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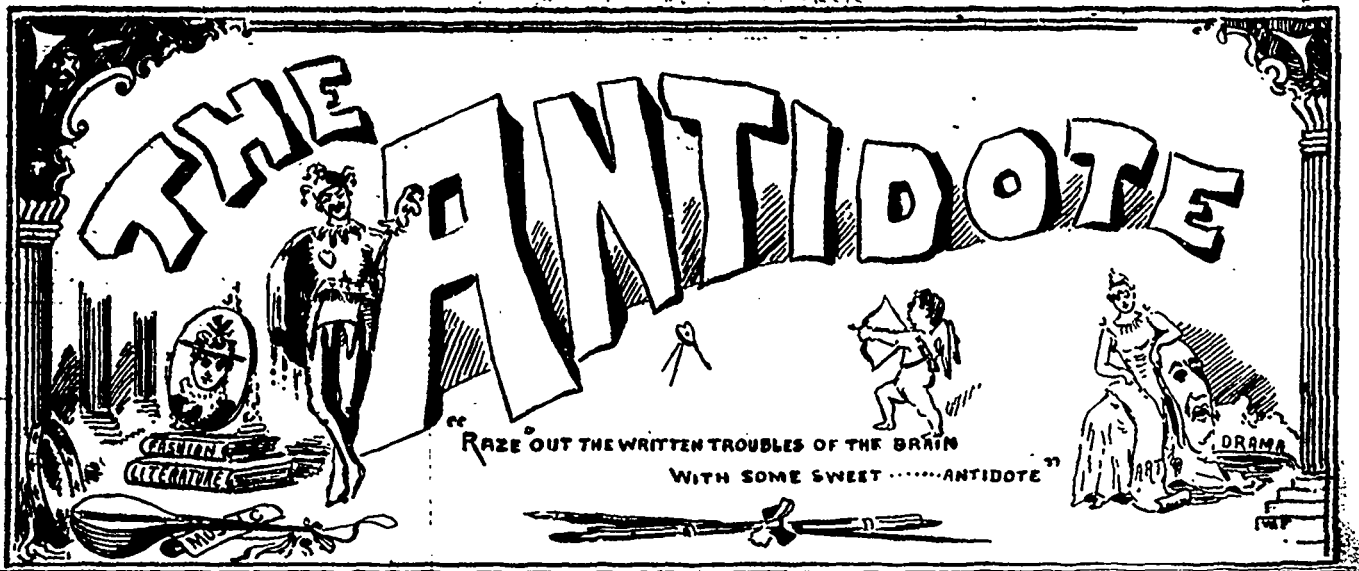
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EXTRAVAGANCE.

When a certain terrible heroine of Edmund About's is urged by the wealthy niggard whom she has made her husband to adopt his principles of economy and to accept with him for motto "Depenser peu, gagner beaucoup" "No", she replies, "I know one much more intelligent and more amusing" and at a breath she converts him, for her motto is "Depenser beaucoup et gagner enormement".

Yet according to one of the great modern critics of national habits—a critic who certainly does not put on yellow spectacles when he wishes to examine other nations—the system of great expenditure and enormous gains which brought Mr. and Mrs. Jeffs in About's story to bankruptcy is the plan of thrift in most English households on both sides of the Atlantic. We are not able, he says, to practice self restraint; we must live at our ease, keep up a good appearance; we choose rather to add to our labor than to lessen our rate of living; instead of retrenching we strain our means to the utmost, and at the end of the year we have, at the very best, made the two ends meet. Too much labor and too great expense is his epitome of our economical errors.

It is not, however, that much of the over-expenditure he blames is compulsory; he notes that we rarely save money, but he adds that a doctor, a lawyer, and landlord has too many public or private calls on his purse—as taxes, subscriptions, education and journeys of his children, hospitality, servants, "comfortable"; and throughout his comments he treats the four last items as inevitable by the laws of our social system as any of the others—which indeed three of them are—for our hospitalities, our servants and even our

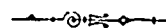
"comfortable" are no matters of choice, but rather imposed upon us as necessities of our social position, and indispensable for maintaining it. It may be sound philosophy to tell people of moderate means to live only as their personal wants and tastes require or as their purses easily allow, and to take no heed of the what-people-say unreality we call position. But position, like many other unrealities, has an important influence on our lives. To alter our social position is to alter, good or bad, our habits, our opportunities, our acquaintance, our social and frequently our material prospects—to give good bye as it were to the life that has been familiar to us and to learn our world anew. Everyone cannot afford to do this for themselves and their children; there is too much to lose, even if they should be convinced of the ultimate prudence from a pecuniary point of view, of the airy and merely borrowed thing called gentility. In very many cases a man's assured social position is a most important part of his stock in trade, like his honesty and his skill, and to let it be damaged would be about as useful economy as if a labourer were to cut off one of his arms to save expense in shirt sleeves.

The struggle to keep up appearance, which is the misery of a large proportion of respectable families, is not so merely ascribable to petty emulations and pretences as moral censors find it their readiest wisdom to declare it. Those who are involved in it are frequently better aware than their severest satirists can make them that the blunt acceptance and acknowledgement of mediocrity, or even of poverty, would make their lives far easier and more enjoyable than they find them; that only to be relieved of their efforts to seem living in luxury and refinement would be in itself luxury and refinement; that their labours and their anxieties, their pinchings and their spendings are all being used for what brings them neither comfort nor true pleasure. But the things which they struggle for, knowing them not worth the struggle, represent something which is worth the struggle, that something for which we have no better name than position, but as often

means self respect, and which when lost means decadence.

There are many people living, for their means, extravagantly, who would never strain their expenditure for the mere vanity of display, or for love of luxury, who only want to live as they needs must live to satisfy their acquaintances of their good breeding, shopkeepers and mechanics of their solvency and servants of their respectability. Their misfortune is, that while of late years the cost of living has increased, the standard of living has been raised too; but that the standard has been raised is easily said to be their own fault "Who but themselves have raised it?" is the easy retort. It is not however the people for whom the standard has long been too high who have raised it and are raising it; it is the people for whom it is not too high.

There are, of course, among us in these days, as there have been in all countries in all days since money was, spendthrifts and cheats who rush foremost into excess of fashion and outmillionaire the millionaires; but one may fairly set aside these or count them among those with whom they for a while pass muster, in saying that costly ways are begun by those who do not feel the cost.



ENCOURAGING PARAGRAPHS.

Rhythm (time) is the soul of music. It is a difficult matter to attain absolute certainty in time. Many fail therein during the whole of their life. The sense of time can only be developed by counting aloud, especially in movements of unequal rhythm. The subdividing of the beats of a bar into "one-and, two-and," etc., certainly does not count time, but it refines the sense of rhythm.

When practicing a new piece do not, at first, play it more quickly than it is possible for you to do without making material mistakes in fingering and time. Pay special attention at the same time to a clean touch, to an accurate time-value being given to notes and rests, and habituate yourself to the immediate recognition of the signs of expression. If you cannot manage all these, even in very slow time, the piece is too difficult for you. Lay it aside, for time and trouble will be wasted.

A Visit to a Boarding School Miss.

Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green was an intimate friend of mine, or, rather, perhaps I should say, her mother's brother boarded my horse, and I bought my meat of her father. It was the determination of Mrs. Green that her daughter should be a finished lady. During the finishing process I saw but little of her. It occupied three years, and was performed at a fashionable boarding-school, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, regardless of expense. When she was finished off she was brought home in triumph, and exhibited on various occasions to crowds of admiring friends. I went one evening to see her. She was really very pretty and took up her role with spirit, and acted it admirably. I saw a portfolio lying upon the piano, and knowing that I was expected to seize upon it at once, I did so, against Miss Green's protestation, which she was expected to make, of course. I found in it various pencil drawings, a crayon head of the infant Samuel, and a terrible shipwreck in India ink. The sketches were not without merit. These were all looked over and praised, of course. Then came the music. This was some years ago, and the most that I remember is that she played O Dolce Concerto with the variations, and the Battle of Prague, the latter of which the mother explained to me during its progress. The pieces were cleverly executed, and then I undertook to talk to the young woman. I gathered from her conversation that Mrs. Martinet, the principal of the school where she had been finished, was a lady of "so much style!!!!" that Miss Kittleton, of New York, was the dearest girl in the school and that she (Georgiana) and the said Kittleton, were such friends that they always dressed alike, and that Miss Kittleton's brother Fred was a magnificent fellow. The last was said with a blush, from the embarrassments of which she escaped gracefully by stating that the old Kittleton was a banker, and rolled in money.

It was easy to see that the parents of this dear girl admired her profoundly. I pitied her and them, and determined, as a matter of duty, that I should show her just how much her accomplishments were worth. I accordingly asked of my wife the favor to invite the whole family to tea, in a quiet way. They all came on the appointed evening, and, after tea was over. I expressed my delight that there was one young lady in our neighborhood who could do something to elevate the tone of our society. I then drew out, in a careless way, a letter I had just received from a Frenchman, and asked of Miss Georgiana the favor to read it to me. She

took the letter, blushed, went half through the first line correctly, then broke down on a simple word, and confessed that she could not read it. It was a little cruel, but I wished to do her good, and proceeded with my experiment. I took up a piece of music, and asked her if she had seen it. She had not. I told her there was a pleasure in store for both of us. I had heard the song once, and I would try to sing it if she would play the accompaniment. She declared she could not do it without practice, but I told her she was too modest by half. So I dragged her, protesting, to the piano. She knew she should break down. I knew she would, and she did. Well, I could not let her rise, for Mr. and Mrs. Green were fond of the old-fashioned church music, and had been singers in their day and in their way, I selected an old tune, and called them to the piano to assist. Mrs. Green gave us the key, and we started off in fine style. It was a race to see which would come out ahead. Georgiana won by skipping most of the notes. She rose from the piano with her cheeks as red as a beet.

"By the way," said I. "Georgiana, your teacher of drawing must have been an excellent one". I did not tell her that I had seen evidence of this in her own art, but touched the right spring, and the lady gave me the teacher's credentials, and told me what so and so had said of her. "Well," said I. "I am glad there is one young woman who has learned drawing properly. Now you have nothing to do but practice your delightful art, and you must do something for the benefit of your friends. I promised a sketch of my house to a particular friend, at a distance, and you shall come to-morrow and make one. I remember that beautiful cottage among your sketches, and I should prize a sketch of my own even half as well done, very highly." The poor girl was blushing again and from the troubled countenance of her parents, I saw that they had begun indistinctly to comprehend the shallowness—the absolute worthlessness—of the accomplishments that had cost them so much. Georgiana acknowledged she had never sketched from nature—that her teacher had never required it of her, and that she had no confidence that she could sketch so simple an object as my house. The Greens took an early leave, and I regret to say a cool one. They were mortified, and there was not good sense enough in the girl to make an improvement of the hints I had given her.

The Green family resided upon a street that I always took on my way to the post-office, and there was rarely a pleasant evening that did not show their parlor alight, and company in it. I heard the same old variations of O Dolce Concerto evoning after evening. The Battle of

Prague was fought over and over again. The portfolio of drawings (such of them as had not been expensively framed) was exhibited, I doubt not, to admiring friends until they were soiled by thumbing. At last, Georgiana was engaged, and then she was married—married to a very good fellow, too. He loved music, loved painting, and loved his wife. Two years passed away; and I determined to ascertain how the pair got along. She was the mother of a fine boy whom I know she would be glad to have me see. I called, was treated cordially, and saw the identical old portfolio, on the identical old piano. I asked the favor of a tune. The husband with a sigh informed me that Georgiana had dropped her music. I looked about the walls, and saw the crayon Samuel, and the awful shipwreck in India ink. Alas! the echoes of the Battle of Prague that came over the field of memory, and these fading mementoes around me were all that remained of the accomplishments of the late Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green.—"Etude."

THE VERSATILE VIOLIN.

"Behold me!" cried the violin;
"I have such harmonies within
As make the eye of beauty dim.
I make men smile, I bid them weep,
I rouse their pride, or lull to sleep
The children with a twilight hymn.
From bird-song sweet to thunder-roll
I voice the universal soul.

Let but the master sweep the strings—
I wake to all celestial things."

"'Tis true," remarked the piccolo,
"Your scope is very wide, I know,
But when your owner's little boy
Desires to take you for his toy,
You glide from weird, heart-rending shriek
To every form of ghastly squeak—
The saw-file note, the porker's squeal,
The agony of ungreased wheel,
The grit of pencil upon slate—
Indeed, your repertory's great!"

"Well, I have been making a goose of myself," said the hen when the eggs on which she had been sitting hatched into goslings.

"Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?"
"Yes, got two suits from him; one dress suit and one law suit. Very expensive man."

Judge—If I got as intoxicated as you do, I'd shoot myself.

Prisoner—If you was 'toxicated as I am you couldn't hitter barn door.

Oh gentle, balmy spring,
Thy breezes how we dread;
For though thy kiss the flowers awake,
They make the freckles spread.

An Society's Realm.

A little music, three concerts, a few luncheons and dinners and the regular "At homes," are about all there is to chronicle of society's doings during the week, and the week coming will have but a slightly more lively record. The stay-at-homes still continue to bewail their fate at having to wade through mud and slush, then snow, while others are picking oranges by moonlight in Florida, or doing other equally pleasant and desirable things in equally pleasant and desirable places. Card parties are also unusually prevalent and the progressive euchre fever seems to have broken out again with considerable virulence. Whist is also in some favor, but not at all on the eucbre level of popularity, whist being by no means a good vehicle for conversation and verbal merri- ment.

It may be added that a great many persons in the fashionable world are going to Church daily, and that the clergymen say that Lent is being very generally observed from their point of view. This is gratifying.



Society Notes.

A large gathering responded to the invitation of Miss Tooke's Wednesday evening when the house on Peel street was the scene of a most enjoyable "At home."

Mrs Hugh Graham, Prince of Wales Terrace, held a very enjoyable soiree last evening, which was voted an eminently successful entertainment.

Mrs. Benson held two large receptions on Tuesday and Thursday at her home, Sherbrook street. A very good orchestra supplied the music and all the arrangements were excellent.

Mrs. Cantlie entertained her friends to a charming progressive euchre party at her residence, Dorchester street, on Thursday evening. The suite of rooms, together with the halls and stairways were beautifully decorated. The hostess looked very graceful in black, and wore lovely diamonds. Miss Mary Cantlie was, as she ever is, remarkably well-dressed.

Mrs. Elmenhorst, of Peel street, entertained a party of friends to a dinner on Tuesday evening. The table was decorated with jardinières of roses and lillies of the valley. The hostess wore a charming gown of deep yellow brocade, the sleeves were of yellow velvet and there was a sash with long ends of velvet tied in front near the left shoulder and falling in Empire style almost to the hem of her gown. Some lovely lace was cleverly combined with the velvet.



From London Queen.

Dress Chat.

In any future dressmaking we must certainly forget many old notions. The gowns of to-day in no way resemble those of the last few years. Bright colorings in vivid contrast are signaling the dresses of the present. A navy serge skirt, made with a narrow gaufered ruche of the material at the hem, is accompanied by a gold and red blouse with a handsome Swiss belt and large puffings at the top of the tight sleeve.

We are just as much at sea with regard to mantles as dresses. No one knows what will be worn. In Paris they are making short velvet capes of miroir velvet, but these will hardly be the mode with us for two months to come; in the meanwhile there is a revolution in jackets to fill up the interval. They are cut shorter, and are trimmed with a new style of fully pleated capes, which seem to start from below a velvet collar and revers. Velvet appears in nearly all of them; brown and fawn, fawn and green, and the new dahlia velvets are the leading ideas. Velvet sleeves will be worn with black cloth jackets, having full capes of velvet, edged with jet galon. The Parisian caterers in dress seem to think that the sleeves of dresses will be so large that only capes will be possible, but we do not so readily accept these exaggerated modes, though the middle-aged matrons show a preference for long bengaline circular capes trimmed with velvet and embroidered with gold. These are cut four yards wide and

over. They droop in the most graceful folds, without, however, giving the impression of this great width.



Recipes.

Consomme—This should be made the day before using. Boil a ten-cent piece of lean meat in two quarts and a half of cold water. Put a bit of carrot, two small onions and some parsley in a cheese-cloth bag and boil with the soup. Boil all four hours slowly and skim when it comes to a boil. Next day lift the cake of grease off, season with red and black pepper and salt; then heat. Cost 12 cents.

Caviere Sandwiches—Take eight small square butter crackers and spread into sandwiches with a thin layer of caviere to which has been added a drop of lemon juice. If crackers are not procurable of right size cut very thin two-inch squares of bread. These should be served on small plates, covered by dainty doilies, and be on the table when dinner is announced. Cost 10 cents.

Orange Custard—An orange custard fritter is a desert little known, yet one which should commend itself, because of its delicacy and wholesomeness. Put a cup of flour in a saucepan, add about a cup of milk and beat the mixture to a smooth paste, then add three well-beaten eggs, and finally another cup of milk. Cook this mixture in a double boiler, stirring until it is smooth and thick. It will take 20 minutes' slow cooking. At the end of this time add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, the grated rind of an orange, the yolks of three eggs, (first beaten with a little of the hot mixture) and half a tablespoonful of salt. As soon as all these ingredients are well mixed, pour out the custard on a platter, or, better still, on a flat tin baking sheet which has been well greased. Let it get cold, then cut in oblong pieces about three inches by one and a half in size. Brush over the surface of each fritter with yolk of egg and dust it very thoroughly with fine bread crumbs, then lay it in a frying basket. Handle the pieces very carefully lest they may be broken or some of the egged surface may be rubbed off. Do not allow the fritters in the frying basket to touch each other. When the basket is full immerse it in very hot fat for three minutes, or until the fritters are a delicate brown. Lift out the fritters when they are fried, drain and arrange them on a platter. Serve them at once with a little sherry sauce.

Fashions

Physician—Considering the weak state of your eyes it will be as well if you gaze as much as possible into empty space.

Patient—All right, then I'll keep looking into my purse.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

(Concluded.)

Lady Flo: Well, dear! I confess I sympathise with Jem. I don't think any real nice women ever take the pledge—do they? I only ask, you know.

Kitty: Why, yes! Of course they do, aunts—when they want to be good examples. Jem cannot understand this; and far from taking the pledge himself, he provokes me day after day by drinking—(whispers mysteriously)—Bass's pale ale.

Lady Flo: Ah! That's bad! But, oh, my dear, if you only knew the way to properly manage a husband!

Kitty: How could I? For Jem is as unmanageable as the Great Mogul.

Lady Flo: I see you don't realize how the most violent men are those most easy to subdue. Now, there's your uncle—

Kitty: I always thought him as mild as Moses!

Lady Flo: So he is now. But there was a time—

Kitty: Oh, do tell me all about it!

Lady Flo: Well. There was a time when your uncle imagined he might be allowed to complain if dinner was late. One day he actually dared to ask in a voice of thunder: "Is dinner ready?"

Kitty: Jem dares that every day.

Lady Flo: It happened to be the cook's fault.

Ah! That would make no difference to Jem.

Lady Flo (impatient): I wish, darling, you would allow me to spank!

Kitty: Oh! I beg pardon!

Lady Flo (continuing blandly): Not at all! Now I replied, "The salmon has just fallen into the fire, and cook has had to send for another!"

Kitty: That was true?

Lady Flo: Not in the least! I had ordered red mullet. And Will ate his fish without noticing the difference.

Kitty: Jem would not have made that mistake.

Lady Flo: Oh, yes he would, if you had just glanced at him in the right manner.

Kitty (eagerly): Show me how to do it!

Lady Flo (dryly): It requires the inspiration of the moment. Ah! could you but see me with Will!

Kitty: It is certain you are very happy together.

Lady Flo: So we are; owing to my always using sweetness, firmness and indifference just at the right moment. But all this, I confess, requires intelligence.

Kitty: Had I but the intelligence! It must be splendid to be able to avert a coming storm in this way.

Lady Flo: There has never been the question of a storm between Will and me!

Kitty: Happy, happy people!

Lady Flo: And you, my very dear children, must become happy, happy people, too! William would feel your sorrow as deeply as I. We must do all in our power to restore peace and comfort between you! I shall try my very utmost to show you your little failings—here and there—you know. And as for Will! Why, he'll talk Jem over in no time! Before a week is out we shall see you walking arm-in-arm to matins, the happiest couple in all Yorkshire.

Kitty: Impossible.

Lady Flo: Nay. We can but try! (Enter Sir William) Ah! Here comes your uncle. Now, run away dear, and leave us alone for a discreet little talk. Who knows but what we may hit upon a plan to help you! (Exit Kitty.)

Lady Flo: Will, dearest! We must talk very seriously over our niece and nephew together!

Sir W. (aside): It is high time!

Lady Flo: But, first of all, by the way, I want to know what it was you were saying to Jem, when I came into the room a few minutes ago.

Lady Flo: Yes, yes, you did, dear!

Sir W.: No, no, I didn't dear!

Lady Flo: Don't tell fibs, darling.

Sir W.: You want to know too much, my dear, good Flo.

Lady Flo: Too much? Oh, no. That would be impossible! However, I know you will tell me the whole truth by-and-by.

Sir W.: First let me know what you have to say.

Lady Flo: Well, I'm in the deepest distress about the young people. They seem to be at terrible loggerheads. Now, perhaps Jem confided the secret of his unhappy married life to you?

Sir W.: He never said a word about it. (bites his lip.)

Lady Flo: Nevertheless, I assure you they lead a cat-and-dog existence.

Sir W.: Oh dear, dear! Is that so?

Lady Flo: Why, of course. You saw them quarreling yourself. But still I have hopes we may be able to arrange matters a little better for them. Who knows but what we may see them re-united before we leave the house?

Sir W.: We will do the best to help them, poor young things!

Lady Flo: Yes, poor young things!



SIR W.: "THE ABYSS MAY WIDEN!"
(INDICATES AN IMAGINARY ABYSS.)

Sir W. (consciously): To Jem? Why, I was saying nothing to Jem.

Lady Flo: Oh, yes, you were! Now, try to remember. Kitty and I heard you talking in quite an excited manner as we came down stairs. Then as we came nearer the door you lowered your voice.

Sir W.: Indeed, no!

Sir W.: And I have no doubt we shall succeed.

Lady Flo: At the same time, it seems to me as if the abyss between them may widen.

Sir W.: That may be so. The abyss may widen! (indicates an imaginary abyss, at which Lady Flo shakes her head.)

THE ANTIDOTE

Lady Flo: If a man and woman aren't made for one another—

Sir W.: Like you and me. I pointed that out to Jem.

Lady Flo: I'm afraid it didn't affect him as it ought. (With a sentimental sigh.) The only consolation we can derive from the misfortune of our nephew and niece is that we are happier than they!

Sir W.: Clever little woman! (Kisses her.)

Lady Flo: Dear old Will! (Kisses him. Then with a sudden change of tone) But now I must hear what it was Jem was saying to you when I came in the room! You answered that "of course you wouldn't tell his aunt for the wise world." That must have been a facon de parler!

Sir W.: Of course! of course! And you shall know all about it as soon as I have asked Jem's leave. Meanwhile we must attend to the fates of these unhappy young people. We had better first try to show them their grievous fault as gently as possible, and if gentleness does not answer—

Lady Flo: Oh, yes! Gentleness is all very well! But I tell you quite candidly, Will, that before we talk of gentleness I must insist on knowing what it is you told Jem that you would not let me hear.

Sir W.: The fact is, my dear— (Coughs)

Lady Flo: Tell me what the fact is, and at once, my dear!

Sir W.: The facts are, dear child— coughs again.)

Lady Flo (irritated): Don't cough!

Sir W. (continues coughing): Well! it's a long story—

Lady Flo: Haven't you a lozenge?

Sir W.: Never mind the lozenge! The story, I say, is a long one.

Lady Flo: Long or short, I must hear it!

Sir W.: I'll tell it you, later on!

Lady Flo: I begin to suspect you can't tell me all about it, simply—because you can't!

Sir W.: Oh! I can! I could!

Lady Flo: Oh, no, you can't. You couldn't, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Sir W.: You are going just a little bit too far, Florence.

Lady Flo: Oh, no; it was you who went too far. Why, I knew it by the look on your face the instant I came into the room!

Sir W. (aside): She is going very much too far. (Aloud) Nonsense!

Lady Flo: I beg pardon?

Sir W.: I repeat "Nonsense." And ridiculous nonsense!

Lady Flo: Then, how dare you?

Sir W.: You forget yourself strangely.

Lady Flo: Do not attempt to adopt

your nephew's manner to his wife towards me!

Sir W.: It is you, my love, who are unfortunate in your choice of a manner this morning; and although pettishness in a young girl like Kitty has a certain little charm of its own—

Lady Flo: Yes!

Sir W.: When a woman has reached your time of life—

Lady Flo (furious): Yes!!!

Sir W.: Petulance sits remarkably ill upon her—upon you, my dear—

Lady Flo: When a man has reached your time of life and remains as great a fool—

Sir W. (furious): A fool?

Lady Flo: Yes! As great a fool and an idiot as ever—

Sir W.: I was always aware you had

Jem: A raving madman! My uncle Jem!

Lady Flo: Man-like, you side with a man! (With increasing agitation) I have always known your uncle to be a weak, nerveless— (Enter Kitty. Looks around dumbfounded.)

Kitty: Dear aunty! I'm frightened! You can't be well; what does this mean!

Lady Flo: Only that your husband is inciting mine to be abusive.

Kitty: Impossible!

Lady Flo: Woman-like, you side with a man! Let me tell you that your poor uncle is pitiable in his foolishness this morning.

Sir W.: Florence! Once for all, I assert my authority. Be silent this moment, or I shall feel obliged to ask you to return home.

Lady Flo: Without you?



JEM: "WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

the very devil of a temper, Florence, and now, after fifteen years of married life, I make the discovery that you can be excessively—ahem!—unladylike.

Lady Flo: It's highly amusing to hear you express an opinion on the subject of how a lady should behave. When one remembers your sisters, one is inclined to believe you were not, perhaps, brought up in a school of the very highest standard.

Sir W.: You insult my sisters! (becomes much excited and takes her by the arm.) Repeat that again!

(Enter Jem. Stands in amazement.)

Jem: For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?

Sir W.: Ask your Aunt Florence my dear boy.

Lady Flo: I feel positively ashamed that you should come upon us—upon your uncle, I mean—at a moment when he is behaving like a raving madman!

Sir W.: If it pleases you!

Lady Flo: It would suit me remarkably well.

Sir W.: In that case—"Go!"

Lady Flo: I shall, instantly; and when you desire to come home I shall give the servant's orders not to admit you—

Sir W. (turning to Jem): A man not admitted to his own house! That's rather too good, isn't it Jem?

Lady Flo: We shall see! (turns to Kitty) Meanwhile, Kitty, I bid you good-bye!

Kitty: Oh! Aunty! You can't mean that! Pray don't say good-bye!

Lady Flo (dramatically): Yes, I mean "Good-bye"! (Brushes furiously past Sir William, and exit. Kitty makes movement to follow, but returns to Sir William and Jem.)

Sir W. (bitterly): Don't hold her back, Kitty.

Jem.: You are mad!

Sir W.: Less mad than you, when an

hour ago you told me you found life intolerable with Kitty.

Kitty (moved): He said that? Jem said that to you?

Jem: No, no! (Compunctious.)

Sir W.: Oh, its an easy matter for two young people to kies again with tears. 'Twill be a different matter between your aunt and me. Florence will have no chance, however much she may wish it. The time has come for me to put down my foot at last. (Exit, talking and gesticulating angrily.)

(After the exit of Sir William, Jem and Kitty look up slowly at one another. Their eyes meet. They turn away.)

Jem (much embarrassed): Kitty!

Kitty: Jem!

Kitty: Wait a moment, Porter. Perhaps I can persuade her ladyship to stay. (Voices from without.)

Lady Flo: I wish to go this instant, and alone.

Sir W.: By all means, and to-morrow my lawyer shall wait on you!

Lady Flo: And mine on you. (After a moment they enter.)

Lady Flo: And it has come to this, William!

Sir W.: By mutual consent. This is the happiest day of my life. I breathe again. I know now I have never breathed until this moment since the day I married you!

Lady Flo: This is beyond everything! (violently excited)

my uncle have not been getting up this little comedy of a quarrel, merely to show Kitty and me what fools we look when we are fighting! Why it was better than any play I ever saw!

Sir W.: It's all been in sober earnest, I assure you.

(Lady Flo recovers slightly. Looks first at Jem, then at Kitty, and lastly at Sir William.)

Lady Flo (slowly): You call—all—this a little comedy? (Recovers more, but very gradually.)

Kitty: Why, yes! Don't att mpt to say it wasn't—(slyly)—especially after all you told me this morning about how cleverly you manage my uncle. Just let me see you glance at him in the way you said you could. (Whispering.)

(Lady Flo further recovers herself. Her expression softens. After a minute or two she smiles meaningly to herself.)

Jem: Now, Uncle will, do finish off by pretending to make up the quarrel! There's my aunt waiting with her smile ready.

Sir W. (stupidly): Pretend to make up quarrel?

Lady Flo (suddenly radiant): Why, yes! You silly 'old goose! Don't you see the fun? Pretend to give me a kiss at once. (They kiss.)

Jem and Kitty (aside): That's a comfort. (They walk up stage.)

Lady Flo (aside to Sir William): I can see you are dying to make amends for all you have just said!

Sir W.: I don't deny that I may be!

Lady Flo: Then tell me what it was you were concealing with Jem. There's an old dear!

Sir W.: Since we are all good friends again, I don't mind telling you Jem was confiding his little troubles to me.

Lady Flo: But you had already found them out!

Sir W.: And also that there was a possibility of a separation!

Lady Flo: Silly children!

Sir W.: Had you not at once flown into a rage, I should have broken my promise to Jem, and have told you all!

Lady Flo: That was quite right of you. (They walk up stage amicably, arm-in-arm. Jem and Kitty walk to centre.)

Jem: You will find me ready dressed to start for eight o'clock matins to-morrow morning, Kitty.

Kitty: Oh! That's very much, too much to ask of you!

Jem: Not at all! Providing you won't insist on going out with the guns.

Kitty: I shall only wish what you wish from this day forward, dearest Jem.

Jem: That's all right! (They kiss, laughingly as the curtain descends. Lady Flo and Sir William look on smiling.)



KITTY: "SPLENDID! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO WELL DONE!"

SIR W.: "IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER!"

Jem: This is painful! In fact, it's worse than wicked—it's vulgar!

Kitty (gently): It's simply dreadful to see two people behaving in such a way.

Jem: And at their time of life!

Kitty: That's the awful part of it!

Jem: I wonder how they can do it!

Kitty (archly, yet on the verge of tears) So do I!

(At the last words they turn; their eyes meet. Kitty falters. Jem falters. After a moment they fall into each other's arms.)

Enter Porter: Her ladyship has bidden me to put her trunks together, ma'am!

Jem (whispers aside to Kitty, unobserved; play on both sides; then, after evidently agreeing on a plan, pretend to treat the matter as a joke, advancing): Bravo! Bravissimo! Capitall! (Roars with forced laughter.)

Kitty: Splendid! I never saw anything so well done! (Joins her husband in laughter.)

Sir W.: It's no laughing matter!

Jem: Hal hal I dare say not.

Kitty: Irving and Ellen Terry are not in it. (Continues laughing.)

Lady Flo: What can you mean?

Jem: Oh, don't pretend that you and

THE ANTIDOTE

SMILES.

I wonder now why laughing gas,
Our homes with light won't fill,
And then we wouldn't feel the pain
When settling up the bill.

Miss Cumberland—So you've just returned from Europe? Tell me what you've brought back with you!

Miss Clinton—Oh, lots of things, a dear little French poodle, and several Worth dresses, and some jewels; and oh, yes, the nicest little blonde German count you ever saw! I'm to marry him at Easter.

"Well, Maud Anderson is a widow at last, boys," said Chollie.

"Yes," said Chippie, "I'm glad she rejected me; I'd have been a dead man now; Fawncy!"

Aunt Dinah—Whafoah yo' wears brack, Deakon Ebony! Yo' am not a widower? Deakon Ebony—I's economical, honny. One brush do me foah a hatbrush, ha'r-brush, clothesbrush, sho:brush an' flesh-brush.

"That joke of Gribbsby's was rather far-fetched, don't you think?"

"No, he brought it from the other side of the room."

"There is one thing can be said of Mr. Tightlist—he's no flatterer."

"No, he's too stingy to even give a compliment."

"After he draws his salary, then what does he do with it?"

"Er—um—well, paints the town mostly."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

But still the words most sad to me,
Also, are these, 'It used to be!'"

Theatrical managers may act as though they want the earth, but it is really the stars they are after.

"Is his lordship at home?" asked a gentleman of a well-powdered flunky.

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure. I will just inquire. He returned with the message:

"No, sir, his lordship desires me to say that he has just gone out."

"Oh, thank you very much. Kindly give him my compliments, and say I didn't call!"

Don't you know, oh, skilled musician,
In the hearts of all you may earn a lasting,
fond position by the tunes you do not play?

Doctor—Did you repeat the prescription
I directed?

Patient—Yes; I can say every word of it backward, but I don't feel a blamed bit better.

Little Josie—What do you suppose all these holes are in the cheese for?

Little Leah—Oh, I'd think you would know; it's to let the smell out.

When a man eloped with Bigg's wife he exclaimed, "well I can't blame him, poor fellow! I was awfully infatuated with her myself once."

It is not Darwin's theory, but a loose cuff, makes him think that under the bureau or table he may find the missing link.

The tradition declares it doth mostly occur in the uncertain space 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Upon ice—varnished walks, we are pained to aver, dwells the only original hope deferred slip.

HANDICAPPED.

When salt alone o'er paths of life,
Supports unwary human flesh,
'Tis hard, amid the punster's strife,
To manufacture jokes quite fresh.

"Highnote says he was attracted first by his wife's voice."

"Why, she can't sing a note."

"Yes, that's what pleases him so."

Y—Do you believe Schiller when he says that the best woman is the one whom nobody talks about?

Z—I rather think it is the one who talks about nobody:

"I have good news for you, Cousin Emily. My uncle has just settled all my obligations." "Is that so? Then he must have married all the girls to whom you have engaged yourself."

"Charlie, didn't you promise to try and break yourself of the habit of using slang?"

Charlie—Yes, mamma, and you bet I'm gettin' there with both feet, don't you see.

Visitor—I have here a poem on "The Beautiful—"

Editor—My dear sir, we have 10,000 poems on "The Beautiful Snow" on hand and we don't want any more.

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will allow me to continue. My poem is on "The Beautiful mud."

"We'll take that young man."



A GREAT POLLY-TICIAN; A BIRD OF PREY WITH A MARVELLOUS BILL.

—Webster improved.

One Man's Economy.

Mrs. Pennywise, a meek, awed, because a much lorded-over woman, had been gone a week on a visit to her mother. Pennywise prided himself on man's superior ability to economize, and often twitted Mrs. P. on woman's extravagance and general inferiority, telling her that if she would visit her mother for a month he could save enough to pay that month's rent.

That night Pennywise poured hot water over the same tea-grounds for the seventh time, taking his usual cup before retiring, setting the tea-pot down on the piano.

At midnight he awoke. It was not the strength of the tea that made him restless, but he had read an article in the paper before going to bed, wherein the lowest cost for seeing the World's Fair after you had got there was estimated at \$11.50.

Now Pennywise loved money, and he had dreamed that he was the sole owner (with patent applied for) of a scheme for seeing the Fair on the installment plan; it came to him with such force that he awoke with his usual desire to know what time it was.

After groping around in the dark for a match and declaring for the last time that "that woman's got to come home," he

he added philosophically, what business has a woman away from a house where even the matches can't be found, he groped his way back to bed again disgusted.

A little dry spot at the back of his throat made him long for familiarity with the teapot. Well, he argued, as I know just where I left it I can find it without a light. Men are always more accurate and exact in business than women, and habits thus formed are sure to—thud—plash—and over went Pennywise and the water-jug, left in the middle of the room by this same paragon of order. Pennywise came out on top. Of course he stopped moralizing, and got up with his good opinion of man's bump of order slightly dampened, as well as his nightshirt. A nice smooth banana peel was the cause of Pennywise's second downfall.

The fact of his getting an outside wetting made no apparent difference with his throat in fact it felt drier than ever, and Pennywise scrambled to his feet for the second time, his lips firmly set, his face turned toward the dining room, knowing that as the teapot would not come to Pennywise, Pennywise must go to the teapot.

The little drops of water trickled playfully from the hem of his nightgown to his bare toes, and he thought mournfully of the remainder of the liquid contents of that jug spreading over the new bedroom carpet.

After stubbing his corns against the rocking chair, he reached the dining room with no more mishaps, but in a state of mind not to be desired by those who wish to avoid gray hairs and wrinkles. There was something about the room that made him think of sewer gas, and he groaned as he thought of another plumber's bill. The smell increased as he neared the sideboard. Had it been light Pennywise would have seen an old-fashioned blue and white china teapot, in which was Mrs. P.'s Chinese lily, that he had promised faithfully to keep in fresh water while she was away, but which had stood for a week now, and the water not improving with age, like wine, was now worse than anything. Pennywise seized this teapot savagely and, throwing his head back hastily, poured part of its contents into his open mouth. One swallow of the stinky water, a yell of mingled rage and terror, and a white-gowned, night-capped figure ran scrambling to the nearest neighbor, who happened luckily to be the learned Dr. Bray. Pennywise's face was as white as his night-cap, while his eyes bulged out equal to any lobster.

His teeth and knees were knocking together at an alarming rate as he told the doctor to use a stomach pump, telegraph for Mrs. P., and send for a lawyer in time to make his will (all in one breath), as he had been poisoned in his own house by some designing monster.

Mrs. Pennywise reached home next morning just in time to meet her worthy spouse on the steps as he started down town. He wore a martyr-like much abused sort of expression that boded evil for Mrs. Pennywise, and caused that meek little person to look meeker than ever.

"Didn't I tell you," snapped his lordship, "that your miserable disorderly, careless housekeeping would be the cause of my death?"



MUSICAL DOINGS.

The Montreal Philharmonic Society has reason to be proud of the position it has attained in recent years. Much of this success is undoubtedly due to the energy of the conductor, Mr. Couture. The first of the Philharmonic Society's course of three concerts was given Tuesday evening in the Windsor Hall. The programme consisted of the oratorio "Mount of Olives," by Beethoven, and the "Walpurgis Night," by Mendelssohn. The "Mount of Olives," considered as a musical work and the production of a great master was interesting, and created a very favorable impression. The "Walpurgis Night" has already been heard in Montreal, but was none the less enjoyable for a second hearing. In it the chorus work showed to great advantage, and there was nothing to jar upon the artistic taste of the hearer.

The performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," given on Wednesday evening, drew to the Windsor Hall a large and fashionable attendance, in spite of the wretched weather. The choir performed its share of the work with its customary distinction. The rendering of the "Evening Hymn," and "O, pure in heart" was given with adequate devotional expression. Mrs. Burch sang admirably, and with refinement of style. The accomplished cantatrice was fortunately in better possession of her vocal resources, and her delivery of the "Christie Eison" aroused a storm of applause. How she sang "My Redeemer and my Lord" need not be described. Mr. Keiger repeated his satisfactory impersonation of Prince Henry. Mr. Meyn, with a splendid baritone voice, has made such an exhaustive study of the part of Lucifer that it would be difficult to imagine any other vocalist as the exponent of the role. The contralto music was sung by Mrs. Burdette. This artist has a voice of singular beauty; the quality is rich, and her production is easy and free from effort. Her singing of the introductory solo, "Slowly, slowly," created an excellent impression, whilst her delivery of the prayer to the Virgin elicited cheers from all parts of the hall. Mr. Fisk made a very creditable rendering, singing the music allotted to the Forester in good style.

The music of the third Philharmonic concert, Thursday evening, was a perfect dream of delight. The interpretation of Eve given by the society left nothing to be desired. The shades of expression, pathos, brilliancy and grace, were rendered by chorus, orchestra and soloists, and the work put into the score by Professor Couture, was the rendering of a music drama by a highly cultivated society, under the direction of a polished leader. Mrs. Burch, who created the part in this country, put the best work into it she has yet done, and rendered the part of Eve with real grandeur. Mr. Meyn was effective as Adam, and his voice and phrasing excellent.

Mr. Fortier did the part of narrator with much credit. The concert was remarkable for the orchestral selections, and, considering the strength and ability of the orchestra, it was most gratifying to hear them in such a work as Dubois' "Suite La Farandole." Of this part of the program nothing but praise can be said. The rendering of Berlioz' "Hungarian March" was exquisite, which called for an encore, to which the orchestra generously responded. The whole concert was more than enjoyable; and reflects additional lustre on the already brilliant reputation of the Montreal Philharmonic and the efficient leader, Prof. Couture.—Communicated.



NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., of 6 New Burlington street, London, W., for the following compositions "Infinite Love," song; words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, music by Maude Valerie White.

No 8 ("Ich bin Dien") of "6 Volkslieder" by Maude Valerie White, with English and German words.

"Brecaus," song; words by Adelaide Procter, music by Batrice Parkyns.

"Let Other Bards of Angels Sing," (Wordsworth), music by Lawrence Kellie.

"Had I the Magic Powers," song; words by Clifton Bingham, music by Lawrence Kellie.

"Molly," song; written and composed by Leslie Stuart, and sung by Signor Foli and Mr. Charles Mannors.

"Old Friends," song; words by Sir James Crichton-Browne, music by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

"A Dream," song, written and composed by Ellen Wright.

"Fairest of All," song; words by Richard Howitt, music by Edwin H. Lemare.

"The Happy Isle," song; words by Arthur Chapman, music by Arthur E. Godfrey.

"Sad is Good-bye," song; words by Clifton Bingham, music by Walter W. Hedgcock.

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"A song of the Four Seasons," words by Austin Dobson, music by Frances Allitsen.

"King and Slave," song; words by Adelaide Proctor, music by Frances Allitsen. Two sets of songs from poems by Heine, the music composed by Frances Allitsen.

Two Settings by Hamish MacCunn of poems by Robert Bridges.

Andantino in D flat for the organ by Edwin H. Lemarc.

The Candidates Practical Scale and Arpeggio Handbook by Graham P. Moore.

"Gavotte Moderne," for the piano, by Edwin H. Lemarc.

"An Evening Reverie," serenade for the piano by Arthur H. Boney.

"Cigarette," waltz and selection on airs from J. Haydn Parry's successful opera, arranged by Arthur E. Godfrey. Also "Cigarette" lancers, arranged by Carl Kiefert.

"Songs d'Autrefois," romance for violin, with accompaniment for pianoforte by Beatrice Parkyns.

"Pensee Joyeuse" and "Pensee Plain-tive," both for violin with piano accompaniment by Tivadar Naches.

The majority of the compositions are of a high order of merit, and call for more notice than we can find space for this week.

U. S. AT THE FIRST WORLD'S FAIR.

According to Punch America was very poorly represented. "America continues to represent itself at the Crystal Palace as a large place that is—to adopt an American word—very sparsely occupied; there being plenty of room, which is illustrative of the one, and there being a poor supply of the other. America in the great Exhibition wants an addition to its inhabitants, and we have a plan for putting an end to the aspect of desolation and barrenness for which the United States—as shown in Hyde Park are conspicuous. As visitors are now flocking in from abroad and from the country, we propose that America should be allowed to utilize its empty space by letting out lodgings. Why should half a dozen families be crowded into one house, when there is a quantity of room in the Crystal Palace itself which might be profitably

occupied? By packing up the American articles a little closer, by displaying Colt's revolvers over the soap, and piling up the Cincinnati pickles on top of the Virginia honey, we shall concentrate all the treasures of American art and manufacture into a very few square feet, and beds may be made up to accommodate several hundred. We would propose, therefore, that the Yankee Commissioners be empowered to advertise America as affording accommodation to those who wish to spend a week in the Exhibition; and they might describe it as eligibly situated within a few minutes' walk of Austrin, Russia, France and Switzerland, commanding an excellent view of the Greek Slave, and immediately opposite the largest looking-glass in the world, by which the process of shaving may be greatly facilitated. By an arrangement with the commissioners, whose duties must be light, breakfast could, no doubt, be provided for the lodgers before starting on their rounds; and the sign of the spread eagle would be an appropriate one to adopt for the hotel department of the speculation."—May Edmonds in April Californian.

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ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

RIGHT HON LORD ROTHSCHILD, Chairman. ROBERT LEWIS, Esq., Chief Secretary.

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

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

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company. of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager.

G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.