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Vol. I. No. 31.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 14, 1893

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SOCIAL STUDIES.

The commonplace little phrase, "going into society," is susceptible of a variety of meanings, and it is, in fact, used with almost as great a number of significances as exist among the persons who employ it. Society, both as a phrase and a fact, is at once too much and too little considered. There are those who affirm the "hollowness," the "heartlessness," the "frivolity" of society—those who denounce it most being usually recruited from the ranks of the cynical or the inexperienced. There are those who look upon its magic portals as the open sesame to all that is worth living for, and those are usually recruited from the ranks who know least of it. There is a vulgar pose of exertion worthy of a better cause expended to "get into" society; and there is another pose, often unconscious, but still a distorted one, that effects to look with distaste on social pleasure to "scorn delights and live laborious days," or to believe rapture and bliss are limited strictly to a tete-a-tete—a form of mutual devotion that is tolerably sure to end disastrously, consumed by its own ardor.

It is a question if society merits either the adulation or the condemnation so lavishly poured forth upon it. To be sure, one may say, there is society and society. The "One Hundred" recognize nothing as "society" outside of its own official hall-mark; and in a city where intellectual ideas create an aristocracy of letters, the gathering which includes men and women most famous and most talented—people whose names stand for something—is apt to be more coveted than that of the ultra-fashionable. Heads not only hold their own against heels, but even displace hearts as trumps. Though to what degree head and heart may be dissevered is another story, as

Rudyard Kipling would say. Outside that world of fashion and unusual luxury conveniently designated as the "One Hundred," society means—what? As a rule, the meeting of cultivated and well-bred men and women. Surely there is nothing demoralizing about this; nothing that should make life less, but rather more, liberal, elevated and refined. The culture of good manners is best achieved in social contact. Professor Boyce pointed out in one of his recent admirable treatises on ethics that conscience itself is a virtue, for if one lived in utter isolation, alone in the world, things that are now right or wrong would be neither the one nor the other, as the question of right or wrong requires the conditions of two or more persons together to create the moral standard.

"Society," says George William Curtis, "is the festival of wit, beauty and wisdom." It's hall of reunion, whether Holland House, or Charles Lamb's parlor, or Schiller's garret, or the Tailorles, is a palace of pleasure. Society is as much a sphere of art as any of the more recognized spheres. To be rich and to visit certain persons no more fits a man or woman for society than to be 20 years old and to have a palette, fits him to be an artist.

This is the true ideal of society. To go into it, to meet men and women of simple and sincere natures, of flawless integrity, of wit and experience and brilliancy and charm, is to enjoy the highest privileges of life. This is what life is for—to know each other, to sympathize to reinspire our ideals, and renew fidelity to every lofty purpose. Friendship and acquaintanceship are governed by the law of spiritual gravitation, and when left to their simple and natural relation form no small part of destiny.



Fashionable Wedding.

The marriage of Mr. Herbert Desjardins, son of Senator Desjardins, one of the mayorality candidates, to Miss Caroline Louger, daughter of Judge Loranger, was a brilliant affair. Another fashionable wedding in French society was that of Mr. Cleophes Beausoleil, son of Ald. Beausoleil, M. P., to Miss Rose Vallee.

HOME GOSSIP (2.)

Strangely enough, a form of gossip more inquisitorial, more treacherous to those who indulge in it, more injurious than the talk-over-my-neighbor chatter, which if many love, none praise, flourishes among us, almost unblamed. Many a pious and thoughtful family—perhaps all the more probably the more pious and thoughtful it is—constitutes in its sheltered home a permanent court of inquiry upon the member who happens last to have left the room.

Why is he restless? Why is she pale? Is there anything amiss with the conscience? with the heart? or is it not rather, temper? Each member of the court gives evidence; everybody sums up in turn, and frequently. Perhaps the member who has had the misfortune to leave the room is known or suspected to be striving to conceal some pang of disappointed ambition or love, or cherishing some hope or affection not yet ripe for revelation; in such cases there are little accidental self-betrays, unwary speeches, unguarded expressions of countenance or even confidential talks to be told and discussed. Perhaps there is no concealment to tear away, but some distinct event, little or great, for good or ill, makes the member of the court who is out of the room an advantageous topic. His or her conduct can be expounded, arraigned, discriminated upon, even approved; but the temptation of the home court of inquiry is not to approvals.

Or perhaps the member who has left the room is in a normal state of nothing particular, and not debateable, being doing or suffering out of the family wont. Well, there is a subject, then, for domestic pathology. The court goes into a detailed analysis of temperament, character and antecedents; the discussion is at once vague and minute; anecdotes from earliest childhood may be brought to point a moral; possibilities in the farthest future may be predicted from yesterday's trivial indiscretion. No matter how or why, the person who is out of hearing must be the theme of the talk, and the talk must be investigating and judicial. The microscope is in full play, and diagnosis runs riot.

It has been said that the temptation of the court is not to approvals. There needs no malevolence or proneness to believe evil to account for this. The reason is simply that the whole pleasure of the process lying in the discussion and criticism, the tendency is inevitably to bring forward such points of the subject's character or conduct as are open to discussion and criticism—that is, as are more or less faulty.

To instance only the good deeds or indisputable virtues, would be to call forth only the short and simple interjections of praise, and there would be an end of the conversation. It would be all affirmative; and affirmative conversation dies of its own completeness. To have any life and lasting worth speaking of, conversation must be negative, must be full of doubts and gain-sayings, must be brisk with censure and profound with suspicion. And, therefore, even real affection cannot give a tone of tender faith to the conclaves of nearest and dearest who have learned to make need of family gossip; and well-grounded respect for approved good qualities cannot restrict ingenuity in discovering errors.



"What other Candidates?"

When asked as to the other candidates Mayor McShane replied—"What other candidates, I am the only candidate I've heard of." Vide Witness. "What other candidates?" says he. "Which other, don't you mean," says I. "Shure what or which is one to me. And rules of grammar I defy. For I'm the Mayor of Montreal. Possession's nine points of the law. I'll not retire at all, at all. So let them other ducks withdraw."



"Do you believe in corporal punishment for stupid school children?"

"Yes a spanking always makes 'em smart."

Adorer—When we are married, darling, we shall be one. Miss Ibsen—I'm aware of that Edward—but the question is, which one?

Herbert—If she loves him why don't she marry him in spite of her father's objection?

Stella—Mercy, isn't it a good deal easier to give him up than to admit she is of age.

Five Dollars (5) Reward.

Evening threw soberer hue
Over the blue sky, and the few
Poplars that grew just in the view
Of the hall of Sir Hugo de Wyukle:
"Answer me true," pleaded Sir Hugh,
(Striving some hard-hearted maiden to woo.)

"What shall I do Lady for you?
Twill be done ere your eye may twinkle.
Shall I borrow the wand of a Moorish
enchanter,

And bid a decanter contain the Levant
or
The brass from the face of a Mormonite
ranter?

Shall I go for the mule of the Spanish
Infanter—

(That r, for the sake of the line, we must
grant her.)—

And race with the foul fiend, and beat in
a canter,

Like the first of equestrians Tam O Shan-
ter?

I talk not mere banter—say not that I
can't, or

By this my first—(a Virginia planter
Sold it me to kill rats)—I will die in-
stanter."

The Lady bended her ivory neck, and
Whispered mournfully, "Go for my sec-
ond."

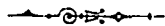
She said and the red from Sir Hugo's
cheek fled,

And "Nay," did he say, as he stalked away
The fiercest of injured men:

"Twice have I humbled my haughty soul,
And on bended knee have I pressed my
whole—

But I never will press it again!"

The Editor of the "Antidote" will give
five dollars to the person from whom he
receives the first correct answer to the
above charade.



Society and other Notes.

Miss Alice Boyd, St. Mark street had
an afternoon tea on Thursday.

Miss Arnton had an afternoon tea on
Wednesday.

Major and Mrs. Wilson of Quebec are
visiting Mrs. Andrew Allan, Stanley street.

Mrs. Casgrain of Quebec, is visiting Mrs.
Casgrain 1156 Dorchester street.

Mrs. McNab of Ottawa, is the guest of
Mrs. Cassils, 708 Sherbrooke street.

The first dance of the season at the
Kennels will take place on the 19th inst.

Mrs R. C. Jamieson, University street,
will give a young people's dance on Thurs-
day next.

Mrs. Edward Taylor, Sherbrooke street,
is giving a young people's dance on Tues-
day.

Mrs. R. E. Gault, Osborne street, will
have an afternoon reception on Monday
next.

Mr. B. Hal-Browne, manager of the Lon-
don and Lancashire Life Ins. Co. has been
elected a member of the St. James Club.

Mrs. F. Wolferstan Thomas, 733 Sher-
brooke street, has cards out for a dance
poudre on the 3rd February.

A great many entertainments are on the
taps for next week and cards are already
out for some large dances in February.

Mrs. James O'P.ien, 846 Sherbrooke ..
will have a progressive euchre party for
ladies on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Acer, Edgehill avenue, will
leave shortly to spend the winter in Ber-
muda.

Mrs. Fred Fairman gave a large recep-
tion in her new home on McGregor street
on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Edwin Hanson, 1152 Dorchester st.
gave a large party for children on Thurs-
day.

Sir. John and Lady Thompson were en-
tertained at the splendid residence of Hon.
Geo. A. Drummond on their recent visit
to Montreal.

Miss Emily Tiffin, daughter of the late
Mr. Joseph Tiffin of Montreal was mar-
ried in Freiburg-in-Baden to Mr. Wilfrid
Banner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Warrington were in
town for a few days the guests of Mayor
McShane. They left for England on Wed-
nesday.

Mr. G. J. Galt, of Winnipeg, son of Sir
Thomas Galt is at the Windsor accom-
panied by Mrs. Galt. Mr. Herbert Galt,
Vancouver, is also in town.

Mr. J. Cradock Simpson has returned to
town after leaving his family in Asheville
for the winter. Mr. Simpson has rented
his house in Kensington Block Sherbrooke
street to Mr. Duncan McIntyre, Junior. for
the winter.

The last concert of the Artistic Associa-
tion was well attended despite the great
storm. Real lovers of music will brave
anything to hear Mr. F. Jehin Prume ac-
companied by that truly brilliant pianist
Madame Hymberg.

Speaking of Nicholas Flood Davin re-
minds us that he has been asked to address
the new Women's Club, which held its sec-
ond meeting to-day. What it did and what
it is going to do remains a mystery, but
why it should wish that pairless, careless
old bachelor to address it must be a still
greater mystery. As usual when in Mon-
treal Mr. Davin will be the guest of Mr.
C. H. Dobbin.

It is not generally known that the novel-
ist Mrs. Amelie Reeves Chandler, has two
young cousins in Montreal. They are Mr.

Alexander Hall, law student of McGill and his sister Miss Bertha Hall, whose mother was a daughter of the late Judge Reeves of Virginia, and sister of Amelie Reeves (father, Mr. Neil Warner, whose two young daughters are now playing in "Old Cronies" here is a first cousin of "Auda" Miss de la Rame

A great many of our leading people called on Mr. and Mrs. George Grossmith while in Montreal and many hospitalities were offered them which they greatly regretted being unable to accept owing to the short time of their stay. However, they have almost been persuaded to take Montreal in on their return journey. New Yorkers also are clamoring to have Mr. Grossmith again before he returns to England.

Mr. E. A. Small gave a luncheon at the St. James Club in honor of Mr. Grossmith last Saturday, and in the evening he was the guest of honor at St. George's Club. Mr. Shorey and Mr. Harecourt, President and Secretary of St. George's Club, made Tuesday a ladies' night in honor of Mrs. Grossmith, but owing to the terrible storm she was unable to go out. On Wednesday Mrs. Grossmith attended a ladies' luncheon given in her honor by Mrs. Dobbin.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Grossmith attended a large luncheon given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. Seargeant. Other luncheons, dinners and receptions would had been arranged in their honor for Friday and Saturday had they been able to remain, but they had made their arrangements to be in Ottawa on Saturday. Mrs. Grossmith carried away many friendly messages to Albani, Mrs. Haweis and other mutual friends in England.

Madame Louis Frechette, wife of our poet laureate, met Mrs. George Grossmith, at a reception, and was delighted to find that the English woman was a warm friend of our own Albani. Madame Frechette sent Mr. Grossmith a handsomely bound volume of her husband's poems, with which the great comedian was greatly pleased and which he regards as a valued souvenir of his visit to Montreal.

A young contemporary undertakes to fill a long felt want when it attempts to make the Mayor understand that he owes a good deal to the influence of his wife. This soft impeachment the doughty Mayor has always vehemently denied, declaring that he owed all his success in life to James McShane alone. The susceptible young editors advise our electing "Jimmy" simply because he has a charming wife, and is as the editor puts it her "worser half."



MUSICAL NEIGHBOURS.

Many householders in London, says the "Spectator," followed with a lively, even with a painful, interest the case of "Christie v. Davey," which was concluded lately by a verdict for the plaintiff, and few people who have followed the case will not, we fancy, have received that verdict with a slight sense of disappointment. It is true that the defendant, in his first efforts at self-defence, had so far taken the law into his own hands and put himself in the wrong, that it was difficult for him to expect any redress through the proper and legal channel; but the provocation under which he laboured was so great, and is so common, that his case must have excited the sympathy of everybody who has been subjected to similar sufferings.

As it was, the defendant had evidently met annoyance by counter-annoyance; and not until his tormentors sought an injunction to restrain him did he put in a counter-claim for an injunction himself, based upon affidavits which possibly deserved the doubt with which the Judge appeared to receive them. And yet, even admitting that the defendant's complaints were exaggerated, it was obvious that the musical proclivities of his neighbour were sufficiently obtrusive as to constitute a nuisance, against which it would seem that there is no legal remedy whatever.

Many who have suffered in the same fashion as Mr. Davey, and with greater patience, must have awaited the result of his protest with considerable anxiety, and learnt its failure with a feeling of despair. What is an unfortunate man to do—short of abandoning his house and home—when he is afflicted with musical neighbours, who combine continual practice upon the piano with a yearning to master the wayward tones of the violoncello?

We cannot afford to quarrel with the law for its refusal to interfere: such an interference, except upon altogether extraordinary grounds, would dangerously compromise the liberty of the subject, and the case we have quoted is a very ordinary one. Either, then, it would appear, we must revise "our duty towards our neighbour," and strive to make its moral obligation a little more binding, or we must give up living in cheaply built houses. For that is the real cause of our distress. The 'fons et origo' of neighbours' quarrels, the sower of dissensions, the demon of discord, is the Jerry-builder, who separates two families with what he calls a "party-wall," and pockets rents from both sides of it with the most perfect indifference to the thinness of the partition and the complaints of his victims. Why it is called a "party-wall," we do not know, except it be because it becomes a party to the noise

that is made on either side of it; nor are we better informed as to the origin of a "Jerry-builder," unless he has descended that name from the many lamentations he has given rise to.

We all know the sad complications which arose from the house that Jack built; they are preserved in nursery-legend. But the miseries caused by the building of Jerry form too grave a subject for nursery-song. "This is the house that Jerry built," might stand as the opening line of many a tragedy. "This is the tale of hair that was torn by a poor engraver all forlorn, who often wished he'd never been born, and even vowed to learn the horn to drown the noise that rose in the morn, and cast a blight both day and night, on the luckless wight that lay in the house that Jerry built."

The story of "Christie v. Davey" is worth recapitulating, as it is probably only one of an infinite number of similar cases. The defendant was an engraver, one who followed a profession which requires peace and quietude, and lived in a semi-detached house in Brixton. Now, we do not mean to say that that particular house was worse built than any other; probably it was exactly equal in construction to all the houses of which our suburbs are composed; we would merely remark that the contemporary builder and architect—whether the scene of their labours be in Brixton, in Kensington, or in Islington—have extremely inadequate ideas as to what a wall should be. In the other semi-detached villa, and divided from Mr. Davey by a party-wall, lived the family of Mr. Christie. Mrs. Christie was an accomplished musician, who gave lessons on the pianoforte, and who was blessed with a daughter also a pianist, a son who played the violoncello 'en amateur,' and a husband who was rather deaf. Also there came to this house a visitor in the shape of a young lady who was occupied in perfecting her musical education as a singer. According to the statements of Mr. and Mrs. Davey, the first notes of the much-vexed piano were heard about 8.45 in the morning, and sometimes earlier, and were continued without intermission until 11.30 at night, or later still. At intervals might be heard the voice of the violoncello, a fitful and wandering instrument, for it sounded sometimes from the basement and sometimes from the attic. Everybody who is acquainted with the weird and blood-curdling tones of the cello, will appreciate the horror that must have been added by their apparent ubiquity.

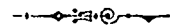
Mr. Davey wrote to demonstrate. Had he written in a conciliatory fash-

ion, all might have been well; but he chose to write in what he subsequently described as a "jocular" strain, and his neighbours took offence. Receiving no answer, Mr. Davey contemplated reprisals. He remembered that he, too, was a musician, that he had been a member of a church band and a nigger-troupe—two somewhat incongruous branches of the musical art—and that he was more or less proficient upon the flute and the concertina (it was upon the former of these two instruments that he played in the church band), and he determined to pit his own musical talents against those of his neighbours. It is to be feared that in the concerts that were subsequently given by Mr. Davey and his friends, it was the nigger minstrelsy that predominated, that the orchestra contained more powerful instruments than the concertina, and that the applause was more vehement than is usual in private houses. At any rate, his neighbours were moved to complain through the medium of their solicitor, and to demand in their turn a cessation of sound. This demand seems to have been met in the same jocular spirit in which Mr. Davey penned his own epistle of remonstrance, and the only satisfaction they gained was the assurance that Mr. Davey was about to extend his musical knowledge, and proposed to devote his leisure moments to acquiring the rudiments of the piano, cornopean, and horn. Then the patience of both parties apparently broke down together, and their quarrel found its way into a Court of Law. Naturally, Mr. Davey lost his case. There was nothing to show that the Christie family had exercised their piano, their Violoncello, and their musical talents generally in anything but legitimate fashion, for, after all, it is not illegal to give one musician after another, or to sing from morning to night; whereas there was only too good cause to suspect that Mr. Davey's concerts were animated by something else than a simple love of music, and that the applause which followed upon the execution of each melody was more deafening than the occasional warranted. The case was not without its amusing incidents; and the defendant's attempt to justify his claim to be considered a musician, was a good deal more entertaining than the jocularity of his letter-writing. Moreover, the evidence threw a light upon the usages of musical circles in Brixton, which was rather instructive. It is not considered polite, as we learnt from one witness, for a Brixton audience to cry "Encore" or "Bravo" at the conclusion of a song, the correct form of approbation is to say "Thank you,

that's enough." The amateur who embarks upon a second song after that intimation must be a very hardened sinner indeed.

We do sympathise with the defendant, but we must not give him all our sympathy, for it were only just to reserve a little for the "enraged musician," his neighbour. After all, musicians must pursue their calling, and they must live in houses; even though evil fortune should occasionally place them next door to sensitive engravers. We do not know exactly how the German professor of music gives his lessons, but we imagine that he must place some limit to his labours, for in many German towns there exists a salutary law which forbids the playing of pianos in private houses between certain hours. It might seem advisable to some people that we should adopt a similar regulation; but it is to be hoped that, however great our provocation, we shall never be tempted to do so. It would prove to be only the first of a series of other laws and by-laws, all framed to meet equally crying evils.

The Teuton seems to live happily under a system of grandmotherly legislation which officially orders his whole life for him; but Englishmen entertain a strong aversion to being taken care of in that fashion, and this aversion is a very wholesome one. The only possible reform that we can suggest is that which we have already proposed to builders and architects. Have these gentlemen no pity? Can they regard with equanimity the sorrowful spectacle of two worthy families bent on wrecking each others' peace of mind, simply because the builder's party-wall is insufficient for its purpose? In many of the older streets and squares of London, where the houses date from the beginning of the century, or are older still, it is almost possible to fire a cannon in one's drawing-room without attracting undue attention from one's next-door neighbour: we shudder to think of the possible result of such an experiment in a modern house,—probably a heap of ruins, and not a very big heap either, for the tale of bricks is short.



A barroom fixture—the bum.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.

Patient—Doctor I can't sleep at night. I tumble and toss till morning.

Docto.—H'm that's bad. Let me see your tongue. (After diagnosis) Physically you are all right. Perhaps you worry over that bill you've owed me for the last two years!



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

Very elegant cloth costumes in light shades of gray, beige and slate color are prettily trimmed with iron and steel beaded galloon put on all over the seams of the plain gored skirt, and finished with tiny beaded pendants. The bodice is trimmed to match over the front, back and sleeves. The costume is completed by a deep cape of the same cloth, lined with silk gathered into a small yoke and finished with a deeply peaked Directoire collar, trimmed with beaded galloon.

Both for day and evening wear the skirts seem short, with flounces and rouloux reaching almost to the knees, the bodices we are now faithfully copying ending at the waist, with a belt, full and simple, occasionally crossing in front. The large puffed sleeves are overshadowed by capes while the gigot sleeves and pelotino capes were the distinguishable features of the day dresses.

The French are wonderfully kind to the idea of a velvet bodice and silk skirt, and the English dames are very fond of dressy odd waists and contrasting skirts. As the great adaptive nation we will form all and please ourselves in the end.

Dainty Lingerie.

The silk underskirt has almost gone out of date—that is, to those who are going to buy—but those who have them, of course, will wear them until they are worn out. The new skirts are made of cambric and made mostly with yokes. Some have deep embroidered or lace ruffles, while

others are trimmed with lace and ribbon. Heavy white and cream guipure lace is also seen on petticoats.

Some elaborate night dresses are seen in cambrie and silk. The cambrie ones have fine lace or tucked yokes and cuffs, some are cut V shaped at the neck, some are Mother Hubbard in shape while others are fitted, and still others drawn in at the waist with a belt. An odd but real pretty one is of yellow silk trimmed with insertion and narrow edged lace.

Our illustrations this week show an boy's suit in dark green cloth. Square jacket edged with an open pattern of the green cloth, stitched over white cloth, the same on the cuffs. Loose full blouse of white silk.

The second is a little boy's evening party suit, in deep emerald-green plush. Round loose jacket, edged with dull gold balls. Full vest, and deep collar and cuffs of pale green silk. Emerald ribbon bow.

The model of a Chicago girl's foot is last but not least.

The character of a politician is thus amusingly illustrated by the famous pulpit orator Abraham, of Santa Clara: "That man is not far wrong who looks for something mysterious in the first letter of the word 'Politician.' This letter fits in every saddle. In its usual form it represents a p; when reversed, a q; turned upside down, it becomes a b; and the letter on being turned round is changed into a d. And perhaps a politician ought to be so constituted as to run easily into any mould."

Recipes.

Orange Tapioca. Wash three table-spoonfuls of tapioca, cover with cold water and soak over night. In the morning heat one pint of milk in a double boiler, add the tapioca, a pinch of salt and boil 20 minutes. To the well beaten yolk of two eggs add half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk and boil for five minutes. Then pour into a pudding dish, make a meringue of the whites of eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, flavor with orange extract, and in a moderate oven brown slightly. Pare, slice thinly and remove the seeds of six or eight large sweet oranges; lay in the bottom of a glass dish and sift powdered sugar over and between each layer. When the pudding is cold run a wet knife around and loosen the edge, lay it over the fruit and serve.

Broiled Mutton.—Select lean mutton from the leg or any other lean part, remove the fat and membranes, put on a board and chop or pound with an iron meat hammer until broken to a pulp, fold over and press into a mass half an inch thick; take it up carefully and broil in a fine wire gridiron well greased. Turn it often, and cook quite rare. Serve very hot, with butter and salt.

Orange Cream.—Wash very clean, grate the yellow rind from two oranges and boil fifteen minutes, covered in three-fourths of a teacupful of water. Strain, and to the syrup add one teacupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, the juice and pulp of the oranges and bring to a boil. Beat three eggs, stir constantly, after adding them to the boiling mixture, until it is smooth. Place on ice, and serve very cold, with cake.

Cocoanut Creams.—Take an equal quantity of cream candy and of desiccated cocoanut, work together thoroughly and make into balls, flavor slightly with lemon or vanilla and dip. If you choose you may color the outside pink. For the coloring take one ounce of powdered cochineal, one ounce cream tartar, two drams of alum, half a pint of water, boil until reduced to one-half, strain through a cloth and bottle.

White Mountain Rolls.—Four cups of flour, one cup milk, quarter cup butter two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-third of a cake compressed yeast, half a teaspoonful salt, white of one egg, beaten stiff; have the milk warm; add the butter melted warm, not hot, salt, sugar, yeast and flour; mix well; add the white of the egg; the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand let them rise over night; in the morning roll into shape; cut and fold over or make in any other shape; bake in a quick oven after they have stood one hour.

A omelet with Parma violets is the most recent idioy in fashionable luncheon dishes.

THE ANTIDOTE

A NON-CONDUCTOR.

They had told me that she was a soulless creature, frivolous and light; that the sole preoccupation, the one aim of her life was pleasure. In fact I had made her acquaintance at a ball, surrounded by an infinite variety of adorers, smiling, disdainful, allowing herself to be worshipped, completely indifferent. Naturally, after a turn of the waltz, in which she floated, light and elegant, I remained an enthusiast in regard to her, and since the reputation of a sceptic, given me by my friends, was not well merited, I joined the crowd of vain worshippers that surrounded the goddess. Did she notice my devotion? I do not know! I know that sometimes the profound gaze of her large black eyes, resting upon me, seemed to become melancholy, thoughtful. But it was momentary, for then that expression disappeared under her customary smile. That especial evening, leaning her arm on the railing of her theatre-box, she had turned towards me one of her enigmatical glances, accompanied by a slight bending of her head.

I confess that I started, and that a thousand thoughts flocked into my mind. Was the ice melted, perhaps? Had that atrophied heart begun to beat? I did not delude myself, I might be her father; she was twenty-three years of age; I almost fifty, although I tried not to show them. Yet I could not resist, and soon after my hand pushed open the door of box No. 4.

"Finally!" exclaimed the countess. "You really leave people to wish for your company."

"Signora," I replied "you are pleased to flatter me."

"I never flatter my friends, and I regard you as one of them. 't is so long that we have known each other. . ."

So long! It was not even a month; not knowing what to reply, I silently assented with a smile. She did not appear satisfied with my manner, and bursting into one of her gay laughs, she said.

"But do not you remember? At Venice, on the Lido, I came with my cousin, Signora Lini, and you with Giorgio Rigoli: have you forgotten us? I am sorry, because I wished this evening, recalling those memories, that you should pay a little court to me! . . ."

Decidedly. She was a coquette, I an imbecile! But as a gallant squire of dames, was I to remain defeated?

"Countess!" I exclaimed, "if I were to take your words seriously, be warned that you would have assumed a terrible responsibility."

"I am not afraid; I believe that my signature is still negotiable."

"Take care, countess, you are always playing with dangers; are you sure of conquering them?"

"If there were no obstacles, victory would have no value."

"Well, you always succeed!"

"Certainly! When I set about an undertaking I never draw back."

"And now you have undertaken to make me lose my head."

"Who knows? Would you be sorry to devote it to me?"

"For you, countess, I would sacrifice myself."

"For pity's sake, do not let us go into the usual common-place phrases of society; I like eccentricity, do you know! I wish to find in you an exception; then do not try to pay court to me, leave that privilege to the boys; but you! A serious man, sceptical, almost a philosopher! To care for an atom! That would be an antithesis!"

She was laughing at me. I rose to take leave.

"Wait a moment, I beg of you. . . I have something to ask you," and her voice trembled slightly.

"Countess, I am at your orders!"

"Are you a friend to me. . . a friend in the true sense of the word?"

"I hope so!" I replied.

"Well, tell me, away there in Africa, is Giorgio happy?"

"What! You still remember him; but, your marriage?"

"Was imposed upon me," she added excitedly. "But do not let us speak of that! It is of him that I wish for news, I have wanted so long to hear from him."

What was I to tell her? That he lived there alone, disconsolate, with her memory stamped upon his heart? Re-awaken the affection, sleeping, but not yet dead? Tell her that in every letter of his, overflowing bitterness, Giorgio asked after her, but that, believing himself forgotten, he had sworn never to see her again? She must not know it.

"Happiness is a chimera, countess; but he lives tranquil surrounded by affection and good will."

"But is his life in peril, does no one make war upon him?"

"He is very much liked, and is protected by the consul; he lives in that family as if he were a number of it."

"Ah! . . . are there many European families there? And she fixed her great eyes, with jealous anxiety, upon my face.

"Many. I should not be surprised indeed, to hear some day that Giorgio would settle permanently in Africa, making himself a home of his own there."

I was silent. Some people came into the box. I withdrew to the back of it. The countess had become very pale, tears were trembling in her eyes. With a resolute gesture, as if in answer to an inward question, she turned her dark head toward the parquette. When she turned it toward me again, her face was serene, the usual smile curved her lips.

"Then good-by, signor," she said to me ironically, "or rather au revoir, for

I hope, despite the total difference of our artistic opinions, that you will remain a friend to me."

And extending her hand: "I receive every Friday evening. I hope to see you there."

I bowed and went out slowly, while she, placidly and with extreme volubility, interrogated the new-comers about the things of the day.

The next day a letter was sent to Giorgio. "Do not return, my friend," I told him "You would have a disappointment. She lives tranquil and happy and has asked me nothing about you; forget her, she deserves nothing else!"

To those hearts be peace! As for the husband, he may rest secure. She, with the safeguard of the memory of her only love, will fearlessly meet the battles of life.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The lark I mean to quite anticipate;
My rising shall be so precipitate.

In business I shall scorn all mundane profit;
E'en though my partners vote me "quite gone off it."

My taxes I shall pay before they're due;
And then complain because there are so few.

At my expense my debtors all shall dine
On richest viand, choicest fruit and vine.

When ere my wife desires a bonnet new,
I'll straightway go and buy the dearest
two.

My new umbrella with my friends I'll leave
While of their "holy" ones I'll them relieve.

At evening parties I'll be good and staid
And always choose for partner some old maid.

My neighbor's cat I'll feed and educate,
And "bless" him when he sings so loud
and late.

All these resolves I'll keep: and yet one more:

My in-law I'll cherish and adore.

One of the saddest sides of life is suicide.

ONLY A PUN.

She—"And would you still wish to marry me if I had an artificial optic?" He—"Yes darling. With all thy false eye'd love thee still."

DOWN IN MAINE.

A wedding notice in a Maine paper the other day ended with the words: "No cake, no cake, nobody's business."

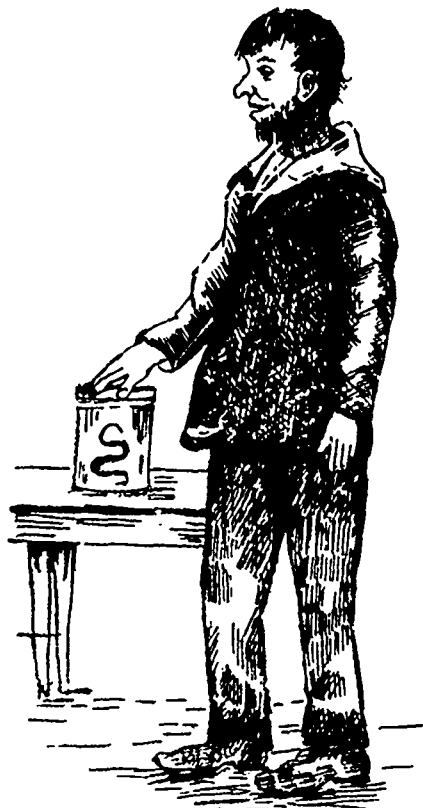
BOOKS.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:

For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

Sir J. Denham.

A GUINEA A BOX.



THE REST OF SPIRITS, WHEN A LITTLE LIGHT WINE WOULD DO.

Bright Sayings of Women.

It was once the fashion to complain that the poetry written by women was of a melancholy character, or, as one writer a woman, too, has expressed it "Pegasus generally feels inclined to pace toward a graveyard the moment he feels a side-saddle on his back." But women have always been quick at repartee and brilliant in conversation. Phoebe Cary, famous for her bon mots, was told by Mr. Barnum that the skeleton man and the fat woman in his "greatest show on earth" were married. "I suppose they love through thick and thin," was her quick comment.

Louise M. Alcott once put the following query: If steamers are named the Asia, the Russia and the Scotia, why not call one the "Nausea"?

A man frequently seen upon the church steps before service, but not considered a devout attendant within the church declared himself to be a pillar of the church. "Pillarsham" was the retort of a lady friend who overheard him. Kate Sanborn has said that women make almost as many puns and quite as execrable ones as men do, and she cites Queen Elizabeth, Lady Morgan, the Irish novelist, and Grace Greenwood as among those addicted to play upon words. It is, however, a marked fact that women's wit is of a spontaneous nature, and also that when a woman grows satirical, the charm of her conversation is gone.

Bellerophon Sartin felt he had an inspiration. Do not be afraid; he was not going to mount the Pegasus of the Muses and concoct verses. No, the Pegasus which he proposed to mount was the winged horse upon which Holloway, Cockle, and Beecham Ayer have in turn successfully ridden against the dread chimaera poverty.

Now, Bellerophon, notwithstanding the fact that he had received a classical education (indeed, that unreliable Jersey-Frenchman, Le priere, was his favourite reading), did not think it beneath him to bring his mighty brain to bear upon the invention and manufacture of a perfectly harmless pill. This accomplished he cast about how best to launch the bolus upon a consumptive public; in other words how best to give the world an opportunity of evincing its gratitude by casting its gold into his lap.

To arrive at a decision on this knotty point was harder than he had expected. Advertisement in the papers and on hoardings was, of course, open to him, but then his whole capital was but two thousand pounds, and he found out that that would go a precious little way. What was he to do? He was fairly at his wits' end when one night, after reading himself to sleep with the "Classical Dictionary," he dreamed that he was Sisyphus condemned continually to roll a huge pill to the top of Primrose Hill from which it fell back as soon as it had reached the summit, and so rendered his punishment eternal; whilst written across the lurid sky in flames of fire, the words "Worth a guinea a box" burnt themselves into his brain. He started from his sleep, dismayed the wife of his bosom by shouting "A Guinea a Box!"

From that moment he felt that the inspiration that was wanting to make his fortune was upon him. By the morning he had definitely made up his mind—not that his pills were worth a guinea a box (this would no. have been original), but that the world would have to pay a guinea a box for them, or else go without. He was convinced that the world would take them at his estimate. He further argued that the sale of a comparatively small number of his boxes at this price, say ten or twenty thousand, would admirably recoup him. He also realised that the ordinary public, which buys its medicines with postage stamps, and which is appealed to by posters and newspaper advertisements, would not be the public from which he could hope to obtain so exorbitant a price. He, therefore, realised that a new method of distributing pills must be discovered.

Now the Sartins, although proud, lived in a very small way, Bellerophon being a dispensing chemist by trade, in an ob-

scure country town. Three hundred a year at the outside was the extent of the profits derived from the business. This modest couple were blest with but one child, a daughter, Matilda by name, upon whom they lavished all the affection and tenderness of which they were capable. Indeed, they stinted themselves to provide this very pretty girl of theirs with a first-rate education, which cost them the best part of a hundred pounds a year.

As good fortune would have it, just at the time of Bellerophon Sartin's inspiration above mentioned, Matilda had returned home "finished" from school a fine, handsome, though somewhat eccentric girl of eighteen, and as little like an obscure chemist's daughter as it is possible to imagine. Notwithstanding, her grander surroundings at school had not in any degree weakened her natural affection for her parents. But still it could not be denied that the stuffy little parlour at the back of the shop, and the stuffy little society in which she found herself obliged to move, were anything but congenial. She was just in that state of mind in which any opportunity of escape would be eagerly grasped at.

And it was then that another brilliant idea struck Bellerophon, which may be called his second inspiration.

I have said that Matilda's father had, besides his business, a small capital of some two thousand pounds. Now he made up his mind, after conferring with his daughter to invest a good proportion of this in a scheme of quite remarkable audacity, by which he hoped, within a year or two, to make a comfortable fortune.

Certain hypnotic displays had of late been given in the town, and, as is usual at such performances, the effect of suggestion upon the mesmerised subjects had been particularly dwelt upon and exemplified. One night, indeed, Bellerophon and his wife had been witnesses of a very remarkable exhibition, which had left a lasting impression upon them. A boy, of extremely robust and vigorous appearance, with rosy cheeks and broad chest, after being hypnotised, had been instructed to assume the appearance of a person in the last stage of a galloping consumption. Immediately, his cheeks seemed to fall away; his eyes assumed an unnatural brightness; his colour disappeared, save for a hectic spot over each cheek-bone; his breath grew short and a cough that seemed to tear him to pieces developed itself. The mesmerist then suggested to him that he should resume his natural appearance, and—like magic—all the symptoms disappeared, and the boy, like Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House," found himself again.

Now all this made a great impression upon Bellerophon, and, after discussing the matter, he and Matilda determined

to put themselves in communication with the Professor. The result of it all was that about a month after these occurrences the proprietor of the Spitz Hotel, San Ritzma Bad, received a letter signed "Matilda Fortescue," ordering the best sitting-room that was vacant and two bedrooms, one for the lady herself and one for her maid. The winter season at this favourite resort for chest complaints was just commencing, and persons in all stages of consumption were eagerly flocking to it. However, Matilda Fortescue, nee Sartin, was just in time to secure one of the handsomest suites in the hotel; and by the time every nook and cranny are filled, behold her and her maid comfortably settled down in their new quarters.

Now Matilda, being a very handsome girl, and well educated to boot, was soon well known to all the gay people in the hotel. She danced and sang and tobogganed and flirted with such hearty good will and enjoyment that she soon became a universal favourite. The men vied with each other in appropriating her, and the women showed sufficient envy to satisfy a much more hardly-pleased damsel than Matilda. Indeed, she found herself enjoying life so amazingly that she was tempted to forget the business part of her expedition. She was, however, roused from her fool's paradise by a letter from her father, complaining that, although six weeks had elapsed since her departure, not a single application had been received for one of the guinea boxes of pills. Then she realised that she must set herself seriously to work to carry out the audacious scheme which she and her father had agreed upon. From that day her hitherto robust health appeared to flag. Constantly she complained to her partners that she was too tired to dance. She left her food untasted at the dinner-table, although it must be admitted she made up for this self-denial in the privacy of her own apartments. In fine, it began to be whispered about that the handsome Miss Fortescue was far from being as strong and healthy as her blooming appearance would lead people to suppose.

The inhabitants of the Spitz Hotel, therefore, were more or less prepared for the startling news, one morning about a week later, that the universal favourite was stricken down with a sudden pulmonary attack. The doctor who had been called in went about with a very grave face, and it got whispered abroad that, never in his large experience, had he witnessed so sudden and utter a collapse. After two or three days the symptoms became so alarming that he called in an eminent physician, who was wintering in the place, in consultation, and, as a result, informed Matilda's maid that Miss Fortescue's relations ought to be summoned. He confessed to one or two of his intimates that the case was most serious, and, he believed,

could have but one termination, and that in the near future. The gaiety of the hotel was eclipsed. The sensation caused by one so beautiful and, apparently healthy, being struck down in this terrible way, was profound; and when, at the end of a week, the doctors said that she was actually sinking, people moved about as if in a dream, hardly raising their melancholy voices above a whisper.

The next morning every one was prepared for the worst news; but on inquiry it was learnt that a sudden and most unaccountable improvement had taken place in the patient's condition; and, furthermore, the general astonishment may be imagined when a day or two later, Matilda, beaming, smiling, and beautifully healthy as ever, appeared in her ordinary place at table d'hôte. At first her friends hardly dared to approach her, and, when they did, they carefully avoided the subject of her illness. After a while, however, this shyness wore off, and congratulations poured upon her, and then was made known a wonderful and perplexing thing. She declared—and in this she was supported by the testimony of the doctors—that a day or two before she had been, to all appearance, in the extremity of death. That, when informed of her precarious state, the truth of which, indeed her own sensations confirmed, she had suddenly remembered that she had, before starting abroad, been attracted by a strange advertisement of a new and marvellous remedy for consumption. That she had, at the time, in an inspired moment, purchased a box of these pills for the amazing price of one guinea. That in despair, she had, according to the directions on the box, bidden her maid administer six to her, at intervals of one hour, and that, as a result, she had risen within forty-eight hours with every symptom gone, and not a trace of weakness left by her apparently exhausting attack.

The effect upon the phthisical population of San Ritzma Bad may be imagined. Every one clamoured for the address of the inventor of this marvellous remedy, and two days after Bellerophon Sartin received fifty orders for pills, varying from one box to half-a-dozen. With each box he sent half-a-dozen handbills in the following terms, printed on rainbow-hued papers:—

SARTIN'S ANTI-TUBERCLE!!!

Query—Is consumption curable?

Answer—Yes.

TRY SARTIN'S ANTI-TUBERCLE PILLS.

ONE GUINEA A BOX.

These naturally, were soon broadcast and with them the story of Miss Fortescue's wonderful recovery. The result was, that, by the end of the month Bellerophon Sartin had sold over two thousand boxes of this harmless pill at a profit of at least £1,950.

Having thus successfully opened the cam-

paign, Matilda thought it wiser to seek fresh fields and pastures new, especially as there had been more than one very evident failure in the efficacy of the remedy which she had been the innocent cause of advertising. Packing up her traps, therefore, she and her maid started off to that group of islands in the South Pacific, called the Sherry Isles, to which every year thousands of consumptive patients are sent by the most eminent physicians. Here the very same programme was gone through, and with even greater results, so that Bellerophon had his work cut out to keep pace with the orders which arrived by every mail. He wrote to Matilda that he had opened an account at the leading bank, and that, finding it necessary to give up the whole of his house to the manufacture of the pills, he had taken another in the best part of the town; that they now employed two maids; and that he always went about in a silk hat on week-days.

This was, of course, all very gratifying to his adventurous daughter, and she was encouraged to continue her exploits on the French littoral—indeed, wherever the fiend tuberculosis collect its innumerable victims. At the end of six months her father wrote, that such had been his success that he thought she might very well rest from her labours, and come home and taste the pleasures of a handsome competence; especially as, although the great boom in the pills had died away, there was still a sufficient demand to keep his factory comfortably employed.

Matilda's home-coming may be better imagined than described. Here had she in one bound lifted her beloved parents (and herself) above the sordid miseries of respectability on three hundred a year to the enjoyment of comparative wealth. She had left her father six months ago an obscure chemist, living above his shop. She found him a prominent burgess, living in a handsome suburban villa. Miss Matilda Sartin was a proud girl that day as she stepped into the comfortable hall and found herself in her father's embrace. Nor was she in her moment of triumph forgetful of the faithful companion, Miss Annie Magnot, her pseudo-lady's-maid, to whom she and her father owed so much; and that evening, as they sat round the fire, she detailed with what faithfulness and care she had carried out her part of the bargain, never forgetting for one moment, in the presence of others, to sink the hypnotist in the abigail.

Now Miss Annie Magnot was highly flattered at the manner in which her attentions had been appreciated, and, seeing the impression that she had made, not only upon her subject—Miss Fortescue—but on her clearer-headed parents, she thought it would be foolish if she did not avail herself of the opportunity, which was thus presented to her, of getting Mr.

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Sartin under her influence. She accordingly asked him if he would allow her to try whether her power was sufficiently great to enable her to put him under control.

"Well," replied Mr. Sartin, "I shall be most happy for you to try, if you like, although I am afraid you will find me rather a tough subject."

At this they all laughed, and the hypnotist proceeded to try her skill upon Bellerophon. The chemist submitted himself unreservedly to her spells, and in a few minutes was evidently completely hypnotised, and, to the vast amusement of his wife and daughter, was put through various laughable and grotesque performances.

"And now," said Annie Magnet to them, "before releasing him, I am going to whisper a 'suggestion,' as I want to see whether he can be influenced in this way to perform a certain act to-morrow at a certain hour"

She thereupon stooped down and whispered a few words into his ear, which were inaudible to Mrs. Sartin and Matilda, and immediately afterwards she blew in his

face, and, striking him sharply on the arm, released him from his hypnotic slumber.

Bellerophon rubbed his eyes, and looking in a bewildered way about him, professed, in answer to his wife's question, absolute ignorance of the antics he had performed.

"But," said Mrs. Sartin, "you will be doing something to-morrow which will surprise yourself!"

The next day Miss Annie Magnet might have been seen seated in the London express in converse with Mr. Sartin, who was at the station seeing her off. As the train moved out of the station he handed to her a heavy bag, which she eagerly grasped. She laughed heartily as she threw herself back in her seat, leaving him standing on the platform with a bewildered look upon his face.

Bellerophon Sartin, however, brightened up when the train was well out of the station, and chuckled contentedly to himself as he turned his steps homewards.

In the meantime Annie Magnet, whirling away to London, was eagerly unfastening

the straps of the bag which Bellerophon had handed to her. On the top of the contents, which seemed to be a number of small canvas bags, was a note. She tore it open and read as follows:—

Madame,—When you imagined you hypnotised me last night I was wider awake than you were. Consequently, I quite understood your "suggestion" that I should go to my bank and draw out £5,000 this morning, and bring the same to you, as you were starting for London by the twelve o'clock express.

I am afraid you will be somewhat disappointed when you examine the contents of this bag, but I have no doubt that you will be able to hypnotise the pebbles and sheets of paper, and suggest that they should turn themselves into gold sovereigns and bank-notes. I should most strongly advise you in the future to stick pins into your hypnotised patients to make sure that they are not impostors like—Your obedient servant,

Bellerophon Sartin.

P.S.—Kindly advertise my anti-tubercle pills wherever you go. Their price is a guinea a box.

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INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

Capital and Accumulated Funds.....	\$34,875,000
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from Interest upon Invested Funds.....	5,240,000
Deposited with the Dominion Government for security of Canadian Policy Holders.....	300,000

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Paid-up and Invested, - - -	2,750,000
Total Funds, - - -	17,500,000

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FOUNDED 1864.

Capital.....	\$6,000,000
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