

It is not generally known that the island now called Isle Jesus, north of Montreal, and embracing the present county of Laval, was originally named Isle Montmagny, from the first governor of New France. When and why the designation was altered cannot be ascertained.

The names given to the different tribes of the Five Nations, or Iroquois, against whom they waged continual warfare, were slightly different from ours and deserve to be preserved for the purposes of history. The Mohawks were called Agniers; the Cayugas, Ologouens; the Senecas, Sonnotonnans; while the Oneidas and Onondagas retained those names.

The present Canadian horse, which has maintained the excellence of its standard up to this day, dates back to De Tracy's expedition in 1664. They were shipped from Havre and landed at Quebec. The only other horse we read of as having been seen in the country before was brought out by Montmagny, the first governor, about five and twenty years previous.

To prevent confusion it should be observed that the Marquis de Tracy was not governor of New France, but viceroy of all the French possessions in America. A commercial company called the West Indian company obtained jurisdiction over all the Colonies of France, in the Antilles and elsewhere, and Tracy was put at the head of this. His special mission to Canada was to inquire into the conduct of Governor Mezy, and make war, as he did in a famous expedition, against the Iroquois.

A correspondent, after reading our brief account of Champlain expeditions up the Richelieu, inquires about the old French forts built on that river. The one at the confluence of the Richelieu and the St-Lawrence, was named St. Louis, and built by M. Sorel, commanding five companies of the Carignan regiment. The second, called Fort Richelieu, was built by M. De Chambly, at the foot of the rapids which still bear his name. The third, near St. Johns and called Ste. Therese, was built by Colonel Salieres.

We have been asked to give a complete list of the French governors of Canada. They are as follows:—

Montmagny.....	1636	1648
D'Ailleboust.....	1648	1651
De Lauzon.....	1651	1656
" (son).....	1656	1657
D'Ailleboust.....	1657	1658
D'Argenson.....	1658	1661
D'Avagour.....	1661	1663
De Mesy.....	1663	1665
De Courcelle.....	1665	1672
De Frontenac.....	1672	1682
De La Barre.....	1682	1685
De Denonville.....	1685	1689
De Frontenac.....	1689	1698
De Calliere.....	1698	1703
De Vaudreuil.....	1703	1725
De Beauharnois.....	1726	1747
De La Galissoniere... ..	1747	1749
De la Jonquiere.....	1748	1752
Du Quesne.....	1752	1755
De Vaudreuil.....	1755	1760

It is worthy of remark that, during nearly the whole of this long period, extending considerably over a century, from 1643 to 1774, there were only two kings in France:—Louis XIV who reigned from 1643 to 1715, and Louis XV, whose reign lasted from 1715 to 1774.

[For the Pictorial Times]

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

It was Carnival time, and a crowd of brightly dressed girls were laughing gaily as they whirled down the toboggan slide, the clear cold air bringing the colour to their cheeks, and making their eyes sparkle like diamonds. Among a group of pretty maidens stood

Carrie Harding, an American girl, now visiting Montreal for the first time, and her friend Mary Snowden was very anxious that it should be a very pleasant visit. As they stood chatting together at the top of the slide Mary's eyes moved hither and thither; at last she gave a little start of satisfaction, and greeted a new comer delightedly "I am so glad to see you Syd, I thought you were never coming." Sydney Stratton was a tall, slim young man with very dark eyes and moustache, handsome, clever and rich, and Miss Snowden had weaved a pretty little romance in her mind, in which he and her much admired friend played the principal parts; but what was her dismay to find on the introductions being made, that Sydney after a very formal bow, relapsed into his coldest manner, while Carrie, her beautiful face a shade paler, and her large brown eyes flashing, turned away with Mary's younger sister.

Carrie had but little time for reflection, during the varied amusements of the day and evening, but as she dressed for going out the following day, she wished, with all her heart, she could find an excuse for returning home. She had never heard the Snowdens speak of Mr Stratton as their friend, or no inducement, not even the Carnival itself, would have induced her to risk such a meeting. "However," she thought as she ran down stairs, in answer to Mary's announcement of the sleigh at the door. "I can avoid him as much as possible, and it is he, not I, who has most cause for embarrassment."

That night Carrie made a very pretty picture in her fancy costume for the rink and a dainty "piece of china," she took in her flowered satin dress and powdered hair. She had seen nothing of Sydney all day and began to think her fears of annoyance were groundless, she was an accomplished skater, but as she skimmed along, her uncle gave way slightly, and she would have fallen, but for the assistance of an Indian Chief, who proffered his aid with a gravity worthy of his race. Later, when Carrie sat resting with Mary and Addie Snowden she discovered the dusky warrior was Sydney Stratton; he came and chatted brightly to Addie, but from time to time glanced at Carrie, who sat like a statue of ice. Suddenly a gleam lighted up her eyes as she heard the words:

"Is Mrs. Stratton here to night?"  
"Yes, have you not seen her? She is dressed as the Queen of the Flowers but you may not be able to recognise her from that description,—ah, there she is!"

As he spoke, Carrie saw a handsome woman glide swiftly past, in a costume of lace and satin covered with costly and beautiful flowers.

It was true then! That was his wife, and yet he dared to speak to her, and look calmly into her face after the words of love he had breathed in her ear, during that happy summer time they spent together only a few short months ago. He had won her love, although he was on the eve of marriage to another woman, "false and base, and unworthy any woman's love, Sydney Stratton," thought Carrie, her heart beating wildly, while she forced herself to smile and appear full of gaiety, but oh, what a relief when it was all over, and she could lay her aching head down and need keep up the semblance of happiness. She loved Sydney; if she could but have torn him from her heart and felt the coldness she assumed, it would have been a satisfaction, but she could not; she had bade her lover farewell at the close of their summer trip his last words being of their happy future. Then she had but received his first letter, full of love and hope, when she heard of his marriage; yes, there could be no mistake, she remembered only too well, the day, the dreadful day, she sat in Mrs. Telford's parlour listening to that lady's description of her friend's daughter's wedding, and the

bridgroom was Mr. Sydney Stratton of Montreal!

So Sydney's letter lay in a little casket locked away like a dead thing, unanswered.

"Of course, we must see the attack of the Ice Castle" was the general cry, and Carrie found herself amidst a laughing, surging, crowd in front of the fairy like structure on the eventful night a glorious eve, the sky clear, with the moon sailing serenely through a sea of blue, cloudless air, and shining down upon the stately, white edifice below; there it stood, seemingly strong, substantial, and defiant but like many a "Castle" of human desires, destined to fade away with the bright sunshine of a few months hence!

It was all new and beautiful to Carrie Harding. The atmosphere, the building before her, the people around her with the often recurring conversations in French and the picturesque dresses of the Snowshoers, with the many colored lights falling upon them as they busily engaged in the attack and defence, all made up a spectacle, which, it seemed to her, belonged to dreamland more than reality.

The last rocket had fallen, and the crowd began to move, and the Snowdens' party also, when by an unlucky turn, Carrie found herself alone, she gazed round and then suddenly seeing a clear space, darted across it, as a sleigh with a pair of horses turned quickly round the corner. Another moment, and she would have been under their feet, when she was snatched away by the strong arms of a stalwart snowshoer; when she reached a place of safety, she looked up, to meet the grave, dark eyes of Sydney Stratton.

"You are indeed a veritable squire of dames, Mr. Stratton" she said, with an accent of sarcasm.

"I am only too happy to have been of service to you, Miss Harding; allow me to see you safely home. Mr. Snowden will be very uneasy about you," he replied with coldness; and they proceeded to walk the short distance homewards, silent at first, until Carrie found speech less irksome, and made a commonplace remark, to which he replied in the same fashion when they had almost reached the house, Sydney said. "It is most unfortunate we should be thrown together in this manner; I only hope it may not interfere with your pleasure."

"You cannot regret it more than I do, Mr. Stratton" was the laconic reply; and in another moment, she was overwhelmed in question, explanations and the like, while Mary glanced from her handsome, cold face to Sydney's moody, thoughtful one; he had come to a resolution, which he had not an opportunity of putting into practice until the night of the ball, which took place at the Windsor Hotel.

All was brilliant and festive as the dancers assembled in the beautiful ball room at the Windsor, and Carrie could not help yielding to the influence of the brightness around her, as she whirled round the room; conscious she was looking her best, her dress suited her, her partner danced well, and a faint flush rose in her cheeks and her lips parted in an involuntary smile when her eyes fell upon Sydney standing watching her with a determined, puzzled look upon his face. It was late when he came up to her and asked her to dance with him, hastily adding as he saw she was about to refuse.

"I have a reason Miss Harding, for my presumption" with an air that may compelled her to accept, and for a few seconds, the two joined in the dance, but, evidently that was not the final purpose of her partner, for he found a quiet corner, and still with the manner that seemed to compel her to acquiesce, seated himself, and said.

"Miss Harding, will you answer me a question?"  
"Why do you ask" queried Carrie, like a woman—and an American.  
"Because I must know the truth; tell

me, Carrie, why did you not answer my letter?"

"Why! can you ask, how dare you ask! Had you not better rejoice your wife," she added with a scornful accent, as a fair, handsomely dressed woman passed by.

"My wife! What do you mean? What terrible mistake has there been? That is my cousin's wife; he was married soon after I returned to Montreal. I wrote to you, and not one word did I receive in reply, and when we meet, you have treated me with contempt, what does it all mean?" and the young man rose in his excitement and stood looking down upon the beautiful girl whose face changed from crimson to white, from despair to hope;—she raised her eyes, and said steadily.

"Sydney, I did believe you were false, that you had deceived me cruelly, but but," her voice trembled "I was hasty, mistaken,—forgive me," she whispered in a low tone, but Sydney heard and with an exclamation of delight he caught her to his heart, where she nestled as though she had reached her home at last.

C. H.

[FOR THE PICTORIAL TIMES.]  
CANADA'S JUBILEE OFFERING.

Just fifty years ago, the land  
With wonder, not unmixed with awe,  
On maiden brow in maiden hand,  
Both crown and regal sceptre saw.

Was charge so sacred e'er before  
On youthful maiden spirit laid?  
Has burden solemn—almost sore  
Upon such fragile shoulders weigh'd it

Those fifty years with steady force,  
And progress sure, if seeming slow,  
Have followed their restless course,  
Unchecked by joy, unstayed by woe.

Their records now to time belong,  
So too in history shall be seen  
How we all met with gift and song  
Our widowed, once our maiden Queen.

How women flock from ev'ry part  
Impetuous, eager, loyal, true,  
And token bear, with faithful heart,  
Of reverence so justly due.

And how through these long chequered  
[years]  
The Canadian watchword still has been—  
In weal or woe, "mind hopes and fears,  
Through life to death, God save the  
[Queen!]

GENERAL BOULANGER.



The French Minister of war has shared with Bismarck, of late, a very large portion of the world's attention. He is a sterling soldier, risen from the ranks and his services extend over many years. Thoroughly devoted to France and her army he is doing all he can to prepare for war, but there is no reason to think that he is other than disposed to peace. General Boulanger is known in Montreal from his visit, several years ago, as a member of the French military commission that attended the Yorktown centennial.

The poet ever tries, in rhyme,  
His feelings to rehearse.  
He cannot stop; he took the muse  
For better or for verse.