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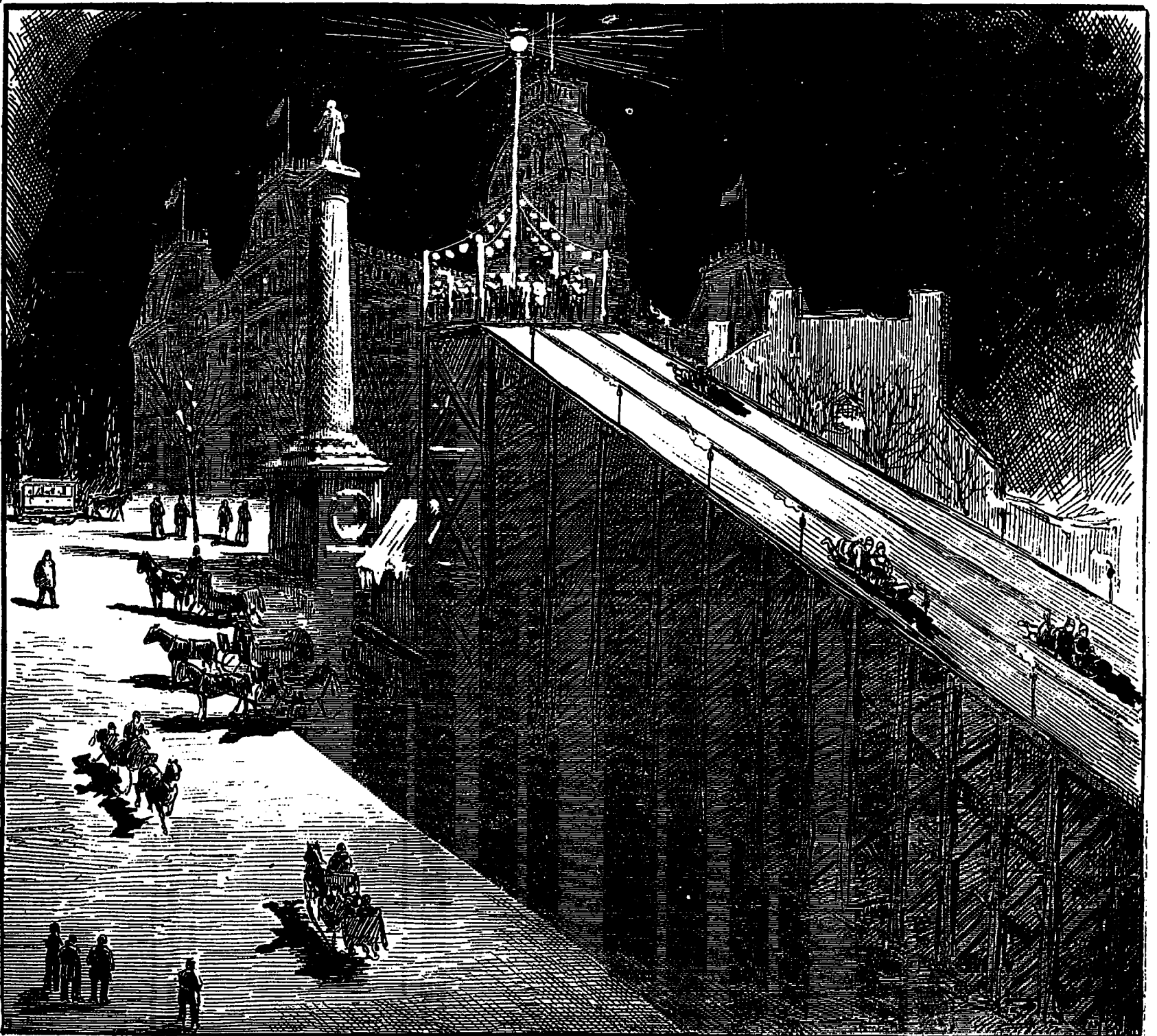
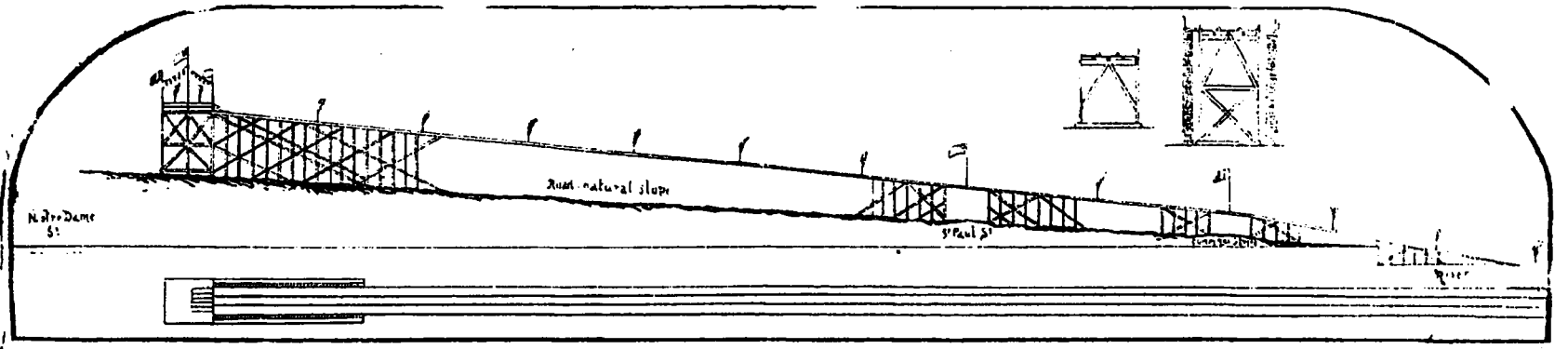
PICTORIAL TIMES

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THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE ON JACQUES-CARTIER SQUARE, MONTREAL.

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MONTREAL, 22nd JANUARY, 1887.

Toronto is keeping ahead of Montreal in the encouragement of the fine arts. The recent exhibition of the original pictures reproduced in the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines fetched a handsome profit there, while here the same show proved a loss to the extent of over \$150.

Within a few years the heart of the Dominion will be the Northwest, and the old Provinces will have to take a step backward. The Northwest is preparing for this mission by the choice of such men as Sir Donald Smith and Professor Goldwin Smith to represent it in Parliament.

Bismark's defeat on the Army Bill is not due so much to the amount of money demanded as to the length of service, he requiring seven years, while the majority of the Reichstag want only three years. It is a wide difference, involving heavy results, and therefore worth battling for.

Some of the American papers regard the last elections in Ontario as a blow to the Anglo Saxon element, and a victory for American ideas and principles. This is premature. While Ontario, like the rest of Canada, is friendly to the United States, it betrays no disposition to change its present condition.

The snow storm and blockade of last week were the heaviest in many years, but our railways showed that they were fully prepared to meet them. By dint of mechanical appliances, entailing a large expenditure, the tracks were cleared in a very short time, and comparatively little interruption took place in traffic.

While the consolidation of the Ontario Universities and Colleges is still in abeyance, after several years' consideration, the work of union is being rapidly consummated among the French of the Province of Quebec. For the first time in a long history, the old seminaries of Quebec and Montreal have joined hands and become practically

one teaching body and one *corpus doctum*.

One University for every million of inhabitants is quite sufficient, as the experience of the older countries proves. Ontario might have two—one for the West and another for the East. One would be amply sufficient for the needs of the English Protestants of Quebec. New Brunswick and especially Nova Scotia are properly supplied in this respect.

It is idle to say that the secession or repeal feeling has no actual existence in Nova Scotia and was used for Provincial purposes only. There is a real sentiment of hostility to the Union with Canada which can be counteracted only by the offer of the highest material advantages. Nova Scotia is not American, but it wants to become much more Canadian than it is.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the forthcoming Federal elections will not bring on any issues of race or creed. We are certainly one of the most difficult of peoples to govern, but we cannot help ourselves and cannot unmake the growth of two centuries. The true Canadian policy is that of conciliation and the union of all sections through the material development of the whole country.

Mr Bright might have spared himself the trouble of intervening in the fisheries question and pronouncing in favor of the United States, with implied blame upon ourselves. There never was a clearer case, than our interpretation of the treaty of 1818, and the chief American papers admit it. The real pity is that, for high diplomatic reasons, Great Britain has not yet seen her way to support our rights explicitly.

The situation in England has improved somewhat during the week. The reconstruction of the Cabinet is completed. Mr. Goschen has issued a stirring address to his Liverpool electors. Mr. Gladstone has declared that he will not recede from his policy, wherein he is right. The Home Rule question cannot be shirked. Both parties are equally divided upon it, and they must fight it out.

Within the past few days, the American congress has shown conclusively that it will not stir in the matters of a commercial treaty or of the fisheries. The first is a source of sincere regret, and we have therefore to hold on more closely to our policy of self-protection. With respect to the latter, our own government must insist upon the Colonial office moving more intelligently and actively toward some sort of settlement. The present situation is abnormal and cannot last.

It is amusing to see our politicians manipulate figures and statistics to suit themselves. In handling the public accounts, this is particularly the case, and while one party proclaims that there is a surplus, the other maintains that we are in face of a deficiency. There is no blue book that should be treated with more reverence than that of the Public Accounts. To distort it for any paltry party advantage is an act of treason.

PERSONAL

Lord Lansdowne in Montreal this week.

Lord Iddesleigh was better known as Sir Stafford Northcote.

Goldwin Smith will probably stand for Lisgar. A decided acquisition.

Sir John Macdonald has just entered in his seventy second year.

Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, is recovering from a serious illness.

Rev. Philip de Gruchy, who died last week, at Milton, P. Q., represented one of our oldest clerical families.

Mr McDougall, the outgoing mayor of Ottawa, will likely be the recipient of a public testimonial.

Bishop Grandin, of the North West Territories, has arrived at Ottawa, on his way to Rome.

"Big Aleck," or Alex. McDonell, the well known railway and canal contractor, has died at Toronto, aged eighty.

His Lordship Dr Baldwin, the Bishop of Huron, is on a visit to his old home in Montreal.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal, bought at the Halstead sale Erskine Nicoll's "Giving In," \$2,500.

Isabella M. Crawford, of Ontario, has published a volume of poems which is pronounced the most remarkable of its kind ever put forth in Canada.

General N. B. Hazen, just deceased, was the second "Old Probabilities". He was chief signal officer of the United States Army.

Mr Grant Allen, essayist and novelist, does not forget his native country. He has a fine account of a recent visit to us in the last *Longman's*.

Mr G. M. Fairchild, president of the New York Orisani Club, and Vice-President of the Canadian Club, is a Quebec boy.

Sir Donald Smith has bought three new pictures, "A Whipper in of Hounds and Perrault's "Meditation," each \$2,100, and Innes' "After a Shower," \$1,475.

Mr. R. B. Angus, of Montreal, bought at the Halstead sale, N. Y., William Bliss Baker's "A Wonderful Brook," \$2,300, and Benjamin Constant's "Tambourine, Girl" \$1,600.

The death of Mr R. A. Ramsay is a distinct loss to the literary and educational circles of Montreal. He was a leader among that band of young men who devote much of their time to an intelligent study of the bypaths of our history.

Mr Erastus Winman, and other members of the New York Canadian Club, very properly declined changing the name of the Society, so as to include others beside native Canadians. There is too much of a tendency to label our goods with other names, in foreign markets.

OUR PICTURES.

The TOBEGGAN SLIDE ON JACQUES-CARTIER SQUARE forms the subject of the front page. The linear plan above it gives a full idea of its construction, while the views of the upper features of the square make a pretty picture. The slide is built under the auspices of the Carnival Committee, and is mainly confided to the zeal and enterprise of M. I. B. Durocher, of the Richelieu Hotel.

Our Art picture in the centre is a study of graceful attitude and might serve as a fashion model, so far as the gorgeous dress is concerned. The beauty is surveying herself in the glass,

asking how she looks, which is a superfluous question, inasmuch as she knows full well that she looks "immense."

Our picture of CANADIAN VOLUNTEER SERVICE on snowshoes is designed to show the advantage that may be taken of that kind of locomotion in a war emergency. The history of Canada, both in French and English times, has several interesting episodes of great military marches, on the webbed sandals.

The Ice Palace of St. Paul, Minn, will be larger and more picturesque than the previous structure. The plan is an irregular square, inclosing an area of some 14,000 feet entirely clear, open to the sky. From each angle of the square a tower rises, that on the southwestern corner being a reduced copy of the great tower at Windsor Castle. It is to be provided with a circular staircase in ice, leading to a parapet commanding a fine view. A height of 102 feet will be attained by the principal tower at the northwestern angle. The tower on the eastern angle will rise to a height of eighty feet, and be placed diagonally to the wall. At the northerly angle will be a fourth tower, thirty-two feet square and fifty feet high. Curtain walls with loopholes and battlements connect towers and turrets together. Special provision has been made in the design for effective aid to electric illumination and pyrotechnics.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

i.—There are many derivations of the word Canada, but the only one now received with general favor by scholars is that of Jacques Cartier himself, who says that it was an Indian word used by the natives of the St. Lawrence and signifying "a lot of villages."

ii.—The origin of the word Quebec is given by Champlain, who took it from the Indians and translated it a "narrow" or "strait."

iii.—The oldest town in Canada, in point of settlement, was Port Royal or the present Annapolis, in Nova Scotia.— It was founded in 1605, three years before Quebec, but the first settlement did not last, and it was some years after that the town became a permanent habitation, with a brilliant military record.

iv.—Mont-Royal—at present Montreal—was first so called by Jacques Cartier, when he discovered the village of Hochelaga in 1534.

v.—The name of St-Helen was given to the island opposite the city of Montreal, by Champlain, in honor of his young and beautiful wife, Hélène Boulé.

vi.—The precise spot of Cartier's first landing at Montreal is hard by ascertained. The best authorities, interpreting his own narrative, place it at the foot of the Lachine Rapids, while another opinion is that the locality was the foot of the Current, or the St. Mary's Rapids, at the North East angle of St-Helen's Island, and opposite the present gaol.

vii.—The exact site of the village of Hochelaga is likewise in doubt. Some place it directly in the heart of the city ward which to day bears the name of Hochelaga, while others, from human and mortal remains there found, set it in the St. Lawrence ward, on the elevation of Dorchester Street.

viii.—The derivation of the name New France is another interesting moot point. Who first used it? The bulk of evidence is in favor of John Verazani, the Italian navigator, who discovered the coast of Labrador and New foundland, in the name of the French king.

ix.—The St. Lawrence river was so called by Jacques-Cartier from having been discovered by him, on the festi-

val of that martyr, the 10th August, 1534. The native Indians called it the River of Canada.

ix.—At the time of the discovery of the country, the Indians divided it in three sections:—From the gulf to Tadoussac was called Saguenay; from that river to Stadacona, (Quebec) was named Canada or Kanata, and from Stadacona to Hochelaga (Montreal) was denominated Hochelaga.

x.—Cartier, in 1534-35, and Champlain, in 1607-8, found that the Indians, all the way up from the gulf to Montreal, smoked the tobacco leaf, whence the wonder is that this plant has not continued to be cultivated here down to our time.

A LOST LOVE.

A TALE OF 1759.

It was the close of a lovely summer's day and nature was slowly sinking to rest as though well satisfied with her labours. Already the hill sides were dark with the shades of coming night, the last rays of the setting sun rested on the figure of a girl standing at the gate of a little white cottage, bringing her into strong relief and making a very pretty picture.

But Nannie Richards was far too much occupied with her own thoughts to bestow even one on her artistic surroundings. The mysterious silence which always comes with night, had no terror for her, for had she not spent her life in that lonely valley, and to night she only waited impatiently for the time to pass and her lover to come. For tomorrow was her wedding day!

Presently her blue eyes lit up with a tender, eager look, and a smile played round her dimpled mouth and chin, as she heard a cheery whistle and the sound of brisk footsteps coming off the white road, and soon Jim Kendrick was at her side, a fine tall young fellow whose dark eyes were full of honest love and pride, as he looked down on the little maiden by his side. With his arm around her waist, the pair slowly went down the road to where the little river sang and leaped over the stones; there they talked over the simple preparations for their future life, as happy as though it was to be spent in luxury and pleasure instead of hard work for both. Jim was only a fisherman and many weary days and anxious nights had passed before he had ventured to ask Nannie to share his little cottage down in the fishing village of Wrexford. It was late when their talk was ended and Jim, after paying a short visit to Nannie's home, parted from his little sweetheart, who watched him disappear into the darkness, and the last "good night" died away in the distance.

The next morning was bright and sunny and the pretty bride was busily engaged in the important operation of dressing, assisted by her sister, and her careful fingers had just arranged the last bow of the simple pink muslin dress, when a sudden outcry was heard, and Sallie ran into the "house place" as the living room of the cottage was called, to find her mother with her apron up to her eyes, weeping and full of noisy grief, while her father stood silent and bewildered.

The cause of this commotion being apparently a young fisher lad who was standing awkwardly by the open door.

"Oh Sallie, Sallie, what is to be done?" cried her mother "my poor Nannie, my child!

"What is the matter, where is Jim?" asked Sallie lowering her voice.

"He's gone. The press gang have got him," was the reply and Sallie dropped into a chair. The lad continued. "I saw it done myself. I'd just come up from the boat, and Jim was coming down the road to his cottage, it was bright and moonlight last night and he was plain to see, but I was at the turn of the road right in the dark, the press gang sprung on him just as I

sighted them and was a going to halloo to him and before I well knew what to do they were gone." He looked down sheepishly. "There was about a dozen of them and I couldn't have done any good. Jim gave two or three of them a mark to remember him by," he added, looking round as though his auditors could not fail to be gratified and consoled by this last remark, but the half smile on his face faded as he caught sight of a figure standing on the threshold of the inner room. It was Nannie, who hearing her lover's name had silently crept nearer, and now with white face and dilated eyes tottered into the room.

"Nannie, darling," began her mother when with one despairing cry the poor girl fell fainting into her arms.

Months passed away and sad little Nannie heard no news of Jim; she had to bear her trouble as best she might for the poor must work, though their hearts are breaking, and perhaps it is a merciful ordering of Providence, for what better antidote to sorrow than constant occupation. Sir John Holland who was the "great man" of the country around Wrexford, had one daughter, who had been very kind to Nannie, and on hearing of her blighted hopes, took her into her service, and the girl had quickly learnt her new duties, going about the house gravely and quietly, with a wistful expression in her blue eyes so different to the bonnie laughing girl of a short time before.

During her life at Holland Hall, there came a young French lady to visit Miss Holland. They had been educated together at the same convent, and this was the first time the friends had met since their early days, for communication between France and England, in the times we speak of, was neither frequent or safe. Madame LaRoque took a great fancy to the gentle, sad eyed girl and set about persuading Nannie to return with her to France. But Nannie shook her head at the thought of leaving home and friends, and then, was it not her one hope that Jim might return—and if she were away!

Suddenly an idea flashed through her mind, might not she find him! From that hour she lent a willing ear to Madame LaRoque's offers of kindness.

So the little country girl sailed away with her new mistress amidst the tears and prayers of her father and mother, whose last words were "Remember, Nannie darling, thou art as near God in yon strange land as in thine own home."

She was destined to make a still longer journey than merely crossing the English Channel, for Monsieur LaRoque was a soldier, and when he was ordered away to Canada, to take command of the forces, assembled at Quebec, in view of the impending struggle with the English, Madame chose to brave all dangers and accompany her husband. By this time Nannie had become very fond of her pretty indulgent mistress, and could not entertain the thought of parting with her; so together they endured the long and tedious voyage.

How little we, of the present time, accustomed to the rapid flight of our great ocean steamers across the mighty ocean, realize what the journey of three thousand miles by sea meant in the last century. The small ships, often driven out of their course by adverse winds, the numberless discomforts of life on board, suffered by delicately nurtured women, compared to the luxuries by which travellers are surrounded in these days, make us wonder that so many of our ancestors left their old homes for the new world.

At last, our travellers entered the smooth waters of the St Lawrence, that mighty and wonderful river, that wide expanse of water, bordered on either side with fertile lands and great forests, and even in those days there were a few settlements of white houses and churches, surrounded by fields of ripening grain. Then they reached Quebec,

over which the white flag of France waved, a place rendered almost impregnable by nature's hand, the town being composed of large, handsome buildings and fine churches.

Madame LaRoque was soon settled in her new abode and Nannie well nigh forgot her hitherto ever present sorrow in her wonderment as the novel and varied phases of her Canadian life came one by one before her, but as she became more at home, the thought of her lost love became more and more engrossing, and she grew pale and thin, and good Madame LaRoque was full of anxiety as to how she could make her favorite more contented in her far away home.

She devised many pretences to send her hither and thither and found Nannie a very willing helper in her various works of charity and well doing. One morning madame said: "Nannette, le bon père Brisson, has just been telling me there is a countryman of yours in the Hospital; he is dying, he has been a sailor, and during the last attack he was taken prisoner by the troops. Now I want you to take him some few comforts; if he is our enemy, he must be shown we are generous conquerors, and what a delight to see an English woman, for the poor fellow cannot speak French."

Accordingly that afternoon Nannie found herself walking down the steep old street, paved with wood, so steep it was nothing more than a series of steps; on either side houses built in the old French style by her exiled sons. Nannie's heart was scarcely in her work, for hope was almost dead, and her thoughts were busy in the past. That day only, one little year ago, she had risen to greet her bridal morn, to see it fade with all her hopes of happiness. A year! she wondered how she had lived without one word to tell her if Jim was living or dead, the thought had it been death that took him from her, she could have borne it more bravely. Better a blow from God's hand than from man's. She reached her destination and entering gave madame's gifts to the nun who had charge of the sick sailor. Nannie had quickly learnt her mistress's native tongue and found no difficulty in conversing. "He is English?" asked she.

"Mais, oui."

"Madame thought he would like to speak to me."

Sister Celestine assenting, they went towards the dying man's room.

"Is there no hope?" Nannie asked with a pang of sorrow for this unknown man dying amongst strangers, whose speech he could not understand.

"Hélas! he will not see the sun set," replied sister Celestine in a low voice.

As they approached his bed, he turned his face towards them, and fixed his eyes on Nannie with a bewildered stare.

"Jim!" she gasped and in a moment Nannie's head was hidden on his panting breast. "My darling, my Nan! thank God for this." "I thought you were a ghost, my girl, why, how, how did you get here?"

"Oh Jim, I have so much to tell you. Oh, to think it was you I came to see, but we must wait till you're stronger, and then the words died on her lips as she remembered her Jim was the dying stranger she had come to visit.

"I shall get strong never again, Nannie, I'm done for—tell me how"—he stopped from exhaustion.

"I am living with a kind lady, Madame LaRoque, she stayed a while with one young lady, at the hall,—at home, Jim" and their hands tightened in each other's grasp, for with those words, a vision of the old place, the little village with its white cottages and the fishing boats putting out to sea, with the familiar faces, came before them as the ghost of the life they had shared together, now gone for ever, and neither spoke for a while.

Then Nannie, with a brave effort resumed. "Miss Holland was very kind to me, Jim, in my trouble, for I

was like to die, when, day after day came and no news of you—and when madame offered to take me with her to foreign lands, I thought, well, let it be so. I shall be as much at rest there as in the old home, and now, dear lad, I've found you."

"Ay, lass, but only for a little while."

Here, sister Celestine interposed, her patient was exerting himself far too much, but Nannie, with tearful eyes and trembling lips told her story, and the sister gave him a draught which stimulated him a little, and left them to their last sad farewell.

"When that press gang took me, I thought I should go mad, I was mad and those first few days is a blank. I found myself on board H. M. S. *Vicomte*, bound for Halifax—after I got to be myself a bit, I tried to do my best, thinking perhaps it would help me off easier, but there we stuck at Halifax all the long winter, and Nannie, how long it was to me, thinking of you and if you was alive or dead, and I'd look at this and wonder if it would ever reach its own true place in this world."

and he pulled out a faded bit of ribbon from round his neck with poor Nannie's wedding ring hanging on it. "Then," his voice getting fainter, "we was ordered here, and had a bit of a fight with the French, and I got a knock on my head and a bullet through my chest, so that how I was taken prisoner, and here I've been ever since, and kindly folks I've found though they are—our—enemies" he was exhausted, and Nannie's heart grew cold as she saw how the color left his lips and his eyes were dim and fixed.

"Jim, dear Jim" she cried intensely, "do not leave me again. Oh I cannot bear it," and the tears dropped like rain upon the pallid hands she held.

"Soyez tranquille" whispered sister Celestine advancing and laying her hands on the girl's shoulder and looking at Jim. The excitement of meeting his lost love had shaken the few remaining sands of life, and he was almost too weak to speak. Nannie bravely controlling her emotion raised his head and supported it on her breast, his hand feebly wandering to the ribbon round his neck.

"For my sake—your wedding—ring Nan," she took it from its place and slipped it on her finger never again to be removed. A glance of light came into Jim's dark eyes and he whispered—"Wife—darling," and with a long quivering sigh, he lay dead, his head pillowed on Nannie's faithful heart.

C. H.

CANADIAN SNOWSHOERS IN NEW YORK.

The party who explored the Bowery excited perhaps the most curiosity, and would have made a fortune for any dime museum that could have caged them for a month. A crowd of delighted small boys preceded and followed the squad, alternately "guying" and cheering them.

"What's dem bloaks wid der dandy slops, Bill?" said one.

"Them's snow shovellers from Canada."

"Snow shovellers, eh? Well, dey struck N'York in a mighty bad time to earn a livin'."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

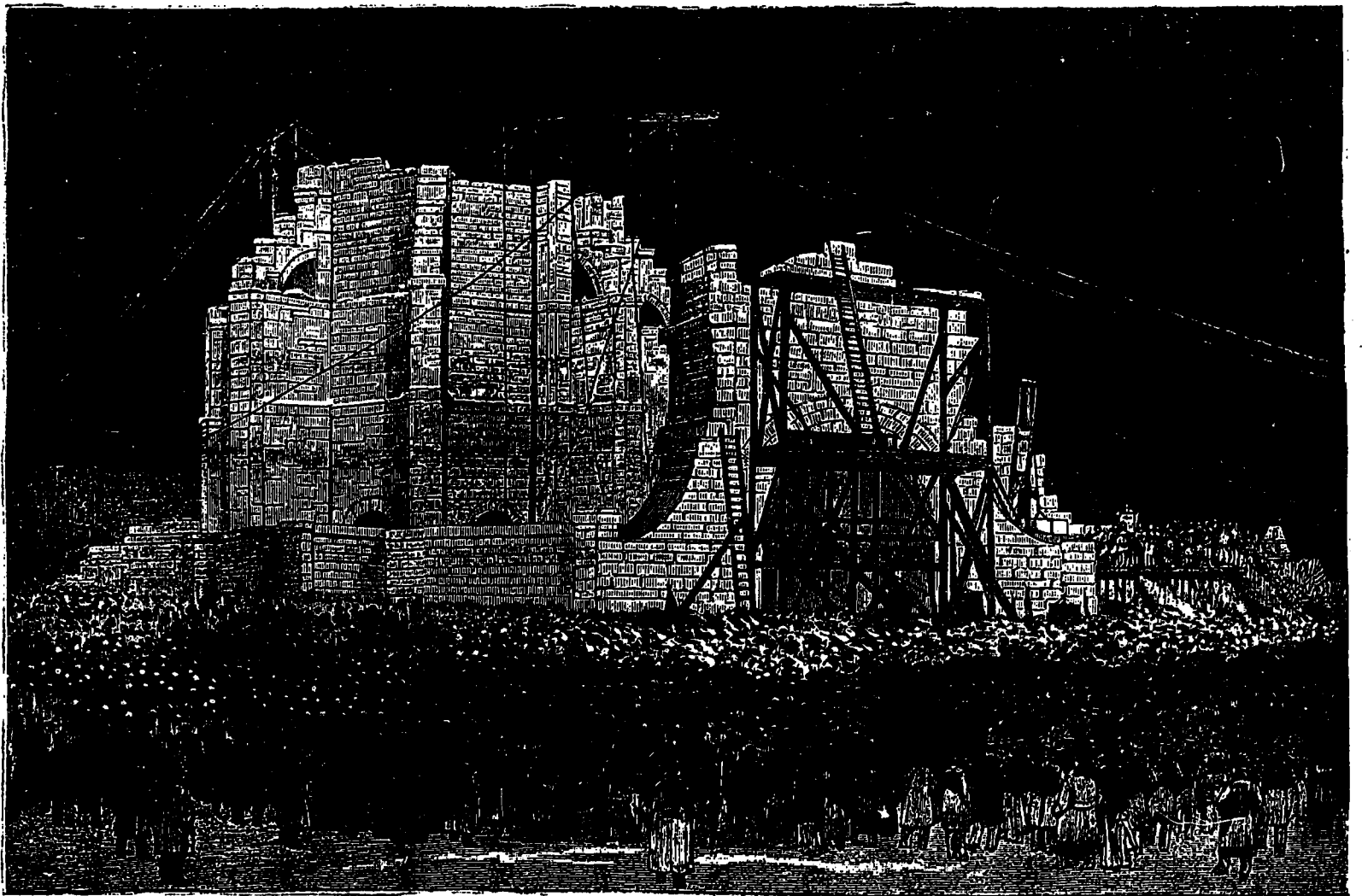
The man who saved Victoria's life in a runaway, when she was two years old, is still living, near London, at the age of eighty.

"Can you loan me a pencil?" asked a stranger in a Western newspaper office.

"A pencil? Let me see. Why, we did have one about here the other day, but I don't see it now. Here is a pair of scissors, will they do?"—



CANADIAN VOLUNTEER SERVICE ON SNOW SHOES



THE ICE PALACE ST-PAUL MINN.



HOW DO I LOOK ?

REMINISCENCES OF A SKETCHING TOUR



On a bright sunny morning early in the month of August last year, I started from the city of Montreal on a short tour. It was my intention to make some sketches in the locality of the picturesque city of Quebec, which with its beautiful surroundings has a double charm in its many historical associations, which will always remain fresh in the minds of visitors. Through the kindness of the agent of one of the transatlantic lines of steamers which connect the old world with the new, I found myself on board the S. S.—which was wending her way down the noble river St. Lawrence, the scenery on the banks of which became bolder and more rugged as we approached Quebec. We reached the ancient capital about 4 p. m. and after bidding farewell to the captain and officers of the good ship which was soon to face the billows of the broad Atlantic on her homeward voyage, I landed with the pilot and put up for the night at the Albion Hotel. In company with a friend I proceeded to view the city, or as much of it as we could see before darkness closed in. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me as I stood on the ramparts, gazing on the magnificent panorama which spread itself beneath me. The day had been fine but towards evening banks of cloud had gathered in the western skies behind which the sun was sinking making them appear like molten gold, while the glory appeared but in a more subdued form on those in the zenith; the picture was grand and impressive and one which no living artist could portray. Gradually darkness spread over the scene and one by one the lights began to twinkle in the city and harbour below. The next morning after partaking of a hearty breakfast I started off in company with my friend Mr P. slightly encumbered with the usual paraphenalia indispensable to an artist on a sketching tour, and after a short railway journey through a well wooded country we found ourselves at St. Jean de Neuville, where there was a buck board in readiness to convey us to Pont Rouge, our destination. On the road, which by the way, was not a very smooth one, subjecting us to sundry jerks and jolts, we passed several quaint French dwellings and of course a toll gate, all



very similar in appearance to those to be met with in the north of France. We met several "habitants" on the way, and the general impression given to stranger was a favourable one, bespeaking a fertile country and a contented people. We reached our shanty without mishap and received a hearty welcome. I soon prepared for action,

resolving to lose no time in getting to work in a spot where nature was so lavish with her charms. After arming myself with sketching umbrella to keep the sun's rays off, an article more useful than ornamental, a goodly stock of Whatman's paper, my sketching stool and colour box, I sallied forth having previously been directed by my friends to the most likely spot for a good subject.

Proceeding through the bush I came to the edge of a deep ravine, the sides of which were covered with young birch and fir trees and thick undergrowth which made the descent somewhat difficult. Presently I heard the sound of rushing and broken water, and emerging from the wood, found myself standing on a smooth and weather beaten rock below which, dashing over huge boulders and eddying into deep black pools was the Jacques-Cartier river. Talk of material for an artist? You had it there in abundance on all sides.



MAC.

A STORY ABOUT MARK TWAIN.

A good story is told of Mark Twain by the Washington *Capital*. It appears that last Winter, having to fill a lecturing engagement in a Western city, the humorist boarded a train that is noted for its slowness and is always avoided by regular travelers. But the lecturing committee had written to the humorist agreeing to meet him at the depot upon the arrival of this train, and so he had no alternative. Two hours' traveling, however, served to put Mark out of patience. Stopping the conductor as he passed through the car, Mark asked as civilly as he could: "Why don't you people run this train faster?" The conductor, ignorant who his questioner was, rejoined: "It runs fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, why don't you get out and walk?" "Well, I would," returned Mark, settling back in his seat, "but that some friends won't come to meet me until the train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting around the depot for two or three hours."

TWO CHESTNUTS.

A friend sends us two examples of writing by signs or symbols, and although ancient, they may be worth repeating.

A young man who wanted to run away with a young lady of Fenelon Falls, Ont., had the latter's nephew to urge her thereto. He drew the picture of a prairie gazelle and sent it to her:—antelope. She, who was closely guarded by her parents, responded in the same pictorial way, by sending him a drawing of a musk-melon:—cantelope.

A fuel merchant of St. John, N. B., wrote to his dealer at Pictou, N. S. this single sign of punctuation, on a postal card;—see my coal on. The dealer, with equal curtness and ingenuity replied, thus:—coal on.

POACHERS are seldom particular to a hare.

Brown to Jones: I say, lend me a dollar until to-morrow. You see I changed my vest this morning.

Jones: I'm sorry, but I've just invested my change.—

BOLTON-LEY.

AN EASTERN TOWNSHIP'S IDYL.
(For the Pictorial Times)

I.

She was a homely maid,
As all might see,
Rosanna Hood, of Bolton-ley,
And all the people said
She ne'er would married be.
No color in her face,
'Twas of an earthen white,
It bore the trace
Of hereditary blight;
There was no light
In her blue eye,
Save that of charity.

And she was poor,
At her cottage door
The sound of labor rose from morn to eve;
And never with the rest,
Save on the sabbath day,
Had she relieve
To romp and play,
Either as hostess or as guest.



Yet she was loved of all;
Right pityingly
Did her friends see
Her homeliness, her poverty and thrall;
And they would say;
'Alack! all we
Shall have our marriage day,
And thus be borne away,
And none remain
To share the pain
Of the poor maid of Bolton-ley,
That ne'er will married be."

Sometimes in play,
A pretty girl would say;—
'Tell me, Rosanna, pray,
An old maid would you be?'
And she would answer, "nay!"
—"Then you would marry?" "yea—
But that I am so homely!"
And the big tears
Would fill her eyes,—
Strange, vague fears
To her mind would rise,
For even she,
How'er she strove
To hide it, even she,
The homely maid of Bolton-ley,—
Hungered for love.

II.

It chanced one day in June,
All nature was in tune,
And the homeliest
Things of earth were beautified and blest
By the glorious light of heaven,
That a rich and gallant youth,
Full handsome, too, in sooth,



Rode up to Bolton-ley,
To choose himself a wife,

A maiden that should be
The aid and solace of his life,
And his last choice was to be made ere [even.

From house to house he went,
From hut to hall,
He saw them all,—
The pretty girls whom anxious parents [sent,

Or whom their own hearts brought
To meet him on his round;
But nowhere had he found
The jewel that he sought,
Until near set of sun,
When nigh his search was done,
He spied behind the mill,
On the far slope of the hill,
Under a chestnut tree,
The lowly cot,
Where lived forgot,
Rosanna Hood, of Bolton-ley.

A moment more,
And there he stood
Before her door,
In curious mood;
He looked upon her homely face,
He gazed on her blue eye,
His heart was smote-with courtier grace
He stretched his hand respectfully,
And said:—
'O maid:
Wilt thou be mine for aye?'
She bent her humble head,
And murmured: "Yea!"

III.

From the high hills he led her down,
All in her simple plight,
And every maiden of the town
Gaped at the sight;
Some wept for spite,
Some laughed at the ignoble choice,
All wondered, with one voice,
That poor Rosanna, she,
The homeliest maid in Bolton-ley,
Should married be;
Yea, the first of all the band
Of maidens in the land.
And the wonder did not cease
Till some one whispered:—"peace,
Attend a while to me—
LOVE IS A MYSTERY!
True, she has no grace,
Rosanna Hood, of Bolton-ley,
No color in her face,
'Tis of an earthen white,
It bears the trace
Of hereditary blight;



But mark!
In her blue eye
There is the spark,
The heavenly light
Of Charity!

BOSCABEL.

THE REASON WHY.

"This diary is only ruled out for January," said a gentleman in a bookstore.

"Yes," replied the stationer; "our experience in the business has taught us that no one ever gets beyond the first month."

SATISFACTORY.

He will "keep me at a distance,"
For the future? Bo it known
I'll rejoice at his persistence,
For he them must keep his own.

"Do you call yourself a water spout?" said an inebricated auditor to a temperance lecturer. "No," replied the lecturer; "I am one degree ahead of that. I am water spouter!"



M. Goschen, the new British Chancellor of the Exchequer, belongs to a wealthy family of bankers and from his long Parliamentary experience, is admitted to be one of the foremost of living British Statesmen. Although a staunch liberal, he has not hesitated to take office under the Salisbury government, with the idea of consolidating the union sentiment as against Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule. While he remains in the cabinet, there can be no material change in the Irish question.

TOBOGGANING

TOBOG OR NOT TOBOG—SHAKESPEARE ON ICE.

Tobog, or not tobog: that is the question: Whether 'tis wiser in a man to shuffle O'er slides and slip ups of uncleaned side-walks, Or to take sled against a hill of ice, sir, And by a scoot-down, get there! To slide; to slip; To soar, and by that slip, to reach the end. The wind-up and the thousand bruising bumps That flesh is prone to—'tis a combustion Devoutly to be dished! To slide; to slip; To slip! Perchance to flop: aye, there's the rub: For in that slip down hill what scrapes may come; When we have scratched up all this mortal hide, And skinned our paws; there's the respect That makes calamity of that long slide; For who would bear the cuts and smart of coats; The steerer's wrong, the starter's stupidity, The pangs of o'erturned loads, the crushed up sleigh, The twenty-five cents out, and the smart That patient merit bears when sweet girls snicker. When he himself might his quietus take Off a toboggan! Who would ride a sled To scoot and gasp under a horse blanket, But that the dread of not being fashionable— That awful *bete noir*, from whose frown No tobogganer returns—master's the hill, And make us rather take the ills we fear, Than fly in haste from the toboggan slide!



MUCH MISPLACED JOCLARITY
 SMART BOY.—Mr. Pleeceman, please, you've got something sticking on to the back of yer coat.
 POLICEMAN (OFF HIS GUARD).—What is it?
 SMART BOY (DERISIVELY).—The buttons Yah!

AN ODE TO SNOW.

In the Antique Manner of T. Hood.

Hail, snow!
 Fair harbinger of joys to come:
 The ball and merry rout—
 (Great Scot! take care—my toe!
 I've got the gout! get out!)—
 White snow, but newly from
 The sky—
 (Look out, dear, mind your eye
 Or down you'll go!)—
 Soft snow,
 How dextly coverest thou each nook;
 The ice-bound brook,
 The vale and hill—
 (Good Lord! I've got a chill!)
 The stately palace and the lowly grave—
 (What! fifty cents for clearing off the pave!)
 Dear snow;
 The children's friend,
 I love to see them gaily slide
 Adown the mountain-side,
 Row after row—
 (Look out! You'll go end over end!
 Aha! I told you so!
 Smooth snow;
 Earth's overcoat; its wrap
 When it doth take a nap
 Till spring returns once more—
 (Say you! Please shut that door!)
 The seasons come and go,
 Oh, snow,
 And thou return'st also,
 Lying on Winter's breast—
 (This has struck my chest)—
 So pure, white, soft and still,
 How could man dream that ill
 Abides with thee—more ache and pain
 Than doth the gentle rain
 Bring in its train.
 And yet I love to see thee, snow,
 Whilst gazing at thee from indoors (just so!)
 But now that I can't go
 To Simpson's rout to-night,
 Where terrapin awaits me—cursed spite—
 Because of the eand good?
 I hate thee, cursed snow
 "Avaunt and quit my sight!"
 Clear out!

CHAS. H. GIBSON.

COMFORT AND STYLE TOO.

So long as it is the fashion for ladies to wear bustles of the pronounced amplitude now favored by so many of the fair sex, we do not see why the fact may not be taken advantage of to introduce an invention calculated to make it convenient for them frequently to rest from the fatigue of long standing or walking. Such, at least, we pre-



COMBINED STOOL AND BUSTLE.

sume to be the idea of the inventor of the device shown in the accompanying illustration, for which a patent has recently been issued. The transformation the style has effected in the appearance of a lady, properly fitted out in walking costume, is something really wonderful, and we are not surprised, therefore, that several other inventors have rushed into the same field, with devices which would not otherwise have been thought out.

When is a man entering a pawnbroker's like a hermit? When he contemplates alone a loan.

THE FASHIONS.

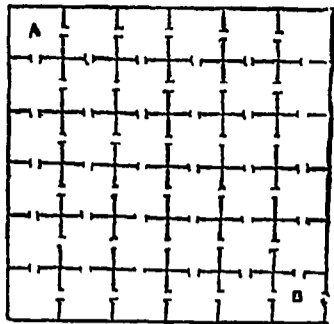


THE FASHIONS.—The first (1) is Sicilian of velvet and jet passementerie before and behind. Treaded apron and floriated skirts. The second (2) is of black velvet, with lace and jet ornaments. The apron is bias. Floriated plastron and flowing velvet train.



(1) and (2) under skirt of black silk, adorned below with a lace flowing border. Apron in jet fringed below. Tunic of lace opened on the apron, mounted behind and forming in front two large folds in triple hollows. Jet ornaments are set on the two front sides and at the back. The corsage is of lace and the sleeves are broad, with cuffs of jet embroidery. The collar is also embroidered in jet.
 (3) This costume is essentially woollen. The skirt is red and the polonaise is draped behind, falling in broad plaits on the side.

A PUZZLE



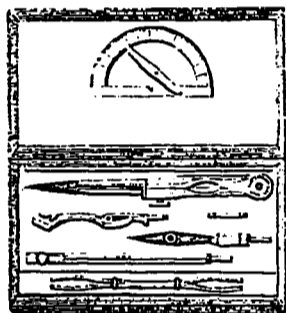
The following I believe has a solution, but what that solution may be I by no means promise to tell for a most excellent reason.

The figure represents the plan of a prison with intercommunication-cells (bless the Latin); a prisoner in A is offered his freedom if he can make his way to B after passing once, and once only, through all the 36 cells. How is he to do it?

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AN ENGAGEMENT

He sat on the sofa enraptured,
And his arms were outstretched in a bow;
She sat like a bird that is captured,
And drank in his passionate flow.
"I engage you now for the carnival,
"For the rink," he said, "and the slide;"
"And then," she responded, "is that all?"
"Won't you take me out for a ride?"
"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "in a cutter
We will drive for a year and a day,
You will furnish the bread and the butter,
And I will borrow the sleigh."

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