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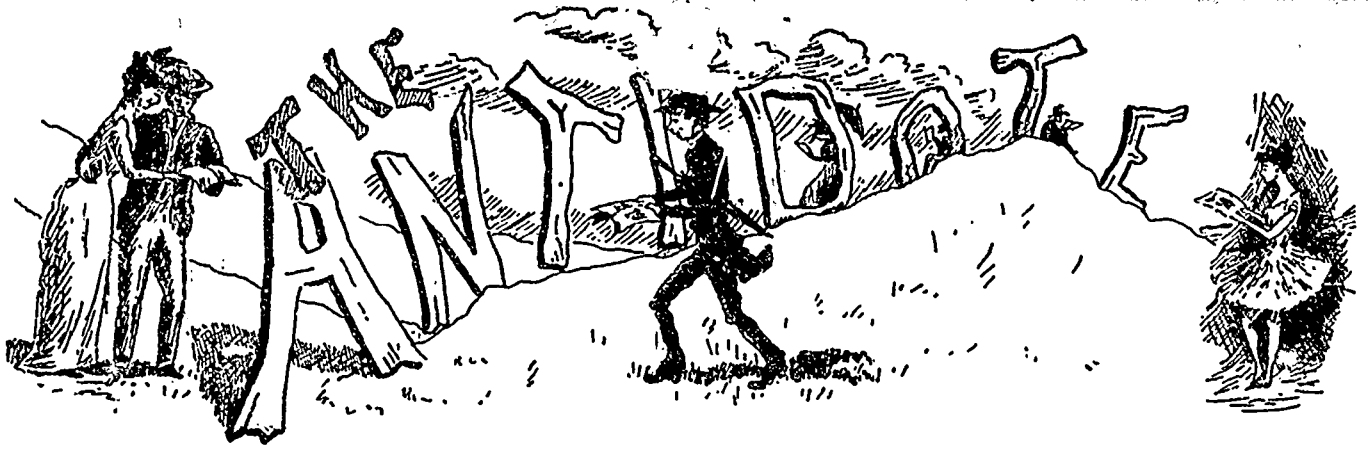
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Vol. 1. No. 7.

MONTREAL, JULY 30, 1892

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THE ANTIDOTE

PROSPECTUS.

The Antidote, as its name 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 plucked 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 clear 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 omitted,

while harmless society news, far removed from objectionable scandal, will be retained 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.

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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.

## FROM HOPE

### TO REMEMBRANCE.

Hope is the distinguishing attribute of youth, as Remembrance is of age. Of course we are speaking of mundane things, since our sermons are of this world, though we trust, not altogether worldly. When we talk of looking forward we confine ourselves, to the limits bounded, by the portals through which we must all pass, and beyond which no "Antidote" will be required on the one hand, or of any use on the other.

There are some, whose lives, having fallen in pleasant places, seem to glide imperceptibly into age, and with whom a little hope is intermingled, for a space, with the fast increasing remembrance. But the day, more or less defined, comes to all of us, when we dwell upon events, which have taken place, instead of on those which may happen. To make our meaning clearer, let us drop into an assemblage of young men, and listen to their conversation. We shall find them discussing the future, the cricket or rowing matches, which are to come off, or the battles to be fought, either on the field, whether military, mercantile, or professional; in short they are gazing ahead, with all the ardour of youth, and their pleasure, consists to a large extent in anticipation. They speak joy-

ously of what they intend doing, this year, or next, for hope is their watchword. Then let us pass into a room full of old fogies, and all this is changed. Now we hear of past triumphs, and as the gray-haired veterans, sip their wine, they love to recall the time, when they too were young, and the blood coursed quickly through their veins. They laugh over the frolics of days gone forever, but the remembrance of which is still delightful. When the young man marries, he looks forward to the happiness in store for him, with children growing up round him, and the girl he has chosen; whereas the old fellow, at the wedding breakfast, thinks of the first kiss he gave long ago, to the lady with silver locks beside him. The toast of the ensign, going into action, is, "To our next merry meeting," that of the general of a hundred fights, "Auld lang syne."

This difference between youth and age has existed, and always will, and whenever we meet with one, who tells you for the most part, of occurrences in past years, and maintains that life is not what it used to be, the girls not half as pretty, nor the plays so well acted, we know in that case, that our friend is growing old. It is not necessary that this descent into age should be sad, for that depends upon how we have made use of the talents entrusted to us, and after a fairly well spent life, we are inclined to think, that there is fully as much pleasure, in the remembrance, as ever there was, in the hope. The latter is occasionally delusive, the apples which look so fair turn to ashes, as we clutch them, but remembrance is no such will o' the wisp, it is our very own and if it brings no shame or remorse, is a happiness of which no one can deprive us. A fine sunset may remind us of a good life; a halo of glory shines forth as the last milestone is reached.

We may close our illustration with the lines translated from the Persian, thus:

"Tree in thy mother's arms a new born child  
I saw, weeping when all around thee smil'd;  
So live, that when in thy last long sleep  
Smiles shall be thine when all around thee weep."

## THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

"Kick him! kick him! He's down, and has no friends!"

These were the sounds, (in imagination at least), which roused the Editor, upon one occasion, from a nightmare. He had been dreaming of some poor wretch who had slipped, and fallen in the mire, where he lay bleeding, and bespattered with filth. A passer-by—so the Editor dreamt—attempted to throw a cloak over the wounded man, to screen him from the public gaze, but several of the bystanders, having the forms of men, but with the heads and beaks of vultures, tore aside the charitable cloak, and screaming forth the words given above; accompanied with kicks, while they pecked with their bills, and gloated over their victim.

On awakening the Editor put his own interpretation upon his dream, and could not help thinking, that there are a few vulture-headed men among us, who, when one is down and friendless, set to work to trample on him. Misfortune with such carrion, is always a crime, and the amount of mock virtue they assume in punishing the victim is very edifying! Every kick, they pretend, is to point a moral, as though the world was half blind, and could not see the moral, unless so illustrated.

But there are other things besides failures, which our vultures exult over. Do you not recollect that unlucky affair of Mr. Smart and Mrs. Spangle, which had much better have been covered, as well as hushed up, yet was torn to shreds in the interest of morality! Out upon such morality! the Editor exclaims, as he pushes aside the nauseous dish, and would like to wake from the nightmare. Let us remember St. Paul's sermon on charity, and not be one of those who kick a man when he is down.

So the Editor consigned to the oblivious basket a small communication which brought back the foregoing dream to his memory.

## CHICAGO ENTERPRISE.

It is proposed to produce an automatic machine from which, by placing a penny in the slot, one can obtain a policeman when required.



## ANGLOMANIA.

SCENE: SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL.

FIRST CHARMER: "What a distinguished looking man!"

SECOND DITTO: "Yes, and so delightfully English, you know."

A LOST CHORD.

One morning we caught ourselves humming an old tune, which seemed to belong to the past, and which we had long ago ceased to practice. It was some minutes, before we recalled the once familiar air; it was the chorus of "Rule Britannia," and ending, as all our readers are aware, with the words that "Britons never, never, never, will be slaves!"

How was it, it may be asked, that this chorus, breathing the noble sentiment of freedom, had become a stranger to our voice and lips? Had we changed our nationality, or like Esau sold our birthright for a mess of pottage? Not so, the Union Jack is still the flag under which we serve, and the Queen, ("God save her,") yet remains our lawful sovereign. But many years since an invisible chain, was thrown round our once independent limbs, and the glorious chorus, after lingering for a brief space in the recesses of our manly bosom, finally took its departure declining to minister to a palpable satire.

We need not say that the chains, to which we refer, were matrimonial ones, and we are sure, that our fellow Benedicks will admit the truth of our inuendo, at least all those who do not belong to a class—a small one, we hope and believe,—each of which, metaphorically or actually has raised his hand not in "kindness" and whom therefore, "it is gross flattery to call a coward." With what gusto do we apply that stinging epithet, for like the fox who has lost his tail, we goodnatured Benedicks must maintain, that chains are fashionable; and when we find ourselves in Cork we are far too discreet ever to pretend, that it was to Kinsale we had purposed to go.

The chains were not harsh or galling, but silken links which we hardly felt at first, or if we did, thought the touch rather pleasant. And so the net was wound about us until we were quite secure, and the struggle was over. What man is a match for a woman in the art of weaving? Hercules and Samson were strong as lions, yet the one sat down obediently to the distaff, and the other suffered his hair to

be clipped. The scissors are waiting for most of our sex, and perhaps we look all the better, for having our locks shorn. Let us put aside our sneer, and frankly allow that we prefer the chains of matrimony, to the liberty of single blessedness, and that no safer guide can be found for a man in this world, than a good wife.

There; we trust our fair readers will not only forgive us for the first part of this article, but will see that it was written entirely in joke. Dear ladies we honestly glory in the imprisonment; your arms are the sweetest fetters a man can have, and when the bonds are snapped—as for some wise end they are occasionally—which among us will not exclaim with Byron's Prisoner of Chillon

"Even I  
Regained my freedom with a sigh."

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 7.—OUR BULLY.

One of the most objectionable character you can meet is Our Bully. You doubtless know his loud voice for he never speaks to, but always roars at, you; his step also, is noisy and heavy; and he takes a pleasure in pushing past you, or thrusting you off the sidewalk; he thinks, in so doing, he is exhibiting a fine independent spirit, and will tramp into the chamber of death, without softening his tread, for he will tell you there is no sentimental nonsense about him. As he stalks into his office, his clerks cower before him, which is what he likes, feeling himself to be a walking Juggernaut's car, which requires victims to be crushed as it moves along. If he is pleased no genial smile lights up his countenance, but he gives vent to a harsh, discordant laugh, which has not a particle of good humor in it, whereas, ill betide the unfortunate wretch, who has been guilty of a mistake, for then he will thunder forth his wrath, as though he were an offended Jove on Mount Olympus. The meaner and more helpless is his antagonist, the more furious will be Our Bully's anger, since he has none of that consideration, for the feelings of others, which is the true mark of a gentleman, whatever his station in life.

When he goes home, his wife, on hearing his footstep, will say to the children, "Hush! there is your father," and immediately the infant laughter and prattle (than which there is surely no sweeter music) ceases, and the little ones tremble before him to whom they ought to run with joy and welcome.

You have seen him hectoring and domineering over those who are under his authority, and yet you feel he commands no respect. He may be wealthy but his brag, and bluster make him detestable, while the moment someone faces him and refuses to be ridden, rough-shod over, he invariably shows the white feather in a manner simply contemptible. For of course he is a coward, otherwise he would never be a bully.

Though a giant in commerce and enterprize, he forgets the good old adage

"it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant."

THE DISAPPOINTED INTERVIEWER.

A famous author passed through our city the other day, but, as he was travelling in his private capacity, he did not desire to see any reporters or interviewers, and so gave strict orders at the office of his hotel, that he would receive no cards nor callers. This action greatly incensed one of those, who consider that there is no privacy, so far as the press is concerned, and that an author must always be at home to a newspaper representative, it being the height of incivility, not to say insanity, for anyone, whether a mental or a bodily gymnast, to deny himself to one, who believes he has the "open sesame" to the most private apartment, or to suppose that the gymnast has the slightest right to please himself. Therefore the foiled reporter set to work to describe the author, who would not be seen very much after the fashion in which the fox did the grapes, he found beyond his reach. That is to say, he sneered at the author's person, hair, and walk, and we are obliged to suppose that he, the reporter, must

have possessed the "pair of patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of extra power," capable of seeing up a flight of stairs and through a door, which Mr. Samuel Weller did not lay claim to, otherwise we should have presumed "that having only eyes his vision would have been limited."

Had the reporter been admitted we have no doubt whatever, that his description would have been entirely different, but that, as the author himself would observe, "is another story."

—◆—◆—◆—

Inscription for the Tomb erected for  
the Marquis of Anglesea's Leg  
during the lifetime of  
the Marquis.

(Supposed to have been written about the year 1816)

I.  
Here! rest, and let no saucy Knave  
Presume to sneer or laugh,  
To warn, that moulding in the Grave  
T'is said a British "Calf."

II.  
For he who writes these lines is sure  
That those that read the whole  
Will find such laugh were premature  
For here too—lies a "Sole."

III.  
And here five little ones repose  
Twin borne with other five  
Unheeded by their brother Foes  
Who all are now alive.

IV.  
A leg and foot, to speak more plain,  
Rest here of one Commanding,  
Who, though his wits he might retain  
Lost,—' half ' his "understanding."

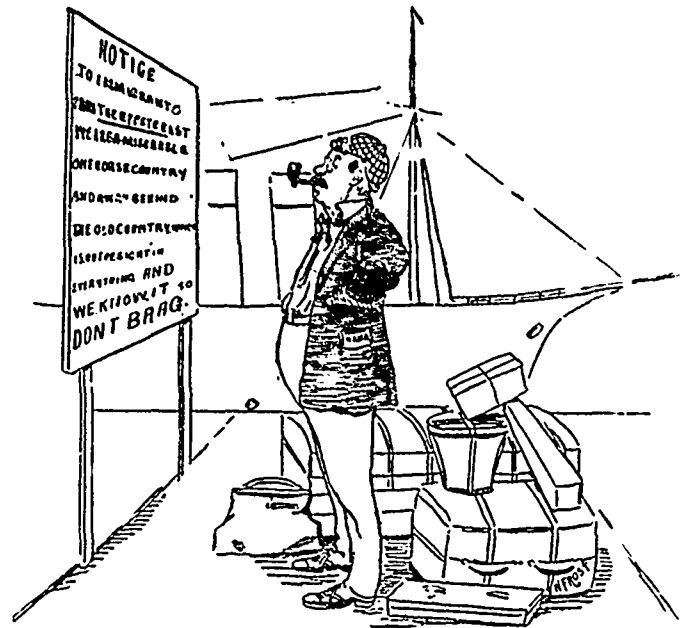
V.  
Who, when the guns, with murder  
fraught,  
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,  
Could only in this way be brought  
To give the foe—"Leg Bail."

VI.  
Who now in England, just as gay  
As in the Battle brave,  
Goes to the Route, Review or Play  
With "one foot in the Grave."

VII.  
Fortune in vain here shew'd her spite  
For he will still be found,  
Should England's sons engage in fight  
Resolv'd to stand his ground.

VIII.  
But fortune's pardon I must beg  
She wish'd not to disarm  
And when she lopp'd the Hero's leg  
She did not seek his h—arm.

IX.  
And but indulg'd a careless whim  
Since he could "walk" with "one"  
She saw "two" legs were lost on him  
Who never deign'd to "run."



BRITISHER (JUST LANDED) IS TRANSFIXED WITH ADMIRATION  
AT THE NEW COUNTRY'S MODESTY.

## THE BRIGHTON SMUGGLER.

A STORY OF FACTS.

BY JOHN HAGUE.

Many of our readers know Brighton as one of the most magnificent of watering places. The world can show no sight to compare in splendour with the Esplanade of "London by the Sea." Facing the beach on the elevated plateau, are six miles of palaces. In the height of the season that is in the early winter months, along this level roadway, there is a daily procession of carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen; hundreds of equestrians on costly horses; attended by grooms, while the footways are crowded with visitors, amongst whom may be daily seen the most notable men and women in the worlds of literature, of art, and of politics. We have seen Trollope reading the proof sheets of his novels while walking up and down the beach, puffing a cigar; Grisi and Mario with their children enjoying a drive in her pony carriage; Lord Palmerston and Count Cavour chatting on the steps of the Ship hotel, and hundreds of members of the House of Commons and of Lords, promenading, or riding along the Esplanade of this, the most brilliant of seaside resorts. To describe Brighton well, when at its zenith of splendour, would task the descriptive powers of a Ruskin, or Dickens. The town is divided into West and East by a chain of small parks, or gardens, restricted to the tenants of the noble rows of houses which flank this broad

expansive, called the Steyne. Immediately at the rear of the East part, and to the north of the Esplanade mansions, there is a district, of the existence of which few visitors know. Directly under the back windows of those palatial homes, are blocks of dwellings as repulsive in aspect, as they are in other senses. At the time of our residence there, when an invalid, poor wretches were found, whose beds were littered straw, covered by a disused horse blanket, too ragged for a stable. In the depth of winter these houses had only a fire when the kettle was heated by a cent's worth of sticks. In the winter 186—a woman and baby were found dead in a court, upon whom an inquest was held, the verdict being "Died of starvation," that is from want of food. Within ear-shot of those bodies, the popping of champagne corks was heard daily, and the music of dance parties. This startled some of the residents, who organized a committee to visit every house in that district of 6000 poor, consisting of beggars, bed ridden paupers, laundry women, porters, street musicians, hand-chair carriers, tramps, night hawks of both sexes, and other wails and strays of humanity that pick up a scant living at watering places, playing Lazarus to Dives, daily. It was our lot to be given in charge of a long row of houses, of the worst class. From cellar to



garret each room held a separate tenant; some alone; some with a wife and children; dozens of whom we found without any furniture, worth the name. Many were opium eaters, this drug being taken to dull the appetite; to produce insensibility to misery; at times alas! to hasten longed for death. A careful enquiry was made as to the cost of living in these dens of poverty. We bought tea, sugar, fuel, candles, tobacco, opium, bread, bacon, scraps of meat, etc., as the poor did, by the penny's worth at a time. Thus tested, the fact was established that, for every article used by these wretched people, of the worst qualities, they paid three times as much as the prices given by the rich, for the best in the market. Yet the shop keepers were also as poor as their customers. In one garret we found an old man of nearly 80 years of age, all alone. He was often weeks without speaking to a fellow creature. At first he refused to talk, but when we brought out our pipes—for we ran in couples, my companion being a physician—and gave him one with a paper of "bacca," he thawed out. He stood over six feet, had been of enormous strength, and well educated, of which latter fact he seemed ashamed. After we had gained his confidence—for he was highly suspicious of our motives at first—he became garrulous over a glass of brandy, for which he expressed a longing; which comfort was provided him daily until his death. His name was William Burgess. He had been carried off by a press gang in 1783, and made to serve aboard a man of war. Having been flogged for a trifling offence, he vowed vengeance against the government. Going down channel one night in 1805 he dropped into the water, and was picked up by the crew of a smuggling smack, who were on the look out for him. He at once commenced his career as a professional smuggler on the Brighton coast; the present watering place then being only a small fishing village, most of the men being in league with law breakers of that class. Burgess became captain of a gang of fifty ruffians, who carried on a systematized trade in contraband goods. They were all expert seamen, had several smacks constantly busy in the English Channel in communication with the French Coast, as well as with the crews of vessels making their way to London from across the Atlantic with tobacco, &c. Burgess explained to us their system of signalling, and their method of taking goods from ships amid channel, for none ever come near that shore. The saying is, "At Brighton the sea has no ships and the

land no trees." Having got their cargoes of brandy, or silks, or laces, from France, or tobacco from merchantmen, they used to run in at night to some assigned place of rendezvous, being guided in their operations by signals on shore, to avoid difficulty with the Preventive Service men, who, at that time, were very inefficient, and corrupt, until a quarrel moved them to do their duty. So the smugglers were always in fear, even after bribing the officers to wink at their movements. All the goods, silks, tobacco, brandy, had to be sent to London, fifty miles away, save small lots disposed of to a few local buyers. When danger was in the air, the goods they brought in were stowed in barrels near shore until the air cleared, or they out-manouevred the officers.

Between the coast and London, regular trips were made by light carts, the horses being splendid animals, that were changed several times each way, at roadside stations. Every toll gate keeper was in the pay of the smugglers. Hence no delays in opening the gates in the night. Had they been closed, they also would have been closed to the pursuers, so they never were in fear of being caught on the road. On reaching London—always about an hour or two before day break—the goods were instantly after delivery, so manipulated that all trace of their identity was destroyed. Tobacco bales were cut up into shreds, ready for retailing, brandy was bottled, rolls of silk were cut into lengths for friendly mercers. Buyers were notified, so that soon after delivery, the smuggled goods were distributed all over London, or dispatched into the country. An immense trade was done in this way, all thoroughly organized, Burgess having great genius in making arrangements of this dangerous class. In one town he was in league with the Mayor. The County constabulary were bribed to silence, and to blindness, by gifts of bacca and brandy. The whole population indeed sympathised with the men through whom they got cheap spirits served at the public houses. At last the gang became too audacious. They overmastered the officers in pitched fights. They knew the coast so well, and were such skillful and daring seamen, that every attempt to suppress them proved a failure. They laughed at the revenue boats sent to intercept them, their own being so swift and well handled. One night Burgess was drinking at an inn when a young woman named Patsy Pifford, a great beauty, came in, with whom he fell at once madly in love. She was not the first, however, who had smitten him, as his

gallantries were notorious; his splendid physique, handsome face, and romantic life causing him to be regarded as a great hero all along the south coast. To this girl he became engaged after which she lent herself frequently to him as an assistant in his work. She used to take charge of the torch signalling from the cliffs to warn the boats from landing, or to guide them in. She, by torch flashes, could tell a crew to go here, or there, for safety, or what the hour was, or give other information to the smacks, by a code of signals, much after the style of those used in the navy. Her sex threw the government officers off their guard. While thus engaged, and revelling in the rich stores of silks, laces, gloves, jewels, and shawls she was storing up, the gifts of Burgess, she was brought into contact with a young lawyer, when he was riding out for exercise on the Downs. With him she fell passionately in love, and for him she determined to jilt the smuggler hero. While still helping the one, she kept up clandestine meetings with the other, who got from her a full recital of the proceedings of the famous gang, and a promise to marry him if any trouble befell Burgess. This lawyer went up to London, saw one of the Ministers of the Crown, to whom he offered, for a reward, to betray the gang into the hands of an armed force. The bargain was concluded. A body of infantry with a few cavalry, were dispatched in plain clothes to the coast, where they remained, without having been noticed, in the out houses of a large mansion, lent to the government for the purpose, waiting a signal to attack the smugglers. With them was a small body of marines. One night, Patsy told her lawyer lover, that a great catch had been made of East Indian goods, and the whole gang would be ashore at the Cove at moonrise, about 10 p. m. She was to give the torch signal that the coast was clear. She, and her lover, stood on the cliff waving the torch; on the ground were stretched the soldiers and marines, near by, the cavalry men. As soon as the boats were in, and the entire gang busy preparing to dispatch the goods, the lieutenant in charge, through a trumpet summoned the gang to surrender in the King's name. They refused, he ordered an attack to be made, the smugglers were armed, and fought desperately, even against the commands of Burgess, who saw the situation at once, and wished to capitulate. However, after a few desperate hand to hand struggles, in which several smugglers were killed, and soldiers wounded, the Burgess gang of 40





From London Queen.

men became prisoners. It being proved that the leader had done his best to save life, he was lightly dealt with, by a sentence of death being commuted to one of ten years transportation. This was not enforced. He was found useful in breaking up several other gangs, especially in convicting the Mayor of L—, with a number of his confederates, who had provided the gang with boats, carts, horses, tackling, and financial aid. Upon several of these men the vengeance of the government was executed with a sternness that struck terror all around the island. Burgess was found invaluable to the Crown, by whom he was used as a witness in many trials. His knowledge was also utilized in organising a more efficient Preventive Service, and cutting off the connections between smugglers and purchasers. This done he was cast off upon the world with a ruined constitution, as a pauper. During the spring of 186—, Burgess became very ill. One day, as we sat by his bedside, listening to the death rattle in his throat, he motioned us to come nearer, we just caught the words, "God bless you, kind Sirs." Then he turned his gaze upon his closed right hand. In the next moment upon that hand was fixed the glassy eyes of a corpse. On opening the fingers we found they had clutched a small packet, worn almost to tinder by handling. Inside was a lock of a woman's hair. On the paper was written, "With Patsy's love

to her true love Bill." This woman, who had jilted him, betrayed him, put him under the shadow of the gallows, inflicted on him thirty years of bitterest poverty, this woman he loved until death—her "true love" indeed! Dr. B. named the incident the same night at a grand dinner party on the Steyne. The ladies at once protested against Burgess being buried as a pauper. They paid the costs of a respectable funeral, and sent a floral anchor and heart to adorn the coffin wherein lay the Brighton smuggler, with a lock of Patsy's hair placed on his breast. Patsy, we found out, had died while her discarded lover was under sentence of death. When she was on the eve of motherhood, remorse so prayed on her mind that she became delirious; she died shouting for, "Bill."

## THE FASHIONS.

Naturally, at this season of the year one is rather apt to dilate upon boating costumes, although there may be a kind of sameness in them, for they consist principally of tight fitting blue serges, which may have a tendency towards monotony. Still talent will tell, and a good artist can make even navy serge attractive.

Hats and bonnets are trimmed with close set roses round the open crown.

Leghorns of every possible shape are also set off in the same manner.

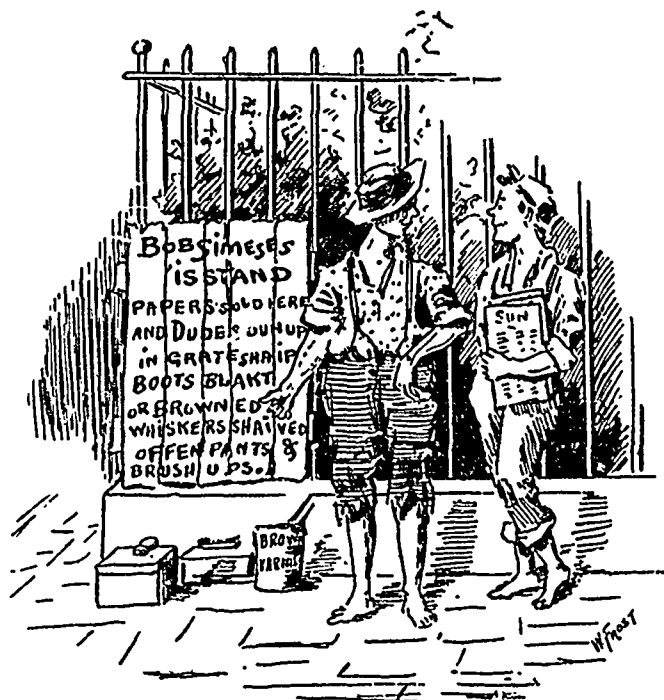
For ordinary dresses there is a new material of shot peach and yellow silk crepon, the skirt trimmed with box-pleated ruche pinked at the top. For afternoon toilets, shrimp pink crepon with silk spots of pale blue, a Zouave corslet of electric blue velvet and set off by trimmings of pink, silver and blue tinsel, with full vest of pink china crepe. At the back the bodice is continued in a couple of long pointed ends on to Princess skirt. Sleeves full to the elbow and finished with revers of velvet.

Another dress can be made quite simple of silver grey crepon, with yellow Bengaline ruche, at bottom of skirt, beaded with jet.

Our illustrations give a pleasing contrast.

No. 1 is a boating gown, made of a light soft colored blue serge, with full bodice, slightly overhanging the broad belt bordered with black and gold, having a turn down collar of same braiding, sleeves full to the elbow, with deep cuffs to match collar and belt.

No. 2 is a velvet dinner dress of dark blue, an Empire belt in gold and Indian embroidery.



Commercial Enterprise in New York.  
SAY, BILLEE! THAT ORTER FETCH!

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER III—CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL.

The temperature stood at 80 degrees in the Rotunda of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, and at 20 degrees below zero outside—good carnival weather, with the atmosphere perfectly still, and the sun shining from a blue cloudless sky. The ice palace, on that part of Dominion Square, south of Dorchester Street, had a glittering brilliancy all its own, such as no photograph could catch, and no painting portray. The ground in every direction from Mount Royal on the North, away across the mighty St. Lawrence, as far as the eye could reach, was covered in its winter mantle of snow, presenting to the beholder a scene of dazzling whiteness, which it must be confessed is somewhat trying to the eyes. To return to the Windsor—at the desk looking over the list of arrivals, was a young man of medium height, with a dark moustache and good features, well dressed in appropriate costume of the season, while standing a couple of paces off was another man of larger build.

"Here they are Dugdale, Mr. and Miss Van Higgin. Arrived this morning I think you said?" turning to the clerk.

"Yes, per Central Vermont," was the reply, "shall I send your name up?"

The gentleman handed his card, which displayed the name of Guy Ralston, but the bell boy quickly returned with the news, that Nos. 125 and 127 had gone out for a sleigh drive round the city, so Rals-

ton thrusting a cigar into Dugdale's hand, proposed to slaughter the enemy, by strolling through the streets till luncheon time, to which Dugdale readily assented, the two made their way to Sherbrooke Street, along which sleighs of all descriptions were being driven, their jingling bells making pleasant music.

Dugdale had quite recovered from his accident, and was waiting orders to proceed to Algoma, to superintend part of the work of completing the line from Sudbury to Sault St. Marie. Ralston was also engaged by the same Railway Company, having been recommended by a friend to the President of the road, whom everyone knows is an American—that is, a native of the United States, as Canadians or Mexicans have, I believe, no right to consider themselves Americans.

It was a new sensation to Dugdale, in place of the hot dry sand of India, to be crunching under his heel, the hard crispy snow of Canada.

"It is difficult to fancy that you sun, which might as well be th' moon for all the warmth it gives, is the same which burns you like a red hot furnace in India," remarked Dugdale who, unless he watched himself closely, was apt to interlard his conversation with either Lancashire or Hindoostan expressions.

"Which is most to your taste?" asked Ralston.

"Precious little choice, when you are

in one extreme or the other," was the reply, "I was nigh fried to death in India, and now it seems I have come here to be frozen. Small choice I say, between rotten apples. To-day now would be mighty pleasant with the thermometer forty or fifty degrees higher, and, if you could keep the temperature at from 70 to 80 degrees, India would be paradise. But in this country the mercury occasionally drops out of sight, and I have seen it 120 degrees in the shade in Rajputana."

"Which means that you go in for the happy medium I suppose," said Ralston.

"It means that I would like to go in for it if I could," retorted Dugdale, "but the fellows who fixed the zones in our geography, made a mess of it, in my opinion. I admit India is honestly in the tropics, but calling this the temperate zone, with a difference of over 100 degrees, between the summer and the winter, appears to me a pretty heavy fraud to educate your children up to."

"Neither India nor Canada has been able to stifle that beloved privilege of the Englishman within you to grumble," said Ralston laughing, "I think your next move had better be to our country, to try whether a republican government cannot cure the bad habit."

"A little less government is what this country wants," said Dugdale, "nine governments for five millions is outrageous, and no one can wonder that, under such circumstances, there is plenty of what you call 'boodlism.'"

"What do you call it?" asked Ralston, amused at his friend's emphatic opinions.

"Robbery," was the quick curt reply—from which it would seem that John Dugdale did not hesitate to "call a spade a spade."

"You are the most charmingly candid fellow I ever met" observed Ralston, and indeed it was the brusque, almost rough honesty of Dugdale, which was one of his chief attractions to the younger man, who had hitherto, for the most part, had the artificial side of life presented to him.

Having now reached Peel Street, Ralston was debating whether he would turn down to the Windsor, before luncheon or not, when a sleigh drew up at the corner, and he was hailed by the occupants, who were Mr. and Miss Van Higgin, on their way back to the hotel. After the usual greetings, Guy was instructed to bring forward his friend, and Mr. Van Higgin immediately insisted upon both the young men entering the sleigh, and being taken off to luncheon. Madeline was looking very bright and well, although she was almost hidden beneath the fur wraps, so necessary in Montreal during the winter, but her face from the eyes downwards was visible, and the sleigh drive through the dry frosty air, had heightened the bloom on

her cheeks, so that her cousin thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. Still somehow she did not seem to him the same Madeline whom he had left in New York, and he fancied she must have changed, which is the ordinary excuse one offers for our own inconstancy. Guy Ralston had imagined himself at one time irrevocably in love with his cousin, but he was only three and twenty and, while on going to Canada he was wretched for a whole week, he gradually awoke to the fact that there was more than one woman in the world, and that Annette Chartreuse was really very pretty, and her French manners most fascinating. Have you not heard the same tale before, and is Guy the only one who has transferred his affections from the one sole woman he could ever love, to the other sole woman who has his heart? Who will first cast the stone, and should we all remain true to our first love? God forbid! Neither you nor I, sir, could very well conceive having the girls we first "spooned" with seated in the place of the present partners of our joys. So Guy looking at Madeline admitted she was very lovely, but as to caring for her, except as a cousin you know, that was absurd. At one time it is true he had thought—but that was long ago, ever so many weeks in fact, and so thinking but chatting lightly upon indifferent subjects, Guy and his companions soon found themselves at the Windsor Hotel again when they separated to prepare for lunch.

Madeline was unfeignedly glad to see her cousin, and Van Higgin who, in some mysterious way had much to do with railroads, found John Dugdale very well informed upon many points of mutual interest, so that the time quickly passed, and father and daughter joined together in extending the invitation to dinner.

"One of our rooms overlooks the Square," said Madeline, "and we can all have a splendid view of the storming of the ice palace, which is fixed for this evening."

"Yes, and I would like to have a few words with you Mr. Dugdale, regarding the branch of the C. P. R. from Sudbury to the "Soo," remarked Van Higgin.

So the matter was arranged. In the afternoon they drove round Mount Royal, calling at the Victoria Rink on their way back, to watch some fancy skating which had been provided as one of the attractions for carnival visitors.

By this time Madeline had talked over everything with Ralston, and turned to converse with Dugdale. It was curious to note the contrast between the pair; the fashionable New York belle, so dainty in all her appointments, so particular as to the outward appearance of herself and others, and the Lancashire engineer, so utterly oblivious to mere personal adornment, as far as he himself was concerned, reminding one of unpolished granite, both for roughness and strength.

"How do you like Canada Mr. Dugdale?" said Madeline. "At this season at all events it must be very different to India, where I understand you lived for some years."

"I hardly have made up my mind whether I like Canada or not just yet," replied Dugdale, to whom Madeline was a sort of fairy vision out of a Christmas Pictorial weekly. "It seems to me a trifle slow, and there is as much bother in securing half a dozen laborers here, as there is in engaging three hundred coolies in India. I have not shaken off some of my Eastern ways altogether, and should have found the time hang heavily of late, had I not been lucky enough to meet your cousin."

"It was fortunate also for him too Mr. Dugdale," said Madeline smiling, for she liked him for the remark about Guy. "Does not that man Rubenstein skate magnificently? Of course you have no skating in India. I am well acquainted with Europe and even Egypt, but India is an unknown land to me."

"And yet India has a history extending back to ages before Europe was merely inhabited by wild savages. Where we talk of our hundreds of years she talks of her thousands."

"Oh but you know the world is barely six thousand years old Mr. Dugdale, Madeline remarked, with a sort of religious dogmatism.

"That is according to the biblical method of calculation," returned Dugdale, "but there is where we are at such a disadvantage, in arguing upon the antiquity of certain historical proofs—we are bound to a very limited space of time—whereas the Hindoo says the bible is only the history of one people, and that some of their Brahmins are acquainted with the records of events which occurred long prior to the advent of our first parents in Eden."

"You should pay a visit to my country," said Madeline dashing off at a tangent to escape what she was beginning to feel was dangerous ground. "You should pay a visit to my country, where there are no mists of antiquity to confuse the mind."

"But only visions of the present to gladden the eye," replied Dugdale with a bow.

"Thank you, that is very nice. Seriously, however, I am sure you would find a great deal to interest you in the United States."

"Well may be I shall try shortly Miss Van Higgin, as your father has been kind enough to promise to look out for something to suit me when my engagement is up with the C. P. R."

"You will like New York I am sure," was Madeline's rejoinder.

"I do not think New York was the point Mr. Van Higgin had in view," said Dugdale smiling; "he mentioned something about Denver."

"Oh my! that is a long way off; you might as well be in India almost."

"If you could import some of the Indian atmosphere inside this rink, I for one

should not be sorry" observed Dugdale, and as this appeared to be the opinion of the whole party, they adjourned back to the Windsor forthwith.

They dined together, and no fault could be found with either the viands or the champagne, for Van Higgin had long since emerged from the American "feeling" stage, and could enjoy a good dinner as well as anyone. He was not one of those who would "live like a dog in order to die rich," and if he gained his money easily, he spent it freely, and perhaps just a trifle ostentatiously, but still with generous hospitality.

"Fill the glasses waiter," he cried, "and bring another bottle. Did you drink much champagne in India Mr. Dugdale?"

"Now and then; we called it Simkin there," replied Dugdale.

"Not many hotels like this I guess," said Van Higgin.

"It is a little better fitted up than a dak bungalow" was the answer.

"Are there not light as well as "dark" bungalows?" asked Madeline, at which Dugdale laughed, explaining that Miss Van Higgin had made an unconscious pun, and that dak bungalow meant post or rest house.

After dinner Madeline retired to arrange the room for viewing the ice palace, while the gentlemen descended to smoke in the rotunda. Have you ever reader seen the ice palace at Montreal? None of our party had before the present carnival, and this evening was the first time they had witnessed it lighted up with the electric light, the effect of which was both weird and beautiful, reminding one of a large iceberg, with the aurora borealis shining through it. No doubt the so-called storming of the ice palace has been described by abler pens than mine; how the army of snowshoers, descending from the mountain, with their torches of various colors, formed on the Square, in front of the palace, and how another party of snowshoers manned the icy battlements, to defend that palace to the last drop of their blood! How at a given signal a hundred rockets go up from the besiegers, which call forth a similar number from the besieged; then Roman cauldrons are lighted, and as the attacking party rush forward, amid showers of different colored fire balls, the battle cry resounds along the whole line, and is responded to by a shout of defiance, and a blaze of artillery from the palace. There is a check to the advance, and the besieged sally out and drive back their foes, but it is only for a brief spell, for the palace is attacked in the rear, and a voice roars out, "What, ho there! Back for your lives! Close the port cullis! Ha! by the beard of my father, a narrow shave!" I say all this, and much more has been related with greater talent than I possess, and I must therefore leave what is really a fairy like scene for the most part to your imagination, merely observing, that after unheard of feats of valor, and a resistance unsurpassed in the history of any country, the palace was stormed and taken, but the defeat was as honorable as a victory, et cetera, et cetera. As a finale, the palace is supposed to be set on fire, and the lurid flames are rendered tenfold more vivid by their reflection, both on and through the ice walls, until at last the lights die out and you believe you see the palace a mighty ruin. But lo! as you look again you perceive the structure shining across the Square, as it did before the assault, cold, calm, but brilliantly beautiful.

(To be continued.)

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| Income for Year ending 31st Dec., 1891..... | 1,797,995 03   |

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|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| 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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MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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

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

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

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

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COY.

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801.

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PAERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion.

CITY AGENTS:

E. A. WHITEHEAD & CO., . . . English Department.  
RAYMOND & MONDEAU, . . . French " "

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., . . . MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

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

ROBERT W. TYRE. - MANAGER FOR CANADA.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF ENGLAND.

LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS UNLIMITED.

Capital . . . \$20,000,000  
Reserve Funds . . . 40,000,000  
Annual Income, upwards of . . . 11,000,000

Investments in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy holders (Chiefly with Government) Exceeds \$1,000,000.

Every description of property insured at moderate rates of premium. Life Assurance granted in all the most approved forms.

Head Office for Canada: ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL. W. TATLEY, Chief Agent.

E. HURTUBISE, } Special Agents | JAMES ALLIN, } Special Agents  
ALFRED ST. CYR, } French Dep. | W. S. ROBERTSON, } English Dep.  
of G. R. Robertson & Sons.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY. OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1808.

Capital . . . \$6,000,000  
Fire Reserve . . . 1,500,000  
Fire Income . . . 1,000,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, . . . 181 St. James Street MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager  
D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.