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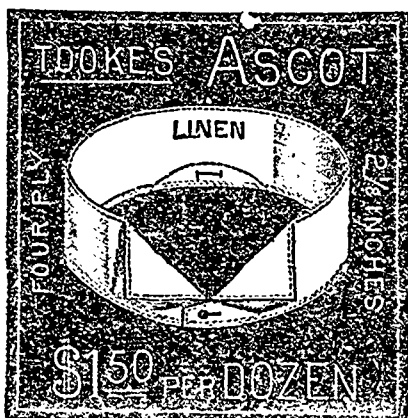
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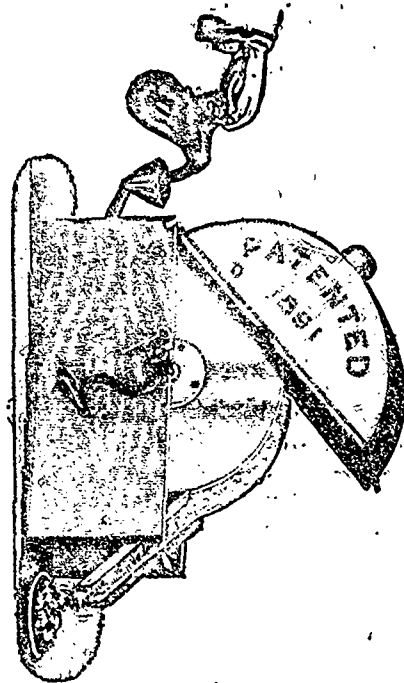
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OUR PRIZE LIST

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; for Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

SCANDAL.

The descent from sacred Friendship to scurrilous Scandal is long and steep—"Hyperion to a Satyr"—and yet as the serpent beguiled our first mother, with specious arguments, insinuating that he had only her welfare at heart, so there are some who pretend that scandal is published for the benefit of society, maintaining that truth should always be proclaimed from the house-tops.

We disbelieve both these assertions regarding scandal. First those who soil their hands with it do not do so for the public good, but to pander to the lower tastes of their readers, and secondly for the sake of charity and decency, when truth takes an ugly, instead of a beautiful form, it is better that it should be veiled from the common gaze.

Truth is often unpalatable, sometimes harsh and cruel, and we see no advantage to be gained by splitting open every diseased apple in order to expose the rottenness of the core, but consider it preferable to allow the fruit to lie untouched in the mud into which it has fallen.

There seem to be certain papers who reverse the plan of Diogenes and instead of using their lantern to seek for an honest man, take a pleasure in exposing the follies of their neighbors, and gloat

with delight when they can catch the poor fellows tripping. Better still if the individual be of the gentler sex, for you may be sure these papers are so convinced of their own virtue, that they never hesitate to fling the first stone. Having no "beam in their own eye" they feel themselves not only justified in pecking at the mote in their sister's optic, but are in duty bound to do so, and holding up the picture, devoutly thank heaven they are not a that publican.

So we may observe one or two of the American Journals growing pathetically moral over a "faux pas" in the family of the English aristocracy, giving their readers to understand that such is the rule and not the exception, while they placidly ignore the fact that more divorces occur in their own, than in any other land.

But there is a lower depth still to which scandalmongers will stoop; when they do not merely revel in the mire they find—and add to—but absolutely endeavor to throw a glamour or romance over certain actions and persons, the former of which we do not converse about in the family circle, and as for the latter we undoubtedly would not receive them within our doors. We do not wish to be squeamish, but just as we have no sympathy with those who would clothe with the heroic mantle a Jack Shepperd or a Eugene Aram, so we have a thorough detestation of the journalists who prostitute the liberty of the press into license, and endeavor to cast a false halo over a murky pool.

We can see no good—but much evil—arising from the practice of retailing scandal. Divested of the trappings with which it is dressed to make it attractive (heaven save the mark!), it simply means that one perhaps two, homes have been wrecked in a manner, about which we do not care to read, aloud to our daughters, because of the blush that the recital would call to their cheeks.

There is a poem by Lord Byron, very clever, but scarcely adapted for the day which as the song says comes "twixt Saturday and Monday," yet some of the items published in the dailies and

weeklies with headings, catching to the eye, are every bit as objectionable in their matter as the poem alluded to, while they are often worse in their tendency, since they are wrapped up in a mock sentiment simply despicable.

It has always struck us that scandal like a snake, has something loathsome about it, and that those who touch the crawling reptile cannot help carrying away with them some of the slime.

At the beginning of this article we coupled together the names of Friendship and Scandal and we may finish by exclaiming with Hamlet,

"Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed

"And batten on this moor."

"Do you see that remarkably tall young man over there, Miss Keenwit? Well, he was originally intended for the church."

"Indeed! I should have supposed him to have been intended for the steeple."

Minister.—"Don't you know that strong drink is man's worst enemy?"

Fast Young Man.—"Yes, but we are commanded to love our enemies."

CRITICISM.

"For I am nothing if not critical."

Iago.

There are a great number who imagine, that criticism means condemnation, but this is quite an erroneous idea. True criticism should be strictly impartial, administering praise as well as blame, where each is deserved, and a criticism which is entirely one sided, is utterly unworthy of the name.

Some authors—generally those who are at the commencement of their career, and as yet unknown to fame—are apt to regard critics, as heartless cynics, who take a pleasure in picking holes in the books they review, and will never see, or at any rate, give credit for, the good points. That there are a few such, may be allowed, but they are the exception and not the rule, just as there are others of the opposite type, who simply breathe adulation, as fulsome as it is unmerited. Both these methods eventually defeat their object, inasmuch as there are many among the reading public quite as com-

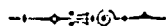
petent judges as the critics themselves, and we have a thorough contempt for that partiality which is really no criticism at all.

But it will be found that even the honest critic has often a great deal of opprobrium hurled upon his head, and is stigmatised by the would be friends of a young author, as cruel and ungenerous, because certain faults of a book are shown up, without any reserve or apology. Be gentle and charitable with one, who is trying his or her, best to earn a living and a name in the paths of literature, is the argument used against the critic on these occasions. Now we maintain that literature is a marketable article, in purchasing which the buyer expects the value of his money, and the author has no more right to be held above criticism than the woman you engage to cook your dinner. Suppose the latter is only a novice at the vocation she has chosen, are you not therefore to point out her faults, but continue to eat an indifferently cooked dish for the reason forsooth that the girl is doing her best to earn a living? We see no difference—apart from a sentimental one—between her and the author. The one sends up bodily, and the other mental food, and the critics appointed to taste the articles, should not hesitate to give a straightforward opinion. The dishes may be both irretrievably bad, or each may be passable, only requiring more seasoning, but in either case the critic is there to criticise not to advertise the cook or the author, as if he is the latter, he is merely fit “to suckle fools and chronicle small beer.”

There is much maudlin sentiment thrown up, as an entrenchment, round authorship, but no critic ever made or marred a writer any more than a taster can make or mar a cook. If the talent is there it will come out in spite of denunciation, just as in a like manner the converse is true, for we may say of an author as of a poet “nasctur non fit,” although we readily admit that we cannot look for equal merit for “one star differeth from another star in glory.”

The best critic is he, who never slurs over the defects out of a mistaken com-

passion, and on the other hand will give honor where it is due. Like a judge, he should render an unblinded judgment, which will stand the test of time, and may afterwards be referred to as being both wise and just.



THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

As was prophesied in our opening number, some curious productions have found their way to the Fyle, and the Review of Rider Haggard's “Nada the Lily” has drawn forth contributions of a type so terrific and appalling, that the Editor has been the victim of horrid nightmares during the past week. One thrilling story—which ought to have been written in red ink, since there is blood in almost every paragraph—is entitled, “The Hero of the Congo, or the Price of Murder.” The last word should surely have been in the plural number, for the first chapter contains no fewer than three murders, the details of which are not in the least left to the imagination, but described to the minutest particular, allowing the reader to gloat over the deep gashes and the hot spouting gore, until a dissecting room in a hospital, would be a very mild affair in comparison. The Editor need hardly add that the hero is a magnificent specimen of the true African, before he was enslaved by the white man, or that the heroine is as beautiful as polished ebony. The tale was accompanied with a letter stating that the author was confident of gaining fame and popularity, both for the “Antidote” and himself by the publication of what was far more suited to the present taste than the obsolete novels of Dickens or Thackeray. Oh shades of David Copperfield and Colonel Newcome,

“Are all your conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils
Shrunk to this little measure?”

Not quite yet, the Editor thought, as he consigned the contribution to the waste paper basket. Two days later he received another letter from the ambitious follower of Mr. Haggard expressing surprise at not hearing from him, as hitherto all his MSS. had been invariably returned promptly, at which the Editor certainly expressed no surprise!

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO. 3—OUR LADY KILLER.

Of course there is nothing of a tragical nature attached to the above title. The man, who poses in the character of a lady killer, calls up more smiles than tears, and indeed usually belongs to a type of the male sex, of which it is difficult to determine whether, he could be a greater fool than he looks, or look a greater fool than he is. His upper apartments are not overburdened with furniture, while his lower extremities generally have a half malingering, half tripping gait, the combined result of conceit and tight boots. Our Killer has always a vacuous smile upon his face when on parade, which smile may extend into a meaningless guffaw, according as to whether some fair creature merely bows, or deigns to stop and vouchsafe a word. He has no active vices, but he is very young indeed (whatever his absolute age may be) and his height of enjoyment is to walk up and down a shopping street at four o'clock of an afternoon, and raise his hat on an average, once every half minute.

You have doubtless all seen the vapid donkey, as he makes his salute with a side glance, which he has no doubt is perfectly destructive to the recipient's peace of mind, and for our part, we have gathered consolation by overhearing such a remark as “Isn't he just silly? I should so like to pinch him.” Darling girl! Substitute the word “kick” for “pinch” and we are with you, for we never catch sight of the waxed moustachioed whippersnapper, without having an almost irresistible desire to raise our foot.

Sometimes our Lady Killer becomes engaged, and it is amusing as well as ridiculous to note the airs he gives himself, when he cannot “deny the soft impeachment.” He would have you believe, he is throwing himself away, and that with Othello his “occupation's gone.”

To this we subscribe (a prayer of thankfulness, for we have felt like Hotspur, what it is to be “pestered with a popinjay” such as our Lady Killer is.



(From the London Queen)

THE FASHIONS.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

Let us rejoice to hear that the long skirts of the past season are happily on the wane—that is, for street wear. The summer gown of elegance is made with a gracefully good skirt, that, sweeping out in an artistic line at the back, merely touches the ground when walking. Another decree to which we must bow our heads—or rather our backs—is for the stripe, as probably the most popular fabric of the day has narrow stripes of colored silk on a black or dark ground. In many instances the stripes are arranged to go round the figure, or in bayadere fashion. The skirt itself is not as taxing to the designer as its garniture, which is limited to the very hem. There is only to select from, a frill either gathered, kilt, or box-pleated, a niche, a bias puff, or a band of galon or passenterie. Added to this is the pretty fancy for three frills of satin ribbon about an inch in

width. Some charming costumes for the summer are illustrated this week.

No. 1—A home dress of heliotrope crepon, with Empire sash of Ivory Venetian satin, wound several times round the waist and tied in a handsome bow at one side. Deep frill at the throat; slashes and cuffs of the satin en suite.

No. 4—Gown of Ivory-white velvet, trimmed at each side of the vest and round the edge of the skirt with gold embroidery in a double key pattern. The full turned-down collar, vest and large puffed sleeves are of Ivory Venetian satin, the sleeves being caught at intervals with bands of satin ribbon, in bows. The sash is most effectively arranged. It is tied in upright loops and ends in the centre of the skirt.



Receipts for Summer Dishes.

What may be termed the cardinal virtues required in a good cook are, 1st—an intelligent knowledge of the art

and science of cookery, and of the materials required, with correct judgment in adapting means to ends, and vice versa; 2nd—untiring industry; 3rd—wise economy; 4th—scrupulous cleanliness; and 5th—though last not least, sobriety.

The principle object of good cooking is to aid and augment, not to impair and diminish the nutritive action and power of the food to be cooked. Nutrition should always be our chief consideration—superior tastiness of our meals is comparatively of secondary importance. Unhappily insufficiency of means but too often compels more or less serious modifications in applying this great principle. Cookery that combines nutritiveness and tastiness with economy may be held to achieve the highest desideratum in this important branch of practical sociology.

Trout and Parsley Sauce.—Clean the fish, wipe turn and lay in a baking pan with a little water. Bake slowly and

THE ANTIDOTE

baste frequently with butter. Serve with the fish the following sauce.—Blanch a handful of parsley in hot water, when cooked drain it dry and chop up fine. Put half a pint of water into a stewing pan, with a little melted butter. Let it cool, then season, add the chopped blanched parsley, allowing it to simmer for two minutes then serve.

Fried Chicken.—Cut into joints one tender young chicken. Take two eggs beaten light; half a cup of cracker crumbs and sweet lard for frying. Lay the chicken in salt and water for 15 minutes, wipe dry, sprinkle with pepper and salt. Dip in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs and fry slowly in the lard. Drain dry and arrange on a hot dish.

Crab Soup.—Wash in cold water one pint of oyster crabs. Take one quart of milk, season with salt and pepper, put put on the fire and stir until it begins to boil. Throw in the crabs and serve immediately.

Well Qualified.

The following has been sent in answer to an advertisement and we presume met the success it deserved.

Montreal, 16th June, '92.

Dear Sir:—

In answer to your advertisement for a stenographer and typewriter, salary \$4 per week. I would say that I know a youth who, besides these qualifications, possesses a critical knowledge of six modern languages, as well as drawing, painting, architecture, telegraphy, (land and submarine), can play a snare drum, teach roller skating, is a promising lightweight scrapper, in religion a strict Calvinist, in deportment a Chesterfield, and is seldom in liquor. This lad is anxious to work for you for \$3 a week, for the reason, (as he asserts) that in case you should fail at any time to pay him, he will not lose so much, —so he will not accept your liberal offer of four cases. I have suggested to him that in case he should accept this latter and larger sum, the possession of so large a sum every week might prove a temptation for people to rob him and perhaps lead him into dissipated ways. In this he concurs with me. He is perfectly willing to scrub out the office, hustle building material around in the yard, lick postage stamps, and run on errands when not engaged in shorthand writing, as he believes these to form a part of the stenographer's duties. Should he come, will you please discharge your janitor and one teamster and allow him to fill their places in his leisure hours? He would like this. If you have not a machine he will be pleased to furnish a Remington, Caligraph, or Ham-

mond typewriter, (as he is a proficient operator on each of these machines), in consideration of the above liberal wages Meet me at the entrance of Mount Royal Cemetery at 12 o'clock to-night and I will introduce you to this youth, when you can tie a rope around his neck and drag him to your office.

Yours very truly,

Stenographer.

FROM "PICK ME UP."

Miss Bopeep (to Lothario, who has "popped").—I am very sorry, but I can only be a sister to you.

Lothario (ecstatically).—Sorry for me, darling! You have given me my soul's desire, and raised me to a seventh heaven of happiness.

Miss Bopeep (astounded).—How so, sir?

Lothario.—You have promised to be my sister, therefore your surname must be the same as mine; and that's a thing you can only bring about by marrying me. So name the day, my dearest!

Elderly Maiden (singing).—"And men may come and men may go, but I roll on for ever."

One of the Audience (though fully).—I think I should be one of the men that went.

Gentleman (being shown over a private picture gallery).—Is this one of the old Masers' Housekeeper.—No, sir. It used to be old master's, but he gave it to the young master when he came of age.

Mistress.—Bridget, you forget yourself
Bridget.—No, mum; I might forget others, mum, but I never forgets myself.

Mr. Boniface (to a customer).—Ah! I made a great mistake in life, I did. I ought to have been a barrister.

The Customer.—Dear me! Did you study the law, then?

Mr. B.—No; but look how often I'm called to the bar!

She.—What have you brought that brown paper and string for?

He.—Oh, some one told me that this was the sort of music one could take away with one. Do to pack it up, or what?

Kind hearted Gentleman (to persistent tramp.)
Come to-morrow. I have nothing for you to-day.

Tramp.—Just my luck. Always have to give you credit. Can't you stump up an instalment?

Sympathizing Friend.—"You'd better try the faith cure. It's a wonderful thing."

Sick Man.—"How much is it a bottle?"

Society Notes.

Miss Annie White, fifth daughter of the late Hon. Thomas White, was married in Ottawa on the 28th ult., to the Rev. W. H. Green, of Whitewood, N. W. T. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura White (sister to the bride), Misses Mabel Macrae, Mabel Hodgson and Minnie Barclay—all of Montreal. Among the guests from this city were Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Miss Christie, Mr. and Miss Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Hodgson, Mr. and Miss White, and Mr. Kinghorn.

Miss Amy Simpson, daughter of the late William Simpson, was married last week to Mr. Joseph Prevost.

Mr. Joseph Haskell has just completed the erection of a fine residence on the lake shore.

Mr. Murray Smith, Montreal Manager of the Bank of Toronto, has built for himself a house at Point Claire.

Mrs. Gibb, Miss Kilby, Mr. Grant Stuart, Mr. Knyvett and Mrs. Emory, of the New York Comedy Company, are staying at Mrs. Kilby's on Dorchester Street.

Mr. Robert Meredith appears to be taking charge of the bachelors at Point Claire this summer, and, as might be expected, has his hands pretty ...

Last night there was the usual hop at Pointe Claire, to which several ladies in Montreal were invited.

Col. Fred. Massey and Mrs. Massey left by the "Parisian" last Saturday, for a trip to Europe.

We are indebted to Lord Montstephen for a fine salmon of about 25 lbs., caught on his river down the St. Lawrence, and to Mr. E. Irwin of Belmont Park, for a fine 7 lb trout.

Mr. H. W. Higginson, of R. C. Jameson & Co., who recently bought one of Mrs. Dakers' new houses in Belmont Park, has secured some of the fine mahogany furniture sent by a maritime Province firm to the Exhibition at Jamaica.

REASSURED.

Lady (whose young niece is about to go for a sail with some members of a rowing club): "I should like to go with you, only I am so afraid of drowning. Are the gentlemen good swimmers?"

Gentlemen (in chorus): "Oh! no; we can't swim at all!"

Lady: "Then I think I will go with you, for, in that case, you are sure to be careful."—*Planderecke.*

THE YOUNG MEN SEEM TO LIKE IT.

What is the lightest summer fiction you know of?"

"The summer girl's 'I love you!'"—*Chicago News.*



A PROPOSAL.

[Last Sunday morning, a young man taking an early walk along Sherbrooke street, (near its highest level) picked up a scrap of neatly folded paper, that must have dropped from the second storey window of a large mansion near by It contained the following evidently exotic verses:]

I.

Cans't thou love me, lady?
I've not learned to woo:
Thou art on the shady
Side of fifty too.
Still I love thee dearly!
Thou hast lands and pelf:
But I love thee merely—
Merely for thyself.

II.

Wilt thou love me, fairest?
Though thou art not fair:
And I think thou wearest
Some one else's hair.
Thou could'st love, though dearly:
And, as I am told,
Thou art very nearly
Worth thy weight, in go'd.

III.

Dost thou love me, sweet one?
Tell me that thou dost!
Women fairly beat one,
But I think thou must.
Thou art loved so dearly;
I am plain, but then
Thou (to speak sincerely)
Art as plain again.

IV.

Love me, bashful fairy!
I've an empty purse,
And I've "moods" which vary—
Mostly for the worse.
Still I love thee dearly:
Though I make (I feel)
Love a little queerly,
I'm as true as steel.

V.

Love me—ah, or love me
Not, but be my bride!
Do not simply shove me
(So to speak) aside!
Perhaps it would be dearly
Purchased at the price:
But ten thousand yearly
Would be very nice.

AT HER WINDOW.

I.

Beating heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

II.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

III.

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

IV.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear, will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.—

V.

Mabel will be decked anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone!—Oh hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

VI.

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel! dearest.

—Frederick Locker.

Scraps.

WHY NOT SUBSTITUTE A BLACK LACE DRESS?

"Why, Clara! What an original suit you are wearing, all trimmed with fish hooks tackle; what do you call it?"

"The Fisher Maiden, if you like. I heard M. Jones was to be here to-night, and you know he's such a good catch."—*Cloak Journal.*

CONDUCTIVE TO SOUND SLEEP.

The pretty Mexican girl is not obliged to lie awake nights trying to decide which of two lovers she will choose. She knows that by the next morning there will be only one left.—*New York Herald.*

A PERMANENT CURE.

"When I went away," said the returned wanderer, "Hardhit was crazy over Miss Icely. Did he ever get cured of his fancy for her?"

"Oh, Yes; she married him."—*New York Press.*

A little Speculator—"Father, just whack in a bit, will you?"

"What for?"

"Why, then mother 'll give me some app—"
—*El Dia.*

Imported Wit.

"Why does Herr Huber generally look over his glasses instead of through them?" "It is because he is so stingy—he is afraid of wearing them out too soon."—*Westfälische Zeitung.*

JUST TO MAKE SURE.—Customer (to waiter who has brought him a beef steak very much underdone)—"Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?"

Waiter,— "Why Sir?"

Customer.— "This steak doesn't seem to be quite dead yet?"—*Humoristische Blätter.*

SHE HAD HIM THERE.—Yesterday at the Court of Common Pleas, the presiding judge asked a lady, who appeared as witness—"Your age?"

"Thirty years," was the prompt reply.

His Honor, with a smile—"I think it will be difficult for you to prove it."

"Just as difficult as it is for you to prove the contrary, retorted the lady," as my certificate of birth was destroyed by fire in 1850!"

Hilarity in Court, which was immediately suppressed.—*Intransigent Illustré.*

The Delights of a Honeymoon.—She—"Look here! This is the third handkerchief I have wet through with bitter tears!"

He (very coolly)—"Nothing but useless expense! That's how the washing-bill runs up."
—*Il Popolo Romano.*



Nearing Fort—Waiting for the Pilot.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER III.—MISSING.

WHEN Tom reached his rooms he stared at the trunks and *debris* scattered all around, (for he had already half packed his effects) and sank into a chair. Was this to be the end? What had he done, he mentally exclaimed that he should have this misery inflicted upon him? And Edith? Oh, how he loved her! Her portrait was opposite to him looking at him with her sweet trusting eyes. He had not yet put the picture away, having felt that he must have it before him until he possessed the original. And now? He bowed his head upon the writing table at which he sat, and broke into the terrible sobbing of a strong man in his agony. Then he snatched up some note paper, intending to write to her, but his eyes were so blurred with the scalding tears that he could scarcely see the lines. He began "My dearest Edith," but flung away the pen, for what right had he now to use those words? He dashed his hand across his eyes, and observing a letter lying on the table, addressed in strange writing, mechanically opened it. The missive was from a Boston lawyer, dated that evening at the St. Lawrence Hall, informing him that Mrs. Birtle, the writer's client, desired to see him the next morning at the hotel, hinting that a failure to comply would leave only one course to be pursued, which it was hardly necessary to point out, would be disagreeable for all parties concerned. The hour named was ten o'clock, and the letter signed William Kilvey. It was all true then, and as he tore the letter up to shreds, his feelings may be likened to those of a convict,

who after having tasted a brief spell of liberty, finds himself once more within the prison walls, with the iron chain clanking as he moves. He paced up and down his room all night, now and then throwing himself upon the sofa, but never resting still for above half a minute at a time. Day broke at last, and he saw a haggard reflection in the mirror, which somehow reminded him that the world was not standing still, and that he had to meet the inevitable. He observed he was in his evening dress, which has such a disreputable appearance in the morning light. He became conscious that the next day was that fixed for the wedding, and that some sort of action was necessary. He changed his clothes, putting on his ordinary morning suit, and again sat down to write, but could not pen a word, and finally resolved to postpone his explanation, until after the interview he knew must come. His breakfast was brought in, but he merely gulped down a cup of strong tea and hurried out, walking first east and then west in an aimless manner, till the dreaded hour arrived, when setting his teeth he went into the St. Lawrence Hall, and was shortly face to face with his—wife! Kilvey, the lawyer, was present, but Tom scarcely noticed him, and stood looking at Mrs. Birtle as though hoping to find some deception. But though the small pale woman, whose luminous eyes bespoke both triumph and malice, was prematurely aged, he saw she was the real Jane Birtle whom he had married in Glasgow.

"What do you want?" he demanded sharply, with a sense of utter loathing and disgust.

"You supposed me dead, but that was only a *ruse*, and now I have returned, so let us be friends," was the cool reply.

"Name your terms, for that I presume is what you are here for," said Tom.

"Terms!" cried the woman passionately, "I will have my rights—my husband—whom I am saving from bigamy!"

"Your rights! How can you speak of such?"

"Am I not Mrs. Thomas Birtle?"

At this point Tom felt his brain reeling, his mental anguish, combined with want of food and sleep, overpowered him, and he caught at a chair for support.

A fearful smile came over Mrs. Birtle's face as she sprang towards the pitcher of iced water.

Here!" she exclaimed, "you are fainting take this." He resisted for an instant, but then gave way swallowed the drink and he knew no more.

•••••

On calling round at his rooms that morning to enquire after Tom Birtle, John Vavasour was informed that the former had gone out immediately after breakfast, and therefore concluded that the indisposition of the previous evening had passed off, especially as the servant was unaware that Mr. Birtle had been sick, he having said nothing about it. Reassured, Mr. Vavasour proceeded to town, and being soon immersed in his own business, thought no more of Tom till his return home again in the evening. Edith was a trifle surprised that she did not see or hear from her lover, but her father pointed out that he was no doubt very busy completing his arrangements for the great event.

The wedding morn opened with that glorious Indian summer weather, which occasionally visits us for a short spell before our winter sets in, and very charming Edith appeared in her bridal attire of virgin white. An elaborate breakfast was laid out in the dining room, and the various presents were tastefully displayed in another apartment. The carriages arrived and with the one containing the father and daughter, proceeded to the church, where everything was in readiness, but at the appointed hour no bridegroom made his appearance. An undefinable dread overspread the party, and having waited a reasonable time, a messenger was dispatched to Tom Birtle's quarters, which were at no great distance. The messenger came back with consternation on his countenance and the strange news that Tom had not been to his rooms since leaving them the morning previous. Astonishment will but faintly describe the feeling which seized all present, for Birtle's character had been above reproach, and his disappearance quite inexplicable. Something had evidently happened, but it was likewise plain that the wedding could not proceed. When Mr. Vavasour and Edith reached home the latter was white to the lips, and but for the misery depicted in her eyes, looked like a corpse.

"Papa—papa—what can it be?" the poor girl cried.

John Vavasour's lips were very stern as he replied "I fear my child, he is a scoundrel, and has deserted you."

"Oh Papa please don't—I cannot believe it" and then she fainted dead in his arms.

CHAPTER IV.—RELEASED.

THE scene was the private office of Mr. William Kilvey, in Boston, that gentleman being seated at his desk with his client Mrs. Birtle beside him, while poor Tom was striding about the room like a caged lion.

"You drag and entrap me" he roared out, "make me a perjured villain, and then expect me to grant you terms which will blast my life for ever. But you have mistaken your man, and I will make no treaty short of absolute divorce."

"That may be arranged Mr. Birtle," said the lawyer, "but my client must have a *quid pro quo*. What annuity will you pay her?"

"Not a single cent" answered Tom firmly. "I deny her right to ask it, though had you not tricked me, I might have listened to you. Now I will fight it out to the bitter end, even if I am ruined thereby. Ruined! my God what am I now?"

"A man beside himself with rage, who will not hear reason," Mr. Kilvey observed with legal calmness and emphasis, while two angry red spots appeared upon Mrs. Birtle's pale cheeks.

"We seem to be wasting time" she remarked, with difficulty suppressing the passion she felt at being balked in her object.

"You are right" returned Tom with concentrated fury as he faced her,— "woman, you have disgraced us both, but I cannot stoop to the degradation you ask me to do. I have already cabled to Glasgow, whither you can follow me if you desire to put in your defense."

He turned to go, when Mrs. Birtle sprang to her feet and intercepted him. She had never seen her husband thoroughly roused before, and perhaps that may account for her, so far, quiet behaviour, but now her hot temper burst forth like a demon let loose. Her eyes literally blazed, as would two balls of fire, and she hissed forth "You wretch! you can prove nothing, my cousin's dead."

"As you were" replied Tom scornfully.

"It is true I swear!"

"Your oath is worth nothing. Let me pass!"

The tables were now turned; Mrs. Birtle was in a foreign country, with her stock of money running out, and defied by the man she had hoped to coerce, so she played her last card, falling at his feet shrieking "mercy! mercy!"

The appeal came too late. Perhaps had he never met Edith, Tom might have had some compassion, but as he thought of two wrecked lives, his heart became like flint.

"I leave your client in your hands, Mr. Kilvey" he said as he passed out.

About two hours later as Tom was entering the depot to take his ticket for New York en route for England, Mr. Kilvey hastened up to him, his professional countenance paler than usual.

"Mr. Birtle" he said, "something terrible has happened, and I believe you will need no legal proceedings to obtain your divorce."

"What is it—another trick?" asked Tom incredulously.



POSITIVELY BRUTAL.

MR. TOMKINS to HERR MÆSTRO, Professor of Music.

TOMKINS: "Hullo, Professor, where were you last night,—thought you were coming to see me?"

HERR MÆSTRO (apologetically) "I am sorry. I was at mine friends the Prownes—who live on Sherbrooke Street,—giving them a leetle music."

TOMKINS: "Glad to hear it. I always did hate those Prownes."

"On my honor, no," was the reply in a tone which carried conviction with it. "Mrs. Birtle is dying, if she is not dead already. Come with me."

On the way back to his office, the lawyer related how, after Tom's departure, Mrs. Birtle had taken a large dose of some drug she carried about with her. Probably she had swallowed a larger quantity than she intended, at any rate convulsions ensued, and the doctor who had been called in, gave no hopes of recovery, stating in fact that she had but a short time to live. Reaching Mr. Kilvey's office they found the wretched woman on the sofa perfectly unconscious with the doctor in attendance, but the latter informed Tom, he could do nothing, as the dose administered was sufficient to kill three ordinary persons, and would have proved instantaneous had not the patient accustomed herself to the poison.

Could it be suicide? was the thought which presented itself to Tom's mind, but it was one of those questions which remain unsolved on this side of the grave.

After a while the eyes unclosed, and as she fixed them upon the husband she had betrayed, a gleam of consciousness illumined them for a moment; her lips moved, as though she desired to speak. Pain and anger took flight, and only sorrow remained in the glance. We may hope she craved forgiveness, but we shall never know, for at the same instant the erring soul passed beyond the gates which divide time from eternity.

How Edith Vavasour dragged through the week, which succeeded the day on which she was to have been married, she could not tell you. She simply shut herself up and "refused to be comforted," while her father gazing at her wan cheeks and listless manner waxed wroth, which was only natural.

The occurrence was the talk of the town for a day or two, and all sorts of surmises were promulgated as to the cause of Tom Birtle's disappearance. Then something else turned up, and the affair, like all others in this busy world, lost its interest save to those immediately concerned. On the eighth day however John Vavasour received a letter, in which was enclosed an affidavit duly attested, the two explaining the entire circumstances, which made the heart of the old banker overflow with joy and gratitude. He did not wait to write but telegraphed and went home to break the glad tidings to Edith.

The next morning after breakfast, a well known step sounded in the hall, and a great flash of happiness overspread Edith's face. Tom Birtle entered the room, and Mr. Vavasour muttering something about an important engagement hurried out winking to himself as he closed the door.

"Edith my darling," and "Oh Tom," whispered in return, were the only words spoken for many minutes as the two were locked in each others arms, but they were quite satisfactory in which I trust the reader will agree, for my tale is told.



(From the painting by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.)

EPC

The Bouquet.

(From the German of Uhland.)

<p>If every flower's an emblem, as you say, And every twig suggests a separate feeling; If sadness crouches 'neath the cypress grey, And love from out a rosebud may be steal- ing; If colors, too, express one's state of mind, And Nature's tints can speak of human pas- sion; If hope's fair livery in green we find,</p>	<p>And jealousy brings yellow into fashion, Then, sweetheart, in my garden there shall blossom All kinds of plants, whose various hues I'd borrow In giving one bouquet to you, to show Yours are my love, my cares, my hopes, my sorrow.</p>
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THE LOST EARRING.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.

It has always been a puzzle to me how the sponsors of my friend Smith, could have fallen into the unconscious blunder,—for such in charity I will call it—of bestowing upon him the two names, they gave him at his christening. First—Algernon—is well enough, though hardly in keeping with the terse unromantic surname. But when coupled with Sidney, the combination will strike the reader at once, as not only ridiculous, but cruel. Honest Dogberry strongly objected to be written down as an ass, even by another's pen, but fancy being obliged to dub yourself that animal whenever you signed your initials!

Algernon Smith (let us drop a tear over, and blot out the Sidney), was however, not by any means the donkey his godparents had done their best to make him, but at the age of twenty-six was a lawyer in good practice in New York, and engaged to the charming Miss Jefferson, whose father was a wealthy railroad capitalist.

At the time of this story—which is a true one—the Jefferson's were living in an apartment house on Fifth Avenue. Algernon on becoming engaged had presented Elsie Jefferson with a very pretty pair of diamond earrings, which

gift delighted her, as it would any girl worth a fig.

One day Elsie was preparing to wash all her jewellery, because her lover was coming that evening, and like a daughter of Eve she wished to look her best. But she discovered she had scratched her finger slightly, and as you all know, ammonia which is used for brightening up trinkets, causes any wound to smart so she commissioned her maid to wash the gems. But for that scratch, and the accident of young DeTomkques calling on her for three minutes and a half, one of those doubly precious stones would never have been lost nor this tale written. By such trilling incidents are the tenderest feelings of our nature tried, and out of such are the most thrilling novels constructed.

DeTomkques' visit, as I have said, lasted just two hundred and ten seconds (I like to be exact), and in returning to her bedroom, Elsie softly murmured a touching ditty of childhood, about something twinkling "like a diamond in the sky," thinking of Algernon of course, and what a good, noble, generous being he was, when gathering up her jewellery, now laid on her dressing table, she suddenly shrieked out, "Why Jemima, there is only one of those earrings here!" "Those," you will under-

stand, referred to the particular ones given her by Smith.

"I hope you don't think," said Jemima, tossing her head.

For an instant that old French proverb, "qui s'excuse s'accuse" rose in Elsie's mind, but having had an excellent character with Jemima, she at once suppressed the suspicion, bot- tling it up and corking it down tight.

"Oh no, certainly not, Jemima," she replied, "but please hunt for the ear- ring. Oh what shall I do?"

Naturally what she and Jemima both did, was to search for the missing jewel. They rummaged all over the dress- ing table, examined the floor, from one end of the room to the other, unlocked every drawer, with the idea, I pre- sume, that the ornament might have jumped through a keyhole! They turned down the bed, as though the earring, in a sudden fit of lassitude, might have sought repose under the clothes, and nestled itself there for a quiet snooze, but nothing came of their efforts.

"I have it!" cried Elsie.

"Where, where, ma'am?" exclaimed Jemima, in an excited tone:

"It must have been left in the basin, and carried off with the water when you pulled out the plug," returned Elsie, "run, Jemima, and call up Sam to come here and open the trap."

Off went the maid, and just then Elsie's father arrived from the city, the time being nearly six o'clock, for the search had so far occupied about an hour and a half.

Mr. Jefferson called to his daughter, who running to him, poured forth her tale of woe, in a manner both distressing and incoherent. Franklin Jefferson was a kind-hearted man, having how- ever an irascible temper, and no sooner had he heard Elsie's story, than he rushed into her room shouting "It must be found. Thunder, I say it shall be found!"

There was Jemima standing meekly by, while Sam, the colored porter, was stooping down and opening the trap under the basin. Jefferson bounced about the room, shaking the curtains, and disarranging everything he could lay his hands on, as I have observed frequently, hot-headed men invariably do, in such cases. At length he bent over Sam, and began turning about the dust- ing cloths and brushes stored in that small cupboard, in doing which he came upon a pretty morocco leather pocket book. He seized it, sprang to his feet, very red in the face, and some- what short of breath from his recent exertions.

"Why," he stammered, forth, "in the name of all that's—"

"Wonderful, papa," suggested Elsie opportunely.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, whose is this?"

Jemima hereupon burst out crying, saying between her sobs "It's mine, Mr.—please give it—to me."

"Oh, yours, Jemima," said Mr. Jefferson, still holding the pocket book, "and pray, do you usually keep such pretty things amongst the rubbish in that cupboard?"

It was a very natural question—in fact just what I would have asked myself—but Jemima, still sobbing, said, "Oh, please give it me! You may search me, if you like, but let me have my d—d—dear p—p—pocket book."

Now you have probably noticed, that fierce men are the softest hearted, and that the tears of a woman—a young one especially—melt them as easily as scalding water does snow. Jefferson was no exception to this rule.

"There, there, don't cry, take your book—confound it I didn't mean to be unkind."

So saying, Jefferson handed the pocket book to Jemima, and then beckoning to his daughter, the two left the room for the space of half a minute or thereabouts, which, you will agree, was an extraordinary proceeding under the circumstances, but what will not the tears of beautiful woman accomplish?

On returning Mr. and Miss Jefferson found that Sam had succeeded in opening the trap, but nothing was discovered save two hair pins, a broken tooth brush and a bit of sponge.

"And now, Jemima," said Elsie, "papa and I consider it will be more satisfactory to yourself, as well as to us, that you should be searched. Of course we don't believe for a moment that you have taken my earring, but it is possible it may have slipped into your dress, or—"

"Oh, I quite understand, ma'am," replied Jemima, whose eyes were now dry, and whose dignity was perfectly restored.

"I will have that earring found, if I employ every detective in New York," exclaimed Jefferson, a man again, now that the weeping had ceased.

At the word detective, Jemima turned a trifle paler, but she submitted to be searched, and I need not tell you, without result, although Elsie examined the pocket book besides all her clothing, for a diamond earring is only a small article, and thirty or forty seconds sufficient time to—to what? you exclaim—Do I wish to insinuate? Certainly not, but it was rather unkind, and very unwise, to desert Jemima, even for a brief moment when she was in such distress!

It was now dinner time, and though Elsie was distracted, and her father

angry, they both felt they must "brace up" and take their meal, especially as Algernon was expected to spend the evening. So with a courage worthy of the great name, which one of them was to change shortly, they bravely seated themselves at the table and dined! Yes, though the earring was lost, and Elsie knew she would have to tell Algernon the dreadful news, yet, such is the force of habit, they actually dined!

"My dear," remarked Jefferson, after they had disposed of their soup, "if you do not mind being left alone for a little while after dinner, I will go and bring over Richardson, the plumber—the man on Seventh Avenue, whom we always employ."

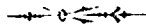
"Why should you go to Richardson, papa?" enquired Elsie. We have already had the trap opened."

"I wish to raise no false hopes," returned Jefferson, moodily, "but there are more 'traps' than one in this house, and I mean to leave no stone unturned no 'trap' unopened which may catch us or your earring."

"Nonsense, papa, please do not joke about such a serious subject," said Elsie.

"Nevertheless I shall fetch Richardson," replied Jefferson, and he presently left for that purpose.

(To be concluded in our next)



TO CHLOE, M. A.

(Fresh from her examination.)

I.

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose;
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know
Goodness knows.

II.

And the rose flush in your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek
Perfect are;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

III.

You have pouting piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;
But for your cerulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

IV.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adam mixed with Whewell,
Then some day
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an *Artium*

Magistra.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Sales of Celebrated Pictures.

At some recent sales of paintings in London very high prices were obtained for both modern works of art as well as for a few of the Old Masters. The Fisher and Leyland collections in particular attracted a large number of purchasers. We are indebted to the London papers for a list of the prices obtained. The latter we convert into our currency calculating five dollars to the pound, sterling.

Among the Fisher collection a print of Albert Durer's "Adam and Eve" fetched \$2,050; Palmer's impression of Rembrandt's "Christ Healing the Sick" \$1,140. Of the minor prints, three designs after Raphael representing the Holy Family brought \$500, \$400, and \$220 respectively, and the entire collection was disposed of for a sum slightly exceeding \$40,000.

In the Leyland pictures there were several of the pre Raphaelite school, one by Windus was sold for \$2,882, while "The Entombment" by Mr. Madox Brown, a more widely known artist than Windus, only brought \$1,181. The "Mirror of Venus" by Burne Jones was run up to \$16,350 and "Merlin au Vivian" \$18,000.

Of the Old Masters the Botticelli series from Boccaccio were bought for \$6,825 and a Madonna by the same painter fetched \$6,562.

Smiles.

America is still busy trying to satisfy Russia's wheat tooth.

"Has old Squeezer really cut your wages again?"

Clerk—"Yes, this time they are V shaped."

Jack—"I'm thirsty. Come in here and I'll order a bottle of champagne."

George—"I'd rather have beer."

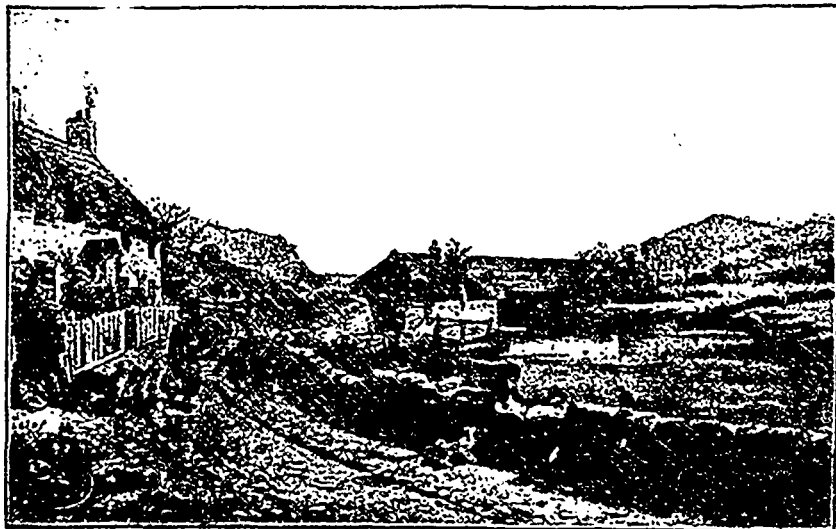
Jack—"So would I, but I haven't a cent. It's easier to get trusted for champagne than beer."

Fair Amateur—"Yes, I painted this. What school of painting would you call it?"

Artist (gently) Boarding school.

The Lately Married One—"I never heard of such trouble. I have had with my servants. They are so stupid."

The Experienced One—"Don't talk to me! The other day I sent Patrick out for two egg plants, he came back with two hens!"



The Old Mill.



No. 107 of the "Cassells Sunshine" books is a series of short tales by Robert Barr, (Luke Sharp), entitled "In a Steamer Chair and other Shipboard Stories." The author, who is a close follower of Mark Twain, is best known in Montreal as the writer of a humorous newspaper account of the burning of our last ice-palace. Notwithstanding its utter absurdity it was believed by many persons at a distance who did not know that the materials of the structure were solid blocks of ice cut from the river in midwinter, and measuring from a foot to a-foot and a half in thickness. They probably fancied the palace to be of wood, with a thin coating of ice. Several of the tales in the volume before us are in the author's best style. The first and longest brings together in an Atlantic steamer (1) the newly made junior partner of a large retail dry goods house, (2) one of the numerous pretty shop-girls employed in the warehouse who knows the partner but is not known to him, and (3) a newly married couple, the husband in the sixties and the wife in her teens, the latter engaged at one time to the junior partner—before his promotion—and who jilted him for the wealthy old man by her side. The dialogue on shipboard is ably sustained, but becomes flat when the newly engaged young people proceed to visit the former home of the girl, whose mother, contrary to the wishes of her family—people of station—had married a penniless young man and who removes to New

York where after many years the only child is left an orphan. The tale ends abruptly.

"The Terrible Experience of Plodkins" was probably written after an hour or two of Poe. It describes the visit of a passenger to the bath, in the bottom of which "lay Plodkins on his back, with his eyes staring wildly." He had, after taking a plunge, risen and touched one of the electric light wires overhead, and received from it a shock which produced a collapse of the muscles but did not deprive him of all sensation. He had presence of mind enough to pull up the chain attached to the water escape in the bottom of the bath and to hold his breath while the water above him was flowing out. He had luckily forgotten to lock the door and the man whose turn was next had mistaken his hour.

The story entitled "A Society for the Reformation of Poker Players," is doubtless not the least interesting to certain readers, and as it points a moral and affords a good idea of Mr. Barr's style, we reproduce it in part.—

"The seductive game of poker is one that I do not understand. I do not care to understand it, because it cannot be played without the putting up of a good deal of the coin of the realm, and although I have nothing to say against betting, my own theory of conduct in the matter is this: that I want no man's money which I do not earn, and I do not want any man to get my money unless he earns it. So it happens, in the matter of cards, I content myself with euchre and other games which do not require

the wagering of money. On board the Atlantic steamers there is always more or less gambling. I have heard it said that men make trips to and fro merely for the purpose of fleecing their fellow-passengers; but, except in one instance, I never had any experience with this sort of thing.

Our little society for the reformation of poker players, or to speak more correctly, for the reformation of one particular poker player, was formed one bright starlight night, latitude such a number, and longitude something else, as four of us sat on a seat at the extreme rear end of the great steamer. We four, with one other, sat at a small table in the saloon. One of the small tables on a Transatlantic steamer is very pleasant if you have a nice crowd with you. A seat at a small table compares with a seat at the large table as living in a village compares with living in a city. You have some individuality at the short table; you are merely one of a crowd at the long table. One small table was not quite full. I had the honor of sitting at the head of it, and on each side of me were too young fellows, making five altogether. We all rather prided ourselves on the fact that there were no ladies at our little table.

The young Englishman who sat at my right hand at the corner of the table was going out to America to learn farming. I could, myself, have taught him a good deal about it, but I refrained from throwing cold water on his enthusiastic ideas about American agriculture. His notion was that it was an occupation mostly made up of hunting and fishing, and having a good time generally. The profits, he thought, were large and easily acquired. He had guns with him, and beautiful fishing-rods, and things of that sort. He even had a vague idea that he might be able to introduce fox-hunting in the rural district to which he was going. He understood, and regretted the fact, that we in the United States were rather behindhand in the matter of fox-hunting. He had a good deal of money with him, I understood, and he had already paid a hundred pounds to a firm in England that had agreed to place him on a farm in America. Of course, now that the money had been paid, there was no use in telling the young man he had been a fool. He would find that out soon enough when he got to America. Henry Storm was his name, and a milder mannered man with a more unsuitable name could hardly be found. The first two or three days out he was the life of our party. We all liked him; in fact, nobody could help liking him; but, as the voyage progressed, he grew more and more melancholy, and, what was really serious, took little food, which is not natural in an Englishman. I thought somebody had been telling him what a fool he had been to pay away his hundred pounds before leaving England, but young Smith of Rochester, who sat at my left, told me what the trouble was one day as we walked the deck.

"Do you know," he began, "that Henry Storm is being robbed?"

"Being robbed?" I answered; "you mean he has been robbed."

"Well, has been, and is being, too. The thing is going on yet. He is playing altogether

too much poker in the smoking room, and has lost a pile of money—more, I imagine, than he can well afford."

"That's what's the trouble with him, is it? Well, he ought to know better than to play for bigger stakes than he can afford to lose."

"Oh, it's easy to say that; but he's in the hands of a swindler, of a professional gambler. You see that man?" He lowered his voice as he spoke, and I looked in the direction of his glance. By this time we knew, in a way, everybody on board the ship. The particular man Smith pointed out was a fellow I had noticed a good deal, who was very quiet and gentlemanly, interfering with nobody, and talking with few. I had spoken to him once, but he had answered very shortly, and, apparently to his relief, and certainly to my own, our acquaintance ceased where it began. He had jet black beard and hair, both rather closely clipped; and he wore a fore-and-aft cap, which never improves a man's appearance very much.

"That man," continued Smith, as he passed us, "was practically under arrest for gambling on the steamer in which I came over. It seems that he is a regular professional gambler, who does nothing but go across the ocean and back again, fleecing young fellows like Storm. . . . I do believe young Storm has lost nearly all his money to him."

"Can't he be made to disgorge?"

"How? The money has been won fairly enough, as that sort of thing goes. Other fellows have played with them. It isn't as if he had been caught cheating—he hasn't, and won't be. He doesn't cheat—he doesn't need to, as I said before. Now that gambler pretends to be a commercial traveler from Buffalo. I know Buffalo down to the ground, so I took him aside yesterday and said plumply to him, 'What firm in Buffalo do you represent?' He answered shortly that his business was his own affair. I said, 'Certainly it is, and you are quite right in keeping it dark. When I was coming over to Europe, I saw a man in your line of business who looked very much like you, practically put under arrest by the purser for gambling. You were travelling for a St. Louis house then.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Nothing; he just gave me one of those sly, sinister looks of his, turned on his heel, and left me."

The result of this conversation was the inauguration of the Society for the Reforming of a Poker Player.

Next morning, I took young Storm's arm and walked two or three turns up and down the deck, but all the while I could not get up courage enough to speak with him in relation to gambling. When he left me, I again thought over the matter. I concluded to go into the smoking room myself, sit down beside him, see him lose some money, and use that fact as a text for my coming discourse to him on the evils of gambling. After luncheon I strolled into the smoking room, and there sat this dark-faced man with his half-closed eyes opposite young Storm, while two others made up the four-handed game of poker.

Storm's face was very pale, and his lips seemed dry, for he moistened them every now and then as the game went on. He was sitting on the sofa, and I sat down beside him, paying no heed to the dark gambler's look of annoyance. However, the alleged Buffalo man said nothing, for he was not a person who did much talking. Storm paid no attention to me as I sat down beside him. The gambler had just dealt. It was very interesting to see the way he looked at his hand. He allowed merely the edges of the cards to show over each other, and then closed up his hand and seemed to know just what he had. When young Storm looked at his hand he gave a sort of gasp, and for the first time cast his eyes upon me. I had seen his hand, but did not know whether it was a good one or not. I imagined it was not very good, because all the cards were of a low denomination. Threes or fours I think, but four of the cards had a like number of spots. There was some money in the centre of the table. Storm pushed a half-crown in front of him, and the next man did the same. The gambler put down a half-sovereign, and the man at his left, after a moment's hesitation, shoved out an equal amount from the pile of gold in front of him.

Young Storm pushed out a sovereign.

"I'm out," said the man whose next bet it was, throwing down his cards.

The gambler raised it a sovereign, and the man at his left dropped out. It now rested between Storm and the gambler. Storm increased the bet a sovereign. The gambler then put on a five-pound note.

Storm said to me huskily, "Have you any money?"

"Yes," I answered him.

"Lend me five pounds if you can."

Now, the object of my being there was to stop gambling, not to encourage it. I was the president *pro tem.* of the Society for the Reformation of Poker Players, yet I dived into my pocket, pulled out my purse under the table and slipped a five-pound note into his hand. He put that on the table as if he had just taken it from his own pocket.

"I call you," he said.

"What have you got?" asked the gambler.

"Four fours," said Storm, putting down his hand.

The gambler closed up his and threw the cards over to the man who was to deal. Storm paused a moment, and then pulled towards him the money in the centre of the table and handed me my five-pound note.

When the cards were next dealt, Storm seemed to have rather an ordinary hand, so apparently had all the rest, and there was not much money in the pile. But, poor as Storm's hand was, the rest appeared to be poorer, and he raked in the cash. This went on for two or three deals, and finding that, as Storm was winning all the time, although not heavily, I was not getting an object less against gambling, I made a move to go.

"Stay where you are," whispered Storm to me, pinching my knee with his hand so hard that I almost cried out.

Then it came to the gambler's turn to deal again. All the time he deftly shuffled the cards he watched the players with that furtive glance of his from out his half-shut eyes.

Storm's hand was a remarkable one, after he had drawn two cards, but I did not know whether it had any special value or not. The other players drew three cards each, and the gambler took one.

"How much money have you got?" whispered Storm to me.

"I don't know," I said, "perhaps a hundred pounds."

"Be prepared to lend me every penny of it," he whispered.

I said nothing; but I never knew the president of a society for the suppression of gambling to be in such a predicament.

Storm bet a sovereign. The player to his left threw down his hand. The gambler pushed out two sovereigns. The other player went out.

Storm said, "I see your bet, and raise you another sovereign." The gambler, without saying a word, shoved forward some more gold.

"Get your money ready," whispered Storm to me.

I did not quite like his tone, but I made allowance for the excitement under which he was evidently laboring.

He threw on a five-pound note. The gambler put down another five-pound note, and then, as if it were the lightest thing possible, put a ten-pound note on top of that, which made the side players gasp. Storm had won sufficient to cover the bet and raise it. After that I had to feed in to him five-pound notes, keeping count of their number on my fingers as I did so. The first to begin to hesitate about putting money forward was the gambler. He shot a glance now and again from under his eyebrows at the young man opposite. Finally, when my last five-pound note had been thrown on the pile, the gambler spoke for the first time.

"I call you," he said.

"Put down another five-pound note," cried the young man.

"I have called you," said the gambler.

Henry Storm half rose from his seat in his excitement. "Put down another five-pound note, if you dare"

"That isn't poker," said the gambler. "I have called you. What have you got?"

"Put down another five-pound note, and I'll put a ten-pound note on top of it."

"I say that isn't poker. You have been called. What have you got?"

"I'll bet you twenty pounds against your five-pound note, if you dare put it down."

By this time Storm was standing up, quivering with excitement, his cards tightly clenched in his hand. The gambler sat opposite him calm and imperturbable.

"What have you got?" said Storm.

"I called you," said the gambler, "show your hand."

"Yes; but when I called you, you asked me what I had, and I told you. What have you got?"



"I am not afraid to show my hand," said the gambler, and he put down on the table four aces.

"There's the king of hearts," said Storm, putting it down on the table. "There's the queen of hearts, there's the knave of hearts, there's the ten of hearts. Now," he cried, waving his other card in the air, "can you tell me what this card is?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered the gambler quietly, "probably the nine of hearts."

"It is the nine of hearts," shouted Storm, placing it down beside the others.

The gambler quietly picked up the cards, and handed them to the man who was to deal. Storm's hands were trembling with excitement as he pulled the pile of banknotes and gold towards him. He counted out what I had given him, and passed it to me under the table. The rest he thrust into his pocket.

"Come," I said, "it is time to go. Don't strain your luck."

"Another five pounds," he whispered; "sit where you are."

"Nonsense," I said, "another five pounds will certainly mean that you lose everything you have won. Come away, I want to talk with you."

"Another five pounds, I have sworn it."

"Very well, I shall not stay here any longer."

"No, no," he cried eagerly; "sit where you are, sit where you are,"

There was a grim thin smile on the lips of the gambler as this whispered conversation took place.

When the next hand was dealt around and Storm looked at his cards, he gave another gasp of delight. I thought that a poker player should not be so free with his emotions; but of course I said nothing. When it came his time to bet, he planked down a five-pound note on the table. The other two, as was usual, put down their cards. They were evidently very timorous players. The gambler hesitated for a second, then he put a ten-pound note on Storm's five pounds. Storm at once saw him, and raised him ten. The gambler hesitated longer this time, but at last he said, "I shall not bet. What have you got?"

"Do you call me?" asked Storm. "Put up your money if you do."

"No I do not call you."

Storm laughed and threw his cards face up on the table. "I have nothing," he said; "I have bluffed you for once."

"It is very often done," answered the gambler quietly, as Storm drew in his pile of money stuffing it again in his coat pocket. "Your deal, Storm."

"No, sir," said the young man, rising up; "I'll never touch a poker hand again. I have got my own money back and five or ten pounds over. I know when I've had enough."

Although it was Storm's deal, the gambler had the pack of cards in his hand, idly shuffling them to and fro.

"I have often heard," he said slowly, without raising his eyes, "that when one fool sits down beside another fool at poker, the player has the luck of two fools—but I never believed it before."

The improvements in the manufacture of musical instruments have not kept pace with those made in other departments of industry. Especially is this the case with the popular or leading instruments the violin and the pianoforte. The improvements in wind instruments, notably the flute, are recognized by the merest amateur. Not so with the pianoforte which has made but little progress since Jonas Chickering of Boston improved on Meyer's idea of a single casting resistance frame some 50 years ago, and the jointly claimed frame and overstrung scale of the Chickering and Steinway, some years afterwards. Improvements to some minor extent have been made in the inter-relations of the sounding-board, the frame and the strings, but the tone of the instrument has not been very perceptibly improved during the present generation. The efforts of the Steinways to prolong the tone by a sort of bell attachment a few years ago failed of much success.

Every note on the pianoforte is "diminuendo." In some respects it is the most imperfect of musical instruments. There is not a perfect fifth in its compass; the best that the tuner can do is to compromise from the lowest to the highest note, or to effect what is known as "tempering." But more of this anon.

In the violin still less improvement has been made. The violin, however, may be termed a perfect instrument. Those of the great Cremona makers who flourished from the middle of the 16th to the close of the first quarter of the 18th century have never been excelled. As we must dwell more at length on this subject later on, we shall close this reference to the king of instruments by noticing one or two slight improvements of quite recent adoption.

The fuller tone of the E and G strings has been discovered to be due to the more direct contact with the face of the instrument. To extend this to the other two strings a bridge of four legs has been introduced and patented by Edwin Bonn of Brading, Isle of Wight, which would seem to accomplish all that is

claimed for it by the inventor. The difficulty of closely adapting such a bridge to the rounded surface is obviated by fastening a piece of sand-paper round the narrow part of the violin and rubbing thereon the feet of the upright bridge for a few minutes across and lengthwise till it perfectly agrees with the curvature of the instrument where the bridge should stand. This will facilitate the fitting of the ordinary two-legged bridge also.

The idea long held that the wood for violins should be very old and that the best materials are obtained from old chateaus or churches is combated of late years. The wood employed by the Cremona makers was not over seasoned, and the superior varnish—which, by the way, is not a lost art—preserved the elasticity in the fibres of the wood which is now understood to be more important than mere dryness in the materials.

The London "Strad" makes mention of a clever violinist from Goderich, Ont., a Miss Clinch, and calls her the "Canadian Neruda."

Miss Campbell of Durocher Street, and her sister, highly proficient amateurs respectively on the violin and the pianoforte, are about to visit the art centres of Germany accompanied by Mrs. Campbell who is also a fine performer on the pianoforte.

Gabrielle Wietrowetz is the unmusical name of the best of the new lady violinists of the year. Her principal solos are Spohr's "Dramatic Concerto" and Brahms's beautiful Sonata in G, opus 78. —Miss Ethel Barns is another new star in the musical horizon.

Some times in trying to propel an idea into the consciousness of a foolish man it becomes necessary to explode an extra quantity of the powder of exaggeration. Not to make the projectile reach the mark, but because it will at least make an impression on some one of his senses.

She.—"What's in that bottle?"

He.—"Glycerinum pepticum."

She.—"Don't swear so, Charlie."

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THE UNITED FIRE INSURANCE CO. Lim.,
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Has purchased the Canadian business
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Capital Paid-up.....	500,000
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Organized 1792 - - - Incorporated 1794.

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Reserve re-Insurance.....	3,549,812
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Net Surplus.....	2,225,475
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THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE CO'Y,
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Subscribed Capital.....	\$6,000,000.
Cash Assets over.....	\$9,500,000

Insures against loss by fire only. Entire assets available for fire losses.
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INCORPORATED 1851.

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

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Assets in Canada about.....	\$1,500,000
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World-Wide Policies, Absolute Security.

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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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ESTABLISHED 1809.

TOTAL ASSETS, AT 31st DECEMBER, \$52,053,716.51

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CANADIAN INVESTMENTS, \$4,599,753.00.

THOMAS DAVIDSON, Manager-Director.
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Assets upwards of.....	\$3,000,000
Deposited at Ottawa	250,000

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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
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INCORPORATED 1822.

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

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ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

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

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Chairman, Chief Secretary.

N.B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1892.

Branch Office in Canada. 157 St. James Street, Montreal.

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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
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LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

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FOUNDED 1808.

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Fire Reserve 1,500,000
Fire Income 1,000,000

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