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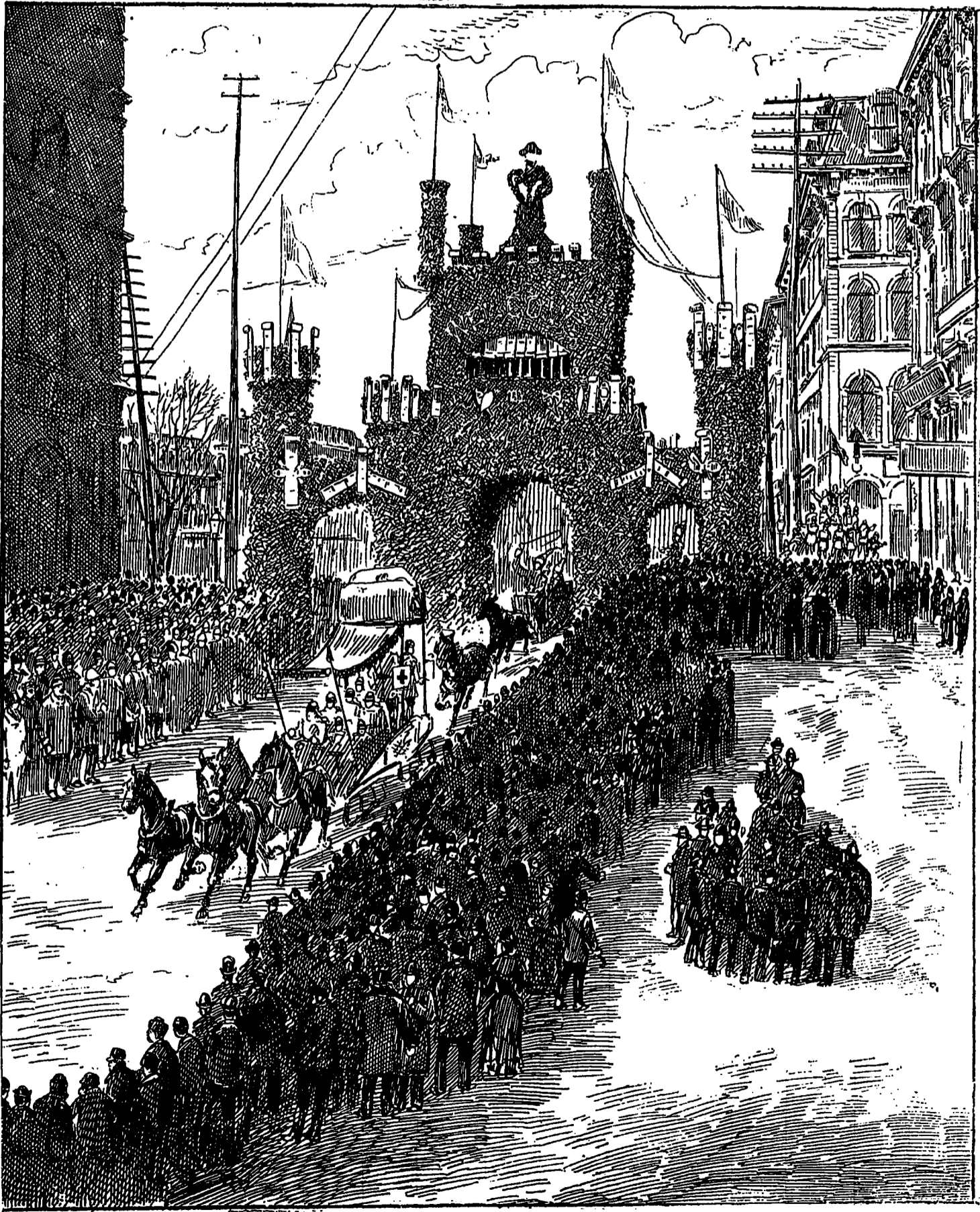
# PICTORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

Vol. I.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

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THE CARNIVAL DRIVE UNDER THE VICTORIA ARCH, MONTREAL

# PICTORIAL TIMES

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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 GLENBRIGH 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 worries 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."

UNCLE SAM TO JOHN BULL.

Now, Johnny Bull, do you believe  
The game is worth the candle?  
I'm slow, but when I draw the knife  
It goes in to the handle.

I'm mighty patient but I swear!  
At last you've roused my dander.  
What for the goose is sauce you'll find  
Is sauce, too for the gander.

Tho' easy-going, I'm no fool,  
I tell you, when a stone is  
Shield more than once at me, why, then,  
I try lex talionis.

That blue-nosed boy of yours has made  
An awful sight of trouble;  
Just keep him in your own back-yard,  
Or some day Master Bub'll

Wish that he never had been born;  
For, John, I swear to—well, I  
Will strip the brat stark naked, and  
Then brand him *causis belli*.

And then to that big boy of mine,  
Why, John, I'll hand him over,  
Who'll thrash him soundly, you can bet  
As sure's his name is Grover.

SWEET VIOLETS.

In the centre of all the draughts and  
chilly misery is Covent Garden Market,  
a jewel of warmth and sweet-scented  
luxury.

How warm and sweet is the centre of  
the great flower bazaar. And what a  
pretty sermon it all preaches.

A father and daughter are walking  
through the market.



"I believe, dear," she says to her  
father, "that you're not only the hand-  
somest papa that ever was, but the very  
goodest, as we used to say. So, of  
course, you are going to buy me a nice  
palm."

"I'll buy you the nice palm, but I  
don't know that I am the best father  
in the world."

"You are: you know you are,"  
answered the girl, pressing his arm.  
Two days later father and daughter  
were again in the market.

"I shall buy a few bunches of violets  
from that poor woman, father."



The girl walked up to where a  
wretched shivering woman sat, a bundle  
of rags, before here basket of violets.

"I want some violets; but how cold  
you look!"

"I am used to being cold," said the  
woman drily, but somewhat melting as  
she looks up at the pretty face.

"And I ought to be so happy," the  
girl smiled; "I have everything, and  
my father." She looked towards her  
father, who was buying a large palm  
some few paces off. "You may keep  
the change, poor woman," and she  
turned away.

The eyes of the violet-seller had  
followed in the same direction. They  
seemed gradually to dilate, and the blue  
lip opened, showing the yellow teeth.  
Then the mouth closed, and there was  
an angry glitter in the eyes.

The man came from the Arcade; his  
daughter crossed to another shop.

"A good father, indeed!" muttered  
the flower-seller.

He started as he caught sight of the  
woman.

"Come here," she said quietly bet-  
ween her teeth. His face flushed as he  
stood before her.

"It would be a cruel thing," the  
woman said, "to let the good little girl,  
who admires her good father so, know  
what sort of man he is."

"For God's sake!" the man said.

"Shut up!" said the woman coolly,  
"or I'll shout it out so that it shall be  
heard the length and breadth of the  
market, of how General Denvers, form-  
erly of the—rd, ran off with the baker's  
wife at Canterbury. Hey! and how  
that made her husband take to drink,  
and hang himself. How the good father  
was the coolest, biggest blackguard that  
ever—"

"For mercy's sake!—the child's  
coming back; she is so good, so—"

"I think she is," continued the  
woman, as the girl came towards them.  
"She gave me eightpence of her own  
accord. It's a funny world, that be-  
cause I've eightpence given me to get  
an extra quarter to-night, it should be  
the salvation of such a swell as you. Get  
away from my sight. I want nothing  
from you."

"How you were talking to that poor  
woman, dear!" said the pretty girl.  
"You looked as if you had been so kind  
to her. You are to everyone, aren't  
you dear?"

As they drove home West, the father  
was curiously silent.

There was quite a crush at the dance  
that night. The pretty girl was stand-  
ing in the conservatory. A very hand-  
some young fellow was standing beside  
her.



"No, I won't speak to you, unless  
you say after me, 'Your father is the  
best, and the handsomest, and the  
nicest father in the world.'"

"Your father is the best, and the  
handsomest, and the nicest father in  
the world."

Both their faces brightened as the  
General came up to them.

"Worse than usual, and lost her  
basket, too," said the sergeant, as they  
put the violet-seller in strong lodgings  
for the night.

KITTY AND I.

Over the lawn romped Kitty and I—  
Kitty with eyes of velvety sheen,  
With her pearly teeth and her winsome  
[ways—  
The prettiest ever seen.  
There was none like her in the wide, wide  
world—  
Kitty, my love, my queen.

But Kitty's a matron now, my boy,  
And I am a bachelor lone—  
For she ran away with Tom, you know,  
And the days and nights have flown  
—since I saw her last in the mountain pale—  
Kitty, my pearl, my own.

How did it happen! Don't ask me now;  
It is useless, mind you, to tease;  
And I couldn't tell you the reason why  
If you begged me on your knees;  
But I was a wilful, wayward boy,  
And Kitty—a pure *Mallée!*

AN ORCHID FLOWER WHICH  
LOOKS LIKE A WHITE  
DOVE.

THE HOLY GHOST FLOWER.

There is strange, beautiful orchid, to  
which the Spaniards who conquered  
South and part of North America gave  
the name of the Holy Ghost flower. The  
name seemed so appropriate that it has  
clung to it ever since. It is found  
rather abundantly in the hot countries  
already named, but in the north it is a  
shy bloomer, and a Holy Ghost flower  
coming into blossom is something of an  
event. There are very few orchid  
houses in America. The plants are both  
tender and troublesome. A few wealthy  
persons have isolated plants in their hot  
houses, but even these are not com-  
mon. The finest collection of orchids  
in America is probably in the Botanic  
Gardens at Washington.

HOLY GHOST FLOWER.

Orchids are fertilized by bees,  
moths, butterflies and various insects.  
A very strange property belongs to  
many of them. Their bloom takes on a  
weird, inexplicable resemblance to  
the insect which carries the pollen  
from one flower to another. In case of  
the sphinx moth this resemblance is  
startling.

In the illustration before us the re-  
semblance of the heart of the flower to  
a white dove is very marked. That is  
whence the plant gets its name. The  
full blown flower presents the appear-  
ance shown in the picture. Before the  
bud is fully opened a sort of hood cov-  
ers the dove. As the flower expands  
the flowers of some are so irregular and  
grotesque that they are absolutely be-  
yond description. Some orchids are epi-  
phytes, living only on air, apparently.  
Bind one of them fast to a post, a piece of  
pottery or anything of that kind, sim-  
ply to hold it, and it will grow and  
thrive as though its roots were planted  
in the eternal earth.

HENCE THESE STEERS.

Dr. Holmes somewhere remarks that  
he who would make a pun would pick  
a pocket, and the wisdom of the obser-  
vation is illustrated in the case of a  
man named Stehr (pronounced Steer)  
who has been arrested in Des Moines  
for having secured a loan by giving a  
mortgage upon five white steers he  
claimed to have on his farm. At the  
expiration of the stipulated time the  
money lender repaired to Stehr's farm,  
and, producing his chattel mortgage,  
demanded of Mr. Stehr, the only adult  
he saw there, the five white steers. The  
wife took the document, and, pointing  
to five promising boys, she calmly told  
him they were the steers covered by  
the mortgage. Stehr had utilized his  
name to procure the loan. A man who  
would perpetrate such a pun as that,  
and under such aggravating circum-  
stances, deserves no mercy at the  
hands of the law.

MISS VARINA DAVIS  
DAUGHTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



This young lady whose first visit re-  
cently to the North has attracted  
much attention, is the daughter of the  
President of the late Confederacy and  
was born at Richmond, one year before  
the close of the war. Some ten or ele-  
ven years ago she was sent to a semi-  
nary in Karlsruhe, the capital of the  
Grand Duchy of Baden, where she spent  
several years acquiring a thorough and  
finished education, with all the ac-  
complishments implied by that term in  
Germany. Since her return, she has  
been the companion of her parents and  
the ornament of their beautiful home  
at Beauvoir, in Southern Mississippi.  
Miss Davis is said to be about to enter  
the field of literature.

MY FIRST TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Visiting a friend's toboggan slide in this  
City and, seeing a lad ready to start, I  
persuaded him to take me down, which  
he did in fine style. Getting back to  
the start again, I thought I would try  
myself to steer this time. I started  
alone and arrived at the foot without  
trouble, when I returned with the to-  
boggan to the top again, there were a  
number of persons arrived; a young  
lady, asked me to take her down. I  
asked the lady to sit down. I sat behind  
her to steer. Luckily we went all the way  
to the bottom and with great confidence  
went to the top again. So we thought  
to try it again. Off we started and  
after going a third of the way, some-  
thing took place and I found only my  
limbs outside the snow bank; the lady  
I found later in the snow bank. I was  
going to say we laughed but all there  
present did it for us, so we again got  
to the starting point; this time we  
lared better and I thought I had dis-  
covered the way to steer. Any way the  
next time we went down we had a very  
bad misfortune, worse than the first in  
colliding with the the snow bank. We  
were quite mixed up for a time and the  
laughter was repeated and after taking  
the snow out of our ears and mouth we  
did not mind what had got up our sleeves  
and back. On our way back I told the  
lady if it had not been for those boys  
giving us an extra push we would have  
gone all right. As we were about to  
start again she says "hurry now before  
the boys come to give us a push" so we  
went splendidly but at the bottom of the  
slide I told her that I had done very  
well for my first practice to steer so  
well. She runs to the house and says  
that you shall not practice on me any  
more, until then she had blamed the  
boys for my mishaps.

P. S.—I have found out since that I  
steered on the wrong side, and I am on  
the look out for any other victim to  
practice on.

T. P. P.

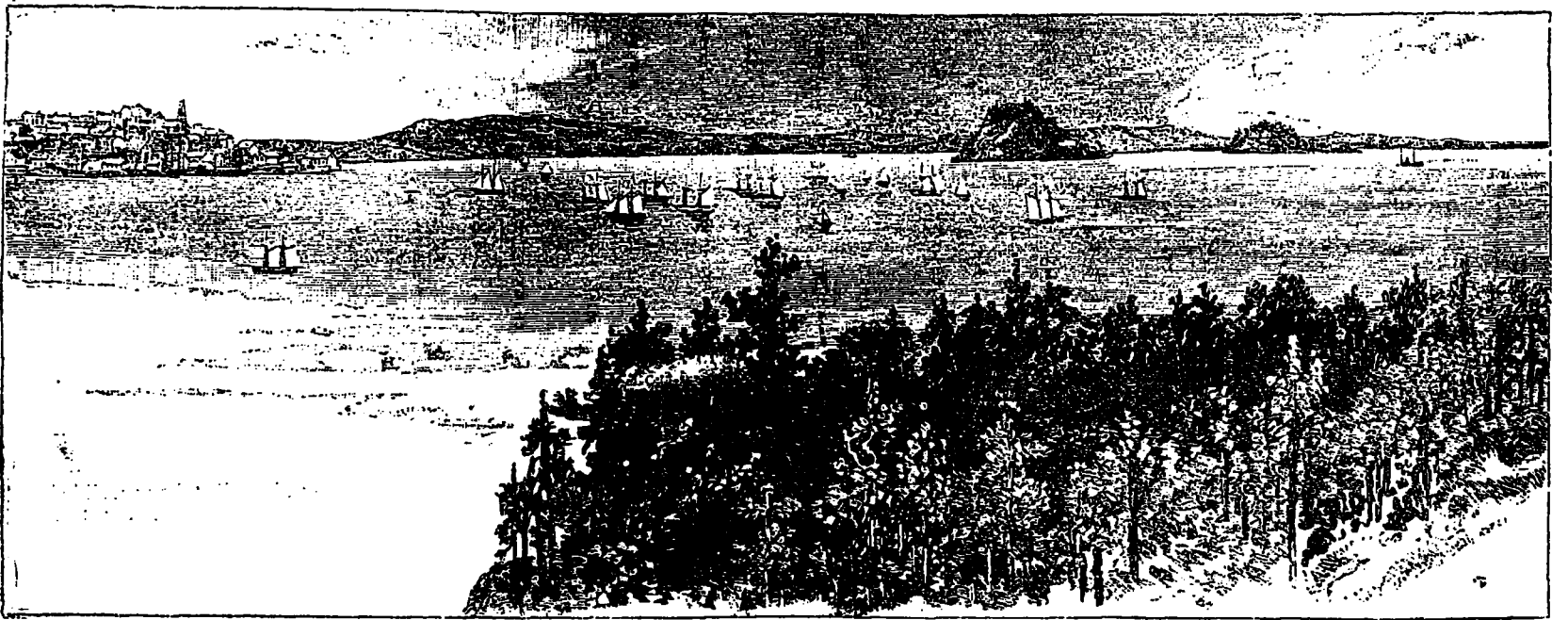
There is no more excitement in hug-  
ging a girl dressed in a toboggan suit  
than there is in hugging a bale of hay



EVICCTIONS AT GLENBEIGH, IRELAND



THE EVICTED ATTACKING THE CONSTABULARY



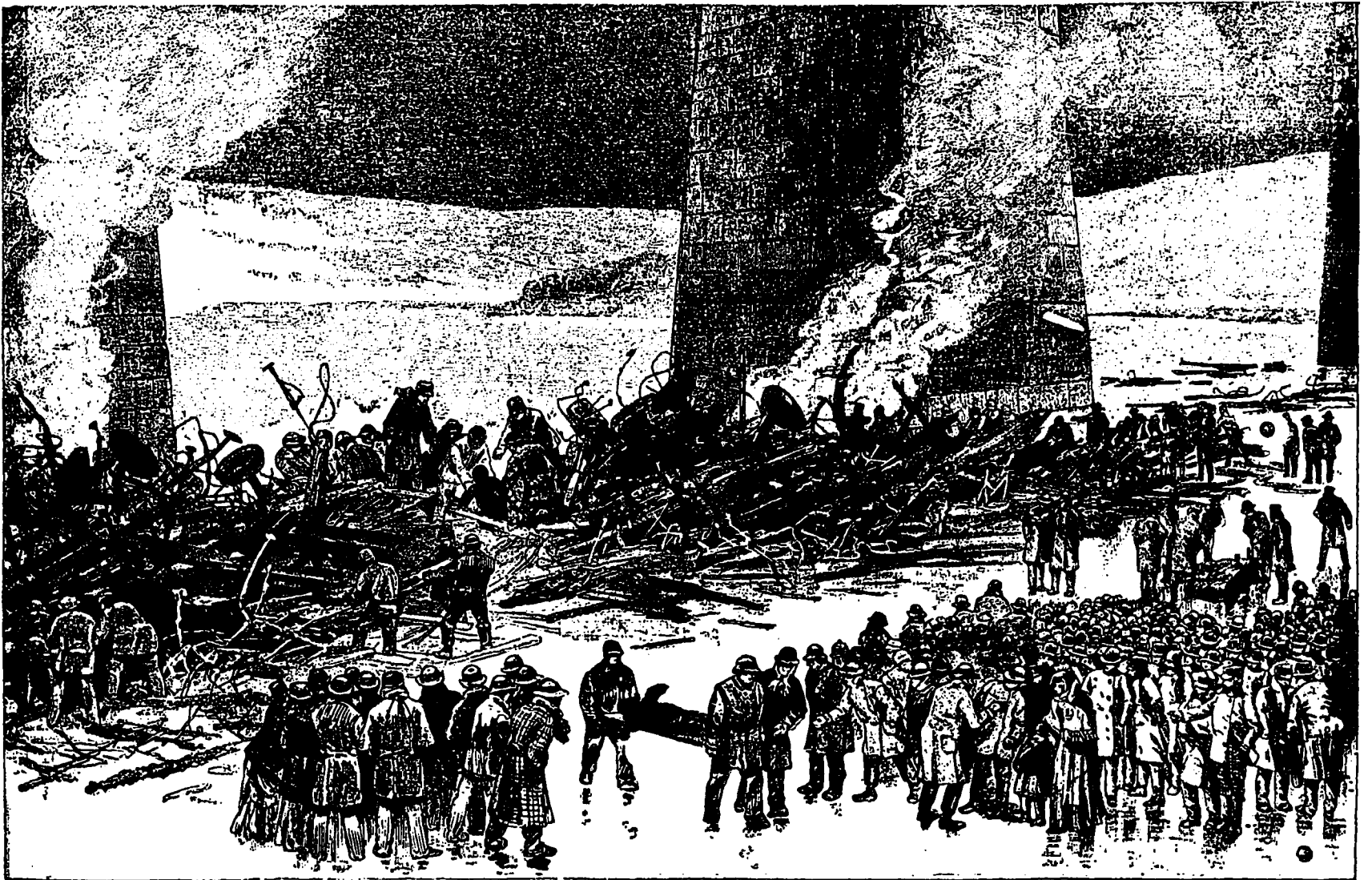
DOMINION FISHING VESSELS CATCHING HERRING OFF EASTPORT, MAINE



CHILDREN FANCY CARNIVAL BALL,



SNOW BALL

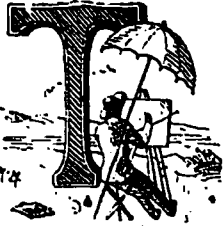


THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

The potter stood at his daily work  
 One patient foot on the ground;  
 The other, with never slackening speed  
 Turning his swift wheel round,  
 Silent we stood beside him there,  
 Watching the restless knees,  
 Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,  
 How tired his foot must be?  
 The potter never paused in his work  
 Shaping the wondrous thing—  
 'Twas only a common flower pot,  
 But perfect in fashioning.  
 Slowly he raised his patient eyes,  
 With heavenly truth inspired;  
 "No, marm, it isn't the food that kicks—  
 The one that stands gets tired!"

[FOR THE PICTORIAL TIMES.]

A CRUISE IN CASCO BAY.



place where the events have occurred.

To commence—I was at the time I am about to speak of, stationed at Portland, Maine, and was connected with one of the Royal Mail Steamship lines, which ply between Montreal and Liverpool during the summer season.

It was towards the end of the month of April, the weather was becoming milder after the severe winter, and everything around betokened the approach of spring; the snow which had covered the ground, nearly the whole of the winter, was rapidly melting disclosing green patches on the islands and headlands in Casco Bay.

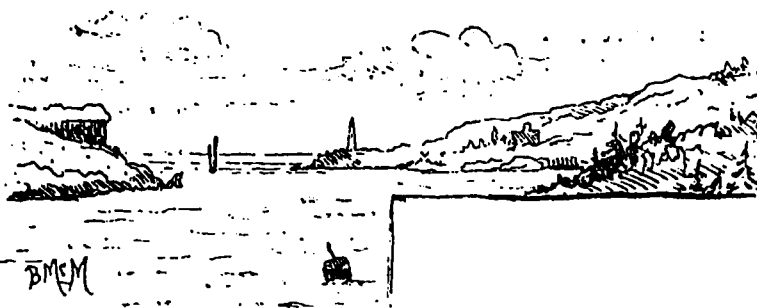
The S. S. S. was in port discharging her inward cargo, it was her last trip to Portland that season. Her well known commander Lieut. W. H. S.—R. N. R. whose name is so familiar to those who cross the Atlantic, proposed that we should form a party and have a cruise down the bay, the weather being so inviting. The day fixed upon was bright and sunny, just the day for a cruise on the briny. The Capt. had arranged with the pilot for the use of his last little schooner, the "Maggie" to convey us, and a pretty sight it was when we beheld the little craft moored by the wharf in readiness with the company's house flag at her main topmast head, and the stars and stripes flying at her peak. Our party consisted of Capt. S., the pilot, the doctor, purser and chief



steward of the S. S. S.—Mr. McF.—of our office, a few other friends, and your humble servant.

Everything being in readiness, the sails were unfurled, the mooring rope let go and we dropped quietly away with the ebb tide down the harbour, and passing the breakwater, headed towards Peake's island which lay directly in front of us, while the houses on Cape Elizabeth which forms one side of Portland harbour were glancing in

the bright sunlight. Presently we caught a glimpse of Portland lighthouse in the far distance, while beyond the sea had assumed that deep green and blue tinge so observable on a sunny day.



Everyone on board was enjoying the trip and Capt. S. amused the company by relating some amusing anecdotes and goodwill seemed to reign supreme. We were rapidly approaching Peake's Island, a breeze having sprung up which caused our little craft to slip through the water like a thing of life. The landing pier was soon reached and we all landed and strolled along the beach watching the undulating swell from the sea as it rose and fell gently over the rocks which girt the island. Peake's island is a great summer resort for the Portland people and we past several picturesque summer residences which were not then occupied, it being



so early in the year. Fir trees grew in patches here and there, while on the

side of the island, looking seaward rocks shelved down into the deep blue depths below. We had not much time to spare in exploring the beauties of the place our destination being Dia-

mond island (why it should be called by that name I know not, there being no diamonds that we could see), and having embarked, we once more set sail.

About this time the conversation turned upon the merits of certain dishes and the pilot asked our steward if he had ever tasted a good clam chowder cooked in the American style to which he replied in the negative, and from sundry signs which passed between the pilot and his factotum who filled the posts of cook and useful man on board the "Maggie" I concluded there was something in the wind. We had been sailing among the islands which stud the bay for nearly an hour when rounding a bold headland, we found ourselves in a charming little cove where we let go our anchor and prepared to disembark in the dingy or small boat which lay astern.

Mac.

To be continued

A cultured gentleman from Connecticut settled in a frontier Texas town, and started a school. One day he asked a bright little boy:

"I've got nine dollars in my pocket and your father lends me six more; what have I got then?"

"What have you got if my father lends you six dollars?"

"Yes, John, what have I got?"

"You've got to pay pa back his six dollars when he asks for them, or he will shoot the top of your head off!"

DR. EMIN PASHA.



This remarkable man whose name is now prominently before the world, in connection with an expedition, led by Stanley for his relief, is one of Gordon Pasha's lieutenants in the work of civilizing equatorial Africa and putting down the slave trade. He has been at this work for many years, and is now so hemmed in that an effort is being made to rescue him under such auspices as will likely be attended with success.

GOOD GRAMMAR.

Aunt Marjorie is convinced that most of you know why some modes of speech are right and others wrong, according to the rules of syntax and of polite usage, but she fears, nevertheless, that you do not always pay attention to these rules in your home conversation.

"Ain't that lovely, mamma?" said Louise, alluding to a white rose which was blooming on the bush in the window. Now, in the first place the word "ain't" is so vulgar that it makes your Aunt Marjorie almost faint whenever she hears it drop from pretty lips, and in the second place, being a contraction of "are not," it is not possible to parse it if you use it instead of "is not."

"I ain't coming!" shouts naughty Phil, when his brother Tom calls him from the play ground at dark. But Phil, naughty as he is, need not break a well known rule which does not permit a plural verb to tie itself fast to a subject or nominative in the singular. "I'm not coming," is what Phil meant to say.

Hundreds of people, when they speak of persons, say "party" when they should say "persons." "I met a party down town and he told me there had been a terrible accident on the Central railroad." The person speaking should say, "I met a person."

Some of us say "nice" when we mean charming, or beautiful, or satisfactory. A nice taste in the use of words will prevent you from using nice except when you mean particular, fastidious or dainty. "Grandma is very nice about her caps," as any one may see who observes the snowy bit of lace above the silvery hair; but grandma is more than merely a nice old lady, which sounds too patronizing when one is speaking of the dearest grandma in the whole world.

MONUMENT AT TORONTO, WITH OLD RAILINGS FROM ST. PAUL'S.



The old railings of St. Paul's churchyard, east of Sussex iron, at Lamberhurst, in 1714, were removed in 1874, and were purchased by Mr. J. C. Howard, architect, who had emigrated to Canada in 1882. The ship that conveyed them was wrecked, but part of these railings were recovered by divers from the bottom of the sea. Mr. Howard, on the death of his wife, in 1877, erected her tomb, in the form of a Scottish cairn, in High Park, Toronto, near his residence, and surrounded it with the old railing, attested by an inscription on a brass plate. Mr. Howard is still living in the eighty-third year of his age. Mr. Howard bought the railings, as he said to his wife at the time, in found remembrance of their youth in London, when they "did their courting," as plighted lovers, walking round St. Paul's Churchyard.

NOT BUILT THAT WAY.

Had Paris seen Helen attempt to show a cow out of the back yard, it is safe to say that the Trojan war would never have been waged and Homer would have been obliged to take the Haymarket riot for an epic. Had Antony seen Cleopatra chase a street car down a dusty avenue at Cairo, it is safe to state that he would have fled disenchanted back to Octavia, and the divorce court lawyer—"decree quietly secured; no publicity"—would never have made a cent from him. Had Dante seen Beatrice fire a half brick at the vandal hen which prospected for seeds in her flower-bed every spring, it is again safe to say that he would have sent back her notes, her white mouse pen-wiper, the lava smoking set with "Merry Christmas" painted across the stern, and discontinued that rocky courtship which he subsequently celebrated in a poem called "The Inferno."

"PAPA," inquired a young woman, "at the concert last night I heard somebody refer to the *tout ensemble*. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?" "Papa (not quite sure of himself)—"I think it must be French for trombone."

THE FASHIONS.



This first (1) toilet is of black faille, black velvet and jet. The skirt is of velvet spangled with jet. The tunic is of faille shortened at the left and open at the right. A fringe of jet garnishes the hem of the tunic and the two sides of the opening. The back of the tunic is stuffed with full drapery. The corsage is short and made of faille opening on a velvet corsage with long sleeves. This corsage is sprinkled with jet ornaments.

The second (2) dress is of dead gold Ottoman and old gold lace. It is a princess costume of dead gold Ottoman, opening in the front on an apron and a plastron of old gold lace, on a lighter transparency. Old gold lace is set on the upper part of the skirt, forming a draped basque. It is met at the waist and at the middle of the sides by lilies of passomenterie. Two bands in Ottoman are set on the plastron, one in the middle of the front of the corsage, and the other at the belt forming a point in front. There is lace at the edge of the sleeves.

FASHION FANCIES.



The Spanish Countess.

TYPES OF HUMANITY.



Sir Great Unpaid Solomon Rhadamanthus Draco Solon Bumpshus Fathead, Bart., Chairman of Quarter Sessions, &c., &c.

Wife—"John, what do you think of the new cook?"

Husband—"Excellent, my dear, excellent. I never enjoyed a better meal than my dinner to-day. Where did you ever manage to find such a remarkably good looking young woman, anyway?"

In just five minutes by the watch the cook was informed that she might find an other place.

Father: Mary, go out and coax Johnnie to come in. Don't be harsh with him, now.

Mary: Johnnie says he won't come in for me or anybody else.

Father: Where's that club?

A STEM-WINDER.

Wiggins was passing a watchmaker's establishment, and looking in the window he noticed a very pretty girl at the counter.

"Ha!" he soliloquized, "I'll go in and take a look at her under some pretext or other."

He entered, and was waited on by the young lady's father.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a key for my watch," he stammered, feasting his eyes on the young lady.

"Let me see your watch," said the watchmaker.

As if in a dream, he took out his watch. The watchmaker examined it, and said with surprise;

"Why, your watch is a stem-winder."

He don't remember how he got out, but he does remember that the young lady giggle audibly.

A PROPER SORT OF FOOTBALL GAME.



But how about the poor little chap in the middle?

A NEW ATTRACTION.



First Shopper: Come into Biggs's store with me a moment, my dear, and then we'll go right home together.

Second Shopper: I don't think I've got time to stop.

First Shopper: Have you heard the new clerk say "Cash?"

Second Shopper: Lead on, my dear.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A little New York boy is reading a news-paper. Looking up, he says:

"Aldermen are called city fathers, ain't they, pa?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, what's the difference between them and other fathers?"

"The difference is very similar. As a general thing, the sons run in debt and their fathers have to pay; but the city fathers contract debts and their sons, and even their grandsons have to pay. That's the difference, my son."

"It hasn't developed much I see ORTHUR."

"WHAT?"

"YOUR MUSTACHE."

"No, BUT I AM MUCH ENCOURAGED WHEN I OBSERVE THE SLOWNESS OF GROWTH IN ONE OF YOUR PERSONAL ACCESSORIES."

"WHAT'S THAT?"

"YOUR BRAIN."

DISILLUSION FROM THE BOX.

Expressive of their pleasure;  
I know they felt  
They'd love to melt,  
In that delicious measure.

A moment's pause  
Then wild applause  
Bows smiling yet disdainful;  
And ah! what sighs  
Thereat arise,  
Are absolutely painful.

But ah! what shame  
That lips may frame  
The words which taint and sully;  
Behind the scene  
This mimic queen  
Exclaimed, "I got there, cully!"

HE WANTED AN 'ORSE.

An English visitor stopping at a prominent New York hotel, sauntered up to the genial clerk during the recent cold snap, and adjusting his eye-glasses said:

"Ey deah fellah, cawn't you let me have a sledge?"

"A sledge?"

"Yas."

"John," said the clerk to the porter "go to a blacksmith's shop and get sledge-hammer for this gentleman."

"No, my deah fellah, I don't want sledge-hammer. I want one of 'vehicles, you know."

"O, you mean a sleigh. Why, ly. John, go around to the sta get a sleigh. Put in a couple loes."

"Buffaloes! But, mo deah I cawn't drive a buffalo, ye know ye let me 'ave an 'orse?"

A JAPANESE BEAUTY.



"This lady has resided in England, and is cultivating English Art among her own people."



Such a hat of size!  
It obscures to our eyes  
(He exclaims)

And we know not how  
When this hat is removed  
(He exclaims)

Countryman: Two plates of raw oysters.

Waiter: Yes, sir, on the half shell?

Countrymen: No, I want the whole shell or none.



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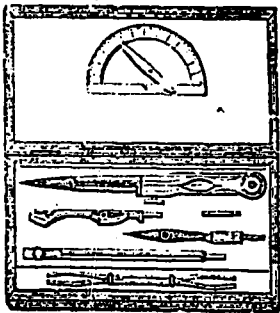
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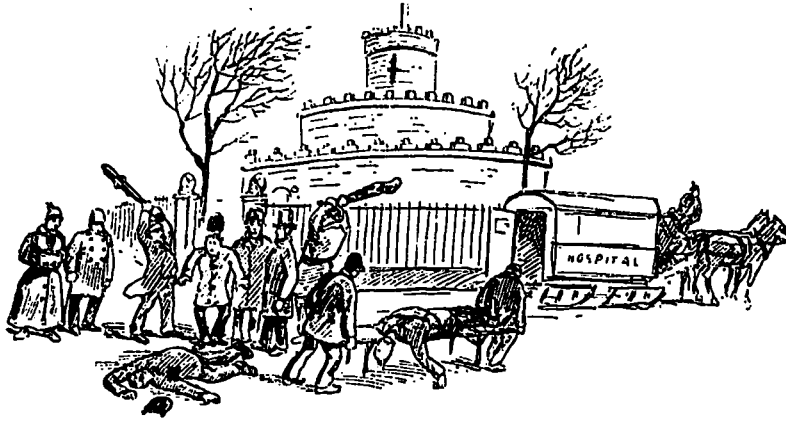
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AT THE AGE OF FIVE, TOO.



Mamma: Do you like the country,  
Elfin?

Elfin (precocious New Yorker):  
Quite well, Mamma, but I do so long  
for a little glimpse at Maillard's.

Mamma: Why, I can send for candy,  
you know.

Elfin: That's not it at all. It's to  
be seen going in there that I like.

In summer the toboggan is not worth  
ascent.

Gray hair being fashionable, elderly  
ladies never say dye.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.



A BUSY MAN.

Tramp—"I am in need of a little  
money."

Gent—"Why don't you shovel snow?"

"I haven't time."

"How so?"

"All my time is taken up in beg-  
ging."

What family of bankers lie in bed as  
long as they can, and die if they leave  
their banks? Oysters.

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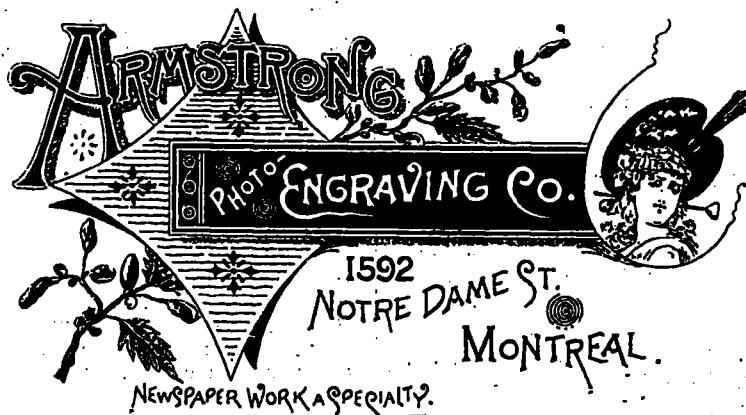
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