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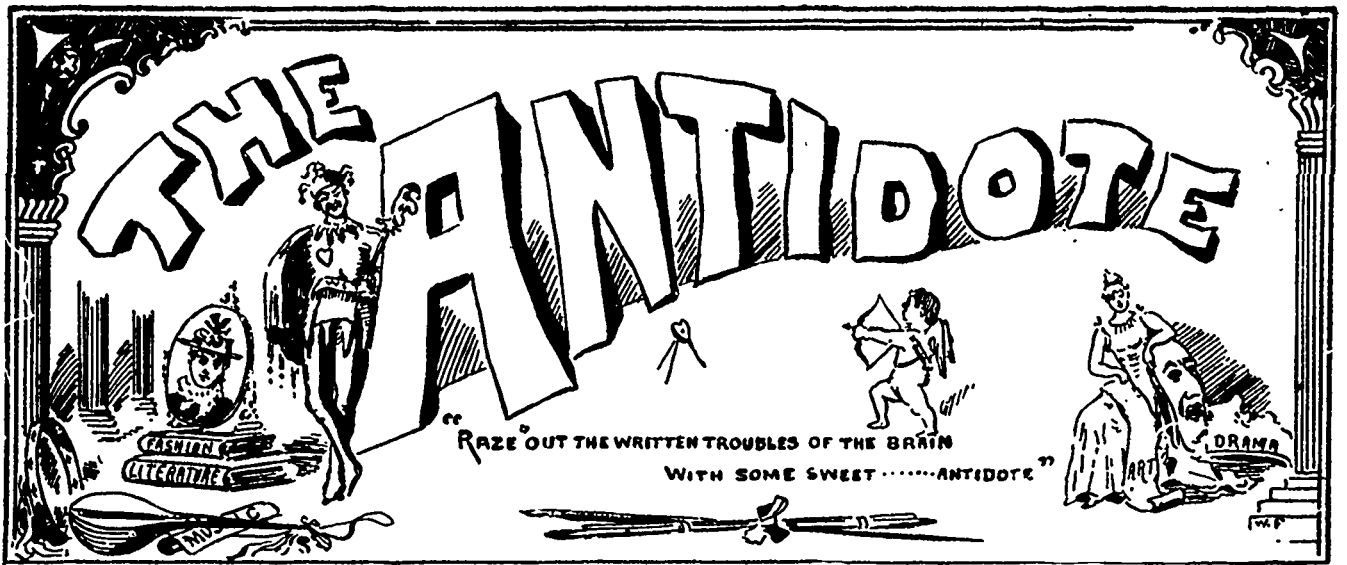
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Vol. I. No. 36.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 18, 1893

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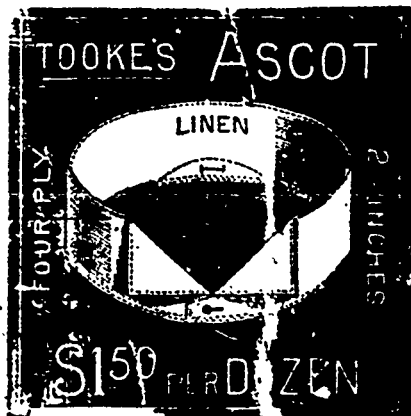
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DULL PEOPLE.

It sounds like a paradox, and is almost a pun, to say that dull people never feel dull. Yet, let it seem paradox or pun, it is but a matter of fact in truth. The people we call dull are those who have little but their own tediousness to bestow on others. But this tediousness does not weary themselves, and when they are in society it becomes the business of brisker minds to amuse them.

The hostess sorting her dinner guests with a view to the cheerfulness of the greater number, perceives that there is a risk of dull Lady Monosyllables making an impassible barrier of silence at her corner of the table, and she straightway allots to her the most brilliant of the agreeable gentlemen on her list. He will amuse Lady Monosyllables, and, she fondly hopes, will have time and energy to keep up a conversation with his other-hand neighbour and around him. And Lady Monosyllables is amused; we can't say as much, however, for her brilliant cavalier; he is sacrificed to the single entertainment, for she listens with a placid exactitude, and omits no necessary yes or no to keep the tete-a-tete continuous.

The monosyllabic man is better off than the monosyllabic woman. He has all her accustomed advantages of being paired off at table with the cleverest conversationalist of the other sex available, and he has above her at other entertainments, his advantages of freer locomotion.

The difficulty of getting her dress along with her through a crush, the politenesses which commit her to chairs to find herself wedged in for the rest of the evening, her lurking doubts of the propriety of moving about independently in a room full of people, all leave a woman little choice about the

companionship she will have for the time being. She is stationary, much like a sea-anemone on its rock when the tide is high, waiting for what drifts to wards her, accepting it of necessity, and clutching it tenaciously, or letting it drift on again partly according to wish, and partly according to power. But a man has, with the pains, the privileges of his normal chairlessness. He moves about and selects the person or group wherever his pleasure for the moment may lead.

If he is a dull man he has only to select, unless the temporary obstacles of human bulk and pieces of furniture to be slipped between and navigated through can delay him of his object, and he will invariably arrive at the people he covets to make his evening pleasant for him. Nobody looks to him for amusement and he may go his own way unmolested and may use whom he will for his own entertainment. The man who is not dull is hindered on his way a hundred times, he sees the group of talkers he has been struggling to join all break up; the person with whom of all others he wanted to exchange a few words with, go away. He is button-holed and forced to talk his best to some bore, while a discussion which he is longing to join in is going on within ear-shot; he is cut at unawares and introduced to dull people who are dummies and to dull people who he heartily wishes were dummies. And at last going away empty of recollection he believes that he has somehow conduced to a good many people's entertainment, while he has only been very lively, and dismally dull.

In society if wit is silvern, dullness is golden. Wit is the bee that works; dullness is the drone that waits snugly for the honey to come to its mouth, and dullness pledges you for nothing. If you define yourself as a talker, a sayer of good things, or clever at the give-and-take of recreative conversation, you are bound to keep up to your level or you will be set down as wanting. For mere civility's sake you might have exerted yourself a little, it would be said, even if you have been overtaken by a stupid fit. You may have headache, or heartache, or both, but you ought to

have been constant; once clever you must always be clever; and there will be dire hopes that there is nothing wrong with your affairs, or your brain, or your conscience, and people who have met you for the first time will say of you,—that they had expected to find you agreeable and entertaining, that they found you less than commonplace, quite hopelessly stupid, unless indeed you were giving yourself airs.

Here comes the advantage of dullness—that it is no condemnation; it is not even called dull, for nothing was expected of it. If you firmly take up the judicious position of being a dull person, that is the person to be amused and never betrayed into amusing, you will go free of criticism and incur no suspicions, excepting perhaps suspicions which incline to credit you with a hidden fund of all kinds of abilities.

JOB.

Dr. Parry's oratorio of "Job" is the great musical attraction of the day in England. The critics raise it highly; perhaps our own philharmonic Society will put it on the boards some day. Mr. Browning the secretary has nearly doubled the subscriptions to the Philharmonic concerts during the season. Mr. Browning can boast of the quality of modest assurance, although to talk a little "shop," fire insurance is more in his way.

NO DIFFICULTY.

A bit of feminine dialogue overheard at a cooking lecture:

Lady (talking to herself)—Now she has got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton.

Next lady (in a sympathetic tone)—I have six first-rate recipes.

First lady (opening her note book)—Will you favor me, please?

Second lady—Six boys.

JUDGMENTS.

"Tis with our judgment, as our watches; none

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

—Pope.

A NINE-INCH OMELET.

Diner—"Waiter, how long will my omelet be?"

Waiter—"I can't tell exactly, sir; but they average about nine inches."

SOCIETY REVIEWED.

There is to be quite a successful dance at the Turkish Paths this evening.

The card parties of the week occurred daily. One was given by Mrs. Henry, of Bishop street.

Sir Alexander Galt and Lady Galt intend to leave shortly for Lakewood, New Jersey, for a few weeks' change.

Everybody thinks his own violin, like his own wife, the best; or if he doesn't he ought to.

The "Vics" intend giving another dance before the season is over, although the date has not as yet been decided on.

Miss Arnton's dance comes off on the 23rd and a very enjoyable time is expected; over two hundred invitations were issued.

There will be another masquerade held at the Victoria Skating Rink, shortly, and ladies are already planning original and unique costumes for the coming festivity.

The biggest Valentine of the 14th was presented to Mr. Donald Macmaster, the distinguished lawyer and M.P.P.; it weighed several pounds, and is daily increasing.

The many friends of Lady Smith will be glad to hear that her health has sufficiently improved to permit of her taking a little out-door exercise occasionally, although she is not yet quite convalescent.

The young man with the blonde moustache, who waits from 8 to 9 on a certain corner of St. Catherine street, for the appointed tryst with a lovely French Canadian nurse-girl, has somebody after him with a blackthorn.

The tea of last Saturday, given by Madam Ethier, was extended to young people and young married couples, and the pretty parlors were thronged during the hours between 4 and 7, while a few guests remained for the evening.

Who is that handsome lady who is seen these fine afternoons driving along St. James street, handling the lines after the approved fashion, behind a pair of spanking bays? The beauty of the horse does not detract the attention of the pedestrian from the fair one.

Lady Lacoste gave a most enjoyable and successful ball at her residence, St. Hubert street, on the 13th inst. About 150 guests assembled, many of whom wore pretty and stylish gowns. The reception rooms were effectively arranged and decorated, the whole presenting a lively scene.

On dit that the lady without the hyphen in her name, who is the petted of Boston church goers,—and they are many—is still tugging at the heart-strings of a popular Montreal doctor, whose ardour was not at all cooled on hearing her

"voice roll forth in song" at a recent concert in this city.

It is quite the proper thing in fashionable society to make theatricals a popular form of entertainment during Lent, and a mid-Lent play is recognized as correct dissipation. In this connection the entertainment next week, which is to be given at the Academy of Music, will doubtless be a leading event of the Lenten season.

On Monday evening Mrs. Albert D. Nelson's dance came off very successfully. Her daughter, Mrs. Creamer, of San Francisco received with her, and was charmingly gowned, doing the honors with her usual grace. The earlier part of the evening was spent at a game of Progressive Euchre, the prizes being exceptionally beautiful.

The gay whirl is at an end, the mad chase after pleasure is to cease for a time and the ball room will be deserted for the nonce. Cupid has been subdued of late, and there is not even a new engagement to start the Lenten ball of gossip. The week has witnessed several large dances, a trio of afternoon teas, a brace of luncheons, a dinner or two, and card-parties galore.

What with the icy weather, which induces all who can do so to go south and enjoy a little warmth, the Panama affair and various political events, society will be rather at a standstill—that is to say no balls, fetes, nor grand entertainments taking place, but only dinner parties, a few afternoon "At homes with tea," and the theatre. The futurities for next week give small prospect of anything but a few teas and card parties.

Mrs. R. B. Angus' ball on the 14th inst. was one of the most brilliant private dances given this season, everything was on a magnificent scale. The orchestral platform being very effectively and cleverly decorated. Mrs. Angus and her daughters received their numerous guests, in the centre of the corridor, Mrs. Angus wearing a handsome dress of pale yellow brocade, with darker coloured velvet sleeves, her ornaments being diamonds. The supper tables were daintily set out, decorated with flowers. Every detail was the perfection of elegance and good taste.

Mrs. R. L. Gault's ball took place on the eve of St. Valentine's day. It was attended by nearly 200 people, and was a bright and pleasant gathering, the music being admirable. White greatly predominated among the dresses, though many were relieved by the pretty new shades of pink, pale green, and vivid yellow; the sleeves, of course were a most noticeable feature. Mrs. Gault wore a handsome combination of cinnamon and vieux-rose brocade, with ruby and diamond ornaments. Miss Gault wore a white corded silk draped with Brussels lace, and dia-

mond ornaments. Miss Ethel Gault's gown was a rich white satin, prettily outlined in pearls.

Mrs. Baumgarten's dinner on Thursday was a brilliant success. The decorations quite discounted in splendor and expense Cleopatra's rose-wreath feasts with its pear consommé. Wreaths of violets tied with violet ribbons was massed in the centre of the table, and a half wreath of the same flowers, framing each plate, was tied in the centre with a ribbon bearing the name of the lady who occupies the seat. The wine glasses were wreathed also with the flowers. The room was lighted with the soft glimmer of candles. Mrs. Baumgarten wore a handsome gown of deep violet Lyons velvet, trimmed with handsome lace; diamond ornaments. Her sister Mrs. Elmenhorst wore a white corded silk with immense sleeves of velvet in a pale shade of violet, and profusely trimmed with violets.

Miss Irwin, of Belmont Park, gave a very enjoyable and successful Valentine luncheon on the 14th inst. in honor of her friends Miss Macdonald, (of Prince Edward Island) and Miss Murphy (of Ottawa). Everything was charmingly arranged, the decorations were superb, choice exotics mingling with ferns. All was rose-coloured suited to the occasion. Pink candles, with pink shades, cast a faint rose-color glow over the table. Hospitality was lavish, and Miss Irwin proved herself unrivalled in the art of doing the honours. She wore a dainty gown of cream silk, with leaf-green velvet trimmed with handsome lace, and pearls. In the course of the afternoon Miss Ethel Irwin danced several pretty fancy dances in charming style, the tambourine dance being especially artistic with its whirling figures and ribbon-decorated tambourine.



A FLABBERGASTED FOX.

Reynard.—"That is a strange looking bird; but I must fascinate it, and get it for my lunch."

Escaped Parrot.—"What the—are you staring at me for?—!—!!—!!!—* Sic'im. Watch! Sic'im! Sic'im!" Exit Reynard, at a terrible pace.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

Time 5 a. m.—A crowd of fine ladies and gentlemen are coming away from a charity ball. A poor woman stands at the outer door, asking alms. A lady appears, attired in a white satin wrap, and quickly enters her carriage.

"Would you be so kind as to give me a trifle?"

The lady pulls up the window: "Impossible! I have been dancing for you the whole night."

Florida has to take her orange money to buy herself an overcoat this year.



OFFERING A DRINK—After the painting, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

A Bystander's Notes.

Do you know—I rather like coming in contact with my enemies? It nerves one up. It sort of arouses sluggish ambition. It—oh, of course you are shocked you good people shrug your shoulders, elevate your nose, glare at me indignantly, and say you have no enemies, that you live your life without making enemies. Well! well! perhaps you do. Perhaps you don't. If you have no enemies I do not believe I want you for a friend. Your friendship would be so luke-warm, so namby-bamby, so neutral, altogether too tame to make it desirable. I am sure I would have to use a spy-glass continually to find it. If you have the power to make enemies, you must be without any real staunch friends. Show me the man that is popular, that is quoted as having hosts of friends, and I will prove to you that the thing is about evenly balanced. Bless you! Not the kind the fight openly. He may not be aware that he has an enemy in the world, but he has. For nearly every friend that stands ready to fight his battles for him, there will be an enemy to criticise and make him trouble if possible. They will stab him in the back, while they are smiling in his face. They come to him and fawn

over him and pick up—grab up—the crumbs that he drops. They eat his bread. They drink their wine. They whine out their troubles to him. They demand his sympathy, and all the time deep down in their hearts they hate him. They hate him because he can drop crumbs, and give them bread to eat, and wine to drink, and sympathy that gives and does not take. But let trouble once come to him. Then he discovers what real friendship means. Do the ones that have taken the most from him come forward and give him sympathy? No, indeed. They are the ones who turn the cold shoulder and run to others with the gossip of it all. They hold themselves aloof until they catch the direction of the tidal wave, or until all hints of trouble have rolled away. When they come creeping back it is at the tail end of the line. But you in the meantime have learned a thing or two. You know your enemies. You know that their pretended friendship was based entirely on envy. The envy may be something of a flattery, for it means that you are accomplishing something successfully to which they themselves aspire. The envy which changes to malice and triumph when trouble—real, or supposed—clouds the sunshine for a time in your life. Now, you

know just what is in their hearts. You know that your success is their bitterest pill, and that their sweetest honey is your failure. So you sort of enjoy having them around. You enjoy striving and succeeding in your undertakings, and are just barbaric enough, or human enough, to take a little comfort in the thought that you are stabbing them, also while you smile. Success in life, your success, is always just as much a stab to your enemies as it is a pleasure to your friends. And in this honorable world of yours it is your only weapon of defense against these people who will not fight openly, and who come tripping back with the sunshine.

Everybody at some time in their life has an opportunity to test the metal of which friendships are made. Life afterward may never be quite the same. It is never again so full of blind trust. Possibly without much doubt your own friendship will not be so freely given and when given it will be done with a reserve force. What there is in friendship—tested and untested—will take on a different meaning. It will never again be so frank, and it will be so trifling. Its name, however, will never be misplaced. You will understand perfectly the line that separates "friend" from "acquaintance." Friendship in truth and in word will be sacred.

SMILES.

Hawaii is now the popular salutation.

FIN DE SIECLE.

She—There is no fun in being married or engaged.

He—But when is the fun, then?

She—When you are anticipating both.

"I'll be back at 11, my love. I give you my word."

"I'd rather you'd keep it, my dear."

A Loyal Husband—A.—Well, I must say that if my wife was like yours, always scolding and finding fault, I'd soon get a separation from her.

B—Oh, my wife isn't so bad as you think. She doesn't sing and she doesn't play the piano, and she must expend her superfluous energy in some way.

Little drops of water
When frozen into sleet
Make most men so weary
They'll sit down in the street.

"How about your coachman—is he good?"

Mrs. Flint—No; he swears horribly but he manages a team well.

Piekings.

Still water runs deep, but still whiskey is generally clear out of sight.

A thorn in the hand attracts more attention than two in the bush.

A tramp is always willing to receive a cold shoulder, but he prefers a porter-house.

Recipe for a domestic broil: First catch the hair on your husband's coat-collar.

Heiress—If I should marry an English lord would you be anything, papa?

Papa—Yes; bankrupt.

"Can I get out by this gate, my man?"
"I think ye can, for I saw a cart o' hay come in by it this mornin'."

"He told me he was a single ma judge," sobbed the bigamist's second wife.
"Well, I ain't two men, am I?" snarled the prisoner.

Doctor (to tow-headed urchin)—How is your mother, my little man?

Tow-headed Urchin—She's getting romantic in her right knee, sir.

A 5-year-old girl, who went to a fashionable church wedding with her mother, was asked at night by her father to describe the bride and said: "Well, she had a mosquito net over her head, and there are no flies on her."

The tall man was telling a story. He said: "I was there in the middle of the great prairie fighting the red devils—" "Meaning Indians?" inquired the fat man.

"No," replied the tall man, "I will be honest with you. I had the jim-jams."

A lady writes from Germany that she is discouraged about the German language. A German friend who tried to converse with her in English made such a mistake that she fears she may do as badly in German. The German gentleman innocently gave this rendering of a familiar saying: "The ghost is willing, but the meat is feeble."

Wife—What are you writing there, hubby, dear?

"I am working away at my memoirs."

"Ah! but you have not forgotten to mention your little wifey, have you?"

"Oh, dear no! I have represented you as the sun of my life, and am just now giving a description of those days on which you have made it particularly hot for me."



From London Queen

THE FASHIONS.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and knowledge with regard to dress, as well as all other subjects, is power. The novelties in spring and summer millinery are to be very startling. The bonnets are to be all Empire, or, at all events, nearly all, except a few which hail from Paris; these will be some what small in size. I wonder if you will be quite prepared for the poke bonnets, like the old coalscuttles of our grandmothers, and the hats which overshadow the face with their wide brims, standing up boldly above the brow. Some of these are modified, others are presented to us without any disguise, and the old spoon bonnet, about which "Punch" was so facetious, is once more to be reckoned among fashionable millinery.

However, fashions are to be very varied. Among several lovely new gowns, was one of green cloth, trimmed with striped green and mauve velvet round the skirt, a narrow band of Astrakan below the velvet, corsage of striped velvet. Figaro jacket of the

cloth, edged with Astrakan, and centre of plain green velvet.

Another was composed of a violet velvet skirt, and a blouse of pink mousseline de soie, drawn into a violet velvet corselet.

Our illustration shows a pretty gown in steel blue cloth. Sleeves and under revers in castor velvet. Upper revers in castor satin. Chiffon vest puffed through jet bands; jet trimming down the front of the skirt, which is edged with sable tail.

Recipes.

Royal Croquettes.—Three small or two large sweetbreads, one boiled chicken, one large tablespoonful of flour, one pint of cream, half a cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of onion juice, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mace, the juice of half a lemon, and salt and pepper to taste. Let the sweetbreads stand in boiling water five minutes. Chop very fine, with the chicken, and add seasoning. Put two tablespoonfuls of the butter in a stewpan with the flour. When it bubbles, add the cream, gradually, then add the chopped mixture, and stir until thoroughly heated. Take from the fire, add the lemon juice, and set away to cool. Roll into shape with cracker crumbs. Dip in six beaten eggs then in cracker crumbs. Let them stand until dry, then dip in egg and finally in bread crumbs. Fry quickly in boiling fat.

Roast Pheasant and Watercress.—Pluck, clean, and truss the pheasant for roasting, fasten a piece of slitted fat bacon over the breast, and roast it for 15 or 20 minutes, basting it well, especially in the early cooking. When cooked place the bird on a square of fried bread, garnish with watercress tossed in a plain oil and vinegar dressing.

The Prince's Toast.—Chop up finely some ham, two or three truffles, a couple of washed and boned anchovies and a French gherkin. Stir all this lightly in mayonnaise aspic, and pile it on square or round croutons of fried bread dusting it lightly with coralline pepper and finely minced parsley.

Fruit Luncheon Cake Without Sugar.—Reserve some yeast bread dough prepared for the baking pan. Work into a quantity sufficient for two large loaves of bread, one cup of chopped fresh raisins, and one cup of currants, carefully washed. Roll thin, cut into strips four inches long and two broad. With a sharp knife slit down the centre of each strip, leaving the edges untouched, twist each strip fancifully, fry in hot lard, drain quickly and dip in melted brown sugar which has been allowed to reach to boiling point; and when cool, flavored with a half-teaspoonful of vanilla.

The Lost Chord.

Seated one day in my study,
 I was anxious and ill at ease,
 And I tapped at the window wildly
 And I rattled a bunch of keys;
 Unless I could manage to scare him,
 All hope of repose was floored,
 For, borne like a 'wail on an easterly
 gale,'
 I heard that dread "Lost Chord!"
 I made ambiguous signals
 That I wanted the tune to cease,
 For I had some work to finish,
 And he was a foe to peace;
 But the grinder only answered
 With a fixed demoniac grin,
 And steadily turned the handle
 And poured his distracting din.
 I know not of what he was dreaming
 As I softly stole aside,
 And thoughtfully looked at a scuttle of
 coals
 And opened the window wide;
 Though I judge from his satisfied simper
 That his dreams were of anything but
 Of a blackened mound and a muffled sound
 And a window suddenly shut.
 It may be they'll take the pieces
 To his far Italian home,
 And carve from his bones mosaical stones
 To pave some palace at Rome;
 Or if they don't—its the same to me,
 But this I'm prepared to maintain,
 That the "Chord" he started to play is
 lost,
 And will never be found again.

ASHES, NOT ROSES.

Oh! strew my path with ashes,
 Not roses, do I pray,
 Lest in successive crashes
 My life I bump away.

Gashly.—Would you think of me if I
 were 10,000 miles away?
 His Fiancee (from Boston).—As the
 maximum diameter of the earth is 8,000
 miles, Clarence, your supposition is an im-
 possible one.

Its the man who has no music in his
 soul that is able to harp on the faults
 of others.

Judge.—Prisoner, do you acknowledge
 your guilt?

Prisoner.—No, my lord. The speech for
 the defense has convinced me of my in-
 nocence.

"Did Miggs write this poem during of-
 fice hours?" "Yes, isn't it wonderful?"
 "What did he get for it?"
 "Bounced."



THE LAST WATCH OF HERO.—SIR F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P. R. A

"With aching heart she scanned the sea face dim.

Lo! at the turret's foot, his body lay,
 Rolled on the stones and washed with breaking spray."

'Hero and Leander,' *Musæus*, translated by Edwin Arnold.

Florence.—Do you know anything about
 swinging dumb-bells?

Charlie.—Well, I guess I do; I had to
 dance four times with that horrid Miss
 Flintly last night.

The Irish potato is going away up,
 And don't seem the least bit abashed;
 It has eyes for everyone coming its way,
 But it isn't so easily mashed.

His life is one of faith and doubt—
 He seldom cuts a dash,
 And when he's "in" he's always "out"—
 Especially of cash.

A difference between a knife-blade los-
 ing its temper and a woman is that the
 former becomes dull and the latter more
 cutting.

No, Maud, dear, Joan of Arc was not
 Noah's wife.

I don't think you look quite sober en-
 ough in this picture; I—"

He.—Holy Moses! I hadn't tasted a drop
 for twelve hours.

We don't like icy sidewalks,
 They keep us on our guard;
 And so to show our sentiments
 We sit down on them hard.

I saw her fall upon the ice,
 All fluttering like a wounded dove,
 I filled at once with sympathy
 And I fell, too—in love.

Polish is a good thing in society, ex-
 cept when its worn on the coat.

"Hey, Charlie, come in and have a
 Welsh rabbit."

"No, thank you; I never eat meat on
 Friday."

Types of Dancing Men.

There are ten distinct types of dancing men; one who can dance, and nine who can't—I have met only nine as yet. The one who can is generally to be found in the supper-room, the nine who can't are indefatigable, and never miss an item. First among them, then is the conscientious partner. Dancing with him is a sort of religious rite, not to be slurred over. If he misses a step he is unhappy until he has managed to make up for it by crowding an extra one in. Then there is the middle-aged man, very much out of condition, who has been told by his doctor that he is getting too stout. This gentleman takes it as an exercise, and takes good care that it is an exercise. He reckons to lose from half-a-pound weight to three quarters over a polka. You lose half your dress and most of your hairpins, to say nothing of your temper. Next comes the man who has just learnt "waltzing in six lessons." This man kicks you steadily around the room, and then remarks, with a cheerful smile, that he doesn't think your step agrees with his; and you limp to a seat, wishing that crinolins had never gone out of fashion. Then there is the anxious, silent partner, who never opens his mouth from the beginning of the dance to the end. All the time he is in a state of nervous tension. If you speak to him he looks at you reproachfully as much as to say: "How can you talk at such a moment as this, with all these people trying to run us down and trample on us!" His opposite is the careless chatterer, who babbles incessantly, and never looks where he's going. With this one, a dance is a prolonged tour of abject apology. When you are not apologizing, you are being apologized to, sarcastically. An exceedingly objectionable partner is the man who hugs you, holding you so tight that you can scarcely breathe. You naturally struggle to release yourself a little, whereupon he exerts himself to retain you still closer. The impression conveyed to the observer is that you are fighting. To be equally avoided is the man who doesn't hold you at all, but who keeps you at arm's length and walks round you; as also the man who lifts you up and carries you round, talking soothingly to you the while. Then there is the boy partner. For a while he spins you round in dignified silence. Suddenly his face lights up "Mind yourself," he whispers, "I'm going to upset old Jenkins," and the next instant you feel a shock, and an elderly pompous gentleman sits down heavily on the floor, and at once becomes the nucleus of a human mountain. "I think it such fun running into people, don't you?" says your partner, as he whirls you rapidly away from the scene.



JILTED.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

Smiles.

Dullpate—I find it very hard work to collect my thoughts.

Maud—Papa says it's always difficult to recover small accounts.

"My theatre hat is large," said she, But 'tis better that way, I find, It stops the odor of cloves, you see, That is wafted me from behind.

Foreman—There's the devil to pay up at the house!

Absent-minded Editor—Tell him I'll see him hereafter.

"How does it come that you are in such hard luck, old man?" asked a friend of a theatrical manager.

"Oh, I have my unlucky stars to thank for it."

When you see a man that's very much inflated, you mustn't jump at the conclusion that it's because his wife blows him up.

Mr. O'Rafferty—And what did yer brother think was the real cause of his diath?

Mrs. Duffy—Me brother never knew the real cause of his diath, as no inquest was held on him.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the i-ate

Bishop of the newly ordained Boston minister, "by ending your prayers 'eternally gyrated amen'?"

"But my dear Bishop," expostulated the minister, "don't you think it sounds better than 'twirled without end'?"

AN HONEST LOVE SONG.

As far from thee I wander,

Soul and voice in the old song join:

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—"

Bright-faced girl on the golden coin.

LIFE'S SPICE.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels,

When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;

A page of Hood may do a fellow good After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

O. W. Holmes.

"What do you think of the board of directors of the new joint stock company?"

"Half of them are people who are capable of nothing, whilst the rest are capable of anything!"

Madge—Auntie, the hymns were beautiful this morning at church, I—

Auntie—Land sakes, the preacher was the only man I looked at.

He—A—don't you find existence an awful bore?

She—A—well, some people's existence is most decidedly.

Lady customer (looking over a lot of millows)—Why weren't these marked down? Clerk (innocently)—Because ma'am; they are feathers.

When a young man goes home from church with his sweetheart, he is only going from one house of worship to another.

An upright piano will often help a bass singer without a word.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

"If their hands are in their pockets, When you pass the small boys near, I'll bet a dollar that you Get a snowball in the ear."

The mercury runs up and down, As if trying all people to please. But it usually stops at the point Where we all have to hustle or freeze.

A certain woman refers to her husband's bald head as his "decollete bang."

"Miss Highfly's dress is a perfect dream. Did you see it?"

Reporter.—No; I searched through the masqueraders for half an hour and didn't find a person dressed to represent a mince pie. I guess she's gone home.

Westcott.—I tell you there's good stuff in that young man.

Whyte (sarcastically).—Yes; I was going by the bar-room just now and saw him put it in.



The First Cloud.—W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R. A.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by may make the music mute."

A VALENTINE.

(By Ethel Grey.)

Well, yes, of course it must be so;
No argument can shake it—
If one will offer up a heart,
The other need but take it.
The truth of proverbs thus we learn,
The notion's far from new:
"Il y en a toujours l'un qui baise,
Et l'autre qui tend la joue."
You may not think it fair, perhaps;
Indeed, it does seem funny,
That bees should have to do the work
For drones to eat the honey;
And yet in love 'tis just the same,
It is the "rule of two,"—
"Il y en a toujours l'un qui baise,
Et l'autre qui tend la joue."
Perhaps 'tis this unequal yoke
That keeps our love from dying;
One only listens to the sighs,
The other does the sighing.
He gives his love, his life, his hopes,—
She gives her smiles,—a few . . .
"Il y en a toujours l'un qui baise,
Et l'autre qui tend la joue."
Still, I would be content to know
My love had small returning;
If I could hope to warm your heart,
I would not grudge mine burning!
In fact, you see, it comes to this
(Which proves I care for you)
"Je veux être toujours l'un qui baise,
Si tu me tends la joue!"

The Old Boy and the New.

It was all over. Christmas had come and gone, and the year had veritably leaped past, and I had called upon the old gentleman, as usual, to talk things over. It was natural, I reflected, that he should be somewhat out of humour. His part of the play was over for twelve months, and when a man's appearance on the stage is limited in time, of course he likes to make as good and as lasting an impression as possible.

Conditions had been against him this year. Fogs had rendered his short stay disagreeable to the world in general, while even he had been compelled to use his respirator. We had indeed experienced all the cold of the bitterest Christmas without its snow and accompanying jollity. But, prepared as I was to find the departing guest sad, not to say a little jaundiced, I was amazed to see the dear old fellow in such utter dejection, looking the picture of misery, and, be it said sotto voce, ill-temper.

"Good evening, father," I said in my cheerfullest tone; "I have just stepped in to say good-bye, and wish you a happy—"

"Now don't go on, there's a good fellow," was the curt rejoinder. "I hate the very sound of that grinning formula."

"Why, what is the reason for this sudden change?"

"Oh, I'm getting old—not in body, you

know, but in mind. I'm getting out of date."

"Surely good wishes and geniality are never out of date!"

"Look here, my young friend," was the impatient reply, "I see you are going to relapse into the Christmas card 'copyright' style of language. Let me implore you, if you've come in for a friendly chat, to refrain from that sort of thing."

He was very "tetchy." I had never found him so before; but knowing that this crust must be very thin, I refused to take offence.

"I fear you have been out of health," said I.

"No, no, not that," he returned, though even now I think the denial did not include his liver; "but when you feel that your time is past and that you yourself are neither understood nor appreciated, you cannot be all smiles and sweetness."

"But how do you apply this to yourself?"

"Oh, come now, you know as well as I. You know that neither young nor old are what they were. Take yourself, for instance; what are your feelings about Christmas? Oh, you needn't answer. And as for the youngsters—"

"What! don't they at least enjoy it?"

"Perhaps. But not in my old way, and not in the right way."

"For instance?"

"Instances! Too numerous to mention! You cannot fail to have noticed it yourself. Why, before I got into harness for this season I was snubbed."

"How? Unintentionally, I am sure."

"What difference does the intention make? I was going to buy a book at one of Smith's railway bookstalls, when I saw a poor woman and a little boy—this sort are usually my staunchest adherents. Before us was a row of highly-coloured presentation plates, such as are given away with Christmas numbers of the journals. These were under discussion, and when the mother called the attention of the child, 'Eh! what a bonny lady!' he said, referring to a large expanse of bare back, with a bare arm and hand, holding a dog upon a bare shoulder. 'Eh! what a bonny lassie!' he continued, gazing with wide-open eyes, enviously, at a second foolishly dressed young person in the middle of a summer flower-garden, with a foolish sun-bonnet on her head—and this winter, too! and, lastly, 'Eh! what a silly old man!' when he came to one of the conventional pictures representing me. Though I cannot say the plate did me justice, yet I confess I was hit very hard."

"I fear taste in all classes has not changed for the better," I said soothingly.

"No; it is the same thing in the streets. The first time I went out for a walk, in character, this year, I took a North-country town, where I heard there was a good deal of distress. I came upon a miserably clothed boy, and my heart throbbled with pain to see his shoeless feet and starved look. But he was smoking a real, brand-new cigarette; not a chocolate one, I assure you. I thought I would open a conversation with him, judiciously, with a view of making him a small present. I asked him his age."

"Well?"

"He said 'Ask a p'liceman,' puffed some smoke in my face, and was off!"

"Surely this is a solitary instance?"

"Not at all. All the time I was about I was hailed with such greetings as, 'Ere's another bloke on strike a-flittin'!' or 'It took a lot o'colourin' to paint that nose.' And even when a serious little boy seemed inclined to smile at this bad taste, his mother severely rebuked him with 'Don't laugh at sin.' I tell you children are not what they were. They are sophisticated little nuisances. Insult you and run away—that's what they do. A positive foot-and-mouth epidemic I call it!"

He was evidently much hurt, and could scarcely conquer his resentment.

"No," he continued almost to himself, "I am going to give up this costume and my old, old ways. It will be a wrench, but I cannot stand being compared to a goat or a drunkard, and having all my good evil spoken of. The fact is society

has petted and spoiled its children so much; it has belauded them and trotted them out at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; talked them over, praised their sayings and doings, and criticized their seniors so much, and all this in their presence, that all respect is gone, and now the father, and the whole family as well, is governed by the Boy. Boy is writ large in every house. Boy is ubiquitous and omnipotent. He domineers in the house, in the street, and all over."

"The boy is gov'nor to the man," I ventured.

"Yes, that's true, and it's the parents' fault. We shall never be comfortable or simple again until we are free from boy. But it is not easy to find a remedy now."

"Have you no suggestion to offer?"

"To succeed, any measures would need to be very drastic. In the first place, I do not intend to come here again—at any rate in this get-up. I am thinking of having my beard trimmed, and taking the paint off my nose (of course you know it is paint), and laying aside these old-fashioned clothes and boxes of presents. I shall then obtain a thorough outfit at some City tailor's, and start a new mission."

"Pray go on."

"Well, I thought of a Society—"

"Yes."

"For the Protection of Society against Children. Of course we shall have to begin rather mildly. Delicate ground to go upon."

"How do you propose to begin?"

"Well, it seems to me, we must begin by getting at the parents. Fathers and mothers must be impressed with the danger of the present condition of affairs. They must be thoroughly got at by capable missionaries, or they will not have the moral courage to join us."

"Do you anticipate any difficulty in securing the co-operation of fathers? They are not cowards, are they?"

"Not all; but a large majority are."

"Well, then, supposing you have accomplished this?"

"Why, then, as I said, we must advance by degrees; and first, I should say, limit boys under fifteen to three cigarettes a day. Compel them to dance at children's parties. Forbid their drinking foreign wines, especially champagne. Make it a capital offence to criticize a father's cellar at his own table. I also think that opera-hats and tail-coats should be forbidden for those under sixteen. I should be inclined to restrict the number of theatres to be entered by them, and insist upon their seeing one pantomime—including a harlequinade—every year. As for the younger ones—"

"Of course you will legislate for them?"

"I should repress priggism by forbidding the use of velvet or velveteen suits,

with lace frills and tuckers, and if any boy put on a stiff, straight collar, why, I'd—I'd—"

"Yes?"

"Make him wear a strait-waistcoat, too," said the old man, with a sparkle of his old good-humour.

"And what about Literature?" I queried.

"Well, that is a difficult matter, but one that goes to the very root of the grievance."

"You have, of course, some suggestion for dealing with the question?"

"Yes, I think that every boy should be compelled to pass a searching examination in Hans Andersen at the age of nine. Then, at thirteen, in Walter Scott. All half-penny comics and 'police-news' literature should be banned."

"But how prevent the circulation?"

"Once having got hold of the fathers, we shall compel the Government to impose a tax of threepence on each sheet of comic drawings; threepence on every joke that can be proved to have been printed in three different papers in one week."

"These reforms seem aimed at one class only."

"Not altogether; but in the next class below, we shall make it penal for curates—you know curates have a great deal to answer for—to manufacture more than a limited quantity of choir-boy-angels out of street-cads, per annum."

"You consider the supply exceeds the demand?"

"Yes, most assuredly, in this class of goods; and as for the curates—"

"Poor curates! are you not rather severe on them?"

"Not more so than on the fathers and mothers. Indeed, I think there is a striking analogy between the latter and curates in the output of angels. In the former case, however, it is the home-made article; in the latter, the imported goods that I complain of."

"And then?"

"When I have my way, the mother will learn wisdom, and the curate—well, he—"

"Yes, he—?"

"Can retire to his obscurity."

I thought now that my old friend was regaining his composure, and that, though he spoke with apparent severity, his bark was far worse than his bite. I asked for satisfaction on only one point more.

"I notice that your suggested reforms seem to touch chiefly the boys. What about the girls?"

"Oh! the girls!" he said briskly.

"They'll follow."—Saty. Review.

When a man is young he feels his oats,
And takes his sweetened rye in horns;
But he bar'ly reaches middle age
When he begins to feel his corns.
In either case the fact is plain:
It always goes against the grain.

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THE TYPEWRITER'S LUNCH.

Mary had a little lamb
And a piece of apple pie,
And got a check for fifty cents,
Which she considered high.

His name was Willy Wood,
Her name was Susie Glue;
He pressed her to his heart and said:
"My dear, I'm stuck on you."

Now which is the king of beasts,
I'm sure you all know that,
I think it is the janitor, ma'am,
That takes care of our flat.

GLADSTONE'S FAVORITE AUTHORS.

Mr. Gladstone says that the four
authors who have had the greatest in-
fluence in the formation of his mind are
Dante, Aristotle, Bishop Butler and St.
Augustine.

Miss Hylle (who dances)—Are you fond
of hops?
Mac (who does'nt) Yes, of the Milwaukee
variety.

Mistress—I should like to know what
business that policeman has in my kit-
chen every night in the week?

Pretty Servant—Please, mum, I think
he suspicions me of neglectin' me work
er somethin'.

Oh blizzard from the North,
Before your wild work is through
Won't you chill the man who asks
"Is this cold enough for you?"

Her Father—Is there any chance of
promotion in your business or increase
in your salary?

Suitor—Is there? Why, my position
is next to the lowest in the establish-
ment!

A man named Hamlet, of Lexington,
Mo., committed suicide on Friday.
Everybody in town was in the habit
of saying to him, "I am thy father's
ghost," and he couldn't stand it any
longer.

Where there's a will, there's generally
a fight.

"I tell Fitzpercy that he ought not to
hide his light under a bushel," said Din-
widdie.

"That's right," assented Shingoss." It
would be a great waste of material. A
pint cup would be plenty large enough."

By serving ox-tail soup at the beginning
of dinner and providing calves' head jelly
for dessert, a hotel keeper can manage to
make both ends meet.

Adoring one (in lavender kids and a blue
scarf)—"Oh, how I wish I were that book
you clasp so lovingly!"

She—"How I wish you were, so that I
could shut you up."

"Talk of 'The Lost Chord'" exclaimed
Crittick the other night, after listening to
an amateur vocal performance," why, it
is the 'Lost Key!' she hasn't been in it
once in all the five verses."

"It is very close in this room," said Mrs.
Eldercash. "Yes," replied Mrs De Porgue,
not to be outdone," it is indeed very ap-
proximate.

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