



HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"Mr. Chapleau and two of his Montreal friends narrowly escaped being killed in New York the other day by the horses attached to their carriage running away. They all received bruises in jumping out, but their injuries are not considered serious."

This news item from Monday's *Mail* is noteworthy as a remarkable repetition of history. A few months ago this same Mr. Chapleau had a similar escape from a tragic fate—only on that occasion it was political. He had been driving the ministerial carriage at Quebec in a reckless manner, and with a very loose rein, when all at once he found that the horses were beyond his control. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped out, but more fortunately than in his new York episode, on that occasion he landed safe and sound in the fatherly arms of the Dominion Premier, who, apprehending the catastrophe, sagaciously placed himself where he could be of service.

PORTRAITS OF FAIR TORONTONIANS

Not by FRANK MILES.

III.—MRS. CRAMEM AND MISS SHYLOCK.



MRS. CRAMEM is a lady of another stamp. Of noble presence and commanding mien, she makes no pretence of any extraordinary affection for her pupils nor does she demand theirs. Content with ensuring their respect, she looks well after their health and happiness and leaves the rest to their own inclination. Mrs. Cramem's speciality is the higher education, and very highly educated her pupils usually are. They never die, never go mad, never have brain fever. They know the Atlas and Cornwell's Geography off by heart. They can do every problem in the arithmetic book; are deeply read in theology, botany, syntax and ornithology. They can play the piano, the harp, and the violin. Can talk French and

German like Canadianized natives. Their small brains are expanded as sponges with the amount of the water of learning with which they are soaked.

Many of Mrs. Cramem's girls marry. Not while they are with her, oh no! for shame! of course not, but afterwards. Then for glory! Their husbands, swelling with pride at the little wife's erudition expect wonders in housekeeping, needlework and puddings.

Alas! for the vanity of human expectations. What! expect a lady of her attainments to sit down and sew like an ignorant sewing girl. Or to mind the baby, or to scour the spoons. Why! Why! Mrs. Cramem never included low subjects like those, in her course of education for young duchesses. Little wife has never held a needle in her hand throughout her life; though she remembers once seeing one. She knows that *un gigot de mouton* is the French for a leg of mutton, but she had no idea but how very funny!

that the *gigot* required any attention while cooking. She thought you stuck it in front of the fire and it cooked itself.

MISS SHYLOCK is a lady of yet another pattern still. Her speciality is dogs, and the pupils are quite a secondary consideration. The dogs get all the love, consequently there is none left to spare for the girls. A large hound, a small hound, a black and tan terrier, a baby brown terrier, popularly supposed to be the infant of Mrs. Black and Tan; a fluffy white, a pepper and salt, and a Pomeranian dog compose Miss Dread's humble kennel; and most of these animals accompany her, when she accompanies the girls, forming (since most of them are males) a very suitable rear-guard, vanguard and flank-guard for the galaxy of beauty within the circle.

Miss Shylock does not affect either the gentle motherliness of Mrs. Lovem or the imposing dignity of Mrs. Cramem, she is simply cross. But she is so *very, very*, cross, or so say the girls, she would befeared like the plague were it not for a younger sister who is the pleasantest and most kindhearted little woman in the world, and who sometimes softens the asperities of the dragon's temper. Miss Dread pays her governesses less by \$100 a year than any other preceptress, but she makes up for this by exacting three times the amount of work out of them, and also by a judicious bargain well calculated to promote the cause of justice. The bargain is that they are to stay with her for a year, certain, no shirking, no slipping out of the bargain, no sneaking away on the plea of father's death or mother's illness. Any such weak or puerile excuses are met with the—you forfeit a quarter's salary Miss Malheureuse.

All these ladies by dint of immense self-control and perseverance have acquired a stiff and monotonous courtesy of manner that re-



minds one of a soldier at "stand erect." They have their smart little affirmative bow, in place of yes or thank-you; their dignified bow on entering the drawing room; their studied refinements of speech and expression; all of which passes with upstarts for innate good breeding, and which they sedulously labor to inculcate upon their pupils.

The young duchesses are trained to walk nicely two and two in the street, each couple exactly behind the one in front. Swinging of arms, glancing over shoulders, and talking loudly are amongst the seven deadly sins, but making eyes at young men is the unpardonable sin. Boys will be boys, however, they say and young duchesses young duchesses, and we expect the same rule holds good for girls, and will do so, even when school-days are over and Mesdames Lovem, Cramem and Shylock shall be no more.

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

We understand the following "characters" are booked for the approaching Grand Winter Carnival to be held in Montreal:

<i>The Babes in the Wood</i>	Sir J. A. M—d.
<i>Jacob Homespun</i>	Sir H. L. L—n.
<i>King Canute</i>	Sir L. T—y.
<i>Tinon, the Tartar</i>	Speaker M—n.
<i>Damon and Pythias</i>	Mr. Ed. B—e.
<i>William, the Silent</i>	Dr. G—n S—h.
<i>The Pathfinder</i>	Mr. G—n B—n.
<i>Almaschar</i>	Mr. J. B. P—b.
<i>A Nobleman of the 19th Century</i>	Mr. N. F. D—n.
<i>Saint Paul</i>	Mr. W. M—ll.
<i>Oliver Twist</i>	Lord L—e.
<i>Capt. Macheath</i>	Mr. J. A. C—n.
<i>Joseph Surface</i>	Mr. Oliver M—t.
<i>Solon Shingle</i>	Mr. N—y.
<i>Prince Goodfellow</i>	Sir Charles T—r.
<i>The Mock Duke</i>	Mr. Jno. H. P—e.
<i>William III.</i>	Mr. James S—t.
<i>The Artful Dodger</i>	Mr. Thos. W—e.
<i>Cupid</i>	Mr. M—o B—ll.
<i>Sir Giles Over-reach</i>	Mr. L. A. S—l.
<i>The Count of Monte Christo</i>	Judge H—y.
<i>Mrs. Malaprop</i>	Principal D—n.
<i>Athello</i>	Mr. G—o S—n.
<i>Davenport Dunn</i>	Mr. Adam C—ke.
<i>Pantaloon</i>	Sir R—d C—t.
<i>Old Mortality</i>	Mr. C. W. B—g.
<i>The American Senator</i>	Mr. M—e.
<i>Mr. Toots</i>	Rev. Dr. S—g.
<i>Sir John Falstaff</i>	Mr. John G—y.
<i>General Sarsfield</i>	Col. G—i.
<i>The Duke of Brandon</i>	Senator O—e.
<i>Capt. DeBoots</i>	Mr. C. F. F—r.
<i>Bombas ex Furioso</i>	Mr. W. F. S—h.
<i>Captain Cuttle</i>	General L—d.
<i>Chevalier Bayard</i>	Lt.-Gov. R—n.
<i>Laird of Oaklands</i>	Mr. H. J. M—n.
<i>Paul Pry</i>	Mr. A. P. C—n.
	Mr. John M—d.
	Mr. Fishery S—h.

Sometimes I dream of you,
Leonora!
Sometimes to you I'm true,
Fairer Flora!
Sometimes if I could view
Charming Cora,
I could almost eschew
Lovely Lora.
And still I must pursue
Precious Nora;
But oh! until I grew
To love you as I do,
Sweet Azora!
I often thought of you,
Dearest Dora!

"Will you be a good girl if I let you out?"
Was asked at the bolted door.
"I will," she replied, and then scampered about,
And acted much worse than before.

That mother's senses were all in a whirl,
When out spoke little Kate;
"I'm certainly going to be a good girl,
But I can't just fix the date."