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MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 19, 1887

Every railway accident leads to reform. In the case of the White River disaster, two points must command attention, the substitution of ordinary stoves for heating by hot water, and a new system of lighting superseding coal oil—the terrible holocaust sprang from the first cause, to which the second may have contributed, as one woman's hair was found saturated with petroleum.

The need of axes and other trenchant tools, whereby a wrecked carriage may be broken into at once, and the victims extricated from timber that pins them in and down, is also imperative, and a clause to that effect should be included in every railway charter.

The tapping of wheels, and continuous survey of rails are furthermore necessary in railway travel and any dereliction of duty in that respect should be unmercifully visited with punishment. When we reflect how much of our lives is spent on the rail, it is appalling to think to what terrific dangers we are thus exposed.

The return of the Quebec ministers by acclamation was a just and fitting thing, due to themselves and reflecting credit on the good sense of their adversaries. Unless there be a special or personal issue at stake, it is good old English practice to acquiesce silently in the election of those whom popular favor has intrusted with the government.

This week is lively with the sights and sounds of the Federal election. After it, there is reason to expect that we shall have peace. The past six months have been spent in battle—in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, Manitoba, Prince Edward, Quebec and finally Ontario provincial elections. This Dominion contest when closed will give us rest.

It is amusing to read the forecast of the party press. Both sides claim a large majority—about 40 respectively. By getting that, the Ministerialists admit a

loss of 30, as their late majority was 70. By the same token, in claiming 40, the Liberals must make a turn of 120 in their favor.

PERSONALS.

Professor Long has just published a most useful little book, entitled "Slips of Tongue and Pen," and designed to point out the current mistakes of our speech and writing.

Principal Grant, of Kingston, is writing some very fiery articles in the papers about an independent press and an independent party. The latter scheme is more easily talked about than carried out.

OUR PICTURES.

Our front page is devoted to some of the events of the late Carnival, notably THE DRIVE, through the city, with an exhibition of horseflesh and a show of equipages such as are not surpassed by any City of America. This subject was more fully treated in our last number.

The GLENBETH EVICTIONS in Ireland form the subject of a couple of small sketches, and are of value as marking a turning point in the enforcement of the law for the collection of taxes.

On the morning of the 29th ult., the American fishermen at Eastport awoke to find a large fleet of Canadian vessels in Passamaquoddy Bay, close to the shore, taking herring from the immense "schools" which run in at this time of the year. Later in the day the Canadian cruiser *Middleton* appeared off Eastport, ready to prevent the Americans either from molesting the invaders or from encroaching on the Canadian limits, had they been so disposed. The Canadian captains had the laugh on the helpless Eastport fishermen, and one of them, when reminded that he had transgressed the legal limits, is reported as saying: "Of course I'm aware of it. When a man can almost step from his vessel to the shore, he is pretty sure he is inside the line. The herring just now happen to be on this side of old Passamaquoddy, and have been for several days."

LOG CABIN PIGEON HOUSE

It often occurs that persons do not care to make a business of raising pigeons, but wish only to keep one or two ornamental varieties, in which case it is well to make the cases or houses contribute to the ornamentation of the grounds. The above engraving represents a pigeon house of simple construction and attractive appearance. It is made of round and half round sticks of uniform size, which having been dried with the bark on, are taken upon a box made for the purpose. The dove cotes ought to be frequently cleaned, and it is a wise plan to paint them white, that color being very attractive to the birds and contributing to retain them when new cotes are made. A slip of wood should be placed in front of each cell for the pigeons to sit and coo on. Pigeons are fond of all the grains, but wheat and cracked corn are perhaps most largely employed in feeding them, with occasional rations of crushed oyster shells and pounded mortar. Pigeons may be trained to return to their houses after they have indulged in an hour or two's flight by a shrill loud and prolonged whistle; after they have attended to the call some favorite food should be given them.

[FOR THE "PICTORIAL TIMES."]

OUR FIREMEN.

PLEA FOR THE MONTREAL BRIGADE.

Honor to the brave,
Who risk their lives to save
Our loved ones and our homes from fire!
In the murky depths of night,
In the stilly solitude
Of sleep,
They keep
Sharp watches and they brood,
With bended ear and sight,
Over the least alarm
Of harm.
And they never, never tire!
When the lurid flame shoots high,
Veiling the starry sky,
And cinders fly like rain,
Blown in a hurricane;
When the infant's cry rings shrill,
And the mother, kneeling wild
Upon the window-sill,
With long hair disarrayed,
Calls out for manly aid
To save her burning child;
When strong men in their fright,
Circled by walls of fire,
Forget their mind and might,
And sink upon the floor,
As victims on a pyre,
To rise no more;
Who come like lightning sped,
With strong arm and bright eye,
With stout heart and cool head,
The fiery beast to tame,
And rescue from the flame,
The souls that else would die!
OUR FIREMEN!
Honor and guerdon then
To heroes such as these;
Grudge not a paltry wage
To cheer their hours of ease,
And to assuage
Their illness or old age.
Nay more,—
Increase their pay,
Enlarge their store,
And prove,
By proffer of a fair reward,
Your love
For man who o'er you, night and day,
Keep watch and ward.

SHE HELD THE FORT.

There were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort—even days against assaulting savages. In Edward Eggleston's recent historic series the story is told as follows: One October morning in 1692, the inhabitants of Verchères, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the fields at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

"Run, mademoiselle! run!" cried the man. "Here come the Iroquois." Looking round, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing that they could not catch her, fired at her. Their bullets whistled round her, and made the time seem very long, as she afterward said.

As soon as she neared the fort, she cried out, "To arms! to arms!" hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they hid hidden in the block house.

When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort she found two women there crying for their husbands, who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter.

She got what help she could and set them up. Then the little commander repaired to the block-house, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match?" said Madeleine

"Light the powder, and blow us all up," answered the soldier.

"You are a miserable coward!" said the girl. "Go out of this place!"

People are always likely to obey, in time of peril, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bade him. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat, and took a gun.

Her whole "force" consisted of the above mentioned soldiers, her two little brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man of eighty—and some women and children who did nothing but set up a continual screaming as soon as the firing commenced.

"Let us fight to the death," said brave Madeleine to her little brothers, who seem to have possessed no small share of her own courage. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king."

Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loop-holes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging about outside. The savages did not know how large the garrison was and therefore hesitated to attack the fort; and numbers of them fell before the well-directed shots of the soldiers.

The girl-commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the screaming of the women and children, for she was determined that the enemy should perceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a canon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the savages, and in hope that the noise might convey intelligence of the situation and bring them help.

Thus the fight went on, day after day, and night after night, the heroic girl keeping up her vigilant exertions so constantly that it was forty-eight hours before she caught a wink of sleep.

For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with no favoring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to her wooden defences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and "raised the siege."

A DEFENSE OF THE MALIGNED BUSTLE.

The bustle causes man more anxiety than all the sins of the masculine sex put together. He worries and writes and preaches about its weight. That is because he has never felt of one. They are not heavy. They are made of wire or cloth stuffed with hair, and when they are firmly fastened about the waist they take the weight of the skirts from the hip and support it. The dragging feeling that the two or three skirts and the dress give is quite eased. One becomes unconscious both of the skirts and the bustle. As to whether petticoats are pernicious or not is another question. They are very popular, and besides, there is no alternative but trousers, which man guards with a frenzied fury.

TRAINING A DOG.

An old dog trainer told Mr. Allan Forman:

"There is no limit to the number of things an intelligent dog can be made to do. All it needs is patience, perseverance and praise on the part of the teacher."

"Always persuade, if possible; never drive when it can be avoided, and you will find that you will have but little difficulty in teaching all you want him to learn."