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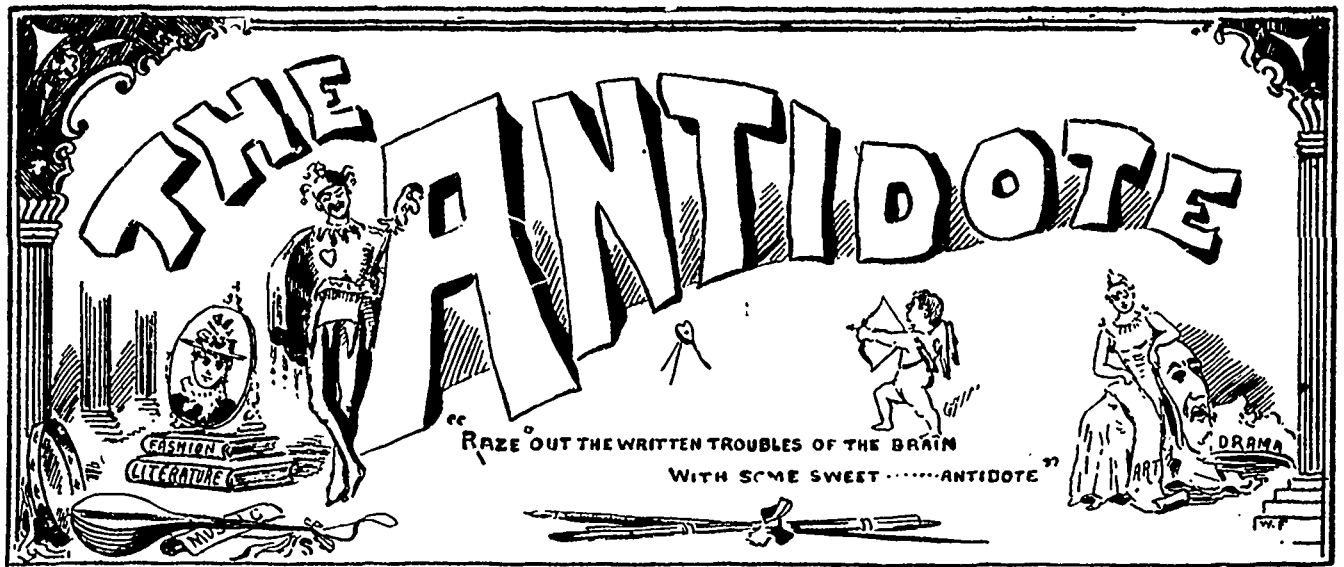
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CONCEIT ONCE MORE.

Real conceit seems to be partly the over-estimation of what one is, and therefore of what one does, and partly the living as it were, before a looking-glass taking notice of one-self. Sometimes the over-estimation may be only apparent; the capacity one supposes in one's self may have really existed, may still exist, but the time which should have gone to cultivating it and developing it has gone in admiring it; it has been frittered away in little exhibitions, and has dwindled away for want of pains to making it more. Bystanders, seeing no signs of it, believe it never was anything more than a hallucination of demented vanity; but it did once have its place as a rational prompting to the exercise of a faculty, and it is possible that the faculty may have been worth exercising. The chattering sciolist, the half-skilled, superfluous dilettante may have had in them so much instinctive ability as with the plodding zeal of humanity goes to make sound philosphers and artists. They were right, perhaps, in thinking they could get over the race course, but they kept stopping on the way to put their heads and give themselves sugar-plums, and so they never get near the goal.

Unhappily, such runners are apt to believe in their capabilities for the extremest prowess, just because they have never at any time tested their strength to the full. What they have done was done with such ease that surely a little effort would make them a match for the best. Something in them, they know not what—a genius which cannot bear harness, a nobility of nature which forbids descent into the arena of competition, a divine indolence, an ethereal carelessness—something in, fact, whatever it be, which is unpractical, but exceedingly superior, has hindered them of the craftsman's excellence. These sublimary beings descend not to the menial steadiness of a Tennyson,

a Huxley, a Millais, a Whowell; they are comets, air-plants, all sorts of erratic wildflowers, uncatalogued stars, anything that cannot be calculated upon and goes its own way uselessly. Nobody is possessed of a lyre, a soul, a genius, a star, as the occasional poet, incapably ferocious against grammar, and petulant at metre. A plain-sailing Shakespeare, a Milton, or so, has little enough of such extra-human inspiration to boast; but the amount of respectable ladies and gentlemen who are guided and influenced by such consummate influences is past the multiplication table. Something gets in their way to even the merest publicity, and they are scarcely likely to perceive that the something is conceit.

The doggerel that is written, the daubs that are painted, and all under the youthful inspiration that feels a power which none looking at the execution can discern! Are we to see in such immature confidence only conceit, or if it be conceit that nerves young boneless creatures to the enterprises of a Hercules until they fail, and leaves them after failure ready to begin again and try, and trying again till they fail past their strength to rise once more, as the million do; or with final gasps rise again and triumph as the dozen do—then if this be conceit, as doubtless it is, let us thank heaven for conceit, and to be a little lenient, even to the simpletons in whom conceit is but an enervating mistake.

Conceit in the young means the possibility of immortal success, or ridiculous failure. If there were no conceit among the young, what would there be for the world, but decent, self-seeking, so much per cent respectability. For the gain of the future, for kind pity's sake, to-day let us be a little more lenient to conceit than we are, remembering that if without it there need be no bathos of presumption in the dust, there could be no ascension of humble greatness to the heights.

Social and Personal.

General Henry is at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Lt.-Col. Breckman has arrived in town from Victoria, B. C.

Capt. Norton and Mrs. Norton, Toronto, are at the Windsor.

Mrs J. A. Pillow has returned to town from her visit to Minneapolis.

Col. King, of Sherbrooke, father of the Hon. Mrs. Chapleau, is a guest at the Hall.

The Misses Murphy, daughters of the Hon. Senator Murphy, left town this week on a visit to New York.

Miss Irwin of Belmont Park, left town yesterday for a three-weeks' sojourn with friends in New York.

Mrs. Roger N. Allen, Boston, is on a visit to Montreal, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Stephens.

Mr. James LeMoine, the Grange, Quebec, Canada's well-known historian, is in town, staying at the Windsor.

Mr. Justice Sedgewick, of the Supreme Court, Ottawa, is among the guests at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Miss Sache, who has been confined to the house by a severe cold, is now convalescent.

Mr. H. Montagu Allan has returned from New York and will shortly leave for England.

Mr. Bager and Miss Bager, who have returned from a trip to Niagara and the West, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Stephens, Drummond street.

Sir Wm. Leng, of the Sheffield "Telegraph," a leading tory politician in England, leaves there for Canada next week on a visit.

Mrs. Edwyn Evans, mother of Mr. A. W. Morris, M. P. P., who has been suffering from a severe attack of laryngitis, is now progressing favorably towards recovery.

Mrs. E. Vincent Meredith is on a visit to New York, where she will be joined by Mr. Vincent Meredith, local manager of the Bank of Montreal, for the Easter holidays.

Miss McCallum, daughter of Dr. McCallum will shortly leave on a visit to England, where she will be the guest of Lord and Lady de Blaquire, who is a daughter of the late Mr. George E. Desbarats.

Mr. John M. McIntyre, of the wholesale house of McIntyre Sons & Co., has returned bronzed, from a sojourn of a few months in the Sunny South, a portion of the time in New Orleans. Mr. McIntyre does not wonder at the occasional disputes that arise in that city, there is such a variety of languages spoken, largely French and Italian people, who do not agree as well as in former years.

A whist party in the apartments of Mrs. Clarence Gillard, on Dorchester street, Wednesday evening, was the only event of the week which was of interest.

On Saturday last the St. George's Snowshoe club held their annual dinner at the

Windsor Hotel. There was the usual amount of fun, and no end of sentiment that tempers the best of comedy with a suggestion above the common-place. The appointments of the table were all that could be desired, and the menu was arranged to suit the most capricious taste.

Mrs. E. P. Hannaford, of St. Catherine street, will entertain her friends to a 5 o'clock tea on Tuesday next, and a large ball the following evening.

The ball to be given at the Kennels on Thursday, the 6th inst., promises to be very successful. The master, Mr. H. Montagu Allan, and the secretary, Dr. C. McEachran, will be present. The thing is always well done, and a large number of the members invariably put in an appearance at these dances, which have consequently quite a reputation for being socially smart.

There will be a tumultuous rush for seats for the Easter week performances at the Academy of Music and Queen's theatre "The Two Sisters," by the authors of the "Old Homestead," will be seen next week at the Academy. This is the fifth season of this play, and it is accepted as freely to-day, as it was on the opening night, when an unanimous metropolitan press proclaimed it a dramatic work of unexceptionable merit. Bright and breezy "Jane" with the endorsement of two seasons' genuine success, comes to the Queen's Theatre Easter week, commencing with Monday matinee. Its engagement here will no doubt meet with the same success as in other cities. The comedy will be presented with Manager Frohman's brilliant company. The New York "Herald's" prize play, in one act, entitled "Chums," will precede it as a curtain raiser.

"The Last night at Bethany," a church cantata by Mr. L. C. Williams, rendered at Christ's Church Cathedral on Thursday evening, was a pronounced success. The work contains some lovely passages, and the whole of the music, despite its comparative simplicity, abounds with features of interest. Whether heard in the concert room, or in conjunction with the religious ceremony to which it properly belongs, this cantata cannot fail to delight the cultivated listener. It was admirably rendered under Mr. Edgar Birch's direction. The fine body of choristers, under this director's sway, sang with telling effect. The solos were capitally sung. Miss Herbert won golden opinions, her beautiful voice being employed with unflinching accuracy of intonation and depth of expression in the fine music allotted to the soprano part. Miss Burdette sang admirably, and won complete approval by her rendering of the contralto part, and has already become an established favorite with the members of

Christ Church Cathedral. Mr. Stewart Blandford, tenor, and Mr. William Lester, bass, had the opportunity of showing their powers to advantage, and both sang admirably. Mr. Birch, as conductor, is to be congratulated.

In Society's Realm.

What a brilliant future must be in store for the society loving persons who have survived the extreme quiet of these last few days of Lent. What a round of gaieties should await her, after so uneventful a week, as has just past. Ere very long the wanderers will begin to turn their faces homeward, and their return will not pass unnoticed in the social world. The distant pleasure resorts must soon spare of their borrowed population, and the Montreal people will come home.

This is at last the end of the most revered period of the 40-days of sackcloth and ashes, and in consequence thereof it is not to be expected that there is much in the way of social gaiety to announce or much to chronicle as having taken place during the week. In fact, the "fashionable intelligence" columns of the papers have been to a large degree, and to a thoroughly tiresome degree, as well, made up of the announcements of charity teas and small fairs held in private residences for the benefit of this, that, and the other society, or institution for doing this, that, or the other form of extending aid or relief to this, that, or the other type of suffering humanity; all of which is highly praiseworthy and should be firmly upheld and approved of by all rightminded persons, but it is certainly not society news, and its luxurious blooming in the space devoted to that class of information but emphasizes the dearth of the genuine article. The same columns are now very prolific of items telling of the return to their homes, on this street or that, of those persons whose departures for the various winter resorts were recently chronicled, and that sort of news is also decidedly of the monotonous order, and bears further witness to the threadbare condition of the local society gossip market.

"Do you know, young Mr. Flipp always reminds me of a spring poem?"

"Heavens; why?"

"Because everyone declines him with thanks."

"Strange what one little letter makes in a word," said Wagg.

"Yes," returned Boggins, not waiting for the catch. "Your pins have points, but you'r puns haven't."



From London Queen.

FASHIONS.

The pretty fashion of wearing dainty bodices of colored silk, both in the daytime and the evening, seems likely to remain as much in vogue this season as ever. One recently seen was a useful little bodice of pale pink surah, very simply, but prettily trimmed with feather stitching and a pearl edge of black silk. This bodice is arranged with two full frills down the centre, and groups of fine tucks on either side.

Another was made in the style of a handkerchief bodice in soft surah, in a very rich and lovely shade of petunia, cut with long, loose fronts, which are folded over the figure and crossed behind so that the extreme points are brought round again in front and knotted in a large bow at the left side. Above these folds there is a pretty little vest formed of fine tucks. The sleeves are very full from the shoulder to the elbow, the long, tight-fitting cuffs being formed of box-pleated surah.

If the dresses preparing for the

forthcoming season are elegant and costly, as they certainly are, the mantles are quite worthy to accompany them, and I never saw so many varieties and such decided novelty. The sleeves in every case are large. There are capes in every imaginable form. Some are double and have two wide rows of black lace insertion, displaying a great deal of lace, pleated into a front jabot. Indeed, the new mantles would seem to swallow up any amount of lace, also jet. The shoulders are wide, rather than high. One of the gems of the collection had large pleated velvet sleeves, with satin ribbon on the upper portion, most exquisitely embroidered in stars of jet, the velvet treated in the same way, appearing at the upper part of the bodice. Capes are likely to be worn as long as the weather renders it necessary to wear any special outdoor garment. Fawn cloth is the favorite, but red cloth with jet trimmings is worn, and champagne color is the leading novelty. Covert coats in tan shades are made with leg-of-mutton sleeves; indeed, any jacket must have these, or no dress sleeves could slip into them.

Two sweet capes are illustrated. The "Loie Fuller" (No. 1) is a charming cape made in the all prevailing black satin, and lined loosely with rich black silk. It is edged all around with scallops of bright jet, and a binding of merois velvet in an exquisite shade of reseda shot with ruby. The same lovely velvet is used for the yoke, while the neck ruffle is of fine black lace.

The "Amazon" (No. 2) is a most useful, and yet smart looking cape made in the new soft chevrot cloth, in a pale shade of lawn, with a check lining in fawn and palest blue. In front there is a soft vest, which can easily be removed when the weather gets warmer. The pretty trimming of black satin ribbon adds much to the smart effect of this cape.

FATHER-IN-LAW'S TOES.

(From London Truth.)

"Lamia, my dear," said Mr. Smith one day, to his pretty daughter, "I cannot see what there is that attracts you in Dr. Carious. The more I see of him the less I like the prospect of having him for a son-in-law."

"Oh, he's just as good as any other man, papa; and besides that, he's got a very good practice."

"That's quite beside the mark, Lamia. You know very well that I am rich enough and willing to give you and any husband of yours sufficient to live upon, and what you want with a twopenny-halfpenny Sawbones I can't make out. I tell you what it is, if you would only marry your cousin, as I wish, I would undertake to

give you a better income than you will ever get with Carious."

Mr. Smith had amassed a large fortune in New Zealand, whither he had been shipped off as a young man forty years ago.

"What is the good, papa, of going on worrying about it? I've promised to marry Charles Carious, and I mean to keep my promise, and there's an end of it." And Miss Lamia Smith flung herself out of the room, rather more out of temper than she otherwise would have been, because she was beginning to feel that her choice of a husband had not been a very wise one. However, she was an honest, straightforward sort of a girl, and was determined not to visit her fault on the innocent head of her lover. Her heart was untouched, and she only looked upon marriage as a means of freeing herself from the restraints of home, and doubtless Charles Carious would make as good a husband as anybody else.

Scarcely had she left her father when he was joined by her cousin, Michael Careless, for whom Mr. Smith had the greatest affection, and whom, for want of a son, he would gladly have made his heir. He had always heard of Michael, who was the son of a favorite sister, as being a very promising lad, and he had secretly determined, if he should prove as satisfactory as he hoped, to bring about a union between him and Lamia. A year ago Michael had made his first visit to England from Canada, both his parents being dead, and in every respect he had come up to his uncle's most sanguine expectations. But his advent was too late. Only six weeks before his arrival his pretty cousin Lamia had engaged herself to Dr. Charles Carious.

"Well, uncle," said Michael, as he entered the room, "there doesn't seem much chance for me. I think I had better be getting back to the land of the Kanucks."

"Upon my word, Michael, I'm inclined to think you are right. I've just been speaking to Lamia again, and she seems as immovable, if not more determined than ever. By-the-by, did you dine with Carious when you were in town?"

"Oh, yes, I thought it was the civil thing to do; and besides, I've no right to quarrel with him. He came and saw and conquered before I was ever in the field at all. I can't say I like him, though doubtless he is clever at his profession. By-the-by, did he ever show you his father's collection of curiosities?"

"No, I never heard of it."

"Well, it appears that Dr. John Carious was a well-known professor of forensic medicine, and held a retainer for what answered to the public prosecutor of 40 years ago. In that capacity, many curious 'pieces de conviction,' as they call them in France, passed through his hands.

Some of them were returned to the police, whilst others remained in his possession, and these, with everything else having reference to his profession as a doctor, he left to any son of his who should adopt medicine as a calling. Oh, yes, Carious has a splendid laboratory and library, besides the most fascinating little museum of rather ghastly curiosities. But to return to Lamia, uncle, do you really think she cares for the doctor?"

"No, candidly, Michael, between you and me and the post, I don't think she does a rap; but still there is no chance of her throwing him over. She's made up her mind to that, and she'll stick to it. I wish to goodness he would grow tired of her, but I'm afraid he knows which side his bread's buttered too well for that."

After this there was a pause, and the two men lit cigars and sat silent.

All of a sudden Michael broke out with—"I suppose all's fair in love, uncle, isn't it?"

But Mr. Smith had fallen into a gentle sleep, and took no heed.

A week later, in response to an invitation from his prospective father-in-law, Dr. Charles Carious ran down for a week's shooting to Rabbit Manor, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Lamia would be away at Eastbourne, the invitation had said, but Michael Careless would be there to do the honors. So it was that the accepted suitor and his rival found themselves tete-a-tete at breakfast on an early day in October. There had been plenty of rain, and Michael enlarged upon the boggy state of the ground which they were destined to encounter that morning. He proposed an early start, and breakfast was no sooner over than they retired to get into gaiters and shooting-boots. But Michael, alone in his room seemed in no hurry to get ready. He had left his door ajar, and was eagerly listening. After a few minutes he heard the Doctor's bell ring violently, and this was shortly followed by animated conversation with the footman who answered the summons.

"Anything the matter, Carious?" he called across the passage.

"Why, yes; it's a most extraordinary thing. I could have sworn I packed some shooting-boots, and, what's more extraordinary, John here says he could have sworn that he unpacked some, but devil a pair is to be found. I suppose they can't have got with yours?"

"Come and see," said Michael, but search though they did high and low, Dr. Carious's boots could not be found.

"And I am afraid mine would be rather tight for you," finally said Michael. "I'll tell you what, though," as a happy thought seemed to strike him; "there are rows upon rows of boots of all kinds in my uncle's dressing-room; suppose we see if his will fit you."

No sooner said than done; and in another minute two pairs of stout boots had been selected, and Michael stood by while the doctor sat down to try them on. The left foot was excellently accommodated and he forthwith set himself to negotiate the right boot. But here he was doomed to meet with disappointment. When half-way on, his toes were balked of their expected lodging.

"Hallo," he cried, "this boot's got something in it. It's blocked up at the end."

"By jove," said Michael, "how infernally stupid of me. I forgot all about that."

"Forgot all about what?" said the Doctor, quickly.

"Why, about my uncle's toes, of course. Surely you know he has none on his right foot?"

"No toes on his right foot! Why, what's become of them?"

"Well, there, you ask me what a good many people would like to know. I'm sure I don't."

"Do you mean to say, seriously, that all your uncle's right boots are padded like this because he has got no toes?"

"Well, you can go and see for yourself. He's supposed to have lost them just before he went to New Zealand, about forty years ago, but, of course, nobody ever refers to it."

"Now you mention it, too, of course Mr. Smith does walk a bit lame. I always assumed that the old gentleman was gouty. Indeed, he's said as much, more than once."

"That's what the lawyers call a legal fiction," said Michael, laughing, as he led the way back into his uncle's room.

A further examination showed that the boots and shoes for the right foot were one and all blocked up inside for about one-third of their length from the toes.

During the whole of that day Dr. Carious's mind kept recurring to the subject, and Michael showed no anxiety to prevent him from continually dwelling on the mystery.

The next morning at breakfast the Doctor announced his intention of returning forthwith to town. He had, he said, received news which made it impossible for him to trespass longer on Mr. Smith's hospitality. He was evidently in an extremely perturbed state of mind, and, when Michael hoped he had slept well, he answered shortly that, on the contrary, he had passed a very disturbed night indeed.

The following day Miss Lamia Smith received this letter:—

Harley Street, W., October 6.

Dear Miss Smith,—By an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances I have become the depository of a most tragical secret, having very intimate connection with your family. It is a secret which, from its very nature, I know you to be ignorant of—a secret which, if you ever did become aware of it, would hopelessly

embitter your existence; but still, it is a secret which need never be made known, and in being uninformed of which you will be most happy.

As I have more than once told you, I consider that between those who are destined to be united in marriage there should be no concealment. You will, therefore, I am sure, realise with me that, terrible though it is to utter these words of farewell, I am bound to ask you to release me from an engagement which untoward circumstances render practically impossible. I pray you not to ask me to be more explicit. It would only be under the most stringent compulsion that I could be induced to divulge what, by such an extraordinary coincidence, has come to my knowledge.—I am, yours sincerely, Charles Carious.

Lamia promptly handed the letter to her father, and watched his face.

"Why, what the blazes is the fellow referring to?" roared Mr. Smith, when he had read it. "with his 'concatenation of circumstances,' and his 'tragical secret,' which would embitter your existence, you ever became aware of it," and his 'not being induced to divulge it but under the most stringent compulsion'? Why, I suppose the fellow thinks we shall bring an action against him for breach of promise of marriage, and force him in the witness-box to give his reasons for jilting you. What did I tell you, Lamia? This saw-bones isn't the man for you, and you're damned well rid of him."

"Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, please remember your manners before ladies!" cried his better half.

"Mrs. Smith," said her husband, who was somewhat over-excited by what he had read, "ladies, or no ladies, I repeat, Lamia's damned well rid of him; and I think she'll agree with me that I've been perfectly right all along, and that I'm justified in saying so."

The long and short of the matter was that Mr. Smith undertook, with Lamia's consent, to write a reply to Dr. Carious, which reply, as may be imagined, was clothed in language rather more strong than courteous, and in which he told him that nothing could exceed his regret that he had ever been engaged to his daughter except his joy that he had now ceased to be so.

A few months later, Doctor Carious read the announcement in the Times of a marriage between Michael Careless, of Montreal, Canada, and Lamia, daughter of Joseph Smith, Esq., of Rabet Manor, Crampshire. He at once sat down, and despatched a small, carefully-packed parcel to the bridegroom.

"Why, Michael, here's a belated wedding present, I do believe," cried Lamia, the morning after their return from their

honeymoon to her father's house. "It's addressed to you, and I do believe the handwriting is Dr. Carious's."

"Let's see it," said Careless, and forthwith he proceeded to undo the parcel. Under the paper was a wooden box, with a sliding lid. As he pulled this away a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. Lamia picked it up and read allowed the following extraordinary note:—

Sir,—Enclosed I send you what circumstances force me to believe are your father-in-law's toes. You will, no doubt, do as you think fit about returning them, after so long a separation, to their original owner,—I am, yours faithfully, C. C.

Whilst Lamia was reading this letter aloud, Michael was gazing, with a broad smile upon his face, at a small bottle which he held in his hand, and which contained, in spirits of wine, a very remarkable object. This object was the toe-piece of a stout boot, with a felt sole, containing five human toes and the fragment of a thick woollen sock, cut as cleanly off a booted foot as though it were the section of a German sausage. Pasted on the bottle was a fragment of newspaper dated just forty years ago, Michael volunteered to read it aloud.

It contained a partial description of what had evidently been a ghastly tragedy. Amongst other things it stated that the room in which murder for the sake of plunder had been committed was in a state of terrible confusion, which evidenced that a desperate struggle had taken place, and that the deceased had evidently at one time during the encounter been in possession of a large axe which lay on the floor, since the only trace of the murderer left behind was the toe-piece of his boot cut clean off, with the five toes remaining in it.

These last words were underlined in red ink, and in writing was added, evidently by Dr. Carious's father:—

Owner of the toes still at large, and now two years since murder was committed John Carious.

"And what the deuce does it all mean?" cried Mr. Smith.

"Well, said Michael, rather shamefacedly, for he was uncertain what sort of reception his story would receive, "the fact is, I saw this curiosity in Dr. Carious's museum the night I dined with him, and, when he came down to shoot with me, I took the liberty of blocking up all the toes of your right boots, and—and—he chose to draw the unwarrantable inference—"

"You mean that you chose to make him believe, to forward your own personal schemes, you dog," roared Mr. Smith, "that I—that your uncle—that his future father-in-law was a toeless murderer, at large;" and, what between indignation and laughter, Lamia's father was within measurable distance of succumbing to a premature fit of apoplexy.

RECIPES.

Ginger Pound Cake—Six eggs, one-half pound of butter, one pound of flour, one small pint of molasses, one-half pound of brown sugar, one teacup ground ginger, one glass of wine or brandy, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little vinegar and water. Cream butter and sugar together, then add eggs, beaten separately, then other ingredients soda last.

Eggnog for Invalids—Separate two eggs, beat the yolks with two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar until light, then add one pint of new milk, mix thoroughly, pour into a pitcher, and pour this backwards and forwards from one pitcher to another until light and thoroughly mixed, add four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the other mixture, pour again backwards and forwards from one pitcher to the other three or four times. Strain this into a glass, grate nutmeg and serve.

Lemon Ice—One gallon of water and four pounds of sugar well boiled and skimmed; when cold, add the juice of a dozen lemons and the sliced rind of eight, and let infuse an hour; strain into freezer without pressing, and stir in lightly the well-beaten whites of twelve eggs.

One Egg Gems—Beat one egg without separating; add to it half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, and then put in one cup of bread flour, add a teaspoonful of baking powder, beat thoroughly and bake in a moderately quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.



TIMMIN'S PRESENT.

"Look here my dear," said Mr. Timmins, as he led a huge and shaggy dog into his wife's room, "I've got a dog a friend of mine gave me. What do you think of him?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Timmins, mounting a chair in dismay. "Is he mad?"

"No Mrs. Timmins," retorted her husband, "he not only is not mad, but he isn't a step-ladder either, nor a bird's-eye view. He's a dog, and if you don't get down out of that chair he'll probably bite your leg off."

Mr. Timmins got down on her feet and eyed the brute with some trepidation.

"Maybe he's got the hydrophobia," she suggested by way of a hearty welcome.

"Perhaps he has," agreed Mr. Timmins, "but if he has he's got it in his pocket. Come here, doggee, doggee, and Mr. Timmins snapped his fingers persuasively.

"Why doesn't he come when you call him?" asked Mrs. Timmins, deeply interested in his proceedings.

"Because you make such a noise you scare him," explained Mr. Timmins. "Come, doggee, doggee!"

"I don't like the way his tongue hangs out," objected Mrs. Timmins. "It doesn't look natural."

"Maybe you don't like the way his tail hangs out, either. Perhaps you think that artificial too. With your information about dogs you only need a tiled floor and a broken hinge to be a dog pound. Keep quiet, now, while I teach him some tricks, come here, doggee! Sit up, sir."

The dog stretched out his forelegs, opened a mouth like a folding bed, and growled.

"What makes him do that?" asked Mrs. Timmins, sitting on the back of the chair with her feet on the seat.

"Why?" shrieked Mr. Timmins. "What do you suppose made him do it? Do you think he works on a wire? Have you got a notion that he goes by steam? He doesn't I tell you he's alive, and he does it because that's the bent of his mind. What are you sitting up there for? Can't you see he doesn't like it? Now, you sit still. Here, doggee, doggee, good doggee sit up and beg!" and Mr. Timmins held up an admonitory finger.

The dog eyed Mr. Timmins with anything but an assuring glance.

"He's hungry," suggested Mrs. Timmins. "Dogs do like that when they want to be taken down in the yard and fed."

"Of course you know," grumbled Mr. Timmins. "All you want is perfect ignorance on the part of the police to be a dog-fight. Got anything in the house for him to eat?"

"There is some cold stew and a piece of custard."

"That's it!" raved Mr. Timmins. "That's what's the matter with the dog. He wants custard. You've got it. You only need a committee and a fight over the proceeds to be a dog show. Where's the custard? Haven't you got some cold coffee? Give him a lemon to stay his stomach!" and Mr. Timmins jumped straight up in the air and landed on the dog. The dog made for the open air with a howl, and Mr. Timmins gathered himself up and looked after his brize.

"Never mind, my dear," said Mrs. Timmins soothingly. "He'll come back."

"If he does I'll kill him!" shouted Mr. Timmins. "See what you've done! you've made me lose my dog and tear my trousers. Is there anything more about dogs you don't know? Have you got any more intelligence to impart about dogs? All you want is a bucket of brandy round your neck and a snowstorm to be a monk of St Bernard."

With which logical conclusion Mr. Timmins began exploring his outlying districts for possible bites, while his wife speculated upon the salvation of the cold stew and the custard by the sudden and eminently satisfactory disappearance of the dog.

WAITING.

As those who, on some lonely mountain heights,
Watching through all the vocary hours of night,
Await the pale rose of the morning light,

I wait for thee.

As one who waiting on a bed of pain,
And helpless in his agony, is fain
To wait the sweet return of sleep again,

I wait for thee.

As he who, in some vast cathedral dim
With shadows, silent waits, on bended limb,
The music of the eucharistic hymn,

I wait for thee.

As deaf men crave for long and blind for sight,

As weary sons of toil, long for the night,
And as the feltered spirit longs for flight,

I long for thee.

T. Froggatt, in London Spectator.



Smiles.

"It's funny about Jaggs; he never speaks above his breath any more."

"I suppose it's because it's so strong, he can't."

Judge—Why did you not return the pocketbook you found on the same evening?"

Defendant—It was too late.

Judge—Why, then, did you not deliver it in the morning?"

Defendant—No use; nothing left in it.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets in my overcoat for?"

"Dearest, I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to mail."

Teacher—Now remember, the natural color of water is blue.

City Boy—Yes'm; same as milk.

"There is one objection to your flannel cakes, Mrs. Small," said the star-boarder. "What is that, Mr. Hunter?" "They may be all wool, but they are not a yard wide."

Arithmetic Teacher—Now, Tommie, you have finished the tables, twelve quizes make what?

Robbie—I know they would make an awful fuss if they are all like the one at our church.

"Well, Councillor, I hope you enjoyed yourself at my house last evening."

"Indeed I did Madame. As a rule, when I drink tea I can not sleep after it, but your tea had not the least effect upon me."

HIS LITTLE GIRL; OR, WORKED OUT,

By Pleydell North, in the "Strand."

The heart of an English valley; a stretch of green slope, where oaks and elms had grown through slow centuries into grandeur; and through the fields, like an arrow of silver, the clear waters of the Lean.

Down by its banks, a young girl, wandering alone, singing as she went, her white gown shining in the sunlight.

What was her song, I know not. Possibly it was the effort of a very young and sympathetic nature, seeking some faint expression for a sense of joy and beauty instinctively felt.

There was that, however, in the shape of the head and shoulders, seen outlined against the sky, which attracted Miss Rawdon, and she did not turn back as she might have done.

She was very young, and the world promised to be a fairy tale, with always an impending transformation scene of entrancing possibilities. Only three weeks ago she had left school; the school-house at Norwood and the care of the two kindly Misses Lake, its mistresses, bounded all the horizon of her childish recollection. Now she was longing to come into touch with

this world of wonders, the smallest incident of which promised an adventure.

When she reached a willow, half a field's length from the angler, she stopped. The trunk partly concealed her, and she could watch proceedings comfortably.

Nothing might have come of it. She might have returned to Mrs. Montresor's sittings under the elms with no distinct increase of impression, beyond the outline of a hat and a pair of shoulders; but a wish through the long grass came something—straight in her direction.

It was an Irish terrier, as keenly excursive as herself. He had caught sight of the white gleam behind the willow trunk, and, forgetful of his master and his master's interests, of all a dog's duty, he started to investigate its meaning.

"Back, Rollo—back, you beast!"

The call was imperative; but for once Rollo paid no heed. He had the bit of something white in his mouth in a trice; the next moment, with much sagacity, he was fawning and fondling the little hand laid upon his tawny coat.

Instinct told Miss Rawdon it would be better to come from behind her retreat; so she stood forth in the flicker of sunlight and shadow, a maiden revealed.

Her hat was in her hand, her brown hair was all tumbled and blown; the folds of her white gown hung simple and straight round her slight, lissom figure. She was young, and fair, and sweet, and the dog, fawning upon her, had nestled his muzzle in her hand.

The fisherman forgot the already startled fish; he left his line in the bushes and came towards her.

"Down, Rollo—down, you dog, you—"

Why do we love to picture the birth of the greatest joy which earth has to give out in the open, where the wind comes

laden with the songs of a thousands birds, the scents of a million of flowers that have lived and loved and died? For the sake of our poor humanity, let us still think that to love purely is to draw nearer to God—is a step forward upon the way that shall lead to His disclosing. It is at the time of this awakening of our greatest capabilities for joy or sorrow that we are most willing to believe Him near—then, and at the time of that other awakening which we are apt to call death. In both cases the issues are so tremendous, the weakness of our finality turns outward, seeking help from the Infinite.

Like death, love is no respecter of persons, time, or place—he comes upon us when and how and where he will; but, if we may choose, let it be far from the jarring discords of the world, the flesh, and the devil—for one moment let us enter Eden, let us stand, pure, holy, unstained before God.

The fisherman had no idea that anything tremendous was happening to him as he stood, hat in hand, apologizing for his dog. Only the day had suddenly grown more fair, his heart younger, God nearer.

Ellinor thought, "What will Mrs. Montresor say? He is worth looking at." And she also felt happier; but in the meantime she must speak.

"Oh, it doesn't signify at all, thank you," looking at her soiled gown; "I love dogs, but I am afraid I have spoiled your sport." "I have had none to-day—the sun is too bright."

The dog had by this time retreated to his master, and Ellinor felt that she must make a move in the direction of her chaperon.

"My friend is up there," she said, pointing vaguely in the direction of the trees, "and I must go back to her. I hope you will have better sport—though not a change of weather," she added, laughing gaily, "for the sake of our luncheon."

She turned away; but to lose her just then was not within the calculations of the fisherman.

"Forgive me," he said, with an air of profound anxiety, "but there is a bull up there on the hill. He is, I know, apt to take umbrage at strangers—in fact, he belongs to Sir Arthur, my father. If you will allow us, Rollo and I will see you safely over the bridge."

A mild herd were grazing on the hill. They showed no signs of ferocity; but it was impossible to say where the bull might be hiding. And why should this pleasant-mannered person tell a story?

She felt rather amused. The first young man to whom she had spoken, and, lo, he was walking composedly at her side!

"Is this land your father's? I hope we are not trespassing?"

"Oh, dear no—no end of people come here to sketch the ruins."



"A SOLITARY ANGLER"

She thought she was alone; but presently above the high reeds she saw the head and shoulders of a solitary angler. Then she stopped singing and went on cautiously.

This young lady's chaperon was sitting up among the elms sketching. She had warned her charge not to wander too far away, and of the possibility of encountering strangers; some of the "all sorts of people"—tourists and wanderers—who were said in summer to delight in fishing the waters of the Lean.

"I am Miss Rawdon, of Firtholt," said Ellinor, a little stiffly. She did not care to be confounded with "no end of people."

vision of Mrs. Montresor, standing up and looking for her charge, presented itself. Catching sight of her in her present alarm-

I dabble in colour a little myself," said Peyton. He seemed to have no intention of leaving. He went back with them to the shade of the elm trees, and stayed chatting, directing most of his conversation to Mrs. Montresor, until Jacky (the page) appeared with the luncheon basket, prompted by his own inner cravings. Then at last Mr. Peyton remembered the claims of his fishing tackle. He held Ellinor's hand for a moment as he said farewell.

"I hope we may soon meet again," he said. "My mother has been meaning to call upon you, but she has scarcely been able to leave the house for some weeks."

When he was gone they spread the snowy cloth upon the grass, and such a collation as women love, cold chicken, and a fresh young lettuce, a bottle of Sauterne, and crisp pastry sheltering green gooseberries.

Afterwards Ellinor lay with her head resting against Mrs. Montresor's knee, gazing up through the trellis work of green to the blue depths beyond. She dreamed peacefully a vague, fanciful dream, half pleasant retrospect, half anticipation. She felt that her morning's encounter had broken the isolation of her life. Strange that it should happen upon this day, of all others: for it was close to reveal to her her one near link with her kind—the unknown father who yet had shaped her destiny. Miss Rawdon was distinctly an heiress, the sum of her expectations had been vaguely hinted at as nearly half a million. She had stepped from her school life to this glorious independence, to be mistress of Firtholt, "the place in Hamp-



"SHE WAS YOUNG AND FAIR."

Oh," he said eagerly. "I know. Your father has bought that property—a splendid property it is, too."

"I am expecting my father to-night."

"That's jolly for you," he said sympathizingly. "At least, I suppose it is."

She looked at him gravely. How was it that she felt she could say to this stranger what was in her heart.

"It is not strange?" she said, almost below her breath. "I have never seen him—that I can remember. I have been at school all these years, and he has been in America."

"Well, that is rather a stunner—to drop all at once into a parent when you are full grown; but I expect it will be all right."

He smiled at her so kindly that the commonplace words seemed the deepest sympathy. By this time she had taken his image with some clearness into her mind, as she never again quite lost it. A tall, well-made man of thirty, with kind, grey eyes that smiled pleasantly; a broad and rather high forehead, where the hair already grew a little thin about the temples. The rest of the features were slight and finely cut; the chin slightly pointed.

"Somebody would have liked to paint him," she thought; "one of those old men, Velasquez or Rembrandt."

They had reached the bridge, and the

ing vicinity, she hurried forward.

"There is my friend," said Ellinor, "Mr. Montresor. Will you come and be introduced to her?"



"SHE LAID WITH HER HEAD RESTING AGAINST MRS. MONTRESOR'S KNEE."

She felt pleased at the consternation visible on her guardian's face as she drew near.

"This is Mr. Peyton, Mrs. Montresor: he has kindly protected me from a ferocious bull in the other field. It seems we are upon Sir Arthur Peyton's ground."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Peyton: but you should not have waddled so far away, Ellinor, and you are quite heated. Come and sit down."

"I hear you have been drawing the ruins.

shire" bought and fitted up for her reception. And the royal giver of all this was her father, known only through letters delivered to her through the medium of Miss Lake.

Her school days had been watched over vicariously by Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson, solicitors; but now, he was coming—the being who should crown his gifts with his presence.

She had often pictured him. Tall she fancied him, with hair turning iron grey;

perhaps a little stoop, tired from the toil of the years in which he had amassed the wealth which he was coming to share with his little girl. That was the name he gave her in his letters. Short letters they had been, explaining little, but often repeating his desire that she should fully qualify herself for the position it would be hers to fill, telling her that all the hopes and desires of the writer's heart were centred upon his little girl, and that he was always "her affectionate father Matthew Rawdon."

Today her dreams were clearer than ever. They seemed a very foreshadowing of his presence. It was the restlessness of expectation which had drawn her to persuade Mrs. Montresor to come out to spend these last hours in the open fields.

It was nearly five o'clock when they started on their homeward drive. On reaching Fithoft they were met by the house-keeper with the news that Mr. Rawdon had already arrived two hours before his time. Ellnor waited for no comment, she flew up the steps, and across the hall, to the small drawing-room where, she was told, he was awaiting her.

An other woman would have paused—tried to prepare herself for the meeting. Ellnor thought only of the end of suspense. She threw open the door.

He had seen the carriage drive up, heard her coming, he was standing in the middle of the room awaiting her.

"Father!" then she stopped short.

Was this he this her father? There must be some mistake. A small man stood there. His right hand held the wrist of his left, as if seeking support even from himself. One foot shuffled nervously over the other. His clothes hung loosely, and set badly. He was spare and thin, his scant hair was iron-gray and stubbly, inclined to stand upright, his beard was stubbly also, and apparently of recent growth. Above all, he did not look a gentleman. He came forward and spoke. His voice was a redeeming point. It was soft and musical coming from such a man, it was a surprise. So were his eyes, when he lifted them as he drew near. Habitually they were downcast. He came, leaving the custody of his own wrist, and rubbing his hands together.

"Is this," he said, "is this my little girl?"

She lifted her head and blushed. Was it for him, or for her thoughts of him?

"Yes, father, I am Ellnor."

He leant forward and kissed her brow—he had no occasion to stoop. As he did so, his eyes met hers. She saw them, wistful pleading, as though asking forgiveness for she knew not what, perhaps for his presence. Her heart reproached her, everything was his, even herself. It was a relief when Mrs. Montresor came in. If she felt surprise, she was too clever to show it, and her somewhat effusive greet-

ing gave Ellnor time to recover herself. She gave her father his tea; he begged her to. His face lit up at every small office she performed for him. He watched her, he gazed over her, her freshness, her sweetness, her beauty.

"My little girl," he said to himself, more than once, hugging his own wrist.

Mrs. Montresor saw the strained look upon the girl's face, the trembling of her hands among the tea-cups. As soon as the function was over, she proposed to conduct Mr. Rawdon over his own house.



"WAS THIS HER FATHER?"

ing bed; she was overwrought over-excited, and her dismay found vent in ready tears—a fit of childish, heart broken sobbing.

"What should she do? What should she do? Who was he? What was he? And the Peytons were coming to call?"

Then, the fit of crying over, and being a child still, and simple in her ways, she knelt head to head and prayed for strength to do her duty. When Mrs. Montresor came to seek her nearly an hour later, she was sitting calmly by the window.

"You should have come down, Ellnor," she said, busying herself about the room; "your father was disappointed."

"I was very tired, dear Monty. I am sorry."

There was a quiet, constrained tone in the young voice that was new to it. Mrs. Montresor was a good woman, but of coarser stuff than her charge. She went over to her side. "Tut, dear child—don't fret, he has kind eyes—you must take care of him—£300,000 he's a prince compared to many a man I've seen feted for half

"Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson were so good as to consult me about the arrangements," she said. "I hope they will meet with your approval."

"Sure to do that ma'am—sure to do that," he answered.

"Ellnor, dear," said Mrs. Montresor, "you look tired. Had you not better go and take your hat off? Meet us in the long gallery. We will wait for you there."

Ellnor was thankful for the respite, for the chance of solitude. In safety within her own room, she flung herself upon her

the money."

Ellnor drew back a little.

"It is time to dress for dinner," she said. "I mustn't vex my father by being late—is he gone to his room?"

Instinct had revealed to her her lesson. There was a burden she must stoop to carry, but to the world she must walk upright.

With curious consistency she chose the handsomest dinner dress in her wardrobe for her toilette, one which she had put aside as unfitting her years. The train and bodice were of grey velvet, falling open in front over a petticoat of brocade and old lace. Indeed, it was better suited for a woman of forty; but, when her maid had gathered her hair into a tight knot on the top of her little head, and she had fastened a great bunch of roses in her bosom, she looked a quaint and dainty lady, and moved with a newly born dignity pretty to see. She glanced at herself in the pier-glass. "Had it been different," she thought, "I could have put on my white

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gown. I could have remained young. Now I see why he educated me; I must make it up to him."

He was waiting for her in the large drawing-room; not in evening dress, but wearing a loose black coat and white waist-coat. He looked at her with pride, almost with awe, as her head held high, she swept into the room. The dinner passed off better than she had hoped. She noted that he was cautious and quick of observation. He watched her and Mrs. Montrosor from beneath his eyelids, and followed their lead; also he talked little.

Mrs. Montrosor was right in her prediction that the county would call. Before Mr. Rawdon had been a fortnight at Firtholt the carriages began to roll up the drive with considerable frequency. Ellinor took her line. She was a little on the defensive, dignified, very quiet, defying criticism. In the daytime she dressed with marked plainness, in the evenings with marked splendour. It was wonderful where the girl had learnt that she could no longer afford to be childish.

Among the first comers were the Peytons; Guy with his mother. Sir Arthur was laid

up with the gout. The visit was not altogether a success. Mr. Rawdon was at home, and there were no other visitors. He always struck strangers in the light of a surprise. He stood in front of Lady Peyton, clasping and unclasping his wrist, shuffling his feet, replying in short, jerky sentences to her efforts at conversation, and calling her "Ma'am." Guy, after the first shock, was constrained and polite; a different man from the pleasant stranger Ellinor had chatted to in the fields.

She wondered, did he repent having brought his mother to the house. She imagined bitterly the criticisms that would occupy the drive home—could she have been present in body, as she was in imagination, she would scarcely have been reassured. Guy was moody and silent, and his mother looked at him anxiously. She had divined something beneath his anxiety that she should call upon these new people. "You had better go, my dear," her husband had said; "£800,000! and if he should really take a fancy to the girl, and she is presentable! We want the money badly enough, goodness knows. In fact, he must marry money."

Lady Peyton had not thought it wise to repeat this advice to her son; now she was feeling very much put out. The girl was well enough, more than presentable, and showed her good sense in her dress. But the man! What a price to pay for the old estate.

She turned suddenly to her son after thinking of these things in silence for a quarter of an hour.

"What a man!" she said irritably. "He is like some small city clerk on a hundred a year—a badger!"

"He might be worse," said Guy, nervously; "he might be obtrusive."

"I don't know that it would be worse. You would expect a man with nearly half a million of money to be assertive—but this creature—one asks who can he be? How did he come by it? He hasn't the brain—he does-n't look one in the face—he is mean as well as low-bred!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NEW READING.

Fitz—What does R. S. V. P. stand for? Mac—Well, to judge by the conduct of some society people, I should say it means 'Bash in, shake hands, victual up and put.'

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Special attention given to applications made direct to the Montreal Office.

G. F. C. SMITH, Chief Agent for the Dominion.

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y,

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1861.

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PATERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion

CITY AGENTS:

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

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. | ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, . 114 ST. JAMES STREET, . MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

A Share of your Fire Insurance is solicited for this reliable and wealthy Company, renowned for its prompt and liberal settlement of claims.

CYRILLE LAURIN, } Montreal Agents.
G. MAITLAND SMITH. }

NORTHERN ASSURANCE 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.....	300,000

ROBERT W. TYRE. - MANAGER FOR CANADA.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1825.

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

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

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1868.

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

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

RIGHT HON LORD ROTHSCHILD, Chairman. ROBERT LEWIS, Esq., Chief Secretary.

N. B.—This Company having renounced the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1897.

Branch Office in Canada. 157 St. James Street, Montreal.
G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

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