which they were being driven, that some other than their master was behind them, suddenly seized by bits between their teeth, and bolted as hard as they could lay their legs to the ground. In such a situation, presence of mind, as well as courage can alone be of service, and luckily Madeline was possessed of both those qualities. She swiftly but calmly rose, and caught the reins as they slipped from her father's grasp, remarking quietly "Take my seat Papa—you are not well—but it will be all right directly."

Van Higgin obeyed mechanically, and in less time than it has taken me to tell it, their places were changed, and Madeline was on the driving seat, endeavouring to pull in the now thoroughly excited steeds. It was a pretty sight in spite of its danger, to watch the beautiful girl, her elbows well squared and her lips firmly set, as



A NICE FREEZER.

HERR FRITZ—"Ach, Mees Browns! Ven I look upon you I do stand beside mineself. I am ingombrehensible and mie hertz go bang! How shall I egress mineself?"

MISS BROWN—"Pardon me, Herr Fritz, but do you play euchre?"

HERR FRITZ—"Von ieedle bid."

MISS BROWN—"Then I 'pass, if y ou please."

[Herr Fritz finds himself left.]

she sat, or more properly speaking, stood behind those horses, at full gallop. Her hat had blown off, leaving the sunlight playing over her dark hair, and as her eyes flashed, with a determined "pluck" (it is the only word which fully expresses my meaning) unmingled with a trace of fear, she would have made a good portrait for the goddess Diana, and I regret I am unable to do justice to the picture.

Away the horses bounded at their topmost speed, tearing past the other carriages like an express train, and causing not a little consternation, among several respectable old ladies, who were enjoying their afternoon airing.

On they flew, setting at naught all outside efforts to stay their course, nay, the shouts of some bystanders had the con-

trary effect, as did also one of the mounted police, who for a moment thought his lumbering hack could overtake them. Everyone looked on with a sort of terror at the mad career,—everyone that is except Madeline, who never lost her nerve for an instant. Right ahead, was a laudan, whose coachman was either deaf or absent-minded, for he paid no attention to the clattering hoofs behind him and a collision seemed certain.

"Shout to that booby Richard," said Madeline, slightly turning her head and addressing their man servant, whereupon the latter yelled lustily. The laudan coachman then woke up to the danger, but becoming confused, stupidly guided his vehicle to the wrong side of the road, leaving a very narrow space for the phaeton to

pass. Still there was just sufficient, if Madeline could make her horses swerve a trifle to the left. Of course she had the reins already as tight as iron bands, but quicker than thought, as she neared the gap, she touched up the off horse with the whip, by a twist of the wrist, such as only an accomplished driver knows how to do, and the phaeton shot through, with just an eighth of an inch to spare.

"That was what you would call a 'near thing' Papa," said Madeline, as they dashed onwards.

Both Van Higgin and Richard had caught their breath, as one is apt to do when a terrible smash seems inevitable. The former had been entirely roused from his lethargy, and was admiring his daughter with all his heart and soul. Was this the girl, he thought, whom he dreaded, could not bear misfortune? By heavens! he felt she could dare anything on earth. They still rushed forward, but they had passed the great crowd of carriages, and having the road more to themselves, Madeline was enabled to bring more tactics into play, for obtaining the mastery over the runaways. The horses were one mass of foam, and in another half mile began to slacken their headlong pace, till at length with a wrench or two, their galop subsided into a trot and then snorting and trembling, they were finally pulled up. Madeline turned them round, with a triumphant smile on her countenance, for she might well be pleased with her conquest.

"I am afraid my gloves are gone as well as my hat," she said laughing, and displaying the rents which had been made by the reins in those articles.

"I can tell you now Madge," observed her father gently.

"Wait till we are at home Papa, and if you don't mind we will change places once more as my arms are nearly pulled off," replied Madeline.

They drove quietly back, and arrived without any further mishap. Then Van Higgin taking his daughter into the small drawing room, closed the door and said in a low voice "Madge what I have to tell you is, that—I am ruined."

"Oh Papa, is that all, and were you afraid to tell me?" replied Madeline, going up to him and putting her arms round his neck. Yes he had feared to give her this news, and here she was making light of it.

"My child you do not understand. We shall have to give up everything."

"Not everything Papa—you are still my father," said the girl softly.

Then the former Wall Street magnate broke down, but they were not bit'ter tears, for he felt that Madeline was dearer a thousand times than all the riches he had lost. Aye there are some among women whose real worth is only brought out by adversity and who seem to be sent to console us. Here was a girl raised in luxury, a leader of society and a reigning

belle, who was supposed to be wrapped up in what is called the world, and yet there was the ring of the true metal in her, and she makes me feel that Van Higgin at that time was more to be envied than pitied. Indeed he was wonderfully cheered, and went to meet his trouble the next day with a lighter heart than he had conceived to be possible.

They were engaged to some reception that evening, but did not go, Van Higgin for reasons you can readily guess, and Madeline because she would not leave her father alone. May all parents be blessed with such a daughter when overtaken with misfortune. They talked far into the night, and strange to say it was Madeline who took the lead and directed the conversation. Her father praised her for her quick perception, which she parried with a joke, saying there was no merit in inheritance and when the Colorado Tunnel Company was discussed she enquired if Mr. Dugdale was acquainted with the state of affairs. Van Higgin was not sure, adding that he believed the engineer would be in New York to-morrow or the day after.

"He is pretty well off now," said Van Higgin, thinking with a touch of envy of the man whose career he had helped to build up, and who was the wealthier of the two, nay, even young Guy Balston counted far more in the race of life than did he, who, but yesterday, was the great Van Higgin and had almost ruled Wall Street.

Madeline did not say much in rejoinder, but in her inmost heart she had an implicit trust that Dugdale was not one of those whom we designate as "fair weather" friends, the truth or otherwise of which opinion was very soon to be tested.

To be concluded.

Spoiled the Sentiment.

In the promenade.

"We keep step perfectly," murmured Wadsleigh.

"Yes," with a sigh.

"Well, darling—may I call you so?—I want to ask you to walk with me through life."

"Thank you, but I've already accepted an invitation to ride."—From the Chicago News Record.

THE PARSON GOT AS GOOD AS A GAVE.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of the conversation he, however, incautiously observed:

"When I want a good coat, I go to London—they make them there."

Before leaving the shop he inquired:

"By-the-by, do you attend my church?"

"No" was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London—they make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

The Smooth Man of Flora.

"There are many ways of turning a penny," soliloquized J. R. Morton. "Some time back a smooth-spoken fellow turned up in Flora, Ill. He went to the bank and had an audience with the president and cashier. He had a little story all ready, and it wore the garb of plausibility. Several banks had been robbed recently, and the youngster pretended to possess the confidence of the gang that was doing the deviltry. The next descent, he said, would be made on the Flora bank.

He, the good young man, would notify the officers of the exact time of the intended raid, in order that the robbers might be appropriately rounded up. He was sent to Decatur, the alleged rendezvous of the robbers, and there lived in royal style, while the bank officers sat up nights to guard the treasure and waited in vain for the note of warning. It did not come, and when the good young man had worked the game for all it was worth he folded his tent like the Arabs and made a sneak for green fields and pastures new."—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Scraps from "Pick-Me-Up"

RUDE OF HIM.

Miss Ethel Makeup.—You are complimentary to our sex, Captain; but, after all, we women can do a lot with our faces.

Captain Caustique.—Ya—as—by Jove—triumph quite over nature—ah—quite!

THE VACANCY.

Poet.—Is there an opening for a poet in this office?

Editor.—Why, certainly! There's the door you came in at.

ON THE SANDS IN FRANCE.

Sylvia.—Are you going to bathe this morning, Ethel?

Ethel.—I don't know, I will see who comes down. It is no use going through it all for a lot of old married fogies.

Parson, overhearing a parishioner indulging in a little swearing, accosts him and administers a sever reproof. The offender answers apologetically:

"Well, you know, sur, it's just heer. You do pray a bit on Zundays, and I do swear a bit in the week, but law bless ee, sur, we don't, neether of us, mean anything by it."

WIT IN THE PIGGERY.

First Str-Ish Resident (putting on side).—Do you know that I'm a descendant of Sir Roger Bacon.

Second Ditto—A "rasher" statement I have never heard.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Lieutenant (to soldier)—So you say you were a playwright before you entered the army.

Soldier—Yes, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant—Well, let me tell you if the villains in your play don't shoot any better than you do, you could not get up a tragedy to save your life.—Texas Sitings.

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THE UNITED FIRE INSURANCE CO. Lim.,
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Has purchased the Canadian business
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Subscribed Capital.....	\$1,250,000
Capital Paid-up.....	500,000
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Organized 1792 - - - Incorporated 1794.

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Reserve re-Insurance.....	3,549,822
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, etc.....	502,933
Net Surplus.....	2,225,475
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FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

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18 CORN EXCHANGE.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE CO'Y,
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ESTABLISHED AT LONDON, 1803.

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Subscribed Capital.....	\$6,000,000.
Cash Assets over.....	\$9,500,000

Insures against loss by fire only. Entire assets available for fire losses.
Canadian Branch Office in the Company's Building.

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
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INCORPORATED 1851.

Capital and Assets.....	\$2,551,027 09
Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891.....	1,797,995 03

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STATEMENT—JANUARY 1, 1892.

From Report of James F. Pierce, Insurance Commissioner for the State
of New York.

Assets.....	\$125,947,290.81
Liabilities.....	110,806,267.50
Surplus.....	15,141,023.31
Income.....	31,854,194.00
New Business written in 1891.....	\$152,664,982.00
Insurance in Force (over).....	\$614,824,713.00

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**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE
COMPANY,**

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TOTAL ASSETS, AT 31st DECEMBER, \$52,053,716.51

HEAD OFFICE IN CANADA, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN INVESTMENTS, \$4,599,753.00.

THOMAS DAVIDSON, Manager-Director.
MONTREAL.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.
OF AMERICA.

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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.

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EVANS & MCGREGOR, Managers.

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INCORPORATED 1822.

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Fire Income 1,000,000

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ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

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, ROBERT LEWIS, Esq.,
Chairman, Chief Secretary.

N. B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1892

Branch Office in Canada 157 St. James Street, Montreal.

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INCOME AND FUNDS (1890).

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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.

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LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

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