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THE ANTIDOTE

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

Vol. I. No. II.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 27, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE.

PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE ANTIDOTE

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OUR PRIZE LIST

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

ENJOYMENT.

A friend of ours asked us the other day, whether we thought there was the same amount of enjoyment, or recreation, compared with the business of life, now as formerly, and we were obliged to answer in the negative. This we did with a regret, which was entirely separate and distinct from the fact, that we had passed the meridian of our journey here below, and therefore personally no longer had the same zest for mere physical enjoyment as formerly. Apart from this necessary accompaniment of falling into the scar and yellow leaf, we are convinced, that in these rushing days of cablegrams and telegrams, there is not the same amount of leisure as there used to be, or in other words, we have not the time to indulge in that delightful rest we were accustomed to revel in, between the arrivals of the fortnightly or even weekly mail steamers. Half a century ago, or even less, business was looked upon as a duty, which certainly had to be performed, but it was not the whole aim and end of one's existence, as it is at present. Men took things more easily then, and at the end of a day's journey, did not enquire with anxious faces, of the bustling hotel clerk, for telegrams, but would quietly adjourn to the bar parlor for a chat with the buxom landlady or sprightly maid. All these charming amenities of travel, in which we include the landlady and her maid, have entirely passed

away, (except in one or two very old fashioned, and out of the way places,) and everything is sacrificed to business.

We live faster and get through more in a month, than our fathers did in twelve, and yet we are very sure that for solid enjoyment, the picture must be reversed. A few months back, the head of a New York financial concern, informed us that for a week he had not had the time to eat his dinner! Such an observation thirty or forty years ago, would have only been thought worthy of an infinite of bedlam.

Our very enjoyments nowadays have imbibed the high pressure speed which permanates our business, and therefore lose more than half their pleasure; we hurry through our existence and have no time for any but the briefest halts.

There are our annual holidays it is true, that is for most of us, but the remainder of the year is, what Mr. Mantalini called "a demd horrid grind," for which we confess we see no remedy, since unless we move with the crowd and hustle, so to speak, we shall find ourselves left behind in the race, but none the less do we maintain that much of the calm placid enjoyment in simple existence such as our fathers had, has passed away, as irrevocably as the stage coaches, which would bring us to a resting place. Now we look for no real rest, until the business of our life is over.

MAUDLIN SENTIMENT.

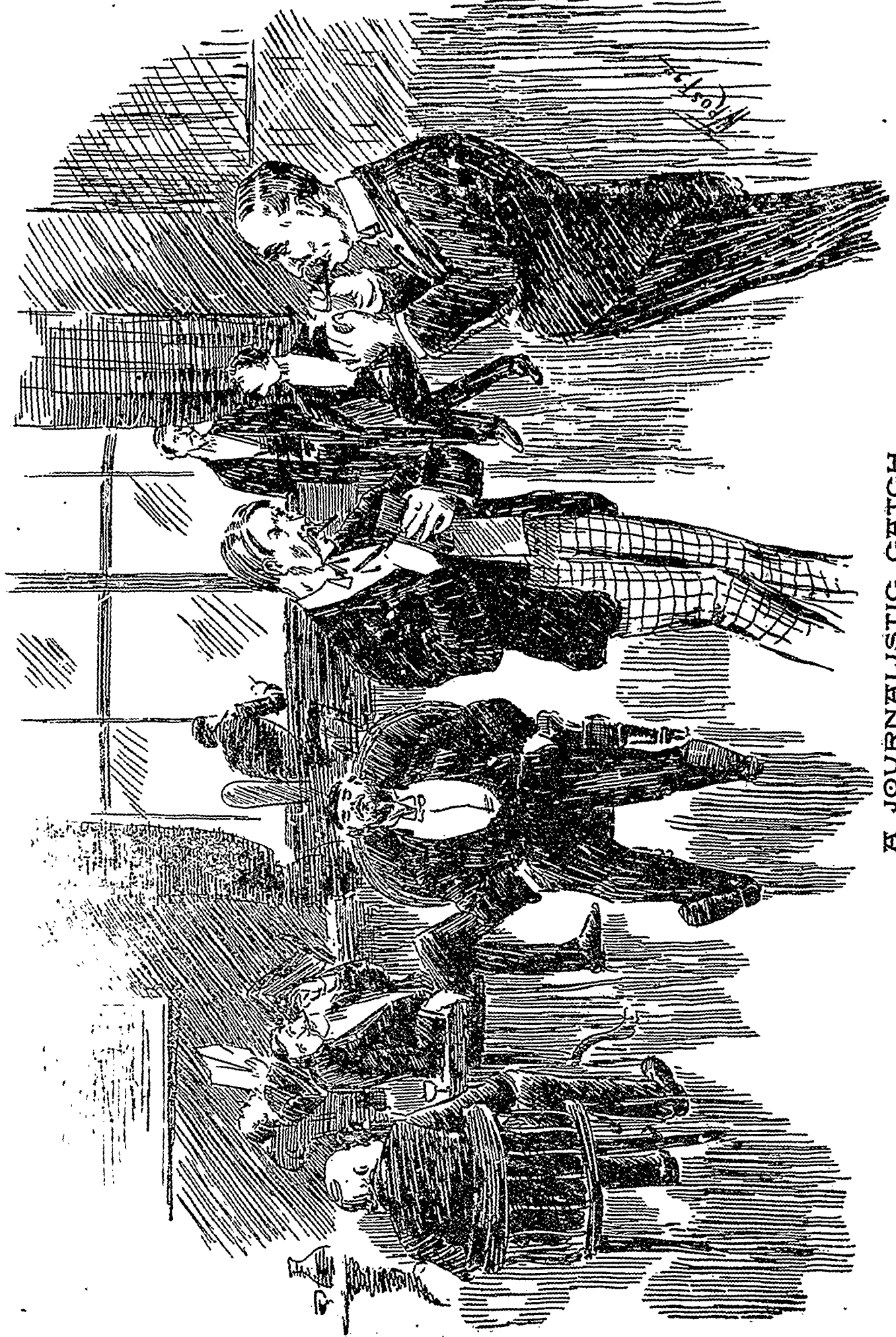
We do not think we can better describe maudlin sentiment, than by calling it honest feeling, which has so far forgotten itself as to become intoxicated, and staggers in an unseemly manner as it sheds tears, that are as ridiculous as they are false and disgusting. It has in truth put an enemy in its mouth which has stolen away its brains, and resembles the maudlin drunkard, who weeps over the loss of friends and position, brought about by his own follies and vices.

Maudlin sentiment appears to be inherent in many, who confuse it with the feeling of mercy for the sinner or the fool, when at best it is but a spurious imitation of such, and bad at that. This sentiment, we regret to state, is fed and fostered by many of

the journals on this side of the Atlantic, which are in the habit of giving a portrait of some wretch guilty of a heinous crime, generally adding a sketch of his life, thereby exciting an interest in the career of one, who is simply a vulgar criminal, undeserving of any notice outside the ordinary records of the police or law courts. If he be a murderer in the first degree and condemned to suffer the extreme penalty, then the more cold blooded and cruel the murder, the more minute are the particulars given of his last days and hours. Affecting interviews with his wife or family are related; how he bore himself after the sentence was pronounced, and so forth, until if you read that he was calm and resigned to his fate, you almost wonder whether you are not perusing the last moments of a hero or a martyr, and the maudlin sentiment is harrowed to the utmost, if you are told in pathetic words that, on ascending the scaffold, he remarked in a clear distinct voice "he was going to meet his Savior." If the sentiment were not in a reeling maudlin state, would not this blasphemous confidence of the red-handed brute strike you as positively nauseous? And soon after the drop has fallen, the recent sentiment sobers up, so to speak, the mock tears are dried, and we admit that the scoundrel deserved his fate.

Again we have observed before now, that when an accident occurs, the result of headstrong folly, by which the lives of the foolish ones are lost, that photographs of those who wrought the destruction are framed and placed before the public, as though the act had been one of heroism and the actors therein worthy of immortal fame! It is, we think, a trifle fulsome to put a special mark of honor upon those who have simply done what it was their duty to do, but to crown folly with a hero's wreath is only maudlin sentiment.

There are plenty of noble deeds which may call forth our honest admiration, many a life that offers us a bright example to be engraved in the annals of, either public or private history, without our debauching our feelings over crime or folly.



A JOURNALISTIC CATCH.

OLD JOKIST (to young Scoop, city correspondent of the *Daily Desolator*)—"You see Smith threw the ball and it struck Jones on the back of the neck, and the YOUNG SCOOP—"No! Is that so?"
 OLD JOKIST—"Pon honor!"
 YOUNG SCOOP—"Then, by jove, that's a good bit of news! I'll wire that to my paper at once---thanks aw'fully!"

"bawl came out of his mouth."

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

On turning to his file early in the week, the Editor perceived a small note; it fluttered as though in pain as he took it from the spike on which it had been impaled. Of course the Editor's heart beat in unison, sympathy, or whatever you like to call it, as he read "Dear Mr. Antidote—How could you be so cynical in your article upon hypocrisy? Your sneering compliments are worse than open stabs, and I would have you to know sir, that there are some among our sex at least, who never, never, deceive, but are all candor and honesty. A little humbug we may practise, but not hypocrisy, so I consider you should make an apology.

Yours truthfully—Lizzie.

Darling creature! The Editor became a youth once more as he pronounced the signature, for he recalled—recalled! had he ever forgotten?—the time, when he helped one of that name over a stile, and held her for a brief delightful moment in his arms. Old Virgil, when he wrote "Varium et mutabile semper foemina" was doubtless a brute, and far be it from the Editor to plant a "stab" in the hearts of his fair readers, whose "arts" invariably bring him to their feet. Lizzie eventually married somebody quite different from the Editor, but of course it was merely humbug and not hypocrisy she practised.

At this stage, and twisting the above mentioned note in his fingers, the Editor could not help asking himself whether in speaking of humbug and hypocrisy, it is not "a distinction without a difference." Some may say the line of demarcation consists in the fact that one is considered pleasant, and the other the reverse. Our wives and daughters have no objections to be called humbugs, but take umbrage directly if the word hypocrite slips out. Yet the Editor maintains the terms are synonymous, and can hardly see his way to the apology demanded by his correspondent, especially as he attempted to prove that hypocrisy was the oil which smoothed down the rough angles of life, and made doubly pleasant when manipulated by fair hands.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO 11 OUR TYPE-WRITER.

Our Type-writer—by which we refer to the feminine one, for the male type-writers cannot be said to be a distinctive class, in the same way their sisters are.—Our Type-writer, we say, is quite a modern character; only a very few years ago, she did not exist, and yet now she is in every civilized town and city, and has become as much a portion of our mercantile system as the book-keeper. She has to be tolerably well educated, for very generally she is required to know stenography, in addition to her being merely a proficient with the type machine, and you will often find her seated with the principal in his private office in place of the former confidential clerk. We wonder



what our fathers would have thought of this mighty revolution and whether the most violent speech from Susan B. Anthony would have caused them greater consternation and surprise, than to see a neatly dressed young girl, (good-looking too, very frequently), walk in to the counting-house, and, after methodically hanging up her hat and jacket, quietly seat herself at her desk with Jones on one side of her and Smith on the other. Neither Jones nor Smith have grey hairs, but even they can remember the day, when no sweet skirted creature came between them, and what do they think of the change? Jones is a married man with two children, but Smith is a blooming bachelor, with his salary about to be raised and is probably calculating the chances of a young lady who can type-write being of the "right type" for a wife. Go to! Smith, we knew once of Our Type-writer winning the heart of one she sat next to—but that, as Mr. Kipling

says, "is another story." Meanwhile, the language of Jones and Smith bears the effects of the softening influence, and if the figures in their books do not tally they use not the former naughty words beginning with a "D." Nay even the principal rushing out in a fury at some blunder committed, suddenly checks certain expressions rising in his throat, as his eyes fall upon the clerk in petticoats. This homage may be but lip deep at first, but habit is second nature, and if a man habitually puts a curb upon violent language he will end by not swearing at all. If we had space we might name other reforms brought over the register of an office by the introduction of Our Type-writer, indeed it could not be otherwise, for into wherever a modest woman steps, a purer atmosphere begins to radiate.

Our Type-writer, by her regular attention to business, her cheerful and willing industry, puts to shame many of the opposite sex, and is doing more to secure the just rights of women, than all the frothy declamations screamed forth from the noisy platform.



THE POLES OF MONTREAL.

Dear Mr. Antidote—I hope that during my silence you will not quite have forgotten me. No; I do not want any of your empty compliments sir, but I should be sorry to think I had quite passed out of your remembrance. Now please don't, I would much rather you didn't. Still I really feel, as though it was too bad of me always writing to find fault with a city, in which I have had on the whole quite a good time, and notwithstanding it may be an Englishman's privilege to grumble, I am aware that such privilege does not extend to our sex. Nevertheless, with Bret Harte I must "remark, and my language is plain, for ways which are dark, and tricks that are vain," our municipal government "is peculiar."

Bleury street, Mr. Antidote, must for some time past, have reminded Montrealers of Mount Vesuvius or Mount Etna for it is ever in a state of eruption. First there was the laying of the new water pipes, then the main drain, which latter seemed to be an endless affair, and now the street is being widened, and new gas pipes laid down, after which I presume a double car track, will be next in order. All of these however, we may bear philosophically as tending eventually towards

improvements, but when I saw a line of nasty hideous poles being erected on the east side of the street, I must confess my temper was tried. I am neither—as Mrs. Gamp might insinuate—“a Rooshian nor yet a Prooshian” but I have a distinct objection to “poles”—you see sir, you are not the only one, who can make bad puns,—I consider them barbarous, ugly, abortions, which disfigure any civilized city. Do we not all think so? And yet we submit to their being planted upon our already too narrow side walks, with scarcely a murmur or a protest. Is our Mayor such an intemperate Irishman, that he loves to see, at every twenty paces a shillelah big enough for him who built the giant's causeway? or do we desire Montreal to resemble a huge fretful porcupine bristling all over with spikes? When I was told of the subway in St. Catherine street, I was in hopes that a new era was commencing, but those hopes were short lived, for I perceive the unsightly poles continue to be set up in every direction, and Montreal is gradually assuming the appearance of a city built in the midst of a pine forest, which has been swept by a bush fire.

A short time ago, those who had their signs stretching across the sidewalks, were very properly compelled to remove them from that position, and place them against their stores or offices, thus adding greatly to the appearance of our streets but until the poles are also banished, the beauty of our streets will be marred and spoilt.

Trusting you will give this letter a space in your paper,

I remain, yours ever,

Amelia Wilkins.

Miss Wilkins is greatly mistaken in supposing for an instant, that we could ever be guilty of paying her empty compliments. We consider her a sensible young lady who keeps her eyes open, and is not blind to the faults of a city in which she has come to live. While we regret that one of her sex should fall into the bad habit of punning, it is almost excusable in the present instance since the poles certainly “punish” Montreal severely, albeit they in their turn are “punched” by the men who climb them. Joking apart however, we think it is high time that these atrocious eyesores should be taken off our streets, and recommend Miss Wilkins' letter to our worthy Mayor.

Ed.

The smokestacks of our ocean steamers are much larger than is generally supposed. They range from fourteen to eighteen feet in diameter. Those of the Etruria are over the latter figure.



AMBIGUITY.

HE: “What is your favorite study, Miss Laura? According to Pope, you know, it should be man.”

SHE: “Ah! yes, but now-a-days we poor artists must be content with anything. ‘Will you give me a sitting, Mr. Dudely?’”

LOVE AND FAME.

By M. T. Marshall.

I looked for Fame,
And Love came flit' by,
But paused a while,
With bated wings, to sigh;
But still I looked for Fame,
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,
When hope was almost sped;
Fame came at last,
When youth and joy had fled;
And then I looked for Love,
But Love was dead.

—Atalanta.

A MOST OPPORTUNITY.

She comes!” I hear the murmur of
The leaves that rush to meet her,
The joyous croon of a thrush
That splits his throat to greet her.

The baby stars laugh out in glee,
The jasmine buds wax brightly,
The moonbeams dance about her feet,
The night breeze fans her lightly.

Ah! well I know those cloudy skirts
And laces that enfold her!
That graceful poise of dainty head,
Those curves of cheek and shoulder!

With rapturous joy I think that I
Shall soon have held and kissed her.

A spring—a clasp—a little shriek—
Confound it!—’twas my sister!

—Yankee Blade.

Proving an Alibi.

It was a case of chicken stealing, and the prints of bare feet were found in the sand round the hen-house. The lawyer for the prosecution was one who, if he had been Napoleon Bonaparte, never would have crossed the Alps; he would simply have pulled them up by the roots and thrown them over the paling. The prisoner was an unknown tramp.

“You say you don't know anything about this theft?” queried the lawyer, fiercely.

“That's what I swore to, sir,” replied the tramp, meekly.

“You were in the back yard of Mrs. Slantipp's house about supper time?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You know the position of the hen-house?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You were seen on the road in front of the house some time after dark?”

“I was there, sir.”

“You were in the yard after dark?”

“Yes, sir, and after supper also, sir,” replied the prisoner, with a wan smile at his innocent little joke in such a place.

“And you were seen by the cook sitting on the door-step with your shoe off?”

“Yes, sir, there was a pebble in it that was too big to get out of the hole it got in at.”

“Now, sir, I am going to prove that you made those tracks with your bare feet while you were stealing the chickens of the plaintiff.”

“You can't do it sir,” said the prisoner, mildly but firmly.

“And why not pray?” asked the prosecutor with firm sarcasm.

“Because, sir, I've got one wooden leg, sir,” and he gave it a kick that sent it clean across the court room and almost knocked a constable senseless.

Odd, Queer, Curious.

Two-thirds of the male population of the world use tobacco.

Plate glass was first made in 1688, at St. Picardy, France.

Light-haired people, as a rule, live longer than the dark haired.

It is asserted that the oldest building in the world is the Tower of London.

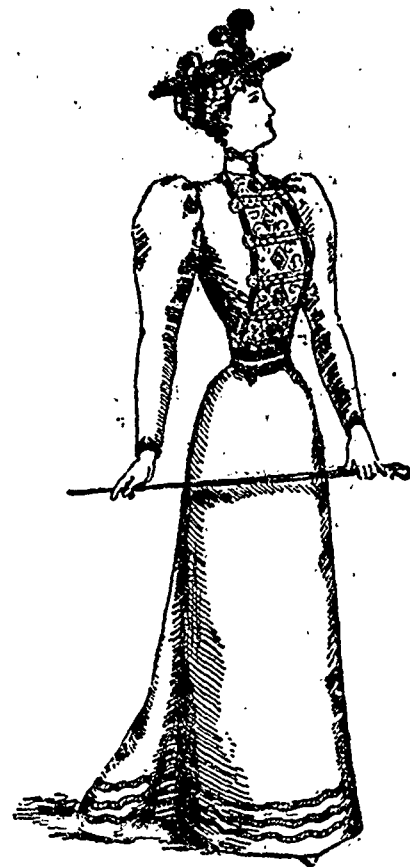
Matches to the value of \$185,000,000 are annually consumed throughout the world.

Several of the London omnibuses are lighted by electricity from storage batteries.

Apple trees four inches high grow in Japan. Their fruit is about the size of currants.

Tobacco is a slow poison. So think the relatives of Thomas Nugent, of Boston, who died there recently of excessive smoking, at the ripe old age of ninety-five.

—Yankee Blade.



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

As usual at this season of the year there is a dearth of novelty in fashions and new dresses and costumes are—if we may use the expression—merely adaptations or translations of the old ones. Invention, so far as summer toilettes are concerned, appears exhausted and we suppose we must wait for the fall goods in order to be introduced to something novel in designs. Still some of the said adaptations are both pretty and artistic, three of which we present to our readers in our illustrations as follows:—

No. 1. Is an evening dress of broadly striped black and white satin with a ruche round the skirt. Bodice cut low with short sleeves of pale pink velvet and epaulettes of lace falling over the shoulders—the lace of tating order in deep points. Folded sash round the waist fastened at the back in a bow and ending in a rosette on the bust.

No. 2. An afternoon gown; material light holland-colored voile with silken red and black stripes woven upon it in a fashion to resemble velvet. Bodice cut upon the cross, and dragged round the figure to make it set, being brought into the neck in a point, and bound with

satin ribbon. Under bodice with full elbow sleeves of tinted shot silk, and a quilling of the same is round the hem of the plain skirt upon which the stripes are arranged horizontally.

No. 3. Seaside serge costume; has a plain skirt bordered with three waved lines of multi-colored passementerie and a short zouave jacket studded with engraved Medallions displaying a vest of oriental hued material brought to the waist under a folded black ribbon.

From New York Sunday Herald.

In answer to many requests for a short prayer which would be suitable for use when entering church for worship the "Intelligencer" gives one which has, in addition to a quotation from Scripture, this petition, 'O Lord may I behave myself here.' Good behavior in church is not so easy a virtue as many may suppose. There are probably more temptations to err in this place than in any other.

On a Sunday evening recently a bishop preached. Two little children, a girl of four and a boy of six, sat in the front pew. The service was all right but the sermon was very long and very learned. At half-past nine the little boy arose and took the little girl's hand.

Together they promenaded down the broad tiled aisle to the door and home. There was no misbehavior in this. They had gotten all that they could understand and appropriate and it was time that they were in bed.

But the audience was convulsed. There was a smile all over, visible—almost audible. That was not misbehavior. They knew that the children were right, and only wished that they were children that they, too might appropriately go home.

But the bishop went on with his sermon for more than an hour. For an evening service and for a popular audience the sermon was too deep and too long. The bishop misbehaved. The question of behavior, if fairly and fearlessly applied, would almost as often strike the pulpit as the pew, and the ch. . . loft would not be left out, either.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

Teacher.—When was Rome built, say, Fritzchen?

Fritzchen.—Rome was built in the night.

Teacher.—How do you make that out, you silly boy?

Fritzchen.—Because you always said sir, that Rome was not built in a day.

—Saphirs Witzblatt.

What a Volcano can do.

Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets three thousand feet above its crater; while in 1754, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than six hundred miles. In 1797, the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of one thousand feet wide made deposits six hundred feet in depth.

The stream from Vesuvius, which in 1837 passed through Torre del Greco, contained thirty six million, six hundred thousand cubic feet of solid matter.

In 1769 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty four square miles of surface and measured nearly one hundred million cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Mont Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference and four thousand feet high.

The stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event.

In the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1630 Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass.

Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt. It hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up two thousand feet above its summit.

Cotopaxi has projected a block of one hundred and nine cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of three hundred miles.

She Wearied Him.

The grocer's new boy threw his delivery basket down in the corner with an injured air and remarked that the woman who had just moved into No. 37, around the corner, was a regular crank.

"How do you mean?" asked the grocer.

"First thing she asked me," said the boy, "was whether we had any nice fresh eggs. They must be very, very fresh, she said, because she wanted 'em to put in cake.

"I told her eggs was doubtful this hot weather, but we had some very, very fresh egg plants, and how would they do?"

"She said they wouldn't do at all, and then she asked me if we had any corn that was as green as I was, and the ears as well developed as mine.

"I said, 'Yes'm.'

"Well,' she says, 'I want some for dinner, so bring half a dozen as soon as you can.'

"As soon as we can?" says I. "Do you want it canned?"

"She said she did not want it canned. Then she began to ask about watermelons. Did we have some that was ripe? I told her 'Yes'm.'

"Was they on ice?"

"No'm, they was on the sidewalk.

"Would we put half of one on ice and bring it around at 6 o'clock?"

"We would.

"Would we have the seeds taken out?"

"With pleasure.

"All right. Did we keep Vichy water in siphons?"

"Yes'm."

"Was that on ice?"

"No. But I told her we'd put half a siphon on ice, and bring it around at 6 o'clock with the bubbles taken out, if she'd say the word.

"Then she said she guessed everything we had around here was nice and fresh, but there was such a thing as being too fresh, and she believed she'd try the other store, so I needn't bother. Yes, sir, that woman's a crank."

"Eddie," said the grocery man, as he slowly rolled the white paper around a pound of cheese, "my nephew will be here next week from Germany, and I am going to give him your job. Meanwhile, I'll try to get along without any little boy."

"You'll have to," said Eddie, "'cause I'm goin' to leave."—Detroit Free Press.

Average Man's Bill-of-Fare.

The French infantry soldier, in time of peace, is given the following rations weekly: Fifteen pounds of bread, three and one-third pounds of meat, two and a half pounds of haricot beans, with salt and pepper, and one and three-quarter ounces of brandy. This is just about three pounds of food a day.

The Russian soldier in time of peace is given the following weekly rations: Seven pounds of black bread, seven pounds of meat, seven and seven-tenths quarts of beer, one hundred and twenty two ounces of sour cabbage, the same amount of barley, ten and a half ounces of salt, twenty-eight grains of horse-radish, the same amount of pepper, and twenty-six and a half ounces of vinegar. This is over four pounds of food a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on twenty-three ounces, and a man doing laborious work needs from twenty-six and three-quarter ounces to thirty ounces. This is food absolutely free from water, and it must be remembered that everything we eat contains more or less water, so that from forty-eight to sixty ounces of ordinary food are necessary to healthy

existence, according to the work in which a man is engaged.

Sir Lyon Playfair, another great authority, gives the following as all that is necessary for a healthy man to eat in a week: Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat, two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; or, for the meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted. This sounds like a starvation diet, but Sir Lyon Playfair generally knows what he is talking about.

The ruins of the famous palace of Saint Cloud have just been sold at public auction. There were only eleven bidders, and the imperial residence, or what remains of it, falls into the possession of one Kassel, a contractor. His bid was 3,325 francs. At present Saint Cloud is an interesting ruin. The roof is gone and the walls are partly demolished. In reality, little remains of it. Its magnificent reception rooms and the private apartments of Napoleon III. and Eugenie are now covered with a rich collection of wild weeds and shrubs, the growth of twenty-two years, and all around are heaps of stones blackened by the fire of 1871. Here and there are fragments of the ornamental work, the junk that constitutes the only present value of the once princely palace.

A new hotel now being erected at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, will be, when completed, the loftiest hotel in the world. The depth of the excavation for the foundation ranges from twenty-two feet to forty feet. This has been necessary so as to have a rock basis, the rock being blasted so as to render it even. The new hotel will have seventeen stories, and will be 225 feet high. The site is one hundred feet, on Fifth Avenue, by 155 feet deep on Fifty-ninth Street. The building will cost about one million dollars, and will take two years to construct.

Mr. Edward Bulwer-Lytton Dickens, M. P. for Wilcannia, has just perpetrated a really capital joke in the new South Wales Parliament. That body contains a member named Willis, who is remarkable not only for the prodigious length of his speeches, but also for the short, snappy sentences in which he delivers them. Mr. Dickens followed him in debate the other night, and the first words of the youngest son of the novelist were,—

"My father created the historic phrase 'Barkis is willin', but if he were here to-night he would probably have altered it to 'Willis is barkin'.'"

This exceedingly felicitous hit brought down the house, the galleries joining in the general laughter. More than once lately young Dickens has shown in the Sydney Parliament that he inherits some of his father's keen sense of humor.



MAGNA EST VERITAS, ETC.

LADY VISITOR (to small child)—“What lesson was Papa teaching you this morning?”

SMALL CHILD—“Always to speak the truth.”

LADY VISITOR—“And what did he say when he was told I was here?”

SMALL CHILD—“Confound that woman!”

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER VII.—THE COLORADO TUNNEL CATASTROPHE.

The next day our friend started for Denver, by way of Chicago, where he had to meet one of the syndicate (Mr. Osman), but had no time to see much of that wonderful city which has sprung up within the memory of man to such large proportions.

It cannot be expected, in an unpretentious tale like this, that we can enter into details of the construction of the Colorado Tunnel. It will be enough to state that the objects of the tunnel were twofold; namely to open up some rich mines, and to shorten and thus cheapen the transit of the products of those mines.

The difficulties in the way of engineering the project arose from the different formations of the ground to be bored (which consisted at some places of sand, at others of rock or gravel) and also to provide for ventilation, so necessary as the tunnel both lengthened and deepened, for we have all heard how gasses lurking in the bowels of earth often explode or ignite, causing terrible destruction to life and property. The grant and title of the Colorado Tunnel Company by the Government were indisputable as to the

length and breadth of the property, and, as there was plenty of room for deviation in a lateral direction, Dugdale determined after a careful examination of the ground, which occupied him the best part of a fortnight, to alter the plan somewhat in order to carry the tunnel in a direct line from east to west, striking a rich lode at pretty nearly the deepest part. He accordingly drew up his new plan and specifications, and forwarded them to New York for approval. In four days he received a telegram from Van Higgin to “go ahead as he proposed,” whereupon he gave instructions to the contractor and the work commenced at once.

Dugdale's orders were to spare no expense, with regard either to pushing forward the tunnel or opening up the mines, which the company had acquired, and he therefore not only put on a gang of men at both the east and west ends of the tunnel, but also began to pierce the mine in the mountain about where the centre of the tunnel would be.

Everything proceeded satisfactorily for a couple of months, when a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rose in the horizon. Dugdale had conceived an ingenious drilling machine which saved an enormous amount of manual labor, and, as might be expected, the invention was regarded unfavorably by the unskilled workmen.

Murmurs began, at first slight, but gradually increasing, until Dugdale, who had been so long accustomed to deal with large masses of laborers, foresaw trouble ahead. He had forwarded the plan of the machine to Van Higgin for the necessary steps to be taken to have it patented, meanwhile affairs arrived at a crisis, and one morning all the gangs struck and the work on the tunnel was entirely suspended, a very serious matter in an undertaking of such magnitude.

The affair could doubtless have been settled by the removal of the obnoxious machine, but Dugdale was not a man to back down from a position he had taken up without a struggle, and he telegraphed the situation to New York asking for a supply of Italian laborers to be sent on immediately, after which he paid off the strikers, and in another twenty-four hours the works of the great Colorado Tunnel were almost deserted.

But in a week the scene was again as lively as ever, the strikers having been replaced by gangs of swarthy men, with black beards and black eyes, who showed no antipathy to the new machine, and Dugdale was congratulating himself that the trouble was over when he began to notice a few of the old hands hanging round the second shaft from the east end mouth of the tunnel. He asked them what

they wanted, to which the answer was "nothing, they were merely looking on." and when he told them quietly that unless they were willing to work they must clear off, they lounged sulkily away. This incident, small in itself, caused an uncomfortable feeling in Dugdale's mind, and he gave strict orders that none but the employees should be allowed about the tunnel or the mines. He kept a sharp watch himself, hardly sleeping for some nights, when one hot day, just as the men were about to knock off work for their dinner, a fearful catastrophe occurred. The drilling machine was boring away at the solid rock, into which the dynamite was to be placed for blasting purposes, when suddenly the machine broke to pieces with an awful crash; a rumbling sound like that of an earthquake followed on the instant, and all was still. Yes frightfully, terribly still, for over one hundred men were buried alive in the Colorado Tunnel. Of all the deaths which human beings can suffer, that I think is the worst and most horrible. To be encased in a living tomb with your strength and faculties about you, waiting for the air to become exhausted in order to die. To watch the lamps which you burn to help your ineffectual struggles at escape, grow dim and finally expire, leaving you in that darkness which can be felt, and knowing that your light must also soon, very soon, go out. Dugdale has told me he can never forget that time,—how, at first the men obeyed him, in striving to remove the fallen earth and rock, how when darkness ensued he could hear the poor wretches at their prayers calling upon the Mother of God, and every saint in the calendar, for succor, and how at last they fought and swore like demons in despair, before they sank down worn out and helpless waiting their fate. Then he himself lost consciousness and remembered nothing more.

Who had done the foul deed, probably no one will ever know. It was so shameful, so cruel that even the strongest and most hardened could not think of it without a shudder. The cause of the strike—rights—justice—what you will—were swept away, as chaff before the wind, by the one common, overwhelming, feeling of humanity. Men who had been the foremost in opposing Dugdale's new machine were now the first to assist at the rescue of the imprisoned workmen. No one thought of fatigue, or rest, while they strove to clear the shaft, and, when after hours of labor the task was partially accomplished—sufficient to let in air and allow the passage of a man with a lamp, what a sight met his gaze! Over one hundred men, lying in all directions, (many half concealed with earth and rocks), their visages contorted, with their eyes and tongues protruding as though some hand had throttled them in a last dreadful death struggle. The nails of almost all were

torn from their sockets, and the blood stained fingers still tightly clutched particles of soil and stones. The teeth of some were clenched and foam was on the lips—and the man shouted out to haul him back, for the love of heaven, but the rope came up empty for he had fainted! He was a rough fellow too, who had seen ugly sights in his day and was not thought to be squeamish, but he said afterwards he was turned fairly sick.

The bodies were gradually brought up, most of them, that is seventy or eighty, quite dead, and the remainder still unconscious. The women and children gathered round about weeping, and wailing, while a couple of surgeons who had arrived from Denver—a distance of from twenty to thirty miles—were doing their best for the living, nearly all of whom were maimed or injured in some way or other. Dugdale was lying apparently lifeless with his left leg badly crushed, but he suddenly gave a gasp and then a groan as he awakened to the pain in his limb.

In this inauspicious manner did Dugdale's great venture, as he had called it, commence. I trust my readers, both fair and stern, will make allowances for my description having fallen very much short of the reality, for there are some horrors in this life about which it is best not to be too exact. Even the great author in portraying the cruel murder of Nancy by the ruffian Sikes, left some dreadful details out, and the imagination was allowed to fill up certain parts of the picture contained in the words "struck her down." So let us leave the dead to be buried, and the graves to be watered, by the tears of the widows and orphans, while we accompany the news of the disaster eastward.

To be continued.

Proud Impeccuniosity.

A few days ago I met with the toughest case in my whole experience, said the agent of a very successful debt-collecting firm. I tackled my man for fifteen dollars he owes to a restaurant. He's an artist.

"I'm sorry," said he, leaving off work on the picture, and pushing his velvet smoking-cap on the back of his head, while he looked lazily at the bill; "but I cannot pay this for a few months yet."

"Why not?" said I.

"Because I have a more pressing liability."

"More pressing than a bill of this kind?" said I, sarcastically.

"Yes, a good deal," said he. "I'm buying a pair of shoes on the installment plan, and the second shoe is to be delivered to-day if I can make partial payment. The coin is here," said he, tapping his waistcoat pocket.

"All right," I said; "but you'll just give that coin to me on account, or I'll sell you up."

"Sell what up?" he drawled out.

"Why, these pictures," said I, sweeping my arm in a comprehensive way round the studio.

"These pictures? All right, my boy! Go ahead! If you can sell them I'll be much obliged to you. It's more than I can do."

With that he lighted his pipe and went on painting as tranquil as a summer's day. I admired him, and asked him out to have a drop of something.

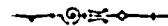
"Excuse me," he said, standing back and regarding his picture with one eye closed and not even glancing at me; "I never enter into social relations with my tradespeople."

I was faint when I got down to the street

—Yankee Blade.



Effects of Tobacco Smoke.—Some interesting experiments have been made with tobacco smoke to ascertain its value as a disinfectant. It was used to kill or reduce the effects of the germs of cholera, anthrax, and pneumonia. The germs of these diseases were placed inside of a hollow ball and tobacco smoke was passed through a hollow passage way for ten to thirty minutes. At the expiration of that time it was found that the germs of the dreaded true Asiatic cholera and of pneumonia were completely destroyed. This was true of all the different kinds and grades of tobacco used. The germs of anthrax and of typhoid, however, were scarcely affected by the smoke. As the result of this experiment, important results in checking the cholera now spreading in Russia are anticipated. By burning great quantities of tobacco in infected districts it is hoped to control and check, if not entirely destroy, the germs of the dreaded disease. Pneumonia will likewise find a great preventive in the smoke of tobacco, and injections of it may be the means of saving many lives in the future.



Recipes That Cure.—To cure painful earache as if by magic, mix thirty parts of glycerine, ten parts of oil of sweet almonds and, five parts of camphorated chloral. Rub the back and side of the ear thoroughly with this mixture, and the numbing pain of the chords and muscles will be relieved. Then saturate a piece of cotton with it and insert it as far in the ear as possible. If it does not relieve it within a few minutes soak the cotton again. This will not only relieve the painful affection, but it will generally reduce any internal or external inflammation of the ear.

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

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STATEMENT—JANUARY 1, 1892.

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

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

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**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE
COMPANY,**

ESTABLISHED 1809.

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CANADIAN INVESTMENTS, \$4,599,753.00.

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MONTREAL.

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Deposited at Ottawa 250,000

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Life Fund (in special trust for life policy-holders) . . . 5,000,000
Total Net Annual Income . . . 5,700,000
Deposited with Dominion Government . . . 374,246

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

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

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Total Funds, . . . 17,500,000

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INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

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

ROBERT W. TYRE, MANAGER FOR CANADA.

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LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

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