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THE ANTIDOTE

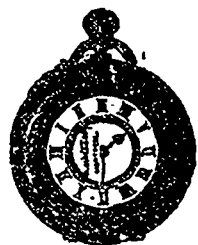
"RAZE OUT THE WRITTEN TROUBLES OF THE BRAIN
WITH SOME SWEET ANTIDOTE"

Vol. 1. No. 9.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 13, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE.

PROSPECTUS.

The Antidote, as its names 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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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.

HONOR.

There are some who are apt to confuse the two terms honor and honesty, and to consider them synonymous, which is hardly correct. Honor strictly speaking is something higher than mere honesty, and while it generally contains the latter, implies more, or, in other words, stretches further. "True honor" as Shenstone graphically puts it, "is to honesty, what the court of chancery is to common law," and when we talk of an honorable man, we mean something beyond a merely honest one.

Probably our readers will remember the ready repartee given by the barmaid to the great Mr. Curran, who calling her in after dining with some friends, and filling her glass, asked her name, (with the intention of showing off his wit). "Honor, sir," replied the damsel, "Then here's to honor and honesty," exclaimed the lawyer. "Your absent friend, sir," said the maid with a curtsy, as she took the glass of wine. The story is recorded as the only instance in which the witty Irishman was nonplussed, and we repeat it, as an example of the acknowledged distinction existing between the two qualities honor and honesty.

The old adage "Honor among thieves" also goes to prove that there is a certain essence in honor separate and distinct from simple honesty. This

distinction, we take it, consists of a certain trust or faith attached to honor not necessarily reposed in honesty. Of course the two attributes may be possessed together in the same person, but we are endeavoring to draw the line of demarcation, and whereas we argue that, because a man has always been honest, therefore he will continue to be so, this is reasoning from evidence, if we may so express it, and is very different from the belief in a person's honor. Honesty will act up, fairly and squarely to the letter of the legal bond, but honor looks to the spirit or intention of an agreement, not to the mere form. There are some honorable acts, which seem scarcely honest, such as Esmond's destroying the evidence of his birthright, out of respect and gratitude towards his benefactors. So also, are there honest acts, which an honorable man would scorn to perpetrate.

Doubtless there have been many so-called affairs of honor utterly unworthy of the name, but we all know how a certain party can "cite scripture for his purpose," and we are dealing with the word in its proper sense. In judging of a coin we take the true metal not the spurious imitation, and to be known as a man of honor carries with it a title higher than any worldly potentate or government can bestow, a title that will keep his memory green to those he leaves behind long after the buttercups bloom over his grave.

THE EDITOR'S FILE.

The Editor has been asked the reason for spelling the second word of the above with a "y" instead of a "j," the latter being obviously correct. The Editor cheerfully admits the error, which however, was intentional, and this probably cannot be said of certain journalists who make use of the word suicide as a verb. But to return to the case in question

In the first place the letter "y" is perhaps the most useful in the alphabet, and more conducive than any other to conversation, which is what the Editor had in view, when he started this column with the above heading. He desired to buttonhole the gentle-

men, or take off his hat to the ladies, and chat with them for a few moments, in quite an informal manner. Well, if you remark that we shall have a cold winter, the same is a mere assertion, not necessarily calling for anything further, unless someone puts in his "Why?" when reasons are given and the talk flows on. The query "Do you think so?" does not answer as well, because a taciturn man may only reply "I do," considering that quite sufficient. But "Why?" prevents the debate being closed. There are many things the Editor would like to know, the "why" as well as the "wherefore" of.

Then respecting the other letter "i" the Editor was of the opinion, that it would be bad taste to be too egotistical, and while he must use his "eye" in sifting down superfluous matter he was sure, his fair readers at any rate, would not object to having a "tale" added to the file.

If these reasons are not satisfactory the Editor will endeavor to find others at some future date.

Humor in Music.

(From London "Strad.")

"Rosin is a very fine violinist." "He is indeed, but there is something strange about his musical ability." "There is?" "Yes, he plays first fiddle in the orchestra, but plays second fiddle at home, and his wife is not much of a musician either."

Mr. Hoste (in a terrified whisper) "Marie there isn't half enough luncheon for all these people. What on earth am I to do?" Mrs. Hoste: "I'll get rid of some of them dear." Mr. H.—(ten minutes later): "You're a trump, Marie! But how did you get so many to go?" Mrs. Hoste: "I just whispered to them, that you had consented to sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

Butcher: "Ow is my daughter gettin' on with'er moose professor?" Professor: "Well, I am only teaching her the scales at present." Butcher: (indignantly)—"Teachin' er the scales! I don't want'er to know anything about the scales. She ain't goin' to serve in the shop; I mean'er to be a lady. Teach her the planner, or I'll take'er away from yer!"



A Sunflower Concert.

A sunflower concert was the odd name given to a charming little entertainment given by children the other day.

The home artist painted on a coarse large sheet a row of growing sunflowers of different heights and sizes,

the green stalks with their leaves springing from the bottom of the curtain. The petals of the flowers may be either painted or cut from yellow tissue-paper, and pasted in place. Cut a large ring in the centre of each one of the flowers, leaving it open. The sheet was fastened in a wide doorway and behind it were stationed as many

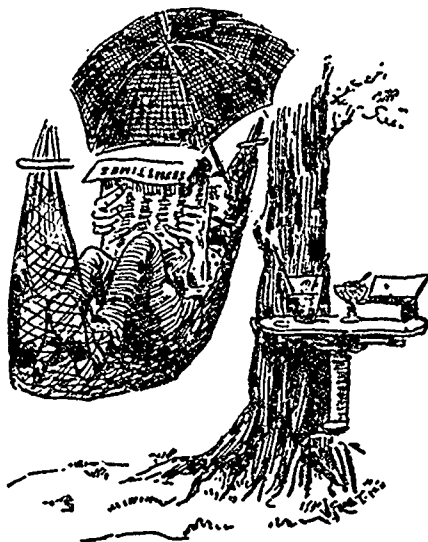
little girls as there were flowers, with their faces forming the heart of the bright blossoms.

The front of the stage was set as a real garden with scattered grass, potted flowers, garden tools, and very large and tiny watering-pots. Two little maids in Greenaway dress, with wide hats, stood in the garden and led the sunflowers in pretty songs.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 9—OUR PHILOSOPHER.

Very different from either of the two last sketches is Our Philosopher. While on the one hand, there is nothing, he deems, too good for him, on the other, nothing ever appears to come amiss. When in luck he will drink the best Burgundy and smoke the most expensive Havanas; when out at elbows, he is equally content with a pot of beer and a pipe. So long as the sun shines he basks in it, and when the rain descends, he whistles, in the driest shelter he can find, and waits for fine weather. His equanimity is apt to be irritating sometimes, for his "laissez aller," or letting things slide, has a strong resemblance to want of energy. But it is impossible to be angry with him for long, he is so thoroughly goodtempered and agreeable.



He cannot understand a fretful disposition, and tells you with a smile, that life is too short, to worry over trifles, If you attempt to lecture him, for preferring his ease, to putting his shoulder to the wheel, he laughs and retorts, "Think you because you are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? My dear fellow, I have quaffed champagne till it has positively palled upon me, and I assure you beer is far more wholesome as well as pleasanter." And should the champagne come round again he returns to it with fresh gusto. His feelings are not very deep, but they are kindly, because it is too much trou-

ble to quarrel with anyone. What you call absence of "vim," he terms, adapting himself to circumstances, and as we see him as represented in our artist's illustration, lolling in his hammock, puffing away, with a "refresher" within each reach, we are obliged to admit, that his philosophy, albeit of the earth earthy, is a comfortable garment to travel through life with. A touch of envy is mingled with our contempt, for we feel, that Our Philosopher escapes many of the miseries, from which nobler characters suffer. He can never soar very high, but neither will he descend very low, and so we will wish him adieu, as he pursues "the even tenor of his way."

SPECTACLES.

As actually speaking there are spectacles for long and short ranges, some glasses being rose and others blue tinted, so metaphorically, people gaze at life and its surroundings through their own particular spectacles. We know many, who look at everything from a near point of view, and who are so short sighted, that they fail to see anything beyond their mental noses. These are they, whose vision is so confined, that they can take no interest in anyone's affairs, except their own, or those in immediate connection therewith. When we meet these narrow-minded individuals, we invariably endeavor to give them a wide berth, as they are always insufferably dull and commonplace. The opposite to this class are those who desire to view distant landscapes and have their spectacles to suit them accordingly. They will discuss with enthusiasm a mission to convert a nation of savages thousands of miles away, but will completely overlook those needing help in their own city or country. They are perhaps quite as great bores in their way as the short-sighted persons are in theirs, for though it is pleasant enough to be carried to a far off mountain occasionally with mighty crags and boulders, one does not want to live there altogether. Then there is the sweet gushing young thing, who sees everything "couleur de rose," through her spectacles, whose eyes never wand-

er from the dazzling glare of the foot-lights, and never, oh never, have been behind the scenes, and looked upon the ugly paint and patches. We cannot be very severe with these glasses, for have we not all worn them once before our wisdom teeth were cut, and do we not remember the shock we experienced when the rose tinted spectacles fell from our eyes? The illusion was pleasanter than the reality, and no enjoyment was ever equal to our first pantomime. Lastly we have the cynic whose blue giglamps give a dismal color to all he gazes at. He not only sees the paint and the wrinkles, but fails to note the kindly smile, which sometimes shines through both like the sun piercing a cloud. But for those blue spectacles he would see that, though "all is not gold that glitters," there is still some good in our world's theatre, and that the clown laughing and tumbling on the stage, may be calculating how much of his salary he can save, to pay for a doctor to attend his sick child at home. From all of which it would seem, that our metaphorical spectacles, only give partial, or erroneous, views of life, and had better be discarded, if we would take a broad vista of the struggles, failures, and triumphs, of those around us.

MUSIC.

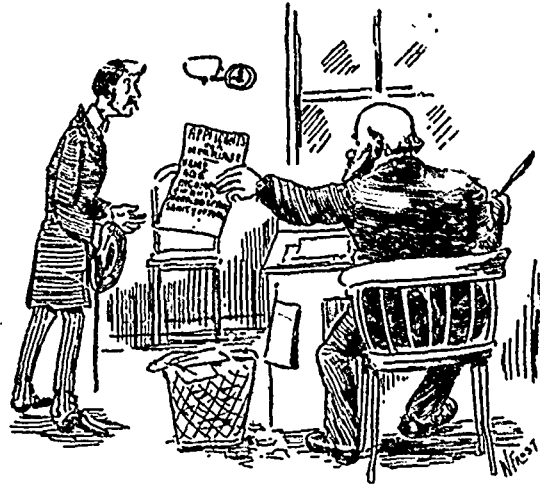
We are favored with a number of choice musical pieces from the well known publishers, Messrs. Charles Woolhouse & Co. of London, England. The name of Woolhouse in London has been so long associated with compositions of a high order that anything from the house calls for little more than mere mention. The aim of the firm seems to be to combine a pure taste with degrees of difficulty readily overcome by amateurs or concert performers.

Among the pieces for the pianoforte is "The Brook" (a study) by Walter Alcock, a rippling little composition, not at all difficult, and with a beautiful melody running through it. The "Saturday Review" correctly describes it as "of superior quality, melodious and very well harmonised." —George St. George, one of the most popular performers and composers of drawing-room music for violin and piano and piano alone, during the last few years and at present, in London, would seem to be fastening his hold more and more on the

taste of the musical public. His "La Gioiosa, Danse Italienne," a characteristic and sparkling composition, "Marche des Mousquetaires" in which arpeggios and triplets are employed in an effective and original manner, and his "Sans Souci" Gavotte, surprisingly beautiful among the number of gavottes of recent composition, have become deservedly popular in English circles. Among other attractions for the pianoforte is "La Resignation" by Eugene Wagner, remarkably sweet and soothing, which we are not surprised to find has already reached a seventh edition. It is rare to find so much beauty contained in so short a piece. Those who like a spirited military quickstep, will find "Tommy Atkins, his March," by Alex. S. Beaumont, among the best of its kind. It is the popular march at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and Dan Godfrey of the Grenadier Guards pronounces it "one of the best marches he ever played." The "Sylvan Glen" by Karl Kiefert is a sweet Polka-Mazurka with a prettily illustrated title page. A "Tarantella" by I. A. de Orellana, is lively and brilliant. It is no discredit to the composer to say that it reminds us of the well-known Tarantella of Raff.

Among the compositions for Violin and Pianoforte is an "Elegie" by G. St. George, originally and beautifully expressive, and worthy to rank close to that on the same subject by Ernst. The same composer's first number of his "Feuilles d'Album," entitled "Romance," is a most effective drawing-room or concert piece, and cannot fail to rank among the classics. It is quite within the capacity of moderate amateurs. Clarisse Mallard, a new name on this side the Atlantic, has sent forth two short pieces (1) "Sehnsucht" (Longing), and (2) "Hoffnung" (Hope), which give evidence of much talent and genius. The former is one of the most expressive short pieces we have seen for many a day; the latter is in a bright "tempo di Mazurka" which effectively complements the first movement.

Among the songs sent us by the Messrs. Woolhouse is one that cannot fail to live among the choicest vocal compositions of the period. It is entitled "To Neera," the words from the Latin of the old Scottish writer George Buchanan, (1506-82), translated by the Rev. W. Johnson, M.A., the music by Noel Johnson, and chosen to be sung at the Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians at Liverpool last year. The "London News" (illus.) truly pronounces it "a passionate setting of beautiful words." Two songs by the same composer—"Music when soft voices die," words by Shelley, and Byron's "There be none of Beauty's daughters," fully maintain his reputation, though we must express our preference decidedly for the former. Other songs in the series



PAPA'S NEW PLAN.

BUSY PATERFAMILIAS TO APPLICANT FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND.

"Yes, Yes, I understand. Just fill up this form and call again,—meanwhile, my careful consideration,—good morning."

comprise "There's a Bower of Roses" (Tom Moore) and "The song of the Egyptian Girl" (Lew Wallace), with suitable and entire; original settings by Walter Alcock. "Keramos," the Potter's song, by Clarisse Mallard, on Longfellow's words, is of a high order. The whirr of the wheel is heard throughout the accompaniment. "Siegfried's Sword," a spirited song by Martin Pluddermann has been a favorite for some time at the Berlin "Loewe-Verein." The words are from the German of Uhland. Christina Thompson, one of the best composers of the day, is to the front with "Heaving the Lead," words anonymous of the year 1780, a fine baritone song. The first verse is in C minor, the second in E flat major, the third verse repeats the first strain, which in the fourth modulates into a spirited C natural ending with the refrain "All's Well."

TO MY PIPE.

"Sublime tobacco!" Thus Lord Byron began
His verse, long before I'd the beard of
a roan;
I was not e'en born, but the words still
are true
And thus, my old pipe, do I now ad-
dress you.

I (thirty years ago) bought you in Bom-
bay,
'Twas at Treachers, and you are with
me to-day;
I often have smoked you from morning
till eve,
And unlike other friends you ne'er did
deceive.

"Fashioned so slenderly," tho' old, yet
"so fair,"
I fill you, and light you, and take my
arm chair.
Puff! puff! how delicious! away with
all strife;
I glance up; and then, I catch sight of
my wife!

That lady—God bless her—good enough
as wives go,
Will sometimes cry "Yes," when I wish
to have "No."
Silence is golden, so I pull at my pipe,
In India I smoked it, while shooting the
snipe.

If vexed, you will "soothe," even my
"savage breast"
Like music; to joy you are adding much
zest;
You ne'er contradict me, but always
concur,
Our wives do not so, ev'ry husband will
swear.

I've smoked 'Trichies,' *Manillas, like-
wise the cigar
Imported from Cuba; but sweeter by
far,
Are you than all others, my dearest
old pipe,
(I puffed you in India, while shooting
the snipe.)

The whiffs do I watch, curl in clouds,
and in rines,
Old smokers know only, the pleasure
it brings.
Some slug of good wine, and some of
women fair;
Give me my old pipe, with a nice easy
chair.

* Short for Trichinopall cheroots.

Last week "The Antidote" had a new
heading, and this week it has a new
"tale in," both intended to please its
readers.

Rear-Admiral A. G. Wootton, has
recently paid a visit to Montreal,
and expressed himself as highly pleased
with both the city and its environs.

Customer (to tailor).—What enor-
mous sleeves you've made to this coat!
Facetious Tailor.—They're made so
as you can find room to laugh in 'em,
sir!



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

Grenadines with a pattern of thick silk, are now much worn. A transparent stripe upon its surface produces a pretty effect. The skirt may be perfectly simple with a gold and pink shot galon border, studded with very small jet beads and surmounted by a fringe of black velvet; bodice curiously cut, covered with black spotted lace ending with black velvet belt running into double points up the back and fastening in the front with a bow; the sleeves of pink silk draped with lace, having black velvet pointed over sleeves full on the shoulders.

Magenta after having been long neglected seems to be coming into fashion again, and evening gowns are being decked with velvet of this color.

The following are our illustrations:

No. 1.—Trouville Costume.—Low bodice and full elbow sleeves in plain beige crepe cloth, gathered at the waist to describe wheatsheaf pleats. Corset, narrow sleeves, and fourreau skirt in crepon—Chine—marron and beige; yoke, with tab, projecting over the bodice, neckband and wristlets in white cloth, embroidered with beige silk and gold thread. Hat in lace straw, en-

circled with an embroidered galon finished off with a silk frilling; at the back rises a tuft of beige feathers. Gloves in pearl-grey kid.

No. 2.—Visiting Toilette.—Full bodice and loose sleeves, with pleated epaulettes, in heliotrope nun's veiling. The skirt pleated in front at the waist to match; corselet, upright collar, and hem band in white silk, embroidered in shaded lilac silk and gold tinsel. Belt and bracelets in mordore velvet; from the latter droop frillings in Irish lace. Capote in white Bengaline silk wrought with gold; aigrette of heliotrope ostrich tips in front; strings in white Ottoman ribbon.

No. 3.—Costume for the Races.—Short trained skirt in heliotrope cloth, mounted with two box pleats. Long close-fitting jacket in black cloth, with gold and heliotrope braid, which defines the seams, and heads, chevron style, the pleat of the basque; it also binds the turned down collar, from which depend five long tassels in crimped chenille and jet.

Why should people be more particular, at this season than any other, of not running into debt? Because all legal proceedings taken in July and August, are "summary."

MY FRIEND GASTON

BY JOSEPH MONTEP.

(Translated for THE ANTIDOTE by Isabel Smithson.)

I was a little uneasy, I must confess, when on getting out of the train, I saw no sign of my friend Gaston or his trap.

The Douce! Could it be that he had not received my letter? I had certainly written in time, for one need not allow more than two days for a letter to go from Paris to any corner of Poitou. It was very strange that having invited and expected me, my friend was not there with his light wagon, and his beautiful bay, which had so often after a half-hour's trot, deposited us at Gaston's door.

It would take me at least an hour and a half to walk the distance, and having made up my mind to do so, I stepped out of the station, and found myself face to face with my friend. He was a little out of breath, but he shook my hand warmly as he said:

"A trifle late, am I not? That slow poke of a man was so long harnessing up, that I did not wait for him, but used my own pins, and here I am."

"You don't mean to tell me you walked all the way?" I cried.

"Oh, only from town," he answered.

"I have been in all the morning attending to some matters with my attorney.

Here, give me your valise and let us go."

Five minutes later we reached the inn of the Golden Eagle, and before the door stood a sort of cabriolet to which was harnessed a large dapple-grey horse.

"Put that under the seat, John," said my friend, giving my bag to the man who was in waiting, and I asked in surprise:

"Is this your trap, Gaston?"

"No, it belongs to the Golden Eagle," he answered gaily. "Jump in, we shall not go quite as fast as usual, but we'll get there all the same!"

When we were all seated, the man took up the reins, cracked the whip and the dapple-grey set off at a good pace, although, with the best will in the world, he could never be a match for the bay.

"You have not that fine horse of yours?" I asked, and he replied:

"No, I have sold him."

Sold him? I was filled with wonder, but I made no remark, for the moment seemed an unpropitious one for asking questions. I therefore turned the conversation, and we talked of general matters, hunting, politics, novels, theatres, in fact everything, grave or gay, which had been discussed in the newspapers since we had last been together, a year before.

After a drive of three quarters of an hour, the vehicle left the main road and turned into a narrower one which skirted a piece of woodland.

"Is not our driver making a mistake?" I whispered, "we never used to come this way."

"This is right," said Gaston, "I do not go home by the same road now."

In a few minutes we stopped before a small cottage on the border of the woods, and I recognized it as having often been a hunting rendez-vous. Gaston jumped out and when I had followed him, he took my valise from the man and told him to return at once as night would soon be falling.

I gazed round me, and could hardly distinguish, on a hill which looked dark against the sunset, the little village through which I had passed, a year before, on my way to Gaston's place.

In the cottage doorway an old house-keeper met us.

"Well, Madeline, is dinner ready?" said my friend.

"Yes, Sir, it is waiting for you," she replied.

"Good! Sit down, at once, for you must be famished," he said to me, and he helped me to a plate of smoking hot soup. While I attacked it vigorously, he leaned his arms upon the table, looked at me earnestly for a minute and then said:

"You do not understand all this."

I shrugged my shoulders, and he added: "I will explain it in three words: 'I am ruined.'"

I let my spoon drop into my plate, as I gasped.

"Ruined? How?"

"In the only way that there is of being ruined," he answered calmly, "that is to say, that I have nothing, or almost nothing, to be exact. I have eighteen hundred francs income left—one hundred sous a day. So I am not a beggar, you see."

I looked at him searchingly. He smiled without bitterness, and I saw that he spoke the truth.

"Explain," I said, "what has happened?"

"It is rather an old story now—about a year old, and yet it is worth telling. Besides, to whom should I tell it, if not to you? Here it is.

You know that three years ago, when my uncle died, I inherited five hundred thousand francs. Not a colossal fortune, but enough to make a good show with, even in Paris. I had for two years been longing to get back to Paris, and I went. That was a bad day for me. Money melts very fast in that cursed crucible which is ever at white heat. I adored horses and took to racing, and eighteen months later, in making up my accounts, I discovered that I had lost two hundred thousand francs. I was reflecting on the sad state of affairs when a comrade noticing my melancholy air asked what the matter was, and I told him. 'Is that all?' he cried, laughing heartily, 'well, you are simple! You say you have three hundred thousand francs; very well, I will introduce you to a bank from which you can draw all the funds you require. The Queen of Spades will berriend you. Try her!' He cited numberless examples. Such a one, a former cloth-merchant had first sat down at the card table with hardly a hundred thousand francs in his possession, and now he was a millionaire. There were plenty more just as fortunate. In short, he persuaded me. I joined a club where the play was high. It was very exclusive, oh very. The members were men of the world, wealthy lawyers, and a few successful artists, their game was strictly honest, absolutely impeccable, for their doors were closed against intruders. They played from four till seven every afternoon, and from ten at night till dawn. This, my counsellor told me, was the place to fix up my affairs, and in less than six months they were fixed. Of my three hundred thousand francs I had lost a hundred thousand; my lands were mortgaged, and I owed a hundred and fifty thousand to the 'preteur' of the place. My brain was in a whirl, and I wondered how this was to end. It ended in a very unexpected manner I awoke one morning and found myself a 'Greek.'

As Gaston pronounced the last word I started up exclaiming:

"You are mad! What are you saying?"

"The plain truth," he answered, "but do not excite yourself. I can, without a blush, confess to having won at cards by means of fraud. Listen. One evening, I had extraordinary luck, I was invincible, I won repeatedly. There were only ten or twelve players, but it was an exciting game, and I won a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Just enough to repay what I owed. As I rose from the table I saw the lender standing near me, with his eyes fixed upon my pile of gold, notes and counters. On the spot I paid the debt, and drew a deep sigh of relief. About a week later I was dozing in an easy chair, behind a curtain. The club was empty, for it was four o'clock in the morning, and I was only waiting to take the train and run down here to the country for a little change. The sound of an angry discussion roused me. Two men were quarrelling in the next room, and I recognized the 'preteur's' voice, and that of a waiter. 'I will have my share,' said the latter furiously, 'you did just so the other day with Mr. Gaston's money. Who changed the packs, then? I did, but who grabbed the cash? You, you always do it! This is the end of it—if you don't give me my share, I'll split!' I felt a cold sweat starting out on my temples as I listened, and in two strides I was beside the scoundrels. Catching hold of the first I touched, I nearly wrung his neck in my frenzy. It was the waiter, and perceiving that it would be useless to beat about the bush, he confessed the whole truth. They had stacked a pack of cards, with which I had played and won the sum needed to repay the lender; in short I had stolen the money. I was ashamed you understand; as for getting the money from the 'preteur' himself—it would have been easier to tear out his soul! For an instant I seemed stunned. What was I to do? To blow out my brains? I thought of that, idiot that I was, but then a light broke over me and the mists cleared away. I rushed out, caught my train, came here and saw my lawyer. A month later all my land was sold, and I returned to Paris and refunded to the president of the club 150,000 francs, with a list of the men who had played against me on my lucky night. I explained the matter to them all and bade them good bye. They were honest fellows, and did not deserve to be cheated. And that, my friend, is why you find me in this humble abode, with an empty purse, but a light heart."

"My dear fellow," I said holding out my hand to him, "your story is a sad one, but its climax makes ample amends for that."

LADY'S CORNER.

From N. Y. Post.

Mrs. Guild, an American sculptress, has recently completed a bust of Mr. Gladstone, which is very highly com-



The Ruling Planet.

HE—"Miss Cutway seems to get along very well with the Captain. Fond of Astronomy, I presume?"
 SHE—"Why so?"
 HE—"Oh, you know the study of 'Mars' is all the rage now!"
 SHE—"Ah, true; but after all, it is our 'Mas' who rule that sort of thing!"

mended by the critics as a portrait and a work of art. Mrs. Guild has been obliged to produce the difficult features of the great statesman from studying it only in his library while he was at work.

The prevalence of jewelled bugs, silver wish-bones, diamond and enamelled flowers, and other realistic forms in fashionable jewelry has called forth a protest from a refined woman, whose comments on the bad taste of such forms are interesting and original. Of them she says: "The design of a jewel should be such that we can take pleasure in the idea of its permanence. We associate permanence with a star, and therefore a star form in jewelry is agreeable. But transient forms like flowers or ribbon bows, unless they are conventionalized, present a disagreeable incongruity. They ought to change with time and do not. Imitations of such objects may please for a time the curiosity of the vulgar, but interest in them, even for such, is exhausted as soon as they have been ex-

amined, and the cultivated taste finds them intolerable. Interest in an object of true art, on the contrary, never grows less.

But the most vulgar of all the mistakes that jewelry has made lies in the imitation of objects of common utility.

"A flat-iron or a griddle is all very well in its place, but it should be hung in the kitchen closet and not on the person.

"The best forms for jewelry are geometrical and conventional plant forms, and the reproduction of ancient patterns. The ancients made their jewels express religious symbolism, and had the art to embody meaning without sacrificing beauty.

"Religion is the only subject for which jewelry was ever a successful vehicle.

"Personal sentiments, such as twin-hearts and forget-me-nots, thus expressed are not in taste. Initials and monograms worn on the person partake, if conspicuous, of the nature of advertisements."

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER V—IN THE BUSH.

Algoma, or Algoma Mills, as it was formerly called, was a collection of wooden and log shanties situated on the North channel of Lake Huron, and it was from this point to Sault St. Marie, via Blind River and Bruce Mines, that our friends Dugdale and Ralston went to help to survey and lay out the line of rail. The country consisted principally of rock and lumber, with hardly any population, and the living was pretty rough. Many a time, when Ralston was making his supper off pork, beans, and hard tack, after a hard days tramp, his mouth watered for some of the luxuries of his New York club, and I dare say he was not the only one who hungered after the flesh pots of Egypt in the wilderness. But the said tramp and fresh air had a wonderful effect upon his appetite, and at night he would lie down on his buffalo robe and sleep more soundly than ever he did on the linen sheets at home. Dugdale, who had been more ac-

customed to a similar kind of life, took it very philosophically, although he had not the recreation of pencilling sweet nothings every evening to a fair being over five hundred miles away. One day was much the same as another, the only variety being a change in the weather, or an occasional drinking bout among the contractors' men, when they could get hold of any whiskey. Many a time was Ralston thankful that he had followed Dugdale's advice, and had therefore some pleasant thoughts which relieved the monotony of his existence at that period. Most of the laborers were willing good tempered men enough, but as there is no rule without an exception, there was one man in the camp to which our friends were attached who was cross-grained and surly as a bear. He was a great hulking Englishman of six feet two, who had taken a strong dislike to Ralston, for no apparent reason, beyond that the latter came from the States.

"We don't want no d—d Yankees round here, ordering us about," he would say; "what business has he here at all anyway?"

"Guess he was sent here by the C. P. R.," said one of the crowd, to whom Big Jackson, as the English navy was called, had addressed himself.

"Well I don't care who sent him," retorted Big Jackson. "He better not order me about, and so I tell him," which was not true, as Ralston was not present when the remark was made.

One day a gang of the men, among whom was Jackson, were at work some ten miles from the camp constructing a bridge across a gully, or "nullah,"—as Dugdale, in his Hindoo jargon, called it, and Ralston, who had surveyed the ground, was there explaining some technical points to the contractor's foreman in charge of the men, when after some hours work this foreman received a message to return to the camp on some business, and left, deputing Jackson to continue overlooking the job.

All went well for an hour or so, until Ralston pointed out civilly enough to Jackson, that an alteration was needed to keep the bridge on the line laid down in the survey.

"Guess it won't make no difference," growled Big Jackson surlily.

"Oh yes it will," replied Ralston, explaining his reasons for his opinion.

"Never mind," said Jackson gruffly, "it will be much easier to complete the bridge as it goes now, and we should have to fix another crane to make the alteration."

"It does not matter if it takes twenty cranes, it must be done," replied Ralston.

"Must!" exclaimed Jackson savagely, "who says must?"

"I say so," said Ralston quietly but firmly.

"You! and who the h—ll are you?" was the coarse retort.

Ralston was astonished, but deigning no reply, sprang upon the tressle work and gave his directions to the men for the necessary alterations, which inflamed Jackson's anger to that pitch, that he lost all control of himself.

"Stop!" he yelled furiously, as he advanced to where Ralston was standing, "I am in charge here, do as I tell you and never mind h— Yankee."

Saying which, the enormous fellow seized hold of Ralston and flung him roughly on one side, in doing which the latter lost his footing and fell a distance of ten feet to the ground below, spraining his ankle in the fall.

At that instant John Dugdale, who had been up the projected line, returned and seeing his friend on his back cried out: "Hallo, what's the matter Ralston?"

"Had a fall, and fancy I have sprained my ankle" was the reply.

Dugdale hastened to his friend's side, and finding what he said was true, whipped out his knife and quickly cut open and removed the boot. He then tore up his handkerchief into strips and bound up the swelled joint, after which he lifted Ralston, as he would a child, in his arms and bore him from the gully, laying him down on a piece of soft turf with his back resting against a tree.

"Now" said Dugdale, turning towards Big Jackson and the gang, "what is the meaning of this, for of course Mr. Ralston did not fall of his own accord?"

There was a dead silence for a moment or two, when Jackson said in a dogged kind of way: "Well, Mr. Dugdale, I was left in charge, and that fellow thought fit to interfere with my orders which I was not going to stand, so I pushed him on one side, his foot slipped and he fell."

Ralston here explained why he had given orders contrary to those of Jackson, and Dugdale taking a rapid glance at the work remarked: "Mr. Ralston was right, and it was your duty to obey him Jackson."

"I won't have any Yankee over me," returned Jackson sulkily.

"You probably will not have the chance long, for I will see you are discharged to-night," said Dugdale quietly, "meanwhile come here, I have some work for you."

Jackson hesitated, there being a peculiar look in Dugdale's eyes not pleasant to meet.

"Dost hear? Come this way you cowardly blackguard," shouted Dugdale.

Big Jackson bounded forward his face flaming with passion, for to do the raffian justice he was not wanting in mere animal courage. Dugdale threw off his coat, and stood up on the level piece of ground above the gully. He was not a small man, but he appeared so in com-

parison to the giant advancing towards him, and Big Jackson seemed to be of that opinion, for he said with a certain amount of scorn: "Come I don't want to hurt you, but if you will fight its your own fault." So saying he lunged a powerful, though clumsy, blow at his antagonist, but Dugdale had not practised boxing at the Athenaeum Gymnasium in Manchester, during his youthful days, for nothing, and parrying the blow with his right arm, he delivered a quick crashing stroke straight from the left shoulder, which hit Jackson between the eyes with such force that the latter reeled and fell heavily to the ground. He was on his feet again however in an instant, and flew at Dugdale with all the passionate brutality of his nature fully roused. But it was a conflict between science and simple animal strength, and after hitting his utterly enraged opponent about pretty much as he pleased, until the blood poured from his almost unrecognizable countenance, Dugdale stepped nimbly on one side, as Jackson made a furious rush at him, and delivering a strong, well planted, blow upon the right jaw, laid the great bully completely prostrate. "You've wanted that for sometime Jackson, and I hope it will do you good," said Dugdale as he put on his coat. "Here have a drop of old rye," handing out his flask to his fallen foe (Jackson took a pull at the liquor in a sheepish kind of way). "Now go and wash your face, and tell your gang to set up those cranes and alter the bridge as directed by Mr. Ralston. Unless," he added with a smile, "you are not quite satisfied and would like a little more. First of all though you must ask Mr. Ralston's pardon, which if you had done before you would have saved yourself a thrashing."

Jackson like a dog, which had been mastered, did as he was ordered, but also like a dog under the same circumstances he did it unwillingly, and under protest as it were. Which of us does our best from compulsion, and what is that saying about the volunteers and the pressed men? Ralston, thinking the man had been sufficiently punished, interceded for him, and begged that he should not be discharged, but it was just as well the contractor refused to grant the petition, for one discontented fellow will often leave a whole gang.

This little incident bound Ralston more closely than ever to his friend, and he not only wrote a highly colored eulogium of Dugdale to his lady love, but also to Mr. Washington Van Higgin, who with the generosity characteristic of his nation, resolved to befriend Dugdale the first opportunity. Nothing more worthy of note occurred during the completion of the survey, and late in the fall Dugdale and Ralston found themselves once more in Montreal.

To be continued.

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
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INCORPORATED 1851.

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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Assets.....	\$125,947,290.81
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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Assets upwards of.....	\$3,000,000
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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.

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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
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Total Funds, . . . 17,500,000

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

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, 1892.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801.

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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.

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Capital . . . \$20,000,000
Reserve Funds . . . 40,000,000
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