

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

P-226
PER
P-226

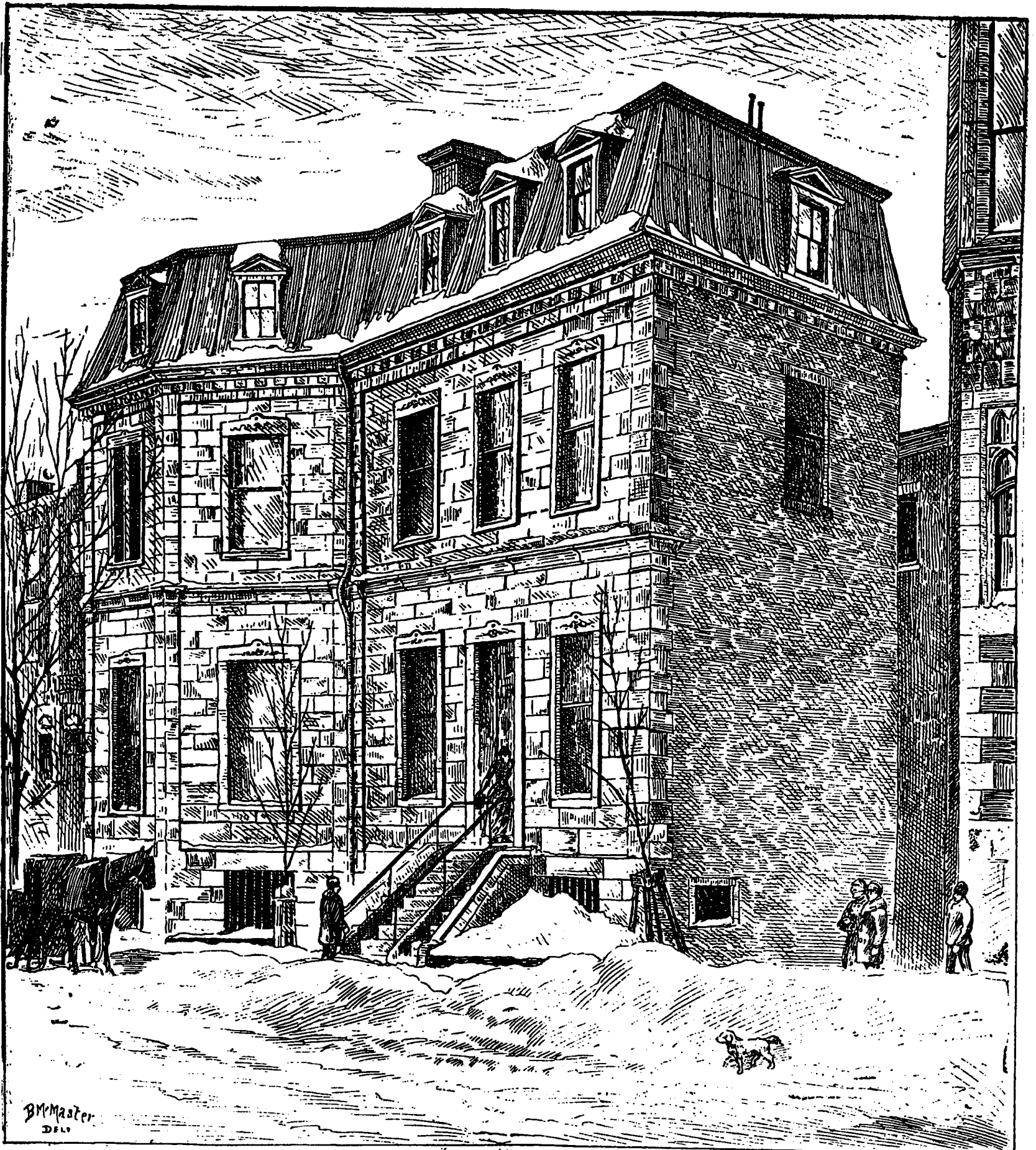
PICTORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

Vol. I.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 29, 1887

{ PER ANNUM, \$2.50
{ SINGLE COPIES, 5c



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HOUSE IN MONTREAL.

PICTORIAL TIMES

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE

PICTORIAL TIMES PUBLISHING CO

1592 NOTRE DAME STREET

MONTREAL.

JAS. E. ARMSTRONG, Manager.

TERMS:

PER ANNUM \$2.50
SINGLE COPIES 5 Cts.

City and Country news depots will please remit orders to

POIRIER, BESSETTE & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS
1540 Notre Dame Street,
Montreal, Canada.

Agents wanted in all the Cities and Towns in Canada and United States. A liberal commission will be allowed.

All correspondence to be addressed

"PICTORIAL TIMES"

Box 138 P. O.,
Montreal, Canada.

Contributions in the artistic and literary departments will be paid for, according to merit.

Photographers in all parts of Canada are specially invited to send in photographs of interest in their locality, and if found suitable for publication will be paid for at the regular rates and credit will be given the artist for his work.

MONTREAL, 29th JANUARY, 1887.

The Cottage Building Association of Ottawa, which has just applied for legislative incorporation, has in view the building of cottages, dwelling houses, stores, shops or warehouses for sale or rental. This is a movement which is likely to become more general, as it aims directly at the bettering of the working classes and of small tenants, who are the mainstay of every community.

There is a new and practical move toward the suppression of drunkenness which provides that drunkards in public places and publicans serving drunkards or children shall be fined and imprisoned, and that debts incurred in the purchase of intoxicants shall not be recoverable. Canada has a good record in temperance legislation, but in certain provinces the license system requires overhauling.

It is to be hoped that the Dominion Government, for the sake of the honor of the country, will actively join the British and American governments in the passage of a reformed extradition treaty. The presence of United States bootleggers, defaulters, and swindlers in our midst is a disgrace to ourselves and a source of annoyance to our neighbors.

Montreal can take glory in the spread of winter sports. Its Carnival has become the most popular amusement in America, and many of its features are being copied right and left. Three years ago the toboggan was not known in the United States—the name itself was a jaw-breaker—while now there is not a town or village without one.

There is much to be said in favor of a "Canadian" resident agent at Washington. We have one in London, and another in Paris,—and they have their uses—but a representative in the capital of the United States would be of much more direct benefit. The fisheries question and a renewal of a commercial treaty are points of supreme importance to us.

Hamilton has taken the lead, among Canadian cities, in the matter of the Queen's Jubilee. The epoch is destined to become historical, and there are special reasons why Canada should commemorate the Victorian era. The Union of 1842 and the Confederation of 1867—whereby we have become a nation—occurred under the present glorious reign.

In olden times, pilgrimages were made with staff in hand, in cockle shell and sandal shoon. The means of modern locomotion are not now disdained, and whereas little steamboats have been used to reach our famous shrine of Ste Ann of Beauport, next summer the iron rail will be employed instead. The Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix railway will be in full running order by July or August.

Now that the Federal elections are coming on, care should be taken that no false or extraneous issues are raised. The contest must be simple and straightforward. The government is to be tried on its national policy, the Pacific Railway, the Northwest administration and the immigration question. If found wanting in these, let it be replaced; if the contrary, let it be maintained.

Canadian politics should be practical and based on the material interests of the country. We cannot afford to be retarded by theories. Our statesmanship consists in steamships and steamboats, railways, canals, banks, manufactories, agriculture and a progressive retail trade. Commerce is our real future and the general distribution of wealth our only hope of maintenance.

Whatever differences may have existed between Mr. Chapleau and the Cabinet seem to have been smoothed over, and the Secretary of State has entered into the electoral contest with all his wonted activity and enterprise. It is just as well that the elections should be carried out on strictly party lines, and the fate of the government decided on the square issue of its administration.

It will be curious to watch the course of the new body of voters—the young men lately vested with the franchise—in the coming elections. They are over 200,000 strong and will exert a marked influence in every constituency. A country like ours can stand universal suffrage as well as France or the United States, and certainly we should be content with nothing less than manhood suffrage.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Peter Mitchell will stand for Northumberland.

Sir Charles Tupper has arrived and there will now be music in the air.

The late Justice Torrance left his whole fortune, some \$70,000 to McGill College.

Sir William Dawson has closed his series of botanical lectures, at Huntington Hall, Boston.

M. J. M. LeMoine, essayist and historian, of Quebec, lectures this week before the Canadian Club of New-York.

Mayor Beaugrand's new decoration of the Nichan of Tunis consists of a ribbon and cross and a breast plate of solid silver, with an Arabic inscription.

Gilbert and Sullivan have distinguished themselves once more by a new opera, "Ruddygore." We shall soon have it here.

Hon. Justice Baby, of the Superior Court, is a descendant in direct line of Mademoiselle de Verchères, one of the heroines of Canadian history.

Mr. Mowat has been the most uniformly successful public man in Canada. He has held power fifteen consecutive years and is in for four more.

The withdrawal of Mr Abbott from public life is a loss not only to the County of Argenteuil, but to the Parliament of the country.

If the mayor of Toronto could see his way to enter Parliament, it would please many outside of his constituency. The career of his father, Sir William Howland, is agreeably remembered.

Sir David McPherson and Mr Kirkpatrick were in Montreal on Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs Molson, mother of Lady McPherson and grandmother of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

OUR PICTURES.

On the front page will be found the new residence, in Montreal, of the Governor General. It is situated on McTavish street, one of the most fashionable localities in the city, with ample room for his family, and accommodation for his equipages. We give the picture for the further reason of showing the advisability of a permanent home for his Excellency, during a few months' stay every year in the Metropolitan City. The house is rented from Mr. A. Baumgarten, for many years the popular President of the Montreal Hunt Club.

THE CROSS BY THE WAY SIDE is a characteristic picture, representative of a scene well known in the French Canadian country. The cross is not only the emblem of salvation, but in many parishes about Quebec it is a reminder of great temperance missions preached many years ago.

A WINTER ON OUR UPPER LAKES is another picture appropriate to the season and climate. Among our great lakes, Erie is the stormiest, and the most dangerous, on account of the "choppy" quality of its waves. The last grain steamers in the fall—navigation closing on the 1st November—have a special hard time, and the one in our picture is making a very ugly header.

THE WINTER HUNT IN MANITOBA is another thorough Canadian subject, from skillful pencil of Sydney P. Hall. The various adventures of the chase speak eloquently for themselves in each separate sketch.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

110. A correspondent inquires into the origin of the name Newfoundland. Several of the early navigators touched on the coasts of this island and Terra Nova or New Land was the name they gave it.

120. The same is the case with Greenland. Cabot called it that in his own tongue, "Terra Verde," though why that iron-bound, desolate coast should be associated with verdure is a mystery.

130. In reply to a question from "student" it may be stated generally that Cartier seems to have had no idea of the watershed of the St. Lawrence, and that it was only on Champlain's second voyage up the St. Lawrence, as far as the rapids above Hochelaga—Lachine Rapids—in 1608, that its connection with the chain of the upper lakes was conjectured.

140. It is to Champlain also that we are indebted for the discovery of the

Richelieu River, and of the beautiful lake to which his own name has been attached. This was in 1609.

150. On this same expedition, Champlain likewise entered and crossed a smaller lake which the Indians called "Andiaroete." It was named "St. Sacrement" by the French and subsequently "Lake George" by the English. Fenimore Cooper, in the "Last of the Mohicans," terms it "Huron," after more modern Indians, and holds that the pretty appellation should be retained.

160. The picturesque Richelieu River was so named after the great cardinal who ruled France at the time of its discovery. The common name was Iroquois River. It was also indiscriminately styled the Sorel and the Chambly, after two French engineer officers who built forts on its banks, and the latter name is still used by the French of to-day.

170. After the St-Lawrence, the Richelieu is the most historic stream in Canada, having been the highway of the yearly incursions of the Five Nations from the Mohawk Valley, and of the different expeditions of French, English and American troops, in successive wars down to 1812. Its valley was also the main scene of the rebellion of 1837-38. St-Denis and St-Charles are on its banks.

180. "X. Y. Z." enquires whether any of the original explorers found traces of the precious metals in the valley of the St-Lawrence. Nothing to speak of. In 1542 Cartier states that he found a yellowish powder, which he called *poudre d'or*, and which he took to France. Having shown this to Roberval whom he met at Newfoundland, that navigator was induced to undertake his disastrous expedition to Tadoussac.

190. Little is known of the latter days of Jacques Cartier. After his fourth voyage to Canada, he was suffered to fall into obscurity and ended his days on a small estate, near his native town, St. Malo.

20. It is worthy of note that all the fur bearing animals originally found in Canada are still in existence. These are the beaver, moose, caribou, bear, otter, marten, wolf, fox, wild cat, ermine and muskrat. Two hundred and sixty years ago, the black fox—a good skin of which is still worth the highest prices—was a great favorite in France.

WELCOME TO THE BOYS.



THE PICTORIAL TIMES: We were happy to welcome your goodly face last Saturday, and hope you have come to stay with us. We appreciate you as you fill a long-felt want and our sincere wish is that you may have every success. As you so kindly invite communications from the young people, we shall be happy to contribute to your columns occasionally.

YOUNG ETCHER.

THE "PICTORIAL TIMES."

The *Pictorial Times* is the name of a new Canadian illustrated weekly paper just published in Montreal. The artistic work is exceedingly well executed, and the literary department is evidently presided over by no novice in the profession. It is eight pages in size, and in printed on fine paper. There is evidently a field for the *Pictorial Times*, and *The Post* welcomes its new confrere heartily.—*Montreal Post*,

BETWEEN FALL AND FALL.

LOVE ON A STEAMBOAT.

(For the Pictorial Times.)

It was in the lull of summer travel, toward the end of September, and even the sight-seers at Niagara Falls were few. But the glorious scenery of that region was never fairer to see. The autumn sky was suffused with softness; the sunlight lay upon the face of the cataract in golden rest, and the incumbent trees were gently flaming in an array of saffron, bronze and russet leaves. One true eye was there to admire the view and, sitting before his easel, in full sight of the Falls, a young artist sketched the main features of the transcendent land and water scapes. When he had brought into his canvass all the features of the spectacle, he drew the outlines of a solitary figure in the foreground. That figure was meant to represent himself. He had worked in comparative solitude, but on turning away with his utensils, he casually observed a small group of tourists who had evidently been watching his labor. The party was composed of an aged couple, and a number of young people of both sexes, among whom was a girl of eighteen summers, whose eye fell upon his in token of keen appreciation, while a ravishing smile played upon her lips. But there was no time to tarry. The first signal had been given for the Niagara boat for Lake Ontario, and the youth hurried forward with his impedimenta.

From Niagara to Toronto no incident of unusual interest occurred, the steamer being crowded and the passengers busy with making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. After leaving the Queen City of Canada, however, mutual intercourse became more easy, and strangers made acquaintances who had never met one another before, and would probably never meet again. The party of travellers, to whom reference has just been made, became the centre of attraction, the old people conversing with persons of their own age, the boys and girls scampering over the deck, while the young lady was surrounded by three or four admirers. Over the broad bosom of the lake the voyage was delightful, and the winding through the enchanting maze of the Thousand Islands afforded ample scope for wonderment and exclamations of pleasure. Throughout all the noise and confusion on board, the youthful artist stood alone. No one seemed to know him, and he took no pains to mingle in the throng. He spent most of his time at the edge of the quarter rail, and would sometimes ascend leisurely to the pilot house and there, with an ordinary pasteboard card in the hollow of his left hand, make rapid pencil sketches of the varied scene that passed before him. He had been stationed there when the boat dipped through the Long Sault, and on coming down the stair, met the young lady with two gentlemen going up. Their eyes met. There was the same sweet smile on the girl's face, while, blushing mildly in return, he touched his hat to her. There was another casual meeting at the head of the Lachine Rapids, when the usual rush to the front of the boat took place, to see the Indian pilot from Caughnawaga steer the frail craft over the abyss. The artist stood directly behind the young lady who, suddenly turning to one of her companions, found herself face to face with him. Her cheek burst into fire, but she said nothing, contenting herself with a bow which was answered by a respectful inclination. Under the sweeping arches of the Victoria Bridge and the lights of Montreal sprang into view. The Quebec packet was waiting, under steam, at the quay, and the transfer of passengers from one boat to the other took place at once. At the gangway,

the two young people met again for one moment, he extending his hand to help her to cross the plank.

II.

The Quebec boat turned her head down stream and was off without delay. Past St Helen's Island and the promontory of Varennes, she sped onward in the darkness, till the supper bell summoned all the passengers into the saloon. Our party of travellers sat alone, at one end of the table, the most of their companions having evidently landed at Montreal, while the artist occupied a position a little away, but not holding communion with anybody. No-rel was next reached and the illuminated mouth of the Richelieu, then the boat entered upon the expanded surface of Lake St. Peter. The night was growing late, the starlight and faint moon fell on the rippling waters, and the wind blew chill from the looming Laurentian mountains. Most of the passengers retired to their cabins; some lingered in the saloon, reading novels or inspecting the Indian curiosities on the centre table, while only a few ventured out upon the deck. But there was a party of three there, all the same, in the front of the fore-castle, near the bow, wrapped up in hoods and shawls, and quietly enjoying the loveliness of a Canadian night. Behind them, at some distance, and in shadow, stood the graceful form of a young man, seemingly absorbed in the scenery before him, and intent on his own thoughts. Now and again, but silently, he would turn his face forward, where his eyes would naturally fall on the quiet group before him, from which his artist's instinct could easily detach the outline of the fair girl with whom he had already been travelling for a night and a day.

The morning broke superb. The sun flooded the sky, making a first view of Quebec a sight never to be forgotten. Sillery, the Plains of Abraham, and Cape Diamond unrolled their marvellous panorama, and when at length the wharf was reached, the passengers seemed loth to quit the boat. Our artist remained on board until all were off, and it was only when he saw the companions of his voyage enter their caleches, and wind up the steep, that he went ashore, making this solitary reflexion, "I am sure I shall meet them at Montmorency."

The Falls of Montmorency are one hundred feet higher than those of Niagara, a fact not generally known. The breadth is less and the volume of water not so vast, but in the wildness of the scenery, the cataract presents as many attractions to the eye of the lover of nature. On the following morning, our artist sat before his easel, at the foot of the Falls, and was rapidly taking all the features of the scenery. When he had finished, he reflected a moment, then proceeded to fill up the foreground. He first drew a sketch of himself as he had done at Niagara, then, after another considerable pause, accompanied it by the exquisite outlines of a female form. He had scarcely concluded when his attention was arrested by the sound of voices, and on turning, he saw a number of young children romping on the slope beside him. Slightly behind him were the aged couple, the companions of his travel, and under a tree, directly overlooking his work, stood the young lady whom he had just drawn with his pencil. Further silence was impossible now. The old people advanced, and in the heartiest manner introduced themselves and their daughter. The artist received them with equal cordiality and pleasure. Mutual explanations followed, and the good understanding was sealed there and then by Henry Wilton presenting the picture to Mary Blaine. Three months later they were man and wife and the sketches of Niagara and Montmorency hang in places of honor in their home, with Mary's picture added to her husband's in the foreground of the former.

MILDRED VANE.

(For the Pictorial Times.)

Mildred Vane! The queerest maiden
Of all the many maids I know;
No one like her in the village,
No one like her, high or low,
I have watched her from her childhood,
We have grown in years amain,
And a constant wonder to me
Is this funny Mildred Vane.

In a green and ivied cottage,
Hidden 'mid ancestral trees,
By the fair and murmuring river,
Tuneless in the summer breeze,
Dwells she with her lonely father,
An old man with hairs of snow,
Crippled in his country's battle
On the plains of Waterloo.

Only daughter, free and wayward,
Never swayed nor checked by him,
Child of nature all untutored,
Humoured in her every whim;
Softened by no girlish pastime,
Nurtured in a country lane,
Like a boy has grown this maiden,
Like a boy is Mildred Vane.

See her walking through the village,
In the fragrant summer dawn,
How her dogs career around her,
How they frisk and trip and fawn;
When she blows her ivory whistle,
Up they prick their ears in play,
When she cracks her whip and points them,
Off they rush upon their prey.

Mildred is a fearless rider,
Vaulting on her Morgan brown,
From the barn-door off she gallops,
Unattended to the town;
No gay equeury beside her
Spurs his courser o'er the plain.
For a heartless amazon
Is this dashing Mildred Vane.



Mildred hies her to the greenwood,
With her pistols in her vest,
And for hours aims the target,
Searing wild-birds from their nest;
Or, along the mountain streamlets,
Angles for the timorous trout,
While around her, near the eddies,
Blue flies flutter in and out.

Mildred scorns the tricks of fashion,
In which female beauties shine,
Never wears the flowing dresses,
And discards the crinoline,
Wears a short and narrow kirtle,
Tightly belted at the waist,
While her dainty foot and ankle
In a jockey boot are laced.

She repels the face of chignons,
And false curls the brow that deck,
Her own soft and chestnut ringlets
Wave in beauty on her neck;
And she scoffs the city maiden
With her coronal and chain;
From head to foot to be unfettered
Is the pride of Mildred Vane.

Proper matrons shrug their shoulders
When they speak of Mildred Vane,
Look askance where'er she passes,
Riding, bounding o'er the plain;
And the slinky tongues of gossip
Have been busy with her name,
Hinting at her manly boldness,
And her want of maiden shame.

Ah! ye ugly, jealous cronies,
Cease your cruel, slanderous tale,
There is not a sweeter woman
Treads the grass of Granby vale,
Fawn-like Mildred, shy and modest,
Glory of our wooded glen,
She is chaste as any flower,
And her eyes ne'er look on men.

This wild girl knows not the longings
That devour your amorous souls,

Her pure spirit flies above them,
Like the sea-bird o'er the shoals;
No! she has no fleshly passions,
Nor is crazed with human loves,
For her fancy is in nature,
In its rivulets and groves.



God has fashioned all his daughters
Each to tread a special way;
Some to grace the quiet homestead,
Some to shine in fashion's ray,
Some to pray in cloistral shadows,
Ever celibate as the child,
And thee, O Mildred! to romp and glory
In elemental freedom—wild!

May he guard thee in thy blossom,
And the ripeness of thy charms,
Lilth of limb and pure of spirit,
Far from sin and sin's alarms;
Go thy ways through nature's dwellings,
Live and die there free from stain,
And at thy death, the fays will scatter
Wood-flowers o'er thee, Mildred Vane!

J. L.

THE POLITICIAN.

The politician is an expert of usury
rango; or at least, he believes in having
a policy.

He is like a broken bank, because he
lacks principle.

He is like a pawnbroker, because his
industry depends on his interest.

He is like St. Paul, because he "is
all things to all men."

He is like a ball, because he lies on
all sides.

He is like a circus performer, because
he gains in the ring.

He is like a harp, because he is a
modern specimen of a lyre.

He is like the Arctic and the Antarc-
tic circles, because he is to be bound
about the polls.

He is like the iron man, because he
finds profit in steal.

He is like a telegraph lineman, be-
cause he manipulates the wires.

He is like the dentist, because he
often takes the stamp.

POETRY AND PROSE.

In the stranger's register at a sum-
mer hotel stands written:

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
Shall be called ass his whole life long."

and below in a different hand:

"If thou had'st tried my currant wine,
And my dear consort had for thine,
And heard her sing when she sings flat
I swear thou had'st not written that."

GETTING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Now, this piece is a very difficult
one," said the orchestra leader, "and I
shall try something distinctly new in
it. All but the trombone player are to
stop at a certain time when I nod my
head, instead of waving the baton."

"When shall I stop?" asked the
trombonist.

"Just before I nod my head," replied
the leader.

A politician is honest when all other
means have failed.

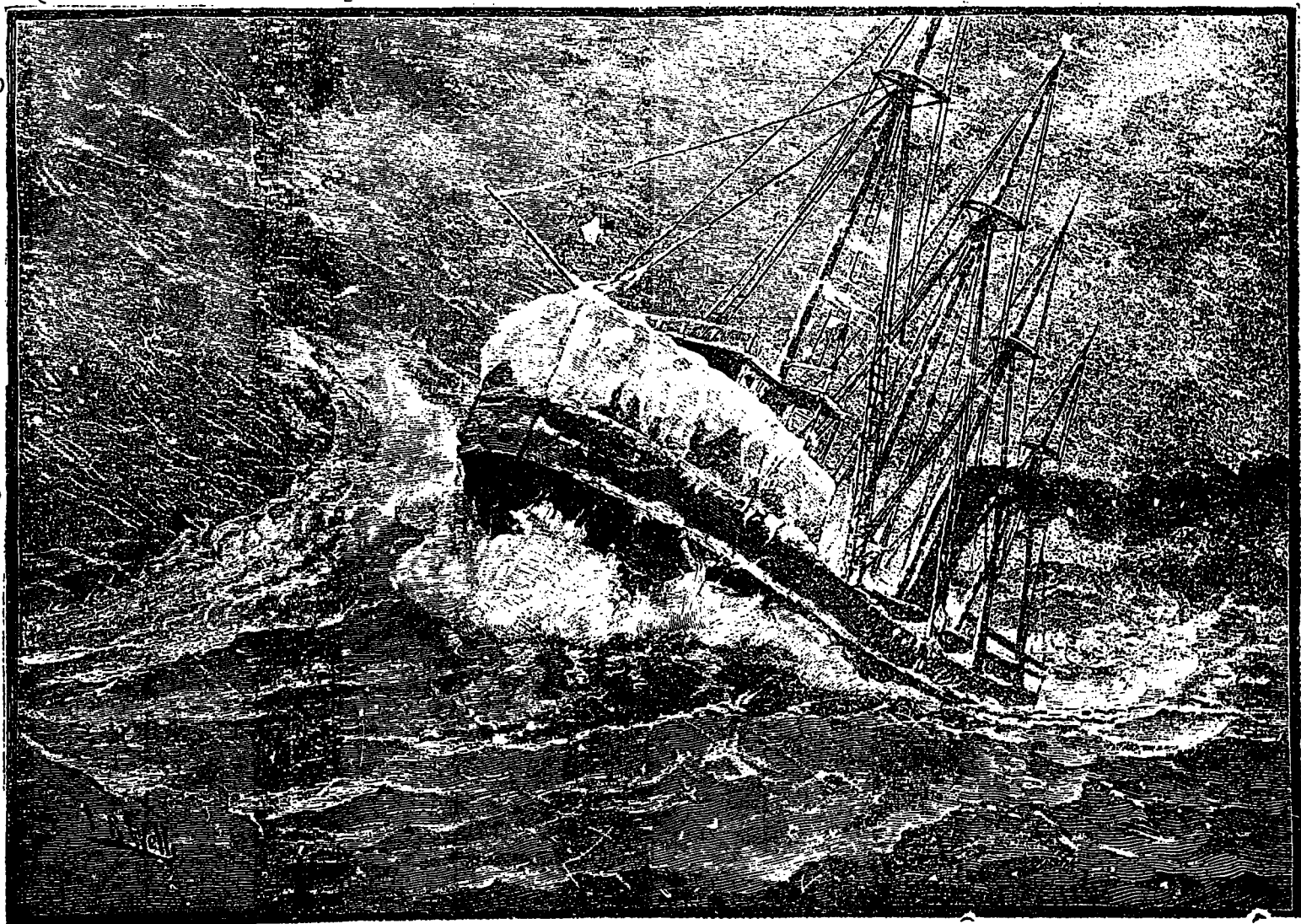


1. A fair start.—2. The friendly Indian Guide.—3. Downhill work.—4. A dream of the Chase.—5. Rest before dinner.—6. Tough but lots of it.—7. Shanty on the prairies.—8. A couple of snack shots.—9. A lift.—10. Snack before starting.—11. Dancing the friendly Indian.

WINTER HUNT IN MANITOBA



THE CROSS BY THE WAYSIDE. — FROM A PHOTO BY NORMAN



WINTER STORM IN OUR UPPER LAKES

HOW IT FELT.

Toboggan's delightful, dear Sally,
When once you get used to the pace:
But oh, it seems going to glory
When you first start out in the race.
I felt as I spinned down the slide, dear,
As if I was love without wings,
Flying down to the earth on a moonbeam
While Harry held on to the strings.

REMINISCENCES OF A SKETCHING TOUR

II



The river had evidently at some remote period been much higher, and the table land of rock on which I stood must have been submerged, judging from its smooth and worn surface which bore testimony to the action of water, the river wound away to the right, and was lost to view in consequence of the rocky heights which formed one side; it was truly a fine sight nature was here seen in her wildest forms. I was not long in choosing a subject, and

nothing to show in the way of fish on our return, though Mr P. had his creel half full. I gave it up in despair, and amused myself by sketching a rustic bridge, which spanned the stream.



Alas! my holiday was now at an end for business obliged me to return that evening to my vacation in the city and much as I would have liked to remain longer in that peaceful spot, that evening found myself speeding back to Montreal by the North Shore Railway, having spent a most enjoyable time, and

the Japanese Empire—that of the Chrysanthemum. The Order of the Chrysanthemum consists of a star and collar, the former being in the form of



a silver fluted cross, with a large ruby in the centre; and the latter being a "blaze," with ruby, hung round the neck by a ribbon.



"It's bitterly cold," said a husband with a shiver: "Why don't you button up your fur-lined circular?" "Because I want it to fly open," replied the lady, placidly.



"Who said 'work'? I'd like to lay my hands on the man."

A RECENT sage observation, that the smaller the dude's head the larger his ears, may be applied with equal force to the bonnets of the ladies.

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE.

At all performances, they say—Including nights and mats—The prettiest ladies at the play Appear in low crowned hats.



YOUR SCARF BELIEVE THAT SHE COULD NOT SO SKIM AND SPARE HER FRINGE, BUT EVER IS THE HIGHEST SCORE PLACED UNDERNEATH HER PAIS FIVE FOOT SIX STRIKES WITH SUCH A FORCE THAT DEAD WOOD LIES AROUND. SO AS FOR CHAMPION OF THAT SCORE YOUR GAZETTE CAN BE FOUND; DON'T THERE ONE WHO DOES NOT OBLIGE. WHEN SHE BEGINS TO TALK; AND SO WITH OUR BOWS IS FILLED BY SALLY IN OUR ARMS.

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE: I think I will organize a cooking class among the ladies of my set.

PHYSICIAN: A capital idea, my dear.

P. W.: Why, you seem quite enthusiastic over the idea.

P.: I am, my dear, I am. Business is dull, and I'd like to see it pick up a bit.

2 IS COMPANY 3 IS A CROWD.



'Tis a time-honored say whose truth is lowered
That two is good company, three is a crowd
And naught could to contrary make me believe;
So I thought, as I chatted with Lucy that eve,
Our converse had varied from subjects pedantic
To, what is more usual, subjects romantic,
When a rosy faced urchin, as if to shagreen us,
Most artfully settled himself there between us.
But the strange thing was this, instead of dismissing him,
Our natural instincts led rather to kissing him;
For he who had artfully wriggled between us
Was Cupid—who bore us dispatches from Venus.

G. SAFFORD WATERS.

"My son", said the old man, as he blotted the check and passed it over: "you are going out to begin the battle of life."

"Yes, father."
"Go firmly resolved not to cheat, lie, indulge in false pretences, or use underhand measures."

In about three months a ragged, hungry, weary young man ascended the steps of the family mansion, and the father exclaimed:

"Why, William, what has happened?
"Did business according to your injunctions, and have n't got a red left," replied William, as he hung his hat on the old familiar peg.

worked till nearly dusk endeavouring to give some impression of what I saw before me: but what a libel on nature it was I afterwards thought, for but few indeed come near representing nature in her varied forms. I returned to my friend who had spent a very pleasant afternoon trout fishing in a neighbouring stream, having been pretty successful; we spent the evening in friendly chat and smoked the pipe of peace before retiring to our couches. The next day I arose betimes and made for the river, choosing a spot higher up, and somewhat more subdued in character than the previous one. River scenery has always had an attraction for me as indeed it must have to any appreciative observer of nature. What can be a grander sight than a turbulent and dashing river bounding in broken masses of foam over huge boulders of rock, leaping into eddying pools and gliding into shallows! Such is the Jacques-Cartier River. The next day my friends proposed that we should have a drive and off we started, determined to see a little more of the surrounding country, we drove along pleasant roads and past cozy looking farms, the scenery becoming more mountainous as we proceeded; after a steep ascent we were rewarded by a fine view of the surrounding country which spread itself for miles around and the day being clear we could just catch a glimpse of the St. Lawrence river in the distance, while to the left of us the Jacques Carrier river was wending its way below in a peaceful manner, its green banks clothed with soft verdure on which cattle were grazing, the whole scene being totally different in character to what I have described it above.

The next morning, I was induced to lay aside my brush and try my hand at trout fishing. In company with Mr P. I started for the river. I don't know whether it was my inexperience in the handling of the rod, or my want of patience; but I do know this: I had

one, which I shall always remember with feelings of pleasure.

English artists have no idea of the material to be found in Canada, and elsewhere on this continent, noble rivers, mountain scenery and quiet picturesque "little bits" at every turn. However no doubt as time rolls on, its beauties may become better known and appreciated; let us hope so. MAC.

Their Imperial Highnesses Prince and Princess Komatsu have been staying in London some weeks. Prince Komatsu, who is uncle to the Mikado or Emperor of Japan, is a well-educated man, with



many European ideas of civilization; he has military tastes, and has visited the Guards' barracks, to inspect the method of drill, and made inquiries about The War Office establishments. The Prince and Princess have also seen the Tower of London, and have been at several of the London theatres. Prince Komatsu invested the Prince of Wales with the most exalted Order of



" Kiss me quick and go,"
Said Sally to her lover;
Her cheek was all aglow,
She wished the thing was over.

" Kiss me quick and go?"
Said the lover to the maid;
His spirits fluttered low,
And he stood as one dismayed.

" Go where?" he gasped with pain,
" Do you mean to drive me off?"
She glanced at him again,
And gave a little cough.

" Why, go to father's quick,
And ask him for my hand,
Now mind you do it slick,
I hope you understand."

He kissed her quick and scooted,
In a jiffy he was back;
He jumped about and hooted,
And gave the girl a smack.

Quoth Sally, with a stare,
" What did the old man say?"
" Why, he said he didn't care—
I might kiss you slow and stay."

" Well, go ahead then, mister,
" And take your time," said she,
He took his time and kissed her,
From twelve o'clock till three.

ALEX.

The Chateau de Ramezay—a cut of which appeared in the first number of the Pictorial Times—is one of the oldest historical relics in Montreal. It was the seat of the last governor of the city, the Chevalier de Ramezay, while the Marquis de Vaudreuil was Governor General of Canada; and in its hall the capitulation of the country was signed in 1760. In 1776, it was there that Benjamin Franklin, John Jay and the Rev. John Carroll, afterward first Bishop of Baltimore, met to induce the French people to ally themselves with the American Colonists against Great Britain. The old building, now under the excellent and popular management of Mr G. J. Neville, is being used once more as the headquarters of the government party during the forthcoming elections.

The Jacques Cartier Toboggan Slide, for the Carnival is making rapid progress and will be ready for use on the 1st of February. The plans which we published last week were from the well-known architect, Major Lapointe, who also superintends the construction.



In connection with the different attractions 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 superintendence is exercised at Mr. W. J. Carney's Cryst' al Palace, 539 Craig Street, where exhibitions of the kind are held every evening and where the best of order is always maintained.

MONKEYING WITH THE MUCH-AGE POT.



A FAMILY quarrel. The husband is philosophical, and the wife cross-grained:

" I am going away," said the latter one day.

" And where are you going to?" asks the head of the house, not at all alarmed.

" Where am I going to?" shrieks madame in a rage. " How dare you address such an impertinent question to me? After fifty years of virtuous living, am I now to be cross-examined as to my movements? Oh! that's the way with you men. Get a detective to dog my steps. Where am I going? Understand sir, that I shall go where I like, and stay as long as I please!"

" Yes? Well, pray don't stay any longer—it might make me anxious about you."

When a girl becomes indifferent to her lover, nothing makes her realize her foolishness so keenly as to hear a female friend eulogize him.

THE FASHIONS.



No. 1.



No. 2.

1. Plush capote of navy blue bordered with poppies. Ribbon of poppy silk. On the top each is flowers, with knots and ties of navy blue.

2. Walking capote in velvet ribbon, with garnet heads forming a draught board. Trimmings of silk and coral, and assorted ties.



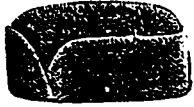
No. 3.

No. 4.

3. Skirt of plush bordered with two bands in passementerie, and slightly raised on the right, and the left is raised on the right by a silk cord encircling the waist.

4. A light dress in velvet and silk, with tunic silk, and the corsage opening on a small plastron. Knots of the extrinities of the sleeve are of ribbon.

ROBERTSON & Co.,



220, ST. JAMES STREET

FINE GOODS!
LOW PRICES

WIGHTMAN, RAMSAY & CO,

Successors to Orrell & Co.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS

IN

Fancy Goods, Fishing Tackle,
SPORTING GOODS

AND

SNOWSHOES

(The Best Assortment in the Dominion)

TOBOGGANS, MOCCASINS,
Tuques, Sashes, Mitts, &c.

403 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

GOLDIE & McCULLOCH

Gold Medal for Burglar Proof **SAFES** Gold Medal for Fire Proof

And Highest award at all Exhibitions where known.

298 ST. JAMES STREET,
(5 Doors West of McGill St.)

MONTREAL.

Second hand Safes of other makes always in Stock. We let them go cheap.

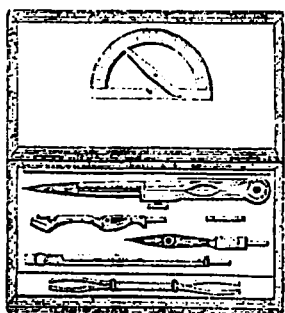
ALFRED BENN,
Manager.

HEARN & HARRISON

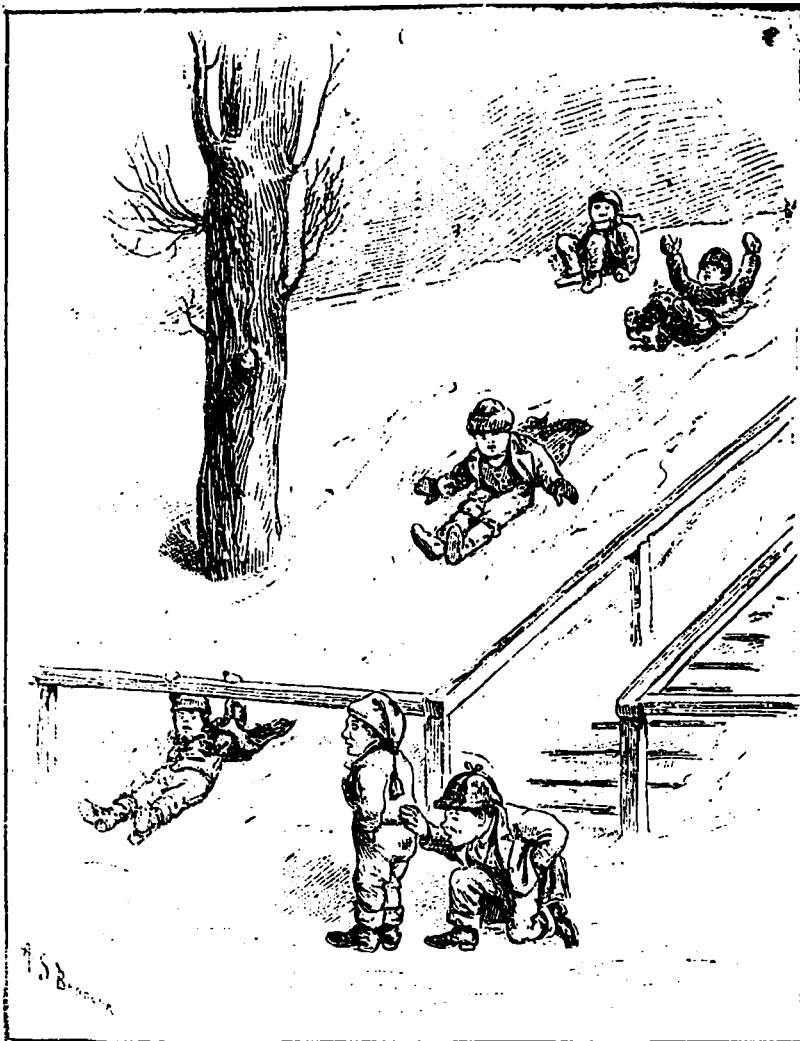
OPTICIANS

AND

Mathematical Instrument Makers



1640 & 1642 NOTRE DAME STREET
MONTREAL.



THE POOR BOY'S SLIDE

Jim, who has been sliding on the slope of the Champ-de-Mars. I say, Bill, you needn't be afraid. Your seat is not yet in danger: you can slide a dozen of times more before there is a hole in it.

R. THOMPSON & SON,

Blacksmiths and Engineers,

No. 18 ST. CONSTANT STREET

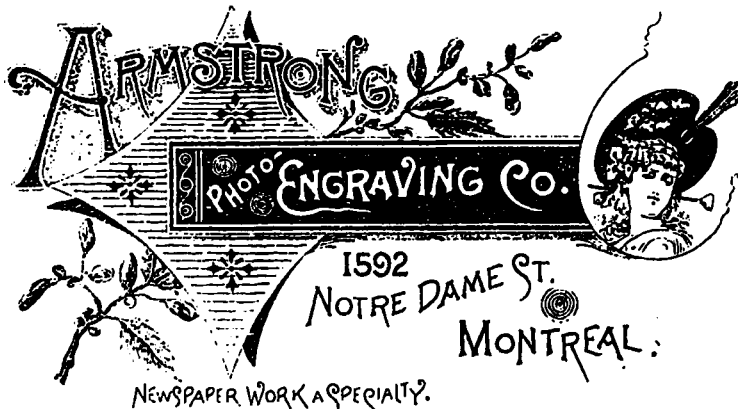
Facing Drill Shed, MONTREAL.

Forging of all kinds made to order. Steam Engines and Shafting fitted up.

Removal, Erection and Repairs of Printing Machinery a Speciality.

Hand Lithograph Presses, Hydraulic Book Presses, Punching Presses, Cancellling Presses, Printers' Chases (wrought and cast iron), Book Chases with Shifting Bars, and

THOMSON'S Celebrated PRINTERS' ROLLER COMPOSITION.



1592 NOTRE DAME ST.
MONTREAL.

NEWSPAPER WORK A SPECIALTY.

WEST END CLOTHING HOUSE

1860, ST. CATHERINE ST.

(3 Doors East of Phelps Famous Luncheon Rooms.)

Mens Fine Suits, Boys Fine Suits, Children Fine Suits, Overcoats for all Gentlemen's Furnishings, for all White and Colored Shirts Cuffs, Collars, Gloves, Ties, underclothing, &c.

A. M. LIDDELL,
1860, St. Catherine St., Montreal.

THOMAS SUTTON

Hair Dresser, Perfumer

AND DEALER IN

Toilet Articles, Gents Haberdashing

WINDSOR HOTEL

Visitors to the Carnival and the general public will find it to their advantage to give us a call as all our goods is of the finest quality and at reasonable prices.



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY,

CORNER

NOTRE DAME & ST. MARTIN STREETS
MONTREAL.

LANDON PHOTOGRAPHIC,

DRY PLATE WORKS

1689, NOTRE-DAME STREET

MONTREAL

Manufacturers, Importers and dealers in all kinds of Photographic Supplies, amateurs outfits, &c., &c.

JOHN DWANE

FASHIONABLE

BOOT & SHOE

MANUFACTURER

199 MCGILL STREET

MONTREAL.

Ladies', Gents and Children's Boots and Shoes of First Quality always on hand and made to order.

— SEE —

"COCHENTHALER"

The Jeweller for

FINE GOODS

Grandest Jewellery

Establishment in the city.

Largest Display and Lowest Prices.

149 ST. JAMES ST.

MONTREAL.