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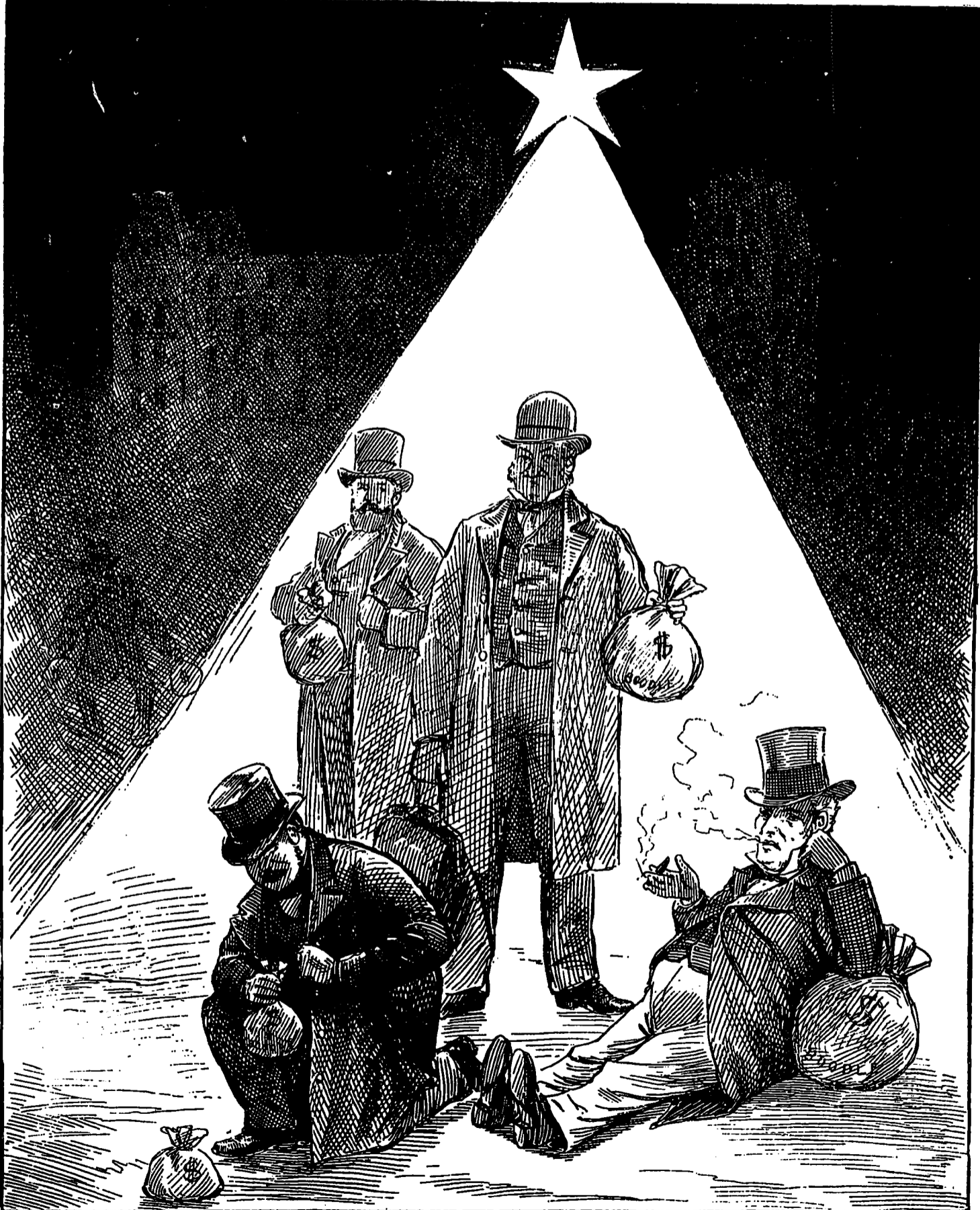
PICTORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

Vol. I.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, MARCH 5, 1887

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"THEY ALL DO IT."—CHARGES OF "BOODLEISM" AGAINST THE MONTREAL CORPORATION

PICTORIAL TIMES

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AT

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JAS. G. ARMSTRONG

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

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MONTREAL, MARCH 5, 1887

THE WEEK.

Some of the papers are stultifying themselves in their estimates of the results of the elections. It is as clear as day that the government have been sustained, with a majority sufficient for working purposes, and the sooner this fact is recognized the better.

The public mind want rest and the elections have given it this rest on three points—the *lieu* question of Quebec, the repeal movement of Nova Scotia, and the National Policy over the whole country. A new Parliament has been elected on these issues and we have to make the most of it.

The grievance in Quebec was a sentimental one respectable in itself and commanding sympathy even from the outside. It had full opportunity of ventilation during a year and a half; and two elections were grounded on it. The result among the French people themselves especially, the popular vote, shows that it will not likely be continued long.

There can be no possible toleration of repeal, and the people of Nova Scotia have evidently felt this for themselves. Our plan of Confederation may not be trifled with. We have undertaken to become a nation and the attempt must have a fair trial.

As to the National Policy the popular voice is even more emphatic. Not only in the large centres of trade and industry, but in the farm districts of Western Ontario, for instance, the people have declared in favor of the protection of our manufactures.

The question of protection is very simple. We are all advocates of freedom, when we can get it. But we cannot get it with the United States,

and hence must fall back upon ourselves. If the Americans offer us reciprocity, we should all, Conservatives equally with Liberals, receive it with acclamation.

It makes very little difference who rules at Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec. The main point is to have a policy and to carry out that policy to all its legitimate conclusions. Liberals are as honest and patriotic as Conservatives, and the latter as intelligent and well meaning as the former.

The true provincial policy is purely business and financial, the proper handling of the exchequer and the material development of all the parts of the province. Theoretical questions are out of place, and personal ambitions and wrangling a mere waste of time.

The federal policy embraces the whole Dominion and is far more varied, outreaching and important. Canada is a very hard country to govern, because of its different races and creeds, but the chief aim is to make Canadians of us all, with the single object of working for the welfare of Canada and making it a nation indeed, as well as in name.

Very serious charges have been made against certain members of the Montreal Corporation and an investigation is on foot. Such accusations should not be lightly launched, but if there is any ground for them, it is only right that they should be pushed to the end.

President Cleveland has truly said that a public office is a public trust. Aldermen do not receive any money for their services, but there are many ways of making money out of their office, and if caught in the net, they deserve to be held up to public reprobation and punishment.

The movement intended to make the Queen's Jubilee Year one of especial splendor and significance, is gaining ground every day, not only in Great Britain itself, but throughout all the Colonies. Combined action in Canada has not yet been taken, but will certainly be. We should not wonder if the United States took a hand also.

The situation in Newfoundland is grave. The colony is in face of commercial ruin, owing to the impossibility of maintaining her staple industry of cod fishing against the competition of French fishermen. The legislature passed a bill restraining the export of bait which would have secured a monopoly for the island, but the Foreign office has withheld its assent to the measure.

The trade outlook for the spring is not brilliant in one sense, but satisfactory in most other aspects. The prognostics for the United States are fair, while, if anything, things look even better in Canada. One significant symptom was the rise in the best Canadian securities consequent on the late elections.

The result of the mayoralty election in Montreal rises far above the proportions of a merely local event. It tends to cement the good feelings which should exist between the different elements of the community, and will notably help to do away with that wretched spirit of race and creed which has unfortunately too long divided the people of Canada.

BRIC A BRAC.

Before the winter expires, a last word should be spoken in favor of the adoption of the snowshoe outfit as a national costume. Nothing neater or more characteristic could be devised, especially for young women. The clergy have been somewhat opposed to it, but only in church, and in the case of "loud" colors.

If modestly worn no dress is more becoming a young girl. It brings out the plumpness of the figure, gives full play to the chest and limbs, and has the further advantage of being very cheap. The finest blanket suit need not exceed ten or twelve dollars.

Then there is the toque and hood. In our hard climate, where men go with heavy fur caps, the size of half bushels, and sunken to the neck, women foolishly wear light hats leaving the half of the head uncovered and the ears unguarded. Hence the prevalence of cephalic neuralgia, thinning of the hair and other female complaints.

Neither do men dress in winter with that taste which suits the climate. The overcoat of heavy Canadian tweed is unwisely discarded. A *capuchon* or hood is a handy and useful accompaniment of the great coat. For young men and other men inclined to be stout, the colored sash or *ceinture fléchée* looks well indeed.

We ought to get rid also of the ugly and unwholesome rubber shoe. It is meant for autumn and spring use and during thaw, but imparts no warmth in winter. The beaded moccasin is a fit substitute, and so is the felt overshoe wrought in colored goose quill. These are Canadian articles of wear and pleasantly distinctive.

Long stockings and leggings are likewise appropriate for walking in deep and heavy snow, and it makes no difference whether you have a good calf or not, because the woolen material affords sufficient padding. A strong stick is an almost indispensable adjunct in winter walking, saving from many a fall.

There is furthermore less taste in masculine furs than there used to be. The beautiful native beaver has been unaccountably neglected. The host of imitations drizzle wofully in soft snow or rain. Detachable collars and cuffs have been overdone, never looking well, because stiff and artificial. Most of the caps are too much like huge bushes, and none are so elegant as the light seal.

We are nearing the vernal equinox and the days are visibly lengthening. It is remarkable what effect this has on the spirits of men and what influence it exerts on the march of business. The early hours are devoted to work which were otherwise spent in bed. Men breakfast better, too, and the household is cleared with the rising sun.

On the old ramparts of Quebec a robin red breast was seen flitting the other day. It is a sure harbinger of spring. The bird brings warmth upon his wings, and there is music in his chirp, after the long solitude and silence of winter. The sparrow, who was with us through the cold, also eats his crumbs more blithely in the slanting sunbeam.

But the crocus and the wood violet are not with us yet. The mountains

of snow are too much for them, and we may not have them before Patrick's day, when the green trefoil and shamrock will set them off nicely on our coat lappets. Meantime we may set out geraniums and other perennials full in the southern window, where they will begin to swell and burgeon.

It is an old Canadian saying that spring always follows Lent. When one is late so is the other. This year Lent is pretty late, Easter falling on April 10th. A Longue Pointe milkman told a cook, the other morning, that we may not look for the end of winter before the beginning of May.

The poor have had a hard time during the past winter, but it is a comfort to know that there was little or no real destitution. Work was plentiful through it all, money circulated freely enough, and the price of food and provisions was reasonably low. The wind was tempered to the shorn lamb.

PERSONAL.

There is talk of Mr. Girouard, M.P., for Jacques Cartier, as the next speaker of the House of Commons.

Mr. Alexander Gunn, ex member of Parliament for Kingston, has just returned from Europe.

Senator Macpherson is spoken of for the vacant High Commissionership at London. His qualifications are certainly high.

Dr MacLagan, a pianist and musician well known in Montreal and other parts of Canada, died a few days ago at Winnipeg.

A Canadian surgeon, Dr Brodeur, who has been studying and practising for twelve years in Europe, has just returned to settle in Montreal.

Lieutenant Du Perron Casgrain, son of the Member of Parliament for Lislet, is the only French Canadian officer in the British army. He left Quebec to rejoin his regiment, last week.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott has been elected mayor of Montreal by a large majority. Mr Beaugrand, his predecessor, will retire from office with the respect and esteem of the whole city.

If R. II the Prince of Wales was at Nice, during the worst of the earthquake shocks there, and while he met with no harm, wisely moved northward and homeward.

The death of Cardinal Jacobini, papal secretary of State, is a loss not only to the Roman curia, but to Europe as well, especially at the present critical time, when he was using his high office to insure the peace of Europe.

Verdi is another instance of the vigor of genius. At the age of 75, he has produced a new opera, "Otello," which is pronounced superior to any of his previous compositions, from "Rigoletto" to "Aida."

Sir Alexander Campbell has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Ontario but will possibly not assume office until the 1st June next. All the papers agree as to the entire fitness of the nomination.

Bishop Blanchet, formerly Bishop of Vancouver, died at that place last week. This venerable man, like his brother, the Archbishop of Oregon, was a Canadian, and both of them spent the best part of their long lives among the Indians.

Mr. Ingalls has been elected President of the United States senate, in the room of Mr John Sherman. No political significance need be attached to the nomination of the anti-British Senator.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have returned to Ottawa, after a stay of about three weeks in Montreal. They have left behind the best memories, and steps will no doubt be taken to have their visit repeated every year.

Hon. John Beverly Robinson is about to retire from the Lieutenant Governorship of Ontario with the golden opinions of every one. Blood always tells. His Honor comes of good Ontario stock and has done justice to it.

Mother St. Louis, the sainted superior of the Hotel Dieu, has just died, at the early age of 45, after a career of remarkable usefulness. She was the first superior that died in the Hotel Dieu since 1809, at which time Mother de Celeron died.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

The New England and other American colonies were about synchronous with New France, and it is well to make note of this in studying Canadian history. The geographical proximity of the two peoples brought them into contact almost from the beginning, and these relations turned to hostility long before the final meeting in 1763.

The colony of Virginia, so called in honor of the maiden queen, Elizabeth, was founded in 1607, the James river, named after the king of that period, being discovered the year before. Virginia was thus the first and oldest English colony in the New world.

In 1609, Hendrick Hudson, navigating in the service of Holland, discovered and explored the beautiful river which bears his name. Dutch settlements were at once founded on its banks under the title of New Holland, and they were afterward transferred to the British, who changed the appellation to New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

In 1624 and the following year, the coast of New England began to be settled, and in 1620 occurred the memorable advent of the Puritans who formed the colony of Massachusetts and began at once an eventful history.

In 1623 the beginnings of New Jersey were laid down, but the colony got along very slowly and did not reach any permanence till the establishment of Elizabeth Town in 1664. Elizabeth is still one of the finest cities in Jersey State. The people of this colony had a character of their own.

From 1623 to 1670 a number of other colonies were established, representing the well known names of New Hampshire, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Pennsylvania. Georgia and North Carolina came later, as also Vermont, so called from its Green Mountains.

All these American colonies grew in numbers and wealth much faster than their French neighbors, the reason being a radical difference in the mode of government. They were left mostly to shift for themselves, while the French always relied on government financial aid and military protection.

The man to whom Canada is the most indebted for her organization and permanence is Talon, the Royal Intendant. He was a great administrator and if his system had been maintained, New France would not have suffered so much as she did later, in the day of trial.

Talon did his utmost to free the people from all restrictions in regard to commerce, especially from commercial companies and other monopolies, and his boast was that his peasants of New France could clothe themselves from head to foot with apparel of their own manufacture.

We have already given the date of the discovery of Hudson's Bay. It was in

1669, during the governorship of De Courcelle and the intendancy of Talon, that Charles II, of England, granted the original charter of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In June 1672, an exploring party sent forward by Talon, by the way of Tadousac, the Saguenay and Lake St. John, succeeded in reaching the southern coast of Hudson's Bay, which the French called the North Sea.

Talon had a nephew named Perrot, whose name is also prominent in the history of that period, 1665-1684. An island above Montreal bears his name and, curiously enough, a neighboring island is called Bizard after one of Frontenac's officers, whom Perrot insulted. This Perrot must not be confounded with another, Nicholas Perrot, a celebrated *engag ur* who flourished for about 40 years, from 1663.

AN AMATEUR MODEL.

He was drawing from the glorious antique in the British Museum. He was sketching the Discobolus. Right by another student was murdering the Hadrian, another making havoc of Disraeli's Apollo, another turning Julius Caesar into a crayon Malay.



A great many high spirited young art aspirants were there. They are still there. Some, one in a thousand, succeed. A great many give it up altogether. Some take to giving lessons in drawing at suburban and nob's girls' schools. Some take to drawing posters. Some take to drink. A good many of the latter.

A very pretty girl was standing beside him, well dressed, as he was himself.

"And you mean to paint me as the 'Bride of Abydos,'" she said.

"We should honour," he answered, "what we love in art. That which stirs the soul should be an aspirant on canvas."

She thought this very fine indeed, but went on eating chocolate creams all the same.

He had a fairish study. "I shall keep my 'Bride of Abydos,' who shall one day really be my bride. Is it not so, sweetest?"



"Oh, yes, Edward!" she answered, "but I really mustn't stay any longer."

If mamma only knew, it would be too dreadful. And if you do turn up at the 'Cinderella,' please, dear, don't come in mended gloves."

He slightly frowned. His great artistic soul glowed in to anger in his dark eyes. He slightly clutched his right hand. He might, perhaps, have washed it as well as clutched it. But, no matter!

"My 'Bride of Abydos,'" he said "will ever be my greatest treasure."

She left the studio, perchance, with rather a bored look.

An out-at elbows man, with a collar like a wisp of dirty rag, with trousers down at heels, with grease on his sleeve, with a slouching walk, with drink stamped in his face—branded—branded (if you like to pun, burnt into his very soul, with a canvas under his arm, that he is taking into a pawnshop.

"Bride of Abydos." The pawnbroker's man grins from ear to ear. "It'll do to cover them towels and things in the corner of the window. Three bob and a tanner, that's all."

The man walks away. "A last pint," he says, "and then good night to it all. Thank God, there's such a thing as drink and laudanum to take you out of it all. The 'Bride of Abydos' is some good at last."

A woman, a well-dressed, middle-aged woman, walks into the pawnshop. She is slightly agitated, but very little.

"I wish to buy that picture. How much is it?"

"Two guineas, ma'am. Splendid bargain. First rate thing. Painter in reduced circumstances." The man looks at the "Bride of Abydos," then at the lady. "Hum," he says to himself.

"Do you suppose the artist is much reduced?" She has paid the money, so it does not matter what he says.

"He lives at No. 3 up the court, nigh starving."

"Oh, indeed," says the lady. "Put the picture into my carriage."

She walks leisurely up the dirty court. There is a crowd outside the dirty house, a constable keeping order.



"He poisoned himself last night."

"Why, my dear, that's a portrait of yourself. Where on earth did you pick it up? 'Bride of Abydos,' too."

She was perhaps a little dull that afternoon. Still, she cheer'd up at last. She even boxed her little daughter's ears quite briskly before she dressed for dinner.

"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is, if you will only leave them alone after they get their lips puckered up.

A MAN begins to understand what a Winter carnival is like when his wife reminds him that the coal bin is empty and that she wants a new fur lined toboggan suit.



THE DOUBLE BASS.

Behold him there in the orchestra—
That clap with the jumbo fiddle—
Tho' placid now is his vertebra
As a cake on an ice-cold griddle,
There will come a time when his spinal chord
Will break at the temperate zone,
And you'll wonder how the man can afford
Such a liberal slack of bone.

Just take him in! What a frigid thing
He seems in a quiet pose!
Like the centre-pole of a circus ring
Or a scawcrow waiting for crows;
Like a marble bust, or a tyra crust
Stuck up in a solemn place,
Is the chap that soon will his jocular thrust
O'er the wing of the double-bass.

Ha, ha! The maestro's baton taps,
There's stir in the broadcloth seam;
The hinge of the spinal column snaps
And crooketh the elbow beam;
Amid there glides a giant bow
O'er the fiddle's big abdomen,
And the overture, in its easy flow,
Seems only a pleasant omen.

But mark! There's an obbligato called
With an accelerando spurt,
And the way that bridge of size is mauled
Imperils the old man's shirt;
For he dives down over the bulging breast
Of his ten-foot violin,
And saws, and saws at the tough old chest
Till you'd think he'd cave it in.

Then he wags his bow with a jerk and a
Thro' a rising agitato, ^[squeak]
And the off-hand scuts up the wire-bound ^[peak]

Like a bee-stung Thomas-eat O!
The ague tackles his every limb,
The seams give way in his jacket,
And—well, if you'd live to note his vim
At the grand finale's racket,

You'd say, as you saw his brisk coat-tails
In a meteoric spatter,
And his whole anatomy whiz like flails
In an ob-time threshing patter,
"There isn't a man in the world, I vow,
Or in t'other orbs of space,
That earns his bread by the sweat of his brow
Like the chap of the double-bass."

NO FUN IN HIM.

MAMMA: What's the matter, Bertie?
I thought you'd stay and play with
Tommy Carroll all the afternoon.

BERTIE: Tommy ain't got no fun in
ninn.

MAMMA: He hasn't?

BERTIE: No; we was playin' house
and every time I hit him with the whip
he yelled. I don't want a cry-baby
around me.

FRIENDLY CHAT.

CLARA: I understand that Mr. Fether-
ly paid me a very pretty compliment
to-day?

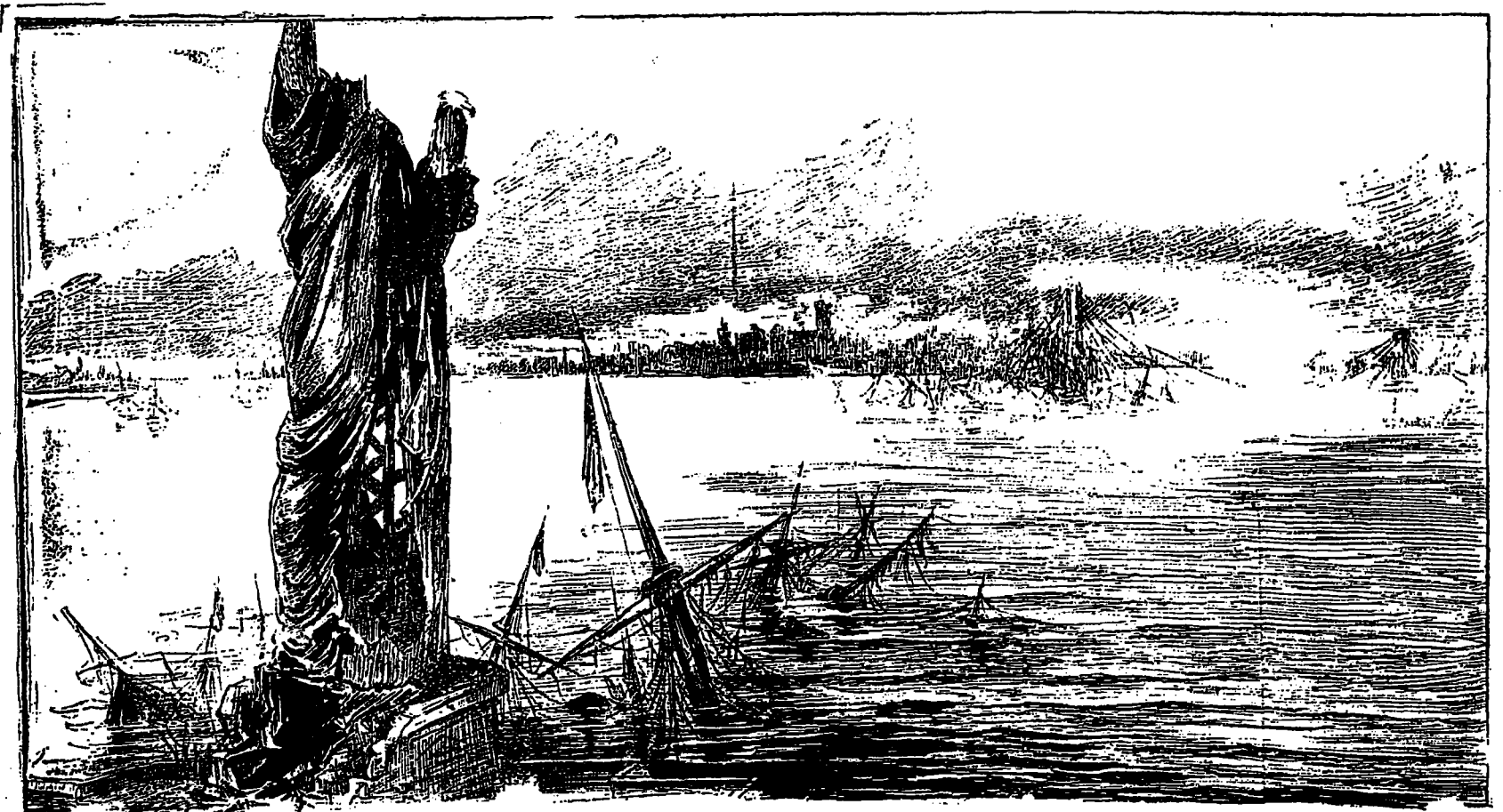
ETHEL: Yes? What was it?

CLARA: He said that among the most
beautiful young ladies at the party was
Miss Clara Smith.

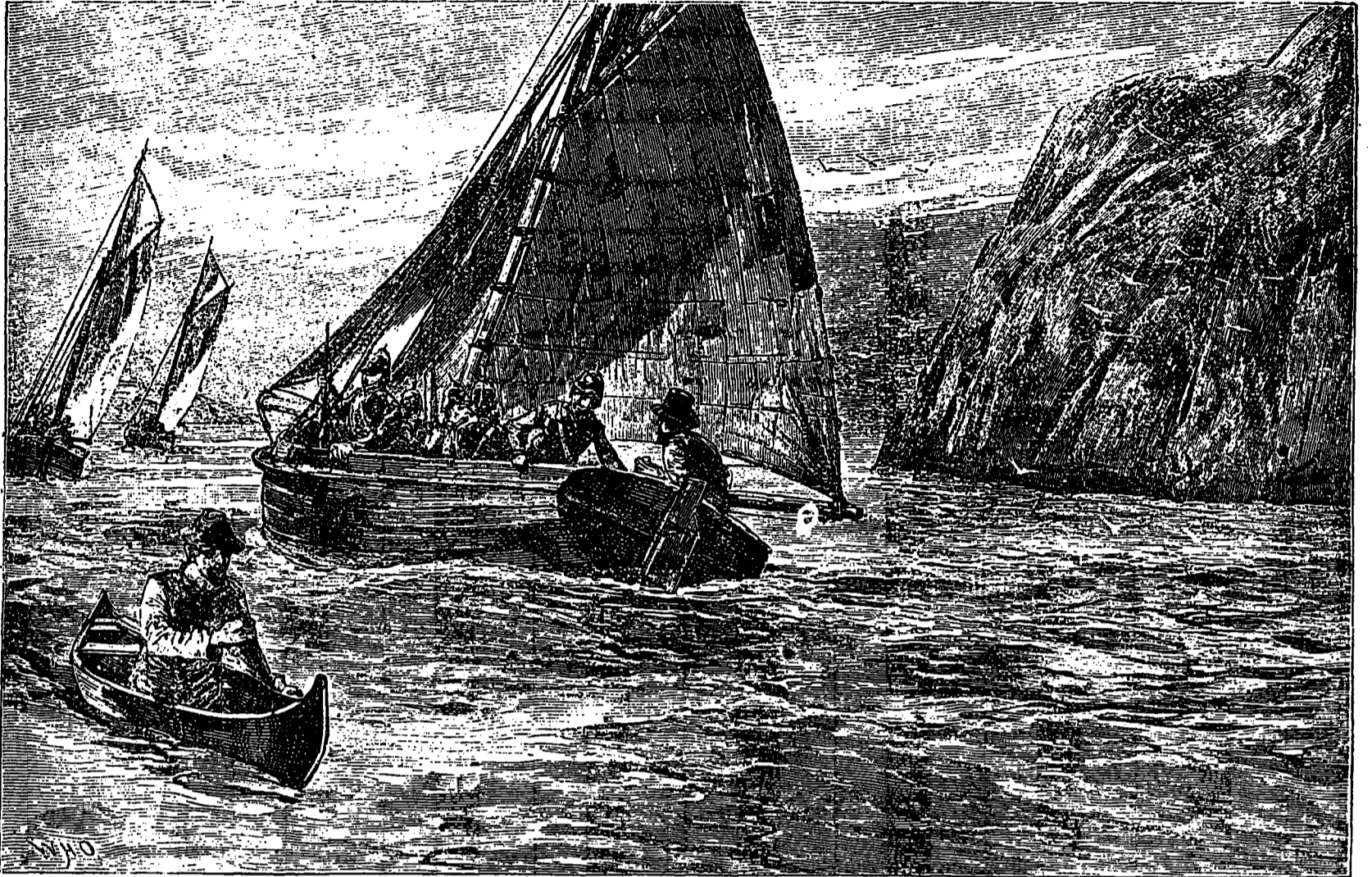
ETHEL (with a cough): Yes, I noticed
you among them.



SPRING IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.—SCENES ON THE MAILSTEAMER



NEW YORK HARBOUR IN CASE OF WAR.—AMERICANS MAKING FUN OF THEIR OWN NAVY



CONSTABULARY ENFORCING EVICTIONS AT THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND



TRIAL OF NORDENFELDT GUNS AT VIENNA

[FOR THE PICTORIAL TIMES.]
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.



In still lone hours when the shades are fall-
ling,
Or when my soul is listless or in pain,
I sing some low refrain,
Some simple song in wordless tones recalling
Forgotten things, the phantoms of the past,
Forever from me cast.

And as I sing, my thoughts are coming, grow-
ling,
Like the recurrent music of my song,
Dwelling on nothing long;
While in my heart I note the ebb and flowing
Of subtle feelings—now a stinging grief,
And then a sweet relief.

I do not guide these currents of emotion,
I do but mark their movements as they roll
Within my dreaming soul;
Like a lone ship adrift amid the ocean,
My passive mind obeys the rhythmic flow
Of billows high and low.

One moment a fair object greets my vision,
And my wild straining eyes are filled with
tears;
One moment sudden fears
Of some grim spectre mock me with derision,
But soon I lapse into a quieting sense
Of humble penitence.

It is a middle state of languid dreamings,
And sharp dread memories of our sin,
Followed by hopes serene;
A border land of fitful arctic gleamings
Betwixt the dazzling glare of light,
And shadows of the night.

I often thought it is the solemn hour,
In which our Guardian Angel near us stands,
And with uplifted hands,
Upon our heads extends his gentle power,
And in our hearts, o'er-shadowed by his wings,
Murmurs delicious things.

We know not oft how near the heavenly
portals
Those Angel pinions waft our weary soul,
How near the invisible goal
And glimpses of the brows of the Immortals
We stand, in those still moments when we
[only seem
In a quiescent dream.

O unseen powers! To your holy keeping
I here commit my idle shifting mind,
As vagrant as the wind,
And all my thoughts beneath your pinions
[sleeping,
My joy will thus be chastened and my pain
Be turned to joy again.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

MR. LEMOINE'S PROMISE.

It was a clear bright morning in February, and three men were gathered within a well-stocked country store in southern Louisiana.

The proprietor, Arien Bolio, was well known and liked in the neighborhood, and his choice articles were pronounced far above the average, especially his liquors, of which he claimed to be quite a judge.

On this particular morning he was engaged in sampling some fine brandy, which he had purchased for one of his best customers, a wealthy old French gentleman who resided on a plantation in the village.

Franci Lemoine, the overseer of the plantation, was sitting in the shop awaiting Bolio's leisure, as was also Henri Cramer, an old man, who often strayed

into the store to have a chat with his friend Bolio.

"Now, Mr. Lemoine," said Bolio, "you'll please to taste this brandy for yourself, and see if you can't warrant it for the old gentleman: here's a glass—pour off for yourself, and you, neighbor Cramer, come and give your opinion of it. See it now," he added, as he held it up; "see, Cramer, how fine, see how clear it is! It's from the best vintage in France."

"Ah, yes, we know, friend Bolio," said Mr. Cramer, gazing at it with great satisfaction: "it is the pure thing ha! ha! old French brandy. There is none like it, I say."

"Here, drink it, then," said Bolio, smiling, "it will brighten you up, neighbor."

The old man took the glass and after having partaken of its contents put it down with a gesture of delight and the emphatic word:

"Delicious!"

"Ha! I knew it!" said Bolio, with gratified look; "but Lemoine, what do you say? Why, man, you haven't poured out any! The glass is as dry as when I gave it to you!"

"I know," said Lemoine, shortly, "I don't intend to taste it."

"Pshaw, man! that's nonsense: do you think I want to make you drunk? Why, if you ever had been in the habit of drinking I wouldn't have offered you any. I don't countenance such things. But you've always been a sober fellow, and I this—why I only want you to take a little."

"Well, there's many good people who never have drunk, and who abstain from it altogether as an encouragement to others," said Mr. Cramer; "perhaps Mr. Lemoine acts on that motive."

"I don't deserve a place in that class," said Lemoine, gravely.

"Say, friend Lemoine," said Bolio, severely, "do you blame us as drinkers, if you do, you're off the track. My friend here, as well as myself, can take a little without using it immoderately. You see, Lemoine, the harm is not in the stuff itself, it's in the abuse of it. All things in moderation, man, I say."

"You're right, as regards yourself," said Lemoine, gravely, "but as for me it is a different thing. I have abused it, therefore, I will not touch it again."

"Ah! ah, yes—certainly," said Bolio, thoughtfully, his face expressing his surprise at Lemoine's acknowledgment.

"I suppose," said Lemoine, after a pause, "that you are astonished to hear me plead guilty to the charge of intemperance, for as you have known me for twenty years you have never heard of me taking liquor of any kind."

"You speak truly," said the two men together.

"Previous to my coming here," said Lemoine, sighing, "I had no such record, but quite a different one."

"Ah! ah!" ejaculated Bolio, as if curious of hearing more, but unwilling to question him.

"I will tell it to you, my friends," said Lemoine, "it was only a little thing urged me to amend my ways, the artless words of a little child."

The two men drew up their chairs and taking out their pipes settled themselves to listen to their neighbor's narrative.

"Twenty years ago," began Mr. Lemoine, "I filled a very different position in the world from that which I now occupy."

"I was owner of a vast and productive cotton plantation, and blessed with a sweet, loving wife, and a beautiful little girl, but alas! cursed with the evil habit of intemperance that was to drag me down in the world, blight the happiness of my family, and peril my own soul."

"Little by little my worldly goods began to grow less, my careless expenditures an careless management brought their own fruit, and one cold winter day saw my little family homeless and destitute."

"At the first realization of our con-

dition, my heart repented and I determined to begin a new life and to put aside the habits that had been my ruin.

"The old smile crept back to my poor wife's face, and I myself began to look forward to a life of happiness, but my good resolutions were only built upon sand, for I had put my trust in my own strength and failed to invoke God's help in the struggle."

"Again I yielded to the evil habit, and the misery again came to my young wife's heart. The smile of hope that had come back to her fair face upon my temporary reformation, faded away into the settled anguish of hopeless woe. My little laughing girl of eight years grew old and careworn even in childhood, the merry laugh ceased at my coming, and the child that had once run gleefully forward to greet me, shrank away from me afraid of my strangely a-tored appearance."

"I saw it all afterward though I saw it not then, but afterward, memory brought back the scene with cruel distinctness, searing my brain with the vivid pictures."

For a while Mr. Lemoine paused as if overcome, and his two sympathetic listeners wiped a tear from themselves.

"I remember," continued Mr. Lemoine, "how day by day my young wife's face became more pallid and wan, and her step more joyless and sad. I remembered how her eyes that had been wont to welcome me with rapturous glance, would shrink from meeting mine as if fearing to read therein the truth she dreaded. And her hand would tremble as she led me in, her hand that had been placed so trustfully in mine at the altar rail. Oh, friend, how it all came back when I beheld her white face in the coffin. Then I felt the wretchedness I had made for her, the doom I had laid upon her life."

"It was on a summer day when they buried her. Ah! gladly would I have endured any torture to repair the pain I had inflicted upon my wife, but I knew the strongest wishes of love were powerless to bring back to life her whose heart I had so mercilessly broken."

"So, not with repentance but misery in my heart, I walked out to her grave which was situated in a country cemetery, adjoining the hotel which we called 'home.'"

"It was the evening after the funeral and I felt very gloomy, unconcerned as to my child, and reckless of the past and future."

"The twilight was falling as I neared the lonely spot in which my wife was buried. A tall tree standing at the head of the grave partly hid it from my view as I approached, and it was only when I stood beside the newly made mound that I discovered I was not alone. Kneeling, weeping beside the grave was my little girl, grieving with an intensity few children feel save those whom adverse circumstances force prematurely into the stern sorrows of life."

"Unconscious of my approach the little one sobbed on, and between the pauses of her childish prayer I caught the half-articulated words:

"Oh mamma, mamma, pray for papa that he won't get that way any more."

"The few words had told it all, told how deeply that fear had sunk into the child's heart, and I felt keenly the shame those little lips had involuntarily heaped upon my head. A dread lest perhaps she should be taken from me, and a stronger feeling of parental love surged within my heart. I crept up to her."

"Hush," I said, "don't cry so much but let us ask God to help me keep my good resolution, and there, friends, beside that grave with my little angel's hand clasped in mine I promised God never to yield to intemperance, and that is why I avoid even tasting of what might lead me to temptation."

"You are right, Lemoine," said Bolio

earnestly, "and you have had your reward; a happier faced young woman than your daughter would be hard to find."

"And with Heaven's help I'll never bring a shadow to her sweet face, but ah, if I had only brought the joy to her mother's heart before she died!"

EGLANTINE.

CAPTAIN ADOLPHUS W. GREELY.



Lieut. Greely is the newly appointed Superintendent of the Meteorological Bureau, Washington. His scientific fame rests on his Arctic explorations in the ill-fated "Proteus".

IMPROVED TENT.

The accompanying engraving illustrates a tent, which is the invention of Mr. Merritt P. McKoon, of El Cajon, San Diego Co., California. As the doorway is placed at the centre of one side, the trunks or cots can be placed crosswise of the tent, and near the ends and end poles, thereby economizing room in the centre of the tent, where it is most desired. This middle room can be occupied by table, chest, chairs, etc. The half-diamond shaped ends form valuable "stow-away" places, or they can be continued to form separate apartments when necessary. The centre or point seam on each end is rope-bound and brass linked over end pole iron spikes at the top of the tent, while the lower end of this rope is left loose for about 20 inches beyond the tent, to becket over ten pin tightly or loosely at will, as dry or wet weather requires.



This anchors the tent firmly and solidly, and insures its standing during the most severe gale. The angular roofing or awning over the doorway is of great value; as either one or both of the door flaps can be attached to the sides of the awning at pleasure, so as to obstruct the entrance of sun, rain, or wind when desired, a most agreeable shelter is provided. The tent presents a neat and most attractive appearance, and is as well adapted for lawn or sea shore use as for actual hard camping service.

It is astonishing how much scorn, indignation and contempt a woman can put into two words. If you do not believe it just listen while she speaks of some one she dislikes as "that man."

THE YOUNG FATHER.

"There!" said the nurse, proudly, as she put the new baby into the young father's arms, "she's a perfect beauty of a child."

"Is that all there is of her?" he asked.

"I'm ashamed of you."

"Well this is all clothes, so far as I can see."

Then he took it and turned it head down.

"Oh!" screamed the nurse, "you'll kill the baby!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You're holding her upside down."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference yet, does it?"

"I never saw a man so ignorant."

"How do you hold her, any way?"

Then the nurse showed him.

"I wonder what a father does under the circumstances?" he thought to himself. "I suppose I've got to talk to the little thing."

And he began a string of baby talk. The baby did not show the faintest sign of recognition.

"Say, I'm afraid she's deaf, nurse?"

"Deaf! You're a fool."

"Well, she doesn't hear. She doesn't even—"

The baby set up a terrible yell.

"She's sick," he said. "There's something the matter with her."

"No there ain't."

"Oh, do babies yell like that so soon?"

The baby kept up a bawl.

"I don't know about this. I suppose I ought to play the stern parent and spank her, oughtn't I?"

"Spank her! I'd like to see you try to spank the dear little thing."

"Here, take her away."

And he went off down stairs and lit a cigar and took a walk, reasoning to himself that there were some things in life only a woman seemed to grasp thoroughly.

The game of "Domino" (or, as it is called, "dominoes") dates back to the sixteenth century. Two monks of the celebrated monastery of Monte Casino, who were confined in the gaol for a trifling disobedience invented, in order to kill the dreary hours of their imprisonment, a game with small white square pieces of chalk, into which they cut small holes, which they coloured, and with which they played. Being watched by the gaoler of the monastery, they commenced to sing with a loud voice the Psalm "Dixit dominus domino," as soon as they heard the gaoler coming, and repeated these words until the dangerous man was gone. After having been released they manufactured square pieces of wood and ivory with black holes, and sold them to other monks. Thus the game was soon spread throughout Italy.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY AGAIN.

A young lady and a small, bright-eyed boy entered a street car on Lake avenue yesterday afternoon. The lady deposited her fare and the boy's, and the bell rang.

"Aunt Ella," said the boy, "what makes the bell ring?"

"The driver rings the bell," was the reply.

"What does he do that for?"

"Why, he does it to register the fare."

"What does he do that for?"

"Because he has to."

"Oh."

Then there was a silence for half a minute. Presently the boy said:

"What is that round thing up there?"

"That is the register."

"What is that for?"

"To register the fare."

"You said the ring registered the fare."

"No, I didn't say that."

"Yes, you did, Aunt Ella."

"Now, Johnny, don't you contradict me; you are a naughty boy."

"Well, that's what you said."

A silence of two minutes followed. It was broken by the boy, who said: "Say, Aunt Ella, what made you tell me that the ring registered the fare?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You did say so, didn't you, Aunt Ella?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Then what made you say that you didn't say it?"

"I didn't say that I didn't say so. Don't bother me, Johnny."

After another brief silence the boy returned to that attack. "Say, Aunt Ella, did you go to Sunday School when you was little?"

"Yes, child, of course I did."

"Did you take any prizes?"

"Yes; lots of them."

"Did you tell wrong stories as much as you do now?"

"Johnny, you are a bad boy. I shall tell your mother."

"I wish you would tell her two times; that's what I wish."

"Why, Johnny?"

"Cause you wouldn't tell the same story two times; that would let me out."

THE FASHIONS



This hat (1) is of cream moire, and the veil of cream tulle of Venice. In front there is black lace, agrottes and knots of black velvet. The ties are of



black velvet. The second (2) hat is of velvet with soft rim, on the sides there are wings of couroucou, aigrettes of the



same and ties of velvet. The third (3) hat is of moire, cult black lace and veiled with crepe of smyrna pink. The rim is lined with tassels of black jet and above there is a crescent of black jet.

- 1 Gay and joyous.
- 2 Lightsome and blithesome.
- 3 Canty and mellow.
- 4 A drop too much.
- 5 How came you so?
- 6 A little gone.
- 7 Half-seas over.
- 8 Overtaken and overcome.
- 9 Hurrah, boys!
- 10 Muzzy and flushed.
- 11 Fuddled and muddled.
- 12 Tipsy and groggy.
- 13 Top-heavy.
- 14 Overloaded.
- 15 Quite gone.
- 16 Intoxicated.
- 17 Inebriated.
- 18 Staring drunk.
- 19 Staggering drunk.
- 20 Drunk as a piper.
- 21 Drunk as a goat.
- 22 Extravagantly drunk.
- 23 Beastly drunk.
- 24 Dead drunk.
- 25 Drunk.

The
Drunkard's
Thermometer.

AUSTRIAN MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

The uneasy relations between the Imperial Governments of Austria and Russia have turned public attention to the proceedings of the War Department at Vienna, who indeed the main problem seems to be that of providing financially for the armament and equipment of the Landsturm or final reserve force. Considerable interest has been manifested in military circles in the trials lately carried on at the Polygone, near Wiener Neustadt, with a Nordenfeldt forty-seven millimetre quick-firing gun, mounted on a light field-carriage. Archdukes A. Brecht and Wilhelm, Baron Beck, chief of the staff, General Kreutz, Admiral Stern

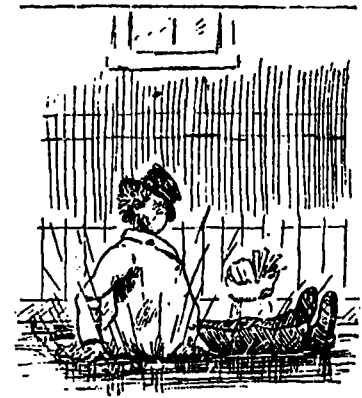
officers of the artillery and engineers, were present on the first day, while Archduke Rainer and the staff officers of the Landsturm watched the experiments upon another occasion. The details of the trials will not be published, but we hear that they were successful, and that this gun will be adopted for fortifications, cavalry, and other field purposes. It is said that the shrapnel trials, at a distance of 2000 metres, produced a great impression. The moral effect must be prodigious, for fifteen to twenty of these shrapnels can be sighted and fired off in one minute, and each shrapnel contains forty-two leaden bullets.



What beautiful weather! Just like spring.



Swish!



Wash!!



Don't know but it feels more like fall, though, after all.

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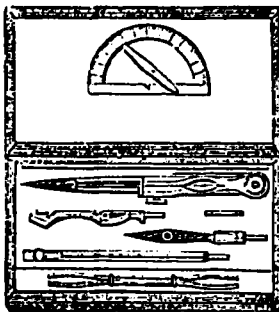
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American Traveller: Well, I haven't forgotten anything. The axe is handy, fire extinguishers on hand, and I have a saw and monkey-wrench in my satchel. My address is in my fire-proof card-case. Now I can take a smoke.

COMPROMISING WITH THE DAY.



"No, Bobby," said his mother: "you can not go skating to-day. It's Sunday, you know."

"Well, Ma," persisted Bobby: "can't I go if I'll just skate straight ahead, and not try to do any fancy work?"

CANADA'S FULL OF 'EM.

No sir! you can't have my daughter, and that settles it!

Will you tell me why, sir? I am her equal in every way, and stand with a good reputation.

That's it! you're a bank teller, and a Sunday-school teacher, and—and—well—well Canada's full now.

Little Willie had a toboggan. That was turned up at the bow: Upon the slide, two did collide, Willie's pants are vacant now.

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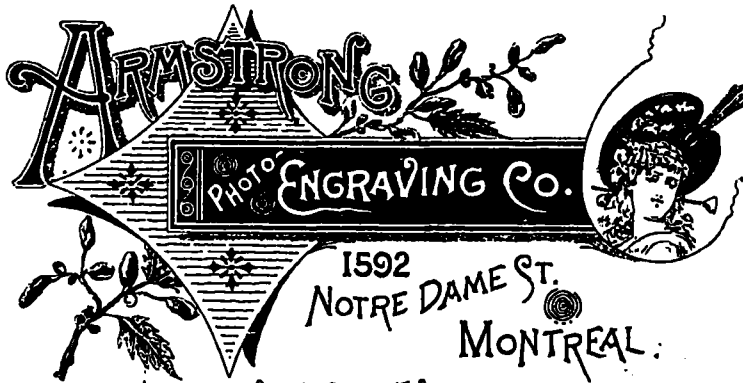
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