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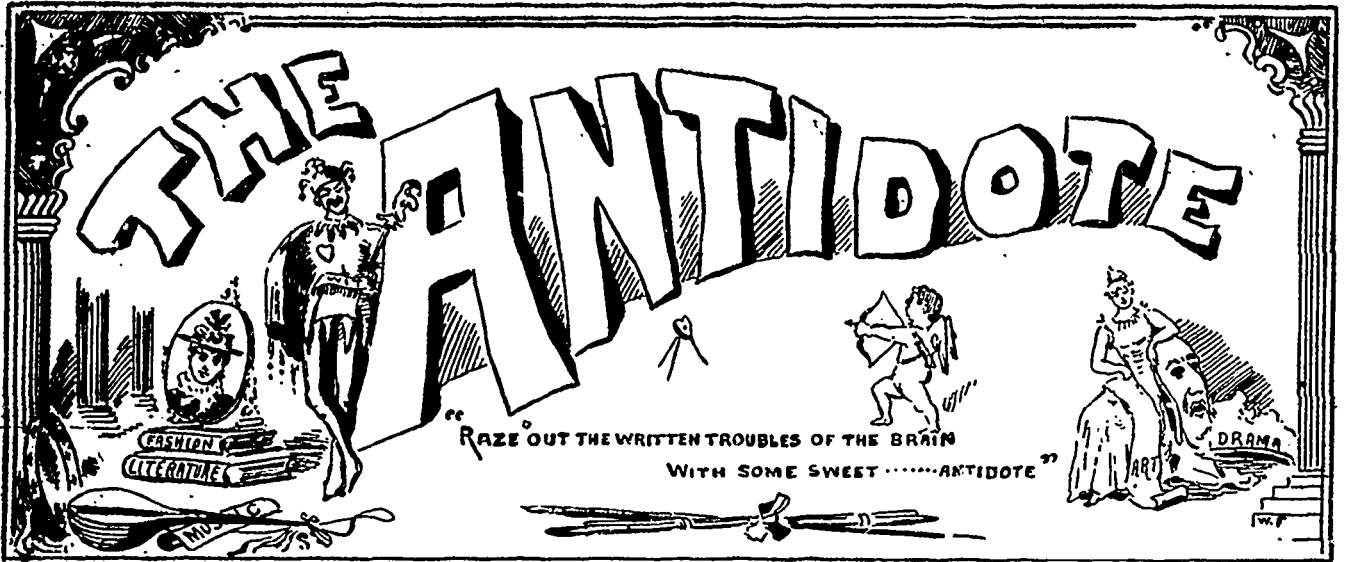
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MONTREAL, JANUARY 28, 1893

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KEYS AGAIN.

In a recent article we dealt with the subject of keys tangibly; but there are various kinds of openers to which the term may be extended. Many of us are richer in such keys than we are aware. Fortune and education may have put keys into our hands, for which we have by oversight or forgetfulness or sheer stupidity, failed to find locks. It does not seem as if, especially in the matter of education, this were a frequent case. The office of education is not and cannot be to provide us with all the provender, all the working materials our intellects require. Its office is to forge for us the keys with which we can unlock the storehouses for ourselves; and man and boy, people spend ten or twelve years in obtaining such keys, then put them away, then wonder why they ever had them.

Nothing, for instance, is commoner than to hear a man of mature years who, having nothing special to do, has spent all the time since his college days in acquiring a boundless ignorance, wondering what was the good of his learning Latin and Greek, and talking of waste of time in unprofitable studies. He designs this for a proof of latent capacities for greater things than grammar, and it is often accepted as such a proof. It simply means that he cannot put the keys into the locks. Two notable storehouses of human fault to which access was allowed him, remained closed to him; that was not owing to his classical education. Another man whose early floggings had chiefly a mathematical tendency, and who, the moment he became intellectually his own master, said a long farewell to all his triangles and conic sections, demands aloud for what purpose his mind should ever have been oppressed by them, and talks also of

waste time in unprofitable studies. The unused key again. He did not unlock the gate and pass into the far reaching realm of science and discovery; that was not owing to his mathematical education.

There are men who complain of having had the wrong keys given them, but they are of another stamp: they are Apollo sent out to tend sheep, Hercules compelled to sew and spin, together with the hen's ducklings, and the useful camel forced to dance. In most cases it may seem to the discoverer a question whether they are not in fact the gainers by the cross-grained schooling. Just as the tree is the stronger and straighter for having, when a sapling, been propped towards the contrary side from that to which it swayed; but at all events they have other grounds for their complaint than those of the illiterate moralizers who ascribe their knowing nothing to their having been taught something; and if they have let the keys consigned to them by their Alma Maters, of whatever kind, become rusty, they have acquired others and opened doors into regions where their foot treads firmly and is quite at home.

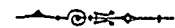
Perhaps the mental waste of keys is most to be seen in the case of modern languages; everybody who pays taxes in these days has a smattering of two two or three. We learn them for the purpose of conversing with the waiters at hotels, although it is well known that the waiters themselves insist upon speaking English; but these are keys to open worlds for us. In spite of the evident risk of harm to the mind, let alone the morals of a half-educated or less than half educated young man under the spell of a strange literature in which, because it is strange and not of the country and people he knows, he has no data wherewith to check the parts, the crude sayings or glowing unreason of his author.

Ladies, of all other sinners, commit the most waste in this direction. To be sure one reason is that they are taught more modern languages to waste than are their male relatives. The more productive cause, however, is the mistaken theory in their education, which counts the art of speech in for-

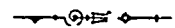
eign tongues as a chief and ultimate object, ignoring altogether the art of having anything worth saying in them. It is difficult to persuade women that knowing more or less several languages is not in itself either a consequence or a cause of superior capacity, except in the linguistic faculty, and that it is more desirable to think soundly in one language than to talk sillily in a dozen. But it would be hard to blame them for an exaggerated estimate of their relative value of linguistic accomplishments in their education, when it is one held by so many of those to whom they are taught to look for guidance, viz: their partners at balls, and their husbands.

Once a lady was being discussed; one gentleman was enthusiastic and rightly so, for the lady was pretty and pleasant. "And she is so clever, you know," he would up. "Is she clever?" dubiously replied a hearer who knew the lady, and who knew also that in the society she frequented, little anecdotes concerning her, founded on a somewhat excessive naivete, scarcely compatible with any form of cleverness, were apt to circulate. "Clever!" exclaimed the other in amazement at the doubt. "Clever! why, she can speak four languages!" And this carried the question. Everybody agreed that a woman who could speak four languages was clever. The lady could do this for she had lived much of her life in foreign countries—she had the keys; nobody asked what she did with them, but it so happened that there was not one language she could think in.

But when we have all learned, men and women, to keep and to use our real and our figurative keys, the golden age will have returned upon the earth, considerably improved, and we shall be a world of sages.



See Missing Word Offer, this issue



PREPARATORY DISCIPLINE.

"No, I'll not marry. I think I'll become a Sister of Charity."

"You don't know what that means."

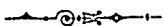
"Don't I? Haven't I sat up with you every night from 8 to 1 for three months?"

The Prize Charade.

Among the various answers received to the Charade in our issue of the 14th inst. are the following, both of which are claimed to be correct:

1.—“Shot-gun” by Eddie Foley and “Drug-get” by Professor Geo. Murray. Small shot may be used “to kill rats,” but the user must “get” a gun, and on “bended knees” or knee the user often takes aim. If he kill himself he “never will press it again.”

2.—A “drug” may be employed “to kill rats”; the word “get” is the second syllable of forget, and a man may “press” drug-get “on bended knees” when “striving some hard-hearted maiden to woo.” We rather incline to the second as less forced.



See Missing Word Offer, this issue



Paderewski Coming

Great as was Paderewski's success last year in America it would seem from press reports that this season will surpass even that previously unparelled record. If this extraordinary enthusiasm continues to increase invention will have to come to his aid, and he will be compelled to play within an iron cage, so that ladies cannot throw themselves at his feet or press round to hold his hand. Whatever effect music may have over savage breasts, it seems when tutored by M. Paderewski to exercise a wonderful power over ordinarily sane people. The fact that a popular favorite has to be “protected” is extremely amusing in these so-called unsentimental days.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest Dubord to Miss Bohrer, the accomplished daughter of Professor William Bohrer, took place on Tuesday last, the ceremony was performed by the Reverend N. Marchal, V. F.

Mr. Louis Sutherland and Mr. Andrew J. Dawes sailed on the 21st inst. for the Bermudas and Havana, by Ward line steamer “Yumuri.”

Mr. George A. Cantlie and Miss Cantlie have returned from Chicago, where they spent a very enjoyable week.

The many friends of Mr. Charles Cassils, (Cochrane, Cassils & Co.) will regret to learn that he has met with a recurrence of the discouraging accident to his knee, but they hope for a speedy restoration. Friend Charles has much to compensate him for any temporary interruption to his wonted activity.

Society and other Notes.

The Hunt dance, which was held at the Kenels last night, was a pronounced success, a great number of prominent society people were present. The rooms were very prettily decorated, and a lovely effect was produced by festoons of green from chandelier to chandelier. The decorations with palm were especially pretty. The orchestra was surrounded with beautiful palms. Last, but not least, was the supper room, with its pretty decorations and subdued lights, where a feast for the gods was served.

A charming dance was given by Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas of Sherbrooke street on Thursday evening; and invitations have been issued for a Bal Poudre on February 3rd.

Mrs. Edward Rawlings gave a delightful dance Wednesday evening, at No. 41 Simpson street. She was assisted in receiving by her daughter Miss Lou Rawlings. Both ladies were beautifully gowned. All the lower flat, with the exception of the dining-room, was thrown open for dancing. The rooms were all prettily decorated; and every thing passed off delightfully, as was to be expected with such a host and hostess and their lovely daughter.

Mrs. Henry Hamilton gave a brilliantly successful soiree on Monday last at her residence, Mansfield street. Over 200 people accepted the invitation. The hostess wore a gown of deep amber faille and old rose, with diamond ornaments. Miss Hamilton looked well in a charming gown of ivory white faille, trimmed with rich sapphire blue velvet, and carried natural flowers. The parlors were very prettily decorated with smilax and innumerable plants of all kinds. The orchestra furnished delightful music which continued till the wee sma' hours of the morning.

Mrs. A. Branchaud, of Park Avenue, entertained a large and select party to a delightful “Progressive Euchre” on Wednesday last. Miss Branchaud looked charming, and wore an exceptionally lovely gown.

Mrs. C. Goelfrion gave a Euchre Party on Thursday evening, at her home on Sherbrooke street, which was very successful, and was largely attended.

One of the best Balls of the season, which will undoubtedly prove a brilliant affair, is the St. George Snowshoe Club's, which will be held on Monday night at the Club House. Over 500 in-

vitations have been issued, which have been met with a hearty response.

Mrs. George Drummond, is to give a grand ball at her handsome residence on the 6th, followed by a Bal Masque on the 7th.

The Carnival Ball has been settled for February the 18th, and is to be held at the Windsor Hotel.

The “Vics” are to give the second of a series of dances, early next month.

Mr. E. A. Whitehead is welcome again among his old friends, where merchants most do congregate.

A lady violinist wants to know if those sketches in an evening paper's account of the Boucher recital were taken from life. “Did ever any virtuoso hold his violin or bow so?” she asks.

Prof. Geo. Murray, who slipped down a flight of literary steps a few days ago, is again on his feet.

See Missing Word Offer, this issue

Recipes.

Orange and Tapioca jelly. Soak six tablespoonfuls of tapioca for three hours, in two cupfuls of salted water, set in hot water and boil, adding four teaspoonfuls of sugar and a little boiling water if too thick. When like custard, add the juice of one orange. Cover the bottom of a mould with sliced oranges, and when the jelly is cool pour it over the fruit.

Orange Dessert.—Peel 12 large oranges, cut in thin slices, remove all the pips; sift over them one pound of sugar, whip a pint of cream, and add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Pour over and cover the top with slices of peeled lemon, well sugared. Spread with meringue flavored with extract of rose.

Cheese Cakes.—Line patty tins with pastry and fill with three tablespoonfuls of butter, three of sugar, one rolled biscuit, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, the yolks of two eggs, juice and rind of one-half of a lemon, two tablespoonfuls blanched chopped sweet almonds, and one-half of a tablespoonful of bitter almonds mixed with it.

See Missing Word Offer, this issue

So with Growing Vices.

A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which being suffered, rivers cannot
quench.

Shakespeare.

THE FASHIONS.

Modistes are making up very pretty house dresses of dark silks and gay stripes in various colors. Some of these have a bell skirt with a ruche or tiny ruffles at the hem matching the strips in shade, and a fancy velvet zouave jacket open over a silk plastron which matches the frills.

An exquisite princess gown for the afternoon, is of pearl-gray cloth embroidered lengthwise in silver, and finished at the foot of the skirt with two narrow bands of ermine. The afternoon home dress, though not of quite so loose a style as that of the morning, is less tight fitting than the walking or visiting costume, and may be more fanciful.

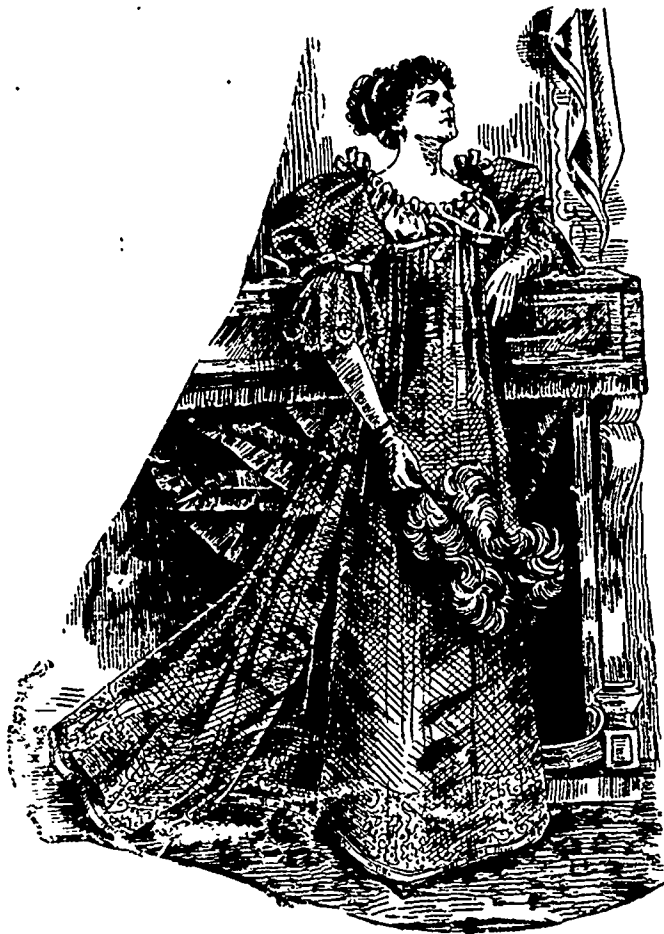
Another stylish gown is a soft gray wool novelty of a length just clearing the ground, and trimmed with a rich moss-green silk velvet. The novel velvet yoke was cut in deep, odd-shaped points, as were also the velvet cuffs to the close fitting sleeves, and the wide velvet folded belt. A hat of green with a gay wing, completed the stylish costume.

A spring costume is of tan cloth in palm leaf figure, trimmed with mahogany velvet. The skirt is untrimmed. It is plain in front, with two plaits facing backwards at each side and full behind. Over front of the bodice are two gathered pieces forming jackets of the figured material. A deep, round yoke, collar, and girdle are velvet, full puffs of the material to the elbow with deep cuffs of velvet.

With the introduction, or rather revival, of the empire styles of dress, comes a corresponding style of underwear. The corset or bust supporter, for it is simply that, is made of silk, satin or linen, and is either finely embroidered with bead work or finished with delicate lace. The sides are composed of a series of elastic straps; the lacing is in front, the back being whole and ribbon straps go over the shoulders, and are fastened to the corset by butterfly bows. This corset is well suited for wearing with tea gowns and other negligee-house dresses.

There is a rumor that the sportive crinoline is floating around ready to descend upon the form of unsuspecting woman, but after all these years of clinging skirts and classic draperies let us hope that the free and independent woman will not allow herself to be thus caged.

Our illustration this week shows a lovely evening gown in semi-Empire style. The under part of pale pink silk is close fitting Princess shape, with full yoke of pale blue velvet, confined under the bust with narrow velvet band, edged with tinsel braid. From this falls an Empire overdress of transparent ecru reticella net, bordered with guipure, and edged with



From London Queen.

narrow blue velvet and tinsel. Large Empire sleeves of pink silk, covered with net, and enriched with ruffles of guipure, and bows of pale blue velvet, edged with gold. This dress would also look remarkably well in black net over gold satin. The lace should be black, with the design outlined in gold thread.

See Missing Word Offer, this issue

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

Talk is cheap. That is partly due to the fact that much of it needs to be discounted.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A pessimist likes a thing he can't enjoy and an optimist enjoys a thing he can't like.

AN ALCOHOLIC.

These frosty nights it is no crime To have a rambling gait on; For winter is the proper time, He thinks, to have a skate on.

A New York walter says his work reminds him of a very large eagle. It is so; from tip to tip.

Useful Hints.

Silver in daily use may be kept bright a very long time if always washed in hot suds and rubbed briskly on a soft, dry towel. Dry salt will remove egg stains from spoons.

Very hot water is better for bumps and bruises than cold water.

Do not let fresh fish lie in water, as it makes them soft and unfit to eat.

Scratches on furniture may be refinished by rubbing with a woolen rag dipped in boiled linseed oil. The varnishing may then be done with shellac dissolved in alcohol.

Death to Roaches.—Equal portions of corn meal and red lead mixed with molasses and spread on plates will destroy roaches.

How doth the busy plumber now Improve each shining day, And mend the leaking water-pipes So they will break straight way.

See Missing Word Offer, this issue

"I know why bees never sit down," said Walter. "Why my dear?" asked his mother. "'Cause they has pins in their coat tails, and they're afraid to."

"CIGARETTE."



"CIGARETTE."

"It is your turn next," said Denis O'Hara, turning to a grey-bearded, middle-aged man, who was smoking his briar-wood with serene and placid content "and this," handing him a sketch from the heap on the table, "this is your subject."

The artist took it, and for some moments gazed quietly down at the subject it presented.

Only a girl, perched in a half-defiant, half-coquettish attitude on a wooden table, a cigarette in her hand, just as if taken from the pretty, petulant lips, which blew a cloud of smoke into the laughing face of a young man bending over her.

"It looks more French than English," said Denis, musingly; and the name—Cigarette, isn't that it, Druce?"

"That is the name," said Norman Druce. A smile, humorous and tender, played round his mouth, as he took out the big pipe and quietly filled it. "Yes," he said again, as he resumed his seat, "there is something up-English and unconventional about that sketch, but for all that the girl was English; and, stranger still, the daughter of a country clergyman."

"That," said Jasper Trenoweth, somewhat cynically, "might account for a good deal. The bow that is too tightly strung is always the one to rebound most fiercely."

"She was a character in her way," said Norman Druce, musingly. "Wild, wayward, impetuous, passionate as lovely

as a dream, as wilful as—well, as a woman; mischievous, coquettish; yet withal so generous and tender-hearted! Poor Cigarette!"

"She looks very young here," said Denis. "She was only sixteen." He glanced at the sketch. "Just such a scene," he said "only supplement it by some half-dozen young fellows in their workshop. I—I was one of them. We were young then, and poor, and sharing a joint studio in a quiet little country place in Devon, studying landscape-painting. I had been the last to join them. Two were personal friends: the others I only knew by name. I arrived one summer evening; and, leaving my traps at the inn, walked over to the studio, as arranged. It was a long, wooden building, lighted by two large windows, and had been built on to a little, rustic cottage, originally tenanted by an artist. I knocked at the door, but the noise of voices and laughter within made my diffident announcement inaudible. I therefore opened the door, and stood for a moment unobserved, looking on at the scene presented. I never look at this sketch but it all comes back. A crash of chords, a medley of sounds the ringing, audacious notes of a voice clear and sweet as a nightingale's, a puff of smoke blown saucily from rosy lips, the mutinous flash of brown eyes, a figure shabbily and poorly clad, yet perfect in its youth and grace, and careless ease of movement—that was Cigarette, as I first saw her."

"It sounds delightful," said Denis O'Hara. "Was she a model?"

"A model! I told you she was a clergyman's daughter," said Norman Druce indignantly.

"And sang buffo songs; smoked cigarettes in the company of a lot of young fellows, puffing smoke from rosy lips into their faces—well, you must allow it sounds a little—incompatible."

"Oh," said Norman Druce laughing, "she did many worse things than that. All the same we adored her. She was the veriest incarnation of coquetry and mischief that ever wore the garb of woman—a sprite, a will-o'-the-wisp, a something untamable and untrained, and most certainly the plug: of my life and of many of the others for those six months during which we rented the studio. She had always been allowed to run wild. She had no mother, or brothers, or sisters. Her father bore not a very excellent character, and seemed to let her do just what she pleased. That, apparently, consisted in haunting the studio, coquetting with the artists, and spoiling canvas, and wasting colour in an attempt to produce what she termed 'novel effects'—they were novel, by Jove!—playing all sorts of practical jokes on us, and amusing, interesting, tormenting each and all of us just as the fancy took her. She was like a wild young colt. She respected nothing and no one. She would parody songs till we had to hold our sides for laughing, mimic her father and his sermons; dance play-acting; in fact, her talents were as versatile as herself. One of our number, Val Beresford, alone seemed to dislike the girl. He was a wonderfully clever artist, out and out the best among us, excessively handsome, very ambitious, and very fastidious. He made no secret that he disliked Cigarette, though he laughed and teased her like the rest of us, as if she were some pet kitten, with claws as yet half sheathed and harmless. But Cigarette seemed to guess his dislike, and I noticed that in his presence she was always wilder, bolder, more fantastic and petulant than we ever knew her. If he admired a song, it was the signal for some audacious parody that turned it into ridicule; if he praised art, she abused it; if he spoke of the refinement and delicacy of womanhood, she would tear its idealised graces into shreds and tatters, and paint them with a scathing and bitter contempt that quite startled us. On no subject could they or would they agree; strangely enough too, she would sit for any of us with most untiring patience, but nothing would ever induce her to do so for Val. One day he told her laughingly that, with or without her will, he intended to make a picture of her, and send it to the French Exhibition. 'You are too vivid and dangerous for English tastes,' he said teasingly. He did not notice, as he spoke, how white

that lovely rich-hued face of hers became; how swift and fierce a flash shot from the dark brown eyes; so sudden, so tempestuous was the change that I felt

almost frightened, though I knew her temper, and how variable were her moods. But, sudden as was that change, it was checked as suddenly. For once Cigarette

scarlet cloak round her; the hood was drawn over her head. Her great dark eyes and flushed cheeks looked out from that glowing frame with rare and piquant beauty. Val looked at her critically, as he had a way of looking, and I saw her colour deepen as she met his eyes.

"Will you have me for a model?" she asked.

"Thanks, no," he said coolly, "I've a good memory."

"With no further word he went to a corner of the studio, and, opening a cabinet there, took out a small square of canvas. This he placed on his easel, and turned it round so as to face us all. The full light of the swinging lamp above fell on it. There was a cry of wonder from us; of rage and passionate indignation from the girl. She looked back at herself. Herself—to the life, with her petulant grace, and her flashing eyes, and her mutinous, lovely, riant face, and she sat there in the colour and life of the picture as she sits in that sketch, puffing a cloud of smoke into the face bent down to hers. It was very simple, but it was very lifelike and true, and the title, 'A Challenge,' said all that was needful. We burst into a chorus of praise and admiration. None of us had had the faintest idea of what Val had been doing, only—somehow, I looked not at the picture but at the original; and I was startled to see the life and colour die slowly out of the girl's face, till it grew cold, white, stern, as never had I dreamt it could look. She stood there—her breast heaving, her eyes veiled by their long lashes, the colour coming and going in her face. Val seemed somewhat uneasy. 'Come, Cigarette,' he said, 'don't look so angry. The others have painted you so often, why shouldn't I?'

"She only looked at him. I—well, I've often wondered how he felt. How does a deer look wounded to death, turning its eyes on its hunters? How might a child look torn from arms it loves, and seeing only terror and darkness around it? So she looked in that brief moment between his question and her reply. Swift as thought she seized a brush lying near her. One fierce gesture; one rapid sweep of the small, firm hand, and the face on the canvas was disfigured beyond all recognition! None of us spoke or moved. We were too astonished. 'There,' she cried, throwing the brush at Val's feet. 'there is your "challenge" answered.'

"And rightly answered," he said very quietly. "Thank you, Cigarette. I deserve your rebuke; I had no right to do it without your permission."

"He went up to the picture, and turned its face to the easel.

"The girl stood there, silent and trembling, every vestige of colour gone from her face, as every trace of that moment's fiery passion had vanished in the shame



"THAT DELIGHTFUL SONG."

did not storm in anger, or lash him with her sharp unsparing tongue. She only turned away, saying very low, 'I would sooner kill you than let you paint me for—for exhibition.'

"Val only laughed, and at this time no more was said on the subject. I think five minutes afterwards the little fury was sitting at the piano, giving us what she called 'the sense' of that delightful song to Anthea, which Val used to sing so splendidly. I believe I can remember the words still:—

Bid me to paint, and I will paint
A moon, or sun, or sea,
Or dirty boys, or village joys,
For the Acad-a-mee;
Or do what all have done before
(For so doth art decree).
That fruit and flower may have the
power
To give the lie to me!
Bid me to use of oil a sruce
(Whatever that may be).
That nature's tints I may abuse,
For critics all to see!
And I will do what all will do.
To all eterni-tec—
And mock the praise I cannot raise
From that Acad-a-mee.
It is the hope of every heart
That honours its decree;
But genius dwells afar apart,
Nor there would wish to be!"

A round of laughter followed this declamation, as Norman Druce paused to re-light his pipe.

"By Jove!" cried Denis O'Hara. "I should like to have known that girl. She must have been a caution! But go on, old chap. It's getting interesting. Of course, he did paint her?"

"You know the sketch," said Norman, quietly: "I don't know how long he was doing it, or when he managed to get the likeness: it is lifelike. We none of us knew what he was about, Cigarette

least of all. They quarrelled as much as ever, and she seemed as saucily defiant—as mischievous and uncertain in her moods as we had always known her. But sometimes I thought I detected a change in the girl. She had fits of quietude, almost of sadness; she seemed to take more pains with her personal appearance, to be less random of speech, less bold of tongue. I was older and graver and steadier than the others, and in some vague way she seemed to trust me more, and be more natural with me than with them. I met her sometimes taking long, aimless walks, book in hand—she who used to declare she hated books, and would ridicule and parody the most sublime poem that ever was written. But among us all, and specially when Val Beresford was present, she was the same wild, laughing, mutinous creature we had grown to know so well. Time passed on; our tenancy was almost over. We had painted and sketched our fill, and were already half-regretful that we must give up those pleasant quarters and our lazy Bohemian life. One night we were all sitting together before the fire; it was close on Christmas and the weather was cold and damp. Cigarette had not appeared for two or three days. We were wondering at her absence, and speculating as to her probable appearance to-night.

"I hope she will come," said Val. "for I want to show you all my picture, and I should like her to be present."

"You don't care much for her opinion, surely?" I said.

"Her opinion? Oh, no!" he said with a somewhat odd smile. "I only want to give her a surprise."

"As he spoke, the door opened, and Cigarette appeared. She had thrown a

and remorse that had followed its outbreak. Then, without a word, she drew the hood closely round her head, and turned to the door. She paused there for a moment and looked back at us. 'I came here to-night,' she said, 'to wish you all good-bye. I—I am going away to a school in London. I shall never see any of you again.' We sprang up and crowded round her. Val alone remained seated in the chair, smoking. One would have thought he had not heard her. She broke away from us with a sob—Cigarette, who never cried, who mocked at tears as something more than childish. Then she was gone, leaving us to wonder or comment as we might. How curiously silent Val was: how impossible we found it to draw anything from him that night. I remembered that afterwards.

"It happened that the next morning he and I were the first to enter the studio. We had to collect our sketches and implements, and pack our pictures. As we entered I saw that his picture had been turned again to its original position. 'Why, Val,' I said, 'someone has been here—look!' For on the edge of the easel lay a bunch of flowers, tied together by a long, soft tress of brown hair. He came forward and took them from my hand. A smile, half sad half tender, played around his lips.

"'What a child she is,' he said, 'and with all her wilfulness and passion, what a tender heart.'

"'I am glad,' I said, 'that you do her justice at last. It always seemed to me that you have been too hard on her.'

"He did not answer, and his lips still wore that musing tender smile as he thrust the little bunch of flowers into the breast pocket of his coat.

"Surely that is not all," exclaimed Denis O'Hara as Norman Druce leant back in his chair and puffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Well," answered Druce, with an odd little smile, "I think there is a sequel if you care to hear it." He rose as he spoke, and took down from the mantelshelf a box of cigarettes, which he handed to Denis.

"Three or four, are there not?" he said; "that's the sequel."

"But—but I don't understand," exclaimed Denis, looking somewhat bewildered.

"Don't you?" said Druce, puffing another cloud of smoke from the brierwood: "oh, it's very simple. He married her—after she left that school in London."—Rita in the "Strand."

NOCTURNE.

I stood on the street at midnight
And lifted my hand up high;
A man with a mask was before me,
I could neither cry out nor fly,
For he flourished a big horse-pistol,
The size of which was immense;
So he leisurely went through my pockets
And got about thirty cents.

Positive—Cold.
Comparative—More Coal.
Superlative—Most broke.

A Visit to the Old Home.

"Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the ——— Hotel, New York. The man stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied—"I've been home to see my old father and mother for the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kind o' good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, light a cigar, and listen to the story of a rich man who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down, and the man told his story:

"Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island, fishing. I had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little, patent-inside, country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George! it made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight-elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I did think of them, the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actu-



"ONE SWEEP OF THE HAND, AND THE FACE WAS DISFIGURED."

See Missing Word Offer, this issue.

ally worse than a school-boy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, upon my world, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but—great Scott! what were all of the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses of which only an occasional one was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office-door stood the station-agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?'

"He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best of me, sir.'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living!'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me \$1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins's back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a sport one, took my valise in my hand, and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant-bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said: 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly-dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me, and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying: 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George!'

"Father called from the kitchen, 'What do you want, Car'line?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said sternly: 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat like whipped school-children, all whimpering. At last supper time came and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live Jimmy?' she asked.

"In New York,' I replied.

"What are you workin' at now, Jimmy?'

"I'm workin' in a drygoods store.'

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've got nothin' but roast spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey.'

"I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last nine o'clock came and father said: 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water-pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed.

"Father called me at 4.30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee, I skipped over to the depot cross-lots and got my best bass rod.

Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I got a letter from Chicago with

a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim,' he said, and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a visitin'.'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so, 'How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there then on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly, 'Put your trust in the Lord, for he will provide.'

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back again to New York. I am going to send \$50 home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke, he took Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow."—Anonymous.

THE + ANTIDOTE + CLUB.

..... Amusement to Instruction Joined
(UTILE OUM DULOE.)

The Missing Word Competition.

THE English courts lately decided against the legality of the plan inaugurated by the editor of "Pick-Me-Up," in connection with what is known as the "Missing Word Contest," but it was solely on the ground that it was not the most appropriate word which determined the award, but that which was chosen by the editor. The Editor of the "Antidote," believing that the plan, when shorn of this uncertainty, to be a good one, is offering similar inducements. The right word for the place is the word which takes the award. The answers and enclosures should be on hand by the Thursday following the date of publication. The competition is open to every old and new paid-up subscriber to the "Antidote," or to any person whom he may introduce. The sums received will be distributed equally among those who furnish us with the correct word by the date named, together with a copy of the paper for two months.

EXPLANATION.

The object of The "Antidote" Club is to increase the interest in, and extend the circulation of this cheapest of all weekly illustrated newspapers. On account of the large number of excellent awards which are given by the Editor each month this department is sure to prove specially entertaining to all our readers.

Care will be exercised in these contests to make them of an educational character, and a benefit to all who participate therein. None can make the necessary search among standard authors in connection with these poetical competitions without deriving literary and linguistic advantages.

The conditions governing these contests are so simple and inexpensive, that all desiring may readily take part.

... + Rules of The Antidote Club. + ...

1st. Every subscriber to the Antidote for not less than six months is a member of this Club, and entitled to enter the contests by complying with the rules published herein.

2nd. The coupon cut from this page must be used in forwarding the answer to The Antidote Club contests.

3rd. On account of the financial outlay necessitated monthly for awards, which are solely to attract attention to and introduce THE ANTIDOTE into *new* homes, every answer from a member of this Society must be accompanied by 25 cents silver (or ten three-cent stamps) to pay for THE ANTIDOTE for eight weeks on trial, which will be sent, postpaid, to the address of any friend or acquaintance you may direct.

4th. Each member receiving an award must acknowledge same by letter within three days after its arrival. Failure to do this will debar them from future contests.

Address EDITOR ANTIDOTE, Montreal.

THE ANTIDOTE CLUB COUPON.

TO BE MAILED TO	THE Antidote Club MONTREAL, P.Q.	NOT LATER THAN Wednesday, Feb. 1st
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In my opinion the missing word in the following verse is as filled in by me.

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CONTEST No. 1.

MISSING WORD VERSE.

Then rose the deadly din of fight;
Then shouted, charged, with all his might,
Of Wilna each Teutonic Knight,
And of St. John's,
While flashing out from yonder height
Thundered the

Fill in missing word.

List of those receiving rewards in above contest will be published in THE ANTIDOTE early in March.

Montreal, 28th January, 1895.

Subscription to the ANTIDOTE is only \$1.00 a year.

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**WHEN IS CHAPERONAGE
REQUIRED ?**

When is chaperonage absolutely necessary, and when may it be dispensed with?—nothing but a relic of the past, an old custom. In these days of progress, and of marching with the times, it is well to recognise where the line may be, and is, discreetly drawn as regards chaperons. At large invitation balls, subscription balls, hunt and military balls—in fact at all public balls and at all invitation balls given on a large scale—chaperonage is imperative, and is both a protection and an assistance.

Is it commel fault for two sisters, well out of their teens, to go to a ball by themselves? Their age and experience would be in favour of it, but the loneliness of the position would be against it.

When is chaperonage dispensed with? Well, at the dances large and small, where it is understood that chaperons are not invited with young ladies. The advantages of giving dances on these lines are numerous. To wit, mothers and chaperons are pleased not to be obliged to take their

daughters to a dance where space for dancing is limited, where the rooms are small and where they—the chaperons—help to overcrowd them, say forty chaperons to eighty girls, the numbers are overwhelming. Again, chaperons require supper, and men to take them in to supper, and this is a serious consideration: when a dance is to be given, and swells the expenses considerably; at dances to which chaperons are not asked the ball supper is not a feature. The supper is of the simplest character, and oftener still, light refreshments only are provided; dancing begins at nine and terminates between twelve and one. These dances are chiefly given for girls who are just out; the guests, however, are not limited to this particular age, but include all who are in the dancing age, whatever that may be. With some it ceases to be very early, with others it is prolonged indefinitely. Dances without chaperons are quiet distinct from the orthodox dances—almost little balls in their way—not given for young girls only, but for general society, which include married couples young enough to dance, mothers with daughters, and all on the visiting

list of the giver, whom it is considered advisable to invite.

TO THE VENUS DE MILO.

By Cora E. Chase, in Californian.

Why did they call thee Venus, thou fair shape—

Goddess of Love? Is love alone so good? I would have named thee, thou imperial thing,

Not "Love" but "Womanhood."

Surely, love lingers in thy swelling breasts And laughs among the ripples of thy hair; But who, of all thy followers, dares confess Thou art less chaste than fair?

Oh thou art Love and Hate and many more —

And Scorn and Pride and Faith and Unbelief—

Great faults and follies that we hail adown And sweetest Sympathy in joy and grief! Beneath the gracious calm of thy fair form, A world of passions lie, of ill and good: Not Love alone, but composite of all, Thou marble dream of glorious womanhood.

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