

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

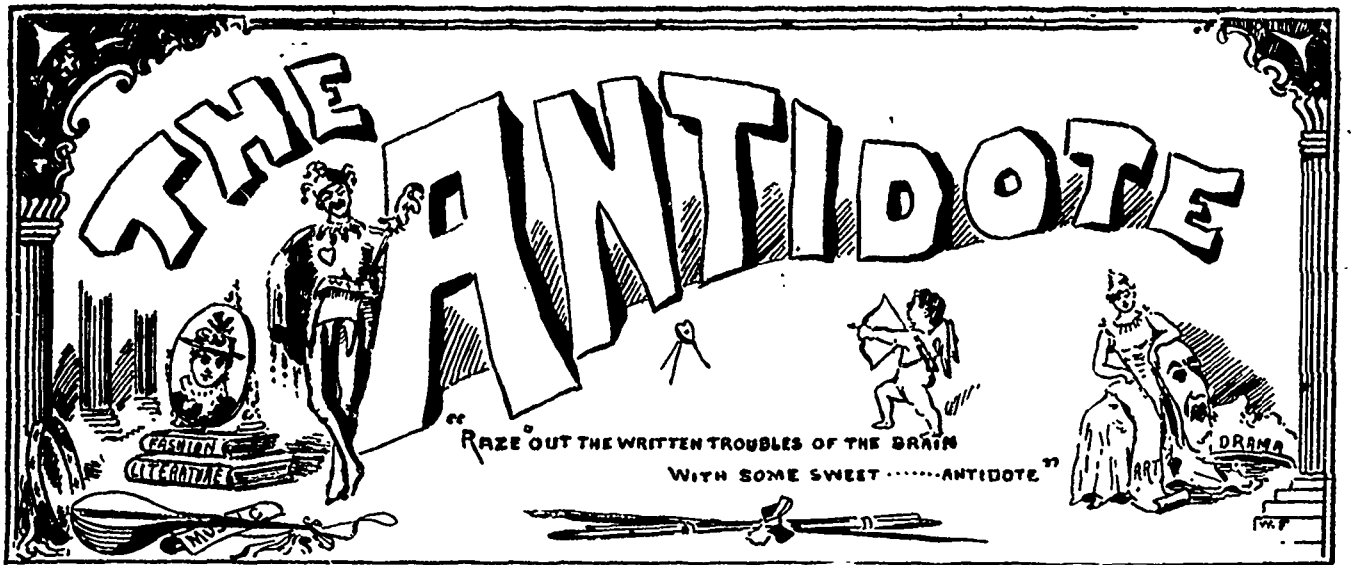
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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



Vol. I. No. 41.

MONTREAL, MARCH 25, 1893.

ANNUAL SUB. \$1.00
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS

Queen's Theatre

Coming Attraction,
JANE.

Professor HERMANN.

COLONIAL HOUSE,
666 Phillips Square.

—We carry a full line of—
Fine Tweeds, Cloths and Trousing,
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,
Belts, Braces, and all Gents' requisites.

Two experienced Cutters always on hand. . . . Fit guaranteed.

HENRY MORGAN & Co.,
MONTREAL.



BY THE LOCH SIDE.—P. BUCHANAN.



SUBSCRIBE FOR.....

THE ANTIDOTE

The cheapest Illustrated
Literary and Society Paper
in the World.....

ONLY
ONE DOLLAR
A YEAR.

Address, **THE ANTIDOTE, MONTREAL.**

THE ANTIDOTE

IS Published every Saturday in time for the evening suburban trains. Subscription ONE DOLLAR per annum, single copies FIVE CENTS. May be obtained at all the leading stationers and newsdealers in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Halifax, St. John's, Kingston, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, &c. All communications and remittances should be addressed "THE ANTIDOTE," 171 and 173 St. James Street, Montreal. We do not undertake to return unused MSS. or sketches.

CONCEIT.

It would be difficult to name a vice so innocent towards others as conceit. Your impatience, your apathy, your fretfulness, your carelessness, your garrulity, your extravagance, all these—almost all faults and foibles in the catalogue of human imperfections, have it inevitable to them to inflict harms and vexations on people you have to do with; your conceit never leaves them a whit the worse. And yet there is nothing man resents so much as conceit in his fellow-man. The display of it arouses an aggressive desire for the reformation of the offender, which can only be satisfied by his miserable abashment, and to that end many will take, over a mere casual acquaintance, an amount of trouble which few would think worth while for the cure of downright depravity in any person in whom they had not the immediate interest of near kinship or responsible connection.

While there is a watchful delicacy about even alluding to any other mental or moral defect in the presence of a person known to be one of those possessing conceit, or rather possessed of it, not only pleasantness, but reasonable kindness is constantly set aside without compunction for the sake of giving the conceited one the "giffie" of seeing themselves as "ithers" see them—with their least softening spectacles on. One would think it need not matter much to any one of us if our friend has more admiration for himself than we have for him; yet his fault is one which it is scarcely in human nature to tolerate, and for him charity bears the correcting lash. It is every man's mission to inflict wholesome discipline for his good on the conceited man.

It might be supposed that the peculiar annoyance caused by other people's conceit arises from its bringing with it the sense of offense against our own. The sinner is, we might take it, by over-rating his own gifts, disavowing our superiority or

claiming a vexatious equality; or, if what he thinks much of in himself be something which we do not at all possess, his merit must, in his own mind, at all events, go to prove our deficiency. And probably some of the resentment against conceit does have its source in this feeling; and where the conceit has in it, beyond its own mere unalloyed self-gratulation the ill-flavors of arrogance and assumption, the resentment against it will consciously derive much from such a source. But a homeopathic conflict of conceit against conceit does not account for all. Else why are teachers and even parents so apt to use against this particular evil an asperity which might seem more fitly measured to larger faults which go overlooked? Why do they so commonly infuse a sort of spitefulness into their rebukes and their hints? Why do they feel in the culprit's mortification a pleasure akin to cruelty, which would be far enough from them if the mortification had been never so well deserved by naughtiness?

It is amusing to see the care with which parents, who never think of keeping watch for the young upshooting of other ill-weeds, guard against the tiniest growth of what might come to be conceit. Generally the plan taken is to snub the clever children, and to tell the pretty ones that they are plain and homely. Not much comes of it in any way; and good cannot come. When there is any result it is usually a morbid self-depreciation, which, though a less irritating phase of the malady to other people, is infinitely more harmful in lessening the usefulness, as well as the happiness of the sufferer.

But: oftentimes the clever and the pretty find themselves out betimes, and seeing through the improvingly meant dispraises practiced upon them, take them as compliments, and are the more able to appreciate their gifts and their graces. If their minds are actively employed, they will be none the worse for this knowledge. To be honestly aware of advantages, to feel a pleasure in their possession, even, need no more be conceit than is the swallow's confidence and pleasure in its power of flight.



She—Come around and call on me at any time.

He—Will you always be at home?

She—Not always; I sail for Europe to-morrow.

SPRING.

"Come, gentle spring!
Ethereal mildness, come!"

So sang the poet, and so sing we now. We are tired of the changeable March weather, soft and springlike one day and cold and blustering the next. Last Monday was a perfect spring day, and, with a sublime disregard for the old saw, "as goes Monday, so go all the days of the week," the sun set in a soft haze of pink and yellow, giving alluring promise of a fair to-morrow, and we anticipated a particularly enjoyable trip about town. Just now the shops are gorgeous in their display of spring novelties, so, as we watched the soft twilight come stealing in, chasing away the rosy sunset clouds, Monday evening, we resolved that the following morning should find us up bright and early. So it did, but alas for the deceitfulness of human hopes! Instead of the anticipated gloriously spring morning our eyes were greeted by a whirling snowstorm. The sky was of a leaden hue, the ground was covered by a snowy mantle, and the sidewalks were wet and slushy. Not an inviting prospect. It is too bad that Easter comes so early this year, in a way. We can scarcely feel bright and fresh and blooming, and wear the gay springy air that so properly accompanies the festive season, when, only a short time before, the snow fell fast and the wind blew keenly in our faces. We have not yet had time to accustom ourselves to the thought of soft, balmy breezes, bright sunshine, clean, beautiful streets, gay throngs of women clad in fresh, spotless attire, and flowers springing up and over in token of a changed season. We have held our dresses so long to protect them, that our arms have not yet lost the weary feeling that has arisen therefrom. But we shall be far ahead of nature this year. That young damsel has not yet clothed herself in her new garments, and she seems loth to prepare herself for them. Whereas we poor mortals have not her independence and must perforce, willy-nilly, don our smart attire at the appointed time. So begin to get ready, and let me give you a few words of advice before you begin. Make your hat or bonnet a go-between, not too decidedly springy, nor yet not a particle wintry. To accomplish this you must procure one of those dainty new straws, all fancifully twisted and worn so that they scarcely look like straw. Get a small one, and it will be all the more appropriate. Then again, you are permitted this spring to wear a perfectly plain, tight-fitting coat, if you so desire, that is relieved only by a velvet yoke or short cape, you may wear it over your winter's gown, that can be freshened with new trimming at the feet, and no one will be the wiser when you step forth on Easter with your new bonnet and gloves.

In Society's Realm.

This is the last week of the diluted Lenten style of make-believe non-festivity which has of late prevailed in society; next week will be one of actual quietude (for Holy Week is really pretty generally observed by the fashionable throng), and then we will have the joyous Eastertide. In one of Tennyson's most popular poems there is a triplet of verses which tells about the blowing of the bugle, and then "Oh faint and far, from cliff and scour, the horns of old-land faintly blowing." That is the condition of society. The horns are far away in the distance and their blowing is very faintly heard. It may be sacrilegious to make so beautiful a poem serve the purposes of a social calendar, but to such base uses greater than these have descended, and it remains a self-evident fact that society is quiescent. The social world is waiting for something, it scarcely knows what, and yet it waits patiently, uncomplainingly hoping that the future will hold a little of pleasure for those who dote on pleasure and the joy it brings. Church socials, sewing circles, and receptions pall upon the taste, and were it not that the theatre affords diversion the rigorous quiet of Lent would perforce be broken. The present Lenten season has been at least a trifle more active than that of previous years; and there will be weddings by and by to give the gossips food for talk, and in another week Easter Sunday will dawn to usher in a new lease of life.

Society Notes.

Miss DuMoulin, daughter of the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Toronto, is on a visit to Mrs. Botterell, Dorchester street.

Mr. A. W. Atwater has been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold.

Among the easily enumerated "doings" of the week just closing was a successful "At Home" given by Mrs. Percival St. George on Monday last at her residence on St. Catherine street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Munroe, of 940 Dorchester street, gave the last of their series of three receptions on Thursday. They were all largely attended.

Miss Mabel and Miss Amy Gault, of Osborn street, left this week for Ashville N. C., where they intend spending several weeks.

Mrs. Davidson Parker, mother of Mrs. Geo. Drummond, is suffering from a severe attack of grippe, but is progressing favorably.

Mrs. Boswell and Miss Boswell, Quebec, accompanied by Miss Ferrier, of Montreal, are among the Canadian guests at the Battery Park Hotel, Ashville, N. C.

We hope Easter week will contain several things of interest as an evidence of social awakening. A very enjoyable entertainment is expected on Easter Monday at Mrs. Herbert Wallis' residence, 80 Redpath street.

Lovers of music will soon have an opportunity of hearing Christ Church Cathedral choir in a work out of the ordinary range of service music. A sacred cantata entitled "The Last Night at Bethany," will be performed next Thursday evening, under the able directorship of Mr. Edgar Birch the organist and choirmaster.

A Brantford, Ontario, collector offers to pay from \$10 to \$20 apiece for Canadian postage stamps of a very early date.

Dress Chat

Black satin coats are to be very fashionable this spring—there seems to be quite a mania for them at Nice—and it is said that they are very beautiful. They are generally of three-quarter length and sometimes perfectly plain, while many are beautifully embroidered in fine cut jet. They have huge leg-o'-mutton sleeves and deep revers to make them smart, and they are worn with all sorts of skirts, from black chiffon to broadcloth. There is a fancy, too, for wearing them with skirts of light cloth, like tans and grays, or sometimes royal purple. Small open jackets of black velvet are also much worn. They are a sort of Eton, made with wide-pointed revers and very large sleeves. They are lined with black watered silk, and worn with all toilets. They are exceedingly rich looking and very becoming.

Black satin sleeves are still another of the moments fancies; they appear in all gowns and in combination with all fabrics.

One gown seen was made of repped cloth, in a dull slaty blue shade with a tiny green rep running across it. The skirt was perfectly plain and in the new flaring bell shape. The bodice was round and belted with a folded belt of the cloth and had remarkably large sleeves of shining black satin that sat out stiffly under a unique epaulette arrangement of the cloth. The collar was high and plain and of the cloth. We illustrate a walking gown in deep walnut-brown cloth, with yoke and shoulders of petunia velvet, edged with a tiny frill of crepe de chên: in the same shade.

Six editors are making

For the World's Fair with a fuss.

And they've labeled their exhibits

"What the folks are owing us!"

Clergyman—"Wilt thou have this woman? etc., etc.

Rural Bridegroom—"Ay, surely! Whoy, Oi kummed a-puppis!"

Recipes.

Fresh Fish Salad—Take the remains of cold fish, pick out the bones and mince; season with pepper, salt, butter and vinegar; mix well with the fish. Put in a small baking pan and set in the stove five minutes. Then set on ice to cool, and serve with Worcestershire sauce.

Bisque of Lobster—Prepare, boil and open two lobsters; cut the meat into small pieces; break the shells and small claws; put in a pan with a quart of boiling water. Pound and mix the spawn, the fat, part of the coral, two ounces of the lobster meat, an ounce of butter and two of flour until reduced to a pulp. Strain the liquor from the saucepan over the pulp, gradually mixing it; season it with a little salt and cayenne, add the remainder of the meat and the coral rubbed fine and serve immediately.

Omelets—All manner of omelets, stuffed and otherwise, are well suited for Lenten dishes; indeed, eggs under almost any shape whatsoever. The following method of stuffing them is very much to be recommended. Boil some eggs hard; when quite cold, remove the shells, cut the eggs in half lengthwise, take out the yolks, pound them with some bread-crumbs, soaked and squeezed from all moisture, the fillets of a few anchovies, and a small piece of butter. Stir in three or four yolks, season rather plentifully, and work into the mixture some finely chopped herbs and a handful of dry bread-crumbs. Fill the whites with the paste, put together so that they look whole, roll them carefully in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs, fry them and serve them en pyramide with a garniture of fried parsley.

Smiles.

"Has this new doctor you've engaged been abroad and had advantages—?"

"Jerusalem, yes; he told me last night that he was at sea on this case of mine."

If the ballet dancer didn't kick for her salary she wouldn't get a cent.

In the street car: Gentleman (entering)—Will you kindly get up and give me your seat?

Lady—What do you mean by addressing me in that manner, sir?

Gentleman—When I offered you a seat last evening you said you preferred to stand. As I take you for a lady of your word, I will accommodate you by occupying your seat while you assume your favorite attitude.

It's rather odd that one has to lose his temper before he can display it.

TRANSLATIONS OF

Heine's Celebrated Lyric.

(By Edgar Alfred Bowring.)

A flow'ret thou resemblest,
So pure and fair and blest;
But when I view thee, sorrow
Straight creepeth to my breast.

I feel as though inspired
My hands on thy head to lay,
And pray that God may keep thee
So blest, fair, pure for aye.

(Sir Theodore Martin)

Thou art even as a flower is,
So gentle and pure and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
My hands on thy head with a prayer
That God may keep thee always, sweet,
As gentle, and pure and fair.

(Kate Freiligrath Kroker.)

E'en as a lovely flower,
So pure, so fair thou art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes stealing o'er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So lovely, pure and fair.

(Henry Jeffreys Bushby.)

Thou art to me a flower,
So fair and pure and bright,
I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Comes stealing on delight.

I long to lay a moment
My hands upon thy hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So bright, and pure, and fair.

(James Geikie.)

So fair, so pure, so gentle,
Like some dear flower thou art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Slides dumb into my heart.

I yearn, sweet one to bless thee,
To press thy sunny hair,
And pray God aye to keep thee,
So gentle, pure and fair.

(Charles Dexter.)

As a beautiful flower,
Pure, lovely thou art;
I gaze on thee, sorrow
Steals over my heart.

I long, why I know not,
Our Savior to pray
To keep thee as lovely
And stainless always.

(Charles G. Leland.)

Thou'rt like a lovely floweret,
So void of guile and art,
I gaze upon thy beauty
And grief steals o'er my heart.

I fain would lay, devoutly,
My hands upon thy brow,
And pray that God will keep thee
As good and fair as now.

(John Snodgrass.)

Thou seemest like a flower,
So sweet and fair, and pure;
Beholding thee, a dower
Of sadness fills my heart.

A spirit bids me lay
My hands upon thy head;
Preserve her, God, I pray,
As pure, and fair, and sweet.

(The Editor.)

So like a flow'r thou seemest,
So lovely, pure and bright,
I look on thee, and sadness
Of heart doth dim my sight.

I long my hands to press then
Upon thy fair young brow
And pray God may preserve thee
As pure and fair as now.



THE FIRST OF APRIL.

All Fools' Day is traced through every
country of Europe to the Hindoos.

AN OYSTER SHELL IN A TEAKETTLE.

Another use for oyster shells beyond
bordering rural flower beds has been discovered. A clean shell kept in a tea-kettle in which hard water is constantly boiled will prevent the forming of the crust which will otherwise gather on the inside of the vessel.

CRADLES OF GOLD.

Some of the costly things in the Sultan's
treasure house at Constantinople are children's cradles of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones; divans covered with cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls; suits of mail, thickly encrusted with big emeralds and diamonds and other relics of former Ottoman splendor.

A CROWN OF GOLD.

One of the presents which is to be given
to the King and Queen of Denmark on the occasion of their golden wedding on May 22, is a crown of gold, the gift of over 100,000 school children in Denmark, who have each contributed a penny.

STOCKINGS MADE OF HUMAN HAIR.

Stockings made from human hair are worn by Chinese fishermen as the best preventive of wet feet. They are drawn over ordinary cotton stockings, being too rough for putting near the skin.

ON BOTH SIDES.

When a woman is trying to write a letter on a half sheet of paper, much may be said on both sides.—Siftings.

A LONG WALK.

A well-known comedian one day, whilst fulfilling an engagement in Dublin, was walking with his wife, a remarkably stout, short lady, when an Irishwoman with a basket brushed rudely against her. "You had better walk over me," said the comedian's wife, irritably.

The Irishwoman turned around, coolly viewed her from head to foot, and then replied, "Faith, ma'am, it would be easier to walk over you than around you, anyhow,"—a remark which made the comedian almost choke with laughter.—London answers.

CHINESE TEA-MAKING.

The following poetic directions for tea-making are painted on many of the tea-pots used in the Celestial empire:

"On a slow fire set a tripod; fill it with clear rain water. Boil it as long as it would be needed to turn fish white and lobster red; throw this upon the delicate leaves of choice tea; let it remain as long as the vapor rises in a cloud.

"At your ease drink the pure liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble."

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

A young mother catching her husband in mute contemplation before the cradle of her first-born, felt a thrill of infinite rapture, and said to herself:

"Oh, how Charles loves our little boy!"

Just then the husband turned around, and exclaimed in a gruff voice:

"My dear, the more I look at it the more I am at a loss to understand how the furniture dealer could have the impudence to charge you 20 francs for this horrible cradle."—La Laquette.

A BRILLIANT CURE.

A doctor related how he had, with brilliant success, restored the sense of hearing to a man who was deaf from his birth.

"And what were his impressions?"

"The noises he heard affected him so terribly that he became deaf again immediately."—Il Carliquo.

LAKES OF INDIGO.

The most remarkable sight witnessed on the face of the globe is afforded by the subterranean lakes of Sinoa in Sambia, in Central Africa. Lionel Seale, the French explorer, has returned from there, and reports that the water is of the deepest indigo dye, and that the azure grotto of Capri can in nowise compare with the beautiful color of these wonderful lakes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

CANES AT CAMBRIDGE.

The fad with Harvard students now is the English hazel and German cherry. Some of the most fastidious affect the white ash, but nearly all who "are in it" carry a cane of some kind.—Boston Globe.

A NEW CARD GAME.

Spades are not trumps here, but musical notes.

One of the musicians of the Marienet School of Harmony has invented a very ingenious game of musical cards, which can be easily learned in ten minutes.

The game is composed of 36 cards, divided into four series of nine cards each. These series are distinguished by clefs, represented by different colors, as follows:

- Nine cards of do (black).
- Nine cards of sol (green).
- Nine cards of re (blue).
- Nine cards of la (rose).

The numerical value of each card is denoted by the number of notes which it contains. The notes employed are those of the diatonic scale.

For example: If a player plays do in green of the sol clef, his adversary must play a card of the same color with a higher note to take the trick. If he has no green card in his hand he throws off, as in ordinary games.

The value of threes, fours and fives, etc., is expressed in the following manner:

Third to mi, to fa, to sol, etc. Quart to fa, to sol, etc. Quint to sol, to la, etc. To make a point one must play three cards of the same color, they being the highest played. Four cards containing the same number of notes in the second measure are called "quatuor," and are equal to four aces, or four kings, etc. Three cards governed by the same conditions are called trio. The tens are replaced with cards, none of the notes of which surpass the

first measure, and this is called potpourri. Trump is declared the same as in other games, and the musical cards can be used in all the divers combinations of card games. It is not necessary to be a professional musician to be able to play with these cards, but of course a knowledge of music is presupposed.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

A BEAR FIGHT.

On the top of Smoky Mountain, at least five miles from any settlement or farm, in the midst of the wildest part of this rough, mountainous section, there is an old hunter named Job Smiley. Smiley is at least 65 years of age, but the years hang lightly on his stalwart frame. He stands six feet three inches in his stocking feet and has unusually long and muscular arms and legs. He carries no extra flesh, although he weighs perhaps two hundred and thirty pounds. Smiley's life had been spent in the wilds of the mountains, hunting, fishing and trapping, and many are the reminiscences of tough fights and narrow escapes he has had. One of the most interesting is this account of his fight with two full-grown black bears.

I was out hunting as usual one day on one of the cross ridges of the Big Smoky when I got on the trail of a big buck, which I followed for two hours before I got close enough to shoot. When I did get the chance the buck was about seventy yards below me on a narrow shelf, which overhung a rocky precipice.

I drew a bead on the buck, and dropped him dead in his tracks. Then I did a very foolish thing, and that was this: I laid my gun down against a log, not even taking time to load it, and climbed down to the spot where the buck lay. I got there safely, and so did a couple of thundering big bears about the same time. They had a den in the side of the mountain close by, and my shot alarmed them, or they had been "laying" for the deer themselves. Well, they were there, and so was I, and, unfortunately, I was without a weapon. I saw there was going to be trouble, and that I couldn't get back to my gun, so I looked about me quietly to see if I could find anything with which to defend myself.

Down close to my feet I saw a big hickory limb which had broken off in some of the fearful wind storms so common on the mountain. The stick was about five feet long and about three inches thick. Now, you can just imagine that I got hold of that stick mighty quick. It was fresh and sound, and an excellent weapon against one bear; but two—I had very serious doubts about the outcome in that case. This all occurred in a good deal

less time than it takes to tell it—in fact, in less time than that the two brutes were coming at me with open mouths. I waited until the first one rose to his feet, which they do when they are in for a fight, when I gave him a rap on the side of the head that knocked him down. Then I drew back my club just in time to strike at the other one. Somehow that bear knocked that blow off, and he did it so quickly that the force I had given it came near making me lose my balance. As it was the infernal brute gave me a "swipe" with his forepaw which tore my hunting shirt at my shoulder into shoestrings and ripped my hide and flesh from the shoulder half way down my arm.

Before the bear could close on me, however, I sprang back and drew up my club ready for another blow. The first one I had knocked over was now on his feet, and both of them, having smelled the blood, were in savage earnest, and it was now a fight to the death. They both came at me on their hind feet, about six feet apart and about the same distance from me. As they got close enough to reach, I swung the big club down on a level and just as quick as I possibly could I gave one of them a thundering poke square between the eyes. This was the fellow on my left. Then I swung the club to the right and got in a pretty good one on the other one's neck. The bear I had struck between the eyes was badly hurt, as he lay right down and whined. I happened to turn my eyes in his direction and this gave the other one an opportunity and the first I know I was knocked backward, and came near falling, with the bear close upon me. There was no getting away this time. He had his forepaws around my left arm and waist almost before I knew it. Fortunately my right hand was free, and I shortened the club and battered him over the head, while he clawed and bit me on the shoulder and across the back. We had it forward and back, the bear trying his best to get hold on my neck and face, while I kept beating him over the head and body with the club. At last down he went on the ground; but just as I was going over, I fortunately struck the bear on one of his eyes and knocked it out. The pain made him loosen his hold, and he never got another, for I got on my feet as quickly as I could and brought that big club down square across his throat and killed him. I was pretty badly hurt and short of wind, but I knew I had better finish the other one mighty quick, for if he got up and fairly at me again I should be wiped out; so I jumped for him, and got close to him just as he was getting on his feet. Lord! How I did batter that fellow! I knocked him over and pounded him until I was out of wind and the bear beaten almost into a jelly. Then I sat down and did what I

THE P. L. M. EXPRESS.

From the French of Jacques Normand

never did before—keeled right over and fainted. I must have lain there an hour or more before I came to. It took two full hours to walk about two miles to my cabin, where, luckily for me, I found old Tom Blakelock, another hunter, laying out a supper for himself. Old Tom soon had me spread out on a stake-down in the corner, and then he went to work to wash my wounds and tie me together again. After he had fixed me up in some sort of shape. Old Tom went to the place where I had the fight, and skinned the bears and hung them up. When he came back the old fellow was dragging along three cubs about three months old. He had found the bears' den and captured the cubs, which he pulled out with a bunch of rope that he always carried. That fight laid me up for about two months, but I came out as sound as ever.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

“Have you heard Miss Prancer in light opera?”

“Yes, she appeared in a duet alone last night.”

“How could she manage that?”

“Well, it was between her voice and toes to see which could go highest.”

“Spiggot threw up his hat as wildly as any boy at the temperance speech last night.”

“Yes, but this morning he felt like throwing up his boots.”

Old Soak—Delirium tremens date back to the beginning of the world.

Jagge—How do you make that out?

Old Soak—Eve saw snakes, didn't she?

Hand-organ music is never considered fine, no matter how often it is ground.

Mamma—Why do you always run when sent to the postoffice, Maurice?

Because it takes so long to go when I walk that it tires me all out.

Now doth the buoy little moth -
Begin to smile and smirk,
And lay his plans for getting in
His usual summer work.

Oh, why can't we all like in stage land,
Where it don't either rain or blow,
And they only tear up paper,
When they have the deepest snow.

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air,
So as not to wet his feet,
There was so much mud in the street.

“Listen, Robbie; this rich cake is very unhealthy, and I—”

Robbie—Well, s'pose we put it right out of its nursery, mamma.

There was a general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we heard of the approaching marriage of Valentin Sincere. What! he?—the hardened celibate, the sceptic, rebelling against all matrimonial ideas—the joyous free-liver, who had a hundred times sworn that he would never have anything to do with it! Valentin, after all, was going to join the great brotherhood! And of all women, whom was he going to marry?—a widow! We were bewildered.

So, the first time I met him I buttonholed him and demanded explanations.

“I've hardly time to speak to you—a heap of things to do. I have just come from the Mairie, and am on my way to the engraver's to get some invitation letters. If you'll go with me—”

“If I'll go with you!” I said.

We were in front of the Madeleine. We passed down the Boulevards, arm in arm.

“The story's a very simple one,” he said. “Commonplace to the last degree; but since you want so much to know about it, here it is—

crowd; but thanks to the proverbial obligingness of M. Regnoul, the station master. I was able to secure a place in the only coupe in the train. The only other occupant was a gentleman with a red rosette in a button-hole of his overcoat—a gentleman of severe aspect, and with an administrative air, whose luggage consisted solely of a portfolio. Assuredly he was not going far with that outfit, and presently I should be alone. Alone! the only thing to make a railway journey supportable!

“All the passengers were in their places and the train was about starting when the sound of a dispute arose at the door.

“‘No, Monsieur, no!’ said the voice of a woman, fresh in tone, and with an almost imperceptible Southern accent. ‘I ordered a sleeping compartment, and a sleeping compartment I must have.’

“‘But, Madame, I have told you, we haven't one.’

“‘You ought to have carried out the instructions in my letter.’

“‘We have not received any letter,



“WE PASSED DOWN THE BOULEVARDS.”

“In the month of February last I was going to Nice for the Carnival fetes. I have the greatest aversion to traveling by night, and I therefore took the 855 morning train, due at midnight at Marseilles, where I proposed spending the following day with my friends, the Rombands, who expected me to breakfast. The next morning I was going on to Nice, where I was to arrive at two o'clock in the afternoon.

“At the station there was an excited

Madame!”

“Have another carriage put on, then?”

“Impossible!—we have already the regular number. Come, come, make haste; the train is about to start.”

“Well, I must have a place found for me.”

“I have offered you two, Madame, in the coupe.”

“There?”

“Yes, Madame, there!”

"A little dark-haired woman appeared in the doorway, and instantly started back as if in alarm.

"There are two gentlemen in it!"

"Good heavens, Madame! I can't give you a whole carriage to yourself!"

"Very well, then; I will not go!"

"As you please. The train is off—I am going to give the signal."

"Stay, Monsieur, stay. I must absolutely go, and since there is only this coupe—but you'll let me have a sleeping compartment at the first station we come to?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You'll telegraph for it?"

"Yes, yes, Madame."

"You promise me?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, yes, yes, Madame!"

"The door was thrown open wide, and the little brown-haired lady, surrounded by half a carriage load of parcels and wraps, entered the coupe, a shrill whistle, and, we were off.

"Gallantly the administrative gentleman seated himself by my side, so as to leave the opposite seat entirely at the service of the new arrival.

"Without even turning her eyes towards

us, flustered and red with anger, she arranged her parcels around her with the ordinary haste of persons who have long hours to pass in a railway carriage.

"She had one bag, two bags, three bags, and, as to wraps—"

"Out of the corner of my eyes, I watched these little proceedings, and I observed with pleasure that she was a charming little personage. I say with pleasure; for, in truth, it is always more agreeable to have a pretty woman for a travelling companion than an ugly one.

"It was very cold. The country, covered with snow, and lit up by a very pale-faced sun, flew rapidly by on either side of the carriage. The little lady, muffled up to her chin in rugs and other wraps, turned her gaze obstinately out of the farther window; the administrative gentleman put his papers, yellow, green and blue, with printed headings, in order, and read them attentively; as to myself, comfortably installed in a corner, with my feet on the foot-warmer, I watched through the file of newspapers I had bought at the station to pass the time.

"11 21; Laroche. The train stopped. The administrative gentleman gathered up his papers, rose, bowed and descended from the carriage. His feet had hardly touched

doing it could I find? The classic resources of putting up or down the windows, in such a state of temperature, were non-available. What was there to do?—launch a commonplace remark of some kind? Better a hundred times keep silent than do that. My companion, I had seen at a glance with my Parisian eyes, was a woman of the best society. To speak to her brusquely, without being known to her, would have made me appear in her eyes no better than a vulgar commercial traveller. The only way of drawing her into conversation would be to find something strikingly original to say to her; but what?—what? I sought laboriously, but did not find.

"I was still continuing that search, when the train stopped suddenly, thanks to the powers of the new brake—so good against accidents, but so bad for passengers.

"Tonnerre!—twenty-five minutes' stoppage!" cried a porter, opening the carriage door.

"My companion arose, threw off her rugs, which, with her three bags, she left in the carriage, and descended on to the platform. It was noon. Hunger had begun to make itself felt. She moved toward the buffet on the left, across the line.

"I followed her. I was then enabled to admire at my ease the elegance of her figure, well set off by a long fur mantle. I remarked also that she had a pretty neck, a grey felt hat and very tiny feet.

"At the entrance to the buffet stood the manager. Wearing a velvet cap and bearing a striking resemblance to Napoleon III., he pointed out with his hand and with a napkin a long table to be taken by assault.

"I entered with a crowd of travellers—ruffled, hurried; in short, that stream of persons essentially grotesque and derogatory to human beauty, of an express train, bent all on devouring food of some sort.

"I seated myself and hastily swallowed the succession of dishes set before me; my lady traveller took some soup at a separate table.

"I was amongst the first to rise, and went out on the platform to smoke a cigarette. The twenty-five minutes—reduced to twenty according to rule—were quickly spent. The passengers came in groups from the refectory and returned to their places in the carriages. I reinstalled myself in mine. My fellow traveller did not appear.

"I perceived her at the little bookstall on the opposite side of the line looking over the volumes displayed. Although I could see nothing of her but her back, I easily recognized her by her pretty figure, her otter-skin mantle, and her gray hat. Her hair seemed to be a little less dark than I had imagined it to be: but that was the effect of distance, no doubt.



"SHE ARRANGED HER PARCELS."

the platform before he was received by the station-master, who called him 'Mr. Inspector.' The lady leaned out of the door:—

"Mr. Station-master!"

"Madame?"

"They were to telegraph you from Paris for a sleeping carriage."

"They have done so, Madame, and I have sent on the message."

"Sent it on! Am I not to have a sleeping-carriage at once, then?"

"Impossible, Madame; we have no carriages here. They can only furnish you with one at Lyons."

"At Lyons! At what o'clock?"

"At 5.45, Madame."

"At the end of the journey! But, Monsieur, I can't remain in this coupe until

that time! Impossible— I won't!"

"Take care, Madame, the train is starting!"

"It started."

"She threw herself into her corner again, in a furious pet, without casting a glance at me. I plunged once more into the contents of my newspapers—into the contents of the tenth, that is to say.

"Shall I confess it! That paper took me longer to read than its nine predecessors. Twenty times I began the same line; I believe that at least for some time the paper was upside down. Hang it, one can't be shut up for a long journey with a pretty woman without feeling some sort of emotion!"

"I greatly wanted to enter into conversation with her, but what pretext for

"All the passengers had resumed their seats, and the porters were banging to the doors.

parcels have not been stolen; they— they have been left behind at Tonnerre."

"At Tonnerre! How?"

short—forgive me, and do not be uneasy in regard to your property, which is in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you can telegraph, we will telegraph—and your things will be immediately sent on. Ah!—you shall have them, I vow, even though I have myself to go back to Tonnerre to fetch them."

"Enough, Monsieur. I know what I have to do."

"Stormily she rearranged herself in her corner, tugging pettishly at her gloves.

"But, alas! poor little thing! she had counted without the cold—she no longer had her warm rugs and wraps about her. At the end of ten minutes she began to shiver. It was in vain that she tried to huddle herself up, and draw her otter-skin mantle closer to her form; she positively shivered with the cold.

"Madame," I said, "I beg of you, on my knees to accept my rug. You will catch cold—and it will be my fault—and I should never, to the end of my days, forgive myself!"

"I did not speak to you, Monsieur," she said sharply.

"I was nervous—excited. In the first place she was charming; in the next place, I was furiously annoyed with myself for the stupid blunder I had made; in short, I found myself in one of those predicaments that call for the taking of strong resolutions.

"Madame," I said, "accept this rug, or



"SHE TOOK SOME SOUP" AT A SEPARATE TABLE."

"She'll be left behind," I thought, "She's mad!" "Madame! Madame!" I called to her out of the window.

"She was too far off and didn't hear me.

"The whistle sounded; the train was going to start. What was to be done? Prompt as a flash of lightning, an idea shot through my brain. She would be left there in the horrible cold without her luggage! Let her, poor woman, at least have her smaller belongings.

"I gathered up in an armful her three bags and rugs and threw the whole to a man in the uniform of the railway, who was on the line near the carriage.

"For that lady over there," I cried.

"The man in the uniform carried the articles in the direction of the lady at the bookstall. At the same moment the carriage door on the opposite side, the side next the platform, was opened, and my travelling companion, grumbled at by a station porter, hurried into the carriage, and the train started. Horror! I had mistaken the traveller. The lady at the bookstall was not the right one; the same mantle, same hat, same figure—but not she! It is perfectly absurd how much women resemble one another—the back view of them. I had made a pretty mess of it!

"She had hardly entered the carriage before she uttered a shriek.

"My parcels! Somebody has stolen my parcels!"

"And, for the first time she turned her eyes on me, with a look—good heavens!—with a look never to be forgotten.

"No, Madame," I stammered, "your

"I explained all to her. By Jove! My dear fellow, I can't describe the second look she darted at me; but I assure you, I firmly believe I shall remember it even longer than the first.

"I am distressed, Madame," I further stammered "distressed exceedingly; but the motive was a good one; I thought



"I THREW THE WHOLE TO A MAN"

that you were going to miss the train—that you would be cold—and—and I did not wish that you should be cold; in

I swear to you I will throw myself out on to the line."

And flinging the rug between her and

me I opened the window and seized the outer handle of the door-lock.

"Was I determined?—between ourselves,

noticed her! Good heavens! where had my eyes been?

"She spoke simply, amiably, with the



"YOU ARE MAD, MONSIEUR."

not altogether, I think: but it appeared that I had the air of being so, for she instantly cried out:

"You are mad, Monsieur, you are mad!"

"The rug, or I throw myself out!"

She took the covering and in a softened tone said:

"But you, Monsieur—you will catch your death of cold."

"Do not be uneasy on my account, Madame, I am not in the least chilly—and even if I should feel cold, it will only be a just punishment for my unpardonable stupidity."

"Say your over-hastiness; for, as you have said, your motive was a good one. But how came you to mistake another lady for me?"

"Because she appeared to me charming."

"She smiled. The ice was broken—the ice of conversation, that is to say; for in other respects I was shivering with cold."

"But how quickly I forgot the cold, the journey—everything! She was delicious, exquisite, adorable! She possessed a cultivated mind, keen, gay, original! She loved travel, like myself. In literature, in music, in everything, in fact, we had the same tastes! And then, only imagine! we found we had a heap of acquaintances in common; she was intimate with the Saint-Chamas, with the Savenois, above all with the Mountbasons! Only to think that I had perhaps met her twenty times in their drawing-rooms without having

frankness I so much love. A slight, very slight provincial accent, almost imperceptible, a chirp rather, giving to her pronunciation something of the singing of a bird. It was intoxicating!

"But though I would have given all in the world not to appear cold—great heavens! how cold I was!

"At Dijon, (2.20) my right foot was half-frozen. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the articles left behind."

"At Macon (4.30) it was the turn of my left foot. We received a message from Tonnerre saying that the luggage would arrive at Marseilles the next day."

"At Lyon-Perranche (5.48) my left hand became insensible; she forgot to demand her sleeping carriage."

"At Valence (8.8) my right hand followed the example of the left; I learned that she was a widow and childless."

"At Avignon (9.50) my nose became violet; I fancied she had never wholly loved her first husband."

"At Marseilles (12.5 a .m.) I sneezed three times violently; she handed me back my rug and said graciously: 'Au revoir.'"

"'Au revoir!' Oh, I was mad with delight."

"I spent the night at the Hotel de Noailles—an agitated night, filled with remembrance of her. The next morning when I awoke, I had 'the most shocking cold in the head imaginable."

"Could I, in such a state, present myself to my friends, the Rombauds? There was no help for it; it was one of the accidents of travel; they must take me as I was, and to-morrow I would go and seek my cure in the sun of Nice."

"Oh, my friend, what a surprise! That good fellow Rombauid had invited a few friends in my honor, and among them was my charming fellow-traveller! My charmer!

"When I was presented to her, a smile passed over her lips; I bowed, and asked in a whisper:

"Tonnerre—your parcels?"

"I have them,' she replied in the same tone."

"We sat down to table."

"What a cold in the head you have got, my dear fellow!" cried Rombauid, sympathetically; 'where the deuce did you pick it up—in the railway carriage, perhaps?'

"Very possibly,' I said, 'but I don't regret it!'

"Nobody comprehended the sense of this veiled reply; but I felt the tender glance of my fellow-traveller reach me through the odorous steam of a superb tureen of soup majestically posed upon the table."

"What more have I to tell you? Next day I set off for Nice; a fortnight hence I am to be married."



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

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

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

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE & MARINE.

INCORPORATED 1851.
Capital and Assets.....\$2,551,027 09
Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891..... 1,797,995 03

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO ONT.

J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

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

SEE THE NEW TYPOGRAPHS . . .

. . . AT OFFICE OF . . .

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE . .
. . . . FINANCE & INSURANCE REVIEW.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CANADA.
171 & 173 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE. . . .
ESTABLISHED 1780.

TOTAL FUNDS NEARLY \$18,000,000.
FIRE RISKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES

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

LONDON & LANCASHIRE LIFE. . .

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA.
Cor. St. James St. and Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.
Assets in Canada about.....\$1,500,000
Surplus to Policy Holders..... \$327,000

World-Wide Policies, Absolute Security.

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

DIRECTORS

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

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY . .
OF AMERICA.

Paid \$549,462.00 for losses by the conflagration
at ST. JOHNS, N.F., 8th July, 1892, without a single
difficulty or dispute.

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

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

Mrs. Driver—Did you hear what Mrs. Newrich said to me?

Mr. Driver—No; what did she say?

Mrs. Driver—She asked me if that was our "cafe au lait" we were driving in?

"Do you think, Schmidt, that your affection for Fraulien Goldstein is recipitated?" "I really can't say; I am loving her at present on credit."—Lustige Blatter.

A man with a broken leg is apt to do a good deal of darning while the leg is knitting.

Wife—I've made a fool of myself.

Husband—How?

Wife—Here I've carried all the baggage, so that people would not think we were newly married, and all the while my back hair was full of rice.

Among the early spring openings is the fruit vendors mouth.

A BORE IN SOCIETY.

Dear Mr. Antidote:

I was so provoked at a quiet "musicale" a few evenings ago by the ill-manners shown by an amateur pianist that I expressed my feelings in a remote corner to my friend Mrs. X, whose little gatherings are the admiration of all who are favored with an invitation. Mrs. X informed me that men of that character have been the torment of her existence. Why don't you write about it to the "Antidote?" I asked—"I wish you would do so," replied Mrs. X, and here I am.

One description, Mr. Editor, will serve for all: The amateur is a seeker after invitations, and he is sure to bring his banjo or his violin wherever invited. The lostes who is gifted with unfailling self-possession seizes upon him as soon as he enters and introduces him to Mrs. Blank, who is slightly deaf and asks him to entertain her in the hall or in an ante-room. But all have not the tact and management of Mrs. Y. and the amateur consequently imposes himself on the entire company. He is in a way master of ceremonies; he directs the musicians what to

play or sing, and is always ready to do one or other himself. His banjo or his zither or his violin has a history, or is claimed to have, and when he is not playing upon it himself—after half an hour of picking and scraping—he is not happy if the player of the moment is not testifying to its particular merits, and his gloom is terribly infectious.

The bore sings on tip-toe, especially in the higher notes. All of his songs are of the maudlin, love-lorn, sentimental class; his pinno playing of the kind heard by people who occasionally have to pass late at night along thoroughfares where rents are low, and his banjo and violin playing such as many be heard in places where soap is used chiefly in washing off burnt cork dust.

I hope Mr. Editor that the holding of this little "mirror up to nature" may have the effect of making the Bore see himself as "ithers" see him, and relieve many a one of what is more of a torment than christian patience can endure

Yours in suspense,

MARTIRA.

Montreal, March 28, 1898

THE ANTIDOTE

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INS. CO.

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

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

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

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

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

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y.

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PAERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion

CITY AGENTS:

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

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. | ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, . 114 ST. JAMES STREET, . MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

A Share in 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 COMP'Y
 OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1892),

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.....	300,000

ROBERT W. TYRE. - MANAGER FOR CANADA

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY
 OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1855.

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, 1892

Branch Office in Canada: 157 St. James Street, Montreal.
 G. E. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE
 Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY 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.