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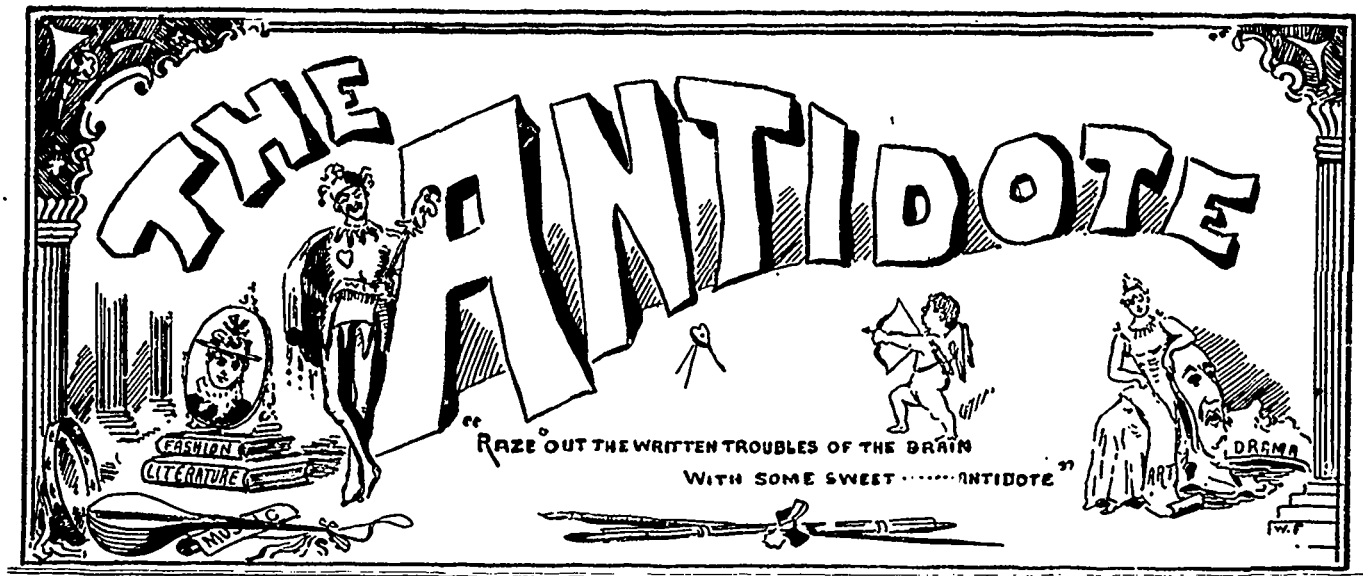

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OUR VILLAGE BEAUTY.—M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

THE ANTIDOTE

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

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD. (2)

We can all quote instances of virtue and honesty—chiefly where rare and auspicious incidents have caused some striking displays—becoming the direct causes of high fortunes. But, if as a rule virtue tends to success in life, and if as a rule honesty is the best policy, it can only be because detection of self-seeking, or mis-deeds, or fraud is as some do believe inevitable in the end, or at all events so frequent as practically to make a lasting success by ill means impossible.

If, without being found out, you can habitually make 20 per cent more by dishonesty than by honesty, it is difficult to admit that honesty is the best policy; and if you can keep the reputation of untainted integrity and serve your own interests by fair means and foul as occasion may offer, you cannot but be sure that you are getting wider chances for your advancement than if you use fair means only and forego the foul for virtue's sake. It is not a man's trustworthiness that is profitable to him in his career, but his reputation for trustworthiness, and if he can sacrifice the reality and keep a reputation the profitableness is manifestly all the greater. And thus all that comes of the grovelling system of encouraging moral worth as a good help through the world is logically an argument for keeping appearances securely blameless and acting how it serves the turn.

In minor matters even, our good qualities are serviceable—speaking from the profitable point of view—little or not at all to ourselves; their convenience is to those with whom we are brought in contact. Take unselfishness for instance, what more proper merit to possess, and what merit so unproductive to its cultivator. You gain literally nothing by it, not even credit for possessing it. You live a life of taking no thought for yourself, and the sensible selfish people round about you accept your ideas as suitable to you, and your way of enjoying yourself, and take no thought for you either. What you give up they get; what you have got, unless unselfishness is its own pleasure, is demonstrably less than nothing.

Then that mental mood which is so esteemed in youth that it is always spoken of with the complimentary adjective, the becoming diffidence, which in later years is described as unassumingness or in other negative fashions meaning absence of conceit—you possess, you are becomingly diffident, you are unassuming, and, in consequence, you are permanently snubbed in accordance with the value you ascribe to yourself, and when you try for an appointment to be given on the score of qualifications, you are beaten by any competitor of not half your fitness who is not diffident and not unassuming. You know, say, more than all the duties required, and he next to nothing; but he knows how to make more than the most of himself, your virtue has improved his chance, not yours. So with industry; nine times out of ten your industry will give those you live with or those you work with, more opportunity for airing their idleness. So with liberality, courtesy, punctuality, fidelity, frankness, gratitude; their profitable returns are not for their possessors, to whom, indeed, they may often occasion distinct loss, but for other people. As to good temper, its advantages are too obvious.

> My dear little child
> Be gentle and mild
> For what can you get
> By passion and pet?

says one of the pious and persuasive moral songs which instruct our infancy. The argument is strong, but every reasonable infant must see at once that it rests on a false premise; he can get something by passion and pet, he can get his own way. He would make a great mistake in life if he resolved on being gentle and mild on the what-you-can-get-by-it principle, and he ought not to be so misled.

We ought to make out what we mean, and to teach definitely one system or the other; goodness for its own sake, or goodness for its extraneous rewards. Each system promotes respectability, especially the latter of the two; but in the latter the amount of goodness should be limited by practical considerations. The difference as to the minds of the respective disciples is much like that between the mind of the man who would marry the damsel because she is she, and the man who would marry her because she is so good, so pretty, so well connected, and with such a good fortune of her own to bring to her husband. Of the lovers the second is the wiser; but suppose him mistaken as to the connections and the fortune?

Personal.

Sir Francis Johnson, who has been battling with a severe cold for about a fortnight past, is convalescent. Capt. F. G. Johnson, late of the 11th Hussars, was one of the constant attenddants at the bedside of his distinguished father during his illness.

Mr. E. A. Whitehead, our universally popular colonel, is expected every steamer from his trip to Europe, Egypt and Palestine. It is needless to remark that "Bob" visited Jerusalem, and that he does not want to buy it. There is as much "matter in the wrong place"—as somebody aptly defined "Dirt" once on a time—in and around the holy city as would frighten the Health Committee out of a year's growth.

Mr. Charles Cassils, who returned from a transatlantic trip a few days ago with his brother-in-law Mr. Duncan McIntyre, looks anything but the invalid described in a recent city item. Mr. Cassils is the very picture of health and looks as though he was satisfied with the good things of the world of which he certainly has a goodly share. Mr. McIntyre who has been confined to his castle on the mountain slope with a cold is again about among his many friends enjoying such weather as cannot be excelled in the most favored spots of Europe.

TENNYSON'S SUCCESSOR.

John Ruskin has been appointed Poet Laureate. The new laureate is better known by his works on architecture and painting than by his poems.

A NEW USE FOR YOUNG MEN.

The "London Saturday Review" suggests the possibility of a brand new profession.

The world, declares "The Review," is over-populated with amiable, good-looking young men; highly educated, healthy and wholly incapable of earning their livelihoods. No ingenuity can provide berths for all of them, but some might be employed as "cutters-out." This is a new profession. The duties of the cutter-out are few, simple and agreeable. He or she has merely to make love and to ride away. Thus, put case that some one's daughter, niece, or, it may be, favorite cousin, has become engaged to a man who is not liked or approved of by the family. To resist her choice is futile. Opposition merely fans the flame of passion. So you send a note or telegram to the central office of the "Society for the Utilization of Johnnies," and they dispatch a cutter-out. He is young, handsome, agreeable, perhaps a lord, or an honorable, or a baronet very likely. His duty may be explained in a word—he is to cut out the young lady's affianced lover, to make her out of conceit with that disagreeable person, and then to retire gracefully to some outlandish part of the globe.

It will work either way.

The scheme is peculiarly valuable to parents, but anyone may make use of it. Of course, there may also be, and should be, female cuttersout, to be slipped at young men who have entangled their affections undesirably. Lord Algernon is fond of the rector's daughter, of the gardener's daughter, of whom you will. Instead of crying if you are his lady mother, or swearing if you are the Duke, you send up to the central depot for a really first-class cutter-out married lady preferred. In a very few weeks the rector's daughter, or the gardener's daughter, is as disconsolate as Calypso, and then the cutter-out disappears, carrying with her the respectful homage of the family whom she has rescued.

PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

Boggs—Do you think a man can serve two masters?

Henpeck—Well, sometimes. He may have a wife and grown daughter, you know.

From Lan o. Queen.

FASHIONS.

The list of laces to be used this summer is much longer than usual, owing to the great demand for these elegant accessories, but among the most popular are Bourdon point de Flanders, French point, Venetian guipure, Venetian applique, guipure Alencon, Chantilly guipure, Burges point, point Russe, point de Gene, Spanish gauze, also greatly improved patterns in Oriental and Fedora laces, suitable for trimming organdies, lawns and India muslins, and to these are added in most cases, wide nets to match. The entire list of fancy laces would fill a small-sized book.

Miles of black lace have already been sold for trimming corsages, dress skirts, and summer wraps. Ecru laces are equally in demand. A visiting dress for early summer has a slashed Figaro jacket and skirt of heliotrope crepon, with a full high waist of chintz figured Persian foulard, green satin is drawn through slashes of the quaint little Figaro and a girdle of the same goes round the waist, and is in a row in front. A plastron is of ecru guipure and the collar matches. The skirt passes above the edge of the waist and is flounced half way up.

The new double-skirted dresses are gaining in favor. They are called the "French tunic gowns," and to many tastes are more pleasing by comparison than the long straight skirts with their space bands of trimming reaching nearly to the waist. Not only has fashion turned its back most decidedly on the hoop skirt, but it is growing very grudging of its notice of even crinoline, which is too stiff and unwieldy to ever become universally liked or adopted.

India silks and French surahs with a satin are imported, and wool surah, a popular dress fabric for travelling uses, is almost as light as the silken texture.

Blouses are no longer simply made, and just with a little fullness back and front, but are more like bodices of the short banded type.

RECIPES.

An Appetizing Rechauffe. — If you wish to have a dish from the remains of the beef, a very savory one is made thus: Make a puree of tomatoes, either fresh or tinned ones, by stewing them in butter, then passing them through a strainer and seasoning with salt and pepper. The cold beef, very thinly sliced, also some shreds of bacon or ham, should be slightly frizzled before laying them in this puree to simmer. Garnish this with a hedge of fried potatoe chips.

Cream Biscuit.—Sift a quart of flour, add a half teaspoonful of salt, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little boiling water and stir in half a pint of thick, sour cream, roll out the dough, cut into biscuits and bake in a quick oven.

Floating Island.—Take to every glass of jelly (currant and raspberry mixed is best,) the white of an egg, beat them well together until they are quite stiff, then add your jelly, beat them till it is very thick and smooth, pour some cream in a bowl or deep dish, and lay island in heaps on it; if you would have it of many colors, make it red with cochineal, green with spinach juice, yellow with the yolk of an egg or saffron, blue with powdered blue, and by beating you may make it almost white; you must color it in different vessels, lay every color by itself in the dish or bowl.

Lettuce Sandwiches—Some time before ginning to make the sandwiches, put on the reservoir a plate of butter to soften. Cut a loaf of bread into very thin slices. Cut these into rounds with a large cookie cutter. Butter with soft butter. Place on half the rounds of bread crisp lettuce leaves. On each leaf put a spoonful of salad dressing. Add the other buttered rounds, and dainty, delicious sandwiches will be the result.

THE BASHFUL WOOER.—By Stainland.

SMILES.

Mamma—Well, did you get homesick the least bit?

Bennie—No, there was a parrot there that scolded just like you, and I wasn't lonely once.

The summer hotel is in it,
And the clerk with the seaside smile,
Can make a bill in a minute
That you can't walk 'round in a mile.

"The company ought to charge by weight," said the cross conductor to the 300-pound passenger who pushed into a crowded car.

"If it did," replied the later, it would owe me $1 every time I ride on the line, for the wait I have to suffer before a car comes along.

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la!
Have nothing to do with the earth,
They bloom in the milliner's shop, tra la!
And cost fifty times what they're worth.

A WEDDING GIFT.

A WIFE'S STORY.

"I will have you! I will have you! I will! I will! I will! !" I can see his dark face now as he looked when he spoke those words. I remember noticing how pale his lips were as he hissed out through his clenched teeth: "Though I had to fight with a hundred men for you—though I had to do murder for your sake, you should be mine. In spite of your love for him, in spite of your hate for me, in spite of all your struggles, your tears, your prayers, you shall be mine, mine, only mine!"

I had known Kenneth Moore ever since I was a little child. He had made love to me nearly as long. People spoke of us as sweethearts, and Kenneth was so confident and persevering that when mother died and I found myself without a relative, without a single friend that I really cared for, I did promise him that I would one day be his wife. But that had scarcely happened, when Phillip Rutley came to the village and—and everybody knows I fell in love with him.

It seemed like Providence that brought Phillip to me just as I had given a half consent to marry a man I had no love for, and with whom I could never have been happy.

I had parted from Kenneth at the front gate, and he had gone off to his home crazy with delight because at last I had given way.

It was Sunday evening late in Novem-

ber, very dark, very cold, and very foggy. He brought me home from church, and he kept me there at the gate pierced through and through by the frost, and half-choked by the stifling river mist, holding my hand in his own and refusing to leave me until I promised to to marry him.

Home was very lonely since mother died. The farm had gone quite wrong since we lost father. My near friends advised me to wed with Kenneth Moore, and all the village people looked upon it as a settled thing. It was horribly cold, too, out there at the gate—and—and that was how it came about that I consented.

I went into the house as miserable as Kenneth had gone away happy. I hat I myself for having been so weak, and I hated Kenneth because I could not love him. The door was on the latch; I went in and flung it to behind me, with a petulant violence that made old Hagar, who was rheumatic and had stayed at home that evening on account of the fog, come out of the kitchen to see what was the matter.

"It's settled at last," I cried, tearing of my bonnet and shawl; "I'm to be Mrs. Kenneth Moore. Now are you satisfied?"

"It's best so—I'm sure it's much best so," exclaimed the old woman; "but, dearie-dear!" she added as I burst into a fit of sobbing, "how can I be satisfied if you don't be?"

I would'nt talk to her about it. What was the good? She'd forgotten long ago how the heart of a girl like me hungers for its true mate, and how frightful is the thought of giving oneself to a man one does not love!

Hagar offered condolence and supper, but I would partake of neither; and I went up to bed at once, prepared to cry myself to sleep, as other girls would have done in such a plight as mine.

As I entered my room with a lighted candle in my hand, there came an awful crash at the window—the glass and framework were shivered to atoms, and in the current of air that rushed through the room, my light went out. Then there came a crackling, breaking sound from the branches of the old apple tree beneath my window; then a scraping on the bricks and window-ledge; then more splintering of glass and window-frame: the blind broke away at the top, and my toilet table was overturned—the looking-glass smashing to pieces on the floor, and I was conscious that someone had stepped into the room.

At the same moment the door behind me was pushed open, and Hagar, frightened out of her wits, peered in with a lamp in her hand.

By its light I first saw Phillip Rutley.

A well-built, manly, handsome young fellow, with bright eyes and light close cropped curly hair, he seemed like a merry boy who had just popped over a wall in search of a cricket ball rather than an intruder who had broke into the house of two lone women in so alarming a manner.

My fear yielded to indignation when I realized that it was a strange man who had made his way into my room with so little ceremony, but his first words—or rather the way in which he spoke them—disarmed me.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. Pay for all the damage. It's only my balloon!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Hagar.

My curiosity was aroused. I went forward to the shattered window.

"Your balloon. Did you come down in a balloon? Where is it?"

"All safe outside," replied the aeronaut consolingly. "Not a bad decent, considering this confounded—I beg pardon—this confound-ing fog. Thought I was half a mile up in the air. Opened the valve a little to drop through the cloud and discover my location. Ran against your house and anchored in your apple tree. Have you any men about the place to help me get the gas out?"

We fetched one of our farm labourers, and managed things so well, in spite of the darkness, that about midnight we had the great clumsy thing lying upon the lawn in a state of collapse. Instead of leaving it there with the car safely wedged into the apple-tree, until the morning light would let him work more easily, Rutley must needs "finish the job right off," as he said, and the result of this was that while he was standing in the car a bough suddenly broke and he was thrown to the ground, sustaining such injuries that we found him senseless when we ran to help him.

We carried him into the drawing-room, by the window of which he had fallen and ,when we got the doctor to him, it was considered best that he should remain with us that night. How could we refuse him a shelter? The nearest inn was a long way off; how could he be moved there among people who would not care for him, when the doctor said it was probable that the poor fellow was seriously hurt internally?

We kept him with us that night; yes, and for weeks after. By Heaven's mercy he will be with me all the rest of my life.

It was this unexpected visit of Phillip's, and the feeling that grew between us as I nursed him well and strong again, that brought it about that I told Kenneth Moore, who had become so repugnant to me that I could not bear to see him or hear him speak, that I wanted to be released from the promise he had wrung from me that night at the garden gate.

His rage was terrible to witness. He saw at once that my heart was given to someone else, and guessed who it must be; for, of course, everybody knew about our visitor from the clouds. He refused to release me from my pledge to him, and uttered such wild threats against poor Phillip, whom he had not seen, and who, indeed, had not spoken of love to me at that time, that it precipitated my union with his rival. One insult that he was base enough to level at Phillip and me stung me so deeply, that I went at once to Mr. Rutley and told him how it was possible for evil minds to misconstrue his continuing to reside at the farm.

When I next met Kenneth Moore I was leaving the registrar's office upon the arm of my husband. Kenneth did not know what had happened, but when he saw us walking openly together, his face assumed an expression of such intense malignity, that a great fear for Phillip came like a chill upon my heart, and when we were alone together under the roof that might henceforth harmlessly cover us both, I had but one thought, one intense desire—to quit it forever in secret with the man I loved, and leave no foot-print behind for our enemy to track us by.

It was now that Phillip told me that he possessed an independent fortune, by virtue of which the world lay spread out before us for our choice of a home.

"Sweet as have been the hours that I have passed here—precious and hallowed as this little spot on the wide earth's surface must ever be to me," said my husband, "I want to take you away from it and show you many goodly things you have as yet hardly dreamed of. We will not abandon your dear old home, but we will find someone to take care of it for us and see what other paradise we can discover in which to spend our life-long honeymoon."

I had never mentioned to Phillip the name of Kenneth Moore, and so he thought it a mere playful caprice that made me say:—

"Let us go, Phillip, no one knows where—not even ourselves. Let Heaven

guide us in our choice of a resting-place. Let us vanish from this village as if we had never lived in it. Let us go and be forgotten."

He looked at me in astonishment, and replied in a joking way:—

"The only means I know of to carry out your wishes to the letter, would be a nocturnal departure, as I arrived—that is to say, in my balloon."

"Yes, Phillip, yes!" I exclaimed eagerly, "in your balloon, to-night, in your balloon!"

That night, in a field by the reservoir of the gas-works of Nettledene, the balloon was inflated, and the car loaded with stores for our journey to unknown lands. The great fabric swayed and struggled in the strong breeze that blew over the hills, and it was with some difficulty that Phillip and I took our seats. All was in readiness, when Phillip, searching the car with a lantern, discovered that we had not with us the bundle of rugs and wraps which I had got ready for carrying off.

"Keep her steady, boys!" he cried. "I must run back to the house." And he leapt from the car and disappeared in the darkness.

It was weird to crouch there alone, with the great balloon swaying over my head, each plunge threatening to dislodge me from the seat to which I clung, the cords and the wicker-work straining and creaking, and the swish of the silk sounding like the hiss of a hundred snakes. It was alarming in no small degree to know how little prevented me from shooting up solitary to take an indefinite place among the stars. I confess that I was nervous, but I only called to the men who were holding the car to please take care and not let me go without Mr. Rutley.

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a man, whom we all thought was he, climbed into the car and hoarsely told them to let go. The order was obeyed and the earth seemed to drop away slowly beneath us as the balloon rose and drifted away before the wind.

"You haven't the rugs, after all!" I exclaimed to my companion. He turned and flung his arms about me, and the voice of Kenneth Moore it was that replied to me:—

"I have you. I swore I would have you, and I've got you at last!"

In an instant, as I perceived that I was being carried off from my husband by the very man I had been trying to escape, I seized the grapnel that lay handy and flung it over the side. It was attached to a long stout cord

THE LAST TRYST.—MRS. JOPLING, in the Grosvenor Gallery.

which was fastened to the body of the car, and by the violent jerks that ensued I knew that I was not too late to snatch at an anchorage and the chance of a rescue. The baloon, heavily ballasted, was drifting along near the ground with the grappling-iron tearing through hedges, fences and trees right in the direction of our farm. How I prayed that it might again strike against the house as it did with Phillip and that he might be near to succor me!

As we swept along the fields the grapnel, taking here and there a secure hold for a moment or so, would bring the car side down to the earth, nearly jerking us out, but we both clung fast to the cordage, and then the grapnel would tear its way through and the balloon would rise like a great bird into the air.

It was in the moment that one of these checks occurred, when the baloon had heeled over to the wind until it lay almost horizontally upon the face of the ground, that I saw Phillip Rutley standing in the meadow beneath me. He cried to me as the car descended to him with me clinging to the ropes and framework for my life:—

"Courage, dearest! You're anchored. Hold on tight. You won't be hurt."

Down came the car sideways, and struck the ground vollently, almost crushing him. As it rebounded he clung to the edge and held it down, shouting for help. I did not dare let go my hold, as the baloon was struggling furiously, but I shrieked to Phillip that Kenneth Moore had tried to carry me off, and implored him to save me from that man. But before I could make myself understood, Kenneth, who like myself had been holding on for dear life, threw himself suddenly upon Phillip, who, to ward off a shower of savage blows, let go of the car.

There was a heavy gust of wind, a tearing sound, the car rose out of Phillip's reach, and we dragged our anchor once more. The ground flew beneath us and my husband was gone.

I screamed with all my might, and prepared to fling myself out when we came to the earth again, but my captor seizing each article that lay on the floor of the car, hurled forth, with the frenzy of a madman, ballast, stores, waterkeg, cooking apparatus, everything, indiscriminately. For a moment this unburdening of the baloon did not have the effect one would suppose—that of making us shoot swiftly up into the sky, and I trusted that Phillip and the men who who had helped us at the gasworks had got hold of the grapnel line, and would haul us down; but, looking over the side, I perceived that we were flying along unfettered, and increasing each minute our distance from the earth.

We were off, then, Heaven alone could tell whither! I had lost the protection

of my husband, and fallen utterly into the power of a lover who was terrifying and hateful to me.

Away we sped in the darkness, higher and higher, faster and faster; and I crouched half-fainting in the bottom of the car, while Kenneth Moore, bending over me, poured his horrible love into my ear:—

"Minnie! Minnie! Why did you you try to play me false? Didn't you know your old playmate better than to suppose he would give you up? Thank your stars, girl, you are now quit of that scoundrel, and that the very steps he took to ruin you have put it in my power to save you from him and from your wilful self."

(To be concluded next week).

Personal.

Baroness Macdonald, of Earnscliffe goes to England next week.

Sir John Abbott's condition remains unchanged. He has now been confined to his room for over three weeks.

Mr. Romeo Stephens, Chambly, is spending a few days in town at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Miss Carruthers, Inverness, Scotland, is in town, on a visit to Mrs. Lacy-Dillon, University street.

It is rumored that there is some likelihood of Dr. Roddick, of this city, being knighted at an early date.

Mrs. Henry Hogan and Miss Hogan, left Monday last for the World's Fair, to remain about six weeks.

The Duke of Veragua visited Niagara Falls on Thursday, the same evening leaving for Washington.

The Hon. George Drummond, accompanied by Mrs. Drummond, Miss C. Drummond and Miss Helen Parker, has returned from his short trip to the west.

Mrs. Archie Rankin, Brooklyn has arrived in town, on a visit to her parents, Mr. T. J. Claxton and Mrs. Claxton, Cote St. Antoine.

Dr. Elsdale Molson, accompanied by Mrs. Molson and family, leave next week for England, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. Lawrence A. Wilson, who is to be married to Miss Hortense Perrault, sails next week on "La Champagne," for France and Spain, their wedding tour.

Sir John Thompson, in private correspondence with a friend in Ottawa, has expressed the opinion that he will be able to return to Canada by the end of June.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec, and Mrs. Dunn sailed from Liverpool last week by the Majestic and arrived home yesterday. The Lord Bishop has received the degree of D. D. from Cambridge University.

The Duke of Newcastle with valet, was registered at the Windsor Wednesday. The Duke is returning to England from an extensive American tour, having arrived in Montreal from Niagara Falls.

Mrs J. H. R. Molson, Riedmont, Durocher street, when alighting from her carriage a few days ago, severely sprained her ankle, which will necessitate a lengthened confinement to the house.

Dr. Binmore returned to the city this week after an extensive trip in Europe. Miss Clayton, Ottawa, is on a visit to Mrs. Frederick Nash, Ste. Famille street. Mr. J. P. Dawes and the Misses Dawes have returned from their trip to New York.

It is reported that the Earl of Derby has decided to leave Canada before the first of July, and that pending the inauguration of his successor, the Earl of Aberdeen, in september, Chief Justice Strong will act as administrator.

Sir Donald Smith gave an official dinner on Wednesday evening at his residence 1157 Dorchester street. Among the guests who numbered over thirty, were the Presidents and Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway and other important public personages.

The marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of the Marquis of Dufferin, to Miss Davis, will take place next month in New York. His brother, the Earl of Ava, will be present on the occasion, and later contemplates a visit to Canada.

Mrs. J. Haddon, daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Torrance, of New York, and grand-daughter of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who arrived in town last week to be present at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Galt, has been laid up at the Windsor with an attack of la Grippe.

BRILLIANT QUEBEC WEDDING.

The social event of the season was the marriage on Wednesday in the Basilica, Quebec, of Miss Lucianne Bosse, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Bosse, of the Court of Queen's Bench, to Mr. James Francis Tracy, of Albany. The ceremony took place at 10 o'clock, but long before that hour the church was crowded to the doors by friends of the bride, who is one of Quebec's most popular young ladies. The ushers were Messrs. Willie Bosse and Hullet Bosse, brothers of the bride. The groom accompanied by his brother. Gen. Charles Tracy, of Albany, and his nephew, Mr. Ernest Tracy, arrived shortly before ten o'clock, and soon after the bride entered the church leaning on her father's arm, and assisted by four bridesmaids, Miss Mary Tracy, of Albany, the groom's niece; Miss McCallum, daughter of Dr. McCallum, Montreal; Miss Yvonne Bosse and Miss Adine Baby. Masters McKenzie Tessier, Henri Bosse and Charles Bosse acted as pages. The marriage ceremony was performed by Mgr. B. Paquet, who celebrated mass, during which hymns were sung by friends of the bride. An elaborate breakfast was given at Judge Bosse's residence immediately after the ceremony, and the couple left in the afternoon for their future residence, Albany. The bride wore a most becoming gown of white brocaded satin, trimmed with duchess lace, orange blossoms and diamond ornaments.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

"I defy you to find a man who loves his wife as dearly as I love mine. To render her happy, I would undertake to go and live alone at the top of a mountain."

"But you would never come up to Puntolini's uncle, who, when he ascertained that his wife looked best in mourning, went and committed suicide.

—Il Corriere della Terra.

MY COUSIN AMY.

By A. B. Paine.

Howard Taylor and I had been chums for years. Our offices were in the same building and we had fallen into a habit of lunching and dining together whenever my family were out of town for the summer. I had often wondered why he had not married, for he was a fine looking man, upright, able and prosperous. One night, when we were having an unusually intimate conversation, I ventured to ask him.

"You must have had a story," I said.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I have had my story, and if it will not bore you—I warn you it is not cheerful—I will tell it to you.

"I was brought up on a farm," he continued, after a long pause. "My father was not well off, but was anxious that I should have an education, and strained every nerve to send me to the village academy, finally offering me a year at college.

"I was then eighteen years old. I had mastered the lower branches, and was thirsty for more. I eagerly accepted.

"When my year was up, I came home heart-sick to think that I must stop now,

at the very threshold of accomplishment.

"My father had a cousin, also a farmer, whose land joined ours. The two had been always like brothers, and his daughter Amy had been the only sister I ever knew. She was a little younger than myself, rather small for her years, but well advanced in her studies and with the promise of beauty in her face.

"When I returned from college, I was astonished to see that in my brief absence she had become a woman, and the promise of beauty was fulfilled. I felt a little shy toward her and she was no longer my little sister. Still, I went to see her quite as frequently as before, and summer evenings, when we sat out on the long porch, I held her hand while I told her of my dreams and ambitions, and how they must all come to nothing because of lack of means. It never occurred to me that she, too, had plans and dreams. Like all young fellows, I was selfish and thought that those around me must be interested only in my welfare.

"Still I was very glad when one evening she told me that she had obtained the district school for the winter, and her voice that night was so soft, and she seemed so happy, that I kissed her for the first time since my return, and on the way home I felt that I was really very much in love with my sweet cousin.

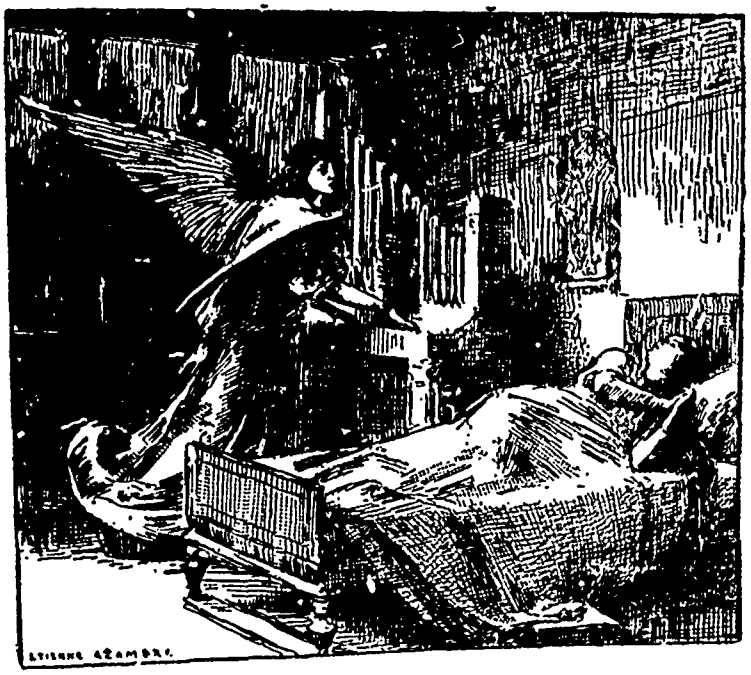
"Not long after this my father one day surprised me with the information that he could give me another year at college, and a week or two later I bade them all good bye—kissing my pretty cousin a little carelessly, perhaps, for I was so full of the delight of going that I forgot how much I was in love.

"Well, I worked hard at college, and had little time to think of those at home. However, I wrote twice to Amy, who answered and said she liked teaching and hoped I was getting along well with my work.

"When I came home the next summer, I thought it was for good, but my father advised me to begin reading law during my vacation, saying that he thought I might be able to finish my education and take a law course afterward, as had always been my desire.

"That summer it seemed to me that my cousin was more shy and more beautiful than ever. I didn't have very much time for love-making, but I resolved that some day, when I had got a start in my profession, I would tell her of my love and take her away from the little farm-house to keep her near me always. She had given great satisfaction as a teacher and was to have the school again.

"My last year at college was the busiest of all, for I was now reading law during every spare moment, in order to be ready for the course the following summer. I graduated at the close of the term, but did not go home, for the law class was to begin at once and money was too scarce for me to make any unnecessary journey.



SAINT CECILIA'S DREAM.—AZAMBRE

"Amy wrote me a letter of congratulation, which she enclosed with one from my father, for there was nothing in it that a sister might not have written. I replied to it in a brotherly way—not sorry that we could be as brother and sister—for of course it would be a long time before I could think of a wife, and besides, after all, my cousin was only a little country girl.

"That fall I took my degree, and returned home for a week or two, preparatory to beginning the battle with fortune in the great city.

"I was twenty-one and full of hope. My education and my profession were completed. The world lay before me.

"I saw my cousin Amy nearly every day, but it seemed to me that she was less beautiful than formerly. She appeared paler and thinner, I thought; so I assumed a patronizing air, and told her that she was too fond of money and working too hard, for she was teaching now at the academy and studying French and Latin evenings at home. But she only laughed and when I went away, she cried a little as she let me kiss her, and then I thought how good and pure she was, and could hardly keep back my own tears. But I was not as much in love as I had been at twenty. She was not as attractive, and, besides, my head was full of the future and the prospect of city life.

"Well, I left them and came to Chicago, a stranger in a strange city. For three years I had a hard fight, and no thought of a wife entered my head. I was very poor, and twice my father sent me money to keep away the wolf.

"By and by, I began to climb the ladder and felt that success was coming at last. Then sometimes I thought of Amy, and wondered if she had fitted herself to be the wife of a man who, was people said, was going to make his mark. I had heard from her only through my parents, who had written to me regularly, but I knew that she was still teaching and unmarried.

"I determined now to pay a visit to my old home and come to a final decision as to my future. That night I received a telegram from my father. My cousin Amy was dead.

"My father met me at the station, and as we drove home, he told me what he could no longer conceal. It was with the money earned by my cousin that he had paid for my last two years at college. It was her earnings that had paid for my law course and that had been sent to keep me from want in the great city.

"Then, as I bowed my head in shame and anguish, he told me how for two years past she had been growing thinner and paler, they thought from over-study, and how a sudden attack had finished the work of destruction almost before they thought of danger.

"That day, as I stood by the coffin and looked at the quiet face, from which every vestige of beauty had been striped for my sake, I said, 'For your sake, sweet cousin, I will live and die alone,'"

This was the story that Howard Taylor told me as we sat looking out over the water waiting for the boat to take us home. And sometimes, since, as I have thought of that big-hearted man going through life alone, I have wondered if Amy knows.

PROPERTY IN CHARACTER.

Discipline, properly speaking, should aim at making children obey, and obey cheerfully, in relation to matters on which their parents or teachers really know better what is good for them than they themselves do; in other words, it should aim wholly at the good of the child, and at the healthy development of its own character. But as a matter of fact, parents very often aim at something quite different. They feel towards the child as if it absolutely belonged to them, and as if their credit were concerned in making it evident to the world that it belongs to them, and answers to their word of command as instantaneously as a dog performs its little tricks when the word of command is given. Many parents regard their pride as deeply concerned in extorting from their children an exact correspondence to their signals, not merely when that is for the children's benefit, but whether, it be for their children's benefit or not, simply because it is gratifying to their own sense of property in the child to see it echo their minutest wishes. Just as a man takes the greatest pride in making his horse obey the slightest signal of the rein or whip, a father and mother will often take the utmost pride in making their children obey the most arbitrary orders, only because they give them, and because they look at the commandment, "Children, obey your parents," as one given for the glorification of the parents, and not for the advantage of the children.

Even schoolmasters and governesses sometimes fall into the same state of mind, and do not consider themselves good disciplinarians unless they can obtain instant obedience to orders given exclusively to test the subordination of their pupils, and not even devised for their good apart from discipline. Now, up to a certain point, of course, mere discipline is as essential in school and families as it is essential in any army. It is impossible for parents and teachers to be always complaining why this or that rule is made, and if a child will never obey until it understands why it is asked to obey, it will grow up without any of that pliancy to the control of superiors which is absolutely essential to the organisation even of a household, and much more to that of a school or a State. Discipline implies ready obedience to orders of which the reason is not understood; but it should always rest on the belief that these orders will be given for sufficient reasons, and not for the mere satisfaction of those who give them in seeing them implicitly obeyed.

The first lesson a superior,—either in a family or a school or an army or a State,—has to learn, is that there is no such thing as property in the character of a human being; that when the individuality of a character has to be suppressed,—and of course the organisation of society requires that it must often be suppressed,—it is suppressed either for its own good or for the good of others to whom consideration is due, and that beyond the limits of these obligations, individuality, far from being a hindrance and annoyance to be got rid of as completely as possible, is a distinct gain to the universe. The wish of some parents to wield as much power over the wills and characters of their children, as they do over the motions of the horses they ride or drive, is not only a foolish but an evil wish. To get excellent instruments on which they can perform as they would perform on a piano, always eliciting exactly the particular vibration that they desire and expect, is clearly not the true object of family life. On the contrary, character, far from being an instrument to be performed upon by others, should always be a new source of life and originality, which no one should be able to govern despotically from outside, and which, even from inside, is in a great degree a mystery and a marvel to him who has most power over it.

The mere motion of making character a kind of repeater, which responds by a given number of strokes to the parent's touch, is a radically absurd one. What a parent ought to wish for is, indeed, instant obedience to orders given for the child's good, and an eager readiness in the child to trust its parent; but beyond this, as much that is distinct and individual, and that has a separate significance of its own, as the child's nature can provide. If there be an utterly mean and poverty-stricken type of parental ambition, it is to have children who shall be remarkable for nothing else than exactly corresponding to their parents' orders,—who shall be echoes of their wishes, products of their suggestion. Mr. Babbage's calculating machine was an offspring almost more interesting than such a child as that.

It is one of the most curious indications of the tendency of the instinct for property to become an overruling passion, that it should prove a temptation, and sometimes a very powerful temptation, to parents to make their children mere creatures for the gratification of their own caprices. The secret of the temptation is, we suppose, a kind of petty ambition. Ambition of a higher kind loves to see its will regnant in the world at large. An ambitious orator delights in the power to thrill a great assembly with his own resolves and convictions. An ambitious statesman loves to see Kingdoms enforcing his wishes, and armies moving whenever he touches a spring; and so, we imagine, it is a sort of domestic ambition which delights to see children turned into mere executive agents for their father's or mother's volition, and multiplying, so to speak, the efficiency of that father's or mother's influence in the world. But that, surely, is a very perverted sort of parental ambition.

If character means anything great at all, it means something much more than a mere sounding-board for the character of others. The highest domestic ambition should aim at eliciting from the children of a family all the more perfect qualities and characteristics, which the Creator has implanted in their nature,—and this is an aim which cannot possibly be consistent with that other aim of turning them into mere obedient subordinates of a parental will. Such an ambition as that is even poorer than the ambition of a man of science who desires to find in the universe nothing new, nothing but a vast increase of the forces with the use and manipulation of which he is already familiar. For in the world of character we are in a field altogether higher than any with which the man of science deals, and what a parent may fairly look for in a child, is something infinitely fresher and more wonderful and fuller of inexplicable beauty, than anything of which the man of science attempts to measure the meaning. To desire to exercise the privileges of ownership over the character of another, is desiring to make it something infinitely less, infinitely poorer, than it was intended; because that means putting the very springs of one character in another character external to itself, which does not feel its inmost impulses, and cannot elicit from it, therefore, its highest powers.

A character in the keeping of another character is not a character at all; or, rather, it is a distorted character, a character twisted and diverted from its true purpose and significance. The passion for ownership is one which has no doubt a very legitimate place in human nature; but there is no passion which is more easily or more often exaggerated into an engrossing and debasing

influence. Even in regard to things it is often excessive, and in regard to living creatures it frequently becomes a tyranny of the most hideous kind. But when it is allowed to intrude on the higher region of human character, when a man allows himself to think that he has a sort of ownership in his wife's spiritual nature, or when the parent allows himself to treat the child as if he had a right to make him exactly what he wishes him to be, this passion for ownership results in some of the most shocking of the moral perversions of which human nature admits.

(The End.)

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

To all appearances the marriage of the McGill College student from Coldbrook, N. S., to "a Daughter of Heth" (see Black's novel) is indefinitely postponed. It is not improbable that a law-suit may come of it. Boarding-houses in Montreal, as well as elsewhere would seem to favor matchmaking.

"Though matches are all made in Heav'n, they say,
Yet Hymen who mischief oft hatches,
Sometimes deals with the house 'tother side of the way,
And there they made Lucifer matches."

AN EASY ONE.

Casey was digging a ditch in the street in front of his house for the purpose of making a connection with the sewer. He had a large pile of dirt thrown up in the roadway, and he was rapidly increasing it when stopped by a policeman.

"Phat are yez doin there, Casey?"

"Don't yer see O'im diggin?"

"Hav yez a permit to blockade the sthrate with that pile of dirt?"

"Ol hav not."

"Thin don't yez know that yez hav no right to put that dirt there?"

"Phat will Ol do wid it, thin?" inquired the puzzled Casey.

"Oh, just dig another hole an' t'ro it in." answered the man of the brass buttons, as he sauntered away.

Mrs. Hiram Daley—Why Bridget, I didn't know you could write?

Bridget (proudly)—Yis, mum. The writhin' has got me monny a place. Ol wroite all av me own ricommendations.

"I don't enjoy the roasting the critics gave me, of course." said the aspiring tragedian, looking sadly at a portrait of himself in an illustrated paper, "but this—this is the unkindest cut of all."

"I'm not such a fool as I look!" said Barnes testily.

"No?" said Curtis. "What kind are you?"