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Vol. I. No. 5.

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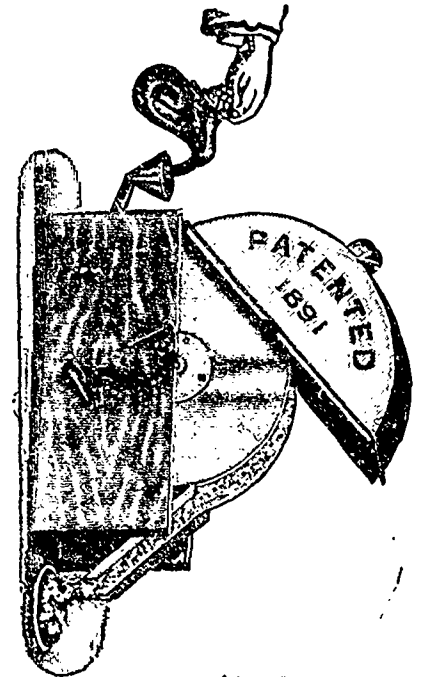
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OUR PRIZE LIST

To any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 31st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano; 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; for Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

EXERCISE.

At this season when cities are deserted for the seaside, the mountains or the rivers, a few words upon the subject of exercise may not be out of place. Exercise has had its most enthusiastic supporters on the one hand, while latterly warning voices have been raised against the worship of bone and sinew, which tends, so we are told, to heart disease, mental decay and so forth, backed up by the argument that athletes are all, or nearly all, short lived, and constantly break down at an early age. As Sir Roger de Coverly observed "much may be said upon both sides"; the excess of any virtue becomes a vice, and it is the abuse not the use of gifts, which constitutes the evil. That greediness commenced with our first parents, who were too fond of fruit as we all know.

We can make no rule, with regard to athletics and recreation, which will suit everyone, for habits and constitutions vary considerably and whereas there are some who are benefitted by walking or other exercise before breakfast, there are others whom, such either fatigues for the entire day, or otherwise disagrees with. In like manner sea air is beneficial in many cases, has occasionally the reverse effect and without wishing to detract in the least from the medical profession, we main-

tain that every man and woman should and can know best, what suits their own particular constitution as to both food and exercise, if they will only make a study of the matter. This however, a large proportion never do, and we constantly find young men, who, fired with an admiration for those who excel in rowing, running or other physical pastimes, rashly attempt to emulate and compete for, what they have not the necessary stamina. We have often met with men, whose occupations are sedentary, rushing madly into a pedestrian tour over mountains during their holidays, such as is only fit for those who are sound in wind and in good condition, returning to their desks jaded instead of refreshed, as they had foolishly expected.

No doubt it is exhilarating, for a man confined to the city throughout the year, to breathe the pure sea or country air, but he should remember that his muscles are flacid, his lungs unused to a sudden demand upon their full powers, and his system is no more capable of a heavy strain than is a colt fresh from the grass, of winning the Derby. Again while a twenty mile walk is a pleasant recreation for one man, another will find half that distance sufficient, and of this each should be able to judge for himself, and not over-tax his powers. If after a day's sculling, you find in taking your evening siesta that the rest is truly delightful, you may know that you have benefitted by the exercise, but should there be, in place of that enjoyable rest a feeling of exhaustion with perhaps an uneven pulse and loss of appetite, then you have gone too far.

It is the height of absurdity for those unaccustomed to physical exertion, to attempt feats of strength for which they are totally unfitted, and many instances of strains and permanent injuries have arisen from this want of common caution, but such examples should not make us utterly condemn athletic sports. A child may cut itself with a knife, but that is no proof that knives are too dangerous as articles of utility, and for those, who can spare the time, we strongly recommend an hour's game at cricket, ten-

nis, golf, or the like, to brace up the limbs and expand the chest, after the day's work at the desk, by practising which they will have a good chance of being in a better condition for the pleasant annual holiday, such as we trust all our readers will have the opportunity, health and strength to enjoy to the utmost, during this and for many years to come.

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

Had the immortal Bard of Avon lived in these days he certainly would have written "Uneasy sits the man who wield's the Editor's pen and scissors," for compared to that seat, the pillow on which the crowned head rests is a perfect elysium! Here is one of the epistles the Editor finds upon his fyle. "Sir,"—what an amount of indignation and withering contempt some darling fair ones can cram into those three letters to be sure!—"Sir! I was both surprised and annoyed to find that you omitted to insert my contribution upon which I spent a great deal of time and labor. From henceforth, I shall consider your paper beneath my notice. —Yours, &c., Anastasia —."

The contribution in question purported to be a review of a recently published novel which was described as "A well drawn story." The character of the hero, we are told, "is well drawn" and "no one can deny" the reviewer proceeds, that the "charming heroine is very well drawn." The villain of the book—though of what his villainy consists no clue is given—is also "well drawn" and the self same praise is bestowed upon all the minor characters, while the plot of the tale—of which not a word is hinted—the reviewer maintains is thrilling and extremely "well drawn." That was about the entire substance of the review, in reading over which the Editor felt his lips being "well drawn" together, since he counted no fewer than ten of the same expressions in a single paragraph.

The Editor trusts that his fair correspondent will not be too cruel and crush him utterly, but except this gentle rebuke, as it is intended, in good part, remembering that the price of "The Antidote" is so moderate that we cannot afford to insert so many "well-drawn" pictures in a single number.



THE HUMAN FORM, DIVINE.

VENUS DE VANSITART [LOQ]—"LA! WHAT PERFECTLY HORRID WAISTS
THOSE GRECIAN LADIES MUST HAVE HAD."

REVENGE.

"And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"—Shylock.

It has often been said that revenge is sweet, and some of our greatest authors have endeavored to idealize the attribute, and invest it with the bright garment of justice. But the cloven-hoof shows itself underneath the cloak, attempt to hide it ever so well, just as the assine hee! haw! betrays the long-eared wearer of the lion's skin. Revenge is one of the meanest and most degrading of human passions, being the exact opposite of that which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." We are not referring to the reprisal in hot blood, when smarting under a wound, mental or bodily, you strike back on the spur of the moment, but to that revenge, which is nursed long after the injury has been inflicted, and waits, watching stealthily, for the opportunity to repay evil with evil, maintaining that it is weak and undignified to overlook, or allow a wrong to go unpunished. This is the revenge, which warps and demeans a man's better nature, and is no more to be confounded with just punishment, than is "lawful mercy kin to foul redemption." Punishment is intended to benefit the recipient and as a warning to others, but the revenge we speak of is simply a selfish gratification of hatred, administered for the purpose of personal injury, with no ulterior or nobler end in view. Taken even upon the lower ground of policy, and we shall find that revenge never stifled enmity, but on the contrary always feeds and increases it, for as Shylock exclaimed, "the villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Say that a man has played you a shabby trick, or done you a cruel wrong, which later on, you have a chance of retaliating in his own coin, as it is called, are you going to belittle yourself by descending to his level? You despised him for his action, and yet how can you imitate him without losing your own self-respect?

If we would only think of this, and remember that revenge is only worthy of the untamed, untutored savage, we should banish it from our breasts, for as Lady Elizabeth Carew beautifully expresses it:

"The fairest action of our human lives
Is scorning to resent an injury."

Do you wish to insure your life or your property? All of the companies whose advertisements appear in the columns of "The Antidote," are thoroughly reliable.

Montreal and Western Railway Company.

On Saturday last, the 9th instant, we were honored with an invitation to attend the formal opening of the above line, which runs from St. Jerome to St. Agath, and in spite of the unpropitious weather had no occasion to regret our acceptance of the hospitality afforded us. The President, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, was unavoidably absent, but the Vice, Mr. Desjardins, Messrs. Rolland, Beemer, Brennan, and the other directors all accompanied the expedition, and we were also favored with the presence of the Hon. Mr. Quimet, the Federal Minister of Public Works, who together with Mr. Nantel, occupying the like position for the Province of Quebec, lent a lustre to the proceedings, and were both well qualified to speak to the advantages (from a National as well as a Provincial standpoint) of the new line running for some forty miles through a fertile country which it will assist to populate.

The rain poured in torrents at starting and remained with us during the greater portion of the day, but failed to damp the spirits of the party. In passing the St. Dennis Boulevards, with the large placards marked "Lots for sale," we could not help thinking that they referred to water for the land was entirely inundated.

The Montreal and Western leaving St. Jerome passes through some very choiced scenery, consisting of wooded hills rising from valleys of rich pasture and farming plots, the beauty of the landscape being enhanced by the lovely North River interspersed with water falls and lakes which would provide sport for the followers of Izak Walton.

Speeches were made at St. Saver, St. Agath, and St. Jerome, of an appropriate nature, setting forth the benefits of the railway to the country at large as well as to each place in particular. The stations were all tastefully decorated with trees and flags, the tents of the latter presenting a contradiction, since the rain had caused the colors to run violently into one another, and yet for this very reason they could not be termed "fast" colors. A cold luncheon was provided at St. Agath on a substantial scale with an impartial regard to the tastes of both teetotalers and those who preferred the sparkling champagne, frothy lager, or something else. On reaching St. Jerome on the return journey, we found a banquet prepared at the hotel to which ample justice was done and at which the ceremony of decorating some of the guests, with a buttonhole of roses, was performed by the pretty daughters of the landlord, "The Antidote" being one of the favored ones, but the kiss we stole from the maiden was remembered long after the flow-

ers have faded. Frown not, oh reader, the little damsel was but nine years of age, and so the proceeding was quite innocent and proper.

Of course there was the man, there always is, on such occasions, who had promised his wife to be home in Montreal at seven o'clock in the evening, and as the banquet was not over before midnight he kept his promise in the manner such men usually do.

In conclusion the affair was well conceived, admirably conducted, and capitally carried out, and we trust the future of the Montreal and Western Railway Company in all its aims will meet with a similar success.

Home-Made Delicacies.

Broiled Sagneuy Salmon.—About an inch is the proper thickness to cut the slices; dry them with a cloth, put salt on them, and lay them skin side down on a gridiron over hot coals, and serve with sliced lemons.

Fresh mackerel should cook for five minutes after coming to a boil. Egg sauce or cream sauce with green parsley or stewed gooseberries.

A Quick Drink.—Take a glass of sherry, a small bit of mint, and some sugar to taste, mix together in a tumbler, add some powdered ice, and then pour on it a pint of cider, drink it when it effervesces. Half the quantity will generally be found enough, or the ingredients may be divided into two glasses, unless you have a soda water glass.

To Keep Lemons.—Keep them in cold water, change every week. This also adds to the juice.

Meats and Their Accompaniments.—Roast Lamb, mint sauce. Roast Beef, horse-radish. Roast Mutton, currant jelly. Boiled Chicken, egg sauce.

WOMAN IN PROVERBS.

A gossiping woman talks about everybody and everybody talks about her.

"Women are wise on a sudden and fools on reflections.

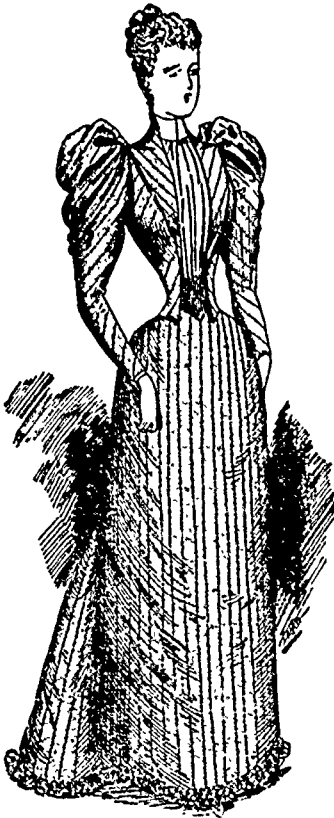
A foolish woman is known by her finery.

A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer.

Miss A. of Sherbrooke Street exclaimed to Mr. K. of Dorchester Street, who is a sour old bachelor: What a great many weddings took place in June.

"Yes," replied he. "the month has been noted for marriages and other disasters."

The weather prophet seems to be carrying water on both shoulders and spilling it all the time.



From London Ladies' Pictorial.

THE FASHIONS.

Many persons are wearing the pretty blazer suits for travelling, the easy shape of these suits make them very desirable for this purpose. As now worn in red or blue, brown or gray serge, they do not easily become soiled. They have in the best designs a bell shaped skirt, which buttons on the sides. This is usually fastened to a skirt with suspenders. Over this a shirt waist of wash silk is worn, or of figured foulard, and of late the colors chosen for such a waist are often bright scarlet, bright blue or green, or Russian red. The showiness is modified by the blazer, which, however, as now worn, is much more florid than it used to be, showing braiding or striped revers, when the shirt waist is not striped or figured, and being long with the back fitted. The fronts part and display the shirt or vest. Our illustrations this week show two travelling dresses and a house gown. No. 1 is a cloth costume, in navy blue and fawn stripes, finished round the skirt with a ruche of shot silk to correspond with the stripes.

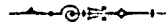
No. 2 is a tailor made tweed costume, five different tints, in gray and fawn, in an indistinct small broken check, which has a very pretty effect.

No. 3 is a voile de laine costume, a cream ground, with prettily tinted heliotrope poppies and buttercups, natural colored ruche of silk round bottom to blend with colours of the dress. Pale yellow is most favored for evening dresses.

Pink, in all its twenty shades is a great favorite.

Patent leather ties, in all colors, are to be the thing for this season's wear.

Beautiful sashes of surah silk, four yards long, and fringes ten inches deep at the ends, are among the pretty summer wardrobe accessories.



Receipts.

Beefsteak Fingers.—Take two pounds of tender steak, cover it with equal parts of vinegar and water, season with pepper and salt, chopped onion and a pinch of ground cloves; cover it very closely and let it cook gently for an hour, then remove the meat from the liquor and let it become cold, then cut it into strips three inches long, dip this into beaten egg, then roll in fine cracker crumbs, that are seasoned with parsley and celery, cover the meat well with crumbs, and fry in hot fat until nicely browned, place in a hot dish garnished with parsley, served with mashed potatoes and gravy made from the liquor in which the meat was cooked.

Eggs and Asparagus.—Cut two or three dozen stalks into inch pieces, using care to remove all hard parts; boil in salted water until tender; drain them and put in a baking dish and pour over them one cupful of drawn butter. Break six eggs on top; put a piece of butter on each one; put in a hot oven and cook until eggs are firm. Serve at once.

Wafers.—One pint of flour made into dough with a fresh egg, pinch of salt, large spoonful of butter and sweet milk sufficient to mix. Knead well, make into round balls, the size of a hickory nut and roll as thin as letter paper, Prick all over and bake a pale brown in a quick oven.

Almond Custard.—Blanch and beat four ounces of almonds with a spoonful of water. Beat a pint of cream and put to the yolks of four eggs with as much sugar as will make it pretty sweet, then add the almonds. Stir it all over a slow fire till it is of a proper thickness, but do not boil. Serve in cups.



GREATEST ON RECORD.

Johnson: "Who is the heaviest man in the world?"

Thornton: "I don't know; but the Prince of Wales has had about the biggest wait-I know of."

Newwed: "How long does a man have to be married before his wife agrees with him in everything?"

Oldwed (mournfully): "You'll have to ask somebody else, my boy; I've only been married forty years."

Young Lady: "You're what is known as a woman hater, aren't you?"

Old Gentleman: "I am, my dear girl. I am; and I glory in it. When I was very young a woman made a fool of me, and I—er—"

Young Lady. "And you never got over it."

Wife: My dear, as my playing seems to disturb our neighbours, do you not think we had better put on double windows?"

Husband: No, my love, if our neighbours are disturbed let them put in 'their double windows."



THE UNREALIZED IDEAL.

My only love is always near,—
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young.
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is over her shoulder slung,
And hangs below her waste.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track

She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I speed when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase,—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face.

Frederick Locker.

TWO VENTURES:

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.—BROUGHT BACK

In the accident ward of Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, lay a man, hovering as it is called, between life and death. Indeed, looking at him, one could not help thinking that he was much nearer the latter, than the former, for he showed no sign of animation save faintly drawing breath at long intervals.

He was a strongly built man, of about five and thirty years old, rather above middle height, broad across the shoulders, and having a very deep chest. His hair and thick short beard, were brown, his features massive, and though not very refined, there was a distinct power about them which forced you to admit, that the face was on the whole, rather goodlooking than otherwise. His eyes were closed, he was evidently unconscious, and at the time suffering no pain. The doctor, who had examined him, was watching him closely, asking questions, and giving

directions to the nun in attendance, one of those Sisters of Mercy, whose business through life it is, to relieve her fellow creatures of physical pain, and to lighten the burden of the wounded or the sick, looking for no reward here below, but following out the great Master's words, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me." Whatever may be our creed we surely must pause upon the common ground of charity, and be thankful to those Samaritans, who, when we have been left for dead, pour in "oil and wine," and labor to bring us back to health.

"The accident you say, occurred at Hochelaga?" said the doctor.

"So I was told, sir. There was a child on the track, and in saving it he was knocked down by a locomotive, to one side, fortunately, and the ambulance brought him here a quarter of an hour ago."

The wounded man opened his eyes and a spasm of pain shot over his countenance.

"Burruf pawn! lao jeldi jeldi!"—he cried.

"That is some of the language he muttered when he was first brought here," said the nun, "what does it mean?"

"I think I can guess," replied the doctor, with the intuitive perception of his profession. "Bring some iced water, quick."

The cool drink was placed to the man's parched lips, and he groaned rather than spoke his thanks.

"He'll do," said the doctor, shutting up his case of instruments, "it is well the pain has come back again, showing the spine is all right. Keep him quiet and I will send a soothing draught at once, to put him to sleep."

These, with other directions being given, the doctor departed, saying he would return in three or four hours.

The nurse followed out all the doctor's orders, and before long had the satisfaction of seeing the patient drop into a peaceful slumber, from which he did not wake, until the doctor was beside his bedside.

"Well, and how do you feel now?" asked the doctor, cheerily.

"I cannot say I feel 'gradely,' as we call it in Lancashire," was the reply, in a weak voice. "There is still a great deal of pain down my back."

"So there should be, or you would be nearer death's door than you are," said the doctor.

"All right, I can bear it. But how about the 'choti chokri,'—the little lass I mean?"

"Oh, she is none the worse," was the reply.

"I am glad of that, and can say 'cootch perwam' to all the rest."

"What is that the Lancashire for," enquired the doctor, smiling,

"Lancashire" exclaimed the wounded man, "Lor. bless you, that is Hindoostani. I have been ten years in India, and sometimes speak the language unconsciously. But what am I to say to you, doctor, and this kind Sister, for all your goodness?"

"Say nothing at all, but remain quiet," replied the doctor.

"And how long will it be before I am well again?" asked the patient.

"Ah that depends a good deal on yourself. If you obey orders implicitly, you may leave your bed in about three weeks, and a fortnight longer, will, perhaps, see you about again."

"Five long weeks before I can resume work!" cried the man impatiently.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor, "be thankful it is not worse, for at one time I was doubtful whether you would ever do another stroke. You have had a close call, and have talked quite enough for the present. I will see you to-morrow morning, meanwhile

you must do exactly as you are told."

So saying, and leaving some fresh directions with the nurse, the doctor departed.

The patient, John Dugdale, by name, was born at Pendleton, a suburb of Manchester, England, and was a practical engineer, having served his time in the great firm of Sharp, Roberts & Co., of that city. He had gone to India when he was about five and twenty, and had been employed, both on the Great Indian Peninsula, and the Bombay and Baroda Railways. He had prospered and saved some money, probably a lak of rupees, (\$50,000), when all at once, he threw up his appointment, and leaving India, had found his way to Canada, where he had been given some temporary work on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and had been stationed at Montreal, at the time the accident above related took place.

So rigidly did Dugdale obey orders that in eighteen days he left his bed, and in ten days more he was declared a perfect cure. He settled with the doctor, remarking that the pecuniary consideration could never wipe out the debt he owed, and finding that the kind nun, who had nursed him, would accept nothing in compensation, he gave a large donation to the hospital, observing, that though he was not a Catholic, he would be a brute, if he should ever speak ill of a religion, which could build and keep up such an institution.

"I hope and pray, you may one day have the faith," said the little nun, smiling as he took his leave.

"Nurse," he replied, shaking her by the hand, "there is one of the 'three,' you do not name, although you have it in superabundance." "Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity." "Good-bye, and God bless you."

And I do not think the nun felt the worse for the heretic's hearty benediction.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL.

The New York Musical Monthly for July, published by Richard A. Saalfeld, is on our table. It contains the usual number of popular musical compositions of a more or less meritorious character. The opening number is a song and chorus, by J. P. Skelly, "I've broken a heart to-day", a pleasant little waltz movement in B flat, and will no doubt have a fair run. The second number, "The Song for me," by Michael Watson, has a familiar appearance. The music of Home, Sweet Home, is adroitly introduced in the third strain of the second verse. It is followed by "Walter's Prize Song," from Wagner's Die Meistersinger, a number that will try the culture and capacity of amateurs. "Unless" is a song for alto and bass by Luigi Caracciolo, with words by Mrs. Browning. The instrumental portion of the contents consists of the "Humbo-Polska," a pretty, Slavonic dance measure by Miss Th. Kjellander; "Sobre Las Olas" a pretty, well-known waltz, which reminds us somewhat of the recent efforts at musical composition in Mexico, and



TEL. CLERK (LOQ)--JEESOPHA! HAVE I GOT'EM AGAIN OR DOES MY BRAIN REEL?
LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLL-
LLANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH.

The Name of a Parish on the Anglesea side of Menai Bridge, which is its only name, and is in every day use, without a break or pause. The natives call the place 'Llanfair,' but as there are other Llanfairs in Wales, some description has to be added in postal addresses, that to Llanfair being 'Pwllgwyngyll,' more commonly the whole is written 'Llanfair P. G.'

Literal Translation:—The Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's Church, near to a red cave.

[The above is the longest word we know, and our illustration represents the effect on the telegraph clerk when the word was transmitted without abbreviation.]

the "Anna Yorke," by F. J. Smythe, an evidence that this popular dance is still retaining its hold upon lovers of the light fantastic exercise. The number concludes with a Military Schottische by A. J. Fisher, which contains as much good work as is usually found in the best compositions of its class.

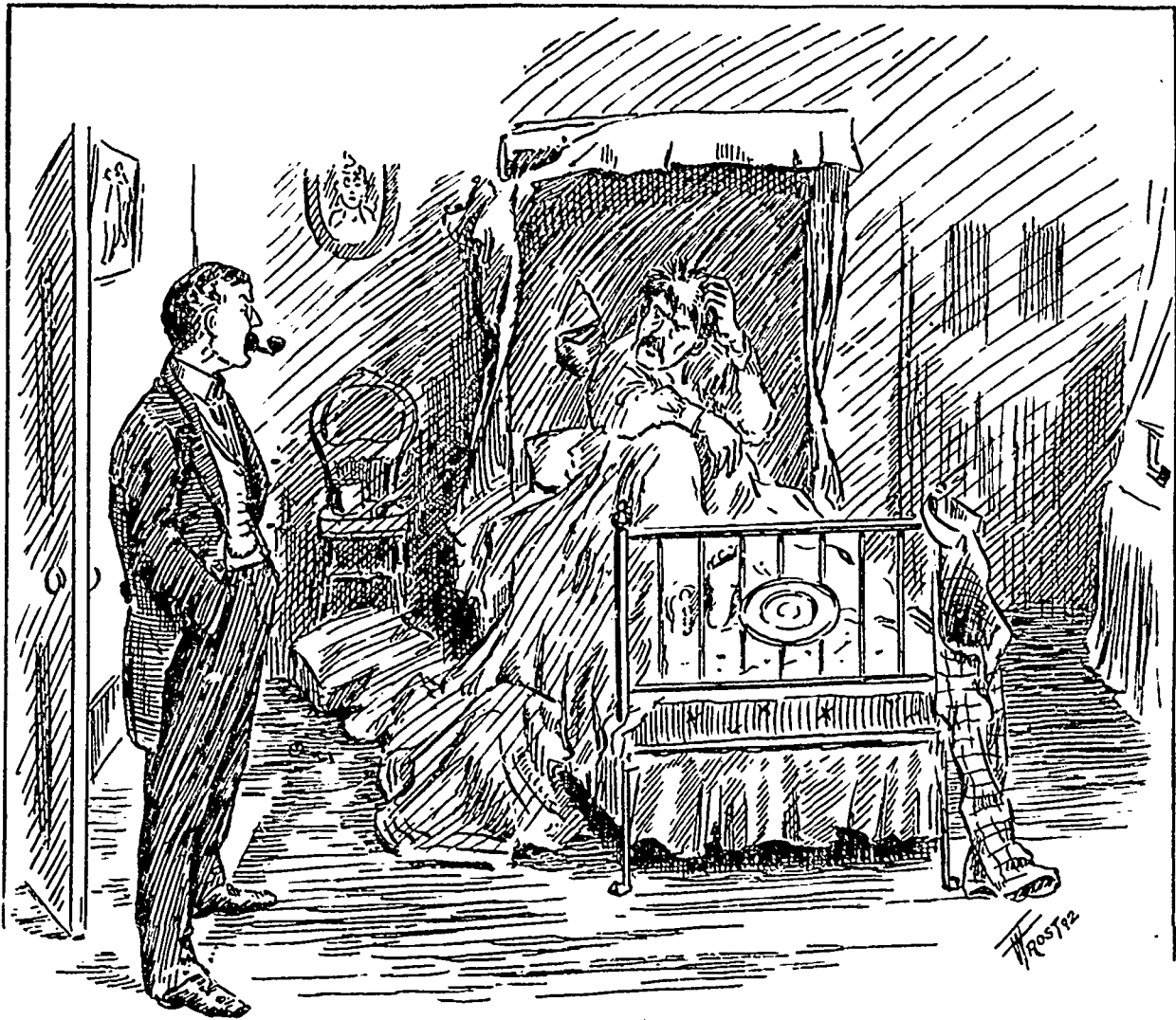
WATER CARTS.

Dear "Mr. Antidote."—The kindness you accorded me in inserting my last letter, has encouraged me to address you again, more especially, as I was told by our mayor that my epistle was highly proper and ladylike! I hope you will not think I belong to the grumbling class, for indeed I do not, but I have another grievance to complain of, and as my father always used to warn me against the bad habit of sulking in silence over my troubles I will show my filial obedience and speak up. I have not seen very many fine days since I came to Montreal in fact the weather has been perfectly shocking—but lately we have had bright, clear skies, and then, as I dare say, you know, Montreal mud is quickly transformed into Montreal dust. It is awfully nice and refreshing, on a warm day, to have the streets wet! sprinkled by watering carts, but (oh these nasty butts) there is a proper as well as an improper way of doing every thing, and I regret I cannot approve of the method adopted in watering our streets. I presume the orders given to the carters are, to leave the crossings dry, but I am certain you will allow that this is never

done, except by accident, for almost invariably the carters shut off the water either on one side of the crossing or the other, and deluge the latter more than any other part of the street. Now, as you know,—or if you don't, you ought to do—Montreal ladies, in dry weather, (when blessed with it) wear light, thin shoes, as being both cool and becoming to their feet, and their feelings can be more easily imagined than described, on discovering a wet, instead of a dry crossing, to avoid which, they have to use that part of the dusty street the carter has left unsprinkled, and this at the risk of stepping into a pool of mud formed by the water from the aforesaid crossing. "Mr. Antidote" I am not an advocate for so-called Woman's Rights, and have therefore no hesitation in demanding the privileges of my sex, one of which is, that she may present to her admirers—and I know you are one of them—clean skirts and neat feet; yet between the spouts in wet, and the improperly watered streets in dry weather, she has really a very hard time of it. Is the age of chivalry indeed dead, and are there no knights, who will enter the lists on our behalf? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" and remain, —Ever Yours,

AMELIA WILKINS.

Miss Wilkins—we presume she is unmarried, although we should be sorry to suppose she ever looked "amiss" to her friends—has again struck a blot in our municipal government, and we recommend her letter to the attention of the Road Committee.



Nightmare and Night Dog.

BROWN—"Hello! Jones, my boy, what's the matter? You look as though you had had the nightmare."
 JONES—"Nightmare be hanged! It was the night dog that 'murdered sleep.' Macbeth was not in it"

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 5.—OUR OLD MAID.

Old maids, for the most part, seem to be considered a fair target for satire,—in these days at least,—for there is scarcely a modern author, who has not more than once, held them up to ridicule or dislike. Sometimes we are made to laugh over her juvenile airs, in the unsuccessful efforts she puts forth to change her condition, while on other occasions our anger is raised at the spiteful dog-in-the-manger jealousy she exhibits against matrimony. How is it that the great master artist Shakespeare has handed us down no old maid among his portraits? Widows and old bachelors he has given us, but the old maid is, as far as we remember, missing from his picture gallery, so we must conclude that she is the offspring of our modern society. Whatever be the cause however, here she is, and so we will say a few words about her.

Our Old Maid is after all seldom very

ancient, indeed were she married, she would probably be considered as hardly beyond her prime, therefore why should we sneer at her for trying to look a trifle younger than she is? Tomkyns observes that if you were to pull her to pieces you would find nothing beyond skin and bones, but Tomkyns is naturally coarse, and we never discovered that there was much under his waistcoat. A dog—as a rule a fat dog usually follows our Old Maid and we fear he is about the only toady she has. She will tell you that Fido is ever faithful; then perhaps a little sigh follows and we scoff at the inference that some one was once faithless. Nevertheless it is possible she was a blooming lass several years ago, and though you shrug your shoulders, we have known such cases, when our Old Maid has borne her trial uncomplaining "never told her love," and if her damask cheek is not so bright as that of her sister, who has a husband's arm round her and children at her knee, it is hard-

ly generous to be always flinging sarcasm at the unsuccessful. All of which goes to prove, that there is the pathetic side to our Old Maid, and we should take off our hats to the sprightly, though may be exaggerated, youthful air with which she covers up the wound, reminding us of the cloak, that the Spartan lad wore over the fox, which was gnawing him. We have been acquainted with many thoroughly unselfish old maids, who have helped the needy when they themselves could ill spare the gift, in fact of the two our Old Maid is seldom as selfish as our Old Bachelor, but the latter must form the subject of another sketch, meanwhile we will bid adieu to our Old Maid—whether of a certain or an uncertain age—with a kindly smile for her troubles, which probably are but skin deep, and do not interfere with the warm heart beneath, which has not become hardened and cynical in its contact with the world. Can we of the other sex say as much?

SOME WHITE ELEPHANTS.

(Adapted from James Payn.)

I know a good and honest lawyer—"rara avis in"—(no, I shall want that fine old quotation presently)—an honest lawyer who has stated it as his opinion—and his opinion is what people give dollars and dollars for—that it is a great mistake to be "much respected." His experience is, he says, that most persons who have thus been designated are dead, and that the rest suffer from their good reputations. He has himself often succored the widow and orphan, free, gratis—for nothing; and when the orphans have grown up they are apt to be grateful. They send presents to their "valued and much respected friend," even from the uttermost ends of the earth; which is what he objects to, even when they pay the carriage.

And true it is, it often happens that a present is a misfortune to one. For example, I am myself a poor man, and a rich friend sends me a haunch of venison. My larder is not big enough for it to hang in, my kitchen range is not large enough to cook it, and it has to lodge and even to board out (for it requires flour and all sorts of applications daily); thus it costs as much as a leg of mutton to begin with. Then I am obliged to ask eight or ten people to eat it, the expense of which entertainment reduces me to my last dollar. My rich friend has no wish to impoverish me, but the effect of his munificence is similar to that of the present of the White Elephant which the King of Siam gives to those whom he intends to ruin; its meat, drink and clothing (for they have to supply its trunk, of course) eat them out of house and home. Or suppose I am a rich man and a poor one sends me (his friendship's offering), some ornament for my drawing-room, which is very tastefully and elegantly finished; what the deuce am I to do with it? If it is really handsome, I feel that I have robbed him; if it is otherwise (though one does not prize a gift according to its cost), it spoils my drawing room by its contrast with what is already there.

Again there are a lot of people in the world who are always giving one presents which are worthless. They remember one's birthday and one's marriage day and the anniversary of the day one was appointed a Queen's Council or chaplain to the lunatic asylum. They are very sure to call to mind these interesting dates by the gifts of a paper-knife, of a box of tooth-picks, or a volume of Mrs. Ross' "Legends of the Great Gordons." For my part I would much rather "compound" for all these subscriptions, and that they gave

me a twenty dollar note and have done with them.

There is a still more troublesome sort of people—generally very wealthy—who insist upon paying your fare for you when you travel with them on the street cars, or on defraying the toll when you drive outside the city limits; but to get a present of twenty-five or fifty dollars out of them in the way of composition, or any other, is a matter not to be thought of.

Then there are some excellent persons who insist upon providing us some specimens of their own particular productions; what they have themselves invented, concocted or made captive to their own gun and spear, and which in nine cases out of ten, and independently of the obligation incurred, one would infinitely rather be without.

Your friend the amateur author, for example, sends you a presentation copy of his first novel, of the usual regulation length; now what are you to do with that? Of course if you are prepared to read it, I have nothing further to say; but suppose you shrink from proceeding to that dreaded extremity; you have, in that case, to sit down, write quickly that you have received his most thoughtful present which will indeed be highly prized, and that you are "looking forward with the greatest eagerness" to its perusal; but if you think that will satisfy him, except for the moment, you are very much mistaken. He will be sure to inquire your opinion sooner or later about that immortal work—and then be on your guard; for fatal to your friendship with him will be the moment when he elicits the truth. Above all things cut the book—I mean with the paper knife—on the instant of its arrival—that is, unless it is an American production in which the leaves are always conveniently cut by the machine; no eulogy, however vague or skillful will avail you if he discover that this precaution has not been taken. Or, again, one's friend is a sportsman who having secured some prize of exceptional rarity and, perhaps not unwilling that we should bear personal testimony of his prowess, sends it to us, generally unpaid, by rail.

The last gift I received in this way was from a famous sportsman, and consisted of a black cygnet—"rara avis in terris, nigroque (here you have it, as I promised) simillima cygno." Neither I nor my cook, nor the poultry-man around the corner had seen,—except on a signboard or an heraldic emblem,—such a bird before. Its size was gigantic—much larger than that of a full grown white swan—and it had no end of a neck. How this neck was to be

cooked was a problem, while to cut it off was out of the question; for who would have been able to guess its nature, or have been by any means induced to eat it, had it come to the table without its neck? As it was, I felt that I should have to make a little speech about it to my guests in the way of introduction not to say of apology for its appearance. As the result of the plucking of it we promised ourselves an elder-down quilt, if not an entire feather bed; but at the very outset an unpleasant circumstance happened. It had arrived in apparently admirable condition; we had said to ourselves, "for once we have really got a useful present out of old Webfoot"; but directly the cook began to pluck it,—it was not "the last feather," mind, that did it, but the first—it began to smell beyond power of words to express. We talk of "knocking one down with a feather," in a metaphorical and poetical way, but one of our cygnet's feathers was literally enough to do it. Why it was so, I do not pretend to explain. It is possible that just as a gentleman of color—though a man and a brother and even in holy orders—has unquestionably a certain—well—an aroma about him, such as (I am glad to say) does not belong to you or me,—so this black cygnet had an odor that surely never belonged to any other race but its own. One has heard of sea-birds being "strong and fishy," but these are feeble adjectives to express the exhalations from that bird. As to making anything with his feathers, except a bonfire, it was not to be thought of. Of course our kitchen could not accommodate the cygnet, which consequently went to the neighboring baker's—whereby we became in a manner public benefactors. One has heard how a knife that had cut an ortolan is thought highly of as giving a rare flavor to quite a common dish,—while our bird gave a flavor (so the baker told me) to everything that he baked that day from a pan of buns to an apple pie. They had, as one may say, the impression of our signet upon them—and it was a very strong one. When it came to the table, every-one rose and fled and all the windows had to be thrown open, though it was far from summer weather. I buried it in the back garden with a fire shovel, with my own hands, and there it lies to this day, let us hope, deodorized; but if so it will be a great corroboration of the Mould theory and of earth as a disinfectant. As to our house, if you had broken a gallon jar of attar of roses in it, it could not have been more thoroughly impregnated,—only cygnet, I do assure you, is not attar of roses.

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