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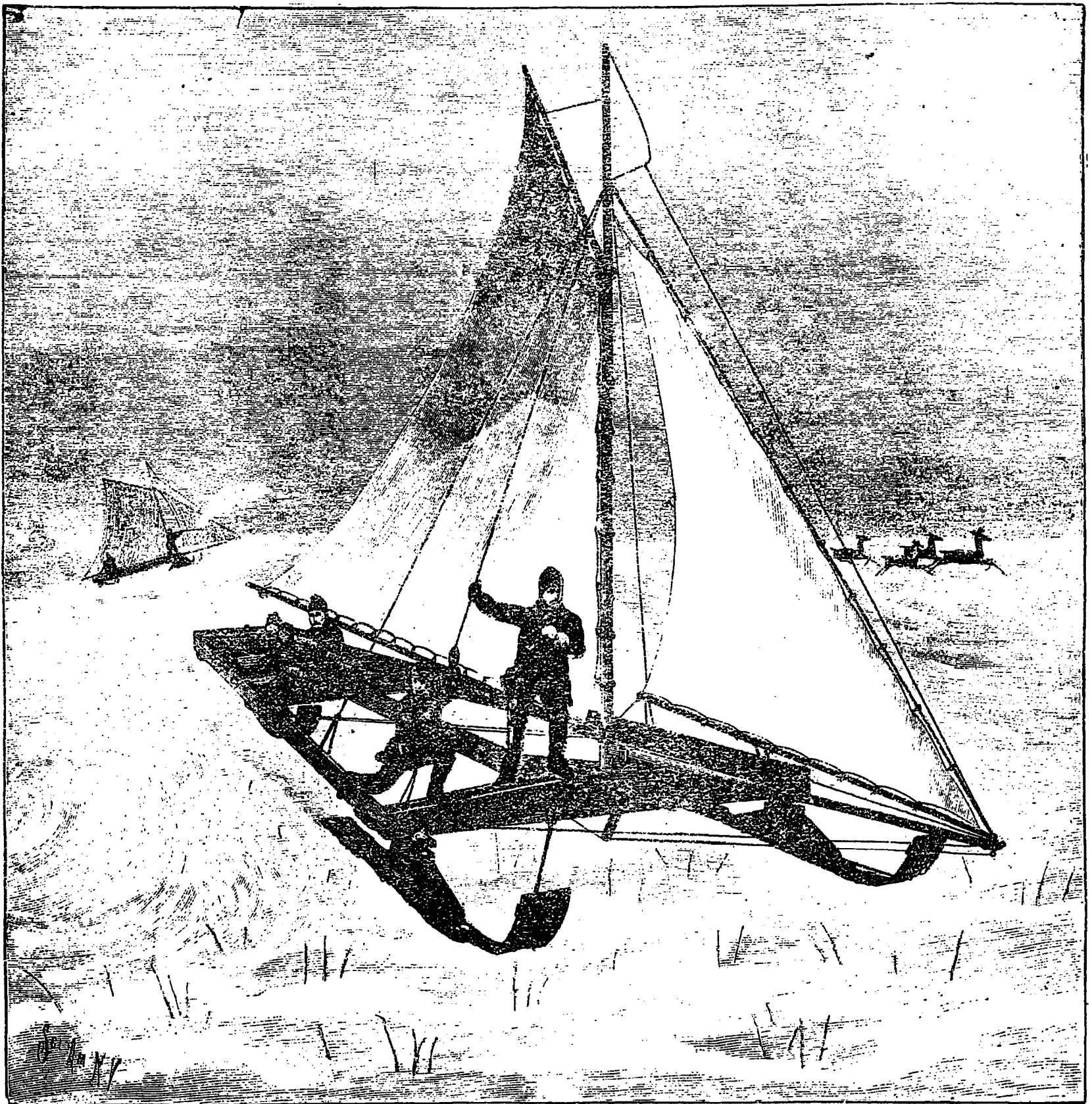
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MONTREAL, MARCH 26, 1887

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A SNOW-YACHT ON THE NORTHWEST PRAIRIES

PICTORIAL TIMES

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MONTREAL, MARCH 26, 1887

THE WEEK.

The Quebec Legislature has opened its sessions, and the debate on the speech from the Throne is going on. When the vote is taken the position of parties will be defined. The present indications that the session will be a brief one, and possibly another brief session may be held in the fall.

The elections are pretty well over throughout the Dominion, and the standing of the government is sufficiently understood to insure a majority of about forty. This is enough to give an easy working to the administration, and we may look for an outline of the estimates may be expected in a week or two.

Nothing definite has been done with regard to the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, so far as the Dominion, and we shall probably have to wait therefore until the meeting of Parliament. It must not be forgotten that Canada is the Premier Colony, and as such. Something very special will be expected.

In New Brunswick a determined effort has been made to abolish the Upper House or Legislative Council. The assembly voted for it unanimously, but the Council itself naturally demurred, and so the matter remains in abeyance for the present. But a beginning has been made, and the reform is only a question of time.

It is a distinct reform. In Quebec the Liberal party has always been pledged to the abolition of the Upper House, but its present allies, the Nationalists, do not favor this, and the Government finds itself obliged to postpone any measure in that direction for the present.

It is not likely that the question of the Senate will be taken up this year,

inasmuch as the Ministerial party regard the retention of that body, as a necessary part of the administrative machinery, but the elective character of the Senate will doubtless be discussed, inasmuch as many Conservatives would prefer that a total removal of the Upper House.

We may look to some steps being taken by the Senate toward negotiating directly with Washington, some sort of scheme for reciprocal trade, and a medium term for the working of the fisheries difficulties without further complications. Canada should have directly in the premises, and insist on her right of initiative in this matter.

One or two of the Nova Scotia members of the Legislature have come out squarely in favor of annexation, and similar sentiments are fully expressed in some of the other Provinces, the feeling is not Canadian by any means, but the issue should not be overlooked because accident may make it a definite issue in the not distant future.

The result of elections in Manitoba and the Northwest shows conclusively that the Riel issue has lost all the vitality. Which it may once have had. In Manitoba, the French representation. Mr. Royal, was elected, and among the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan, the government candidate was elected by a large majority. The consequence is that this controversy will now be dropped and that something more practically useful to the Northwest may be taken up.

The German Kaiser has been celebrating the 90th anniversary of his birth, and the occasion is being made the subject of universal rejoicing throughout Germany. All this is very well as tending to increase the cohesions of the empire, but it is by no means a corresponding variant of peace, and how little France can expect from Germany is the fact of the alliance just concluded between that country, Austria and Italy.

So far the attitude of France has been worthings and dignified. She has and has remained cool under threats. It is to be hoped that she will continue in the same way. France has nothing to fear from Germany in war, but she requires the consolidation of her republican institutions, and add to her material prosperity.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

We have reached the end of March, and yet there is no sign of the close of winter. The month of March came in like a lion, but does not go out as a lamb, to verify the proverb. In the experience of every one, this has been the hardest winter in the past twenty years.

The present condition of things is not at all pleasant. Within the city, the footpaths have been partially cleared, but the streets are in an almost impassable condition. Walking is a positive hardship, where it is not a danger; and riding is both extremely inconvenient and expensive.

In the country there are no roads to speak of. Farmers find it all they can do to go from one neighbor to the other, while the road to the village, for church purposes, is kept open only by dint of hard work. Coming to town, with provisions for the market, is almost an impossibility, and the consequence is that our markets are scantily supplied.

Indeed, were it not for the railways, we should be in a plight with regard to the necessities of life. The supply of fish is miserably poor; butter has been inferior the whole winter, and is worse now, and among meats, veal which is the most seasonable at present, rules high and is of hard quality.

Much had been expected from the maple season, but that too will probably prove a failure. There is too much snow in the woods, to begin with, and the sun has not sufficient strength to thaw out the sap of the trees. There is a chance, however, that the month of April may prove more favorable in this respect.

A much more serious preoccupation is the flood, from the chances of which we are by no means saved. In this matter the Montreal people, and especially the Montreal Corporation, have been singularly blind and remiss. They have simply trifled with the subject, notwithstanding that it is one which involves an enormous loss of time and money, and is terribly detrimental to the health of the people.

This is preeminently the dull season of the year—the interval between the breaking up of winter and the opening of spring. The common laborer finds no work in the streets, building operations are suspended, the factories are running on slow time, and the circulation of money is, in consequence, notably stagnated.

It is remarkable, too, what an effect Lent has on the current of trade. People economize during Lent without intending it, and often without knowing it. They deprive themselves of certain luxuries, out of a proper spirit of self-denial, and take advantage of the wretched dull weather, to retire within their houses, as in a shell, and live on the broken victuals of the suburbs.

When it comes to the parsimonious mood, the rich are often meaner than the poor. In some of the large houses of the fashionable streets, the stints is something that would make certain people open their eyes, and the paltry sacrifices made in the interior of the house in order that the exterior show may be greater, would be enough to create heroism in other fields.

PERSONAL.

Lieut. Col. Quimet, M. P. for Laval, is to be the next speaker of the House of Commons.

Jonas, Ministerial candidate, has been elected for Gaspé, thus closing the long series of Federal elections.

The second half of Lady Macdonald's trip through the Northwest, will appear in *Murray's Magazine*.

M. Carter Troop has given a lecture on "Thoughts on Canadian Life," some of his suggestions are very practical.

M. Frechette will read some of his latest poems at the Prume concert to be given next Monday.

Lieut. governor Masson has returned from Bermuda, in the enjoyment of removed health.

M. Charles Robb, the well known civil engineer, died at Ottawa, last week. He was a son of the late Dr. Robb of Falkirk, Scotland.

M. Sylva Chapin will be appointed a provincial agent for Quebec at Paris. He is a literary man of considerable promise.

Kaiser Wilhelm was at Waterloo. He twice entered Paris with the victo-

rious Germany army in 1815 and in 1871.

Lady Stephen, wife of Sir George Stephen, was presented to the Queen, by the Marchioness of Salisbury, last week.

The comte de Lesseps is about to publish in two volumes his "Souvenirs of Forty years," which is sure to be a work of palpitating interest.

A successor to the late Mr. Beecher is hard to find. It is not so much ability that is required, as versatility and the faculty of adaptation.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, writes a long and strong personal appeal to Lord Randolph Churchill, in behalf of Ireland.

It is said that Sir John Macdonald will shortly visit Washington an official business. The visit cannot but do good.

Queen Victoria is appearing more frequently in public, of late, as if to prepare herself for the publicity of the Jubilee demonstrations.

The new general of the Jesuit order, to succeed the late incumbent Beckx, is Father Anderledy, a Swiss, who resided many years ago in the United States, and speaks English well.

The health of President Cleveland is not at all good. He is sorely in want of exercise and it is gravely said that if he does not get it, he may not see the end of his term.

Sheriff Bowey's dismissal, has created a mighty stir in Sherbrooke and through at the St. Francis district. It appears that his successor, Mr. Webb, is only 18 months his junior.

Mr. J. G. Bourinot, of the Royal Society of Canada, has published a pamphlet on "Provincial Governments" which is attracting much attention abroad.

Grant Allen, essayist and novelist, who lately made a turn through Canada, is writing his impressions of his native land in a style that does scant credit to his discernment or patriotism.

Ex-Lieut. Governor Laird, having been unsuccessful in his campaign on the Saskatchewan, will return to Prince Edward Island, and probably resume his profession of journalism.

Mr. Munderloh, German Consul at this port, presided, on Tuesday, at a grand banquet given in honor of the anniversary of the Emperor. M. Munderloh is a typical German.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, the newly elected member of Parliament for Alberta, is an author of reputation, his *magnum opus* being the history of fishermen in Canada.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

A SNOW-YACHT ON THE NORTHWEST PRAIRIES.

This snow yacht of the prairie is 32 ft. long and 14 ft. beam, with mast 20 ft., main boom 22 ft., gaff 12 ft., and jib boom 12½ ft. The frame is of 2 in. by 8 in. plank, set vertically. The runner plank double. The mast is set between 2 in. by 12 in. plank, that taper to 8 in. high at each side, and are six in apart. The runners are strong toboggans; the front ones being 1 ft. wide, and made of ½ in. ash, 9 ft. on the run, and turned up 18 in. in front. They are hung to the runner plank with hinge joints, and stayed by malleable iron braces from runner plank to inner and front part of runner. The front runners are made of four 3 in. strips of ash, and have a central shoe 2 ft. long, projecting 1½ in. to prevent drifting. The rear runner resembles the front ones, except that it is only 6 in. wide, being made of two strips of ash. The framework is 3 ft.

across the stern, and the tiller is attached directly to the rear runner, instead of to the rudder post, in which position it did not stand the strain. The speed of this yacht is given by its builder as from ten to forty miles an hour; but this must be with the wind on the beam, as she will not gain much with the wind at a right angle, and hence cannot beat up the windward. When going about, it is done by wearing.

ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

The ice-bridge generally extends from the Horseshoe Fall to a point near the railway bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot-passengers during the Winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick, rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters, from the dark green of Summer is changed to a muddy yellow; huge icicles, formed by an accumulation of frozen spray, hang perpendicularly from the rocks; the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms stand in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice.

CHATEAUNEUF DE RANDON.

As I turned the dusty pages of the chronicles of old,
Slowly, idly, hardly noting what the stories that were told,
All at once the sombre writing in resplendent glow was lost,
And I saw a thousand pennons on the Summer breezes toss'd;
And a thousand shields were gleaming in the Summer sunshine fair,
While above the clang of armor sounded forth the trumpet's blare.
Long the distant hills resounded, till, it seemed, the castle-wall,
Gathering up the dying echoes, answered once again the call.
Then the gates swing slowly open, and a war-like form disclose,
Armed and mounted as for battle with his sovereign's deadly foes.
When he speaks, the hosts around him and before seem stricken dumb:
"Lo, the term of days is ended, and my succor is not come!
"Which among you lilted pennons knows Du Guesclin for its lord?
Unto him would I surrender castle-keys and knightly sword."
At a bowshot from the turrets he has checked his steed's advance,
Listening to the voice replying for the leaguering hosts of France:
"Island knight, give up the castle and thy sword as thou hast said,
Though you furled and cyressed banner droops above our hero, dead.
"Each of these is lily-blazoned, each of these for France is borne,
And the laurels of the leader by the nation shall be worn."
"Sir of France," the Britton answered, "by no hope of victory stirred
At the tidings that thou bringest, would I break my knightly word.
"It shall be redeemed in honor; but whatever fate may chance,
Unto none I yield the castle but the Constable of France."
To their midst he rides unhindered; then he makes his riddle clear;
Leaping lightly from his saddle, kneeling by the leader's bier,
With a muttered prayer for blessings on the spirit that has fled,
Lays the symbols of surrender on the bosom of the dead.

From the pages fades the glory, and the sheen of arms is gone,
Yellow grows the ancient parchment, shadowed dark the words thereon,
And the glow and gleam and glitter of this legend of the past
Leave me nothing but the shadow by its Summer sunshine cast.
For the spectral hosts before me in a vision ever rise,
Though no bugle sounds a challenge, and no trumpet's blast defies.
Crowned the ghastly heads with laurel, and the fleshless fingers hold
Symbol palms, that long have withered in the Winter's blighting cold.
They, like Randon's hero, labored, till the cruelty of fate
Mocked them with a show of triumph, with success that came too late.
O the longing for the beauty that the eye may never see!
O the patient, heart-sick waitings for the joys that may not be!
What is hope's most fair fruition after pleasure shall have fled?
What avail the signs of triumph on the bosom of the dead?

MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

ON A BROADWAY CAR.

Three ladies are standing at the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth Street, waiting for a car. Two of them are going up-town; the other has not finished her shopping yet. They have been talking without intermission for three consecutive hours, but have lots of things to say yet before they part, and the car is only a few rods distant. They are blocking the way, so that every one who crosses the street has to walk around them, but they don't mind that. The car nears them, and all three make frantic gesticulations, which the driver feigns not to see. The following dialogue ensues:
No. 1: Why, he won't look at us!
No. 2: The mean thing!
No. 3: Well, upon my word!
No. 1: Yes, he is going to stop. Come, Carrie.
No. 2 (to No. 3, who is not going to take the car): Oh, Fannie, when you are at Grosgrin's don't forget to look at that lovely—
Conductor: Step lively, ladies, please.
No. 2 (continuing her remarks): dolman that I told you about.
No. 1: Oh, yes, do, Nannie, it's perfectly magnificent, and only two hundred dollars—marked down, because it's so late in the season, you know. Well, good-by.
No. 3, Good-by. (They kiss.) I shall certainly look at it, and if I like it I'm going to make Will buy it for me.
Conductor: Are you going up-town ladies?
Nos. 2 and 3 (in unison): Well, good-by!
No. 1: And oh, Fan, do give my love to your ma and tell her that just as soon as I can I'm coming round to spend an afternoon with her. And tell Will that—Well, upon my word, the car has started!
No. 2: I wish I had that conductor's number. I'd have paw go down to the office and make a complaint against him.
No. 3: Never mind, here is another car. Good-by.
Nos. 2 and 3: Good-by. (Car stops.)
No. 3: Say, Carrie, give my love to all the folks.
No. 2: Yes, I will. Good-by.
No. 2: Good-by.
No. 1: Good-by.
Then they get on board the car, and the care-worn conductor wearily pulls the bell strap. There are no vacant seats, but a gentleman gets up and offers them his. Then this altercation follows:
No. 1: You sit down, Carrie.
No. 2: No, you.
No. 1: No, I'm not a bit tired.

No. 2: Neither an I.
No. 1: Now, Carrie, I insist!
No. 2: No, Lulu, I want you to take it.
At this point the matter is settled by a second gentleman, who rises and offers them his seat. They reward him, as they did the other man, with a frigid stare, and sit down. Then the conductor comes in for his fare. He stands on one foot, a far-away expression in his eyes, and listens to this dialogue. He knows from long experience that it is the regular thing on such occasions and cannot be dispensed with.
No. 1: Now, Carrie, you really must let me pay this time.
No. 2: No, indeed, I sha'n't. You paid yesterday.
No. 1: Yes, but you paid for the luncheon.
No. 2: No matter, Lulu. (Has great difficulty in opening her purse, and by a singular coincidence so does her friend.)
The little dialogue continues about two minutes longer, and culminates in the sacrifice of a dime by Lulu, to the secret joy and outward chagrin of Carrie.

Presently Lulu stops in the midst of an animated conversation to exclaim: "Why, he's taken me past my street, the mean thing! He knows just as well as I do where I want to get out. Well, good-by, dear."
She signals the conductor to stop the car and he does so. But she lingers to tell Carrie about Mamie Magruder's *trousseau* and how it didn't come from Worth at all, but was made at home by Mamie's cross-eyed aunt. The tired-looking conductor, to whom this sort of thing is an old story, starts the car again. Then Lulu kisses Carrie and makes a frantic rush for the door, heaping reproaches upon the conductor, who only says: "Can't stand waitin' all day, Miss." And when she has alighted and the car is on its way again, he says to a sympathizing male passenger on the rear platform: "Talk about biles! Job orter had a job as hoss-car conductor, he had."

F. A. STEARNS.

BURIAL ALIVE.

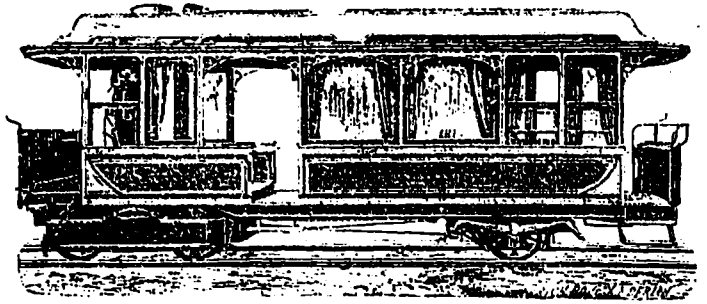
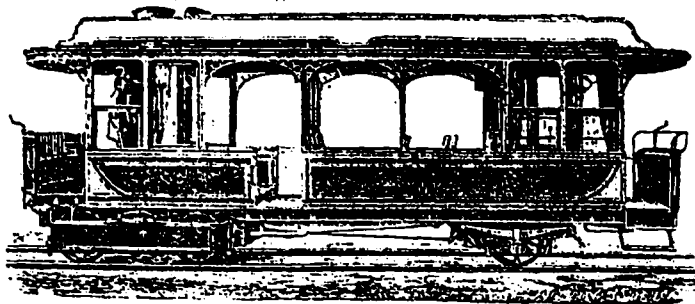
In the year 1400 Ginevra de Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married, under parental pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart, that she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterward, the plague broke out in Florence; Ginevra fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady and being pronounced dead, was the same day consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night the entombed bride woke out of her trance, and badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company, upon whose quietude she had unwittingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as her clinging ceremonies allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day, cautiously opened an upper window and seeing a shrouded figure waiting below; in whose upturned face he recognised the lineaments of his dear departed, he cried, "go in peace, blessed spirit," and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slackened step the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Then she crawled on to an uncle's where the door was indeed opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man who in his hurry forgot even to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer made her tremble and shiver as she thought she had waked to life only to

die again in the cruel streets. "Ah!" she sighed, "Antonio would not have proved so unkind."
This thought naturally suggested it was her duty to test his love and courage; it would be time enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renewed her limbs and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself and although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly enquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face Ginevra exclaimed, "I am not a spirit, Antonio, I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday buried alive!" and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathising family to hear the wondrous story, and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly tended until she had recovered from the shock, and was as beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her and shut his door against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointments. They however had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife, appeared in public together at the Cathedral to the confusion of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued which satisfied every body except the lady's first husband who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the Bishop who, having no precedent to guide his decision, rose superior to technicalities and declared the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her.
A decree at which we may be sure all the true lover's of Florence heartily rejoiced.

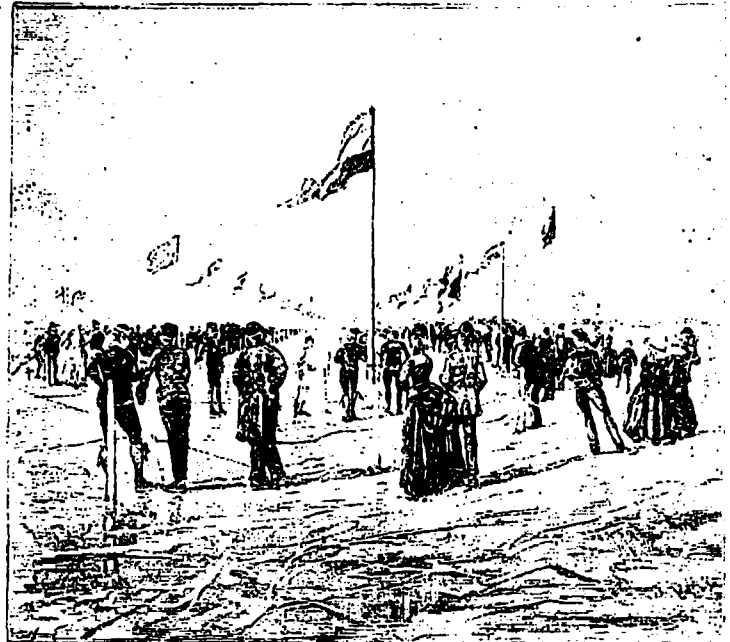
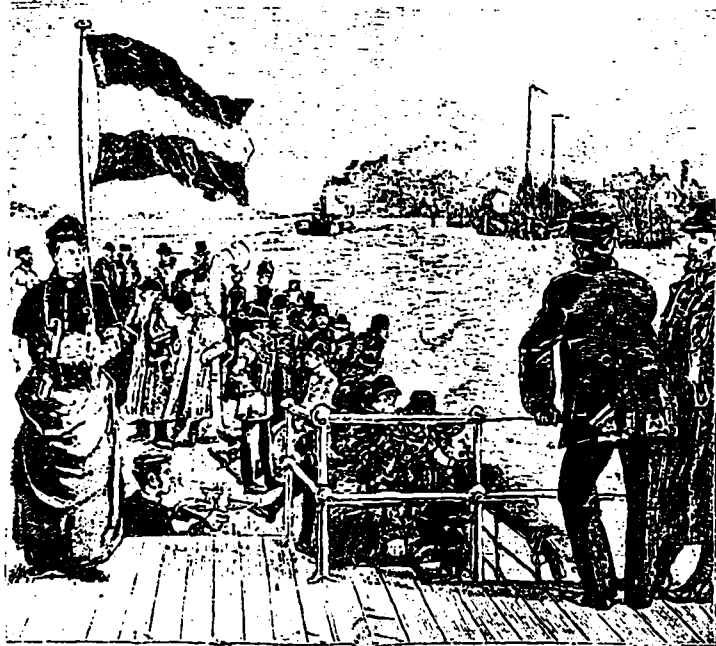
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MISTAKEN FOR A PRINCE.

When Theodore Hook was travelling along the south coast, he arrived in the course of his journey at Dover, and alighting at the Ship Hotel, changed his boots, ordered a slight dinner, and went out for a stroll through the town. Re turning at the appointed time, he was surprised to find the whole establishment in confusion. A crowd had collected outside the door, the master of the house was standing at the foot of the stairs with two candles in his hands, and on Theodore's entrance he walked backwards before him and conducted him into the principal saloon, where all the wasters were standing, and a magnificent repast had been provided. The wit was much amused at the dignity to which he had been promoted, but being an easy-going fellow, made no scruples, and sitting down, did full justice to what was set before him. Next day he signified his intention of departing, and ordered a coach, when, to his astonishment, a carriage-and-four drove up to convey him to his destination. He inquired with some apprehension what he was to pay for all the grandeur and was no less astonished than gratified on receiving the answer, "Nothing whatever, your Royal Highness."
He was never more thoroughly mystified; but the next night, on taking off his boots, which he had bought ready-made just before he went to Dover, he found "H. R. H. the Prince of Orange," written inside them. They had been originally made for the prince, who was then in England, suing for the hand of Princess Charlotte, and notice had been given that all his expenses while in the country should be set down to the charge of the Government



IMPROVED STEAM STREET CAR



SKATING MATCH BETWEEN ENGLISH AND DUTCH, NEAR ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND
RETURNING BY STEAMER THE STARTS



ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA



RENE FATH

E. A. Tilly

THE TWO FRIENDS

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree,
Nor always keep her hair in curl—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
It seems to her, you see,
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea,
She learned to knit "plain," "seam," and
"purl"—
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says: "It must be true—
"How fast the seasons offer us whirl!"
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl!"

AN ORGAN MONKEY.

They had a piano-organ and a monkey. The husband and wife were both of White-chapel. The both passed as sham Italians, and could say "Grazia" and "Signora" in a fashion. They both had a little gipsy blood. They were a mixture of White-chapel, costers, and night-flogging Forest-Romany.

The man played the organ. The woman danced in front with the tambourine.

The monkey was a somewhat short-tailed specimen. He was a second-hand monkey, of no particular breed, that had been picked up cheap at a shop close to Jannet's menagerie.

The husband was a handsome brute. The wife was pretty enough in her Contadina dress. He was not faithful to her, yet he was brutally jealous of her. He was playing "La mia Sedizija" on the piano-organ. The monkey was vacantly blinking at the crowd.



The wife was going round with the tambourine.

A good-looking fellow, standing at the outside of the crowd, touched her under the chin, and laughed.

"Well, Contessa, from Shoreditch, how pretty you look today."

He threw a shilling into the tambourine.

"Won't you give me a kiss now?"

He whispered something in her ear. She turned red, and moved angrily away.

"You were whispering to him," said the husband, with a scowl, a few minutes afterward, as they went home to their lodging by Saffron Hill.

When they were in the room, the man repeated to his wife.

"You whispered to him,"

"I take my oath, Jack, I didn't," she answered, emphatically.

"You—!"

He seized her by the hair, and hit her in the face. She flew to the other side of the room, and crouched in the corner.

"You cur!" she cried, "you can

only hit a woman. There's not a man in the court but you're afraid of him."

On the table was a small paraffin lamp.

The man took hold of it, shaking with rage, and flung it at her. He missed, and the lamp went clean through the window-pane, and fell crash on the flags of the court outside.

"That might have killed me," said the woman. "If it had broken on me, it would have set fire to me."

"Serve you right, you—!" answered the man.



The monkey, who was seated on the chest of drawers, was quite quiet, but his eyes twinkled restlessly in the dull light that only came from the lamp-post in the court. The man flung a plate at the little beast. It chattered and screamed as its master dashed out of the room. The woman breathed more freely, set her cap to rights, and smoothed her hair.

"Poor Carlo!" she said, patting the monkey with a gentle hand: "we have a bad time of it. I must get another lamp."

The monkey nestled against her, and patted her face with his paw.

The man came back an hour afterwards drunk.

"You lie, you jade: you're always making up to some one. Catch me letting you out as a model!"

The monkey was seated on the table looking at the light of the little glass lamp.

"You lie," the man shouted again, and raised the heavy stick he had in his hand, and made towards the woman.

The monkey, with a shrill scream, raised the little glass lamp in his paw, and flung it full in the man's face.

There was an awful shriek, a sudden blaze, and the man fell heavily to the floor.

The doctor had taken off the bandage that had been placed over the man's eyes.

"I am glad you confessed that the monkey did it. They are strange creatures. He imitated you, having seen you throw the lamp."



Going downstairs the man's wife asked the doctor a question, and he answered.

"He will never see to beat you again."

And he never did.

DERIVATIONS OF COMMON PHRASES.

The title lord is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hlaford*, afterwards written *larcord*, and lastly lord, from *hlaf*, bread (hence our word "loaf") and *ford*, to supply or give it; the word therefore implies the giver of bread.

The word "tick" is a diminutive of ticket, a cheque. "Decker," in his "Gull's Hornbook, 1609," speaking of the gallants who preferred to go by water to the playhouse at Bankside, says: "No matter upon landing whether you have money or no, you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket."

An ingenious etymologist derives "bothered" from "both eared"—that is, stumped at both ears. "Breeches," he contends, is derived from "bear riches;" and "vales" to servants from the Latin "vales," as being the fare-well given at parting. "To scamper" is clearly derived from the Italian "scampare." The opprobrious title of "bum-bailiff," bestowed on the sheriff's officers, is, according to Blackstone, only the corruption of "bound bailiff," every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour previous to his appointment.

AN IMPERIAL FROG.

Isabej, the favourite miniature painter to Napoleon I., boasted of his familiar acquaintance with the Emperor when First Consul. That he was, at all events, a very presuming person, may be inferred from the following practical joke. Napoleon, when First Consul, resided at Malmaison, delighting in the retirement which it afforded him in his moments of leisure from State affairs. Then it was his custom to take solitary walks in the avenues, wrapped in contemplation, with his arms folded across his breast. Isabej one day, bragging of his great intimacy with Napoleon, boastfully laid a wager that he would, as boys do in playing at leap-frog, follow the First Consul in his solitary promenade, run behind, and jump over his head. The challenge being accepted, and the opportunity watched, the artist attempted his practical joke, which, in fact, he accomplished, but at a cost he little expected. Isabej, running, and planting his hands on the First Consul's shoulders, sprang clean over his head, and, being recognized and instantly chased, would have paid dearly for his frolic had Napoleon caught him. Fortunately the artist outran the Consul, who, however, resented the gross liberty by ever afterwards excluding Isabej from his presence.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

William Blaikie, the author of that much-read little volume, "How to get Strong and How to Stay So," in the course of his lecture urged that the education of our bodies was neglected; that we used our muscles, but not wisely. Exercise was necessary, and it should be judicious, well directed, and constant to be beneficial.

To illustrate how deficient many men were who were professional athletes, Mr. Blaikie instanced the case of Edward Hanlan, whom he had excellent opportunity to observe, when referee in the famous boat race at Chautauqua Lake, where Courtney's shell was sawed. "Hanlan had been pulling all his life," said the speaker, and his pulling muscles were tremendously by developed. I doubted if his pushing muscles were

strong, so I asked him to try this little exercise.

Here Mr. Blaikie brought forward a couple of chairs, placed himself between them, his hands on the top of the chair-backs, and did the "dipping" exercise which was practised so much by the late William Cullen Bryant.

"I did this exercise five or six times," continued the lecturer, "and then asked Hanlan to try. How many times do you suppose that big muscular oarsman did it? He got down on his knees between the chairs, and there he stuck. 'Get up,' said I. 'I can't,' says he. 'Try hard,' I urged. 'I am trying as hard as I can,' he protested. Think of that for the champion oarsman of America!"

Mr. Blaikie then pass to a review of men and women who were celebrated for their great achievements, attributing much of their superiority to their physical strength and endurance.

Following are some of Mr. Blaikie's maxims:—

One way to derive benefit from exercise is to know how to rest.

Fight shy of shower baths; they shock the heart.

What is the good of superfluous flesh? In short, what is the good of anything superfluous?

Breathe through your nose when running, and always run on your toes. A runner's heels should never touch the ground.

Bicycling is good exercise until you come to racing.

Deep breathing will save you from many lung troubles and build up your chest.

Six hours of mental work, or eight at most, is enough for one day.

Overwork in a gymnasium is dangerous.

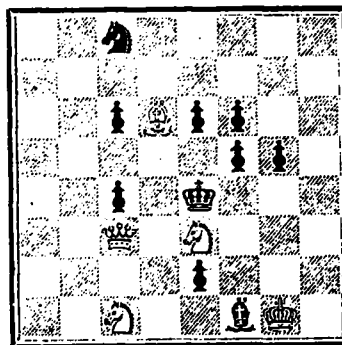
Pictorial Times, an eight page paper, published in Montreal, at the moderate price of five cents, has now been issued over two months, and bids fair to live. "It is," said an eminent artist, "the most promising effort we have had yet," and we like the man all the more for his hearty appreciation of what it in some respects a rival, and we agree with him in his judgment. Some will probably differ with us, for it has not the fine finish of some of the pictures in *The Graphic* and *Harper's Weekly*, yet when we remember what the first name was in its infancy, we consider our own *Times* it will be one day equal to the best.—*From Books and notions.*

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

PROBLEM No. 2.

Composed by C. Plank, London.

BLACK—10 pieces.



WHITE—5 pieces.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

1. R Q 5—K R 5, 2 R tks P ch, etc; if 1 B R 7, 2 R tks P ch; if 1 K tks R, 2 Kt Kt 6 ch, etc. There are other variations.

The annual tournament of the Quebec Chess Club which has been in progress for some time, was brought to conclusion on the 6th inst., by Mr. F.

H. Andrews winning the championship of the Club.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

The game of chess, from the first great period of its history up to the present day, about one thousand years, has been played upon a board of sixty four squares. Up to about the sixth century of our period the game was known as Chaturanga, and was played by four persons, each having four pieces and four pawns, there being no Queen. The move of the pieces, with one exception, were the same as now. The Bishop or Ship, being limited to the third square from the one on which he stood at the time of being played.

During the second period, which began about the sixth century and ended with the fifteenth, generally called the age of Shatranj, all the pieces stood on the board, and were controlled by two players, as at the present day, two of the four Kings having been transformed into viziers, or counsellors, who stood next the King. The new dignitaries only moved one square diagonally.

Modern chess began about the close of the fifteenth century, the vizier becoming the Queen and at the same time the most powerful piece on the board, combining the powers of the Rook and Bishop.

The Bishop's powers were extended to the full range of the diagonal, instead of commanding only the square next but one to that on which he stood as illustrated in the old problem, Dilaram's mate.

For our part we are perfectly satisfied with the grand old game as at present played, and consider innovations of any kind as quite unnecessary.

Montreal Gazette.

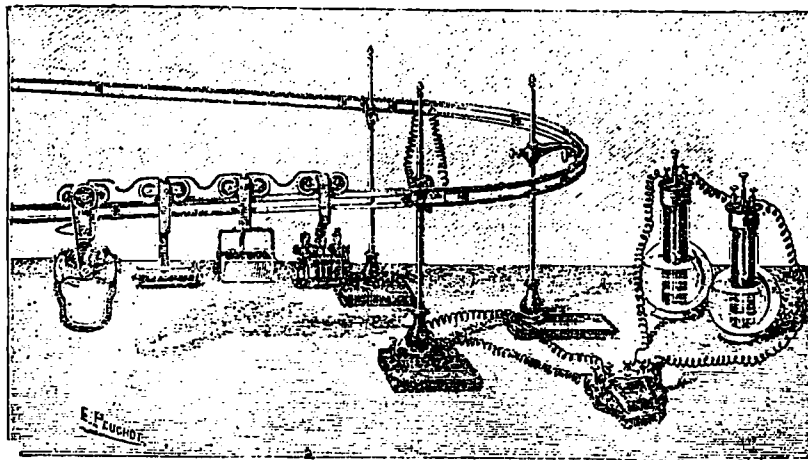
VERDI.

The great Italian master, whose latest opera, "Otello," was produced at Milan on the evening of February 7th, and scored a brilliant success, is in his seventy-four year. His first serious work, the musical drama of "Oberto di San Bonifazio," was produced in 1839; and the series of well known operas which followed placed him in the front rank of the great Italian composers, of whom he is to-day the sole survivor. The libretto of "Otello" is based upon Shakspeare's drama. The music is in Verdi's grandest and most advanced style. That the work is a masterpiece, appears to be agreed on all sides. Signor Verdi will visit Paris this month to be present at the execution of his "Requiem" at St. Eustache on the 10th inst. This requiem was composed in memory of the famous Italian novelist and poet, Manzoni, and has never been rendered in any Paris church.



FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

Professor of University of Timbuctoo: You can perceive, Gentlemen, that we are descended from this extinct animal called man, a half-developed creature whose tail was not grown.



A TOY ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

The locomotive is a magneto-electric motor, without dead point, coupled to a certain number of cars of various forms, showing the different applications of the system.

A commutator is interposed in the circuit formed by the two rails, the motor, and the two fourteen-ounce bichromates batteries that suffice to actuate the system. This commutator is capable of taking three positions that correspond to the running forward at high speed, stoppage, and running backward at high speed. Intermediate notches permit, through the introduction of proper resistances into the circuit, of graduating the speed at will.

The whole affair, which is inclosed in a box, constitutes an interesting toy that is equally well adapted for the amusement of the young or to small cabinets of physical apparatus for elementary instruction.



A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.

SMITH.—Who is that gentleman you were talking with just now?
 BROWN.—He claims to be a titled Englishman of distinguished family, but I doubt it.
 SMITH.—Why?
 BROWN.—Because he did n't ask me to lend him any money.



THEY MUST HAVE THEM.

Chance meeting of two members of the Anti-Song Bird-in-Hat League, wearing their new bonnets.

McMouthier, being a nervous individual, as made up his mind to eschew railway travelling in future, and spin his journeyings out toe and heel, all fair and square.

THE FASHION.

SPRING HATS.



The spring hat (1) is of black lace on transparent apple green. The ribbon is of wood violet with a bouquet aigrette of violets done in lace.



The hunter hat (2) is peculiar. The inner rims are of black velvet bordered with pearls, and the enlotte is of black lace. The trimming consists of a pretty bunch of roses with buds.

TO THE READER.

When the Pictorial Times was started, a statement was made public to the effect that every effort would be put forth to ensure its success and. That although the beginnings were modest, the paper would be enlarged and improved in the full measure of the popular favor. After a fair trial of three months we find that we were premature in our opinions, and that there seems to be no present field for an illustrated paper such as this. Hence we are obliged, in justice to ourselves, to suspend publication for the time being, while we tender our thanks to the friends who encouraged us in our well-meant effort.

Those who have paid their yearly subscription will have their money refunded from the date of the present number.

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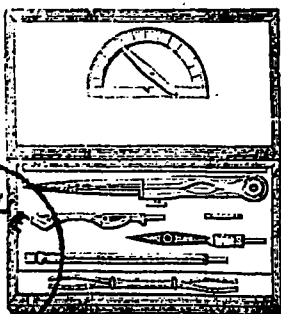
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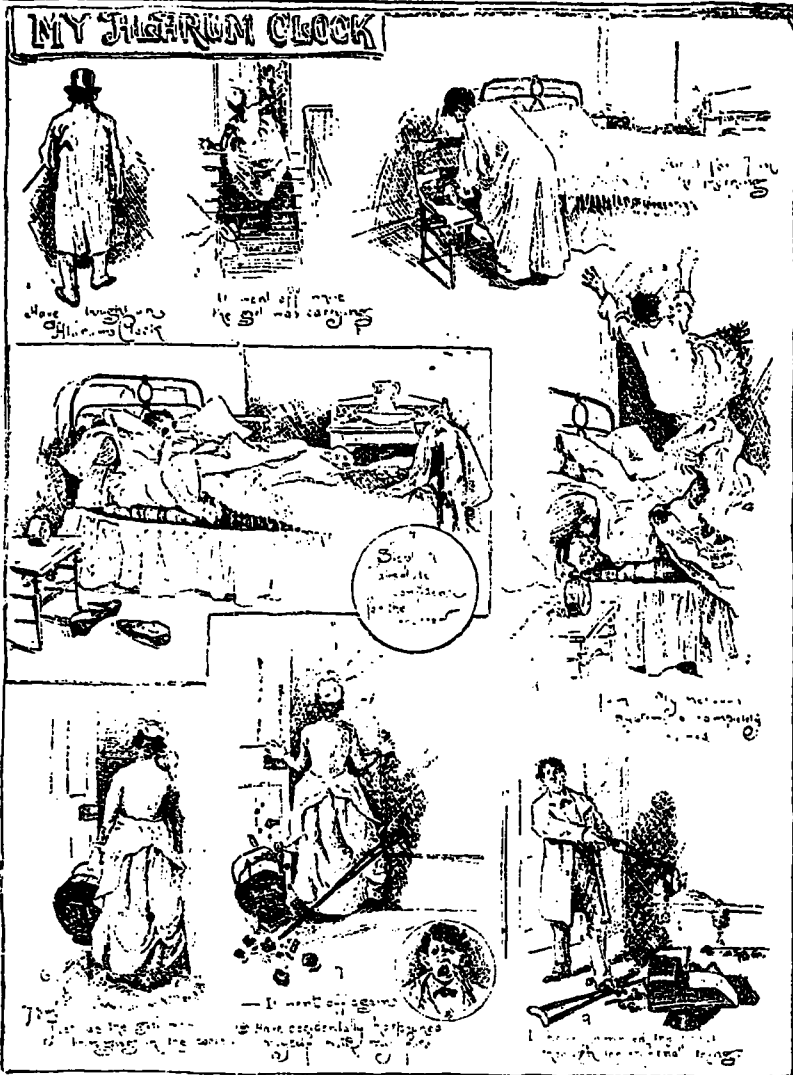
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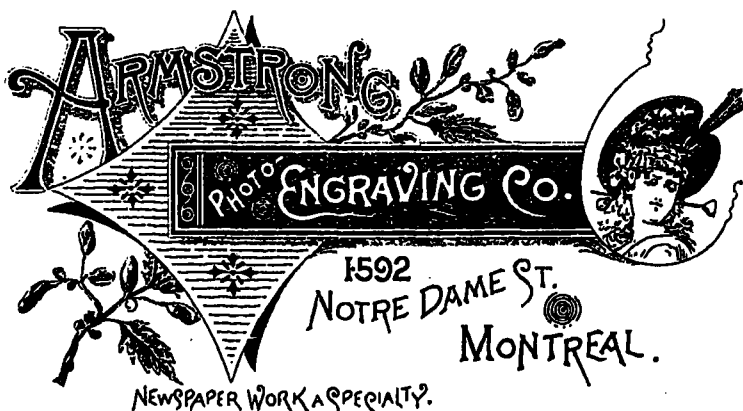
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