

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

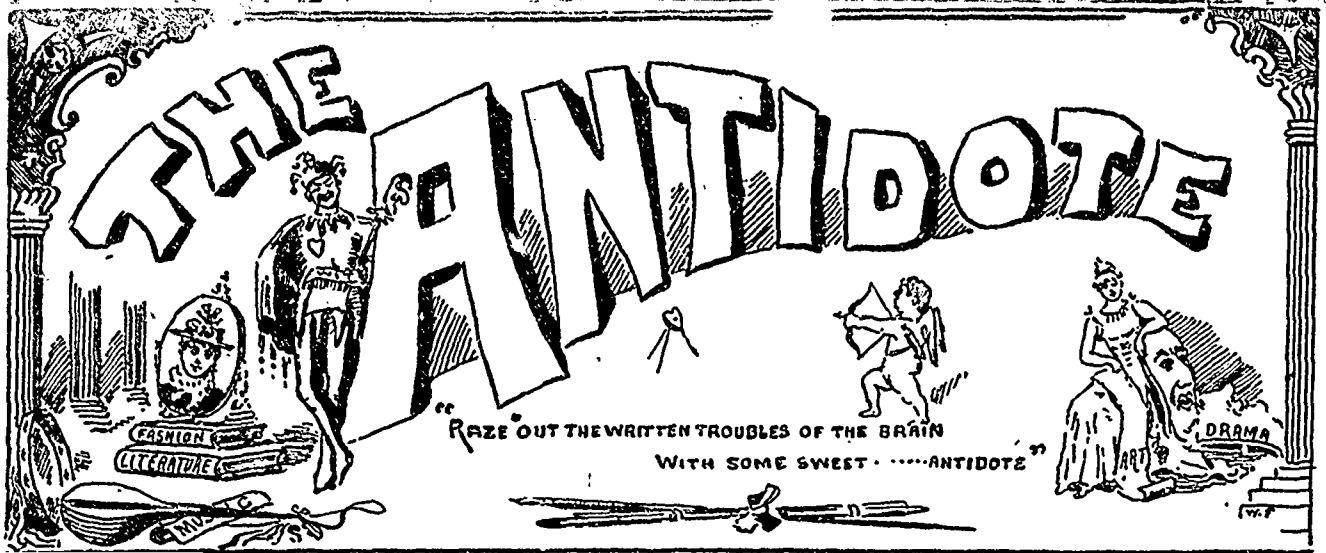
Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



Vol. 1. No. 16.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1892

ANNUAL SUB. \$1.00.
SINGLE COPIES, 6 CENTS

Queen's Theatre

One Week,
Commencing MONDAY, OCT. 3rd.

"My Jack."

COLONIAL HOUSE,

0000 Phillips Square, 0000

We carry a FULL LINE of
Fine Tweeds, Cloths and Trouserings,
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,
Belts, Braces, and all Gents' requisites.
Two experienced Cutters always on hand. . . . Fit guaranteed.

HENRY MORGAN & Co.,
MONTREAL.

**WEAVER'S
ORANGE
QUININE
WINE.**

THE most agreeable way to take
Quinine. Each wineglassful con-
tains 2 grains of the finest quality
of Quinine.
Quinine in this form is quicker in
action and more effectual than when
taken in pills.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR
General Debility,
Nervousness,
and Sleeplessness,
**ARMBRECHT'S
COCA WINE**
The great English Tonic.



MONTREAL

**STEAM
LAUNDRY**

Co., Ltd.

21 and 23
St. Antoine
Street.

The largest and most
complete Laundry in
the Dominion.



Exquisite Novelties

FOR FANCY WORK !!

ROYAL CANADIAN SACHETS

ARBUTUS.
INDIA LILAC
PEAU D'ESPAGNE.
RUSSIA LEATHER.



Free Samples

mailed to any lady in
Canada sending her
address. . . .

LYMAN, SONS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

High-Class **FURNITURE**
FEE & MARTIN,
 361 St. James Street.

Advertisements in this column FREE to
 direct Annual Subscribers.

Situations Vacant.

WANTED — CORRESPONDENTS at
 unrepresented places. Apply,
 THE ANTIDOTE,
 MONTREAL

WANTED — A lady to take charge
 of the outside department of a
 Society Journal; liberal terms—Address,
 P. O. Box 885,
 MONTREAL.

Situations Wanted.

WANTED by a young man with
 good references, situation as
 Cashier or Clerk, can speak both lan-
 guages.—Address,
 M. T., P. O. Box 885,
 ANTIDOTE Office.

Suretyship

The only Company in Canada
 confining itself to this business.

• • •

THE Guarantee Co.

OF NORTH AMERICA

Capital Authorized, - - - \$1,000,000
 Paid up in Cash (no notes) - - 304,600
 Resources Over - - - 1,112,573
 Deposit with Dom. Govt. - - 57,000
**\$216,000.00 have been paid in
 Claims to Employers.**

President: SIR ALEX. T. GAIT, G.C.M.G.

Vice-President and Managing Director:

EDWARD RAWLINGS.

Bankers: THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

HEAD OFFICE,

Dominion Square, MONTREAL.

EDWARD RAWLINGS,

Vice-Pres. and Man. Director.

WANTED by an energetic young
 man the City Agency of a Fire
 Insurance Company. Address,

P. B., P. O. Box 885,

ANTIDOTE Office.

SEATH'S \$4 TROUSERS

MADE TO MEASURE.

How foolish it is for any man that wears pants and
 likes to save money not to give us a trial order and
 settle the : Do You Wear Pants ? : question
 now : and
 forever whether or not he can procure from us Pants cut
 to his own order that will suit him. We most earnestly
 beg of you in all good faith, both for the sake of your
 pocket and for ours, to grant us this one trial. We will
 refund your money promptly if you so choose.

ROBERT SEATH & SONS, 1718 Notre Dame Street.

INSTANTANEOUS ICE CREAM FREEZER.

Price, \$5.00.

Send for Circular,

INSTANTANEOUS FREEZER CO.,
 1860 Notre Dame Street,
 MONTREAL.



Vesprette

THE finest Liqueur made
 and strongly recommended
 by the Royal Physician at
 Montpellier, France, A. D.
 1818.

Ask for it at your
 Club and your Wine
 Merchants.



Bombay Chutney

THE FINEST AND

..... CHEAPEST INDIAN

..... RELISH MADE.

..... EATS WELL WITH

..... EVERY KIND OF

..... MEAT OR CURRY.

..... ASK FOR IT AT

..... YOUR GROCERS



JOHN RUSSELL, : LADIES' Dressmaker,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

Ladies' and Girls' Underclothing.
 2341 and 2343 ST. CATHERINE ST.,
 MONTREAL.

Inventor of the CURVILINEAR System of Cutting Ladies
 and Girls' Dresses, Underclothing, &c.

WILLIAM O. ROURKE,

2206 St. Catherine Street,

—AND—
 Montreal Junction,

High-class Groceries, Fruits, &c.

Direct Importer of Old Wines, Ports,
 Sherries and Maderias.

Country & fishing orders promptly attended to.

W. F. SMARDON, . .

2339 St Catherine St.,

::: MONTREAL, :::

..... Fashionable Bootmaker

THE ANTIDOTE

IS Published every Saturday at the offices, 171 and 173 St. James Street Montreal. It is issued by the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE plant and machinery, in time for the evening suburban trains. Personal inquiries may be made of the proprietor or Louis H. Dault. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS May be obtained at all the leading stationers and newsdealers, in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. Johns, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 171 & 173 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches. Published by M. S. FOLGER at the above address. L. H. BOURT, Ed. 107.

OUR PRIZE LIST

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

HABIT.

The force of habit has often been expatiated upon, but we think that people are sometimes apt to forget the intensity of that force. There is a power in habit, which constantly overrides everything, that one would suppose could upset it or throw it off its balance.

We have known a man, noted for being particular in his appearance, who, when his wife—to whom he was fondly attached—died, spoiled three neckties, in dressing for the funeral. It was not that he was thinking of how he should look, or that he did not feel his loss, but simply the force of habit. We have heard of a condemned criminal, who, on the eve of his execution, has thrown himself on his bed, and fallen asleep almost instantaneously, which has been put down to callousness, when in fact it was because for years it had been his custom to drop off to sleep as soon as his head was on the pillow. Have you never seen a woman decking with flowers the room of her sick child? Her thoughts are engrossed with the patient, and yet not a color is misplaced, as she mechanically arranges the bouquet. Paley truly remarks "Mankind act more from habit than reflection" and thus we should always endeavour to acquire good habits and eschew those that are bad. Virtues as well as vices become habits by constant repetition, so that in the end, it is as easy and

natural to be courteous and kind, as rude and cruel. One constantly meets with those, who apologize for the wounds they inflict, saying they meant nothing, it being only a habit they have. We no doubt all have laughed at Mr. Chick in "Dombey and Son" who was ever unconsciously whistling lively airs upon the most solemn occasions, from the mere force of habit. We made the acquaintance of a man once, who had acquired such a habit of "drawing the long bow," as it is called, that he could not help garnishing his conversation with one or two tremendous "whoppers," although he had not the slightest intention of deceiving his hearers,—which, we may add, he never did with those who knew him, and people would say "Oh so-and-so's 'corkers' are entirely harmless, it is only a habit he has."

We can make truth justice, and love, habitual by practise, as we can the opposites of those virtues, such being under our control, but there is a very old habit, which none of us can resist, which came in with our first parents and will continue with our last children, namely, the habit of dying. We all have to cross a certain narrow stream, and only those will pass it with a smile, whose "habit" shall be bright and untarnished.

GEOGRAPHICAL IGNORANCE

One of our contemporaries observes that a railroad from Burma to China would "make the Dominion more than ever the connecting link between England and India," from which it would seem that people in this country have quite as hazy notions of geography and distances in the East as those in Great Britain have regarding Canada.

In the first place we are not aware that the Dominion at present is any "connecting link between England and India" so that the expression "more than ever" is both incorrect and premature. The Canadian Pacific Railway has certainly opened a route, which brings England as near or nearer to Japan and China, than the old one via the Suez canal, but Japan and China are not India, and while tourists or travellers not pressed for time, may choose to pass through Canada on their

way to or from India, such route can never be used for ordinary trade or mail purposes, for the reason that, not only is the distance more than twice as long as the Suez canal route, but the numerous transshipments and the time which, even with the projected railway it would take to reach the most Eastern portion of India, by way of Canada and China, would make it utterly out of the question for that road entering into mercantile competition with the Mediterranean route. Under the most favorable circumstances, the quickest delivery of the mails from Yokohama to London has been twenty-one days which is the usual time occupied between London and Calcutta via Brindisi and the Red sea, and about three days less between London and Bombay. Merchandise by steamers sailing through the straits of Gibraltar reaches London from Bombay or the reverse in twenty-eight or thirty days, and this, be it understood, without employing ocean greyhounds as carriers.

Those who write about the C. P. R. and Canada being the future highway to Hindoostan, must imagine that Yokohama and Hongkong are within a few hundred miles of Calcutta, and it would be better if they would first study their atlas before they commit themselves to such a blunder.

So far from the projected Burma-China railway adding to the "connecting link," we believe it would become part of a route to China which we should find a powerful competitor to our own, for the distance would be much less to land goods in Hongkong via Calcutta and the new railway than by way of Canada. The present mileage from Liverpool to Calcutta through the Dominion and across the Pacific is about 15,000, while from London to Bombay via Gibraltar and the Red sea is under 6,500! So much for the "connecting link."

Queen's, Oct., 3rd, for one week "My Jack."

FAITH AND BELIEF.

Professor Potterby—Will you illustrate the difference between belief and faith, Mr. Binks?

Binks—Yes, sir. The father believes that his children are the smartest in the neighborhood while the mother knows they are.—Indianapolis Journal.



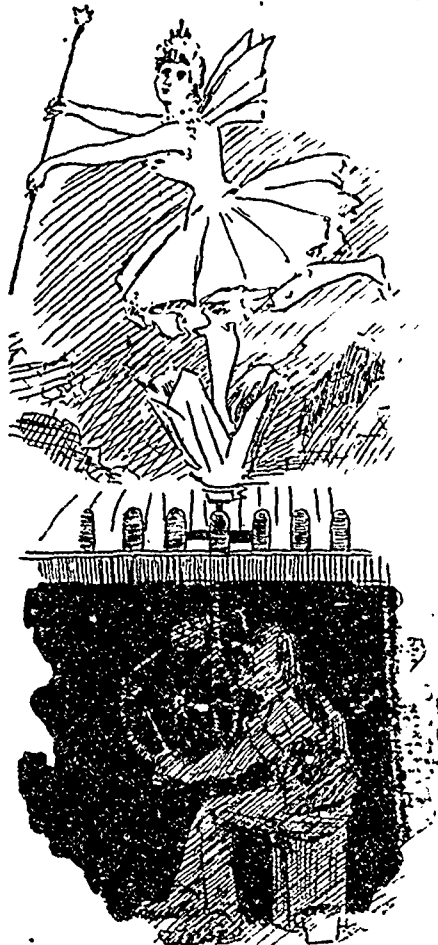
SOCIAL AGONIES (No. 2.)

In your noted role of Funny Man to recount a long and capital joke — and then suddenly realize that you have completely forgotten the point.

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

It was Marlon Crawford who, in one of his recent novels, observed (to the effect) that the age for cynical writing was past. Did he mean, that we had all grown so virtuous and well educated, that there was no longer anything to carp at, or that we had become so lenient in our standard of our neighbors, as to be indifferent concerning their morals and learning? The Editor fears the latter explanation is nearer the mark especially as regards literature, in the western hemisphere at any rate. We seem really to have started where our forefathers left off, so that ancient history is barely touched upon in our schools, and never really studied, while unless a boy is intended for some profession, the dead languages and the classics are eschewed as being so much waste of time. The natural consequence is, that parity of style in composition is not appreciated, and an illustration drawn from an event on the writings of the ancients entirely thrown away. The so-called wit of the present day consists largely in the adaptation of slang, and a friend of the Editor lately remarked with strong disgust that upon his making a neat though common Latin quotation by way of repartee, not one of his audience understood him, although they were all considered educated men. Take up at random, one of the numerous novels lately published, or a leading article in a daily paper, and there is almost certain to be some bad or slovenly English, which either passes unnoticed or is treated with indifference. The Editor now remembers the novel of Mr. Crawford's to which he has alluded is "Sant' Illario" a clever story, but too well written to be popular with the majority of the readers of mere fiction. If cynicism is played out—there you see slang will creep in from the force of example—the Editor submits that it was preferable to the indifference which has taken its place, for it is better for Diogenes to take his lantern and hunt for an honest man, than that he should not care whether such a one existed or not.

Captain Mizen says that Montreal reminds him forcibly of the "polar" regions (with the accent on the pole).



MURPHY (under the stage) loq.—"Bah! the way them dudes clap makes me tired, and not one of them would stand her old dad a pint, anyway."

VANITY.

This is from London Tid-Bits. A few weeks ago we offered a prize of two guineas for the best definition of "Vanity." The definition submitted by Miss A. Rowland, 78 Median road, Lower Clapton, London, N. E., has been adjudged to be the best sent in, and a cheque for two guineas has, therefore been forwarded to the sender.

The winning definition is: "The rose-colored spectacles through which we view ourselves."

The following are some of the definitions sent in:

The thin end of nothing sharpened to a point.

The reflection of nothing seen in the glass of self-conceit.

The tendency which most men have to keep their best goods in the front shop window.

A bird that has a gorgeous wing
Yet has no beauteous song to sing.
Fool's food.

Emptiness priding itself on its contents.

An attempt to recommend ourselves by a behavior contrary to our real character.

The minimum of egg and the maximum of cackle.

The egotism of little souls.

A hollow drum upon which any passer-by may play.

A merciful provision of Nature whereby fools are satisfied with their folly.

An inflated belief in the vastness of our supreme nothingness.

A mirror in which we always see the faults of others, but never see our own.

A sensitive plant, which cannot live without the sunshine of public applause.

The peacock's tail of humanity.

A grain of sand convinced that it is a mountain.

The outward fullness of inward emptiness.

Everybody's private opinion.

The gilded robes in which Ignorance wraps itself.

A mean petty conceit of any superiority, showing want of true greatness.

A house of which the roof is emptiness, the walls shadows, the windows ignorance, the doors conceit, and of foundation there is none.

Self-esteem caricatured.

An undue sense of self-appreciation.

Man's meanest attempt to cheat Nature.

The incurable "I" affection which unfortunately binds us all.

Pride demoralized.

The attribute that makes a farthing dip, fancy itself an electric light.

A small "I" with a big dot.

Concentrated essence of self-opinion.

The glory of mean ambition.

A permanent eagerness to bask in one's own splendor, and to dazzle others by it.

The difference between a fool's estimate of his own value and the estimate of the world at large.

Pride in a state of effervescence.

An overdraft on one's personal account at the bank of self-esteem.

The caricature of true ambition—regrettable in great men, laughable in small men.

That upon which the "knowing ones" play to attain their desires.

There is no truth in the rumor that the City Council has invited Mr. Gladstone to come to Montreal—and bring his hatchet.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO. 16 OUR BUTTERFLY.

The distinction between the butterfly and the bee has often been dilated upon, showing how the former is entirely given over to pleasure and the latter adhering strictly to business. The one is said to be gay, thoughtless, and useless, wasting all its time in enjoyment, while from our earliest infancy the "busy bee" is held up to us as an example to be imitated in improving "each shining hour." There are plenty of bees in our Montreal hive, with a few drones interspersed here and there, which drones are more objectionable than butterflies, since they are not even ornamental. We do not like a drone, he is a lazy despicable creature, but few of us can help admiring the beautiful butterfly. No; let us put in



a plea for our social butterfly whose season commences about the time when that of the insect after which we have named her is coming to a close.

Our Butterfly has recently returned from her summer resort, and having caught sight of her at a reception, a ball, and a hunt breakfast, we were bound to admit, that those events would have been mighty dull and tame without her. She may not be very wise but do we go to a reception to look for wisdom? She knows nothing about the planets, but we do not want to discuss astronomy in a ballroom. Her smile is bright and her laugh musical, and we think the breakfast very pleasant as we sit beside her. She does not understand our best jokes, although she pretends she does, but she appreciates our poorer efforts at witticism in a way that Brown and Smith never do. She says in the prettiest manner, that we are dreadful and delightful, naughty and nice, all in a breath, and as she

flits away, we willingly confess, in spite of the numerous common sense arguments respecting her being vapid and silly, that she is really charming.

The fact is, it is a relief once in a while to escape from the busy bees with their eternal hum, to Our Butterfly who adorns our society recreations, which, without her, would be a succession of wildernesses, or in other words we require the ornamental as well as the useful in this life.

We have known Our Butterfly have two sides to her character and two costumes, like little Cinderella, and once making an impromptu call, with quite as good an excuse as the Prince with the glass slipper, we found Our Butterfly helping her mother to darn stockings or some other household work, without being in the least ashamed of it. To such a one we need not fear to remark "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," feeling sure that Our Butterfly will in the proper time be transformed into a queen bee, the head and front of the be. home rule, when it will become her turn to chaperon her butterflies and live her young days over again, happy in seeing others happy.

Because our hair is grey, and our dress staid and sober, is no reason why we should sneer at the dazzling colors of Our Butterfly whose heart is as light as her feet. We "can't be sixteen always" as the song says, nor for the matter of that five and twenty either; autumn and winter in life come soon enough with the rheumatism, and, let us hope, the easy chair as well, but Our Butterfly is yet in the spring of her existence, and we sincerely trust she may have a good time.

UNTIDY ADVERTISING.

Dear Mr. Antidote:—Can nothing be done to put a stop to—what I must call—a most objectionable method of advertising? I refer to those slips of paper which are thrust into your hand as you walk along the street, or step out of church on Sunday morning (presuming you go to church) having reference to a cheap excursion, some charitable bazaar, or sale of a bankrupt stock. These slips of paper are also left upon door steps, but wherever they are scattered or to whomever they are presented, I have convinced myself, after a long calculation (I won a prize for arithmetic at school) that nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every ten thousand, are either blown or thrown away to disfigure our streets and squares, and occasionally, if there be a high wind, I have known one of those disagreeable pieces of paper, first attach itself to my boots, and when it was with difficulty dislodged, fly

against my skirts, and cling to me with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause.

You yourself Mr. Antidote must have observed how our streets are strewn with scraps of paper and while one of those is very charming when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are in it, still everyone must admit they are detestable as advertisements in the form I have described, and therefore why do we put up with it?

My mother is very tidy and brought up her children accordingly, and I dare say there are many ladies in Montreal like her in particular, but example is a great teacher and we cannot blame small folks for not being neat in their houses if there is a slovenly litter outside.

Do not misunderstand me please, advertising through the right channels, such as "The Antidote" for instance, is to be highly commended—did I not obtain my present situation by answering an advertisement?—but for mercy's sake do not let our city scavengers have more rubbish to sweep up than is absolutely necessary.

Yours ever,

Amelia Wilkins.

Miss Wilkins is perfectly right in condemning that slovenly method of advertising she refers to, but there is one point in her letter we cannot quite agree to, for we do not believe there could be a "better cause" to cling to than Miss Wilkins herself. Ed.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, who is now Mrs. Cotes, and was once well-known in Montreal, is living in Calcutta. Miss Duncan formerly delighted Canadian readers with an account of her trip round the world under the title of "A Social Departure" and also wrote an amusing book called "The American Girl in London." She has recently penned a new story entitled "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib" taken from her Indian experiences.

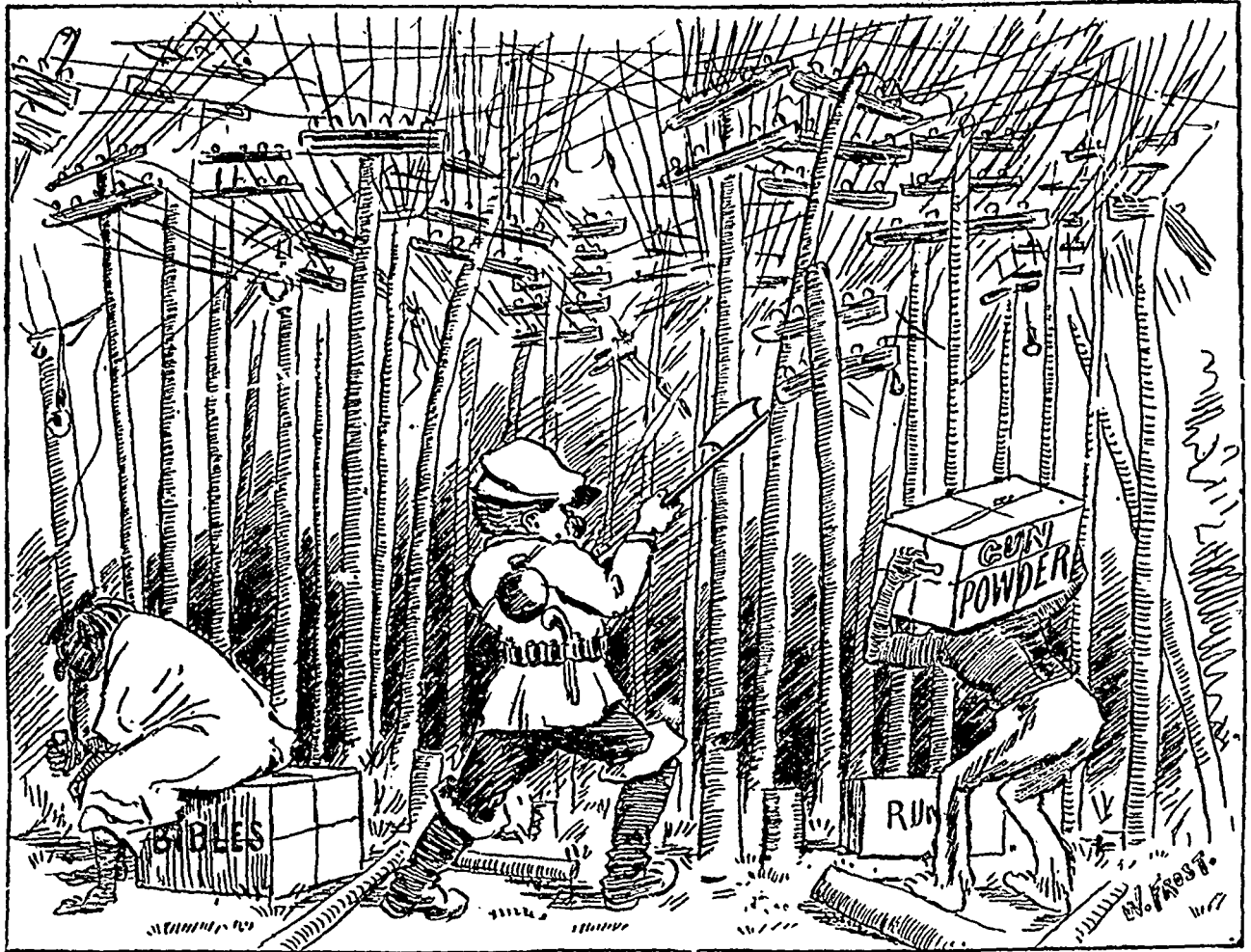
RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA

AND

PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.

BY HURKARU.

I will venture to name without fear of contradiction by Anglo Indians, the best known man throughout the length and breadth of Hindoostan for the past twenty to thirty years. He has seen viceroys after viceroys come and depart, he has witnessed the Elphinstone Circle, Watson's Hotel, with other modern buildings be completed in Bombay, and has seen the street cars take the place of the detestable hack-buggies. And all literally "for an old song;" the man's name being Dave Carson, and the "old song," the "Bengalee



**THE APPARENT FUTURE OF MONTREAL.
CANADIAN CABLEGRAM TO ENGLAND.**

"STANLEY—TENNANT—STANLEY, THE EMINENT EXPLORER, IS REPORTED TO HAVE ARRIVED AT THE OUTFRINKS OF MONTREAL, AND IS EXPECTED TO REACH THE CITY HALL IN A FEW DAYS."

Baboo." From a musical point of view it is perhaps not much of a song, and probably those who have not spent some time in India, would fail to understand the humor, consisting, to a certain extent, in the curious jumble, or mixture of English and Hindoostanee words, yet it is a song which recalls more memories to me than any other. After leaving India, I made the acquaintance of an army man I met by chance at an English watering place, simply by repeating the words of one of the lines as he hummed the tune, for he turned upon me like one, who having never heard his own language for years, suddenly catches the familiar sounds. "So you have been in India" he cried out. "A regular old "qui hai" I replied, and we fraternised at once. Only three years ago returning from the Pacific coast via Chicago, a gentleman whom I found in conversation in the smoker of the Pullman, had been taking this route from India, on being

asked whether he had ever heard Dave Carson sing the "Bengalee Baboo" burst out laughing. "I don't look very like a griffin do I?" said he, "come and have a peg and we will drink Dave Carson's health."

When Dave Carson arrived in Bombay nearly thirty years ago, his name was utterly unknown, he being at that time, one of the "end men," as they are called, of an ordinary negro minstrel troupe, hailing from San Francisco, but his quickness to observe and portray national character, speedily drew him to the front, and I shall not easily forget, when to a crowded house, composed of natives as well as English, he came before the footlights in the costume of a Baboo, and imitating to perfection the arrogance, mingled with cringing servility, he announced, after extolling his knowledge of the English language, he would give them a song

*A term applied to those who have not been in India over twelve months.

having English words set to a Hindoostanee tune, commencing:

"I very good Bengalee Baboo,
in Calcutta I long time e-stop.
"Ramcham Tunder Ghose my name,
in Rada Bazar I keep it shop.
"Very good Hindoo smoke my hookah,
eat my dahl-bhat ebery day.
"Night come I make plenty Poojah,
hear nautch walla on tom-tom play."

The applause and laughter which greeted each verse, had been seldom, if ever, heard within the walls of that theatre, and Dave Carson, like a greater man, awoke one morning to find himself famous.

It is strange that a song, whose chief feature is a ludicrous and a somewhat exaggerated imitation of a native type, should have acquired a fame, which has lasted a quarter of a century, and which was appreciated by Hindoos, Mussulmans and Parsees as by the English. I fancy the secret of its success, apart from the comic aspect, arose from the fact, that the natives



From London Queen.

of India are pleased to have their special characteristics and customs taken notice of, and that their vanity was tickled by having one of themselves brought prominently before the public. No one, whether his skin be white or black, cares to be ignored, which is one way of saying that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Poona is the great resort during the monsoon for those who live in Bombay. The south-west monsoon commences about the beginning of June, and lasts till October. It does not rain all the time, but when it does come down, there is no mistake at all about it, and I have known it rain day and night for three weeks without one moment's cessation. The average fall, for the four months, is some seventy-five inches, and I recollect one Sunday in 1868 when it rained twelve inches in as many hours! This has perhaps to be seen to be believed, but it is quite true, and while for the first few days after the monsoon breaks, it is cool and refreshing to listen to the deluge pouring down upon the tiled roof of your bungalow, and to feel the prickly heat, which has made your skin like a boiled lobster, covered with innumerable pimples during the hot season, gradually being driven away, too much of anything in

this life produces monotony, so in a week or two, if time and opportunity offer, you gladly inform your "boy" that you start for Poona the next day, and he equally pleased replies "Atcha Sahib" (all right—literally—good—sir). That is all the order you give and the only answer you receive, but nothing more is necessary, for you are well aware, that your boy will attend to all the arrangements,—pack your portmanteau never forgetting the slightest article you may require, see that your "ghorawalla" (groom) takes your and saddle, and on your arrival at the railway station, the same invaluable servant will be there to hand you your ticket, going in a second-class carriage himself, and relieving you of all trouble.

To be continued.

"My Jack" at the Queen's Oct., 3rd.

THE FASHIONS.

For fall hats the Gainsborough and Capeline are very fashionable in what is called the fop style, and the colours are both numerous and pretty, consisting of pink and blue, blue grey, light green and many shades of brown,—the red-brown predominating—Beavers are

also worn and many of the furs have stripes of beaver encircling their brims. Flowers appliqué in a darker colour are on some of the white or light coloured felts. There is also a large range of useful travelling hats trimmed either with broad braid, velvet, or silk ribbon, some with wings at the side. Low crowns are more fashionable than high. In trimmed hats the prettiest are those with a low, square, and hard crown, the brims being turned slightly up and pointed back and front. Our illustrations this week represent:—

No. 1. Empire Hat—High flat crown in gold and tabac brown straw, encircled with a jet galon. Wired brim in black lace, scalloped and outlined with black and gold beads. Ostrich tips at the side, strings in straw-coloured satin.

No. 2. The Letitia Bonnet.—Soft brim in pleated black net, edged with a wreath of berries and foliage in jet, matching the head of the hair plait pierced amidst the curls of the coiffure. Puckered crown in tulle, covered with yellow cornflowers, and upstanding ribbon loops matching the strings. Three of the blossoms nestle on the curls of the brow, whilst a bird's head rests in the centre, accompanied with jet wings and trainasse.

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER XIV—THE SECOND VENTURE.

Of course my readers are well aware, that when a man like Van Higgin, whose transactions are so numerous and large, fails it is a very different affair, to that of one who is only in one line of business, and it takes much longer to reduce order out of the chaos created by the crash. The winding up of such an estate necessarily proceeds slowly, where there are so many interests of magnitude involved. Meetings of creditors have to be called, a statement of assets and liabilities submitted, and, as is often the case, it was not advisable for those concerned to be too hasty in realizing the assets by forcing sales at a time when there was hardly any demand. So with his private property, while his house on Fifth avenue, with its furniture, and his carriages and horses, were understood to be in the market, they were not to be disposed of at ruinous prices to the first bidder. Some months might elapse before everything could be sold, and though the establishment was considerably reduced, and entertainments entirely ceased, Van Higgin still continued to reside in his house for the time being.

Thus on returning to New York, Dugdale instead of going to the Brunswick, as formerly, chose the Buckingham for his quarters, which hotel is we all know, almost opposite a certain residence in Fifth Avenue. Dugdale had heard with amazement, on his way through Chicago, of the failure of his friend Van Higgin, and while he knew he was bound to feel sorry, I fear his sorrow was not unmingled with a kind of gladness, for he belonged to a type of the sterner sex, which can never rid itself of shrinking from the supposition, that money was the motive in the choice of a wife. That motive, being now entirely removed as regards Madeline, gave to Dugdale a sense of relief which it is possible you or I sir would not comprehend.

Dugdale first sought out the Ralstons, and learned from Guy, all the particulars of the great Van Higgin failure.

"He has handed over everything to his creditors" said Ralston, "and he and Madeline are looking out for a couple of rooms in which to go and live."

"His house is not sold yet, I presume?" enquired Dugdale.

"No, they are trying to sell it privately, but it is not everyone who can afford such a place."

"It must be hard lines for Miss Van Higgin, after the way in which she has been brought up."

"Upon my word Dugdale, Madeline seems to think very little of it, but her father feels it greatly for her sake."

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you happen to know who has the disposal of the house and furniture Ralston?"



"Why, Mary, what on earth's the matter? Your hair has turned quite white."

"Sure the Misses sent me to town wid yure kays, and I wint down in one of thim fiery cars, and what wid the heazing lectricity, the runnin' off the trolley, the bumpin' and jumpin' into carts, and the crowls, an' the yelling of the engine driver,—sure it's a wonder I have any hair left at all, at all."

"It is in the hands of Flotsam and Son the real estate agents" was the reply.

"Ah, well I must go and see Van Higgin," said Dugdale pulling out his watch and making a hurried departure. Yet it was very late in the day before he called at the office in Wall Street, and then he said little beyond hearty expressions of regret, for what had taken place, concluding with an ordinary polite enquiry after Miss Van Higgin. He excused himself, on the plea of business, when invited to call round that evening, but hoped Van Higgin would give him half an hour the day but one following, on a matter of some importance, which he did not wish talked about. Van Higgin named a time for the meeting and whatever was discussed at that interview will be quickly divulged; let it suffice for the moment to say, that Van Higgin went home that evening in a strange state of elation, which he was at great difficulty in concealing from his daughter.

Two days later, Dugdale, in company with the Ralstons arrived after dinner at No. 600 Fifth Avenue. Madeline received the former frankly enough, yet with a certain reserve which, although observed by Dugdale, he took no notice of, but chatted in a free and easy manner, upon passing events.

The whole party was seated in the rear drawing room, which was separated from the one in front, by heavy oriental curtains and folding door—the latter being partially closed. There appeared to be a secret understanding between Annette and Dugdale, for in a temporary lull in the conversation, Mrs. Ralston, beckoning to Guy, passed with him into the front room, evidently expecting Van Higgin would follow, but as he, with the blundering blind-

ness of his sex, failed to catch the situation, or take the hint, Annette came back to the dividing doors, and exclaimed with that French transposition of words, she never quite lost, "Ah, pardon Mr. Van Higgin, but do you have perhaps a magnifying glass? I do desire to examine with you these beautiful photographs." This phrase has become a joke among us since and if a private interview seems necessary we cry out "Oh, pardon Robson (or Dobson as the case may be) but do you have perhaps a etc.,"

Van Higgin hastened to Annette, who completed her generalship, by closing the door between the two rooms. "Mon Dieu Madeline is she not an American and do you suppose she wants Papa at this moment?" she cried, leading Van Higgin to the further end of the room, where—would you believe it?—there was not a single photograph visible.

Left alone with Dugdale, Madeline had no difficulty in surmising what was coming, and was perhaps a trifle annoyed as a free born American, in having been made a passive instrument in the bringing about of a situation, she would have preferred to have arranged herself. Annette had stolen a march on her, but she would not, in spite of that, be caught unprepared, and Dugdale found her perfectly collected as—to continue the military parallel—he turned towards her and opened fire.

"Do you remember Miss Van Higgin," he began in a low voice, "my speaking to you of two ventures, when I was leaving for Denver?"

"I recollect something you said, Mr. Dugdale," replied Madeline slowly "but circumstances have altered since."

"Yes you were then such a wealthy heiress that my motives might have been misconstrued, but now—"

"Hush" interrupted Madeline softly, "I never imputed such baseness to you, and you need not try to prove what I knew already."

"Then Madeline will you not crown my second venture with success?" cried Dugdale, a great joy overspreading his face, as he fancied he saw victory within his grasp.

"How long can you wait for your crown?" asked the girl almost in a whisper.

"Wait! what is the use of waiting?" was the impatient rejoinder.

"Think of Papa—I could not leave him t a time like this" said Madeline.

"Is that your only reason?" asked Dugdale with a peculiar smile—"you promise you will not keep me waiting longer than a time when you see your father comfortable again, Madeline?"

"Yes"—

"You are quite sure you do not consider me too poor?" pursued Dugdale.

"Now you are ungenerous!" cried Madeline raising her eyes, but instantly drop-

pling them as she met a curlous twinkle in the orbs of her love, and adding in a meek voice "oh please don't; not even in fun."

"Never was more serious" returned Dugdale "pray when do you intend that Mr. Van Higgin shall leave this house?"

"Next week I think—but what is the matter—why do you look at me like that?" cried Madeline feeling there was something she did not understand. "Here is a daughter!" exclaimed Dugdale "who owning a house and furniture like this talks of turning her father out of doors next week and waiting ever so long before she can marry."

Madeline started back trembling in every limb, and would have fallen, had not Dugdale placed his strong arm round her.

"Tell me—tell me—what you mean" she gasped in broken accents but making no resistance.

"My dear" cried Dugdale soothing her as he would a child, "when I came back a few days ago, and found how matters stood with your father, I felt I had only one course to pursue.—I owed everything to him in this country; my fame and wealth were due to his kindness and influence, and I was glad of an opportunity to prove my gratitude.—We had worked together and though he had lost, I had won, which was hardly fair. So Madeline I purchased this house and furniture and made them over to you knowing it would be just the same, except that at present, he could not hold the property,—whereas you could. That is all the story."

"All! oh why did you keep this secret?" asked Madeline sobbing with very joy.

"Why you see I wanted to know first 'whether you cared for me,' Dugdale answered.

"Cared for you! Suppose I had refused you John?" calling him so for the first time.

"Then we would have cried quits," said Dugdale "whereas, as it is, I shall still for ever be in your debt, and have only made an ordinary marriage settlement."

"Oh my darling help me to love you as I ought to do," murmured Madeline surrendering herself entirely as she was clasped to Dugdale's heart.

Thus was the second venture won, and surely we will not begrudge our friend his prize; he had staked his all and there is no fear Madeline will ever forget his generosity, indeed her pride in her husband, has often struck me as half touching, half amusing, but wholly womanly.

Presently the pair joined the others. Taking Madeline by the hand and advancing towards Van Higgin, Dugdale remarked, "Allow me sir with your permission to present you to my future wife."

And allow me Papa to present you my future husband without any permission whatever," added Madeline proudly though she laughed and blushed as she said the words.

Then in the midst of the congratulations, it was discovered by the bride elect, that that she was the only one, who had not known about the recent purchase, but she exacted a promise from Dugdale, that it should be the last secret she would ever have from her, which promise has so far, I hear been faithfully kept.

CHAPTER XV—CONCLUSION.

My story is about finished, and though a couple of chapters back, dark days seemed in store for Madeline the good fairy, in the shape of John Dugdale, with a touch of his magic wand, sent poverty and hard times to the right about; but before we shake hands and part, Hymen must ring his bells, wave his banners and scatter the orange blossoms. The wedding which was not long delayed, (for Madeline could find no more excuses) was a very quiet one and I am not going to describe it, for I presume you have all seen the ceremony which binds two human beings together "for better or for worse" and one marriage has always appeared to me pretty much like another. The bride is the centre of attraction, while the bridegroom generally seems as though he had wandered into the church, by mistake or an accident, and looks as if he wished himself well out of it.

Madeline was radiantly beautiful and nobody took much notice of Dugdale—think of your own wedding my dear sir, and you will admit, that you felt yourself a kind of interloper.

So it is over, and I suppose you want me to add the words, we have so often heard repeated, "and they lived happily ever afterwards," but alas such is beyond me, for Dugdale is still in the prime of life, and his wife quite a young woman, so that neither I nor anyone else can foretell what for certain will be their lot. They will have their troubles doubtless (as we all have) but their great love will lighten their griefs as it will also sweeten their joys.

Washington Van Higgin never rose again to his former glory in the world of commerce, but he is not unhappy and in watching a little Madge who toddles to grand-papa's knee he sees her mother again, her childhood thus coming back to comfort him.

Dugdale formed a partnership with Ralston, and the two are among the leading engineers of the country.

Annette has a couple of children playing round her, or stay perhaps three is the number—I really forget—but whichever it is, she thinks them the finest in the world, and her husband the best.

Now the time for parting has really arrived, and we will take leave of Dugdale Madeline, Guy and Annette, confident that the blessing, which accompanies all true love, will brighten both their homes.—Farewell.

The end.

AMBITIOUS.

Hubby (leaving for business).—Ta, ta, dear. Shall be home early.

Wife (to herself).—To-night or to-morrow morning; I wonder which, this time?

LOOKING OUT FOR THE FUTURE.

She.—You say I may not have this dress.

He.—That's the idea.

She (freely).—You'll remember, sir, that all our money was given to us by my family.

He.—That's the very reason I want them to know that we are economical. You will complain to them, I will be applauded. See? Maybe we'll get some more some day.

SHE NEVER KNEW.

Gentleman—Good evening, my little dear. Is your papa at home?

Little Dear—I don't know; I'll see. Mamma is at home, and when she's around, I never can tell whether papa is here or not, he's so quiet.—Good News.

EXPLAINED.

Featherstone—Will your sister be down soon, Bobbie?

Bobbie—I don't know. She's putting on a new dress and it takes sometime.

Featherstone (impatiently)—What does she want to put on a new dress for?

Bobbie—She expects another gentleman this evening.—New York Herald.

WOULDN'T COME DOWN.

Jake (looking frightened, hearing a noise above).—Do you think your papa will come down?

Cora.—Not with a cent, he says, if I take you.—Yankee Blade.

"DELIGHTFULLY" VAGUE.

He.—Do you like So-and-So's poetry?

She.—Yes, I admire it very much, though I must confess I don't very understand it.

He.—No, that accounts for it. Very likely if it were properly understood it would not be admired half so much.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Israelstein.—Doctor, mein leedle boy haf swallowed a shilling, for how mooch vill you egstract it?

Doctor.—My fee will be three shillings and sixpence.

Israelstein.—Mein Gott, but then I vill lose half-a-crown. I cannot afford to lose so mooch. I vill let the shilling remain.

Teacher.—What is a gourmand? (No answer—continues.) Suppose a little boy, like Johnny there, sat down and ate a four-pound loaf at a meal, what would he be? Small Pupil.—Thirsty.

Teacher (smiling).—Yes, perhaps he would; but suppose he had washed the bread down with sundry draughts of liquor, what would he be then?

Small Pupil.—Busted!

NEAR IT.

Bridget (who has been sent by artistic mistress for some bullrushes).—I couldn't get no bullrushes, m'm, but I've brought you some cowallips—they'ret he nearest I could get.

THE FALL.

Attalle—What was the original sin?

Travers—Eavesdropping.—The Punter.

WALTER KAVANAGH'S AGENCY,
ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

COMPANIES REPRESENTED,
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL OF SCOTLAND
NORWICH UNION FIRE INS. SOC'Y OF ENGLAND
EASTERN ASSURANCE CO'Y. OF CANADA.

COMBINED CAPITAL AND ASSETS:
\$45,520,000.

THE UNITED FIRE INSURANCE CO. Lim.,
OF MANCHESTER, ENG.,

Has purchased the Canadian business
-OF THE-
CITY OF LONDON.

Subscribed Capital.....	\$1,250,000
Capital Paid-up.....	500,000
Funds Exclusive of Capital	782,500

Application for Agents Invited

T. H. HUDSON, }
PERCY F. LANE, } *Managers.*

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA,
PHILADELPHIA.

Organized 1792 Incorporated 1794.

Capital Paid up.....	\$3,000,000
Reserve re-Insurance.....	3,549,872
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, etc	502,933
Net Surplus.....	2,225,475
	<u>\$9,278,220</u>

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

ROBERT HAMPSON, General Agent for Canada,
18 CORN EXCHANGE.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE CO'Y,
LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED AT LONDON, 1803.

FIRE.

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

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

107 ST. JAMES STREET.

E. D. LACY, Resident Manager for Canada, Montreal.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE & MARINE.

INCORPORATED 1851.

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

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO ONT.

J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

A. M. SMITH, President. C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.
J. H. ROUTH & SON, Managers Montreal Branch,
190 ST. JAMES STREET.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE.

ESTABLISHED 1720.

TOTAL FUNDS NEARLY \$18,000,000.

FIRE RISKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES

E. A. LILLY, Manager Canada Branch,
Waddell Building, Montreal.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE LIFE.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA

Cor. St. James St. and Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.

Assets in Canada about.....	\$1,500,000
Surplus to Policy Holders.....	\$327,000

World-Wide Policies, Absolute Security.

LIFE rate endowment Policies a special y
Special terms for the payment of premiums and the revival of policies.

DIRECTORS

Sir Donald A. Smith, K. C. M. G., M. P., Chairman.
Robert Benny, Esq. R. B. Angus Esq.
Smedford Fleming, Esq., C. M. G.
Manager for Canada, B. HAL. BROWN.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

STATEMENT—JANUARY 1, 1892.

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

Assets.....	\$125,947,290.81
Liabilities.....	110,800,267.50
Surplus.....	15,141,023.31
Income.....	31,854,194.00
New Business written in 1891.....	\$152,664,982.00
Insurance in Force (over).....	\$614,824,713.00

JOHN A. McCALL, President. HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.
DAVID BURKE, General Manager for Canada.

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE
COMPANY,**

ESTABLISHED 1809.

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

HEAD OFFICE IN CANADA, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN INVESTMENTS, \$4,599,753.00.

THOMAS DAVIDSON, Manager-Director.
MONTREAL.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.
OF AMERICA.

Paid 8549,462.00 for losses by the conflagration
at ST. JOHNS, N.F., 8th July, 1892, without a single
difficulty or dispute.

H. J. MUDGE, Resident Manager, MONTREAL.
HUGH W. WONHAM, Special City Agent
1759 NOTRE DAME STREET.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INS. CO.

CANADIAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS: { THE HONORABLE H. Y. STARNES, Chairman.
EDMOND J. BARBEAU, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.
WENTWORTH J. BUCHANAN, Esq.
ANDREW FREDERICK GAULT, Esq.
SAMUEL FINLEY, Esq.
SIR ALEX. T. GALT, G.C.M.G.

Amount Invested in Canada, \$ 1,350,000
Capital and Assets, 53,211,365

MERCANTILE Risks accepted at lowest current rates. Churches, Dwelling Houses and Farm Properties insured at reduced rates.

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

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

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. }

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

FIRE! LIFE!! MARINE!!!

Total Invested Funds \$12,500,000.

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

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

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

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1822.

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

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

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

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

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

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

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COY,

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801.

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PAERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion.

CITY AGENTS:

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

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPY

OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

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

ROBERT W. TYRE. - MANAGER FOR CANADA.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

OF ENGLAND

LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

Capital \$20,000,000
Reserve Funds 40,000,000
Annual Income, upwards of 11,000,000

Investments in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy-holders (Chiefly with Government) Exceeds \$1,000,000.

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

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

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

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1803.

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

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW,
BRANCH MANAGER.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street
MONTREAL.

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