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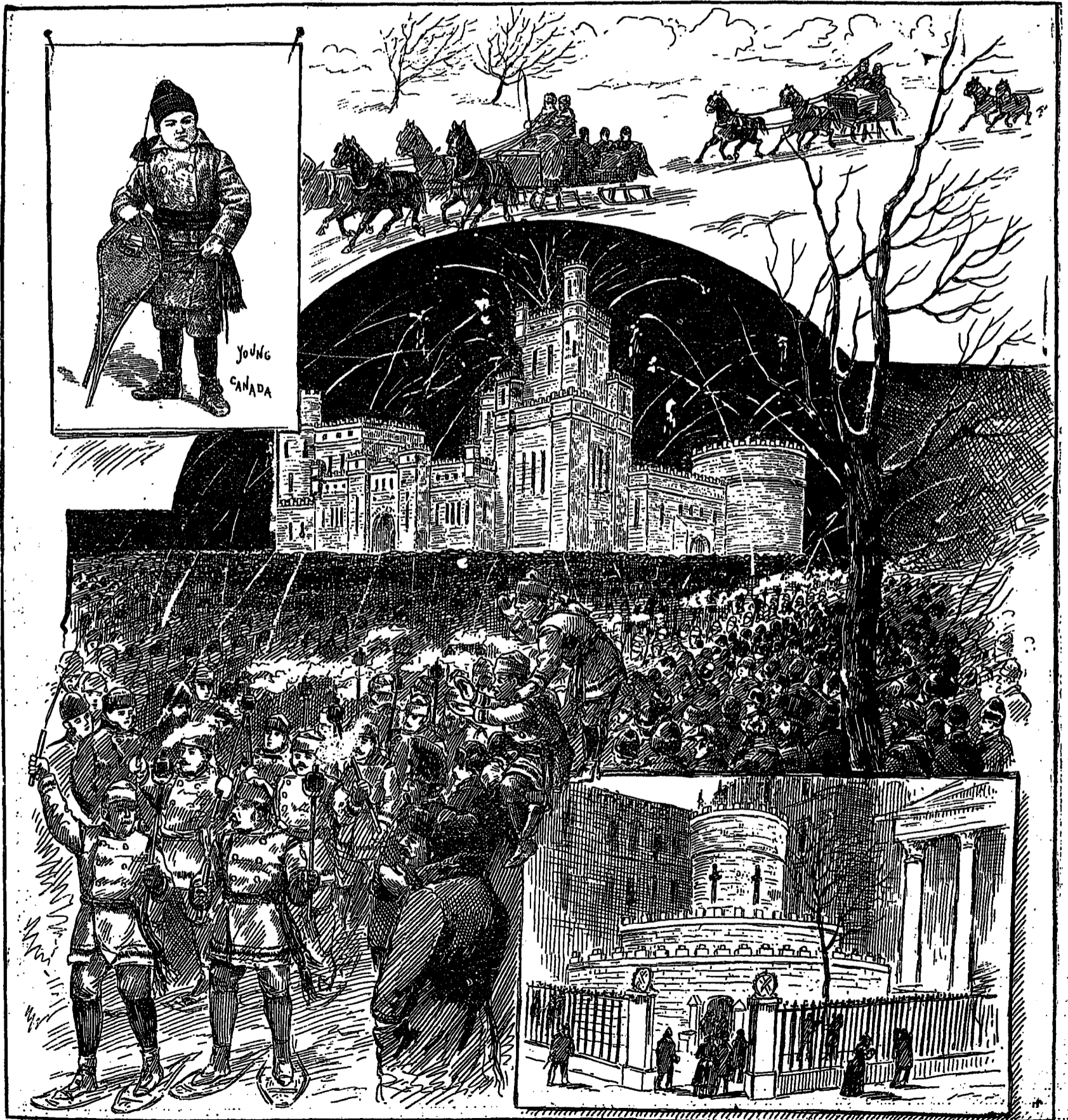
# PICTORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

VOL. I.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 12, 1887

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MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.—THE STORMING OF THE ICE PALACE

## PICTORIAL TIMES

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MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 12, 1887

According as the electoral campaign progresses, the main issue is being more and more clearly defined. That issue is the National Policy. The people are called upon to determine whether they are pleased or displeased with the present tariff, and whether the actual prosperity of the country is to be maintained as it is, or improved by a change.

No matter to what party one may belong, or what may be the limits of concession in view of partisan success, there can be no sympathy whatever with the secession movement of Nova Scotia. Either we are to remain one Confederacy or we are not. If the former, every attempt at repeal must absolutely be frowned down as suicidal.

The electoral result in the Maritime Provinces will go far toward deciding whether another attempt shall be made toward drawing the island of New foundland into the Canadian Confederation. That acquisition appears necessary to the rounding off of the Dominion and if all goes well, such a consummation may be expected in the not distant future.

The American papers of the better class have feelingly and eloquently deprecated the insolent language indulged in by a few senators and congressmen against the English government in the matter of the fisheries. The day is long past since this species of denunciation was popular in the United States. The two countries have come to know each other and feel more as one, under the influence of a mother tongue, the heritage of a common literature, and the blessings of kindred institutions.

The Canadian government have a distinct duty to perform in this connection. It is not enough to enforce, as gently as may be, the technical clauses of the treaty of 1818. England must be prevailed upon to interfere, with those resources of diplomacy which its statesmen know so well how to employ, and Canada surely should have an auxiliary commissioner in any conference that may be summoned to consider and settle this very important question.

Two things are essential to Canadian well-being—union among ourselves and harmony with our American neighbors. Within our own internal domain, there ought to be no Frenchmen, Irishmen, Scotch or English, but only Canadians. Upon our borders, there should be perfect understanding with the great people that dwell there. While we admire their marvellous prosperity, and appreciate their preponderating power as against our numerical weakness, our relations with them should be those of manly equality.

Another point to be sedulously kept in view is that of reciprocity between the United States and Canada. Our present tariff would seem to militate against such, but not so in reality. Our National Policy is purely tactical and self-protective, based upon American prohibition as against ourselves. If congress offered us reciprocal trade tomorrow, we should tear up our tariff and break down our customs barriers. Or if the Americans conceded only certain points in a commercial treaty, Canadians would gladly modify their tariff to that extent, and meet them half way.

Although it seems hopeless—on account of partisan "hocussing"—to get at the true state of the public exchequer, there are positive figures to show, basing the next six months on the past half year, that at the close of the fiscal year, June 30th next, there will be a surplus of considerably more than \$1,000,000 in the Dominion treasury. As all the heaviest payments of the year, including the different Provincial subsidies—about \$3,500,000—have been made, and therefore deducted from the account, the result is of considerable importance.

## GLIMPSES OF THE CARNIVAL.

Montreal is the white city of Canada. Built of the light stone drawn from the quarries on the flanks of Mount-Royal, it always presents a gay presence, but never so fair as when viewed through the veil of a wintry atmosphere.

Whiter than at all other times, however, is Montreal during her Carnival. Then she arrays herself in the garb of a nivoïd, daughter of the snow. Crown of sleet, robe of ermine, throne of crystal, sceptre of ice. She sits a queen on the banks of her native St-Lawrence, and receives the homage of the stranger from all portions of the Southern land.

Let us take a walk. Dominion Square first, as is fitting from its name, and because of the monuments which cluster there, all the finer for the broad white sheet that sets them up against the sky, the Windsor and St George's, the dome of St-Peter's and the magnificent proportions of the Ice Castle.

The latter is distinctly a Montreal fancy, and will ever be associated with our city. This is the fourth structure of the sort, and by far the grandest, because we have gone on, from winter to winter, *crescendo* as in an architectural fugue.

Down Beaver Hall to Victoria Square. A double arch, of castellated form, embowered in native tamarac, and manned by the "boys", like caryatides, in the varied and picturesque costume of snowshoers. This living arch is another Montreal invention and institution. The first was erected in 1878, on Beaver Hall, to receive the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. The second was raised at the foot of old Bonaventure Street, in 1885, as a welcome to Lord Lansdowne.

On to historic Place d'Armes, with its unrivalled frame work, the Corinthian portico of the Bank of Montreal; the Ionic colonnade of the Canadian Pacific Offices, and the twin towers of Notre-Dame. The central fountain of the little garden has disappeared under a massive edifice that looms up like a "round tower of other days."

It is the maze of Creto under boreal skies, and really an object of classic beauty, making one think, without affectation, of Theseus and Ariadne, and the magic thread which love had spun. But we shall not tarry, because the place is desecrated by punsters, and a friend of mine has drawn a cartoon, representing a yokel at the exit, chopping off the heads of every one coming out, who expresses his amazement at what he has just seen. One fellow, more audacious than the rest, being asked what the structure was, replied that it was a monument to *Mais-ouneuve*, founder of Villemario.

Farther east to Jacques-Cartier square at the foot of Nelson's column—the finest work of its class in all Canada. Here is the grand toboggan slide, set up by the Carnival Committee, on an unrivalled site, and sweeping down majestically to the bosom of the broad St-Lawrence who rejoices, in his bonds, that he is called upon to partake, as is proper, in these winter festivities.

Let us stroll through the streets, gay and gleaming with flags, festoons, banneroles and valances. "Decorate" was the cry of the Committee, and decoration has been practised all over the city. And the shopwindows. They are transformed into bazars with every variety of Carnival wares. An English traveller, on leaving Winnipeg for home, called into a store for Indian souvenirs and curiosities. The tradesman excused himself on the plea that his stock "had not yet arrived from Montreal."

Yes, Montreal is the emporium of these fanciful articles. In that show case yonder, see the beaded moccasins, striped hose, knitted mittens, woven sashes or *Ceintures flechées*, tuques of every hue, tiny toboggans and snow-shoes miniature skates, and ribbon favors for manly chests and the palpitating bosoms of girls. And there are Carnival souvenirs besides in chocolate, confectionery, candies and soap.

Nor is decoration confined to the buildings. The streets are animate with beauty. From Caughnawaga, St. Regis, Oka, Lorette and St. Francis the squaws have come to sell the work of their skillful fingers, and view the show, themselves being no small part of the show. You see them gliding noiselessly through the streets, in hooded blankets, under which dark eyes and white teeth glint, and arrayed in short skirts tufted leggings and gaudy moccasins. The old days come back to you, and you recall Minnehaha, Pocahontas and Catherino Tegakvita.

It is said that Montreal is remarkable for the beauty of its men and Quebec for that of its women. I don't know about that. There are pretty girls in Quebec, but so there are in Montreal, during Carnival time, at least, and I am sure that all Quebec has not come up for the occasion. Take St. James, and Notre-Dame Streets. Look at the tall, litho, graceful figure coming up, faultlessly attired. You recognize at once her English style. Later on, you meet as pretty faces, of the blonde type, but fuller and broader-shouldered daughters of Irish or Scotch blood. The vivacious, *petite* brunette comes along presently and her sharp eye,

sweet smile and liquid speech reveal her French origin. But they are every one of them Canadians after all, God bless them:

The equipages are not less a spectacle. Perhaps no city in the world, not excepting St. Petersburg, surpasses Montreal in the variety, richness and beauty of its winter turn-outs. The sleighs are splendid—our makers have won prizes all over America—the trimmings, robes and furs are magnificent—mostly the products of our own climate; the catt e are superb and we have the men to handle the ribbons, whether with fours-in-hand, unicorns, tandems, double or single teams. The cavalcade and driving procession are certainly among the most interesting features of the Carnival.

The spectacle lasts a whole week and the pageant is continuous. The city is filled with strangers and spectators from all parts, to whom every thing is proffered that is likely to make their visit agreeable and a source of genuine enjoyment. Our own people seem to abandon all else in order to contribute to the general recreation. But it is all too short. The sights and sounds die away, and the whole fabric disappears like the mist of a beautiful dream, to return, however, let us hope, even more gorgeous, in the winter of 1888.

J. L.

## PERSONAL.

It should be understood from the start that Sir Donald Smith comes out as an independent for Montreal West.

Hon. W. W. Lynch retires from the Ministry to his beautiful home at Knowlton, accompanied by the respect of friend and foe alike. He is one of the purest of our public men.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have taken up their winter abode in the Metropolitan city, for several weeks. They are gracing all the chief events of the Carnival by their presence.

Their Excellencies are accompanied by Lady Florence Streatfield, Lord F. Hamilton, Mr. Hugo Erskine Wemyss, Hon. J. Anson, Mr. H. A. Pakonham, and Mr. Oswald Streatfield.

Frank Wesson, who was killed in the late railway accident, at Woodstock, Vt., was married to a daughter of the widely known Canadian publisher, John Lovell.

Mr. Erastus Wiman, like a true Canadian, has been "booming" the winter Carnival. He is accompanied here by a number of congenial spirits—artists representing the chief illustrated and comic papers of New-York.

William Kirby, of Niagara, has received a letter from Lord Tennyson, asking leave to use his romance "Chion D'or," for poetic treatment. Mr. Kirby's story treats of the dramatic period of New France, just preceding the Conquest, when Bigot and Madame Pean held high carnival at Quebec.

Pauline Johnson is the name of a young Canadian poetess, dwelling at Bramford, Ont. Although white on the mother's side, she is Mohawk through the father, and very proud of her Indian blood. She bears the name of Pauline Borghese, the youngest daughter of Napoleon, and the handsomest princess of her day. Chief Johnson was a devoted admirer of the great Corsican.

## CANADIAN HISTORY.

xxxI.—It is from Champlain that we have the first full description of "portages," without a knowledge of which the difficulties of former travel through the wilderness cannot be understood

These "portages" were of various lengths, sometimes extending seven or eight miles. Champlain mentions five "portages," some of more than 10 miles, on his way between the present Balsam Lake and the shores of Ontario.

xxxii.—The great explorer's expedition through the heart of Ontario is not sufficiently appreciated. He marched from Balsam Lake, followed a chain of small lakes and went along the Ottawa and Trent rivers till he reached Lake Ontario by the Bay of Quinte.

xxxiii.—Instead of crossing Lake Ontario at its eastern extremity and, after a march of four or five days, came to the Oswego river, near the settlement of the Onondagas, the last of the "chain" of the Five Nations or Iroquois.

xxxiv.—This was the third expedition, in 1615, when Champlain waged war against the Iroquois, with the help of the Hurons, thus making the French the hereditary enemies of the former down to the Conquest, and bringing death and final destruction on the latter Indian, through the deadly hatred of their enemies.

xxxv.—"J. C." inquires about the precise spot where a number of citizens of Quebec intend erecting a monument to Jacques-Cartier? It is at the conference of the small river Lairet with the St. Charles, and there Cartier wintered till May 1535, when he sailed to France.

xxxvi.—At this same place the Jesuits in 1625, chose a site for themselves, and a tract of land adjacent was granted to them for a seignory in the following spring. By a deed of gift, dated March 15, 1620, the Marquis of Gamache assigned for their use the sum of 48,000 livres, beside 3,000 livres every year.

xxxvii.—During the ensuing twenty years the Jesuits of Quebec received for missions and other purposes an amount of at least 150,000 livres—a large sum for these days—contributed by pious persons in France.

xxxviii.—The "livre" was as nearly as possible the present franc, shilling or ten pence. The term survives even to our day in many parts of French Canada, where one frequently heard the expression *quatre livres dix* as representing ninety cents.

xxxix.—It took six livres to make one dollar, just as it took 120 sous to constitute the same sum. The nomenclature still subsists in this Province, where "trente sous" stands for a quarter of a dollar or twenty five cents.

OUR PICTURES.

The front page represents the storming of the Ice Palace, as described in our poem on the winter Carnival, and this centre piece is accompanied by a number of small sketches illustrating different events of the Carnival.

In response to a special request, we are permitted to present our readers with a Carnival Poem which appeared in the "Ephemerides" column of the Gazette, a couple of winters ago. It is from the pen of Mr. John Lesperance, and designed as a metrical description of the most striking events of the Carnival—such as the Masquerade on the ice of the Victoria Rink; the attack and capture of the Ice Castle; the torchlight procession of the snow shoe clubs over the mountain; the toboggan slide and the drive of the tandem clubs.

The interior parts are all descriptive of Canadian scenes and scenery. TRAINING THE BOYS is a view in a bush, where the young ones are taught to manage the dogs at an early age, become acquainted with their ways and employ them on such little errands as the mother or father may require. RETURNING FROM THE HUNT in the forests of Megantic is not so frequent an occurrence as it used to be, but it is still oc-

asionally witnessed and always with keen interest by the participants. The full page inside represents the well known Tobogganing scene, which is really the national winter sport of Canada.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL.

Through the white silence of our boreal skies  
What sounds are these that softly pealing  
rise?  
Across the dulness of our ice-bound scene  
What are these lights that spread their purple  
sheen?  
Why do the cinctured youth, with beaming  
face,  
Roam o'er the hills, in tourney or in race,  
And maidens, wandering from the heart-  
stone's glow,  
Patter on scuffled feet upon the snow?  
Lip smiles to lip, and hand is clasped in  
hand.  
A thrill of pleasure quivers through the land;  
It is a week's escape from winter's thrall,  
The diorama of our Carnival!

THE SKATING RINK

The night of nights! Upon the crowded  
rink,  
We view the varied trophies of the Rink;  
The lights that fall upon the frozen field  
Burnish the surface like a silver shield.  
A crash of trumpets! Back the portals swing,  
A glittering phalanx pours into the ring—  
One thousand youths resplendently arrayed  
In all the glories of the masquerade.  
A murmur circles through the eager throng,  
As skaters in thin squadrons press along,  
And gaudy banners, pendant overhead,  
Are stirred with welcome at their measured  
tread.  
Hark to the music of the clinking steel,  
In march or countermarch, polka or quad-  
rille,  
Or prettier far, and curious to the glance,  
The stately mazes of the contra-dance.  
They dart, they cross, they fly in headlong  
chase,  
They turn in segments, or in brace and brace;  
They wheel, they whirl, now backward, now  
before,  
And carve devices on the shining floor.  
The chosen of all chosen hands are there—  
The young, the brave, the stalwart and the  
fair;  
The odalisque displays her crown of flowers  
Fresh from the fragrance of Roumelian  
bowers;  
Light is the footstep of the gipsy queen;  
Sweet Mignon wanders with her mandolin;  
Swart Uncas waves his tomahawk on high;  
There is a tempest in Zukika's eye;  
A Dolly Varden pokes her saucy face;  
A Mother Hubbard shows her oldish grace;  
The Hindoo juggler plies his magic art;  
Manrico pleads for Leonora's heart;  
And gentle Marguerite, though loth to please,  
Is lured, as erst, by Mephistopheles.  
It is a fairy scene that, in its train,  
Dazzles the eye, intoxicates the brain,  
And when the darkness follows on the gleam,  
We saunter homeward in a golden dream.

II

STORMING OF THE ICE CASTLE.

Tower and turret soar in pride on high,  
A frozen castle 'neath a frozen sky;  
Gem-like in shape, yet ghastly in its sheen,  
With glistening tints of azure and of green;  
A Norseman's fortress or a Nivid's home,  
Grand as Valhalla, silent as a tomb.  
But lo! a rocket flashes through the air,  
The shout of battle rises in the square;  
Two thousand men deploy in close array,  
And march defiant to the mimic fray.  
The red shells shower on the roof like hail,  
The blue bombs butter like an iron flail,  
And round the gates the chosen guardsmen  
press,  
To force the massive doors or bar of brass—  
Meantime, the brave defenders, at their post,  
Repel the inroads of the invading host.  
Each pinnacle is manned with targe and  
brand,  
A deadly shaft is poised in every hand;  
From loop and barbican the missiles fly,  
And messenger of death pour from on high.  
But all in vain! The force of metal tells,  
A serried charge against the buttress swells,  
The white lights rise from gallery and spire,  
The walls are girdled with a belt of fire,  
And mid the roar of war-cry and acclaim,  
Both earth and sky are one broad mass of  
flame.  
Silence succeeds upon the fierce alarms,  
Darkness descends upon the glare of arms;  
The flag is struck, the work of death is done,  
Heigh ho, for victory! The hold is won.

III

SNOW SHOE PROCESSION BY TORCHLIGHT

What is this wasering trail of saffron light  
That ripples on Mount-Royal's crest to-night,  
Silvers the naked rocks and floods the gloom  
From the deep gorges to the curving dome?  
What are those torches streaming in the  
breeze?  
What are the coloured forms among the trees?  
It is the Snow-shoe tramp! Besides the  
Gates  
They form in line—each on the other  
waits—  
Tuque Blene, St. George—and to complete  
the file—  
Trappeur, Canadien, Emerald and Argyll.  
Cerulean-bonnetted or red or green, with  
snash  
Of every hue around the loins, and dash  
Of gaudy favours on the breast, they stand  
Upon their sandals ready for command.  
The word is given! Away with hearts elate,  
With rolling hips and rhythmic, swinging  
gait,  
They strike the Mountain and its sloping  
flank,  
While song and laughter sound from rank to  
rank.  
But soon the pathway rises to the steep,  
The light is lowered and the breathing deep,  
And stragglers failer on the broken lines,  
Up to the level of the feathered Pines.  
There they re-form. The forward march is  
given,  
The torches sweep throughout the vaulted  
heaven,  
The weird reflection rolls adown the hills  
In sheets of opalescent light that fills  
The ambient air with glory and with grace—  
And all the town inhales the luminous peace!

IV

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Ascent once more the Mountain's shaggy  
side,  
Repair with friends to the Toboggan slide,  
Trailing the basswood board, with cushioned  
seat,  
And upturned dasher with the flying feet.  
The top is reached and, far as eye can peer,  
There dips a line of precipice that sheer  
Shoots downward to the crystal vale below,  
And ends in battlements of bedded snow.  
The twain embark. Before, the timid maid;  
Behind, the pilot stretching in his plaid;  
One arm around the slender waist may stray,  
The other grasps the cord that guides the  
way.  
One, two, and off! At first a gentle speed,  
And then a plunge as of a fiery steed;  
Swift as an arrow sped from arquebuse,  
Sharp and resistless on its whirling cruise,  
The sled rebounds and thunders into space,  
And time is shattered in the maddening race.  
White vapours pass before the blinded eyes,  
The breath is caught; and then the glad sur-  
prise  
To hear the welcome crunch along the snow,  
And thump upon the bank with denuded  
blow.  
The panting couple, topsy turvy sent,  
Are through the drift in sweet confusion  
blent;  
'Tis then the guide, if he would crown his  
bliss,  
Will seize the guerdon of a stolen kiss,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Tandem club, in pride of state arrayed,  
Wind through the streets—a glittering caval-  
cade;  
In roystering fun, with billet and with stave,  
The Hockeys scamper o'er the frozen wave;  
Armed with the besom and the leaden stone,  
The Curlers glide along the icy lane,  
While to the music of the broad "a-weel!"  
They sing the records of the bonnie spiel.  
'Tis thus that in our silent Northern land,  
These merry sports, as in a diamond hand,  
Together link our spirits—one and all—  
'Tis thus we glory in our Carnival!

JOHN LESPERANCE.

A GOOD WATCH.

WIFE: When did the Spragues say  
they'd be here?  
HUSBAND: At four o'clock, sharp,  
and they are always punctual.  
WIFE: What time is it now by your  
watch?  
HUSBAND: Just twenty-three minutes  
after two.  
WIFE: Well, then, they'll be here in  
ten minutes.

AT THE SPRING.

[FOR THE "PICTORIAL TIMES."]

How calm the brown waves sleep  
In yonder rock-bound cavern deep:  
There is no ruffle on their placid form.  
'Tis like a spirit's gentle rest,  
By peaceful contemplation blest,  
And screened from passion's storm.  
Jane to her sister spake, but she  
Gazed on the greensward weeping silently:  
Then stooping on the brink, she took  
A bright red pebble from the brook  
And flung it wildly in the spring;  
The waters quivered in a broad white ring.  
'How leave the brown waves now,  
Murmuring in anger as they flow,  
And combing the mosses on the fountain's side  
'Tis thus my heart is tossed in grief,  
Stranger to respite or relief,  
From morning until eventide!  
So said Louise, the sorrowful, and still  
Her tears fell fast into the rill.

Meantime the ancient nurse had heard  
The youthful sisters' varying word;  
Rose slowly from her rustic seat,  
Went forth her lovely wards to greet,  
And leaning on her staff the while,  
Said with a sweet but melancholy smile:  
'Ye have not solved, my daughters, all the  
[mystery]  
That's sealed within the fountain where the  
[waters lie].  
Learn, glad-eyed Jane, that even as the stone  
Broke the glass surface of the quiet spring,  
So grief, with sudden stroke, may cause a  
[moan]  
To mar the bliss to which thy fond hopes  
[cling],  
And thou, Louise, my mourner, cease thy  
[sobs];  
For see, the pebble settles and the waters rest;  
Anguish and sorrow will remit their throbs,  
And peace will shed its blessings on thy  
[breast].

JOCELYN.

THE TOBOGGAN.

The toboggan, apparently, is of Indian origin, and it proves conclusively that the noble red man in his primeval state wanted to be as fast as the means afforded would allow.

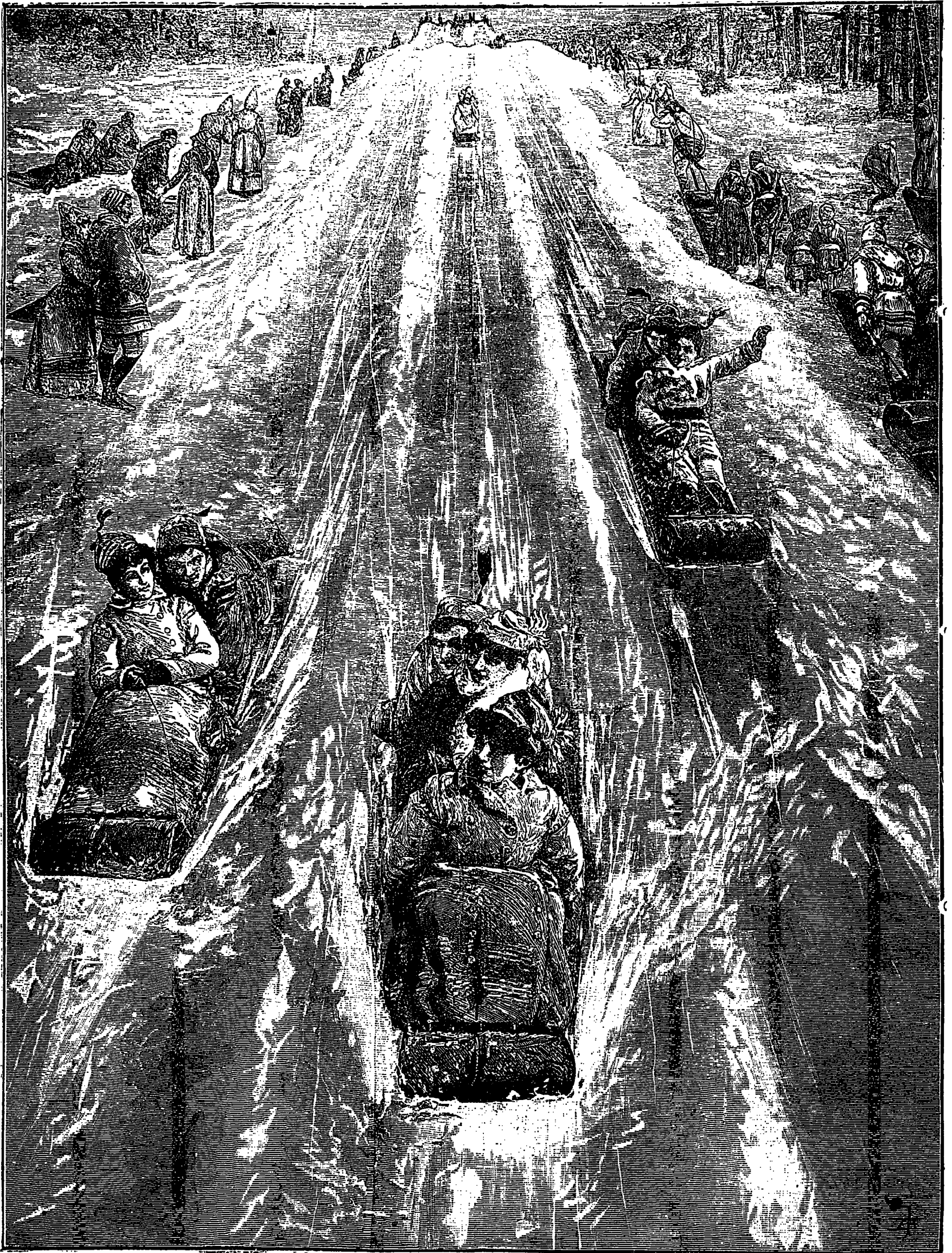
The deep color of the pokeberry, combined with a pinch of ochre, was sufficient to give a tone of earnest expressiveness to his manly features, but the color was not fast, and in his mad attempt to produce something suitable he probably tried to cool his wrath and fevered brow by sliding down an avalanche on a piece of bent hemlock bark, thus giving us to-day the exhilarating, life-destroying recreation known as tobogganing.

A man to be a successful tobogganer should be iron-hearted, as his chances of coming out alive at the conclusion of winter are so small that life insurance companies are thinking strongly of declining risks on people who can't get up a proper circulation of blood except by steering a clap-board down an icy incline at the rate of one mile in ten seconds.

Some people dread death, because the breath departs no more to return, yet they will lie prone on a toboggan, and let old Boreas knock the wind out of them with twice the discomfort that Grim Death would cause.

RATHER HARD ON HIM.

"Well, if a burglar was to bweak into my apartments and try to make off with my twaps, I should become quite desperwate, don't yer know."  
"Why, what would you do?"  
"I'd knock out the wude fellow's bwains and then gather up my chattels."  
"If you will excuse me," said the plain-spoken young lady, "I think I can suggest an improvement."  
"And what is that, pway?"  
"If I were you, I'd let the chattels so and gather up the brains."



CANADA'S NATIONAL WINTER SPORT



A DEER HUNT IN MEGANTIC.—FROM A PHOTO. BY NOTMAN



TRAINING THE BOYS

HIS REPROOF.

He oft with her had sleighting gone,  
But never sought her lips to taste,  
Nor even, though they were alone,  
Had placed an arm around her waist.

When froze her ears the boreal breeze,  
And she was shivering with the cold,  
He never said, "Love, if you please,  
Will you a while the ribbons hold?"

As they a-sleighting went one day,  
He said, "Why, you've forgot your muff!"  
She answered, in a quiet way,  
"Tis true, but you'll do well enough."

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

This, then, is to seal our engagement?" she said adjusting the bracelet upon her snowy wrist. "Yes," I responded: "henceforth our lives are linked," and I turned and kissed her.

I had purchased it that morning, partly from any own admiration of the design, but chiefly to gratify Bessie's fondness for rubies. It was, indeed, a novelty consisting of several coils of gold, which fastened with a lock literally composed of rubies, and that scintillated in the twilight like sparks of burning fire.

Ah, how vividly the remembrance of that Summer evening comes back to me! The low wind sweeping up fitfully from the river, the hum of the locust and the rustle of the maple-leaves all played an accompaniment to my heart's love-song, as I acknowledged Bessie Mayfield as my betrothed bride. Her real name was Bessie Mason, but bearing a striking resemblance to my sister, and having been left an orphan at an early age, she was taken into our home and hearts, and has ever since worn our name.

We had been sweethearts from our cradles. Our homes bordered one upon the other, and it is not singular that the interlacing of our hearts should strengthen with our years.

I stood there in the shadow of the trees, watching her ascend the long stairway, and wondering if I was worthy of her. She had one of those gentle, shrinking natures that sweetens and softens every home. I used to call her my little rivulet, and to-day, as I look back upon the playground of the past, I find it green and fresh from her influence.

Lilian Lawrence was coming on the midnight train to spend the vacation at Richmond, so I ordered the carriage-driver to call at 11.50 p. m., went immediately to my office, and sat down to read.

Fancy came to me on fairy wings, and beguiled the tedious hours. Vision after vision came before me in a kind of panoramic display, and Bessie's sweet face smiled from the canvas of each picture. Now she promenaded the veranda with my sister Grace, and confessed the secret of her heart—her love for me. Now she displayed the engagement bracelet, disclosing the charm of its lock. Flash after flash of the rubies penetrated my drowsy mind, until I saw the headlight of the engine, and heard the shrill whistle announce the arrival of Miss Lawrence.

The moment I saw her I feared her. She was beautiful, tall and graceful, her movements willowy, and her eyes soft and slumberous, that alternated shades of brown and black. I felt their power and tried to avert my gaze, but I could not. My heart served as a focus that concentrated the mellow beams of her eyes.

"Let me relieve you of your parcels," I said, trying to shake off the weight that burdened me, and at the same time assisting her into the carriage.

"You were expecting me then, tonight?" she said. "I feared my telegram would not reach you. Has Arthur Hastings arrived? He was to have met

me at Bellwood, but as he did not, I supposed he was awaiting me here."

"He has not," I replied, trying to make myself engaging, but scarcely hearing her words for the melody of her voice, which seemed almost like a caress.

"He has already declared himself a rival of yours, having fallen in love with the picture I have of Bess," she continued, talking in a most familiar strain, and seeming amused, I fancied, at my embarrassment.

The carriage drove up just then to the steps of the veranda, and the girls being there to receive her, I made my bow, and drove rapidly downtown to my office.

Arthur Hastings came three days afterwards, dressed in his Summer broadcloth, and supporting a gold-headed cane. A more offensive fop had never entered the town, and I hated him as much as I adored Miss Lawrence.

The next few weeks were interspersed with boating, fishing and driving; I, of course, escorting Miss Lawrence, and Hastings playing the devoted to Grace. I had scarcely spoken to Bessie since the night of our engagement, yet I knew she was true to her vow, although I had wavered.

Each morning found me at Miss Lawrence's side, each twilight at her feet. Treacherous as I believed her eyes, they tortured me, and left a scar upon my memory and upon my heart.

Bessie must have foreseen the disaster that threatened me, for she sought my society at every available opportunity. In the blindness of my love for another, I evaded and neglected her.

One day we had arranged to have a picnic in the woodland that lay across the river. I arose early, preparatory to completing the plans for the day, and walked out upon the lawn, which was dewy and refreshing. Some one came up softly to my side. It was Bessie, prettily dressed in a robe of light blue muslin, and a cluster of pink roses upon her bosom as if listening to the beating of her heart.

That picture! Can I ever forget it? No. Time may lessen my vision and darken the sunlight of my life, yet that face has looked, and will ever look, sadly upon me from the chamber of my soul.

"Are you going to Denham's Woods to-day with—Lilian?" she timidly inquired, her voice trembling and a blush making crimson her cheek.

"Yes," I replied, and turned away from her, looking in the direction of the grounds. She crept away like a wounded fawn, and I saw her no more.

The day passed away pleasantly. No cloud prophesied the tragedy the twilight would disclose. Late in the afternoon Miss Lawrence and I climbed to a grassy knoll overlooking the river, and watched the sun go down, which tinted the glassy surface of the river with all the glory of an Autumn forest. My soul reveled in the poetry of the scene, and I was drifting away from her, when suddenly she turned her eyes upon me, and in the tenderest voice said:

"Such a disappointment your sister could not attend to-day. Her presence however, is not missed by one," and she pointed to a skiff some distance off upon the river. "It is Arthur Hastings and Bessie: they have been upon the river the entire afternoon; and her voice trembled just the slightest, as an aspen-leaf will quiver when kissed by a zephyr.

A party of friends came up then, and, excusing myself, I hurried off towards the river to make inquiries as to my sister's absence.

Nearer and nearer came the skiff. Too well I knew that figure in pale muslin, the large flower-crowned hat, the pink roses, and—and—the lock bracelet. Although her face was turned from me, every feeling that animated it was reflected in Arthur Hastings's countenance. He loved her, and as I

heard him utter the words, all the old boyish life came bounding into my heart with twofold intensity. Did she care for him? Was she untrue? And driven to desperation at the mere thought, I drew my revolver and crouched behind a clump of reeds. They were close beside me now I heard the skiff trail against the shore: and, with the vengeance of a tiger, I sprang up and fired once, twice!

"Fred Mayfield, what have you done?" exclaimed Arthur, and lifted the lifeless figure of—my sister from the skiff.

"Oh, God!" I cried, and in the intensity of my agony I swooned and fell—not into the river, but upon the floor of my office. The shock aroused me from a horrible dream!

I looked at my watch. In five minutes the driver came, and I met Miss Lawrence in reality, whose Summer stay proved a delightful event, and whose friendship ripened into such a state that she became Bessie's bridesmaid before the close of the summer.

Do you wonder that I shuddered when Arthur locked a companion bracelet to Bessie's upon my sister's arms?

JACKSON'S "ORNYMINT."

"The trouble with the wimmen these days is that they all want to be ornymints. They git more wuthless and no-account every day of their lives."

"That's jist about so, Mr. Hayseed. The wimmen air developin' a speerit of independence that ort to be curbed—cut off short, as it were."

"They were a pair of grangers of the old-fashioned type, horny-handed, hard visaged and narrowly conservative."

"Now, there's Lem Jackson's wife," one of them said; "I dummo how Lem ever does put up with her shiflessness and uppish ways."

"She's one o' them ornymintal kind of wimmen, hey?"

"I should say so. All she's got to do is to cook for only eight in fam'ly, milk nine cows, tend to the garden and Lem's onion patch, and help in the field a little in plantin' and hayin' time. Wimmen ain't no'count nowa days no-how. They all want to set 'round and be ornymints like Lem's wife."

To be looked up to; The fashionable hat.

P. T. Barnum has given three toboggan slides to the people of Bridgeport, Ct. The old gentleman is foxy, and proposes to get his next season's invoice of human monstrosities cheap, provided the accidents are plenty enough.

A WOMAN in the Adirondacks was hugged by a bear yesterday.—Daily Paper.

This is evidently an advertising scheme, but it won't work. The young men of this generation are not so backward as all that.

They had not met since they were in the ballet at the old Strand Theatre.

"Dear Lizzie, I'm so glad to see you!"

"So am I, Maud, to meet you."  
"Are you married?"  
"Yes; and you?"  
"Yes; any children?"  
"Two; and you?"  
"None; our house is too small."

"Get married, Charlie, get married. One never knows how cheaply he can live with a good, economical wife until he tries it. Why, when I was married I couldn't even support myself, while now—"

"Well."  
"Now my wife supports me. It is cheaper for me than being single."

LITTLE feathery flake of snow,  
Drifting softly to and fro,  
How white and pure the earth you make,  
Like an enormous wedding cake.

Little feathery flakes of snow,  
Little reek you where you blow—  
In one's ear-hole, down one's neck,  
Nothing can your ingress check.

Oh, charming snow!—now, that's too bad,  
Enough to make a person mad,  
One snowball has just laid me low,  
Excuse me, but—oh, cuss the snow.

PEOPLE WHOSE OPINIONS ARE UNWORTHY OF NOTICE

The man who always leaves the room when you yield to a request for a song.

The critic who says that after a few year's experience and hard study you may become a passable actor of minor rôles

Your best girl's eight-year-old brother.

The editor who returns your story with thanks.

The person who assumes an expression of gloom, while you are telling the funniest anecdote you know.

The public which won't go to see your play.

Wiggins.

The individual who, when he learns that your age is thirty, looks surprised, and says that he supposed you to be at least five years older.

The man who differs from you on political matters.

The misguided being who refuses to be governed by your advices.

The acquaintance who tells you that the great speculation in which you have invested all your available capital is sure to be a failure.

The reader who don't think the foregoing funny.

THE LATEST TELEPHONE SCANDAL.



THE FASHIONS.



This (1) costume is of straw colored silk with broad plaits and passementerie of black silk and velvet bands. The silken skirt forms heavy hollow folds, the right and left, and is embroidered on both sides by silk passementerie. The apron is of Italian pattern, with three large velvet bands or ribbons. The tunic falls straight from the sides and form a large hollow fold behind. There is a small scarf in front falling on the apron, and buried under the sides of the tunic. The corsage is plain, pointed in front and adorned in the middle front and on the side with three bands of passementerie.

The second (2) dress is of old dark blue brocart, old pale blue satin, assorted lace embroidered with pearls and pale blue ribbon covered with pearls. The skirt is of pale blue satin. The upper skirt is of embroidered lace, covering the whole skirt less the under part of the train. The train is square in brocart and mounted in flounces tightened at the waist. The corsage is short with pointed front, cut open square in front and with half length sleeves. The border of the open square in front is set with pearly ribbon and a little strip of pale blue satin. A pearly band placed in the middle of the front of the corsage forms a small plastron. There is a knot of pale blue ribbon below this, and the ornaments of the sleeves are of pale blue silk.

THE POET IN HIS FAMILY.

The sun had drawn the golden bars—  
The sky a rubied sea;

I must have less noise.)  
When twilight brought the evening  
[stars,  
(Children, I must have this noise stopp-  
[ed immediately.)  
To greet my love and me.

(Mary! for mercy sake, can't you  
stop the noise of this pandemonium?)

The wind with tropic fragrance rife  
If you don't keep that baby quiet, I'll  
[know why?]

In wanton sport and glee,  
It stole a kiss—

(There I take that I no more crying,  
I say—stop!—stop right off, sir. Go to  
bed! Go! If you don't instantly start  
I'll thrash you within an inch of your  
life. By the sacred ephoid, I cannot  
stand this any longer. Mary, in the  
name of goodness, will you put those  
confounded children to bed? How am  
I ever to finish this poem to night?)

—forlorn your life,  
It left my love and me.

(No, I don't know any other name  
for a beetle—June bug—boom long—  
O, yes, has a boom—oom—om-ni. Any

other bug? O yes, one without any  
boom or hum.)

Then to a hidden leafy nook,  
On fairy feet and free,

(Forgotten my arithmetic? No! cer-  
tainly not. Why, put down one, carry  
two, and let the rest walk.)

It told the secret to the brook,

(I dare you to call me that again—  
old brute, am I? Good night—Ta ta, I'll  
sleep on the floor.)

Of my true love and me.

"If it was not for one thing, boys,"  
said an old farmer, as he got down  
from his waggon, "I'd bet any amount  
o' money on that bay colt o'mine trot-  
tin' a mile in ten minutes. I'd bet a  
million pounds if I had it."

The crowd laughed derisively.  
"What is the one thing?" asked  
one of the crowd.

"The distance is too far for the  
time."

Mrs. SPRIGGINS thinks that a certain  
young lady of her acquaintance has no  
sense of proprietorship, because when  
the funeral was passing she had her  
sleigh driven right through the center  
of the cortege.

UNGALLANT.



Little Toodles: I WISH YOU HAD SOME  
SKATES TOO, AUNT MEG.

Aunt Meg (wishing to encourage  
generosity): YOU MIGHT LET ME TAKE  
YOURS.

Little Toodles: NO; YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO  
NICE FOR YOU TO SKATE AHEAD OF ME, AND  
FIND ALL THE WEAK PLACES IN THE ICE.

AN IMPRESSION.



Ah! she is a giddy charmer,  
On this point make no mistake,  
And she vowed a deep impression  
On dear Adolph's heart to make.

So her smile was most bewitching  
As beside him down she sat,  
And she made a grout impression,  
But she made it on his hat.

ROUGH ON BROWN.



Snobberly—"Miss Clamwhooper, will  
you allow me to introduce you to Mr.  
Brown?"

Miss Clamwhooper—"No, I thank  
you, I might stand another White or  
Black, but I've soured on Brown. I  
know all the Browns I have any use  
for."

A REMINDER.

'Twas at the depot;—they must  
part.

Cried he, "Forget me not, dear  
heart!"

"Never, no never!" she sobb'd in  
grief.

And the husband left in deep  
regret;

And the wife, so she might not for-  
get,

Just tied a knot in her handkerchief.

The flowers that bloom in the pot, tra-la,  
Have the bulge on the flowers of spring,  
For whether it's cold or it's hot, tra-la,  
They're placed in a temperate spot, tra-la,  
And in fact, have a very soft thing;  
So they don't care a jot,  
If it freezes or not,  
As they feel pretty certain that they  
have the pot.  
Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la,  
Oh! theirs is a fortunate lot.

A MAN may justly pawn his wa ch  
When he's almost a "goner,"  
But save us from the hard-up man  
Who always 'pons his honor.

THIS world is full of curious things,  
As you from this will see;  
When I was only twenty-four,  
Miss Jones was thirty-three".

Time hurries on, the years have fled,  
I'm thirty-three and more;  
And here's the curious thing—Miss  
[Jones

Isonly twenty-four.

The maiden sat so near my arm,  
Around her waist I threw it;  
And then, not meaning any harm,  
I kissed her e'er she knew it.  
She threw an angry glance at me,  
Her face grew red, and then  
She frowned and said, "I'd like to see  
You just try that agnin!"  
"Why certainly, sweet maid," I said.  
I did—could I be blamed?  
This time she only blushed and said,  
"You ought to be ashamed!"

LAWYER: Have you made your will?  
CLIENT: Yes, I had Mr. Quill draw it  
yesterday.

LAWYER: Are you sure it's right  
enough to stand a contest?

CLIENT: Oh, yes; but to obviate that,  
I left all my property to you.

"Why do you wear those green  
goggles?" said a gentleman to a boot-  
black, who was briskly engaged in  
shining up his shoes. "Are your eyes  
weak?"

"No, sir, not particularly weak, but  
the shine I put on the shoes hurts my  
eyes."

WHAT is the difference between a  
good dog show and a bad one?—When  
it is a good one the dogs go to the show,  
but if a bad one the show goes to the  
dogs.

A STATE of Happiness—Before marri-  
age. A State of Misery—After marriage.

OPERATIC REFRESHMENT—High screams.  
A SIGNAL FAILURE.—A railway acci-  
dent.



In connection with the different at-  
tractions of the Carnival, it is worthy of  
notice that the sport of sparring, boxing,  
wrestling, and other athletic exercises  
of the sort should be encouraged when  
carried on in a respectable manner,  
and in such conditions as will admit of  
the presence of gentlemen. This super-  
intendence is exercised at Mr. W. J.  
Carney's Crystal Palace, 539 Craig Street,  
where exhibitions of the kind are held  
every evening and where the best of  
order is always maintained.



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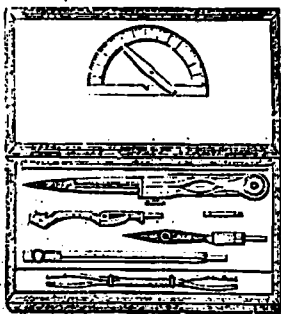
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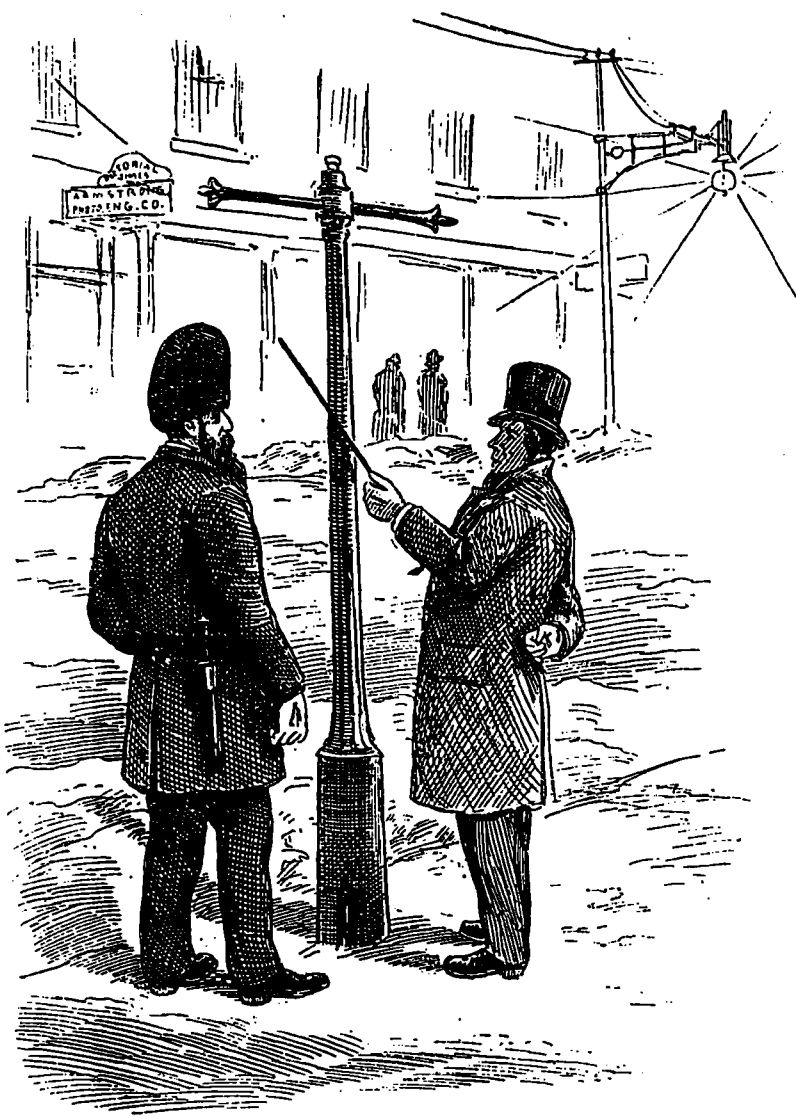
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Mathematical Instrument Makers



1640 & 1642 NOTRE DAME STREET

MONTREAL.



A PUZZER TO OUR VISITORS

AMERICAN VISITOR: What are all those crosses for in your streets?

POLICEMAN: Not crosses, sir, but monuments.

A VISITOR: Monuments of what?

POLICEMAN: Monuments of a broken contract!

**R. THOMPSON & SON,**

Blacksmiths and Engineers,

No. 18 ST. CONSTANT STREET

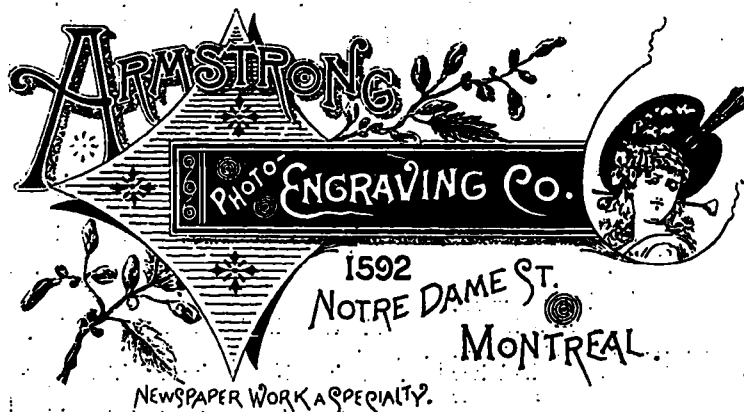
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