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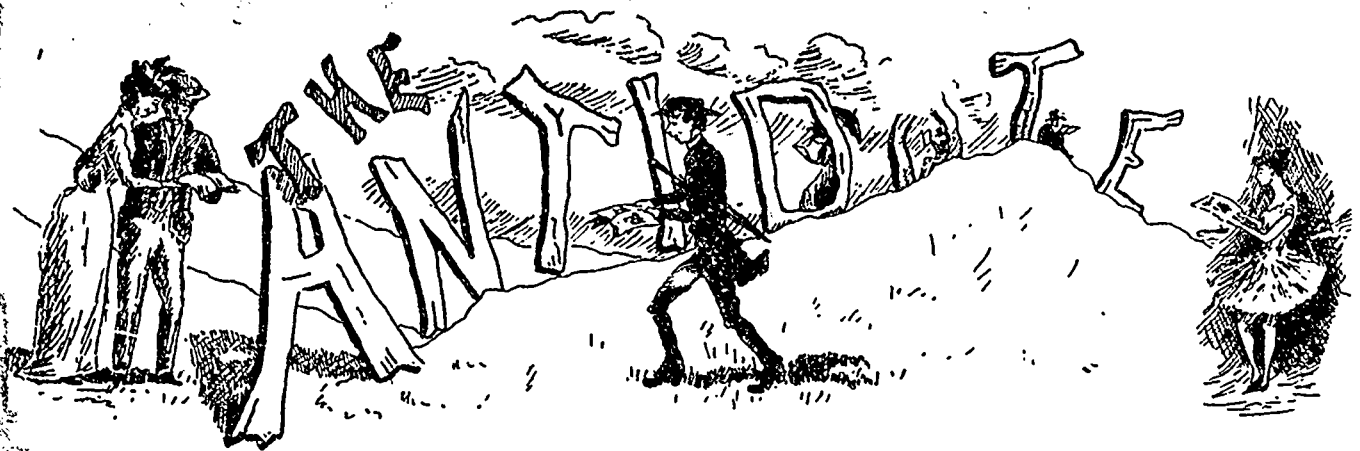
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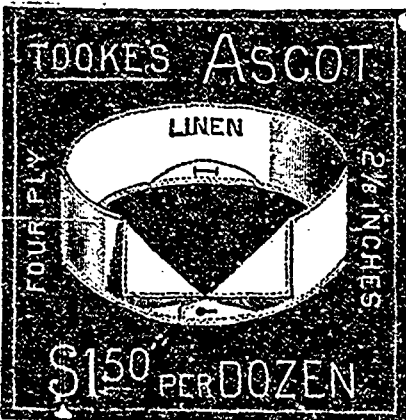
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FRIENDSHIP.

BY a very natural transition we pass from the subject of handshaking to that of friendship. We use the term friendship in the proper not the conventional sense, between which two there is a vast difference. There are plenty who will tell you that So-and-so is their friend, but ordinarily they simply intend to imply that they know him in business or society, and in point of fact that he is their acquaintance. There is nothing of the David and Jonathan attachment between them, and if So-and-so dies, though they may attend his funeral, with a piece of crape round their hats, they lose none of their relish for their dinner, and hardly is the last shovel-full of earth laid over the coffin than So-and-so is forgotten; "his days (to them at least) have been as grass, and the place thereof shall know him no more."

It is somewhat saddening to think in how few hearts most of us will remain when the sod covers us. The rush and whirlwind of this busy century, with its struggles for existence—to a great extent necessarily selfish—is apt to shut out and stifle true friendship. We are all so engaged in our individual pursuits, that we seem to have no time to stop in the race, in order to indulge in the luxury of holding a real friend.

Now and then, however, "circumstances over which we have no control" are kinder to us than ourselves; illness seizes and lays us on our back away from our family and home, and some good fellow finds his way to our bedside and cheers us up, when otherwise we should have been lonely indeed. Or we may "fall among thieves," and out of the many "who pass by on the other side" there steps forth one Samaritan to help us. Sickness and adversity are the true-tests of friendship, for in health and prosperity, there is neither difficulty nor merit in being a hale-fellow well-met. We see Jones daily at the club, play billiards and crack our jokes together, and say he is one of the right sort, but when dark days come he no longer greets us. Nor need we grow angry or condemn him as heartless,

since had the case been reversed, it is probable we should never have hunted Jones up, as after all he was but an acquaintance, and the contract between us was only intended for fair weather so to speak.

There are many, we believe, who go through life with many acquaintances, yet without a single friend. They are not perhaps unhappy, for belonging to the prosperous class they never miss what they do not feel the want of. As Cicero has said "Amici probanter rebus abversis," and those friendless men resemble the caravan crossing the desert well victualled and provided with water, who journey on unhedging past the fertile spots, which to the parched traveller are havens of rest and delight. But can we describe the happiness of him, who broken down, foot sore and weary, finds an oasis after a painful march, with a cool fountain at which he can refresh himself? As he lingers in the shade, he feels it was worth while to have gone through his sufferings, for the pleasure thus vouchsafed him. His tired limbs gather strength, and when he resumes his journey, he is cheered by the remembrance of that green resting place. Such may be an illustration of true friendship, a joy which comes to us in the midst of misfortune, just when we need it most. Happy is he, who in his tribulation, has felt the trickling waters upon his fevered brow.

As a rule a man makes his best friends comparatively early in life, before his nature has become too crusted with the world, and it is they who stand by him through good and evil fortune. Later on he may form acquaintances, but these do not take the place of those he camped out and hunted with, before his hairs were gray, or some woman claimed him for her own. And here we may observe, that aside from love and matrimony, every young man is raised higher by the friendship of a good woman. If he be worth his salt, he must be made better by that friendship, which will be a sort of a talisman to keep him from what is vicious and evil. Let him guard that treasure, and never suffer its bright surface to be sullied. Inasmuch as you "cannot touch pitch and be undefiled" so in like manner you must be purer for the friendship of those who are pure, for in the words of a great author, "no man can be otherwise, as he would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in church."

A "CROW-SKEERER."

Here is a story from Mr. Arthur Gilman's inexhaustible repertoire: A party of New England farmers, returning from the Paris Exposition, were talking with a Scotchman about the damage done by crows in the corn, and heard this worthy, with great unction, describe the ordinary scarecrow as an original Scotch invention. No one, however, disputed what he said, but one man quietly asked:

"Did you ever meet Gen. Leonidas W. Bunker?"

The Scotchman did not "racklack" him.

"Wall," said the farmer, "he invented a patent, double-jointed, compound back-action North American crow-skeerer that would just lay over that idee of yours. Why, I see it tried down our way, and, I swan, if before the General had even turned on the back-action them crows warn't so skeered than they fetched back all the corn that they stole the week before!"

PATIENT,— "I guess I'm about well, ain't I?"

DOCTOR,— "Almost."

PATIENT,— "What's my bill?"

DOCTOR,— "You're not quite strong enough for that yet."



MUSIC.



MASCAGNI'S operas still maintain their hold upon the public ear in London. *Amico Fritz*, which was but a few months ago put upon the boards at Covent Garden, though scarcely as attractive as his *Il Cavalliera Rusticana*, nevertheless abounds in new ideas and turns of musical thought. The violin solo in the first Act, with its suggestion of gipsy melodies, has put amateurs in raptures, and is quite as catching as the popular "Intermezzo," known to amateur vocalists as "Sweet be thy Rest." The merits of *Amico Fritz* appeal, more to the musician, but the libretto, unlike that of its predecessor, is almost wholly lacking in incident. The work is better sustained in musical interest, and on the whole is ranked by the critics as an advance upon *Cavalliera Rusticana*. This news the music-loving public will receive with thankfulness in these days of operatic sterility. The singing of Madame Calve, who created the part of Suzel on the first appearance of the opera in Rome last winter, is highly praised. The art she displayed, says a writer in one of the London papers, in gradually ending a passage in the second Act, with a *diminuendo* on a high C sharp, and in the third Act, in descending two octaves with a sudden pianissimo from a *crescendo* leading up to a high C natural, showed her as a finished vocalist; and her acting is no less highly praised. Some people are anxious to know whether we are to have Mascagni's operas in Montreal next season.

BLIND TOM, the pianist, gave one of his concerts here last week to a rather thin house.

AN Amateur writes us about a violin which he bought at a great bargain some time ago, and which from the label "Antonius Straduarus, Cremonensis, 1704," he fondly hopes is a valuable instrument. The violin may be valuable, but labels are now manufactured by the thousand with all the old dusty, greasy appearance of the genuine "Strad," and are affixed to the inside of the backs of fiddles made at Mirecourt in France and Mittenwald in the Tyrol. These can be bought retail at from \$10 to \$20 each, or less. The instrument can be tested only by an experienced violinist.

THE meritorious light compositions for the piano, introduced by F. Boscovitz before his recent visit to Montreal, have failed to attract many buyers, notwithstanding the handsome manner in which they were dressed by the Nordheimer's. Montreal has grown vastly more critical in the interval since the clever pianist's sojourn among us some twenty years ago.

WE have received an album transcription from Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* for violin and piano. Mrs. Christine Thompson has written a funeral march for the last rites of

Cardinal Manning, which is not too highly praised in being termed a "noble composition." One of the movements, though quite original, reminds one of Chopin's magnificent "Marche Funèbre" in the Sonata, opus 35, in being illustrative of hope in a future life of bliss.

WE understand that Signor Rubini, the well-known teacher of singing and voice culture has decided to resume the practice of his profession in Montreal.

ALFRED DESEVE, of Boston, the well-known violinist, for many years residing in Montreal, is on a visit to the city.



THE EDITOR'S FILE.

AS was to be expected, in spite of Shakspeare's saying to the contrary there is a good deal in a name and the amount of curiosity and interest manifested in the ANTIDOTE clearly proves we made a happy hit. "What does the title mean?" "Is it a medical journal?" "Do please tell me, Mr. Editor why you fixed upon such a name?" are among the numerous queries the Editor has found upon his file during the past week and to which no replies have been sent, since for five cents every questioner can find his answer should he have never seen the prospectus. Some have said to us, "Why did you not choose a more appropriate title—such as Observer for instance?"

Upon mature consideration the Editor maintains that the craving after something new is not peculiar to the men of Athens in the days of St. Paul and while there have been many "Observers" there never has, to his knowledge, been hitherto an ANTIDOTE, and he also thinks the name far less absurd than many others. Could anything be more confusing to one unlearned in the English language than a "Fortnightly" which is only published monthly? Then again the "Nineteenth Century" will in a few years have to change its name unless it means to be behind the age, whereas the ANTIDOTE is suitable for all times.

But the name is not the only nor the chief trouble of the Editor, for he has a bunch of letters on his file all couched more or less in fiery language, and threatening all sorts of penalties unless we apologize abjectly for having held up the writers to public scorn and indignation as "Our Montreal Costigan." One correspondent more warlike than the rest tells the Editor, that unless the apology is forthcoming in the present number he (the correspondent) will take an early opportunity of chastising the Editor wherever and whenever he may meet him. Therefore the Editor goes about in fear and trembling and his knees bump together when he spies any whiskey-soaked man coming round a corner with a thick stick.

Still there is the comic side to these threats, for since the sketch was published, there have been at least fifty laying claim to the portrait and though some are stout and others thin, some tall and others short, each individual one of them takes the picture to himself. Is not this the triumph of art, being able to draw so many at once? Ah friends, it is but the cap which the Editor makes for these it will fit,

in which work he proposes to continue *mâigre* all the angry darts with which he may be assailed.

No, the Editor is not a prohibitionist for you cannot make a man sober any more than honest by act of parliament,—violent remedies often have as bad or worse evils behind them than violent diseases. Are we, while advocating the theory of self-government, to enact laws which practically deny the ability of man to govern himself? The Editor would recommend the perusal of the article on "New York Tenement Houses" published in *Scribner's Magazine* for June and suggest that the only permanent cure against the evil influence of the saloon is to place a counteracting inducement elsewhere and as easy of access.

This is too important a subject to be more than touched upon in this short paper, and therefore the Editor would merely throw out the above hint for even poor old "Costigan" began to frequent his haunts from a desire to meet his friends and be sociable, and by placing the means of obtaining that friendship and sociability in some other way you will do more to save his gray hairs from finding a dishonored grave, than by the forcible measures proposed by some among us.



"NADA the Lily," by Rider Haggard, is the novel of the day—that is, if merit is determined by popularity—by the number of copies sold. And after all is said and done the lines of old Hudebras—

"What's the worth of any thing
But just as much as it will bring?"

apply with almost equal force in literature as in other services or products. Much of the merchantable value of Rider Haggard's books is due doubtless to the gratuitous advertising he has received. No writer has ever been so praised, so abused, so condemned by reviewers. His choice of the new fields he has worked in and his powers of description—have been highly lauded. On the other hand, he has been shown to be a wholesale or retail plagiarist as suits his wants. In "She" he is evidently to no small degree indebted to Tom Moore's gorgeous romance, the "Epicurean," and in "Mr. Meeson's Will," the powerful description of the shipwreck is almost word for word from a contribution by the late Robert Runciman to a London illustrated paper. "Nada the Lily" is not a whit behind his former works in scenes of blood and murder. He has been compared to Gibbon in his great history in that every page reeks with slaughter; it has been not inaptly termed "a human abattoir"; there is little mercy, or kindness, or fidelity or pity for weakness in it from beginning to end. But this is not to be wondered at when the hero is known. He is King Chaka of Zululand, who reigned in the early quarter of the present century, a king who is compared to Napoleon in his thirst for martial glory and causing the death of a million people, while he emulated in his personal

conduct the vices of Tiberias. Nada is not white—as a lily,—she is whitey brown, and does little but give an attractive title to the story. Savage life at its worst and continual fighting are the theme of the book from first to last. Take the following brief description, put into the mouth of a blind old man, who is near the point of death:

"Chaka speaks a word. The captains hear, the soldiers stretch out their necks to listen. Charge! Children of the Zulu!—There is a roar, a thunder of feet, a flashing of spears, a bending of plumes, and, like a river that has burst its banks, the storm-clouds before the gale, we sweep down upon friend and foe. They form up to meet us; the stream is passed; our wounded rise upon their haunches to wave us on. We trample them down. What matter? They can fight no more. Then we meet Zwide coming to greet us, as bull meets bull. *Ou!* my father, I know no more. Everything grows red. That fight! That fight! We swept them away. When it was done, there was nothing to be seen, but the hillside was black and red. Few fled; few were left to fly. We passed over them like fire; we ate them up. Presently we paused, looking for the foe. All were dead. The host of Zwide was no more. Then we mustered. Ten regiments had looked upon the morning sun; three regiments saw the sun sink; the rest had gone where no suns shine. Such were our battles in the days of Chaka."

The "penny-dreadful" or the "shilling-shocker" is not a circumstance to this. Rider Haggard has stepped away and beyond the writers of that class of fiction, and yet "Nada the Lily" is pronounced in respectable reviews to be "the best book, the most sustained, the most powerful, the truest book" that Mr. Rider has yet written! The means by which Rider Haggard produces his characteristic effects may be divided under three heads,—the physically revolting as in his narratives of cruelty and bloody death,—the fantastic, preternatural and marvellous,—and that old and simple expedient which may be figuratively described as digging a hole in order that somebody may be helped out of it. He is described by a critic in the "Fortnightly Review" as "an author who kills you a dozen men in a paragraph, and watches their elaborate death-throes with a coolness worthy of old Parrhasius; the learned professor of carnage, the unrivalled man-sticker and supreme elephant-potter of fiction, the novelist whose pages are littered with the carcases of his slain."

MR. Swinburne, the well known poet has just completed a new work entitled "The Sisters: A Tragedy," from which we quote the following two lyrics, in which their writer sustains his reputation for musical verse:

LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and Sorrow met in May
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,
And Sorrow smiled,
Scarce a bird of all the spring
Durst between them pass and sing,
And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,
Her crown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
E'en for love's sake, Love's own crown,
Crowned with dew.

Winter breathed again, and spring
 Covered and shrank with wounded wing
 Down out of sight,
 May, with all her loves laid low,
 Saw no flowers but flowers of snow
 That mocked her flight.

Love rose up with crownless head
 Smiling down on springtime dead
 On wintry May,
 Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,
 Like a cloud in clearing skies
 Passed away.

AS I LOVE THEE.

There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear,
 There's nae ship loves the sea,
 There's nae bee loves the heather bells,
 That loves as I love thee, my love,
 That loves as I love thee!

The whin shines fair upon the fell,
 The blithe broom on the lea:
 The murrise wind is merry at heart:
 It's a' for love of thee, my love,
 It's a' for love of thee.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S SURPRISE.

A lady well known in the highest circles of Montreal Society, but whose name we dare not breathe for the world, gazing out of her bow (or should we say *beau*) window, one day remarked to her friend Miss Violet. "There goes the gentleman I always call my Scotchman, who is he?" "That is Mr. Langsv..." replied Miss Violet, who of course, being a daughter of Eve, the very first time she met the gentleman told him what her friend had said.

"Weel!" was the astonished rejoinder "I hae been takken for a Garman, I hae been takken for a Franchman, I hae been takken for an Anglishman, but niver 'til noo hae I been takken for a Scootchman." That was the way he spoke and yet he was perfectly surprised that his nationality had been discovered.

A LITTLE logic is a dangerous thing. So at least it proved in the case of a thoughtful man who was trying to teach himself to swim. Having found that his feet insisted on sinking to the bottom he reasoned that they were too heavy, and remedied the defect by tying a bladder to each big toe. Then of course, his head went down; and although gagged by the water, he tried to call for help. He was nearly drowned before his frantic efforts displaced one of the bladders.

SEASIDE SKETCH.



"Will he come?"

ON ANKLES.

WHAT limitless vistas such a subject opens before one. The thought is overpowering! Grand! impressive! as at times, in the eyes of the beholder, the ankles themselves are ravishing! What numberless poets have apostrophised the eyebrows, the eyes, the taper fingers, the rounded arms, the sylphlike figure, the brow of exquisite whiteness, the rosebud lips, the pearly teeth, the shell-like ears, yes and now I think of it, some infatuated gentleman praised, in print, the left shoulder blade of his adored. The great Laurence Sterne wrote a chapter on whiskers. "You are half asleep my good lady," said the old gentleman taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word whiskers, shall we change the subject? But the old lady was interested. "So throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head and leaning it back upon the chair with her face towards him and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself,—I desire continued she, you will go on." and omitting somewhat the old gentleman continued as follows:

"—Whiskers? cried the Queen, saying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears. . . . Whiskers! replied La Fossense repeating the word a third time,—there is not a cavalier Madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of Honour pressing the page's interest upon the Queen, that has so gallant a pair Of what? cried Margaret smiling. . . . Of Whiskers, said La Fossense, with infinite modesty." And so on and so on, was there ever a man living who could write so charmingly. Yet he never wrote upon ankles, never a syllable, at least not that I know of. Then too there is that terrible wicked old Dean Swift who could write upon anything, who could entertain you with his reflections upon a broomstick, can you imagine a subject more barren? Yet never a word upon ankles? There also is that nasty evil-smelling old Rabelais who wrote upon subjects I should blush to mention, and no reference to ankles. Extraordinary! Plainly it is for me to cope with the subject. To begin with I will classify them. There are lean ankles, fat ankles, attenuated ankles, slatternly ankles, neat ankles, and perfect ankles

Many a lazy happy afternoon have I spent when I ought to have been working, with my well seasoned old briar between my lips, seated in my window, which commands a view of a certain muddy crossing, moralising upon—ankles! gazing upon—ankles! Alternately moved to pity, anger, disgust, joy by—ankles! There is a certain Italian girl who frequents our street earning a precarious livelihood by the aid of a violin and a dirty small boy. She generally plays directly under my window, much to the annoyance of my immediate neighbours, for I am told she plays villainously, possibly she may, I know absolutely nothing about music, so cannot say. Her reason for favouring my window beyond others and exasperating my immediate neighbours beyond the other dwellers in this street, is not because I am a gay, handsome young fellow, with a roguish eye and a ready wit. Alas I am far from that, being middle aged, corpulent and decidedly bald. No my dear young man my youth has departed, and with it many illusions, you too will lose them—have patience.

What is it the divine Goethe says speaking of that delicious spring time of life.

"Naught had I yet a rich profusion,
The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion,
Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove:—
Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,
The power of hate, the energy of love.
Give me, oh give me back my youth again!"

Alas but I am wandering back into that dim past, that looks so like fairy land now. wandering away from my little Italian girl: wandering away from my—ankles. No, her predilection for my window is simply this, in front of it her dirty little companion, presumably her brother,—gathers more pennies into his disgraceful little hat than in front of any other window.

My reasons for distributing pennies, which I cannot well afford,—living as I do upon a small natural heritage of wits, nothing else,—is not an inordinate love of music, for which I care not one brass farthing, but, because while playing she rests her right foot,—a remarkably small foot it is by the way,—upon the curbstone, and exposes in so doing a decidedly neat—ankle!

Alas how that exasperating past will rise before me as I write. I behold it, as it were in a mirror. There is a lake, ten miles wide at least, a gentle breeze rocks one among many small boats upon its surface. It is a summer night, a million of stars shine in the wonderful space above. The moon is full, no mist or cloud dims its white light. In one of the many boats reclining among the cushions in the stern, is the figure of a young woman. The moon lights up her charming face. There is a man in the boat. A young man, not good-looking but very much in earnest,—earnestness is a very fine thing except as a marketable commodity. The earnest young man is leaning upon his oars and bending towards her,—he is saying. . . . but I will not tell you what he said. He is thinking doubtless how good, and lovely, and true, she is. It does not occur to him that she possesses covetousness of riches, envy, vanity, hatred, ignorance, and a goodly share of stupidity,—though a remarkably fine pair of—ankles.

The scene changes. I see a handsomely furnished drawingroom. In it are two people seated, one is a florid red-complexioned man who looks as if he had lived for many years too well. He is not an earnest man, unless in the pursuit of money. He worships, earnestly, a little fetish made of gold. On sundays he goes to church to worship his creator—God Almighty. But his little golden fetish will not permit anything of the kind. It jumps up in front of him, so he worships it,—it is his God!

The other occupant of what room is a woman, she is stout. In figure she is what you would call comfortable. Strange to say she resembles the moonlight maiden. She is in fact, the moonlight maiden, or into what that pretty creature has developed. But the earnest young man has departed, he had his day—so has every dog we are told. The moonlight maiden, that was, has now what she coveted, with all her sordid worldly heart, she has a fine house, she has servants, she has money, she has POSITION!! She has nothing in common with the florid over-fed looking animal whom she has promised to love, honour and obey. They have little to say to each other. She has no children, she had two, but fortunately they died. Her life is loveless, and if she knew it, hopeless and hideous. May God have mercy on her. Besides position I forgot to add, she possesses a remarkably fat pair of—ankles! She no longer interests me, money is written upon her stout figure, upon her stupid face, she positively smells of gold, her punishment is deserved, she has fat—ankles!

Being a bachelor as I said above, middle-aged, bald and I may add good-natured, providing everything goes smoothly, I am, as is often the case with gentlemen similarly situated, the repository of numerous confidences. Now a man I know has been paying marked attention to a certain very charming girl (so he informs me she is, which information I take cum grano salis.) He is very fond of talking to me about her,—friends generally suffer under such circumstances. He assures me that she is the most fascinating creature that the sun ever had the amazing good fortune to shine upon (Ha,ha,ha.) Her manners are perfect, (?) Her face is lovely (?) Her hands are beautiful (?) Her figure is a dream (?) Her taste in dress cannot be excelled (?) But her—ankles, he has not seen them yet. (He has the same predilection for a fine pair that I have.) He has watched for them with untiring patience and ingenuity, when she is seated in the drawing-room bewitching his understanding with the subtle charm of her conversation, storming his heart with the fire of her glances. When she is in church praying to all the saints in the most becoming of attitudes. When she is going upstairs, when she is coming downstairs, when she is skating, when she is waltzing, when she is crossing muddy streets. But all to no purpose. With an ingenuity befitting his own, this modest maiden keeps these interesting accessories shrouded in a mystery of skirts. He vows he will not ask her to marry him till he sees for himself whether her ankles are in keeping with the rest. He declares, that to him it would be impossible to marry a girl with thick ankles. —Adolphus Tomkins.



The weather prophet seems to be carrying water on both shoulders and shipping it all the time.

THE TEACHER AND THE PUPIL,



SCENE I.—Drawing Room. Young lady of exquisite ear, who has finished her musical education, is given the "Sonata Pathétique" of Beethoven to play, for the first time. She doubts her ability. Her teacher is confident she can do it justice. While playing the second movement she is so enraptured at the beautiful strains and harmonies drawn from the newly-tuned instrument that she turns her gaze upward. Her elder sister up-stairs, who is waiting to take her turn at the instrument, stamps impatiently with her foot on the floor. A little dust falls from the ceiling into young lady's eye. Becomes painful

SCENE II.—The same Teacher attempts to remove dust from young lady's eye. Sister up-stairs, not hearing the music, steals down on tip-toe, opens the door softly, and, with hand on knob of door, looks on for a moment, and then—insinuatingly calls out—"TAKE CARE; DON'T SPOIL THE PUPIL."



A Correct Answer.

MANY years ago,—more than we care to admit, in spite of the tell-tale reflection in our mirror, there stood, in a large manufacturing town in England, an inn, hstelry, or tavern, (for it would answer to any of those names) yeleft "The Star," into the bar o' which, one Saturday afternoon, a boy, belonging to the shoeblack brigade, lounged and called for 'arf a pint of beer. This was quickly provided and swallowed.

"How much?" asked the boy.

"Tuppence 'arpeny" was the reply, whereupon the boy put down two pennies on the counter and ran out. He was immediately followed and collared by the inn waiter.

"Wot's up now?" cried the boy in well feigned astonishment.

"That 'arf pin' was tuppence 'arpeny, my lad," said his captor.

"Well?" asked the boy.

"Well; you only paid me tuppence."

"Well?" again queried the boy quite unabashed.

"Well, you're an 'arpeny short!" was the indignant reply.

"Nay," said the boy promptly, "it's there that's the 'arpenny short."

Anecdotes of Famous Greeks.

WHEN Alexander the Great asked Diogenes the Cynic what favor he could do him, his reply was: "Drop my name from your subscription list."

WHEN Pittacus was asked who was the most beautiful woman in the world, he replied: "The woman who can keep her mouth closed the longest."

WHEN Chilo was saluted as "Colonel" by one who wished to ingratiate himself, his telling rebuke was: "Sir, I have never resided south of Mason and Dixon's line."

WHEN Xenophon asked of Socrates how he accounted for Xantippe's notorious acid temper, he omitted for the once his well-known questioning method, and replied: "That woman thinks the spring house-cleaning season lasts all through the year."

THE CASKET OF DIAMONDS.

(CONCLUDED.)

MY trip over the Old Colony, the Boston and Maine, through the White Mountains, the valleys of the Saco, the Ammonoosic and the Passumpsic and by the Green Mountains of Vermont, till we reached Richview, was uneventful enough, but all my efforts to appear unconcerned failed to deceive my fellow travellers. They could not avoid seeing that I was anxious about my valise. I would not leave it in charge of the porter of the drawing room car, but took it to the hotel table and kept it at my feet while eating. My nervousness increased as we approached the Canadian border, and when the Customs officer asked if I had anything dutiable, my hesitation in answering led to an examination.

"What have you in that leather case?" he asked.

"Some jewels I am taking to Montreal for a friend who has gone home by another route," was my answer.

"My duty compels me to take charge of these goods. You can, no doubt, explain the matter to the satisfaction of the authorities when we get to Montreal," said he.

Reinonstrate as I would, the officer of Her Majesty's Customs bore off with him the valise containing the diamond casket, having locked it and returned me the key. My feelings by this time may be more easily imagined than described. I had at least got myself into a scrape with the Customs, and as regards the diamonds I conjured up all sorts of accidents. What a fool I had been to undertake such a commission. Arrived in Montreal, it was too late to interview the superior officers of the Customs, and I was compelled to pass the night in feverish anxiety about Madame Beltier's diamonds.

The matter was not so easily disposed of as I had hoped, and some days elapsed before negotiations for the restoration of the valuables were concluded. In the meantime the fair owner and her husband arrived in the city and assisted at the appraisalment. Picking up one, a diamond necklace, from the casket, she appeared to examine it critically. With a little cry, she rushed to a window, and in a moment, with eyes almost bursting from her head, shrieked out,—“These are not my diamonds—they are only paste. Mr. Eldridge, where are the diamonds I gave you to bring home for me?”

“I assure you, madame, these are the articles entrusted to me by the hotelkeeper at N———”

In the witness of her gesticulations, Madame Beltier seemed to forget that she had her arm in a sling. M. Beltier seemed also to be suffering from a severe shaking up, and wore a hat which though of late style, appeared to have been damaged over the left ear. He explained that the injury to madame's arm was caused by a railway accident. “I suppose you wish to have this matter settled out of court?” was the remark at length made by the husband. “I am quite indifferent, sir, how it is settled,” was my reply, a feeling taking possession of my mind that I was the victim of a deep laid plot.

It was finally arranged between us that, to avoid publicity, a mutual legal friend should be entrusted with the circumstances of the case. In a few days I was made acquainted with M. Beltier's decision. In order to avoid any exposure he had persuaded madame into accepting two-thirds of the value of the diamonds, which, if I would pay over, the matter would go no farther. This, under the circumstances, the lawyer did not deem excessive. In the face of the receipt I had given the hotelkeeper, I felt myself without any loop-hole of escape. The lawyer stipulated for a fortnight's delay. It was not everybody who could raise such a sum at a moment's notice. To this proposal, after some hesitation, the Beltiers acceded. To make the best use of this interval, one of the shrewdest detectives in Montreal and another in Boston were made acquainted with the facts of the case and instructed to leave no stone unturned to discover the character of the diamonds,—if madame had ever possessed such valuable gems, where were the imitations substituted? Several days elapsed and I was thinking of disposing of certain bank stocks to raise the money, when an incident occurred that deserves the term Providential as fully as anything I ever read of in fact or fiction.

One Sunday morning about nine o'clock a shabby looking creature applied at the side door of a house in the upper part of the city for

something to eat. Having been supplied, he remained to devour it, and amused a little boy of five or six years of age with the voracity with which he ate. The little fellow seeing the man bolting his food, asked—“Does 'oo want a drink?” “Yes,” replied the tramp. The lad entered the house and returned with his mug full of coffee. Having emptied the mug, the man began to move off slowly, but after walking a few paces returned and handed the child a paper parcel which on unfolding, he found to be a purse. Opening the latter, he took out some folded papers and immediately rushed into the house asking if it was money. One of the papers much worn at the folds, appeared to be a lithographed receipt for goods bought of a jeweller in Paris. He put the paper in his pocket, and meeting me on our way to church, described the tramp's visit and the gift of the portemonnaie to his little boy. “Here,” said he, “is a curious bit of paper which was in the purse.” Spreading out the document and reading it over, I startled my friend by the excitement of my manner. I asked him to lend me the paper, and turning aside my steps, rushed, although it was Sunday, to the house of the lawyer in the matter of the diamonds. I met him going to church, and lost no time in explaining the object of my wish to see him. The document proved to be an invoice receipt for 150 francs from Garnier, Bernadel & Cie., jewellers, Rue Rivoli, Paris, dated 13 July, 1888, for a number of imitation diamonds, bought by Madame D. Beltier of M——, Canada.

“This is most extraordinary,” remarked the lawyer. “The next thing to do is to find that tramp.” We lost no time in seeking out the father of the little boy. A visit to all the low resorts in the city however, failed to discover the giver of the purse. Keeping all knowledge of the document a secret, we arranged for a further delay of ten days “till I could sell some stocks,” my broker being out of town. About a week had elapsed and no trace of the tramp, when one morning my friend, whose little boy had received the purse, had another visit from the same man, with a request for something to eat. The child recognized him and rushed into the house exclaiming that “the hungry man want mo' beddy-buttie.” While his wants were being satisfied my friend sent me word. I lost no time in reaching the house and persuading the tramp by promise of a reward to accompany me to the lawyer's office. The tramp explained that he had been in the neighborhood when the smash up on the———Railway west occurred a few weeks before. There had been several narrow escapes, and some of the occupants of the sleeping car had flung their clothing and valuables out the windows; others rushed half dressed through the only door not effectually barred. He slept by a haystack the remainder of the night. Going to the scene of the accident at daybreak, he found the purse he had given to the little boy. It contained a two dollar bill and a few silver coins, and some receipts. In the course of the day M. Beltier was confronted with all the evidence we had obtained as to the character of the diamonds. After a consultation with his wife he consented to let the matter drop so far as I was concerned, but would take action against the other persons through whose hands the jewels had passed. Arrangements were made to have them restored by the Customs authorities, and I heard nothing further of the claims of Madame Beltier or of her diamonds. The amount of the loss I sustained did not exceed a couple hundred dollars, three-fourths of this being the amount of Madame's bill at the hotel, and which in view of so large a number of precious stones no one could question as being perfectly safe. I sent M. Beltier a demand for the amount but he has never from that day to this honored me with a reply. Neither he nor madame have been seen at that popular resort ever since.

THE END.

GEORGIA, the mother of magnetic girls and other freaks, now comes forward with an Irish Chieftain who talks pigeon English with a brogue. The “New South” is bound to keep up with the procession.

If Hamlet's father's ghost had been a live American of the present day, he would not have claimed the ability to unfold a tale that would make the hearers “hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” He would be more likely to put it in some such way as this: “I could pompadour your hair while you wait.”

Wedding Bells.

On the 15th ult., at Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev. Dr. Norton, M. A., D. D., George F. O'Halloran, of Cowansville, to Miss Maud Monica Tait, daughter of Mr. Justice Tait. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white corded silk, trimmed with Irish lace. Her tulle veil covered a tiara of orange blossoms, and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Carrie Tait, sister of the bride; Miss Ramsay, Miss White, of Ottawa, and Miss Magee, of Newport, R. I. They wore simple but charming white gowns, trimmed with valenciennes lace and relieved by leaf green sashes, large picture hats of Leghorn trimmed with lilacs. They carried bouquets of choice white exotics. The best man was Mr. Alex. Leslie, of Toronto, and the ushers were Messrs. Harold Hampson, D. J. Giroux, jr., and E. Bartlett. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, 994 Sherbrooks street, after which the happy pair left for Lake George, where the honeymoon will be spent. The wedding presents were numerous, and of an exceptionally valuable and useful character.

This announcement was unavoidably crowded out of our first issue.

At St. George's Church, on the 22nd inst., the Rev. J. A. Newnham, of Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay, was married to Miss Lettie Henderson, daughter of the Rev. Canon Henderson, His Lordship Bishop Bond performing the ceremony. The chancel of the church was prettily decorated with flowers, and a large party of relations and friends were present. This happy couple also proceeded to Lake George for their marriage trip, having been previously congratulated at the Diocesan College, of which the bride's father is the principal.

Society Notes.

D. Macmaster and family are spending the summer months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bond will, as usual, summer it at Ste. Ann de Bellevue.

Mr. W. C. Van Horne is nearly settled in his new mansion on Sherbrooke street.

Mr. Clouston, manager of the Bank of Montreal, intends passing the summer at Dorval.

Mr. James Reed Wilson has returned from his two months' sojourn among his friends in Scotland.

Some of the recent paintings from the pencil of Mr. John McArthur are far more than amateurish.

Senator Drummond's sun-dial clock is a great boon to the people along Sherbrooke street—in fine weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote and Miss G. Scott sailed by the Parisian this week. Both ladies are daughters of Mr. Hugh Scott, Toronto.

A number of our fashionable young men who went on a fishing excursion up the river last week report any number of bites from fish and mosquitoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Holcroft, of Toronto, visited Montreal this week on their wedding journey to the seaside. The bride is a daughter of Captain Maule, deputy sheriff in the Queen City.

J. C. Hatton, Q. C., and Mrs. Hatton have sailed for England, where they intend joining a party on Mr. Durrant's yacht, the "Ettawancee," and proceeding on a trip to Norway.

Mrs. J. C. Holden, of Belmont Park, has gone to Paris to meet her daughter, Miss Holden, who has been abroad for several years completing her studies in painting. She is an artiste of great merit.

"Talk about all the lies told about fish and fishing," said a friend of mine who knows what he is talking about, "the biggest fish liar in the kodak." If you get a picture of the fisherman and his fish you've got the combination. Just lie down with your feet towards the camera and have a photograph taken of yourself and you will understand. Your feet will appear bigger and larger than your body. When the first liar wants corroboration—and he always does want it—he hangs up his fish a little to one side and in front of him. The kodak does the rest."

He Could not Lie.

THERE was an old man with a wooden leg seated on a pile of rope down on the wharf, and as I took a seat beside him I said: "There is probably a good story connected with the loss of that leg. I take it that you are an old sailor." "Yes, sir, I used to be a deep water sailor, but since the loss of that leg I have had to remain ashore and act as ship-keeper." "But what about the leg, how did you lose it?" "Do you want a truthful story, sir, or one of those fancy yarns they put in the papers?" "Just as you like." "Well, I couldn't tell you a lie. I have been a hard man in my day, but lying was not one of my sins. It must be the solid truth or nothing." "Go ahead." "Well, sir, I lost that leg in the Indian Ocean by a shark. The ship I was in was becalmed, and I crawled out on [the bowsprit to catch a curious bird which had settled down and gone to sleep. I was nearly up to it when I feel a sudden numbness in that leg. I thought it might be rheumatics, but just then the second mate sings out: "Lay in, Tom, before he comes after your other one! we wants no man aboard on this ship without at least one leg!" "What's the blooming row, Mr. Martin?" I asks of him as I looks back. "Why, a shark has bit that right leg of yours off at the knee, and he's now got his weather eye on your left! Lay in, I say!" "Well, sir, I laid in to find that he was telling the truth. The leg was gone. A shark had leaped up and bitten it off." "How high did he have to leap?" "Say 14 feet, sir." "And you didn't hear a splash?" "Not a one." "Nor feel the bite?" "No, sir. There was just a sort of numbness like I told you. If it hadn't been for the bloomin' mate a tellin' of me and my ship—mates' pointing at it I should'nt have known it was off" "Tom, what is the usual charge down this way for telling the truth?" "Well, sir, some beats you down to the price of a glass of beer, while others are quite willing to pay 10 or 15 or twenty cents. It's according to the man. I think 15 cents is a fair price." "Yes, that's reasonable. Would it have been any more if the shark had leaped higher, say to the topsail yard?" "No, sir." "Or if it had got both legs?" "No, sir." "Very well, here is your money which you truly deserve. I believe every word you have said, but I'd like to ask you one question." "Go ahead, sir." "Where is the Indian ocean?" "Why out among the Indians, to be sure! Going? Well drop down and see me now and then. I'm full of sea stories, and I can warrant every one to be copper-bottomed."

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

1. Whether stone and dump carters can be indicted for a nuisance when they arouse one out of the "balmy" in the early hours of the morning?

2. Whether a man who chews tobacco and expectorates on the side walks should be entitled to vote on measures relating to the city's cleanliness?

3. How do ladies with long dresses feel regarding question No. 2?

4. Whether the pronoun "she" can be fairly applied to a "mail" steamer?

5. Whether it is more reprehensible to read on Sunday a paper which is printed on Saturday, or read one on Monday which is printed on Sunday?

6. Whether those who make the sweeping assertion "that Montreal is more under the influence of the liquor traffic than any other city on the Continent" have ever been in the States without having their eyes bandaged up?

While a Scotch regiment was on the march in India from one station to another, the doctor—as is usual at certain camps on the line of march—paraded the men for feet inspection, and on going his rounds made one man a prisoner for having dirty feet. On the officer of this man's company asking him the next day why he did not wash his feet, his excuse was: "Weel, sir, there was a dizen or mair o' us washin oor feet in yae binc (tub), an I ken this much, I washed a pair o' feet, bit whether they were mine or no' I canna sweet."—*Dundee Weekly News*.



(From the London Ladies' Pictorial.)

THE FASHIONS.

SMART GOWNS.

The three gowns illustrated are simply perfect.

No. 1 is a white foulard, covered with a beautiful firmament of black stars. The skirt is made slightly full, and is cut open on either side to show a facing of white moire ribbon, the same ribbon being also tied in long loops and bows from the waist. Round the hem of the skirt there are two tiny flounces, under a bouillonnée of the same soft silk. The bodice is arranged with a deep collar of white chiffon, lightly veiled with fine black lace, the tightly fitting cuffs to the elbow being also covered with lace to correspond.

No. 2 is a simple and girlish frock of white batista, a quaint old-fashioned material now being happily revived. The front of the skirt is run with cords, in lines going from waist to hem, and giving considerable length to the figure, while round the hem there is a flounce of white silk, with a frill and insertion of a particularly pretty new white lace. An empire trimming goes round the waist, formed of three rows of fine Tuscan straw galon, bordered by an edging of very small balls of straw.

No. 3 is a beautiful silk gown, with a rich poialh de soie, in the first place, shot with a pigeon's plumage combination of pale fawn, delicate rose colour, and a decided green, and then having stripes of pale hiletrope satin, ruled with narrow lines of black. The hem-trimming consists of a tuck of the same silk, closely gathered in the centre all round. The large sleeves are one pale leaf-green velvet, cut in a very wide and full shape. A few folds of the velvet may be seen cleverly arranged to conceal the picture of the bodice and skirt, while both on the front and the back of the bodice there is a novel trimming of cream lace,

forming zouaves in front, and coming down most gracefully to a point at the back.

NOTES.

Some silk parasols have real lace butterflies or bows inserted in them, and they are edged all round with a handsome imitation of real lace. Veiling of Russian net with a large mesh is greatly worn.

There are some charming fish-net veils in both white and black. The earliest of these are the prettiest,

Dresses, with a wide bristling ruffle of lace about the shoulders, seem to prevail. Valenciennes and Alençon being made use of for the most elegant and elaborate of such gowns.

SMALL FOR ITS AGE.

A well known genial old judge (now retired) told us the following. A good many years ago an old French priest living at Sault au Re-collet, on the Back river, required some work done about his garden, for which he engaged a man who hailed from the Emerald Isle. Pat worked so hard all day, that at evening the priest was moved to compassion and asked him if he would like a glass of brandy, to which Pat promptly replied that such would suit his complaint entirely. Thereupon the priest went into his house and soon returned with a liqueur glass of the liquid in question. Pat's countenance grew a trifle doleful at the size of the glass and the priest observed with much pride. "I only have a little brandy but what I have is of the very best. "This" he added handing Pat the glass "is five and twenty years old." "Och sure Father" said Pat, gulping down the liquor, "it's mighty small for its age."



PARSON, (to a gentleman and his valet, who are waiting the train)—
Please can you tell me when the train is due here?"

"STAMMERING GENT,— "Yes sir, if y-y-you c-ca-can tell me h-how
it was th-that Ba-Ba-Balaam's ass spoke."

PARSON,— "Excuse me, sir, I did not catch what you said."

VALET, (coming to the rescue)—Sir, my lord says he will tell you
when the train is due if you can tell him how it was that Balaam's ass
spoke?"

PARSON,— "I don't know, sir, except it was that he stammered so
much himself that he got his ass to speak for him."

A man in Illinois has been sentenced to 95 years for murdering his
wife. It would raise a nice point of law to decide whether he would
be guilty of contempt of court if he died before completing his term.

THE Chicago Inter Ocean tells a new street-car story in which the
principal characters were a big fat woman and a small boy. Nobody
offered her a seat at first, and she was bumped and twisted and rolled
about as the car went on its winding and jerking way, until the small
boy rose up and said: "I'll be one of these men to give the lady a
seat."

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.—THE RESCUE.

SOME few years ago my friend Tom Birtle returned to Montreal after a lengthened visit to the Old Country, where he had been making arrangements for a more extended trade than had previously existed between himself and a number of Scotch houses. As it divers events,—apart from business—had happened to Tom during his sojourn on the other side. He had married a daughter of a Glasgow wholesale drug merchant, somewhat hastily, and of which act he certainly soon repented at leisure. The marriage was a most unhappy one, for not only had his wife a vile and ungovernable temper, but to his horror he discovered very shortly that she was addicted to the use of chemical stimulants, when she would lose all control over herself, and become for the time being like one demented. I can think of nothing more disheartening, than for a young man being saddled with such a burden, and a few months added years to Tom's life in those days. Perhaps an older man would have endeavored to piece together the idol which had fallen from its pedestal, but Tom felt too wretched to make the attempt, and he was only slightly roused from his lethargy, when one day he discovered his wife had eloped with her cousin, an



idle young fellow, who had lately come into a small property. An action for divorce was begun, but was discontinued owing to the news of Mrs. Birtle's death in Paris, and Tom with a feeling of relief turned over that page of his history and pasted it down, resolving never to re-open or refer to it again.

It was nearly a year after his release that Tom found himself once more under the shadow of Mount Royal, and as you watch him shooting the rapids in his canoe down the Back River at Sault-au-Recollet, one Saturday afternoon in the beginning of August, you will see a well put together muscular man of eight and twenty, with a sunburnt handsome face on which there is a smile of placid enjoyment. Sorrow and trouble, like winter, do not last for ever; flowers bloom once more and the dip of the paddle tells us there are still pleasures left in life. Time heals most wounds, especially when we are young and look ahead instead of behind us. Age and memory come soon enough, meanwhile youth and hope turn with zest to pastures new, and Tom Birtle, as his canoe danced over the waves could sing "The Canadian Boatman Song" with a light heart.

He had left the railway bridge astern, and was steering towards comparatively smooth water near the island shore when a pretty picture presented itself to his gaze. On a rock jutting out into the stream stood a girl of some eighteen summers, rod in hand, and whipping the water under the direction of an elderly gentleman, seated under a tree at a short distance in the rear, evidently adjusting his line for a fresh

cast. The girl was of a tall slim figure, dressed in a tight fitting costume, with a neat straw hat upon her head, sufficiently small to disclose the dark braided hair and finely chiseled features, which latter were rendered more beautiful by the flush of expectancy stamped upon them, as the lithe arm threw out the line and drew back the feathery fly. Of course all this was taken in by Tom as instantaneously as it would have been by a Kodak, and in spite of his late treatment by one of the sex, he was still under thirty years of age, and could not help inwardly acknowledging that Edith Vavasour (though he did not then know her name) was very fair to look upon. He could not see her eyes, but he was sure they must be beautiful, and, being a bit of an artist, the grace of the girl's movements quite charmed him. You see he had not required the cynicism, which is mingled with gray hairs, and because one woman had deceived him, he did not therefore illogically condemn all the rest.

Suddenly there was a leap and a splash, a large black bass having taken the fly, and his rapid dive below the surface, strained both line and rod, for, as anglers know, the black bass has heaps of pluck, and will fight with the strength and vim of a fish twice his weight. "Give him line, Edith, give him line!" shouted Mr. Vavasour in an excited voice, but rising from his seat with the deliberation of mature years.

"Oh Papa, the reel has caught," Edith answered; then as the fish gave a tremendous jerk her foot slipped, and before her father could reach her she fell into the water, the current instantly bearing her several feet from the shore.

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Vavasour, rushing forward as though to plunge in after his child, though he could not swim a stroke.

"Hold hard sir!" roared Tom Birtle, who was now at no great distance, "I'll get her all right," and his canoe glided alongside of the rapidly sinking girl.

Tom was a powerful man, but it requires great skill, as well as strength, to lift a drowning person into a light canoe. If you desire to try the experiment, let me advise you to make the first attempt in calm water, as even then you will find it no easy matter to keep your craft from swamping, but a current renders the affair ten times more difficult. Luckily however, Tom knew well what he was about; he had turned the head of his canoe up stream, and leaning almost all his weight upon his right hand paddle, he thrust out another with his left hand to Edith, who clutched it with the energy of despair. There was a tremor in the canoe, as Tom resting still further on the opposite side, slowly but surely began to raise the girl out of the water. "Steady!" he cried encouragingly, as at length she caught hold of the canoe, when dashing down the extra paddle, he seized her arm, and with his assistance she finally struggled over the side and sank exhausted immediately in front of him. Hardly had this taken place, when the current against which Tom had been fighting literally single handed, whizzed round the head of the canoe, and sent it with its occupants flying out into the stream as though enraged at having been resisted so long.

"I'll land down below, and bring her to the Hotel," Tom shouted back to Mr. Vavasour.

CHAPTER II.—THE PLAY.

IN a short story like the present, events have to be barely touched upon, or entirely left to the reader's imagination. Let us pass over the next month or two, during which you will not be much astonished to hear that Tom Birtle became intimate with the Vavasours, and when a goodlooking well-to-do young man of eight-and-twenty is made welcome at the house of one whose daughter is in the first blush of womanhood, you can probably guess what will happen. Those who prate about the incon-tancy and shallowness of affection, or sneer at the tender passion, forget the merciful effect of time upon sorrow and trouble.

Tom's nature was such, that his having made a mistake, did not preclude him from repairing the same. Since he had rescued Edith, he had spent many pleasant evenings at her father's house on Sherbrooke Street, and the influence of the bright girl's companionship affected him, as I trust it may affect all my young male readers, while as for Edith, after that canoe incident, Tom had been to her a perfect hero, "like Paris, handsome, and like Hector, brave."

John Vavasour was a wealthy banker, very fond and proud of his beautiful daughter, but surmised that he would one day have to resign her, or at any rate, content himself with claiming merely "a divided duty," and from what he had seen and heard, he knew of no one to whom he would less reluctantly hand over his charge, than to Tom Birtle.

So Tom came to the sensible conclusion that "all was not barren from Dan to Bersheebah," and vowed he had never really loved until he had met Edith Vavasour. He looked upon that first affair as altogether a mistake, which was now (thank heaven) buried fathoms deep. Thus the troth of those two was plighted, and there being no known impediment "why they should not be joined together," the wedding was fixed to take place early in November. Everything was arranged, and the presents nearly all sent in, when the night but one before the eventful day, Tom engaged a box at the Academy, taking Mr. Vavasour and Edith to see the play of "Leah the Forsaken."

A good deal of amusement was caused by Tom having been under the impression that the piece was a farce or a parody, and on discovering his error, he utterly declined to accept the tragedy in the proper spirit, but laughed and made fun of the whole thing to Edith. He asked her whether on the day after tomorrow, when a ceremony,—in which he was to act a leading part—was being performed, if he would be allowed to walk round outside the church, interviewing some other young woman, without apparently being missed or sought after? Edith blushed and begged of him not to make himself ridiculous, but she laughed and enjoyed her lover's satire on the play notwithstanding.

"By Jove it is too absurd!" exclaimed Tom, "what are they all doing inside the church without the bridegroom?"

"Oh it is only a play, you goose," was the rejoinder.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women are merely players," quoted Tom.

"One man in his turn playing many parts" added Edith. "Pray what part are you playing sir? Don't sigh 'like a furnace, please,' for the theatre is hot enough already."

"What can you two find to laugh at in this stupid piece?" asked John Vavasour, and then immediately reproached himself, remembering a time when he too had been amused without much reason, because he was so happy.

"It is all Tom, Papa" said Edith.

"No, Mr. Vavasour, I assure you it is all Edith," protested Tom,— "I mean," he added, as the girl seemed about to remonstrate, "that everything is all Edith at present. I am like David Copperfield, literally steeped in Edith, as he was in Dora."

John Vavasour was a sensible man, and on such an occasion both metaphorically and actually "took a back seat."

Then it was that Tom, with the beautiful girl he had won, seated by his side, looked up, and across the theatre, in the opposite box, he saw what made his heart stand still. A woman pale and thin, but bearing the marks of having possessed good looks—a face risen from the dead!—Impossible! It must be a delusion; one of those extraordinary likenesses which occasionally occur. It could not be—yet, oh, horror, when their eyes met all hope vanished, for not only did he know her, but he saw that she also knew him. He seemed to choke, a dull heavy pain began to grow over all his limbs, and he could not quite suppress a deep dreadful groan.

Edith turned a startled gaze upon him, and cried out in broken accents, "Oh Tom, dear, what is the matter? You are as pale as a ghost."

"I do-not-feel-well" stammered Tom in a stifled voice, "can we—would you mind—going home?"

How they reached Mr. Vavasour's house Tom never knew, but he had some slight recollection of swallowing a glass of brandy, and pulling himself together, saying something about the heat. He added that he should be all right again presently, and promised Edith that he would otherwise call in a doctor. Indeed he wondered whether he had not had a dream, a nightmare, and as he took leave of Edith, could not believe that his cup of happiness was to be snatched from him just as he was putting it to his lips.

(To be Concluded in our Next.)

CHARACTER SKETCHES

No. 2.

OUR MILITARY.

WHEN we write about our military we do not mean the rank and file or even those officers belonging to the various corps, who have other occupations, and merely devote a portion of their time to the service of their country. No, we refer to the small number who have risen (?) to be soldiers pure and simple, and who have no other duties except to lead and inspect our regiments. Of these there are a few who parade the streets and hang about the hotels either in mufti or uniform, according to whether they are on or off duty, and remind us of certain characters—though perhaps a long way after—we have had pictured to us by great authors.

Imitation has been held up both as vulgar and "the sincerest flattery," and we are inclined to think both verdicts are correct in their way. A good imitation is surely better than a bad original, while a poor imitation is simply nauseous. Again some imitations are so natural as to partake of reproductions like a child of its parent, as an instance of which we may mention that many touches in the writings of Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) recall vividly her illustrious father. Other imitations are not so pleasant, because they only show a monkey aping the man, in the foolish belief that they are safe from detection. Thus in some of the American magazines the explanatory writings to beautiful illustrations of European scenes and travels are often clippings or adaptations from guide books and cyclo-pædias. Lastly there are imitations, some intentional and some unconscious. Of the former we may name Thackeray's "Prize Novelists" and Bret Harte's "Imitations of Novels by Eminent Authors," which are quite legitimate since they are merely what they profess to be. Of unconscious imitations, it is sometimes as impossible for style (as for history) to help repeating itself, and thus several of the Ingoldsby Legends remind us of the humorous rhymes of Tom Moore.

What has all this to do with our military? you exclaim. Only this: that if one or two of our Colonels or Majors appear to resemble Joseph Bagstock, "rough and tough old Joe, sir!" the imitation is theirs, not ours.

In these "piping times of peace" our military roam about St. James and St. Francois Xavier Streets, and saunter into the St. Lawrence Hall to smile *at* and *with* their friends, their jolly rubicund faces and their somewhat consequential gaits putting one in mind of full fledged gobblers. In the afternoons they may be met upon St. Catherine Street ogling the fair ones when "Josh is wide awake and staring sir," and later on you may "bet your bottom dollar" you may see them in the Rotunda of the Windsor. They are good tempered, harmless, and perfectly contented with the world and themselves. They are several grades above our poor Costigan, but theirs can scarcely be called a high-toned existence, and we fear that when they join the majority, our friend Koko might sing "they never will be missed." Perhaps however, that may be said of most of us when our place becomes vacant, and that butterflies as well as bees have their parts to play in our city life; so without bitterness we will bid adieu to the Colonel and the Major, and hope that they may rest in peace when the grass waves over their once stout old bodies.

WALTER KAVANAGH'S AGENCY,
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SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL OF SCOTLAND
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Organized 1792 - Incorporated 1794.

Capital Paid up.....	\$3,000,000
Reserve re-Insurance.....	3,549,822
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, etc.....	502,933
Net Surplus.....	2,225,475
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Insures against loss by fire only. Entire assets available for fire losses.
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Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891..... 1,797,995.03

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NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

STATEMENT—JANUARY 1, 1892.

From Report of James F. Pierce, Insurance Commissioner for the State
of New York.

Assets.....	\$125,947,290.81
Liabilities.....	110,806,267.50
Surplus.....	15,141,023.31
Income.....	31,854,194.00
New Business written in 1891.....	\$152,664,982.00
Insurance in Force (over).....	\$614,824,713.00

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**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE
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THE LARGEST AND STRONGEST COMPANY IN EXISTENCE.

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MONTREAL.

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Assets upwards of..... \$3,000,000
Deposited at Ottawa 250,000

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Capital and Assets \$25,000,000
Life Fund (in special trust for life policy holders) 5,000,000
Total Net Annual Income 5,700,000
Deposited with Dominion Government 374,246

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

HEAD OFFICE, Canadian Branch MONTREAL.
EVANS & MCGREGOR, Managers.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1822.

Capital \$5,000,000
Fire Reserve 1,500,000
Fire Income 1,000,000

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

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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.

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BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST, MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

Capital and Accumulated Funds \$34,875,000
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from Interest upon Invested Funds 5,240,000
Deposited with the Dominion Government for security of Canadian Policy Holders 200,000

ROBERT W. TYRE. MANAGER FOR CANADA.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF ENGLAND.

LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

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Annual Income upwards of 11,000,000

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