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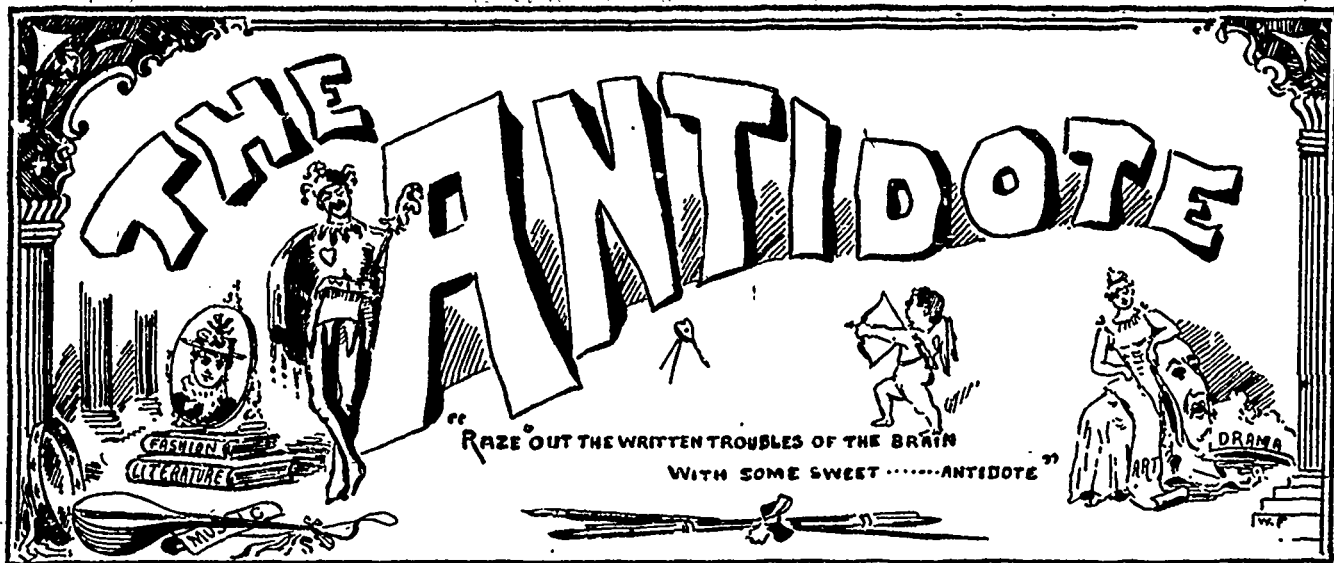
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TO OUR READERS

That no one may accuse us of any desire of springing a surprise upon them, our readers are hereby notified that it is not our intention to continue the publication of the "Antidote" after the close of its year, the 10th day of June, 1898.

The chief object sought to be attained in launching the "Antidote" is tolerably well known to many of our citizens, especially to the managers of the various insurance companies who generously put their hands in their own pockets and responded to the appeals made to them for patronage by a former co-worker, since appointed to a more profitable position. It is not necessary to enter into any explanation of the causes standing in the way of success; suffice it to say that the support, however generous, did not aggregate sufficient to warrant a continuance. Paper, printing, engraving, and commissions cost money, not to mention the other expenses on a paper of the kind; and with all this is to be reckoned the fact—notwithstanding what some writers claim—that one enterprise of a literary character is usually as much as one man can expect to conduct and do it justice. That the "Antidote" had not been discontinued some months ago is due to the natural wish to keep faith with subscribers, of whom the vast majority sent in their names early. Those who subscribed later on may have any unearned balance returned to them on application on or after the close of the year.

The propletor still maintains the belief that a paper of the kind will some day find a permanent field in Montreal, but there are few men with the proper qualifications for it whose ambition would be satisfied with the possible returns from such a periodical in this country.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

It had been hard for him that spoke it to put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech—"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." If it had not pleased one of our English essayists to use this exordium about something else, one would have wished to have invented it here; for the speech quoted is full of truth and untruth, hard to gainsay and very deceptive. It seems to put in strong epitome the whole laws of industry, and it is directly responsible for more waste of time than all the "Dolce far niente" fascinations and philosophes put together.

The fallacy of the saying lies in the word "well." Substitute "fitly" for the word "well" and the moral cannot be refuted; but in the customary reading of a proverb well means "thoroughly"—to do, what is worth doing well, means to do it with pains and strenuousness, and it is absolutely untrue that everything we may wisely spend a while upon deserves such a doing. There are moments in which to blow away the down from the dandelion's "clock" may be more worth doing than any work, but it would be another matter to make a duty of perfection in the achievement. And many necessary and serviceable tasks which are efficiently performed with a rough-and-ready easiness would be no wit the better, and very likely worse for a dogged taking trouble.

In days when scamping and vamping take the place of honest effort, with such detriment to so many crafts and arts, such weakening to vanishing-point of the will and purpose without which craftsman or artist is of less value than a piece of machinery. It seems almost dangerous to say a word against any sort of labouriousness; but the mischief of futile labouriousness is not slight; and it is frequent among us. The gift of taking pains is too good to be fritted away, as it is, upon results to last a day, and a nice completion of nothing. So used it is not merely a waste of power, but to its possessor an injury, for nothing is more

cramping and narrowing to the mind than prolonged industry in pettiness.

The victim of the vice is beguiled into thinking it a virtue; if you are doing nothing in the bona fide way you are amenable to being ashamed if necessary; but if you are doing nothing by help of energetic pottering and a resolution to do it well, you have your conscience triumphant and you can scorn the sluggard. The sluggard has yawned and wondered how there came to be such a fine crop of weeds in his garden, and you have polished several score of pins almost brighter than new; you will keep on polishing pins as the hope and use of life, and the sluggard may some day go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise. If he never does—why, then he will have yawned and you will have polished pins. And there is every reason to suppose that he will not be so conscious of those who do not yawn, but you, one may fear, will have your opinion of those who are incompetent in pins.



SWINBURNE'S LATEST POEM.

William Waldorf Astor's new London monthly, the Pall Mall Magazine—its first—marks it as a publication one may take up with no little interest. Among its contributors are the poet Swinburne, Rhoda Broughton, the Countess of Cork, and the editor himself. Mr. Swinburne's poem is here reproduced:

Astrophel.

After reading Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" in the garden of an old English manor house

I.

A star in the silence that follows
The song of the death of the sun
Speaks music in heaven, and the hollows
And heights of the world are as one;
One lyre that outsings and outlightens
The rapture of sunset, and thrills
Mute night till the sense of it brightens
The soul that it fills.

The flowers of the sun that is sunken
Haug heavy of heart as of head;
The bees that have eaten and drunken
The soul of their sweetness are fled;
But a sunflower of song, on whose honey
My spirit has fed as a bee,
Makes sunnier than morning was sunny
The twilight for me.

THE ANTIDOTE

The letters and lines on the pages

That sundered mine eyes and the flowers
Wax faint as the shadows of ages
As the ghosts of the centuries that sever
A season of colorless time
That sunder their season and ours;
From the days whose remembrance is ever.
As they were, sublime.

The season that bred and that cherished
The soul that I commune with yet,
Had it utterly withered and perished
To rise not again as it set.
Shame were it that Englishmen living,
Should read as their forefathers read
The books of the praise and thanksgiving
Of Englishmen dead.

O light of the land that adored thee
And kindled thy soul with her breath,
Whose life, such as fate would afford thee,
Was lovelier than aught but thy death.
By what name, could thy lovers but
know it,
Might love of thee hail thee afar,
Philisides, Astrophel, poet
Whose love was thy star?

A star in the moondawn of Maytime,
A star in the cloudland of change;
Too splendid and sad for the daytime
To cheer or eclipse or estrange;
Too sweet for tradition or vision
To see but through shadows of tears
Rise deathless across the division
Of measureless years.

The twilight may deepen and harden
As nightward the stream of it runs
Till starshine transfigure a garden
Whose radiance responds to the sun's,
The light of the love of thee darkens
The lights that arise and that set:
The love that forgets thee not harkens
In England forgets.

II.

Bright and brief in the sight of grief and
love the light of thy lifetime shone,
Seen and felt by the gifts it dealt, the
grace it gave, and again was gone;
Ay, but now it is death, not thou, whom
time has conquered as years pass on.

Ay, not yet may the land forget that bore
and loved thee and praised and wept.
Sidney, lord of the stainless sword, the
name of names that her heart's love
kept
Fast as thine did her own, a sign to
light thy life till it sank and slept.

Bright as then for the souls of men thy
brave Arcadia resounds and shines,
Lit with love that beholds above all joys
and sorrows the steadfast signs,
Faith, a splendor that hope makes tender,
and truth, whose presage the
soul divines.

All the glory that girds the story of all
thy life as with sunlight round,

All the spell that on all souls fell who
saw thy spirit and held them bound,
Lives for all that have heard the call and
cadence yet of its music sound.

Music bright as the soul of light, for
wings an eagle, for notes a dove,
Leaps and shine from the lustrous lines
where through thy soul from far
above

Shone and sang till the darkness rang with
light whose fire is the fount of love.

Love that led thee alive, and fed thy soul
with sorrows and joys and fears,
Love that sped thee, alive and dead, to
fame's fair goal with thy peerless
peers,

Feeds the flame of thy quenchless name
with light that enlightens the ray-
less years.

Dark as sorrow though night and morn-
ing may lower with presage of clouded
fame

How may she that of old bare thee, may
Sidney's England, be brought to
shame?

How should this be, while England is?
What need of answer beyond thy
name?

III.

From the love that transfigures thy glory,
From the light of the dawn of thy
death,

The life of thy song and thy story
Took subtler and fierier breath
And we, though the day and the morrow
Set fear and thanksgiving at strife,
Hail yet in the star of thy sorrow
The sun of thy life.

Shame and fear may beset men here, and
bid thanksgiving and pride be dumb;
Faith, dis-crowned of her praise and
wound about with toils till her life
wax numb,
 scarce may see if the sundawn be, if dark-
ness die not and dayrise come.

But England, enmeshed and benetted
With spiritless villainies round,
With counsels of cowardice fretted,
With arammels of treason enwound,
Is yet, though the season be other
Than wept and rejoice over thee,
Thine England, thy lover, thy mother,
Sublime as the sea.

Hers wast thou: if her face be now less
bright or seem for an hour less brave,
Let but thine on her darkness shine, thy
savior spirit revive and save,
Time shall see as the shadows flee, her
shame entombed in a shameful grave.

If death and not life were the portal
That opens on life at the last,
If the spirit of Sidney were mortal
And the past of it utterly past,
Fear stronger than honor was ever,

Forgetfulness mightier than fame,
Faith knows not if England should never
Subside into shame

Yea, but yet is thy sun not set, thy sun-
bright spirit of trust withdrawn:
England's love of thee burns above all
hopes that darken or fears that fawn:
Hers thou art: and the faithful heart that
hopes begets upon darkness dawn.

The sunset that sunrise will follow
Is less than the dream of a dream:
The starshine on height and on hollow
Sheds promise that dawn shall redeem.
The night, if the daytime would hide it,
Shows lovelier, aflame and afar,
Thy soul and thy Stella's beside it,
A star by a star.



IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

X—"Baggs must have a poor mem-
ory. He has been owing me \$5 for a
year."

Y—"On the contrary, I think he has
a good memory. I owe him \$5, and he
asks me for it every time he sees me."

"It's strange that your children
are not the least afraid of the animals
in the cages."

No, it isn't, they have been brought
up in a flat with a janitor."

Nervous lady passenger (to deck-
hand)—Have you ever seen any worse
weather than this, Mister sailor?

Deck-hand—Take a word from an old
sailor, mum; the weather's never very bad
while there's any females on deck—
makin' henquiries about it.

Cholly—I've a bad cold in my head.
May—Oh, well, it won't stay long.
Cholly—Why not?
May—Be too lonesome.

THE POET LAUREATE ON SPRING.

John Ruskin is not only a poet, though
no one ever knew it, but a spring poet at
that. The following is a sample:

Infant spirit of the spring,
On the flesh-plumed pinion bring
Snowdrops like thy stainless brow—
Violet, primrose—sull them now
With the cup of daffodil,
Which the fairies love to fill,
Ere each moon-dance they renew,
With the fragrant honey dew;
Bring them, spirit—bring them hither
Ere the wind have time to wither,
Or the sun to steal their dyes,
To paint at eve the western skies;
Bring them for the wreath of one—
Fairest, best that time hath known.

RECIPES.

A Dainty Dish of Tea Cakes.—Some night when it is cold and rainy add eggs are 40 cents a dozen, and you don't know what to have for tea, put the iron gem pans to heat on the stove and while they are getting hot put two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of granulated sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in your sifter and sift three times. Then add one cup of sweet cream, perhaps a trifle more, and mix thoroughly, put in the pans and bake.

Cream Figs.—Two cups granulated sugar, one cup boiling water, one tablespoonful glucose, put in a porcelain kettle, and stir until the glucose is dissolved, cover the kettle and boil rapidly. You can tell when it is done by dropping a little in cold water and if on rolling it between the fingers it is of a soft, creamy consistency, you can take it from the fire and set it aside to cool. At this stage cut your figs in half, and dip in the syrup. They make very pretty and delicious bonbons. By the way, if the syrup should prove too hard when you test it, you may add a little water, and boil as before.

Parasip Puffs—Take two eggs, well beaten, and add (without stirring until all the ingredients are in) one pint of cold water, one pint of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one small teaspoonful of salt, one pint well mashed boiled parsnips. Stir very lightly and only enough to mix. Do not let stand long. Drop small tablespoonfuls of the batter into hot melted butter in a frying pan, and bake a delicate brown. They are very delicious and nice for either breakfast or dinner.

FASHIONS.

What an array of shirt waists and blouses we are promised for the summer! The plain shirt seems almost to have disappeared, and we now have them with berthas, frilled fronts, and surplice collars. Elaborate waists of silk are in ombre dotted and striped effects. One of the latest and most elegant blouses recently brought out is in accordion plaits, which define the figure gracefully and reach to a little distance below the waist. Both back and front is a heavy decoration of gold and black passementerie, forming a Swiss belt at the back and passing over the shoulders like suspenders on each side of a full draping of silk. Bolero jackets will be very much worn over shirt waists. In fact these stylish little garments will be worn with almost everything.

A pretty gown is made of pale fawn hopsack serge. The skirt is perfectly plain and very full, while the bodice is



—Ladies' Pictorial.

cut in a zonzave shape and arranged to open over a vest of lovely blue and gold brocade. The zonzave fronts are ornamented on either side with large oxidized buttons. On the shoulders there are revers and epaulettes of cream lace, arranged in a very effective manner.

An effective gown is of pale grey cloth with big sleeves of black satin trimmed with narrow lines of jet. The bodice has a folded vest of black satin and wide revers of the grey cloth edged with black braid. The full skirt is trimmed with graduated rows of black braid to correspond. A dainty little gown is made of glaze foulard, shot with fawn colour, pale

green and pale heliotrope. The skirt is arranged with a double flounce, the upper one, which is also the shorter of the two, being edged with cream-coloured lace. Our illustration is a lovely gown made of cinnamon-brown camel's hair cloth, and arranged with a loose coat bodice, cut very full in the back. The square revers of this bodice are strapped with pale apricot cloth. On the surface of this apricot cloth, there is an elaborate design of braiding, in a darker shade of brown than the gown itself. The waist coat is of apricot cloth. The skirt has a braided design about twelve inches from the hem.



"Pa, what does this picture mean?"
 "That represents Daniel in the lion's den, my son!"



"Are the lions going to eat him, Pa?"
 "Certainly they are, my son—that is, of course not; of course not!"



"Why ain't the lions going to eat him, Pa?"
 "He was too touch—too good, I mean!"



"How good was he, Pa?"
 "Very good, indeed!"



"Would a lion eat me, Pa?—I'm good!"
 "Oh, thunder! This is terrible! I dunno, my son; I'm busy!"



"But, Pa, what made Daniel go into the—"

A WEDDING GIFT.

A WIFE'S STORY.

(Concluded.)

I forgot that he did not know Phillip and I had been married that morning, and, indignant that he should speak so of my husband, I accused him in turn of seeking to destroy me. How dared he interfere with me? How dared he speak ill of a man who was worth a thousand of himself—who had not persecuted me all my life, who loved me honestly and truly, and whom I loved with all my soul? I called Kenneth Moore a coward, a cruel, cowardly villain, and commanded him to stop the balloon, to let me go back to my home—back to Phillip Rutley, who was the only man I could ever love in the whole wide world!

"You are out of your senses, Minnie," he answered, and he clasped me tightly in his arms, while the balloon mounted higher and higher. "You are angry with me now, but when you realize that you are mine for ever and cannot escape, you will forgive me, and be grateful to me—yes, and love me, for loving you so well."

"Never!" I cried, "never! You are a thief! You have stolen me, and I hate you! I shall always hate you. Rather than endure you, I will make the

balloon fall right down, and we will both be dashed to pieces."

I was so furious with him that I seized the valve-line that swung near me at the moment, and tugged at it with all my might. He grasped my hand, but I wound the cord about my arms, held on to it with my teeth, and he could not drag it from me. In the struggle we nearly overturned the car. I did not care. I would gladly have fallen out and lost my life now that I had lost Phillip.

Then Kenneth took from his pocket a large knife and unclasp'd it. I laughed aloud, for I thought he meant to frighten me into submission. But I soon saw what he meant to do. He climbed up the cordage and cut the valve-line through.

"Now you are conquered!" he cried, "and we will voyage together to the world's end."

I had risen to my feet and watched him, listened to him with a thrill of despair; but even as his triumphant words appalled me the car swayed down upon the side opposite to where I stood—the side where still hung the long line with the grapnel—and I saw the hands of a man upon the ledge; the arms, the head, and the shoulders of a man,

of a man who the next minute was standing in the car, I fast in his embrace: Phillip Rutley, my true love, my husband!

Then it seemed to me that the balloon collapsed, and all things melted, and I was whirling away—down, down, down!

How long I was unconscious I do not know, but it was daylight when I opened my eyes. It was piercingly cold—snow was falling, and although I lay in Phillip's arms with his coat over me, while he sat in his shirt sleeves holding me. On the other side stood Kenneth Moore. He also was in his shirt sleeves. His coat also had been devoted to covering me. Both those men were freezing there for my sake, and I was ungrateful enough to shiver.

I need not tell you that I gave them no peace until they had put their coats on again. Then we all crouched together in the bottom of the car to keep each other warm. I shrank from Kenneth a little, but not much, for it was so kind of him—so kind and generous—to suffer that awful cold for me. What surprised me was that he made no opposition to my resting in Phillip's arms, and Phillip did not seem to mind his drawing close to me.

But Kenneth explained:—

"Mr. Rutley has told me you are already his wife, Minnie. Is that true?"

I confirmed it, and asked him to pardon my choosing where my heart inclined me.

"If that is so," he said, "I have little to forgive and much to be forgiven. Had I known how things stood, I loved you too well to imperil your happiness and your life, and the life of the man you prefer to me."

"But the danger is all over now," said I; "let us be good friends for the future."

"We may at least be friends," replied Kenneth; and I caught a glance of some mysterious import that passed between the men. The question it would have led me to ask was postponed by the account Phillip gave of his presence in the balloon-car—how by springing into the air as the grapnel swung past him, dragged clear by the rising balloon, he had caught the irons and then the rope, climbing up foot by foot, swinging to and fro in the darkness, up, up, until the whole length of the rope was accomplished and he reached my side. Brave, strong, dear Phillip! And, now, once more he would have it that I must wear his coat.

"The sun's up, Minnie, and he'll soon put warmth into our bones. I'm going to have some exercise. My coat will be best over you."

Had it not been so excruciatingly cold we might have enjoyed the grandeur of our sail through the bright, clear heavens, the big brown balloon swelling broadly above us. Phillip tried to keep up our spirits by calling attention to these things, but Kenneth said little or nothing, and looked so despondent that, wishing to divert his thoughts from his disappointment concerning myself, which I supposed was his trouble, I heedlessly blurted out that I was starving, and asked him to give me some breakfast.

Then it transpired that he had thrown out of the car all the provisions with which we had been supplied for our journey.

The discovery took the smiles out of Phillip's merry face.

"You'll have to hold on a bit, little woman," said he. "When we get to a way-station or an hotel, we'll show the refreshment contractors what sort of appetites are to be found up above."

Then I asked them where we were going; whereabouts we had got to; and why we did not descend. Which elicited the fact that Kenneth had thrown away the instruments by which the aeronaut informs himself of his location and the direction of his course. For

a long time Phillip playfully put me off in my petition to be restored to terra firma, but at last it came out that the valve-like being cut we could not descend, and that the balloon must speed on, mounting higher and higher, until it would probably burst in the extreme tension of the air.

"Soon after that," said Phillip, with a grim, hard laugh, "we shall be back on the earth again."

We found it difficult to enjoy the trip after this prospect was made clear. Nor did conversation flow very freely. The lungs dragged slowly on, and our sufferings increased.

At last Phillip made up his mind to attempt a desperate remedy. What it was he would not tell me, but, kissing me tenderly, he made me lie down and covered my head with his coat.

Then he took off his boots, and then the car creaked and swayed, and suddenly I felt that he was gone out of it. He had told me not to look from under his coat; but how could I obey him? I did look, and I saw him climbing like a cat up the round, hard side of the balloon, clinging with hands and feet to the netting that covered it.

As he mounted, the balloon swayed over with his weight until it was right above him and he could hardly hold on to the cords with his toes and fingers. Still he crept on, and still the great silk-like fabric heeled over, as if it resented his boldness and would crush him.

Once his foothold gave way, and he dropped to his full length, retaining only his hand-grip of the thin cords, which nearly cut his fingers in two under the strain of his whole weight. I thought he was gone; I thought I had lost him for ever. It seemed impossible he could keep his hold, and even if he did the weak netting must give way. It stretched down where he grasped it into a bag form and increased his distance from the balloon, so that he could not reach with his feet, although he drew his body up and made many a desperate effort to do so.

But while I watched him in an agony of powerlessness to help, the balloon slowly regained the perpendicular, and just as Phillip seemed at the point of exhaustion his feet caught once more in the netting, and with his arms thrust through the meshes and twisted in and but for security, while his strong teeth also gripped the cord, I saw my husband in comparative safety once more. I turned to relieve my pent-up feelings to Kenneth, but he was not in the car—only his boots. He had seen Phillip's peril, and climbed up on

the other side of the balloon to restore the balance.

But now the wicked thing served them another trick; it slowly lay over on its side under the weight of the two men, who were now poised like panniers upon the extreme convexity of the silk. This was very perilous for both, but the change of position gave them a little rest, and Phillip shouted instructions round to Kenneth to slowly work his way back to the car, while he (Phillip) would mount to the top of the balloon, the surface of which would be brought under him by Kenneth's weight. It was my part to make them balance each other. This I did by watching the tendency of the balloon, and telling Kenneth to move to right or left as I saw it become necessary. It was very difficult for us all. The great fabric wobbled about most capriciously, sometimes with a sudden turn that took us all by surprise, and would have jerked every one of us into space, had we not all been clinging fast to the cordage.

At last Phillip shouted:—

"Get ready to slip down steadily into the car."

"I am ready," replied Kenneth.

"Then go!" came from Phillip.

"Easy does it! Steady! Don't hurry! Get down right into the middle of the car, both of you, and keep quiet still."

We did as he told us, and as Kenneth joined me, we heard a faint cheer from above, and the message:—

"Safe on the top of the balloon!"

"Look, Minnie, look!" cried Kenneth; and on a cloud-bank we saw the image of our balloon with a figure sitting on the summit, which could only be Phillip Rutley.

"Take care, my dearest! Take care!" I besought him.

"I'm all right as long as you two keep still," he declared; but it was not so.

After he had been up there about ten minutes trying to mend the escape-valve, so that we could control it from the car, a puff of wind came and overturned the balloon completely. In a moment the aspect of the monster was transformed into a crude resemblance to the badge of the Golden Fleece—the car with Kenneth and me in it at one end, and Phillip Rutley hanging from the other, the huge gas-bag like the body of the sheep of Colchis in the middle.

And now the balloon twisted round and round as if it resolved to wrench itself from Phillip's grasp, but he held on as a brave man always does when the alternative is flight or die. The terrible

difficently he had in getting back I shudder to think of. It is needless to recount it now. Many times I thought that both men must lose their lives, and I should finish this awful voyage alone. But in the end I had my arms around Phillip's neck once more, and was thanking God for giving him back to me.

I don't think I half expressed my gratitude to poor Kenneth, who had so bravely and generously helped to save him. I wish I had said more when I look back at that time now. But my joy for Phillip made me blind to everything.

Phillip was very much done up, and greatly dissatisfied with the result of his exertions; but he soon began to make the best of things, as he always did.

"I'm a selfish duffer, Minnie," said he. "All the good I've done by frightening you like this is to get myself splendidly warm."

"What, have you done nothing to the valve?"

"I don't have time. No, Moore and I must try to get at it from below, though from what I saw before I started to go aloft, it seemed impossible."

"But we are descending."

"Eh?"

"Descending rapidly. See how fast we are diving into that cloud below!"

"It's true! We're dropping. What can it mean?"

As he spoke we were immersed in a dense white mist, which wetted us through as if we had been plunged in water. Then suddenly the car was filled with whirling snow—thick masses of snow that covered us so that we could not see each other; choked us so that we could hardly speak or breathe.

And the cold! the cold! It cut us like knives; it beat the life out of us as if with hammers.

This sudden, overwhelming horror struck us dumb. We could only cling together and pray. It was plain that there must be a rent in the silk, a large one, caused probably by the climbing of the men, a rent that might widen at any moment and reduce the balloon to ribbons.

We were being dashed along in a wild storm of wind and snow, the headlong force of which alone delayed the fate which seemed surely to await us. Where should we fall? The world beneath us was near and palpable, yet we could not distinguish any object upon it. But we fell lower and lower, until our eyes informed us all in an instant, and we exclaimed together.

"We are falling into the sea! Yes, there it was beneath us, raging and leaping like a beast of prey. We should be drowned! We must be drowned! There was no hope, none!"

Down we came slantwise to the water. The foam from the top of a mountain-

wave scudded through the ropes of the car. Then the hurricane bore us up again on its fierce breast, and—yes, it was bearing us to the shore!

We saw the coast-line, the high, red cliffs—saw the cruel rocks at their base! Horrible! Better far to fall into the water and be drowned, if die we must.

The balloon flew over the rugged boulders, the snow and the foam of the sea indistinguishable around us, and made straight for the high, towering precipice.

We should dash against the jagged front! The balloon was plunging down like a maddened bull, when suddenly, within 12 feet of the rock, there was a thrilling cry from Kenneth Moore, and up we shot, almost clearing the projecting summit. Almost—not quite—sufficiently to escape death; but the car, tripping against the very verge, hurled Phillip and myself, clasped in each other's arms, far over the level snow.

We rose unhurt, to find ourselves alone.

What had become of our comrade—my childhood's playfellow, the man who had loved me so well, and whom I had cast away?

He was found later by some fishermen as shapeless corps upon the beach.

I stood awe-stricken in an outbuilding of a little inn that gave us shelter, whether they had borne the poor shattered body, and I wept over it as it lay there covered with the fragment of a sail.

My husband was by my side, and his voice was hushed and broken, as he said to me:—

"Minnie, I believe that, under God, our lives were saved by Kenneth Moore. Did you not hear that cry of his when we were about to crash into the face of the cliff?"

"Yes, Phillip," I answered, sobbing, "and I missed him suddenly as the balloon rose."

"You heard the words of that parting cry?"

"Yes, oh, yes! He said: 'A Wedding Gift! Minnie! A Wedding Gift!'"

"And then?"

"He left us together."—Leonard Outram, in the "Strand."

HUMOROUS TOASTS, ALSO SOME STRANGE SENTIMENTS.

It was from a toasted bread or biscuit which early formed an addition to many English drinks that we acquired the word toast as applied to the act of drinking the health of any person; or to any idea or sentiment, as it is called. We have very early mention of toast-masters who arranged the amusements and promoted the conviviality of the company.

A humorous incident lately occurred, which shows that modern toast-masters are sometimes not behind their ancient prototypes in promoting the hilarity of

the company. It happened at a political dinner at which several noble lords and well-known leaders of political thought were present. The toast-master, either from extreme nervousness or some equally potent cause, got considerably confused in the matter of the toast list, and a faux pas which he committed at the outset caused general amusement. In calling on the company to drink the toast of the Queen with all the honors, he proceeded to give the keynote; but instead of the familiar national anthem, the company were astonished to hear the refrain of "For he's a jolly good fellow" echoing from the head of the room. The unfortunate man never got beyond the first syllable of the last word when he discovered his mistake—as well he might—from the burst of hilarity that succeeded.

Something of the same kind of mistake happened at a fashionable wedding. The band, after the toast of "The Bride," struck up an orchestral version of the time-honored gibe, "Trust Her Not—Trust Her Not—She is Fooling Thee!" A wicked conspiracy between the leader of the band and the best man was suspected.

A printer's toast was: "Women—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy." A fond young lover in a little speech anent the fair sex referred to his sweetheart as a "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled."

It may not be difficult to concoct a pretty speech, but true gallantry combined with wit is needed in making one which shall contain as much delicacy as flattery. "You forget that I am an old woman," said a lady in response to an admiring allusion in a neat speech from one of the old school. "Madam," was the reply, "when my eyes are dazzled by a diamond, it never occurs to me to ask a mineralogist for its history."

A celebrated statesman, when dining with a certain duchess on her eightieth birthday, said, in proposing her health: "May you live, my Lady Duchess, until you begin to grow ugly!"—Her ladyship's tongue was as ready as his own. "I thank you, sir," she replied, "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."

Goldsmith, in alluding to "the ladies' modest custom of excusing themselves in drinking toasts," says:

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. Many amusing and witty allusions in giving toasts and applying sentiments are probably thus lost by ladies 'excusing themselves,' as may be instanced by the following. Among the gifts of a newly-married pair was a new broom, sent to

the bride by a lady friend, the strange present being accompanied by this quatrain:

"This trifling gift accept from me;
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine, use the brushy part;
In storms the other end."

The sentiments of another of the gentler sex were equally humorously and tersely conveyed when she thus expressed herself regarding matrimony: "Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you? you wretches!"

Slightly ironical with regard to the fair creatures was one of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration: "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself." This reminds us that an old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following: "Marriage—the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth" But this was somewhat atoned for by a more gallant wedding guest, who, at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily wished them unspeakable bliss.

To talk humorously on such occasions requires thought before speech, lest one should be considered more amusing than complimentary. To quote a case in point. A gentleman was walking down the street the other day with his friend, Jackson, when they met a clergyman. The reverend gentleman, though possessed of a large brain, has but a diminutive body to support it. Quite recently he had united himself, for good or ill, to a buxom widow. The minister blushed a little as they passed. "What is the meaning of that, Jackson?" asked his companion. "Well, you see," was the reply, "we had a tea-fight at the minister's shortly after he was married. I was called upon to make a speech. You know you are expected to be humorous on such occasions, so I referred in a casual way to the minister as the widow's mite. He has acted strangely ever since."

A farmer was at an agricultural banquet at which a round of successful generals were being toasted. Some gave one famous name and some another. When it came to his turn to add to the list, he said: "I'll give ye Sanders Pirgivic, o' Crichtondean, for he had a sair fecht wi' the world a' his life—an honest man wi' a big family!" That was a novel, if homely sentiment.

Appropriate, but not very enlivening or comforting, must have appeared the toast lately said to have been proposed at a banquet given to a writer of comedies in honor of his latest work. A waggish guest rose to his feet and said: "The au-

thor's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

This toast was given at a recent convivial gathering: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench." As pithy, and, if anything, still more to the point, was the following, given at a dinner of shoemakers: "May we have all the women in the world to shoe, and all the men to boot."

These last expressions of sentiment must, we imagine, be after the style recommended by Charles Lamb when he gave some advice about speech-making to this effect: "A speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience;" and he tells how, being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, and said 'Gentlemen,' and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.—Chambers' Journal.



A MODERN PYGMALION.

(From London Truth.)

This is the tragedy of a hunchback—not a hunchback of amazing strength; like the foundling of "Notre Dame de Paris;" not a "poisonous hunchback'd toad," like Richard Duke of Gloucester; not a hunchback with long nose, goggle eyes, and protruding breast, like the genial gentleman who from Fleet-street jokes his weekly fun at the world. Our hunchback was very much other than these. Pygmalion Smith (for I owe it to many now living to conceal the true names of the persons of my tragedy) was a hunchback of no ordinary type. True, his spine, like Pope's, was an animated note of interrogation. This he had in common with all his race. But his legs and arms were strong and supple beyond the average of other men, and his head, neck and face were of the noblest type that Nature knows of. Added to this, the heart of a transcendent genius beat beneath his crumpled chest.

At the time of which I write, Pygmalion Smith had proved himself to be the foremost of living sculptors. Of an obscure peasant-farmer stock, at the age of thirty this man found himself sought out, courted and flattered by the men and women of taste of our most exclusive aristocracy. Dukes deferred to him, Duchesses showed a desire to pet him; but Pygmalion would have none of that. He was conscious of his own superiority, and refused to be treated like a tame bear. He never one jot abated his independence, but, if people were content to worship him, well and good. He rather liked it. And this uncompromising self-reliance had made a thing possible, which certainly at the time had

taken the world by surprise, but in which it had acquiesced, when accomplished, with a quite becoming resignation. This Pygmalion Smith, of obscure peasant birth and breeding, had wooed and won the most beautiful debutante of a season, the granddaughter of an Earl, the rage of every inflammable butterfly of the ball-room.

Hermione Farrington, which name conceals the identity of the most lovely and dainty of the debutantes of our century's eighth decade, was something more than a pink-and-white dressed-up doll. She was a genuine woman, high-spirited, and fired by the loftiest ideals. As a child she had hated dolls and fluffy lambs, that squeaked when hit about their middles, and to her the toad, which she visited daily, and kept in a hole in the garden, was worth a world of dolls, a flock of fluffy silences. For long hours Hermione and that solemn toad would sit and gaze at one another, until a wonderful fairy story wove itself in her brain, in which she became the toad's bride. What story wove itself, on the other hand, in the old toad's brain as he sat and gazed in her beautiful face we have no means of knowing; and now Hermione was the bride of a hunchback, and she knew that her "Richard," however much any Queen Margaret might call him "hunchback'd toad," wore "yet a precious jewel in his head."

She was immensely proud of her husband, and loved him as only a faithful single-hearted woman could, and he, poor sensitive fellow that he was, loved her passionately, jealously, nay, almost despairingly, for how could so peerless a beauty, so unrivalled a woman, he asked himself, see more in him to love than in many another? How could it be other than a passing caprice which had led her to bestow herself upon him? Nature had designed her for marriage with an Antinous, and he was at best but a "pocket Hercules." Any how he could and would do this much for her. He would make such a transcending marble portraiture of her that, so long as the Dying Gladiator had lasted, so long should her beauty last to gladden and delight the world.

Now Pygmalion held, with some, that true art depends not upon choice of subject or choice of dress, but wholly upon the treatment which subject and dress meet with at the hands of the artist. He, therefore, determined that this portrait of Hermione should be a piece of true modern realism. And, as he had been carried away by his first passion, when he saw her dressed in a white lace ball-gown, with bare arms and neck, thrown back tired from the dance, half recumbent on a sofa, so he determined that her portrait should go down to posterity. The canons of classic art might be against him, but what cared Pygmalion? Transcendently beau-

tiful was she in a modern corsage and coiffure: and if coming ages failed to see the beauty, so much the worse for them. Never had she seemed to him so desirable as when she reclined in sweet abandon on that modern sofa, and that modern sofa should be part and parcel of his realistic design. And so he threw himself heart and soul into the fulfilment of this scheme. Hour after hour and day after day his lovely wife would pose before his ravished eyes, and charm him with her wit, which was ever at its best in his dear presence. But, delightful as was this monopolising of this fairest of all fair women to him, there was deep down in his heart the conviction that it was rather the gratification to her vanity, than a cordiality born of love for him, that made her so surpassingly kind and sympathetic.

The fact of the matter was that a defined jealousy had got place in his heart. Amongst others of Hermione's friends who had obtained the entree to his studio since their marriage was a certain noble cousin of hers, Lord Harborough, an aristocrat, a born critic and dilettante, and, withal, a very true and noble gentleman. Hermione and he had been as brother and sister in their childhood, and had not dropped the outward symbols of such relationship, now they were grown up. And Pygmalion, Leontes-like, magnified these innocent little familiarities into "a paddling of palms" and "a pinching of fingers," and was consumed with an unreasoning jealousy.

As bad fortune would have it, Hermione and her cousin had, in truth, a very important secret between them, and Pygmalion, with his suspicions all agog, was not slow to notice that there was an understanding between these two, and that unspoken communications constantly were passing between them, they evidently being under the impression that he saw nothing of their covert glances.

The fact was that Lord Harborough had conceived a tremendous admiration for the genius of his pretty cousin's husband, and, being a man of considerable influence, had determined to do what lay in his power to obtain for him the patronage of a very exalted personage, whose reputation as a dilettante was such that recognition by him would most probably presage the attainment of the highest honours. This Royal connoisseur was in London for the season, and Lord Harborough felt that it was an opportunity not to be lost of advancing Pygmalion's interests.

The thing was to be kept a profound secret from the sculptor, as they knew, that he would hesitate to accept any favours or patronage if there was even a hint that they were not wholly spontaneous. He, they knew, had no idea of being beholden to any of his grand relations for advancement.

Now, one thing that Lord Harborough insisted upon, as necessary to the successful attainment of their subject, was that Hermione should again show herself in society—a thing which she had rather avoided doing since her marriage, as her husband, she knew, would never be induced to accompany her. The realisation, Lord Harborough said, that Pygmalion Smith had a more than personable wife could not but prove favourable to their scheme.

As a consequence, Hermione was soon in a whirl of engagements, and Pygmalion found himself evening after evening deprived of that society which had become essential to his happiness. He had never sought the friendship of his fellows, and knew not the joys of club whist, nor appreciated the gossip of club smoking-rooms. The inspirer of his genius away, he grew day by day more despondent, more jealous, more miserable. When his wife sat to him in the mornings, he somewhat recovered his spirits. Indeed, at no time could he resist the fascination of her presence. But these glimpses of happiness in the daytime seemed to make the gloom of his evenings the more intolerable.

Poor Pygmalion was in a very bad way, and by degrees he came to contemplate the prospect of an evening spent alone with a horror only possible to one of so nervous and highly-strung a temperament. Once or twice, indeed, he had been startled at finding himself standing, chisel and mallet in hand, half determined, in the wildness of his jealousy and the fury of his passionate disappointment, to disfigure and destroy the glorious portrait of his wife over which he had expended his best powers, his most subtle and delicate handicraft. Once, indeed, the sharp edge of the steel had, in fact, been held against the snowy marble bosom, and the mallet had been raised to drive it home, but it had come in upon his maddened heart that this was half way to murder, and the poor fellow had sunk down upon his knees and found relief in abundant tears of passionate repentance.

But all this time Pygmalion was too proud even to hint to Hermione that anything was wrong with him. And she, in blissful ignorance, half-enjoying for their own sakes the renewal of old amusements, but chiefly valuing them for the advantages which she believed would, through them, accrue to her husband, gave herself up to an increasing round of gaiety.

And all this, of course, convinced Pygmalion more and more that his wife had tired of him, and was bent upon annulling, as far as was possible, the consequences of her marriage—the mere passing caprice, as he believed it to have been, of a high-spirited girl. He cursed the folly that had ever induced him to believe that he was a fit mate for this most glorious

and most beautiful of God's creatures.

It was early in July, and there was to be a grand reception at the Hungarian Embassy, in Portland-place. An extremely select dinner-party was to precede it, and, by a most wonderful piece of manoeuvring on the part of Lord Harborough, Mrs. Pygmalion Smith was to find herself on the right hand of the exalted personage.

Hermione, as may be imagined, was, at this piece of news, in a great flutter of excitement, and, as she sat to her husband that morning, had, wrapped about her, an unmistakable air of mystery. How she prayed that she might so bear herself in the evening as to make a favourable impression upon her husband's hoped-for patron!

Now, Pygmalion had made up his mind on this particular morning to make one final effort to regain that happiness and contentment which he had of late felt so certainly slipping away from him. He had determined to see whether or no his wife valued her newly-found almost daily emancipation above his devoted love and companionship. True, he had little hope that the fellowship of one poor hunchback could compete with the gay association of that brilliant society to which she by nature belonged, but he felt that the present state of things was unbearable and he had better know the worst.

"Hermione, my darling!" he said, for he had never yet dropped one single outward sign of endearment, "I'm going to ask a little favour of you to-day."

"A little favour, Lion, you old stupid—what do you mean by talking of favours to me? How often must I tell you that there is no pleasure greater to me than doing what you wish? The only fault I have to find with you is that you will never tell me what you do want. When I ask you what you would like me to do, you always put me off with that stupid old saying of yours, 'Be happy and look happy, and you will make me happy!'"

Pygmalion laughed, for who could resist the fascination of being called an old stupid by such sweet lips as those?

"Well, Hermione, granted that all you say is right, I am really going to ask you to give up something for me to-day. I want you to stay at home and spend this evening with me."

"What, this evening! Oh, Lion! why didn't you ask me anything else? I—I promised Harborough faithfully that I would go to the Hungarian Embassy to-night; and, besides that, I'm invited to the dinner. It's quite possible! Oh! please—please don't ask me to stay away from that. Really—really, Lion, there's nothing I would do for you. You don't know what you are asking me to do. I gave my word that nothing should prevent my being there."

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"Very well, Hermione, don't say a word more. I've asked a favour, and you have not seen your way to grant it." And Pygmalion turned away with a sigh, and worked on for an hour in silence.

To be concluded in our next.

IMPORTED WIT.

AN APT COMPARISON,

Vendome used to say of Madame de Nemours, who had a long nose overhanging, a pair of ruddy lips; "she looks like a parrot eating a cherry."—Encyclopediana.

A POSTSCRIPT.

"Please excuse any spelling mistakes you may find in my letter, the ship is rolling so dreadfully."—Abeille.

"How was it Miggs had to pay a dollar for a cup of coffee?" "Well, you see, he stutters, and they charged 10 cents for every time he repeated the word coffee."

Bride (just after the wedding)—"Fred, you promised to give me a grand surprise after we were married. What is it?" Bridegroom (who is a widower)—"I have six children, my pet—all boys." Bride—"How delightful, dear! I have four daughters, shan't we all be happy together, love?"—Tit-Bits.

A STORY OF COUNT MUNSTER.

An amusing story is told of Count Munster, of the German Embassy in Paris. When he was Ambassador to St. James, he and his Austrian colleague, Count Best, who arrived together at an evening party, were announced in stentorian tones by an anxious footman as "Their Excellencies Count Munster and Count Best."

Stage Manager—I thought I told you to hire only handsome men as supes?

Assistant—Well, so I did.

"Why, three of them have carrot hair, and the rest turn-up noses."

"Well, they're vegetable supes, you know."

GAVE HIM A TIP.

"If I might venture," said the guest, in a low tone, as the dignified waiter assisted in the matter of putting on his overcoat, "to give you a tip—"

"Yes sir," said the waiter, relaxing considerably.

"I should advise you to try earnestly to break yourself off the habit of fingering your mustache in a severe, abstracted manner, while you are taking a dinner order. My hat, please. Thanks."

"The advance of time," said the misogynist, "has improved everything but woman."

"True," returned Miss Smarte. "Woman has been perfect from the first."

SAMMIE FORGOT.

Mother—Now, Sammie, come say your prayers.

Sammie—Now I lay me down—down—down—down—came a black-bird and pecked off his nose.

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

PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, 114 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

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

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

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1896),

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

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1822.

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

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

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1808.

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

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

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

N. B.—This Company having 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, 1897.

Branch Office in Canada: 167 St. James Street, Montreal.

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street.

MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.