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THE ANTIDOTE

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

Vol. I. No. 8.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 6, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE.

PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

LITERARY.

In the "Fortnightly" for July there is a review of some recent novels by Mr. Francis Adams, who commences, "In the domain of what is loosely called Literature, each decade has its special samples of a noisy popular success, or of a half success only less noisy. They come and go—these plagues of time, as blissfully unaware of their predecessors as of their followers, large and small, poorly clad and richly clad, of every size and description, crowding to their doom." When we read this it appeared to us that the critic was assuming a far higher place "in the domain of Literature" for novels than ever was claimed by their authors. Let us ask why are novels written, and what should they give to the reader? They are written primarily, and apart from any sentimental gloss, for money, and they are intended to portray certain phases of life, manners, customs, and characters, at the period at which the tale is supposed to take place. If a novel accomplishes both these ends, it may fairly be said to be a success, and that such success is only temporary, in no way detracts from the merits of the author, any more than the dish which the cook serves up and which is eaten with a relish, is forgotten a week hence. Both aims have been gained, and if the taste either of the mind, or of the palate,

change, the author or the cook should not be blamed since it was only for the time that each endeavored to tickle the fancy. Novels do not pretend to be history except in a very partial manner, and when Mr. Adams talks of a decade of success, as though in sarcasm, it seems to us he is simply condemning all novels, for even Fielding and Smollett, Dickens, Bulwer, and Thackeray, have had their day, and we may add served their turn.

The Reviewer is astonished at the success, which greeted two such, female prigs in black coats and breeches, as "Danjel Deronda" and "Robert Elsmere," and yet with regard to the latter immediately gives the explanation by saying it is the religious liberalism of the hour, amended up to date. In other words the author, Mrs. Ward, seized her opportunity and was equal to the occasion! He could scarcely, though unintentionally, have given the novelist higher praise. What though the hour passes, and having enjoyed the succulent joint, you now crave for some sweets, or cheese, the joint was none the less a success, while it lasted! We confess that for our part, the fault we found with Robert Elsmere was that the dish was a trifle heavy, and there was too much of it, but when Mr. Adams states that in Mrs. Ward lay "the gift of clever, partial and spiteful observation, which is the heritage of the simple daughter of Eve," we think the author might justly retort "Tu quoque oh son of Adam."

Another book that Mr. Adams reviews is "The Deemster, by Hall Caine, which he condemns "with faint praise," by saying that it "broke up one of the most persistent attacks of insomnia" he had ever experienced while wandering about to escape England's pessimistical winter. We cannot say the effect was the same with ourselves, for the improbability of the tale caused an irritation which completely banished the drowsy god until we flung the book aside.

We are also unable quite to agree with Mr. Adams in his opinion of "The Little Minister," by Mr. Barrie, for while the "Egyptian woman" is certainly an impossible character, yet there are touching passages in the book,

which not only redeem it from failure, but show that the author is capable of writing a pleasing story if he would not give too much rope to his imagination.

To conclude, in reference to the novels of the present day, they appear to us as a rule, to make the story, too much dependent upon incident and situation, so to speak, each character being

"but a walking shadow—a poor
player
That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage,
And then is heard no more."

Writers of fiction in portraying their various figures, sketch the same with a very light pencil, in place of the finished portraits, given us by the authors of former days, but that style of drawing, being suited to the taste of the "decade" as that most "pessimistical" of critics, Mr. Adams, terms it, the taste, not the novelist, should be blamed, for as it would be manifestly absurd for a theatrical manager, to continue a play of Shakspeare to empty benches when he could fill the house by a burlesque, so a novelist has to cater to the whim of his readers. When the public demand more of real Literature in novels, depend upon it writers will rise up who will supply the demand, meanwhile (so long as they offend not against good taste or morals) authors are quite as sensible, as other merchants in offering goods that are saleable.

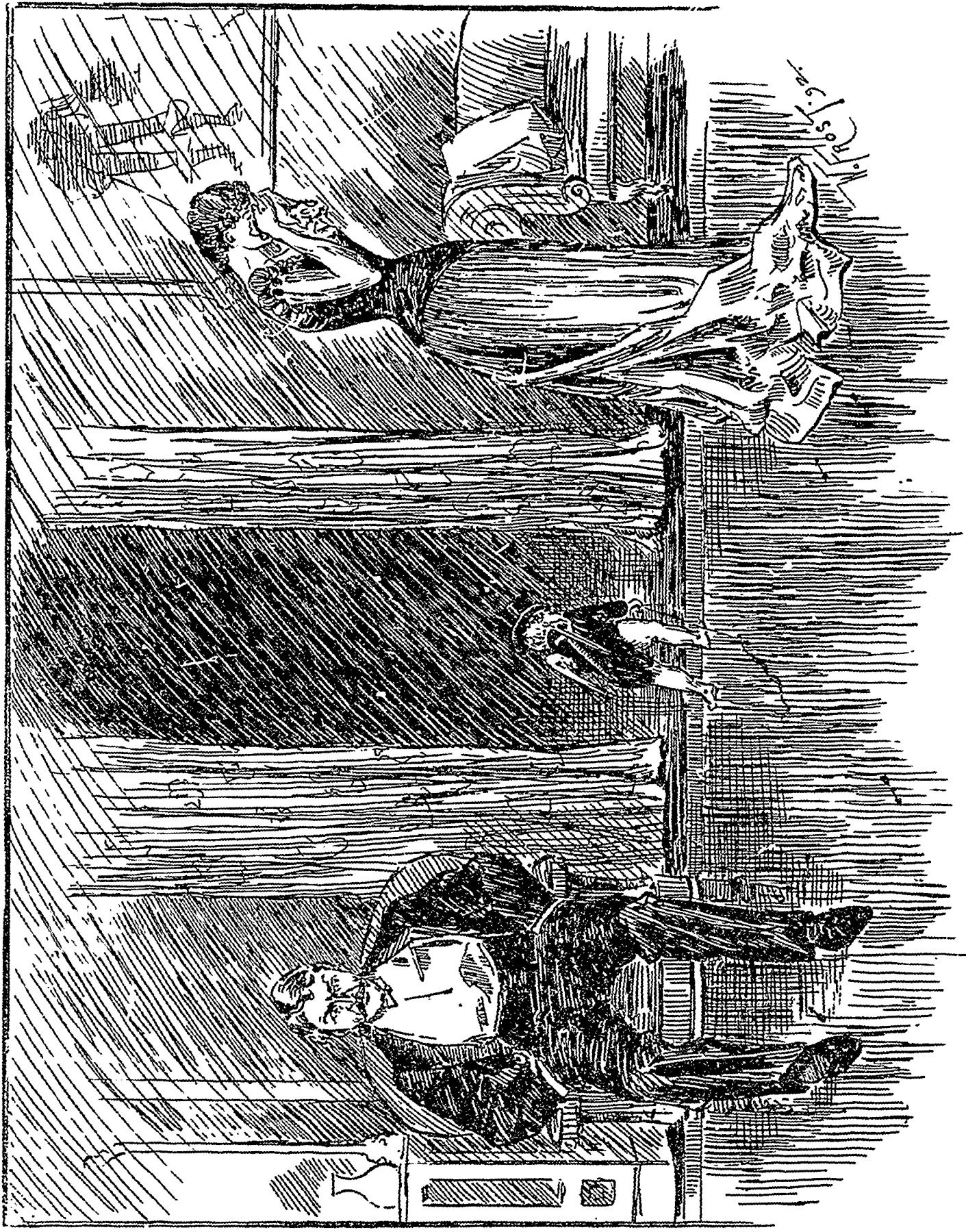
Robert Elsmere may be a prig, but at least he is not a murderer with a hero's cloak thrown over him like Eugene Aram and dulness is healthier than sophistry. It is only a very few novels, that can be put in the category of high-class literature, and when we are tired of gazing upwards at the giants of Brobdingnag, we may be amused with the antics of the Lilliputians.

From "Pick-me-up."

AT THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

Timid Groomsman (vainly endeavoring to make himself audible amid the hum of conversation).—I now wish to propose—to propose—

Elderly Bridesmaid (seizing the opportunity).—Oh! dear Mr. Smalleyes, how sudden! but I knew it would come—my heart has long been yours.—



THE MODERN OHELLO'S FIRST MISGIVING.

N. B. — HUSBAND CANNOT GET AT "DRAW" AND WIFE IS REFUSED A NEW BONNET FOR THE FLOWER SHOW. J. N. T. C. P. D.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 8.—OUR MARTYR.

As opposed to "Our Bully," who roars at you, like the celebrated bull of Bashan, that he is not going to stand this, that, or the other, stamps on your corns without apologizing, and gives you to understand, that nothing is good enough for him; as opposite to this objectionable character we now call your attention to another—almost as objectionable in a different way,—namely Our Martyr, who has no connection however with the "noble army," but is a self-constituted martyr, whose sufferings exist for the most part, entirely in his own imagination, and even then are scarcely worth mentioning.

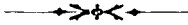
Our Martyr is a meek man, his smile is deprecating and his sigh the very breath of humility itself. In inquiring



after his health, he is always "As well as can be expected," from which, he would have you infer, that he can never enjoy perfect health, but is thankful he is no worse. If you suggest a holiday, he replies, that he cannot afford the time, and on your saying that everyone else takes a holiday, and that he will break down otherwise, he answers probably, you are right, but that he must grin and bear it. He is for

ever talking of his bad luck, but supposes he shall pull through somehow. Should you induce him to join a party or excursion, you need have no compunction about making him accept "a back seat" for he will inform you with one of his deprecating smiles, that anything is good enough for "him." Life is a thorny path according to Our Martyr, although he goes about well dressed, and eats and drinks of the best.

Our Martyr with his suffering airs is both tiresome and annoying. Why cannot he take the goods, the gods provide him with, cheerfully, and bear his troubles quietly, without thrusting them under your eyes all the time? Why? Because in that case he would be a sensible fellow and no longer one of Our Martyrs.



CHOLERA.

A great deal has been recently written about the terrible scourge, Asiatic cholera, which has made its periodical visit to Europe, and although it is a subject hardly in keeping with the aims of the "Antidote," yet it is of such general interest that we feel we cannot pass it over in complete silence, especially as there is so much misapprehension in the ordinary mind as to the nature of the disease. Some of our daily papers have made both wild and sweeping assertions, regarding the duty of the Government, urging the strictest quarantine based upon the theory that cholera is contagious after the manner of small pox, instead of which, the infectious "germs" of the former are, primarily, in the air and not in the person, as in the latter disease. For this reason it may be accepted, as an axiom, that it is practically useless to attempt to quarantine cholera. We state this deliberately, not upon our own authority, but upon that of some of the leading Anglo-Indian physicians as well as on that of the well-known Florence Nightingale, who, only a few years back, wrote emphatically that "you cannot quarantine cholera." Such being the case, the question to be considered, is how to deal with the scourge should it be wafted to our shores? The reply may be summed up in the few words—starve it out. Cholera feeds and thrives upon garbage, and decomposing matter of all kinds, hence it is more virulent in its tropical home, as a rule, than in more temperate or colder climates. Thus the great—we may say the only—precaution, which will be of any use, in meeting, and fighting against the spread of cholera, is,

in the first place extreme cleanliness and attention to sanitary rules, or, as the circular lately issued by the Provincial Board of health, states "to destroy its breeding places." We cannot help remarking, that we think the said Board should do more than simply offer suggestions as to the course to be pursued, and insist that such course must be carried out. The old saying prevention is better than cure is never more truly exemplified than with regard to cholera, and we believe that one of the reasons why the disease has of late years, made so little headway in England, is on account of the generally proper sanitary arrangements of her large cities. In the second place when the enemy puts in an appearance, no time must be lost in destroying the "germs," which proceed from the patient the minutest portion of which may contaminate a large body of water.

We have before us a treatise on cholera, by Dr. S. Goodeve Cluckerbutty, of the Bengal army, who is very decided about the uselessness of quarantine, which is battling with the air. Ours is not a paper to describe minutely the symptoms or cures for cholera, but we may state that the disease consists of three stages. First.—Invasion. Second.—Collapse. Third.—Reaction. The last with a strong healthy patient means recovery, but a delicate person may lack the necessary strength to pull round. One almost invariable symptom with adults in the first and second stages is the presence of violent cramps at the extremities and in the abdomen, accompanied with intense coldness, even though the thermometer stand very high. If a medical man is not within immediate call, a mustard plaster should be applied to the pit of the abdomen and the patient wrapped in warm blankets.

In conclusion, while we trust that a west wind may blow the cholera back from whence it came, before it crosses the Atlantic yet remember that "Forewarned is forearmed," and by a thorough cleansing of our cities and enforcing sanitary rules we shall do more to keep away the disease than by quarantining every ship which visits our ports.



Miss Sprightly.—"So I understand Mr. Epsom has made the running with Lydia Oaks?"

Miss Dashaway.—"Well, he did not make much running."

Miss S.—"How?"

Miss D.—"Caught directly."



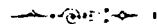
THE FASHIONS.

Tailor Made Costumes.—These are extremely fashionable, of which one is a curson cloth gown, with gold and silver fancy braid trimmings. Another of cream cloth, skirt plainly cut, and trimmed with gold braid round the edge, also gold fancy braiding round the hips, in deep points, the centre point being deeper than the others; a cream ribbon, as heading to the braiding carried round and tied, at the back, in a bow with long ends; a perfectly fitting bodice with roll collar, to trim the same a vest braided with Russia and tabular braid in granulated gold medallions. A third remarkably pretty gown is a silver grey curson cloth, with cuffs and edge of skirt finished off with silver fringe, two inches or so wide, a smartly cut bodice with revers of cream guipure, gathered full over the shoulders and opening over a vest of Egyptian silver embroidery.

Our illustrations display:

No. 1.—A French Bonnet. Crown in salmon pink China crape, adorned with dome-like coronet, in iridescent jet, and a frilling of beaded lace. Algrette of speckled feathers. Strings in motre ribbon.

No. 2.—Straw Hat. Whit chip, trimmed with large cluster of loops in wide lacy ribbon, and trails of vine leaves, to which black and green berries are attached.



RECEIPTS.

If "butter, eggs, and cream are no object," "Nancy" will have no difficulty in finding receipts for suitable cakes. Every kind of fancy biscuit, the confectionery known as eclairs, mochas, galette, almond cakes, &c., are suitable for the purpose.

Almond Cakes.—First work 1-4 lb. of butter to a cream, and gradually stir in six ounces of flour, 8 ounces of sugar, two ounces of finely powdered almonds, a wineglassful of brandy, six yolks, two whole eggs, four whites, stiffly whipped and a pinch of salt. Beat the mixture lightly, pour it on a buttered baking sheet (about an inch and a half deep), and bake of a light colour. When nearly done, spread all over the top four ounces of chopped almonds, mixed with two ounces of pounded sugar, and half the white of a negg. Put the cake into the oven till the almonds are a golden color. Slip the cake off carefully; when cold, cut it in diamonds or any other way.

Spanish Cakes.—Put nearly half pint



From London Queen.

of cream, 1-4 pound of butter, two oz. of sugar, and a pinch of salt in a stew-pan over the fire, and as soon as they begin to boil sprinkle in five ounces of sifted flour; stir well for about three minutes with a wooden ladle, this will result in a thick paste; draw the pan aside, add a few drops of flavoring to taste and one egg. Have ready a buttered baking sheet, lay the paste on the same in lumps about the size of a small egg, brush the tops with yolk of egg, and cover the cakes with chopped almonds, &c., as above. Bake as before. (These two kinds of biscuits are quite distinct in taste and appearance, although finished off in the same way).

Eclairs au Cafe.—Slightly heat about 2-5ths of a pint of water, add a very little salt, two tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, 1 1-2 ounces of butter, and a little zest of lemon; stir this over the fire, and at the first "boil" stir in 1-4 pound of flour, draw the pan aside, and go on stirring until the contents become quite smooth and detach themselves from the pan. Take it off the fire, and, after letting it stand two minutes, add four whole eggs one after the other. Put this paste into a bag and squeeze it on to a buttered tin in suitable lengths (about 3 1-2 inches and to the thickness of a finger); brush over with yolk of egg, and bake them

in a slow oven where they will dry thoroughly. When done, stand them away to become cold, split them down the middle without dividing them, and fill them lengthwise with whipped cream, or with a 'frangpane' flavored with coffee. Place them on a drying screen and cover them with glaze made as follows: Mix in a basin half a tumblerful of lukewarm syrup, add two teaspoonfuls of black coffee and a few drops of essence of the same, and stir into this enough sugar glaze to obtain a right consistence. Drop this all over the eclairs through a paper, squeezing it through a small hole, and put the cakes to dry.—Tory.



THE EDITOR'S F'ILE.

No doubt those of the Editor's sex are all proud of the letters received from fair correspondents. As bachelors they exult in placing the three-cornered missives in a conspicuous place, in their chambers, such as the mirror over the mantle-piece, for example, and, though, when they are married, they no longer exhibit the choice "billets" so publicly, it is not that their pride is less, but their sense of decorum more. How sweet and pleasant it is to find a little note addressed: "Dear Mr. First of April, I do so want to see you. Come this afternoon. Yours, ever Five o'clock Tea" Or again, "I shall be sure to be at the Flower Show to-morrow, unless 'very' wet. Yours. Wednesday evening."

'How touching and delightful! The mere reading of such carries the Editor back in imagination a hundred years or so, when he had a straight back and an elastic step, and when dear little hands were waved to him, or seraphic smiles, causing his heart to thump against his waistcoat. But alas, those days are gone past recall, and the notes, that the Editor finds on his fyle, though may be, writ in feminine characters, do not make his blood dance or his eye sparkle.

Some weeks ago the Editor received a contribution (among many others), which after reading, twisting and twirling, he finally had to throw aside. As a man he was sorry, but as an Editor he had no other course. It is distinctly stated that "The Antidote" does not undertake to return rejected M.S.S., and men accept this in the sense it is intended, but the ladies (bless them!) do nothing of the kind, and the other day a letter was handed the Editor demanding back the above contribution, failing to comply with which, would bring about the most dreadful consequences.



A D. (l. q.)—"Capital idea these fire rope e-capes; you slide down before any one is up, and—there you are

The title of the M.S. was not even named, so the Editor sent back at random "A Treatise on Filtrng," (not required; everybody being well up in the subject), which again found its way to the file with the most indignant reply attached. Cobras, centipedes, and scorpions! In trying to find peace of mind the Editor fears he will lose a "piece" of his body.



GOTHS.

If we turn to the Dictionary, and hunt up the word Goth, we shall find "savage," "barbarian," given as two of the definitions, and this is the sense in which we intend to apply the term in the present article.

During the last century, and at the beginning of the present there were certain pests of society going by the name of Mohocks or Mohawks, whose noble ambition was to make nuisances of themselves, by such manly freaks, as roaring through the streets, at a time when respectable citizens were in bed, and wrenching off door knockers, pulling down bills, and beating decrep-

id old watchmen, who were facetiously supposed to be guardians of the peace, together with several other equally amusing and witty practical jokes. Even in these days, when the modern policemen have replaced the ancient "Charlies," there are remnants of barbarism apart from the criminal classes and Montreal has a few Goths among its inhabitants. There are some, whose passion for wanton destruction is so great, that it entirely swamps all feeling of respect or gratitude with Mark Twain's double thong of satire, in his "New Pilgrim's Progress," for while those hunters carved and chipped at what was never raised for their pleasure or gratification, this is precisely what our Goths do in and about our city continually.

Montreal has provided a park on its mountain for which we all entertain a certain pardonable pride, and yet there are some barbarous enough to take delight in smashing and tearing up young trees planted for their benefit. No doubt our readers in passing up and down our mountain foot paths will have observed the destructive acts to which we refer, how sometimes the bark has been deliberately stripped off one recently planted sapling, while another has been broken short off at the roots. The same choice spirits occasionally carve and hack the benches, with their knives, and now and then you may notice that the edge of the grass in our squares, which has just been neatly cut, is trampled down purposely by a Goth's heavy boot, which we suppose is looked upon as an exquisite joke.

We never hear of these savages being caught and punished, because they perpetrate their outrages when no one is by, but we should dearly love to see an example made of one or two of them. They have no more sense of decency than a gorilla, and we believe the lash is about the only teaching that is within their comprehension. Once a Goth always a Goth, for "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."



SCENE: A WEDDING BREAKFAST.

Mr. Muddlehead (who has been asked to propose the health of the bridesmaids thinks he sees an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his character of a would-be wit).—In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to express the fervent hope that the charming sisters of the blushing bride, the Misses Green, may be evergreens!

(Great laughter and applause, and Mr. M. sits down a happier though not a wiser man).

THE NAULAHKA.

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

How much of this romance—for it is more such than a novel—is written by Mr. Kipling and how much by Mr. Balestier we do not pretend to say but there is more of the east than the west about the tale, it is probable the bulk is from the pen of Mr. Kipling and we will treat it as such, since Mr. Balestier having died shortly after the story commenced in serial form "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

We regret to state that "The Naulahka" is a disappointment. To say that the book has not flashes of Mr. Kipling's genius would be wrong but we cannot say we consider it even a good much less a first class novel. It is too utterly improbable to rank above what we have called it—a romance—and it has not the sufficient poetic clothing to make it pass very creditably under that title. The hero and heroine Nick Tarvin and Kate Sheriff are two typical Western Americans, whose conception is more than likely due to Mr. Balestier, but the description of their life in Rajputana which we take to be drawn by Mr. Kipling is as unreal as anything we have read in "King Solomon's Mines." The entire description of the meeting and interview between the Queen Sitabhai and Tarvin when he obtains possession of the Naulahka is such a grotesque fairy legend with the omission of the supernatural that we were positively amazed as we perused it wondering how a writer so well acquainted with India its customs and people could have offered such a flagrant and palpable sham to the public.

We give an extract of the interview in question.

"He disengaged himself from her arms with a quick movement and rose to his feet. She was very lovely as she stretched her arms appealingly out to him in the half light, but he was there for other things.

Tarvin looked at her between the eyes, and her glance fell.

"I'll take what you have around your waist please."

"I might have known that the white man thinks only of money!" she cried scornfully.

She unclasped a silver belt from her waist and threw it from her clinking upon the marble.

Tarvin did not give it a glance. "You know me better than that" he said quietly. "Come, hold up your hands. Your game is played."

"I do not understand" she said. "Shall I give you some rupees?" she asked scornfully. "Be quick Juggut Singh is bringing the horses."

"Oh, I'll be quick enough. Give me the Naulahka."

"The Naulahka?"

"The same. I'm tired of tippy bridges, and ungirt horses and unchasy arches and dizzy quicksands. I want the necklace."

"And I may have the boy?"

"No, neither boy nor necklace."

"And will you go to Colonel Nolan?" she repeated, rising and facing him.

"Yes, if you don't give me the necklace."

"And if I do?"

"No. Is it a trade?" It was his question to Mrs. Mutrie.

The Queen looked desperately at the day star that was beginning to pale in the East. Even her power over the King could not save her from death if the day discovered her beyond the palace walls.

The man spoke as one who held his life in the hollow of his hand, and she knew he was right. If he had proof he would not scruple to bring it before the Maharajah, and if the Maharajah believed—Sitabhai could feel the sword at her throat. She would be no founder of a dynasty but a nameless disappearance in the palace. Mercifully the King had not been in a state to understand the charges Tarvin had brought against her in the courtyard. But she lay open now to anything this reckless and determined stranger might choose to do against her. At the least he could bring upon her the formless suspicion of an Indian court worse than death to her plans and the removal of Maharaj Kunwar beyond her power through the interposition of Colonel Nolan, and at the worst— But she did not pursue this train of thought.

She cursed the miserable weakness of liking for him which had prevented her from killing him just now as he lay in her arms. She had meant to kill him from the first moment of their interview, she had let herself toy too long with the fascination of being dominated by a will stronger than her own but there was still time.

"And if I do not give you the Naulahka?" she asked.

"I guess you know best about that."

As her eye wandered out on the plain she saw that the stars no longer had the fire in them, the black waters of the reservoir paled and grew gray and the wild fowl were waking in the reeds. The dawn was upon her as merciless as the man. Juggut Singh was leading up the horses, motioning to her in an agony of impatience and terror. The sky was against her, and there was no help on earth.

She put her hands behind her. Tarvin heard the snap of a clasp and the Naulahka lay about her feet in ripples of flame.

Without looking at him or the necklace she moved towards the horses. Tarvin stooped swiftly and possessed himself of the treasure. Juggut Singh had released his horse. Tarvin strode forward and caught at the bridle cramming the necklace into his breast pocket.

He bent to make sure of his girth. The Queen, standing behind her horse waited an instant to mount.

"Good-by Tarvin Sahib, and remember the gypsy" she said flinging her arm out over the horse's withers. "Heh!"

A flicker of light passed his eye. The

jade handle of the Queen's knife quivered in the saddle-flap half an inch above his right shoulder. His horse plunged forward at the Queen's stallion with a snort of pain.

"Kill him Juggut Singh!" gasped the Queen, pointing to Tarvin as the eunuch scrambled into his saddle. "Kill him!"

Tarvin caught her tender wrist in his fast grip. "Easy there girl! Easy!" She returned his gaze baffled. "Let me put you up" he said.

He put his arms about her and swung her into the saddle.

"Now give us a kiss" he said as she looked down at him.

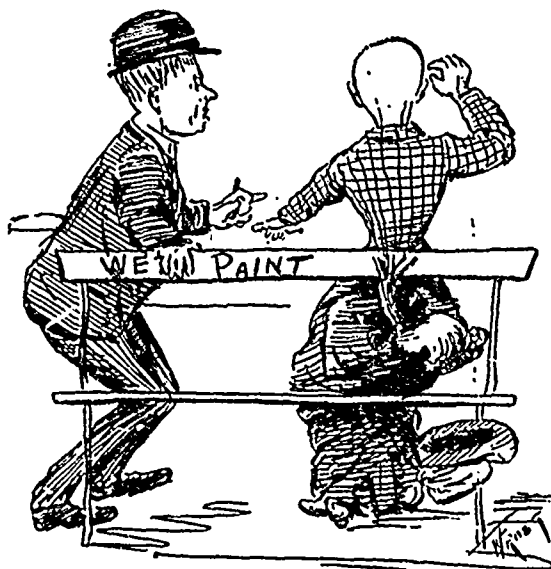
She stoned. "No, you don't! Give me your hands." He prisoned both wrists and kissed her full upon the mouth. Then he smote the horse resoundingly upon the flank, and the animal blundered down the path and leaped out into the plain.

He watched the Queen and Juggut Singh disappear in a cloud of flying stones, and turned with a deer sigh of relief to the lake. Drawing the Naulahka from its resting place and laying it fondly out upon his hands, he fed his eyes upon it.

No one knows better than Mr. Kipling the absolute absurdity of the foregoing scene, and it is a pity that the author who had given promise of being able to portray vivid but true pictures of life in the land of his birth should have turned aside and attempted to excite a merely wassing and false interest by needless imagination.

This is why we felt disappointed with "The Naulahka" and do not consider it will ever take a high place in fiction, although we are willing to admit that certain descriptions—such as that of the Maharajah's chit—are worthy even of Mr. Kipling's genius.

The truth is Mr. Rudyard Kipling appears to us to excel more in short stories than in the regular novel and "Soldiers Three" "Plain Tales from the Hills" are in our opinion, vastly superior to either "The Light that Failed" or his latest effort. We also think, and we state it without any sneer or wish to detract from his merit, that his forte lies in describing the humbler rather than the higher characters of Anglo Indian life. His Mrs. Hawksby is but a scratchy sketch compared to his bold drawing of Mulvaney. Like John Leech, he is better with his pencil than his brush, and his portrait of Queen Sitabhai is as glaring a daub as the "She" of Mr. Rider Haggard. We are far from saying that "The Naulahka" is not readable, but as a fairy tale it is not nearly as amusing as "The Mutiny of Moti Gui" while as a novel we are bound to say, it is somewhat of a failure.



FEARFUL RESULT JUST AS SHE WAS ENDEAVORING TO RESIGN HERSELF
EXCLAIMING "OH, ADOLPHUS, I AM YOURS!"

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER IV—A COMMON DISEASE.

The carnival is over, and Mr. Washington Van Higgin, with his daughter, have returned to New York. Ralston had bid farewell to his fair cousin, without the slightest tendency to despondency. It was "Goodbye Madeline," and "Goodbye Guy," with both countenances smiling and happy, and as the train glided out of the station it was John Dugdale who looked a trifle grave, while Ralston whistled some popular air, and seemed perfectly content to be left behind. I have already hinted that my young friend's feelings had undergone a change with regard to his cousin, and no doubt my gentle readers are properly disgusted with his masculine fickleness, for of course with your sex madam to love once is to love for ever, and your heart never palpitated for anyone before or after you gave it to your husband. But you see we men have not your heroic constancy—at least not many of us—we fall in love, and out of it, a dozen times at least, before we come to a final decision. Guy Ralston was only three and twenty, Madeline Van Higgin was in New York, and Annette Chartreuse was in Montreal, therefore—what I wonder therefore happened, because Madeline was in New York and Annette in Montreal? I think it was at St. Andrew's Ball where Guy first met Miss Chartreuse who was very different from Miss Van Higgin in appearance. The latter, at whose shrine Guy had worshipped up to yesterday, was as we know tall and dark, whereas the former was short and fair. Annette had blue eyes from which she had a sweet pensive way of looking up at you, the exact opposite,

from the straightforward matter of fact glance you met from the dark eyes of Madeline. There was a sort of gentle timidity about Annette, which, with the condensation of his sex, Guy was pleased to say touched him. She had not travelled like Madeline, and perhaps had not very much to say for herself, but she was modest and pretty; she spoke English perfectly without any, or scarcely any, accent, and had that charming French Canadian manner of thanking you for every little favor bestowed upon her. And so Guy began to think if he could not gather the rose, he might as well console himself with this hly of the valley, and though there may be some of the "aut Caesar aut nullus" people who will sneer at his accommodating disposition, I am not going to be the one to blame him. If we cannot have the moon oh my children, let us not turn up our noses at good cream cheese. Mind you I do not say that Guy Ralston argued in the above fashion, that is not after he had fairly made Annette's acquaintance. No, if Madeline had been to him a queen or empress among women, here was one he would have been a star out-shining all others in glory, a pearl without price. Need I go on? Have not you and I brothers had the measles or the scarlet fever in our youth, and did we not recover leaving something behind which we had during the disease, but which left us when we came down to breakfast once more? Guy, who a few weeks back thought he could not live without Madeline, blushed one morning in bed, upon remembering that

he had neither thought nor dreamt of her for two whole days. Glorious time of youth, when we roam from flower to flower! Guy had pricked his finger in trying to gather the rose, but the wound is quite healed, indeed between our selves it never amounted to anything beyond the merest scratch.

Madame Chartreuse was a widow with ten children, five boys and five girls. Of the former, two had left the parent nest, and three were still at school. Annette, who was only just turned seventeen, was the eldest daughter, and the other four were still at the Sacred Heart Convent at Sault au Recollet completing their education. Madame Chartreuse owned a house in St. Famille Street, where she and Annette used to "receive" on Thursday afternoons. Ralston went once, then twice, until he found himself in the neighborhood of St. Famille Street every Thursday about 6 p.m. But, as it was almost impossible on those days to have much conversation with Annette, what does Mr. Guy do but pretend he is awfully busy on week days, and he should so like to call on a Sunday afternoon if he might.

"Without doubt Mr. Ralston," replied Annette, in her pretty French way, "we have always much pleasure in receiving our friends, among which we count you," and then she blushed, and tripped off to someone else.

So Guy began to drop in at a certain number on St. Famille Street, on a Sunday afternoon, until it became a confirmed habit with him, and it would be a pure matter of form to ask him what his intentions were. Still he did not declare those intentions, at which both Madame Chartreuse and her daughter wondered in secret, though as yet neither of them spoke to each other openly on the subject. The reader will probably understand, that looked at from their respective standpoints, both Ralston's hesitation and Annette's wonder thereat, were perfectly natural. The American had a fair income for a bachelor, but he knew the cost of living in New York, and that his friends and society did not expect him to commence his married career in a second or third class boarding house. He had been accustomed to certain comforts so far, and he did not like the idea of Annette's not having everything nice around her. Besides Annette was so young, that it was possible some of his jocular friends might ask him at what school he had picked her up, while he himself was so little past twenty that there was plenty of time, and finally, if he were to be quite frank, he had that kind of timidity in his venture which almost every man has when he offers what appears to him so little, asking for so much in return.

On the other hand, Annette and her mother, as French Canadians, had been

brought up in the belief that early marriages were blessings both to the contracting parties themselves and to the country at large. Then, as to ways and means, it was a very general thing for French Canadians to marry upon much less than Ralston had, and they were not at all looked upon for beginning in a small way, nor, if they were asked to dinner, by their friends in better circumstances, did they find the "cold shoulder" given them because they could not afford a hot joint themselves. I confess I have often been amazed at what we call the imprudence of many of the French Canadians. "Imprudence!" Madame Chartreuse would exclaim, "Eh my dear when I married your father he had but five hundred dollars a year, and yet Annette you always had enough to eat. "Le bon Dieu" who fed the ravens did not suffer my children to starve. We were poor but not unhappy for we had many kind friends—God always sends such to those who trust in Him."

By the way is it the rich marriages which always turn out the best, and does it not sometimes happen that the trust named by Madame Chartreuse proves a better investment than worldly wealth? Is poverty unendurable with loving hearts to ease the burden, and are riches an unmingled blessing? Let us remember the proverb about the dish of herbs and the stabled ox.

Nevertheless, a young fellow in love cannot go on for ever without letting the lady of his choice know his feelings regarding her, so when the spring came and Dugdale and Ralston received their orders to proceed to Algoma, in order to survey the projected line of rail thence to Saul Ste. Marie, Guy determined to declare himself before his departure, in which resolve he was backed up by his friend.

"Faint heart never won fair lady's lad," said Dugdale, as he puffed his pipe. "If you don't speak, depend upon it some other else will."

"Oh but you can't suppose Annette would take the first man who offered himself! Hang it! if I thought that I should be miserable."

"Faith she is a petticoat and can be wooed and won," remarked Dugdale in a sneering tone. "If you want her go in sharp and don't give the other fellows a chance."

"Do you mean to say Dugdale that a girl—this girl of all others—is like a bunch of grapes waiting to be plucked? Great heavens!"

"Pluck away lad before another tries and turns the grapes sour," was the merciless rejoinder, and then he continued in a graver tone, "Look here Ralston, had I acted upon the advice I am giving you I should in all probability have been married a year ago, and never left India as

suddenly as I did. But I hung back from a ridiculous feeling that I had not rupees enough, or what you will. Anyhow some man with more courage, and only half my money, stepped in and carried off the only woman I ever—psahw! why do I tell you what I never told before? Because I like you Guy, and would spare you what I went through. I don't look much the worse you say. Perhaps not, but none the less did I lose an interest in life, everything seemed to have a bitter taste. Love I think sweetens even trials, therefore seize it and hold it fast. You need not, nay cannot perhaps, marry at once, but you will work all the harder, aye, and your labor will be sweetened if you know there is some dear one waiting for you."

"Thank you Dugdale," said Ralston gently, as his friend thus spoke, for the first and last time, of a former wound. "Thank you old fellow, I am sure you are right, and I will delay no longer. By Jove I will try my luck at once!"

So saying he pulled on his boots, and seizing his hat hurried off leaving Dugdale to smoke his solitary pipe. Arriving at St. Famille Street Guy found both Madame Chartreuse and her daughter at home, but Annette did not come into the room with her mother, and Ralston with his American bringing up hardly knew how to talk on the subject nearest his heart to the elderly lady, who, after the greetings, seated herself opposite to him. But what mother is at a loss on such an occasion? Had Ralston's suit been viewed in an unfavorable light, be sure Madame would quickly have frozen the young man out of the house, while as it was, she with many a little kindly artifice instantly put him at his ease, and before he was scarcely aware of it he found he had asked permission to pay his addresses to Annette, saying something about the smallness of his means and her youth, both of which drawbacks he slyly suggested time would rectify.

"Why not?" asked Madame cheerfully. "Be not cast down my friend, I was married at Annette's age, and M. Chartreuse was poorer than you are. Courage my child, God will provide. What does your proverb say? 'Kind hearts are more than coronets,' is it not so? You must ask Annette, and I go now to send her to you."

And Madame left the room, into which presently Annette came stealing, as though half afraid and yet with a blush and a smile which belied her tardy footsteps.

Ralston advanced to meet her, trembling a little as he watched the tender maid whom he was going to ask to entrust herself to him. "I am going away in a day or two Miss Chartreuse" he said taking her hand, and Annette gave

a kind of gasp at the formal greeting, but leading her gently to the sofa and seating himself beside her he continued, "Before I go however, I have something to say to you—Annette. (A faint sigh of pleasure escaped the girl as she heard herself thus called.) "I have not much to offer you, in the shape of worldly goods; indeed I am but of small account myself, but I love you with all my heart, and would do my best to make you happy. Can you wait for me, just a little while, till I return and ask you to be my wife?"

"Yes Guy" was the reply, in a very low but perfectly distinct voice, and Annette nestled herself close up to him and rested her pretty head upon his shoulder.

So the battle was fought and the victory won, although at first Ralston almost believed he was merely dreaming—it seemed too good to be true.

"I tell you I was positively afraid to speak," he said after the lapse of a few minutes, during which time we need not be particular into enquiring what took place. "Am I awake, and is this really my very own Annette?" Whereupon he straightway falls to stroking her hair, and performing divers other actions, by way of proving that Annette is not a mere phantom of his imagination.

"Without doubt I am your own Annette—and you need not ruffle my hair in that fashion sir—returns the lady. "Oh Guy how can you say you have not much to offer? You have everything and it is I who have nothing—and—and—oh how happy I am."

Of course she was happy, she was little more than a child, but I hope when those flaxen locks become silver she will still be able to make the same remark, and that Ralston will answer her as he did then, "Not happier than I am my dear."

Then in came Madame Chartreuse smiling too, and said that as dinner was ready Guy (calling him thus) must stay and have some. Ralston hesitated, but when a little hand sought his and a pair of plaintive eyes looked up at him he could not refuse.

Guy was immensely talkative at that and cracked his jokes about annexation in a way which made them all laugh, for we are easily amused when in good temper, whereas otherwise the most witty remarks with difficulty provoke our mirth.

When Ralston returned to his rooms he found Dugdale still over his lonely pipe, but on his relating his success, which his face told before he spoke the words, Dugdale grasped him by the hand exclaiming "Did I not tell thee lad! I am glad the grapes are not sour and as your dreams will be pleasanter than my company I am off to bed. Good night."

To be continued.

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WITH WHICH IS ANALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

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