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THE ANTIDOTE

"RAZE OUT THE WRITTEN TROUBLES OF THE BRAIN
WITH SOME SWEET.....ANTIDOTE"

Vol. I. No. 10.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 20, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE.

PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE ANTIDOTE

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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.

HYPOCRISY.

Many years ago a great satirist made out that everyone, that is everyone you conceive who might be considered a civilized being—was more or less a snob. It was an ignominious admission, and yet we fear it was one of those truths which has stood the test of time. However we do not propose to discuss that point, but we think it must be allowed, that not only in our social intercourse, are we all hypocrites but, that if it were not so, civilized society would cease to exist.

In theory we all profess the most utter detestation of a hypocrite, and to say a man is a hypocritical scoundrel, is about the strongest condemnation we can pass upon one of our fellow-beings. Still a certain amount of hypocrisy is not merely pleasant, and essential to civilization, but actually at times—paradoxical though it may seem—becomes a virtue. If you are robbed it is a great deal nicer, to be fleeced in a gentlemanly manner than to have your money taken from you forcibly, by a coarse brutal Bill Sikes, whose bludgeon and straightforward expressions respecting your eyes are intensely disagreeable, besides offending your sense of all good taste and decorum. A man, who arrives home in a bad temper and making no pretence about the matter, quarrels with his wife, and slaps his children, you very properly call a savage or a barbarian, yet he is simply giving vent to an honest expression of his feelings

and is no hypocrite. How many men have smiled under suffering, when the smile has been a lie, or a subterfuge, and is not this hypocrisy? Then those, whose bright eyes lighten our sorrows, even when their own hearts are aching, those dear little hypocrites who meet you with a laugh and pat your cheek, instead of speaking the truth and calling you a nasty, cross old thing! Madam, we bow low with an Eastern salaam, and cheerfully acknowledge that your hypocrisy—or diplomacy, should you prefer the term—sweetens our lives, and is the best part of civilization. If you have a fault—which we can scarcely believe—it is that, like Hamlet's mother, you "protest too much," but from such lips, nothing but pearls can drop!

What would society be without hypocrisy, which properly handled is but consideration for the feelings of others? Fancy going out to dinner and honestly speaking your mind! You tell your host that his wine is corked, his party intolerably dull and stupid and you remark to the lady beside you, that the young fellow opposite, between whom and her, there is a blossom of love ripening into fruit, is a conceited ass; or you hold your tongue, because forsooth you cannot say anything agreeable and are very properly put down a blockhead. Instead of all this, you act as a civilized gentleman, and smacking your lips, exclaim "capital wine Jones my boy—really a most charming evening," and you whisper to the lady in a manner which carries conviction with it, that the blooming idiot on the other side of the table, will be sure to make his mark in the world etc., etc. Jones thereupon considers you a good fellow, though hardly a judge of wine, while as for the fair being at your side, you have made a friend of her for life. In short you have practised hypocrisy without which we should quickly lapse into barbarism.

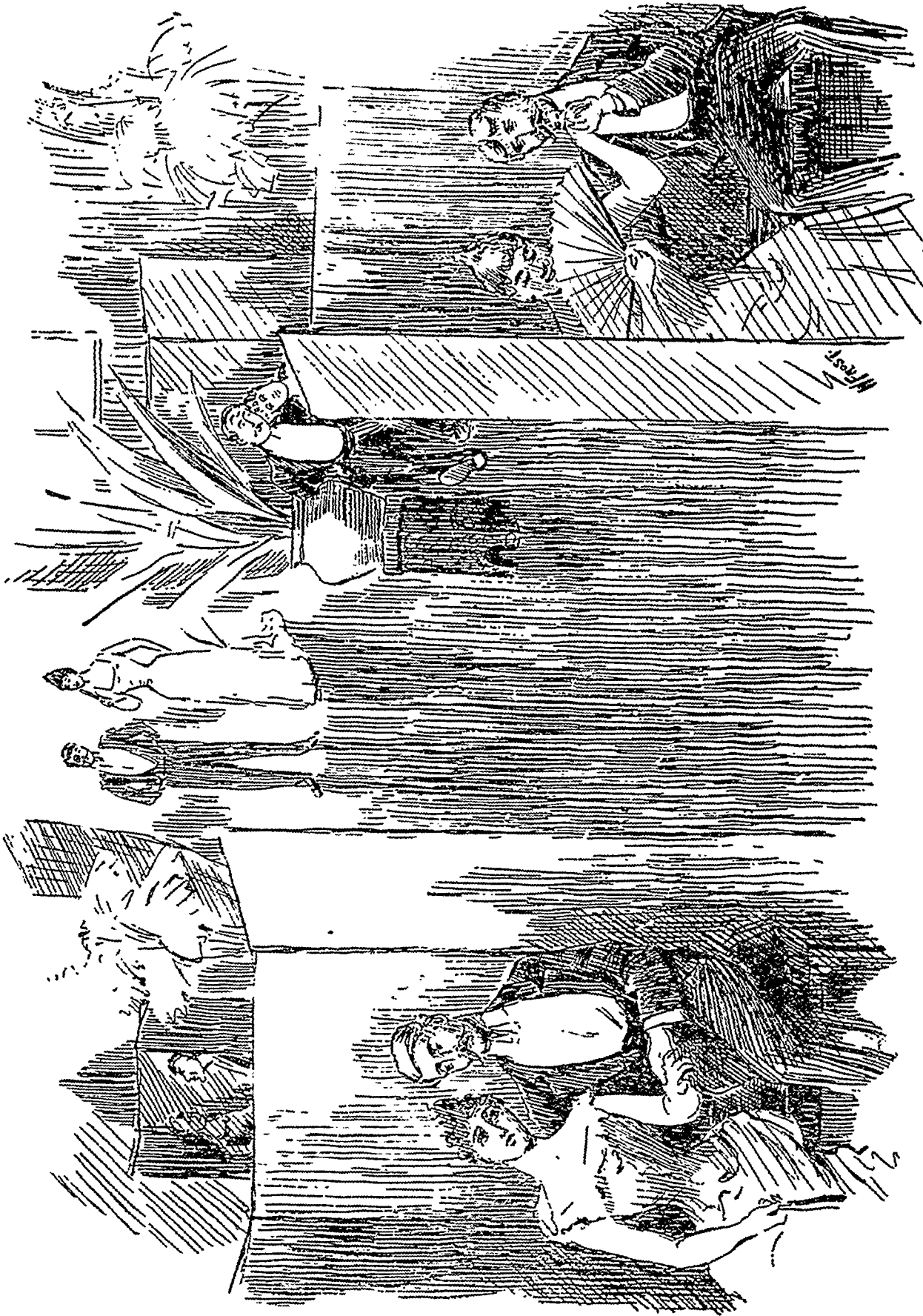
Doubtless there is a certain hypocrisy, such as wearing the cloak of morality or religion to cover one's iniquities, which is always revolting, but we are no longer in Eden, and require just a little clothing to cover our naked faults. So we say, to make up the amenities of life, "assume a virtue if you have it not." Should you have a bad temper,

hide it, and pretend you have a good one; if a man treads on your gouty toe, never swear, as you honestly feel inclined to do, but smile sweetly, and say with Mr. Toots "that it is of not the slightest consequence, I am obliged to you." Thus after extolling honor have we ventured to put in a plea for hypocrisy.

THE QUEEN'S AGAIN.

The New York Comedy Company brought their visit to an end on Tuesday evening and we are sure they will carry with them regrets for their departure, and wishes for their prosperity from all of the Montreal public, who were not "out of town" during the company's stay. There was a bumper house to enjoy the attractive programme on the above night, and we frankly confess we have spent many a worse evening at more pretentious theatres. "Why Women Weep" is an amusing one act comedy illustrating the powers of female tears over man's sterner nature, and Mr. Emery's acting as Arthur Chandos was everything that could be desired. We also must not omit a word of praise for the other actors, Miss Marion Kilby, Mr. Stewart and Miss Lottie Alter in their respective parts, and the piece was deservedly appreciated. Miss E. Winthrop gave a very good recitation, on the Memory of first love, and was accorded a hearty well earned applause. Regarding "Rob Roy" we always think it is somewhat disappointing to present part of a play, having neither beginning nor end and the above formed no exception to the rule. The Misses Simpson, in the Intertude danced a Gavotte and were applauded by their numerous friends securing a recall. The evening concluded with Sheridan's well-known play of "The Critic" and when we say we have seen the late Charles Mathews as Mr. Puff and yet could thoroughly enjoy Mr. Emery's personation of the character, we intend to bestow very high praise indeed. He ably assisted by the others—of which we may make special mention of both Miss Alter and Mr. Grant Stewart—kept the crowded house in a continual roar of laughter until the curtain dropped at the close of a most successful evening.

#THE ANTIDOTE#



HOSTESS (SHOWING GUEST THROUGH ROOMS) "THIS, COLONEL, IS WHAT I CALL THE SPOON ROOM. YOU SEE I HAD SUCH DIFFICULTY IN GETTING MY ENGAGED FRIENDS TO COME TO MY HOUSE, THAT I REALLY HAD TO DEVISE SOME ATTRACTIVE SCHEME, AND I FIND THIS SCREEN IDEA WORKS ADMIRABLY."

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

Several clippings have lately found their way to the fyle, from across the border, which is not only satisfactory, in proving that "The Antidote" is gradually extending its circulation, but is much peasanter and more neighborly than retaliation. Some of our lady subscribers may inform the Editor that the said clippings are "just lovely," while others will describe them as "sweet" both of which compliments on the selections, would make the Editor feel happy for the success of a family paper, depends largely upon the fair beings who rule the household.

It is true one lady to whom some of the clippings were shown observed with stinging sarcasm, that she had already read the originals, but then she was one in ten thousand, an forgot that the remaining nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine had not her advantages. "Neither a lender nor a borrower be," can hardly be applied to knights of the pen; but rather the motto "Exchange (properly accredited of course) is no robbery." By easy transition from clippings we pass to translations, one of which—from the French—was given to our readers last week. Miss Isabel Smithson is well known in the New York literary world as a never translator, her great charm being, that she renders into readable modern English, the language and ideas of the author whose writing she translates, in which there is more art than people are apt to imagine. A mere literal translation will generally present a stiff unnatural composition, which neither does justice to the author of the original, nor pleases the reader, but Miss Smithson does not do her work in this school girl fashion. Without in the least destroying the nationality of the original, she gives you a story told in the English the author himself would have used, had he been perfect master of that language and written in it in place of his own, which is what a translation ought to be. When such reach the file, the Editor's rest is tranquil and undisturbed.

We shouldn't despise the day of small things, Galileo's first telescope was made of a piece of lead pipe with two spectacle glasses for lenses.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Some of the pleasantest meetings occur between the acts in a theatre, and although we have heard those about us, complaining that the interval was too long, we have seldom found it so, but always managed to make good use of the time. In former days may be, there was a certain fan in a box or stall, over which a pair of bright eyes would flash the signal to us—answered promptly of course—and we shall never, never, forget the ecstasy of the ensuing five minutes! We receive fan signals no longer, and the eyes so bright have faded, but a decorous bow, accompanied with a smile, will still claim our attention, and when the drop scene falls, we trot off in response to the invitation and chat over the times when Charles Mathews acted "Cool as a Cucumber," or old Chippendale stood forth as Sir Peter Teazle. "How many years ago was that?" is asked in whispered accents. "Madam," is our reply, "gazing at our reflection in the mirror it was about half a century since but looking at you, it would seem only yesterday." And then we watch a young fellow, making his way to a damsel just as we used to do, so that when the footlights are turned up, we almost feel annoyed, that our dream is dispelled.

In the real drama of life, there are occasional halts, which resemble between the acts, when we rest for a while, and have our attention diverted from the piece in progress. Perhaps something sad has happened upon the true stage, the loss of fortune, a dear friend, or relation, and just when you are bowed down with sorrow, the scene is blotched out, and you are given relief. No doubt you are aware that the play must be continued, and that the respite is short, but you are thankful for the brief space between acts. Again it is well for us to learn now and then, that the most sunny life has its shady corners and we must not be too selfishly interested in our own drama (however light and sparkling), and thus as the drop descends your doctor's wife beckons to you, and relates how, while the house was in a roar of laughter, her husband had been summoned to one suddenly stricken down in his home.

Yes, whatever the piece, or our life may be, tragedy or comedy, we need not grumble but be grateful that the thread is here and there interrupted. Let us make the most of those little interludes, cheer or condole with our friends leave a pleasant impression behind us, for it will not be long before there are no more stoppages, when the dark curtain falls and we all go home.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO. 10 OUR UNLUCKY MAN.

There are many who maintain that there is no such thing as "luck," and that a man makes or mars his fortunes, by his own intrinsic merits or demerits. While we are not prepared to deny that there is a certain amount of truth in this assertion it is not the whole truth, and as we have known many who without more than ordinary ability sometimes even less, seem always to succeed, where others more deserving fail, so there are men, who in spite of sound sense, perseverance and integrity appear doomed to flounder among the shallows and quicksands of life, and the "tide" which is said to "lead on-to fortune" only buoys them up for a time, when an under current sets in, and dashes them back again. Our unlucky man is one of these last, and there is a kind of pathos in his history, which makes it impossible for us to judge him harshly. When we made the acquaintance of our unlucky man, he was in a good position, having just been made a partner in a mercantile house, he had served faithfully for years. He was sober, energetic and industrious, well informed upon the subjects of the day and clever in his business. After a year or two, the firm failed through the speculations of his partners on the opposite side of the globe, and our unlucky man was forced to start his career afresh. His friends found him a fairly lucrative appointment but the firm sold out, and his services were no longer required. He tried various things but always with similar results, and as he began to age, his hope and energy flagged to a certain extent, besides which some of his former friends died or removed to other cities, and he gradually sank a little below his former standing in the world.

He obtained an agency and travelled, when for a time we lost sight of him, but at length he turned up to solicit our support for a new book to be published, with of course spaces open for advertisements. He was thinner than when we last remembered him, and his eye had lost much of its brightness, but he had not deteriorated morally—he did not drink, and though his coat was shabby, he did not look disreputable, but only unlucky. Have you never met the man reader, and asked yourself how it was that he has proved such a failure while others whom you do not respect half so much have succeeded? This is too difficult a problem for our short sketch, and as we gaze at the unlucky ones, who losing every battle still fight on, we can only humbly recall the words "judge not, that ye be not judged."

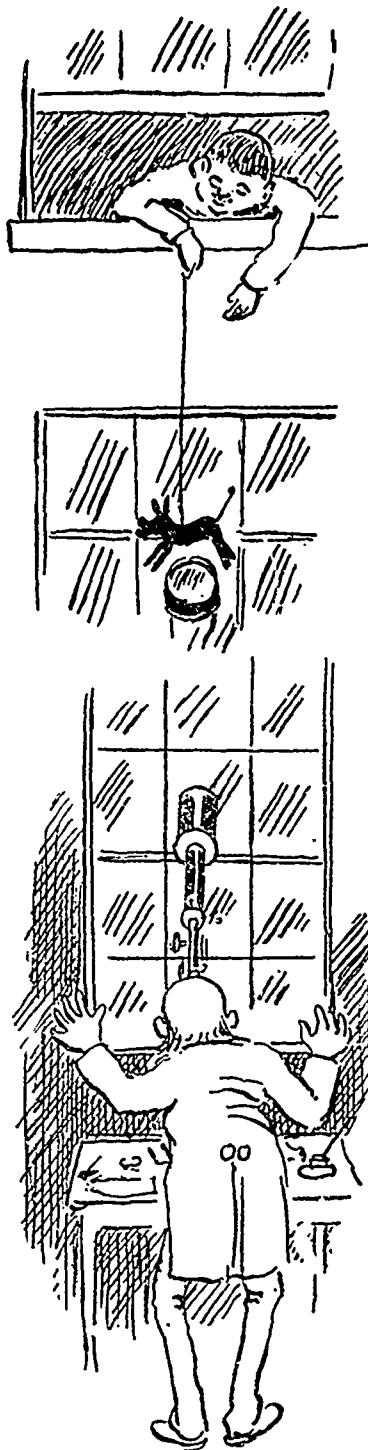


Both Sharpshooters Fall.

"The best rifle shot I ever saw was an East Tennessean who acted as a scout for the Army of the Cumberland," said Major R. B. Baer, "His name was Brownlow, but whether he was a relative of the fighting parson of that name I do not know. Brownlow was a tall lank specimen of humanity and looked like a typical frontiersman. He wore a coonskin cap and carried a rifle a foot longer than himself, with which he could put half an ounce of lead squarely between a man's eyes at a distance of nearly half a mile. He fought for sheer love of it, was always hunting for victims, and used to boast that he averaged a dozen dead Confederates a week. He hung on the enemy's picket lines night and day, and when 'Old Tom,' as he called his lingering eternity of a gun, cracked, there was certain to be a death. One day, during a sharp skirmish, Brownlow ensconced himself in a big cottonwood tree and was dropping Confederates as fast as he could feed bullets to 'Old Tom,' when a Mississippi sharpshooter made a sneak for another tall cottonwood about 600 yards distant. The Tennessean spied him, there were two puffs of smoke from among the green leaves and the two killers came down head first, with their long deer rifles rattling after them."—St. Louis Republican.



On a farm northwest of the city of Beverly, Mass., is found this sign forbidding trespassing:—"Any person ketched on these grounds, or cows or wimin will be habul two fine itself in a skrape."



THE PROFESSOR—"Dear me! What a remarkable phenomena on the moon to-night."

HIS SON (above) "Guess that'll puzzle the old man."

It has come to our ears that some of The Antidotes have gone astray in the delivery, for which we tender our apologies, and if those of our subscribers, who have missed their papers, will kindly notify us of the fact at our office they can obtain the back numbers. We have now made other arrangements for delivery, so as to avoid such mistakes in future.

A Wonderful Escape.

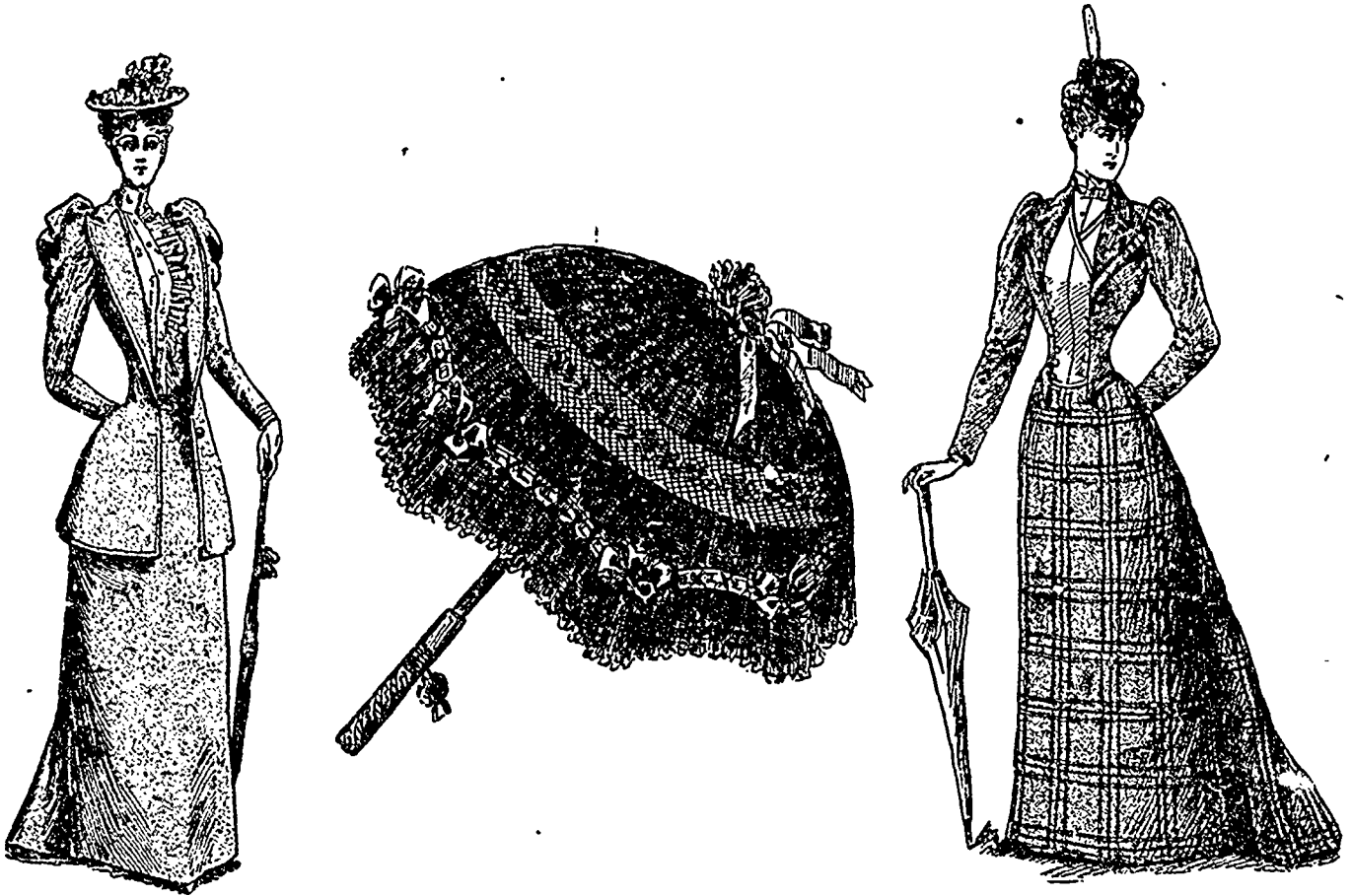
The occupants of the balloon Jupiter, M. M. Georges Besancon, Porlier, and Demeyer, which left Havre a few days ago, and which was subsequently found at Keevil, Devizes, give a remarkable account of their adventures. Their report shows that they experienced an extraordinary run of ill-luck from a meteorological point of view, although they were subsequently rescued in the Channel by the German barque Germania and handed over to the French vessel Reine des Anges, which landed them safely at this port. The aeronauts state that the balloon had no sooner risen than it was driven by a violent wind in the direction of Cape La Heve. It had no guide rope, and its anchor grapplings proved powerless against the heavy tide. All the moorings gave way and the balloon rose rapidly, the aeronauts meanwhile sending off a rocket of distress. Although the signal was noticed by several fishing boats it was found impossible to succor the aeronauts owing to a storm. The balloon drifted rapidly downwards until it reached the water, and the car bounded among the crests of the waves, the occupants having the greatest difficulty in righting themselves. Now and again they heard the voices of fishermen who were seeking to rescue them, but, as the sounds gradually died away in the distance, they resolved to face the howling tempest as best they could. After clinging to the ropes with desperate courage, they were picked up at daybreak in an almost lifeless condition by the German vessel, the officers of which showed them every attention.—London Standard.



Pointe Claire Regatta last Saturday was a great success, especially as regards the War Canoe race, which, after a hard struggle, was won very cleverly by the Home crew under the command of Mr. Higginson who was subsequently "bounced" amid much enthusiasm. A hop at the bathhouse in the evening was an appropriate termination to a very pleasant day.



A little toady of a Cockney, who wished to impress an American acquaintance, with his own aristocratic appearance, remarked, "Most extraordinary thing you know, but I am always being taken for some lord or other. Only yesterday on Bond street a fellah wushes up to me cwyng out "Ah, Argyle old man how are you? Very strange is it not?" "Guess not" replied the American "I was once walking on Broadway and a man made straight for me shouting "God Almighty, is that you!"



From London Queens.

THE FASHIONS.

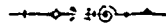
Black bareges, which have the appearance of being darned all over, and are covered with a floral design in natural coloring are a novelty, and the marked contrast in the colors gives an admirable effect. Blouses in pink crepon, tucked at the waist and on the shoulders with fell in soft folds between, made of woollen material shot in brown and red are now much worn. A very dressy costume can be produced by a green skirt with a wide Empire belt of black moire, restraining the fulness of the silk blouse. Velvet is very fashionable for revers and cuffs on dresses, which may be worked with tinsel thread and embroidery intermixed with paillettes.

Our illustrations represent No. 1. a smart tailor made costume in navy blue or black serge with jacket skirt and shirt.

No. 2.—Walking Costume.—Shaped skirt in green clan tartan in the finest woollen. Eton jacket in green-faced cloth; revers lined with rich faille, vest of fawn cloth, double-breasted with bone buttons. Fife hat in stitched cloth; ribbon band and bow to match.

And in the centre we give a parasol as follows:—Black pleated lace, smart-

ened up with an insertion in amber silk and ribbon of the same tint threaded through the flounce, forming curves and tipped with butterfly bows. Tor-sade with floating loops and ends round the ferrule; Japanese handle, ornamented with black and yellow pompons.



LADY'S CORNER.

The white suede shoes and gloves so much worn this summer both for morning and evening may be cleaned by the use of pipe clay. Buy a few cent's worth at the druggist', dip an old tooth brush into the clay, rub with all your strength, the harder the better—care must, however, be taken to rub with the grain of the kid. Dress trimmings of white broadcloth, even when much soiled, may also be cleaned with the clay, which in this case must be used wet. At first you may think you have made a bad matter worse, but continue to rub with a clean brush and abundance of water, and when dry the cloth will be white and clean. This method of freshening white gloves and trimmings is used by men in the British Army in keeping their uniforms spotless. Gloves of white chamois are washed with white castile soap and

tepid water, and rinsed thoroughly in water of the same temperature.

A much admired piece of needlework created for a silver wedding is a tea-cosey made of heavy silvery gray satin in a light shade, and wrought with a chime of silvery bells, some of them done in outline and some worked solidly. On the other side is the date painted in silver and an appropriate couplet with the letters embroidered in black and silver.

The "gypsy tie" is very fashionable this season as an accompaniment to the tennis blouse. The ties are made of the large Chinese-silk handkerchiefs that come in new, indescribable colors, rather difficult to classify—pale greens, for instance, that are nearly yellow, reds closely bordering on terracotta, or deep orange, crushed raspberry, looking very much like mashed lobster, and so on. These kerchiefs envelop the throat very lightly or take up very little room if laid beneath the turn-down collar, and if well selected, many of these nondescript colors prove eminently becoming, but without discretion in selecting the "gypsy tie," the wearer's complexion may look nothing less than ghastly. Plaited kerchiefs in two or more colors are sometimes preferred to those in monoch-

rome, and there are also fancy shot and dotted neckerchiefs to match the tennis costume, which many choose. Paisley patterns and Oriental designs also figure conspicuously around fair throats. If preferred, the handkerchief is laid over the collar and loosely knotted in front. With the wide-brimmed sailor hat for very young girls, this is a very suitable and becoming mode of arrangement.

Gooseberries are said to make a delightful summer drink.

"Put a pint of the green berries in a preserving-kettle, add two quarts of water and a small piece of green ginger-root cut into slices. Cover and cook until the berries begin to burst, then stir thoroughly, set aside and pour through a jelly-bag. Sweeten with loaf sugar and serve with cracked ice."

Two ideal summer deserts are easily made from red raspberries, which are just now at their prime. For the first, whip a pint of sweet cream, and put it in a dish with alternate layers of berries. Set on the ice until ready to serve, and dust with powdered sugar the last thing. The other desert is a raspberry ice. To make it, boil three cups of water with five scant cups of sugar for twenty minutes. Add the juice of two lemons and three cupfuls of raspberry juice. Strain and then freeze.

One of the latest conceits for the dinner table is the serving of some cheese dish. This is usually in the form of ramequins or cheese straws, both of which are delicious dishes. Cheese straws are easily made and always successful. Mix one cupful of grated cheese with a cupful of flour, a half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add enough cold water to enable you to roll the paste thin; then cut it in strips seven inches long and one-half inch wide. Put them in tins and bake in a quick oven from five to ten minutes. They are often served tied with ribbons.

The deep rich Cleopatra colors will be in marked favor next season, the tawny golden browns, russets, and the chardon or copper dyes. Also many of the dahlia and fruit and leaf shades, and particularly the superb dark velvety reds and yellows of the wallflower and the nasturtium.

A very handsome Venetian openwork embroidery in shaded silk of dark color and bronze-gold or copper metal cords will be used in the autumn for trimming cloth, cashmere and vigogne dresses. On rich cream yellow or gray gowns of drap d'ete or Venetian cloth

for elegant tea gowns and evening toilets, this openwork trimming in gold, with delicate tints of lilac, rose, or green, is peculiarly effective and beautiful.

Some of the very sheer or semi-transparent toilets of the season are unlined and worn simply over petticoats of daintily tinted taffeta or surah silk. This gives a prettily "two-toned" or shadow effect, and greatly improves the general appearance of the dress, as the color of the silk shows delicately through the airy fabric. A rose-pink silk petticoat is exceedingly effective under a toilet of pale silver-gray tulle.

At a clover lawn party, where the guests hunted four-leaf clovers for half an hour, the finder of the greatest number being rewarded by a gold clover, the decoration was a white wicker wheelbarrow of clover, with a small rake leaning against it. The favors for the fete were small watering-pots filled with bon-bons for the ladies, and wheelbarrows for the men. The ices served were of pistachio cream in clover-leaf form.

ONE OF THE SENSIBLE SORT.

She can peel and boil potatoes,
Make a salad of tomatoes,
But she don't know a Latin noun from
Greek;
And so well she cooks a chicken
That your appetite 'twould quicken,
But she cannot tell what's modern from
antique.

She knows how to set a table,
And make order out of Babel,
But she doesn't know Euripida from Kaat
Once at making pies I caught her,
A real expert must have taught her,
But she can't tell true eloquence from rant.

She has quite a firm conviction
She ought only to read fiction,
And she doesn't care for science, not a bit;
She likes a plot that thickens,
And she's very fond of Dickens,
From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats and dresses,
Till a fellow fair confesses
That there's not another maiden half so
sweet;
She's immersed in home completely,
Where she keeps all things so neatly,
But from frowning not a line can she re-
peat. (Thank goodness!)

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden,
That whatever she's arrayed in,
Makes her look just like the heroine of a
play;
'Twould be foolish to have tarried,
So to-morrow we'll be married,
And I'm certain I shall ne'er regret the
day.

--(Yankee Blade.)

A Night in a Barcelona Hotel.

The first night in Barcelona, guided by a Spanish priest, I went to a sort of posada in one of the by-streets, and managed to get a room by paying in advance one peseta, which was rung on the table with an evident suspicion of its genuineness. Having two days' rail-

road grime upon me, I thought it comparatively small favor to be allowed to wash my hands. On timidly inquiring of one of the servants, I was led to a little toy tin affair containing water, and was furnished with a towel about large enough to dry the hands of a medium-sized clock. But when I asked for soap, I was stared at in a manner made me very uncomfortable. I have not asked for soap since in Spain, for I do not wish to lose my life by violence, having voted for slow death by starvation in the cause of American art.

The bill of fare at this hotel was enclosed in a thick frame of wood that weighed about ten pounds, and it was dropped upon the table like a load of bricks in a way that made my teeth rattle. After his Herculean feat the waiter calmly stared at me with a cigarette between his lips, waiting for me to recover myself. Why should lodgers wish to steal the bill of fare? I give it up: I leave the question to philosophers; I have puzzled my brains long enough on this subject.

The supper ended, I went to bed. I have not yet forgot the odor that hung about that bedroom. It made me miserable, suspicious too, of dread things to come. So I put a six-shooter under my pillow. There was a gas jet in room. Aha! thought I, here is at least some sign of progress. But in the small hours of the night, arising to investigate something, I put a match to the burner and turned the cock in all directions. The gas had left the premises. And I left them, too, next morning by the early dawn.—Correspondence Boston Transcript.

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER VI.—IN NEW YORK.

"Glad to see you Mr. Dugdale," said Van Higgin, as the former walked into the latter's office in Wall Street one bright day in the early part of December. "How did you leave Guy?"

"Oh very well, over head and ears you know."

"Ha! ha! completely caught by the little French girl, eh? He was sweet upon Madeline once I think, but Madge did not seem to see it, although she always liked the boy. Pity Miss Chartreuse has not a cent, but I suppose that won't stop Master Guy now."

"Not permanently I think," said Dugdale smiling. "I hope Miss Van Higgin is quite well?"

"Perfectly, thanks. You must come and see her, No. 600 Fifth Avenue remember. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Brunswick," replied Dugdale.



GUTS BOTH WAYS.

TALLBOYS: "Look here, Smith, it's only your size which has saved you from many a slap in the face"

SMITH: "Well, it is only your size which prevents my punching your head."

"Ah a good house. or used to be at one time. I must put your name down at the Club. which is close to your hotel. just this side of Madison Square in Twenty-first Street," for which Dugdale returned due acknowledgements. "And now Mr. Dugdale," pursued Van Higgin. "I have a scheme in my mind by which I believe we may be of mutual benefit to each other. I intend to form a syndicate to construct a tunnel through a mountain near Denver, and I want you to be the engineer to carry the work to completion. It will be a big thing. but there is money in it sure for both of us. See here is a rough sketch of the plan, what do you think of it?"

Dugdale examined the drawing and replied that the proposition appeared quite feasible on paper, but that he would have to examine and take a rough survey before he could give a decided opinion.

"And that cannot be done till the

spring," said Van Higgin, "but from particulars I have here, and can give you. I think we know enough to form the syndicate, and push the bill through before anyone else gets wind of it. I mean to take a third share, and will propose terms which I guess will be satisfactory to you."

Indeed when Van Higgin named the terms, they were so liberal as almost to take Dugdale's breath away.

"But Mr. Van Higgin while I cannot thank you enough, I consider in justice to the syndicate you should have some one here, a sort of consulting engineer, to receive and check my reports upon the work from time to time, and such would be more comfortable to myself."

"To that I shall raise no objection, although I have perfect confidence in you," returned Van Higgin pleasantly. "What do you say to Guy Ralston?"

"To that I in my turn shall certainly

raise no objection," said Dugdale laughing.

"Good; then we will fix the syndicate, after which Guy can marry, get his honeymoon over, and settle down in harness."

Happy Guy! thought Dugdale. Aye, happy indeed is he who at the start in life can meet with such a friend. Dugdale was pleased too, and sent a telegram to Ralston apprizing him of the good fortune which had befallen both of them. I leave you to imagine the ecstatic delight into which that news plunged Guy, and how, although he had not dined, he must needs rush off to a certain house in St. Famille Street, in order that someone else may share his happiness. Dinner! Who cares for a prosaic meal at such a time? All the delicacies of his club, and the best wines, were nothing but coarse dross. The time will doubtless come when Guy will no longer des-

pise a good dinner when he will say to his life's partner, "My dear, there are few things in this world equal to a really good dinner," but at present, you understand, he was in an ethereal state, was not in fact a reasonable being, and felt not the pangs of hunger. When he imparted the contents of the telegram to Annette, she was transported and even astounded at what appeared to her the magnificent future in store for her. "Ah my love," she cried, "it is grand, it is noble, but oh Guy what have I to give you in return?" "Something ten thousand times better my darling, something I would not part with for all the world."

"But Guy will you always think so?" asks a little pleading voice. "Yes I believe you will, and I will try to make myself deserving."

And so on. These two were in the seventh heaven; we all know the story and have had it related a thousand times before; and you and I were young yesterday though our hair is now gray. We remember the time—yes and happy is he I say who with silver locks can look across the fireplace at the lady knitting opposite and feel that his life would have been a blank but for her. We will pass over a couple of months or so, in which Guy and Annette were married, and had spent their honeymoon in Florida, or some other Southern clime, and resume our story when Mr. and Mrs. Ralston were established in one of the numerous flats which had lately come into fashion in New York.

You may be sure Madeline was the first to call upon her newly made cousin, and was of great service to her in teaching her how to manage her house in the big city, where the mode of life was so different to what she had been accustomed in Montreal. Annette was very quick and soon learned her lesson, and Guy found a nice little dinner waiting for him on his return from the city, to which the pretty smile which greeted him was better seasoning than any which Park and Tilford could furnish.

"I think she is just lovely Guy," said Madeline to her cousin when the latter was seeing her home one night, to which Ralston could only reply "Delicious!" but it was quite a satisfactory answer.

The syndicate before mentioned had been completed, all the legal formalities had been arranged, and very shortly John Dugdale would start for Denver to commence the work. The offices of the "Colorado Tunnel Company" were in the same building as that of the President, Washington Van Higgin, and thither Dugdale and Ralston betook themselves daily to prepare preliminary plans and so forth, until the time arrived when the former would depart to the scene of action. Dugdale now knew New York pretty well from the Battery up to the Plaza Hotel at the

entrance of Central Park, besides which he had often been a guest at Van Higgin's mansion on Fifth Avenue, while indeed hardly say he was always welcome when he made his appearance on the Ralstons' flat.

We are all aware how much easier it is to preach than to practise, and recollecting the advice Dugdale gave to Guy, in reference to Annette, we need not be astonished to find Aesculapius unable to swallow his own medicine, with regard to Madeline Van Higgin. Dugdale had told Ralston how he had upon one important occasion "hung back because he had not rupees enough" and had endeavored to prove the folly of such weakness, and yet here was he at the mature age of thirty-seven, with a timidity of a school girl in so far as one subject was concerned. He would have said—had he talked about the affair, which he never did—that Guy's case and his own were not parallel, as Annette had not a dollar, whereas Mad—Miss Van Higgin was the only child of a millionaire, but somehow we never argue for ourselves as we do for others, and he who had advised Ralston to "go in and win," had sneered at his friend's want of confidence and been as bold as a lion by proxy, so to speak, was a coward in his own behalf.

The time was now approaching when John Dugdale was to proceed to Denver for the purpose of carrying out the work of the great tunnel. He was spending one of his last evenings, previous to his departure, with his friend Ralston and his wife, and having talked the matter over, as they had done many a time before, Dugdale remarked "I wish you were coming with me had, though I suppose you will not echo that sentiment."

"No I am perfectly contented," replied Ralston smiling at Annette, who answered with a similar signal, "I fear you will find it rather lonesome, as I did upon that 'Soo' line."

Dugdale sighed, thinking there was a vast difference between Ralston's case and his own. Then Annette, in her pretty French way, suggested that all bachelors were lonely and why did not Mr. Dugdale marry?

We know that almost all women consider marriage the grand aim of existence, even those who have not been particularly happy in their choice, whereas dear Annette was for ever wondering how she had managed to live so long without Guy.

"Ah Mrs. Ralston, we cannot all of us hope to be as fortunate as your husband," said Dugdale bowing, and laughing somewhat grimly.

"But no, that is nonsense," replied Annette "it is I who am the fortunate one."

"Indeed I think you were both of you in luck," was Dugdale's answer.

"And why not you also?" pursued Annette.

"Perhaps because 'I care for nobody and nobody cares for me,'" said Dugdale.

"Ah it is not so is it?" cried Annette, shaking her little head, and Dugdale hastily changed the conversation.

The last night, before Dugdale went away, he and the Ralstons all dined at No. 600 Fifth Avenue. Madeline and Mrs. Ralston had been driving in Central Park, and what does that shy little puss Annette do but sing praises of John Dugdale almost till they reached the Van Higgin's door. She made him out to be ten times taller, better looking, and nobler than he really was, or could be, until Madeline, who had scarcely had a word to say, exclaimed with a kind of laugh, "Why Annette you seem to be actually in love with Mr. Dugdale, you shocking girl."

"What, I! Oh Madeline for shame, as if I could ever love anyone but Guy!" returned the young wife in quite a pitiful tone, at the very thought of such an absurdity.

"No you little goose, I do not believe you could," said Madeline mirthfully. "But here we are at home, and have discussed Mr. Dugdale quite enough."

When Annette, like all dutiful wives, told her husband what had passed during the drive, Ralston did not seem particularly pleased, for he looked at the subject from a masculine standpoint, and with men there are certain matters which are considered forbidden ground. Annette was disappointed and with that plaintive glance of hers observed, "Are you so very miserable Guy that you do not want Mr. Dugdale to marry?" to which there was but one reply to be made, and so it came to pass that Annette was called "a little goose" twice that evening.

Dugdale felt that dinner a terrible ordeal, notwithstanding that it was well cooked and the wines of the best. Van Higgin was an excellent host and exerted himself to the utmost, but Dugdale has since confessed that he did not know what he was eating or drinking nor what the conversation was about. He had Madeline to himself for a few brief moments in the drawing room, and with his heart thumping in a most uncomfortable manner he stammered forth something about the kindness he had received from both her father and herself, adding that if he was successful in the great venture on hand he would hope to speak to her concerning another venture, of which he could say nothing further at present. Did Madeline understand him and guess that like a soldier going to battle he wished to prove himself worthy by first winning his laurels? Perhaps—but just then the others came forward, and how the remainder of the evening was spent Dugdale has pledged his word that he has not the remotest conception.

To be continued.

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

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STATEMENT—JANUARY 1, 1892.

From Report of James F. Pierce, Insurance Commissioner for the State
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Liabilities.....	110,806,267.50
Surplus.....	15,141,023.31
Income.....	31,854,194.00
New Business written in 1891.....	\$152,664,982.00
Insurance in Force (over).....	\$614,824,713.00

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MONTREAL.

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Life Fund (in special trust for life policy holders) 5,000,000
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Deposited with Dominion Government 374,246

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

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NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1822.

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

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ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

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Paid-up and Invested, 2,750,000
Total Funds, 17,500,000

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N. B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1923.

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1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

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Capital and Accumulated Funds \$34,875,000
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from Interest upon Invested Funds 5,240,000
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