



HON. JAMES McSHANE

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS AND AGRICULTURE

Our readers will be glad to see the well known features of Mr McShane in our columns, on the occasion of his reaching office. It was only to be expected that on the Liberals assuming the Government, the member for Montreal Centre should form part of it, as the representative of the Irish Catholic population, and the appointment has been received with satisfaction, by Liberals and Conservatives alike. Mr McShane's public career has been one of uniform success, every election of his resulting in his favor. He has served for many years as alderman, a position which he still holds, and his service in the Provincial Legislature has extended over several terms. Mr McShane was born in 1834 and was educated by the Sulpicians, at the Seminary of Montreal. His principal business has been the exportation of live cattle. He was first returned to the Quebec Legislature in 1878 and he has been twice re-elected since.

[For the Pictorial Times]

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHONE.

(Adapted from the "Légende des Siècles" of Victor Hugo).

The Yellow Rhone flows gently to the sea. Clear, placid river, noiselessly falling into beautiful lake Lemnan, and bearing its tides to wash the sands of Provence.

Two knights stood upon its banks in the grey, dawn. Young, ambitious, rivals in glory, jealous of each other's rising fame. Closely mailed in steel, bright casque, impenetrable visor, long lance, broad sword, thick shield, indomitable courage. Roland and Oliver!

A boat was rocking at their feet in the eddies of the placid Rhone. "Watermen," cried Oliver, and four strong, swarthy peasants issued from "their huts in the neighboring wood. Row us to yonder island," and they stepped in, violently balancing the boat under the weight of their iron tread. Softly cleaves the boat the yel-



low waters of the Rhone, and beautiful before them rises the green isle, radiant in the morning sunshine. The oarsmen look with suspicion at their mailed passengers, and glance furtively at one another, not daring to speak. Who are they? What do they seek in the island at this early hour? The boat grates upon the pebbles of the beach, the warriors spring out, and in silence advance to a little eminence overlooking the stream. "What can they mean?" whisper the sailors, as pushing out a little, they rest upon their oars and watch the mysterious strangers.

Meantime, dews sparkle, flowers blossom, birds sing, breezes play on the island shore.

Silent stand the warriors gazing at each other through the two apertures of their visors—gazing with eyes of flame. They draw their magic swords—Oliver, his Closamont; Roland, his Durandal. Had you seen those warriors yesterday, you would have beheld two pages, gentle and rosy as girls, playing among their companions at home. Now, with their visors down, and harnessed in mail they resemble two spectres of steel. Behold! They fight—body to body—black, silent, obstinate and enraged. They fight so close, with low mutterings, that their warm, rapid breath stains their armor. Foot presses foot, swords clash, helmets ring, fragments of hauberk and falchion bound at every moment into the grass or stream. The boatmen, in terror, allow their bark to drift away, and gaze from far on the scene. The combat continues the whole day and all through the night. The sun rises and sets the second day and still they fight. Rises and sets the third day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the fourth day and still they fight.

Dews sparkle, birds sing, flowers blossom, breezes play, and in that quiet landscape fearful is the sound of clanging steel.

The sun rises on the fifth day and still they fight. Their casques are dented with blows, their breast-plates



checkered with sword thrusts, but the impenetrable mail is uninjured. The

sun reaches the meridian, pouring his fierce fire on their crests, but they do not desist. The day begins to wane when suddenly Oliver, moved by a strange fancy, stops short and exclaims: Roland, we shall never end this combat. We may continue for days and nights and never approach a term. We are not wild beasts whose rage is insatiable. Were it not better for us to be brothers? Hear me! I have a sister, fair Maud, the blue-eyed. Marry her!

"With all my heart," answered Roland, "and now let us drink a toast together."

The toast was: "A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER!"

The warriors twain their good fortune laud, And thus the brave Roland espoused the fair Maud.

J. L.

STILL ENGLISH.

The following three new verses are now sung by Dixey in his "Quite English You Know," song. They were written by John Paul Bocoock, of Philadelphia:

Philadelphia's a city, I already see,
That's English, quite English, you know,
Perhaps something you'll find to approve of
in me

That's English, you know;
The heifer that helped me to make my stage
bow Came down from no Jersey nor high-
blooded cow;

Yet it may have been kin to John Bull, so I
Vow it was English, quite English, you
know!

You pronounce your A's broad and eat creams
with a fork

That's English, quite English, you know;
I confess I've seen people do that in New
York who were English, quite English,
you know.

We all strive for Fashion, for Fashion in
strife, but I never was half as surprised in
my life

As when I was told you eat fish with a knife—
Yet that's English, quite English, you
know.

Now there's just one more thing my good
friends you must do

To be English, quite English, you know;
And, ladies, I'm speaking directly to you—
For it's English, quite English, you know.
Were your escort a man, or a boy, or a duke,
Should he keep on his hat, you would
think him quite rude;
At the theatre leave off your bonnets if you'd
Be English, quite English, you know!

"A MAGNIFIQUE DINNAIR."

M. Le Blanc, if his story be accepted, was once chief cook to a Parisian nobleman. Now he keeps a West Side boarding house. For days before Christmas he treated his guests to mouth-watering descriptions of "ze magnifique dinnair on ze Christmas da in La Belle France." A few days before Christmas he became very mysterious and intimated that those fortunate mortals who sat at his board should also have a "magnifique dinnair." Accordingly anticipation ran high.

The day at last arrived. His promises were fulfilled. The table was spread with an embarrassment of good things. One dish was especially a favorite, and that it was so seemed to give Monsieur great delight. It seemed a species of game, was delicately flavored, but no one knew exactly what it was.

"Oh, monsieur, do tell us what this delicious meat is," said pretty Miss H., the star boarder, when the dish was demolished.

"Zat, madam, zat is ze grand triumph of ze art. Only ze Frenchmen mek ze delicious doesh—zat is ze—vat you call ze owl—ze pet owl."

"Owl!" exclaimed a chorus of voices and a dozn wry faces were made.

"Oh, monsieur, how could you have the heart to kill the poor thing?" chirped the star boarder.

"It ees you zat mek so cruel accusations, madam. I no keel him—he die."

THEN HE DIED.

All ills known to physic, from toothache to phthisic,
He suffered with torture intense,
A cancerous hummock invaded his stomach,
An rheumatic miasma, and choked with the asthma.

An abscess had eaten his lung,
And there was a rumor a gigantic tumor
Had grown at the roots of his tongue.

The keen meningitis, the choking bronchitis
Both tortured him nearly insane,
And a cross looking bunion as large as an onion

Made him howl for whole hours in pain.
He had "healers," physicians and loud quack magicians,

And nostrums and pills by the ton,
And medicine mixers with all their elixirs
Be-doctored the fellow like sin;

They would drug him and swill him, yet
nothing could kill him,

Their efforts combined he defied,
Till a famous soprano with a bogus piano
Moved into his house—then he died.

Can you do that? In one of the stately churches of the country an abbé began his sermon to a crowded congregation. On the marble floor at the foot of the nice elaborated carved pulpit, sat a poor drivelling, sottish, cobbler—who had not the smallest coin whereby to get a seat. The Father commenced: "my dear children of our Holy Church, it was with five thousand barley loaves and a few small fishes our blessed Saviour fed a few people in the wilderness."

The shoemaker looked up and said: "Eh! Padre but I could do that!" The preacher quickly realized the lapsus lingue he had made and said, "Oh! my dear children in the Lord, it was with five barley loaves and a few small fishes our blessed Redeemer fed five thousand people in the wilderness!" and leaning over the pulpit he crushingly whispered down to the momentarily triumphant St Crispin. "Can you do that, you ratter 'cobbler!"

An English Bishop visited one of his clergy and when his Lordship had retired for the night, the Parson was very particular in schooling his servant lad to go and knock at the bed room door in the morning, and then the Bishop said "who is there?" to say "the boy my Lord. The lad rehearsed his part all that evening and when he arose next morning, but when he knocked at the door and the Bishop said who is there, all was lost in confusion and he stammered out: "the Lord, my boy."

In a Scotch market town there was a poor half witted fellow who went by the name of "Daft Jamie." Jamie was a very regular attendant at the kirk and seated at the front of the gallery he would stare at the minister in wrapt attention to the service and especially the sermon.

One Sunday afternoon, many of the congregation were dozing off and the parson noticing Jamie's attention, in contrast, seized so favorable an opportunity to admonish his folk for sleeping and said "indeed you might take pattern by Daft Jamie who keeps awake at the sermon." But Jamie did not like this undue allusion and resentingly said "an may be if I had na been daft I'd hu been asleep too!"

In the absence of the vicar the sexton of the church was sent hurriedly to seek for some other minister to perform a baptism, and there he found one that could accompany him; he apologizing said "I would have got a wiser parson than you to come if I could easily have found one."

"Truth is mighty, but doesn't prevail here," is what a man has tacked above his gas-meter.