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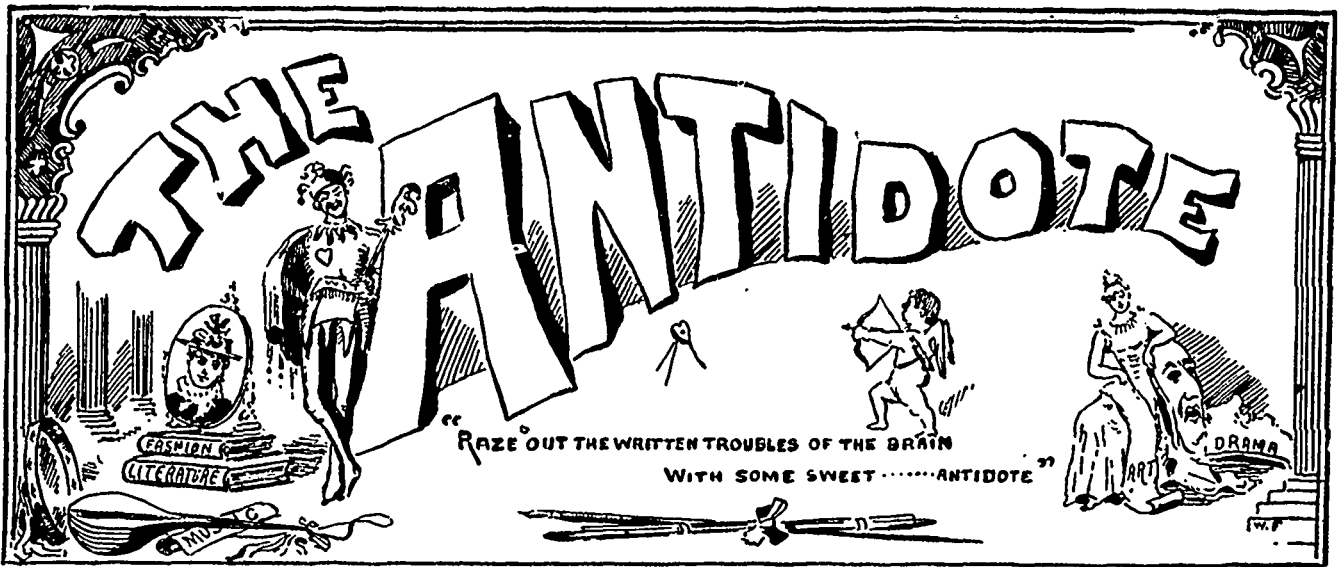
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VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

Was there ever a more habitually mis-translated saying than this, that "Virtue is its own reward?" There it stands, short and strong, a code and a creed in itself, as asseverating as plainly as five words carrying subject copula and predicate can speak, that there is nothing to be got by goodness but being good, that virtue repays itself by itself and nothing else, and so repaid, is amply guerdoned. To be acting rightly under difficulties is undoubtedly in itself a keener pleasure than to be yielding to pleasurable temptations—it is such a pleasure as is enhanced by its endurance and efforts, like difficult ascents to mountain climbers, and is as independent of concomitant results of usefulness or enjoyments, although if there be such results so much the better. And the habit of acting rightly is an agreeable, unnoticed satisfaction, like the habit of being in hearty health.

Accidentally virtue may earn more demonstrable advantages than these: so may vice, and not accidentally. Vice has its profits in what comes of it: but virtue in its own existence irrespective of what comes of it. Nor does this mean, as some moralists have taught, or seemed to teach, that the innate pleasure of virtue is self-approbation, a sort of patting yourself on the head and chuckling over your pretty behavior which is to be more exhilarating than cakes and ale and the world's applause; for then the self-approbation, not the virtue, would be virtue's reward. The reward is not the savour of the fruit, not in any Jack Horner-like "What a good boy am I."

This is what the saying unhesitatingly states, as it ought to do; and it may be looked upon as cheering or dis-

couraging according to the mood one is in, according to whether one is most disposed to dwell on the promise it conveys of a completing pleasure in virtue, or on the warning it also conveys that there is nothing else in particular to be got by virtue. But the custom is to treat it as another version of the "Honesty is the best policy" dogma; to understand it to be but a shorter way of saying "virtue will win the race in the long run." Story-writers, after having shown the bad boy dying in a workhouse and the good boy comfortably settled in life in the enjoyment of a competence and the admiration his correct deeds have gained him, wind up with a "thus you see, dear readers, that virtue is its own reward."

Not at all: according to the gist of the stories, virtue has been rewarded by so much a year and a lift in the world; to exemplify the moral, the good boy should have come to the workhouse and the bad boy might have had the competence and the admiration. Sermons are preached to the same moral; the joys of the good, the anguish of the bad in the time hereafter are contrasted; vice, we are told, flourishes for a season and then comes punishment; but virtue is its own reward. Not at all: virtue is going to be rewarded with innumerable rewards, rewards which might almost be described as material, but which are, at all events, distinctly outside itself. The saying is, in fact, a bit heathenish and does not contemplate the crowning of this life's duties by another life's recompense at all.

Didactic essayists, didactic poets, have run riot sedately on the theme; they have dwelt on the risks and fears, and the remorse and the disgusts of thriving guilt, the humiliation and despair of fallen guilt; and against these unpleasantnesses they have set the contrast of goodness flourishing in calm prosperity other, but greater, than mere wealth or honors can give, with goodness's wife to match, and all goodness's sons and daughters in the health that belongs to innocence, and the beauty that comes of proper prin-

ciples treading in goodness's steps and always earning, or in some way or another possessing just sufficient incomes to supply all their wants and unoffending pleasures; all these gratifying circumstances being the products of goodness's good conduct.

"Look," they say, with all sorts of reasons and all sorts of rhymes, "look at the Damocles' sword, and the hidden pang, and the secret serpents, and all the other penalties which vice inflicts upon itself; but virtue is its own reward." Not at all: virtue, by this account of life, gets remarkably well salaried and contrives to secure, in return for its not being vice, a rare haul of the enjoyments of the world, creature and other; and vice comes off with hands so empty of gains that it, not virtue, might be taken to be its own reward.

We shall continue this subject in another issue.



A JAPANESE "MOTHER GOOSE" STORY.

The "Lucky Teakettle" is an ingenious story told to Japanese children, in which that useful article of domestic economy plays the principal role. A priest who finds an old kettle in the temple fills it with water and hangs it over the fire, when, to his great amazement, it suddenly turns into a badger and begins jumping about the room. A teakettle of such curious disposition does not recommend itself to the man of religion, so the next day when a tinker chances to call, the priest, thinking to turn an honest penny, sells the kettle without telling of its uncanny accomplishment. That night the tinker hears a strange noise, and getting up from his bed perceives the kettle walking about upon four legs, and covered with a fine coat of fur; the kettle then proceeds to turn from a badger to a kettle and back again with bewildering rapidity. The next morning the tinker shows it to an acquaintance, who surely must have had a drop of shrewd Yankee blood in his veins, so he suggests that here is most excellent material for a splendid show. "Take it about with songs and music," says his friend, "and make it dance on a rope." The tinker adopts the idea, and acquires a comfortable fortune exhibiting the Lucky Teakettle.—Helen Gregory-Fisher, in *May Californian*.

THE ANTIDOTE

AUTOMATIC OR SPIRIT WRITING.

By B. F. Underwood, in the "Arena."

Ques.—"Who are among the nearest and the dearest of your woman friends?"

Ans.—"Some my acquaintance with whom I did not emphasize in my memoirs and diary, but who really were, as they now are, my dearest and nearest friends."

To the question, "How far do the medium's own ideas color the thought given from the directing intelligence?" I received this answer: "Sharing largely what is perceived spiritually, there must ever be a large residuum of the percipient's marked atomism. Flaws are produced in our reflections as in your glass mirrors."

Ques.—"Is it true that spirits remember their earth life only when they come in contact with earthly mediums and conditions?"

Ans.—"So many souls come here wholly devoid of knowledge of the progressive steps to be taken in spirit evolution, that spirit return is absolutely necessary to bring them into soul knowledge of their deficiencies."

Ques.—"In spirit life is it generally necessary to come in contact with earth life in order to recall earthly experiences?"

Ans.—"That is true only when the returning spirit has been ignorant of advanced phases of spirit existence."

Ques.—"What are the most favorable conditions for those passed from earth to communicate with our plane?"

Ans.—"Conditions are here determined by so many laws which to you are unintelligible, that we are unable to answer your query. Change of environment is as sure to change relations here as with you."

Ques.—"Why are so many mediums controlled by Indian spirits? Is it possible for ignorant Indian spirits to get control of educated and refined persons?"

Ans.—"Yes. There are so many so-called cultured people, who are really on a savage plane, that Indians are the best interpreters of their over-estimated thought."

Ques.—"Were those who now write to us from your sphere once on earth, or did they formerly live on other planets?"

Ans.—"We lived as you now live; we were once in material form—where, it matters not."

Ques.—"Does the soul, once started in the individual man, always thereafter keep its individuality, or are all souls at last merged into one universal being?"

Ans.—"We perceive more distinctly than you can the relations between man and the universe, but we are not advanced enough to answer definitely the more abstract questions of universal being, which trouble us on this plane as greatly as they do you. We see a little more clearly, what is possible in the way of still further advancement; that is all yet."

One evening, in fine large characters was written the name, "Wendell Phillips."

Ques.—"We would be glad of a word from one whom we so much admired."

Ans.—"Shall I quiver cravenly at such seemingly absurd and sense-confounding modes of coming in contact with those on a plane on which I once acted so sophomoric a part? (I here called attention to some event in which I was brought into personal relations with Mr. Phillips.)

Ans.—"Place all reasonable faith as to your identity, and I will question you."

Ques.—"What do you wish to ask?"

Ans.—"Why was I called?"

Ques.—"Did you think you were called? We were not even thinking of you."

Ans.—"Voice said to me, 'Join a group who are now en rapport with sensitive parties with whom you will sympathize.' Trusting to the voice, I came, and am rather set back by the new sign of evolutionary existence elsewhere considered a foolish fraud. Theodore Parker's was the voice, so I trusted somewhat to his leadership; and though I feel a little as though this were humbug, I will try to test the matter in a scientific spirit." (Here the communication stopped, and what purported to be another intelligence assumed control, but answered no question in regard to Wendell Phillips.)

At another time this:—

Ques.—"Are your answers limited by our ignorances?"

Ans.—"Yes, we are obliged to answer according to your limitations. If we should state the simple truth of our lives here, you could not understand it."

Ques.—"Do you have your hours of sleep there?"

Ans.—"Sleep, as you understand it, is unknown to us."

Ques.—"From your point of view do you discern the why and wherefore of being?"

Ans.—"Yonder is the All of Being still so ghostly in affirmations; of it at this point we know no more than do you."

At one sitting came this: "All are now waiting to get some of B. F. U.'s conundrums." Among the questions I asked was this: "Does the mere fact of my giving attention facilitate your writing through Sara's hand?"

Ans.—"Sara's mediumship depends upon your sympathetic attention. You are as strong a factor in our reaching out to bring your spirit in harmony with our own as she is. You are both essential."

At another time I asked, among other questions, "What does free will mean to you?"

Ans.—"Free will is the ignorant term by which poor mortality tries to define the great purpose which the prescience of Being shapes now and forever—purpose of Spirit."

At one sitting a name was written, and the questions and replies were as follows:

Ques.—"Have you any special thing you wish to say to us?"

Ans.—"So many things, but principally that we never die. I am more alive here than ever before. Doubt forever dispelled. Oh, if I could do ardent things by which I could reach all humanity, and assure it, as I am myself here assured, of soul life!"

Ques.—"How did you feel at the moment of death? Were you conscious or unconscious?"

Ans.—"Conscious of a change, but one so easily made that I felt puzzled whether, as Paul said, I was in the body or out. I saw what seemed to be me lying inert, senseless, while my real thinking, living self stood by unable to will that senseless body to make any movement; and I said, 'Why, I am freed from that prison.'"

Ques.—"Were any of your spirit friends near you at that hour and perceptible to you?"

Ans.—"Looking around I was much surprised to see so many well-known friends." (The names of several persons now dead were written.)

At a recent sitting answers in reply to questions were as follows:—

Ques.—"What spirit will now communicate?"

Ans.—"Wordsworth."

Ques.—"Tell us what gave you the hope of immortality while yet on our plane?"

Ans.—"Laugh as you may, the Soul of the universe spoke to mine—a spark of it—and gave me those intimations which helped me to bear with life's woes and absurdities; and through me many blinded mortals have caught glimpses of the great hope of poor suffering humanity, that the soul is all, but needs earth's discipline."

Ques.—"Upon what premises did you predicate your 'Intimations of Immortality?'"

Ans.—"I based my hope, I received my intimations, I founded my expectations of immortal life upon the countless transformations seen in nature, or passing changes from one phase of existence to another—the chrysalis and butterfly, the acorn and oak, the embryo forms of life preceding humanity."

Ques. (by S. A. U.)—"I hope you will not feel aggrieved by my expressed annoyance when your name was announced, for I felt doubtful."

Ans.—"Born of woman, and free from earth's contentious phases, I understand the passing irritability, and have nothing to forgive. Good night, and sometime we will come still nearer."

Assuming that these messages which purport to come from extra-terrene minds are expressions of the sub-conscious or secondary self, why does that self claim to be a spirit apart from the primary self, a spirit that once lived in the flesh, but is now incarnate? Why does it represent

itself at different times as different spirits of varying degrees of intelligence and moral character? Why does it control the hand to write messages, and ascribe them to hundreds of persons, distinguished and undistinguished, who are dead? Why does it thus, intentionally or unwittingly, to discuss philosophical questions, compose verses, and give detailed circumstantial statements respecting events and scenes, should it not be able to distinguish between this mundane state of being and another, real or imagined, which is supramundane, between itself and other personalities—Boehme, Emerson, Lincoln, Bryant, and many unknown to fame? If the lower self has the power to make these distinctions, why is their writing purported to be directed by many spirits? Why is this lower self thus untruthful and given to deception, when the upper self is, as to veracity and trustworthiness, beyond suspicion? If the sub-conscious self really imagines that it is, at different times, all the personalities it claims to be, that its thoughts and feelings and its expressions of them are those of persons as unlike in intellect and character as a John Stuart Mill and a digger Indian, how shall we reconcile this fact with the average intelligence and reasoning power which it exhibits in the communications given? If the sub-conscious self is half asleep, dreaming, or undisciplined in thought, or if, as Mr. F. M. H. Myers imagines, it has "an undifferentiated perceptivity which antecedes sensory specialization, and which the specialization of the nerve stimuli, to which terrestrial evolution conducts us, may restrict as well as clarify," or if, from any other cause, it is subject to illusion and hallucination, still the question remains unanswered, How can thoughtful, discriminating statements and reasoned thought come from such a mental source?

(The End.)

Report comes from Paris at the discovery of the thistle as an article of food for man as well as beasts. The thistle has certainly some very fine points.

He (passionately)—"My love, Geraldine, is like the rose in your hair. It is—"
She—"Artificial!"

With the ambitious cornet player practice makes him a perfect nuisance.

The direct consequence of rushing out of single blessedness is often that of rushing into double wretchedness.

It was a very tender-hearted lady who refused to strike an octave.

Five Little Pigs.

"This little pig went to market."

With a basket on one arm and sharp, bright eyes noting everything, he takes his way carefully among the boxes and barrels, the crates with their living, struggling contents and the pushing, busy crowd that filled the sidewalk and poured in and out through the open doorways.

He lingered fondly by the russets through whose brown skin the green broke here and there; by the rosy spheres from the lake-bound regions of the North and the pale pippins of the Middle States. He glanced askance at the golden clusters of the banana, for he knew that among the tough brown branches there sometimes coiled in a dull, gray serpent, and there sometimes lurked a deadly spider. He sniffed with grateful nostril the subtle fragrance of the deep yellow globes from the California groves, and the piny odor of the rough Florida fruit. He looked with appreciative eye where the scaly treasures of the deep lay scattered wide on marble slabs. He lingered a moment by the shining, silvery balls that came from the distant Bermudas, and his mouth watered at sight of the tender green of the early lettuce. He lined his basket thick with curly parsley; upon this dark green mat he laid the red and white of a juicy steak. With the careful hand of an epicure he gathered a stalk of celery, a half-dozen pink-skinned potatoes, and the tapering orange root of the parsnip, and with this precious burden he hied him homeward.

"This little pig stays at home."

The couch stood before the grate and her ladyship was stretched upon it at her ease. The coal was crackling and sputtering in vehement protest against the ever-increasing flames. The fervent heat cleft slab after slab from the black mass with the precision of a machine. The smoke curled from each new crevice, and on broad black wings sped up the chimney.

The rain swept the window pains; the cold wind shook the leafless branches of the trees, into which the sap of another spring was slowly mounting.

My lady shivers as she hears the dash of the rain and the rush of the wind, then she nestles a little closer in her soft couch and turns her eyes from the bleak picture without to the warm comfort within. She has heard more than once how in that outer world there are those who work and those who don't; that the many suffer while the few en-

joy. Here in the sheltered nest where love has placed her and wealth guards her she knows nothing of misery and toll save the faint echoing cries which now and then reach her ears. When possible she closes resolutely both ears and eyes against the sounds and sights which might otherwise assail them.

May not one enjoy that which the gods provide? Could one small creature stem the tide of a world's misery? In truth my lady thinks not. Far rather would she rest her soft cheek on her white hand and bask luxuriously before the glowing, snapping fire.

"This little pig has roast beef."

The table is spread under the mellow light of the chandelier. With lifted hand and reverent face the father invokes a blessing "upon what we are about to receive." Bright eyes steal furtive glances through spread fingers. The "amen" is scarce uttered ere eager tongues clamor for a share of the tempting viands despite a warning shake of the maternal head. With a restful sigh the father begins the pleasant task of feeding his hungry little flock. Sweet is the labor with which one satisfies the wants of the beloved. What to him the toil and the worry of the day since these be its fruits? For this the fertile brain plans, for this the skillful hand executes. The bloom on the daughter's cheek is more beautiful in the father's eyes than the sweetest flower that blows. The mother's heart rejoices in the sturdy strength of her son.

"This little pig has none."

It had been a hard long day.

Under the ceaseless drip of the sullen clouds she had gone to her work. Under the ceaseless drip of the sullen clouds she was returning to her home. The dress she wore had never been made for her. It hung loose upon her wasted figure and dragged in the mud as she walked. The hat, another windfall—all is grist that comes to the mill of the poor—had once been gay with jodding plumes; now they fell limp and wretched around the broken brim. The basket she bore contained the water-soaked apron with which she had tried to protect her one dress and the fragments of food given her by her employer of the day.

To bestow what one cannot use will often ease a troublesome conscience.

The puny children wait to meet her as she crosses the threshold of her poor home snatch hungrily for what she holds out to them. Not for them a pampered appetite, not for them a dainty food. Grim poverty has marked them for its own. She, who is the sole bul-

wark between them and destitution, is breaking with the hopeless struggle. "From him that hath not shall be taken"--

"This little pig cries: 'Give me some!'"

His hands are thrust deep in his empty pockets. His shabby hat is worn defiantly on the back of his head. His shoes are so cracked and broken that the bare foot within makes itself manifest. There is an evil look in his blood-shot eye and a bitter oath breaks from his lips as he watches a man and woman drive leisurely by. He limps a little as he slouches down the street. It is only fatigue—he has walked far. With many others he has marched to-day under a manning banner to a spot where the November leaves drift over five sunken graves. It was no new doctrine he had heard uttered there, but his broken shoes, his empty pockets, his ragged clothes have given it a deeper meaning. His wrath mounts higher as he compares his own poverty with the visible wealth of others. Why should they have luxuries while he lacks necessities? Does not the world owe him, too, a living?

He slinks into a doorway as two bright-faced girls saunter by. In their negligent hands he has spied two little oblongs of leather, silver clasped. With heads close together they chatter and laugh, in high, sweet key, as they pass through the gathering dusk. Hasten thy footsteps, oh, thou innocent laggards! The shadow that pursues thee is black and threatening. He overtakes them. He passes them. He confronts them. Two girlish voices ring out in terror. A single swift movement and a shambling figure hastens down the nearest alley.

Let him go fast or let him go slow, his path ends at the prison door. Let him hasten, or let him linger, he shall stand at last under the sinister beam of the fatal tree.—A. S. D. In Chicago Inter-Ocean.

RECIPES.

A fashionable ice this season, which is delicious and effective to serve either with a strawberry or orange ice cream, is a muscat water ice. This ice in reality has not one drop of the juice of the famous grape from which it takes its name. It is flavored with a good sherry and is made as follows: Squeeze the juice of four lemons into a scant pint of sugar. Add the rind of one lemon, grating in only the yellow part. Beat the sugar and lemon juice together, and add slowly a pint and a half of cold water, beating it in with the other ingredients. Now add a tablespoonful of gelatine, which has been soaking in half a cup of cold water



London Queen

for two hours. Turn half a cup of boiling water over the gelatine and stir until it is thoroughly dissolved. Then stir it into the lemon juice and water. Add to this two wineglasses of very pale sherry and about two or three drops of spinach green. Add a drop at a time until the mixture takes on the pale water-green tint of the muscat grape. Freeze the ice like an ice cream. An orange ice cream made of Valencia oranges, which have just now come into market, is especially nice served with this water ice.

A Delicious Spinach.—As spinach is often cooked it is a coarse dish, whereas it should be one of the most delicate and refined vegetables that come upon our table. In order to free it from a certain rankness of the green leaf it must be blanched. To do this, wash it very thoroughly, cut off the stalks, and boil it in abundance of salted water for 15 minutes. Then drain it through a colander, and immerse it in the colander in a pan of cold water. When it has become thoroughly cold, drain it again and chop it fine. It is now ready to be cooked and is in the condition in which it is often found in the French markets. It may be kept in this condition overnight or for a number of days.

As a rule spinach is cooked too long. It is not uncommon for house-wives to cook it for one or two hours, and the result is a coarse, flavorless vegetable, poor in color and only made palatable by smothering it in vinegar.

FASHION NOTES.

The street gown should not measure over four and a half or five yards at the bottom. It is close at the hips.

The daintiest new trimmings are composed of arabesques of suede leather on a background of fine guipure lace or of bands of gold canvas set thickly with spangles of vario-colored metals.

The "tailor girl" is no longer the ideal of fashion. In spite of the convenience and elegance of the tailor gown the more ornate French street dresses are preferred by the "smart set," who decide the fashions for the millions.

It seems now a settled matter the crinoline will be entirely unnecessary. The latest French dresses are quite close about the hips and flare from the knee, but a lining of thin crinoline muslin is all the stiffening necessary at the bottom. Horse-hair or heavy stiffeners are vulgar and superfluous. The stiffener of crinoline muslin is not a heavy weight, but the quality one degree removed from tarlatan in weight.

A graceful gown is made of dark violet cloth. Each seam of the full skirt is outlined from the waist to the knee with a pretty embroidery in two shades of violets. At the knee the embroidery terminates in small rosettes of silk in a paler shade of mauve. The upper part of the bodice is of the same mauve silk, draped with the dark violet cloth, and finished with revers of violet velvet. The sleeves are of silk from the shoulder to the elbow, with long tight-fitting cuffs of cloth.

Another effective gown is of pale tan-colored chevot serge. The full skirt is trimmed near the hem with two narrow crossway bands of watercress green shot velvet. The style of the bodice is particularly pretty. It is arranged with a large bow of velvet in front, a velvet waistband, together with collars and revers of the same rich fabric. The zouave-shaped pieces on the side of the bodice are outlined with multi-colored embroidery.

Personal.

The Misses Clapham, of Quebec, have arrived in town on a visit to Mrs. N.S. McLennan, Dorchester street.

Mr. John Crawford, Verdun, has returned from his trip south, after a prolonged absence, greatly improved in health.

Mr. Elliot Galt, Lethbridge, Northwest Territory, is in town, on a visit to his father, Sir Alexander Galt.

Dr. Brown is sufficiently convalescent to be allowed to leave his room, and hopes shortly to be again about.

Miss Von Hugel, Toronto, is in town, on a visit to Miss Mariquita Davidson, Peel street.

Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen have been spending the last few weeks at Bocket Hall, Hatfield, the seat of the Earl and Countess Cowper.

Mrs. Robert Grant, Boston, has arrived on a visit to her parents, Sir Alexander and Lady Galt, to be present at the marriage of her sister, Miss Evelyn Galt, which took place this week.

Mrs. Ward and Miss Ward, Chicago, are on a visit to Mrs. Ward's parents, ex-aiderman and Mrs. Hood, University street, on their return from the south, where they have been spending some months.

Miss Boswell, of Quebec, who has spent the winter at Ashville, North Carolina, is on a visit to Mrs. James Ferrier, Metcalfe street, on her way home from the south.

Mr. R. S. Gault, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mabel Gault, left this week for Lakewood, N.J. They intend spending a short time also at Atlantic City, before returning to Montreal.

Miss Bosse, daughter of Judge Bosse, of Quebec, will be married next week to Mr. Tracy, of Albany, N. Y. Mr. Tracy is a brother of Mr. Ben F. Tracy, who was at the head of the Navy Department during the Harrison Administration.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

(Suggested by a picture by Mr. Romney.)

I.

This relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen,
How she looked at seventeen
As a bride.

II.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

III.

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale, and gay
"Falbala,"
—Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you.
Grandpapa!

IV.

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come."

V.

What funny fancy slips
From 'tween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

VI.

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

VII.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crew;
By and by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

VIII.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine—
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

IX.

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropped away
One by one;
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

X.

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

XI.

I fain would meet you there:—
If witching as you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
That the better you must please
Grandpapa.

—FREDK. LOCKER.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT HAMILTON.

The marriage of Miss Helen Isabel Ridley, third daughter of Dr. Ridley, to Lt. D. H. Labatt, of the 13th Battalion, which took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, on Saturday last, was witnessed by a large and fashionable crowd. Many invitations were sent out, and guests were present from Toronto and London, Ont. The dresses of the ladies were beautiful and very becoming, and were much admired. The ceremony took place shortly after 3.30, and was performed by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, of Toronto, uncle of the bride, assisted by Bishop Hamilton, and Rev. E. M. Bland. The bride was given away by her father. She looked charming in a gown of white corded silk, trimmed with Irish guipure lace with tulle veil, orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. She carried a bouquet of orchids. The bridesmaids were: Miss Ridley, Misses Minnie and Sophia Ridley, Miss Labatt, Miss Baldwin and Miss Kate Baldwin, of Toronto, cousins of the bride; Miss Violet Smith, of Toronto, and Miss Hamilton. They wore dresses of Japanese silk, four being trimmed with blue velvet and four with pink velvet, with large black hats, trimmed with feathers and velvet to match the dresses. A reception was afterward given at Dr. Ridley's residence.

SMILES.

"Does Hetton always tell his wife everything?"

"Yes."

"She doesn't seem to repeat it."

"No; because she talks so much that she never hears what he says."

He—Didn't you know that my family dates from the Revolution?

She—Yes; but I was never certain whether from the one in Brazil or Hawaii.

"Then the guests went home and the neighbors went to sleep," is the way a local weekly winds up its account of a lively party in a suburban neighborhood.

"He offered her his hand and fortune."

"Did she accept?"

"No; the first was too large and the second too small."

"Dennis, you're a gentleman and a scholar—is this where you ruminat?"

"Begorra, and you guessed it the first time; this is just where I room an' ate."

EUROPEAN LIVERIES.

Liveries of uncommon and unheraldic shades are more common in England than on the continent. The Blounts, for instance, dress their servants in Marengo pepper and salt, and there is to be seen in the parks a well known livery of violet with amaranthine facings—a rather startling combination. However, as a rule, good form and good taste are on the side of simplicity, and the habitual livery in the best English houses is a black or dark coat with only the colored or striped waistcoat and the dress white tie. The long white tie fastened with a pin is only allowable to the coachman and the footman who rides on the box. The butler in England permits himself or is permitted to indulge in a license which is unheard of abroad; he appears till dinner time in a dress coat; the rest of the costume being emphatically a morning one. Abroad this is never done; either this functionary does not show, or he is invariably in a full-dress suit. On great occasions and in some aristocratic houses this is exchanged for the black coat "à la Française," the black silk breeches and stockings, and sometimes even a slender court sword, sheathed in black. The concierge, or hall porter, on gala days wears a rich, heavy-galloon uniform shoes, and silk hose, his big cocked hat worn straight across the forehead en bataille, and he carries a tall, massive silver-headed cane. For coachman and footmen the winter many caped overcoat has been almost entirely superseded by the huge fur tippets and long fur cuffs reaching nearly to the elbow; some of these have been known to cost large sums of money.

The greatest point of resemblance between the liveries of the present day and the "robes de livree" whence they derive their name, is that they are provided by the masters as they used to be given by the kings,

PHILOSOPHY IN SPLINTERS.

The unraveling of a mystery frequently requires a long yarn.

When the profane man appears in print it is usually as a fellow of considerable dash.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles! Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven, but—"

"Oh, it was all right, thanks. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE YELLOW FACE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE, IN "STRAND."

"I had gone into town on that day, but I returned by the 2.40 instead of the 3.30, which is my usual train. As I entered the house the maid ran into the hall with a startled face.

"Where is your mistress?" I asked.

"I think that she has gone out for a walk," she answered.

"My mind was instantly filled with suspicion. I rushed upstairs to make sure that she was not in the house. As I did so I happened to glance out of one of the upper windows, and saw the maid with whom I had just been speaking running across the field in the direction of the cottage. Then, of course, I saw exactly what it all meant. My wife had gone over there and had asked the servant to call her if I should return. Tingling with anger, I rushed down and hurried across, determined to end the matter once and for ever. I saw my wife and the maid hurrying back together along the lane, but I did not stop to speak with them. In the cottage lay the secret which was casting a shadow over my life. I vowed that, come what might, it should be a secret no longer. I did not even knock when I reached it, but turned the handle and rushed into the passage.

"It was all still and quiet upon the ground-floor. In the kitchen a kettle was singing on the fire, and a large black cat lay coiled up in a basket, but there was no sign of the woman whom I had seen before. I ran into the other room, but it was equally deserted. Then I rushed up the stairs, but only to find two other rooms empty and deserted at the top. There was no one at all in the whole house. The furniture and pictures were of the most common and vulgar description save in the one chamber at the win-

dow of which I had seen the strange face. That was comfortable and elegant, and all my suspicions rose into a fierce, bitter blaze when I saw that on the mantelpiece stood a full-length photograph of my wife, which had been taken at my request only three months ago.

"I stayed long enough to make certain that the house was absolutely empty. Then I left it, feeling a weight at my heart such as I had never had before. My wife came out into the hall as I entered my house, but I was too hurt and angry to speak with her, and pushing past her I made my way into my study. She followed me, however, before I could close the door.

"I am sorry that I broke my promise, Jack," said she, "but if you knew all the circumstances I am sure that you would forgive me."

"Tell me everything, then," said I.

"I cannot, Jack, I cannot!" she cried.

"Until you tell me who it is that has been living in that cottage, and who it is to whom you have given that photograph, there can never be any confidence between us," said I, and breaking away from her I left the house. That was yesterday, Mr. Holmes, and I have not seen her since, nor do I know anything more about this strange business. It is the first shadow that has come between us, and it has so shaken me that I do not know what I should do for the best. Suddenly this morning it occurred to me that you were the man to advise me, so I have hurried to you now, and I place myself unreservedly in your hands. If there is any point which I have not made clear, pray question me about it. But above all tell me quickly what I have to do, for this



"TELL ME EVERYTHING" SAID I

misery is more than I can bear."

Holmes and I had listened with the utmost interest to this extraordinary statement, which had been delivered in the jerky, broken fashion of a man who is under the influence of extreme emotion. My companion sat silent now for some time, with his chin upon his hand, lost in thought.

"Tell me," said he at last, "could you swear that this was a man's face which you saw at the window?"

"Each time that I saw it I was some distance away from it, so that it is impossible for me to say."

"You appear, however, to have been disagreeably impressed by it."

"It seemed to be of an unnatural color and to have a strange rigidity about the features. When I approached, it vanished with a jerk."

"How long is it since your wife asked you for a hundred pounds?"

"Nearly two months."

"Have you ever seen a photograph of her first husband?"

"No, there was a great fire at Atlanta very shortly after his death, and all her papers were destroyed."

"And yet she had a certificate of death. You say that you saw it?"

"Yes, she got a duplicate after the fire."

"Did you ever meet anyone who knew her in America?"

"No."

"Did she ever talk of revisiting the place?"

"No."

"Or get letters from it?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Thank you. I should like to think over the matter a little now. If the cottage is permanently deserted we may have some difficulty; if on the other hand as I fancy is more likely, the inmates were warned of your coming, and left before you entered yesterday, then they may be back now, and we should clear it all up easily. Let me advise you then, to return to Norbury and to examine the windows of the cottage again. If you have reason to believe that it is inhabited do not force your way in, but send a wire to my friend and me. We shall be with you within an hour of receiving it, and we shall then very soon get to the bottom of the business."

"And if it is still empty?"

"In that case I shall come out tomorrow and talk it over with you. Good-bye, and above all do not fret until you know that you really have a cause for it."

"I am afraid that this is a bad business, Watson," said my companion, as he returned after accompanying Mr. Grant Munro to the door. "What did you make of it?"

"It had an ugly sound," I answered.

"Yes. There's blackmail in it, or I am much mistaken."

"And who is the blackmailer?"

"Well, it must be this creature who lives in the only comfortable room in the place, and has her photograph above his fireplace. Upon my word, Watson, there is something very attractive about that livid face at the window, and I would not have missed the case for worlds."

"You have a theory?"

"Yes, a provisional one. But I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be correct. This woman's first husband is in that cottage."

"Why do you think so?"

"How else can we explain her frenzied anxiety that her second one should not enter it? The facts, as I read them, are something like this: This woman was married in America. Her husband developed some hateful qualities, or, shall we say, that he contracted some loathsome disease and became a leper or an imbecile. She fled from him at last, returned to England, changed her name, and started her life, as she thought afresh. She had been married three years, and believed that her position was quite secure—having shown her husband the death certificate of some man, whose name she had assumed—when suddenly her whereabouts was discovered by her first husband, or, we may suppose, by some unscrupulous woman, who had attached herself to the invalid. They write to the wife and threaten to come and expose her. She asks for a hundred pounds and endeavours to buy them off. They come in spite of it, and when the husband mentions casually to the wife that there are new-comers in the cottage, she knows in some way that they are her pursuers. She waits until her husband is asleep, and then she rushes down to endeavour to persuade them to leave her in peace. Having no success she goes again next morning, and her husband meets her, as he has told us, as she came out. She promises him then not to go there again, but two days afterwards, the hope of getting rid of those dreadful neighbours is too strong for her, and she makes another attempt, taking down with her the photograph which had probably been demanded from her. In the midst of this interview the maid rushes in to say that the master has come home, on which the wife, knowing that he would come straight down to the cottage, hurries the inmates out at the back door, into that grove of fir trees probably which was mentioned as standing near. In this way he finds the place deserted. I shall be very much surprised, however, if it is still so when he reconnoitres it this evening. What do you think of my theory?"

"It is all surmise."

"But at least it covers all the facts.

When new facts come to our knowledge, which cannot be covered by it, it will be time enough to reconsider it. At present we can do nothing until we have a fresh message from our friend at Norbury"

But we had not very long to wait. It came just as we had finished our tea. "The cottage is still tenanted," it said. "Have seen the face again at the window. I'll meet the seven o'clock train, and take no steps until you arrive."

He was waiting on the platform when we stepped out, and we could see in the light of the station lamps that he was very pale, and quivering with agitation.

"They are still there, Mr. Holmes," said he, laying his hand upon my friend's sleeve. "I saw lights in the cottage as I came down. We shall settle it now, once and for all."

"What is your plan, then," asked Holmes, as we walked down the dark tree-lined road.

"I am going to force my way in, and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."

"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it was better that you should not solve the mystery."

"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong, but I think that it is worth it."

It was a very dark night and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the high road into a narrow lane deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could.

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees, "and here is the cottage, which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar falling across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper storey was brightly illuminated. As we looked we saw a dark blur moving across the blind.

"There is that creature," cried Grant Munro; "you can see for yourselves that someone is there. Now follow me, and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door, but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamp light. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake, don't Jack!" she cried. "I had a presentiment that you would

come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again, and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie!" he cried, sternly. "Leave go of me! I must pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and for ever." He pushed her to one side and we followed closely after him. As he threw the door open, an elderly woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro rushed into the lighted room at the top, and we entered it at his heels.

It was a cosy, well-furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the

the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

"Your child!"

She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open."

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man, strikingly handsome and intelligent, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron, of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a nobler man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race in order to wed him; but never once while he lived did I for one instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after his people

rather than mine. It is often so in such matches, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But, dark or fair, she is my own dear little girlie, and her mother's pet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress.

"When I left her in America," she continued, "it was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotchwoman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream of disowning her as my child. But when chance threw you in my way, Jack, and I learned to love you, I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you, I had to choose between you, and in my weakness, I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neighbour without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the daytime, and to cover up her little face and hands so that even those who might see her at the window should not gossip about there being a black child in the neighborhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crazy



"THERE WAS A LITTLE COAL-BLACK NEGRESS"

table and two upon the mantelpiece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock, and that she had long white gloves on. As she whisked round to us I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned towards us was of the strangest livid tint, and the features absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, a mask peeled off from her countenance, and there was a little coal-black negress with all her white teeth flashing in amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing out of sympathy with her merriment, but Grant Munro stood staring, with his hand clutching at his throat.

"My God!" he cried, "what can be the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," cried the lady, sweeping into the room with a proud, set face. "You have forced me against my own judgment to tell you, and now we must both make



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with fear lest you should learn the truth.

"It was you who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for the next morning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult it is to awaken you. But you saw me go, and that was the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now tonight you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of us, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long two minutes before Grant Munroe broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door.

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am

a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down to the lane, and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out. "I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did he say of the case until late that night when he was turning away, with his lighted candle, for his bedroom.

"Watson," said he, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

(The End.)

"IF."

"Twixt what thou art, and what thou wouldst be, let

No "If" arise on which to lay the blame.

Man makes a mountain of that puny word!

But like a blade of grass before the scythe

It falls and withers, when a human will
Stirred by creative force, sweeps tow'rd
its aim.

Thou wilt be what thou couldst be.
Circumstance

Is but the toy of genius. When a soul
Burns with a god-like purpose to
achieve,

All obstacles between it and its goal
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.

"If" is the motto of the dilettant
And idle dreamer: 'tis the poor excuse
Of mediocrity. The truly great
Know not the word, or know it but to
scorn;

Else had Joan of Arc a peasant died,
Uncrowned by glory and by men un-
sung.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *May Call-
forlan*.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Miss De Muir—"Have you read Kant,
Miss de Menor?"

Miss de Menor—"No; but I own a
copy of Don't."—Puck.

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Capital.....\$5,000,000
Total Funds in hand exceed..... 1,700,000
Fire Income exceeds..... 1,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH, 79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1804.

Capital.....\$6,000,000
Fire Funds exceed..... 1,500,000
Fire Income exceeds..... 2,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER.

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, 1897.

Branch Office in Canada: 157 St. James Street, Montreal.
G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA!

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

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

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