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# PICTORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

Vol. I.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, MARCH 12, 1887

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POSSESSION IS NINE TENTHS OF THE LAW

# PICTORIAL TIMES

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AT

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MONTREAL.

JAS. G. ARMSTRONG

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

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MONTREAL, MARCH 12, 1887

## THE WEEK.

We have already had occasion to urge the propriety of having a resident agent at Washington. The practical uses of such an officer are obvious and a further result would be the gradual assumption by Canadians of their own treaties and international negotiations, at least in commercial matters.

The retaliation bill passed by Congress and signed by the President is a petty exhibition unworthy of a great and generous people. The Americans know perfectly well that our interpretation of the treaty of 1818 is the only correct one, and that we are bound, in self respect, to carry it out. The threat of reprisals is therefore very paltry.

Fortunately the execution of the measure is left in the hands of Mr. Cleveland, who is both wise and just enough not to push it to extremes. But even if he did this, Canadians will get no harm, as the trifling material loss which our fishermen may suffer from American aggressiveness, will be willingly made good by our government.

The Province of Nova Scotia finds itself in an awkward, not to say ridiculous, position, as a result of the late Federal elections. Eight months ago it chose nearly a full assembly on the cry of repeal, and now it has sent almost as many representatives to Ottawa, as the sworn enemies of secession. What the Provincial Government will continue to do in the face of such an anomaly is a problem.

In the Province of Quebec the parties are pretty equally divided, and the question of race and nationality is at rest for the time being. The Mercier government have entered upon the routine of administration, and so long as they make no wrench in the ordinary machinery, it is to be hoped that

they will meet with no factious opposition.

As we have said before, it makes no difference what men or what party rule at Quebec. The main point is to keep the Provincial exchequer in good order, maintain a strict balance between revenue and expenditure, and turn all legislation straightly and squarely to the material development of the province.

There are anomalies in the electoral law, and the instrument has proved too cumbersome for several of the returning officers. More than one queer result has been the consequence of oversight or blundering, and doubtless practical injustice will be done to candidates in more instances than one. In the case of Chateaugay, for instance common sense demanded that Mr. Holton should not be made the victim of ignorance and neglect.

We have already pronounced in favor of manhood suffrage, and we hereby reaffirm our position. Practically manhood suffrage exists and its declaration in black and white would only enhance the good name of Canada. Besides, it would materially simplify the election law. Let manhood suffrage be proclaimed at the ensuing session of Parliament.

The opening of the session is set for April 12. The date is later than usual, but this was unavoidable on account of the elections. It is expected that the sittings will not be necessarily protracted, and that only practical legislation will be carried out. Elections are understood to settle old scores, and the first session of a new Parliament generally deals with a clear balance.

While cities and provinces may well be left to their own impulses, the Pictorial Times would suggest that our participation in the Queen's Jubilee should take on a Dominion character, and we appeal to the Federal Government to make it such. The details may be left to the administration, in the confidence that the demonstration will be made worthy of Her Majesty and of her Premier Colony.

The year 1887 is the semi-centennial anniversary of another event, deeply interesting to the people of the old Canada. The uprising of 1837 took place in both Upper and Lower Canada, and the whole colony was involved in it. We shall refer to its main features according as they come up chronologically.

The current year is furthermore the 20th anniversary of the establishment of Confederation, and as such is deserving of special commemoration. The union of all the provinces of British America into one homogeneous government has been the corner stone of our nationality, and in twenty short years has wrought marvels of development such as the whole world has admired.

Some surprise has been expressed that, whereas Cardinal Taschereau unequivocally condemned the Knights of Labor, Cardinal Gibbons is as warmly pleading their cause at Rome. The conditions are quite different. In Canada, the Knights are scarcely organized and the Cardinal attacked them on theoretical grounds. In the United States the Knights are an almost omnipotent social and political factor, and the Church naturally seeks to find a *modus vivendi* with them.

The news from England during the whole of the last week points to a

weakening of the government forces, and a gradual return to the view of Mr. Gladstone as to the opportuneness and even pressing necessity of Home Rule. The Salisbury administration is clearly in favor of strong measures and is therein backed by the metropolitan press, but the appearances are that Parliament will not support open coercion.

The chances of war between France and Germany have lessened rather than increased during the last eight or ten days. Bismarck has gained his point by securing a majority of the Reichstag, although feeling keenly the defection of Alsace Lorraine, and will not take the responsibility of further provoking France. On her side, France has been admirable in her calm dignity, thereby enlisting the sympathies of Europe.

## BRIC A BRAC.

The accession to office of Hon. J. J. Abbott has been attended with circumstances of particular interest. The little acrimony of the election were set aside, and the new mayor will be installed in the civic chair amid the good will and the sincere plaudits of all classes of the community.

Greet the coming and speed the parting guest. Mayor Beaugrand, at the termination of his duties as chief magistrate of Montreal, receives the thanks and acknowledgments of his fellow citizens and the banquet, given in his honor, at the Windsor Hotel, was one of the heartiest and most spontaneous tributes of the kind ever offered to a faithful servant. With M. Beaugrand it is not farewell, but *au revoir*.

We are full in the Lenten season and the dreary cold weather gives it an appropriate penitential aspect. Balls and parties, private reunions and festive conclaves are set aside, and the long evenings are spent in the seclusion of the fireside. There is no harm in this, but rather good. A few weeks of relative silence and quietude are eminently fitted to the recuperation of the mind.

In another way, however, we do not do justice to the forty days of Lent. Our markets are not sufficiently well supplied with the proper articles of food. Fish is the principal staple and there is no finer fish country than Canada, yet we cannot procure such quantities and varieties as are palatable and cheap. What do we want of canned and smoked fish, when we can supply ourselves with so much fresh?

Neither is justice done to our native oysters. The Malpeque, admittedly the most luscious half shell oyster in the world, can be obtained only raw, while it should be so cultivated as to be susceptible of all kinds of cookery. It is bad enough that our Bouctouches, St. Simons and Caraquettes should have been allowed to die out. The same fate ought to be allowed to overtake the Malpeque.

It takes outsiders.—Englishmen and Americans—to appreciate the value of our fisheries, and to enjoy the rare sport attendant upon the fishing season. Mr. Thomas Hope, an English gentleman, writes to Mr. H. Hogan, of Montreal, that the fishing at home is not to be compared to the fishing in Canada, and he is eagerly anticipating his next visit to our banks and streams.

Then look at our venison. This is the time when we ought to have it at the best, to replace the duck, partridge

goose and turkey which served their time during the whole winter. The moose, caribou, and deer, as they hang up in quarters in the stalls, have no inviting aspect about them. They are badly cut, and not put forward in tempting style.

February went out as it came, in mountains of snow, high winds and the severest of cold. There were not more than one or two mild days in the whole month. The first week in March was no better, and all the indications are now that this exceptional winter will continue until Easter. Lucky will it be if we escape floods and other disasters in the spring.

One good result of the long spring will be the abundance of maple syrup and sugar. The conditions are—plenty of snow in the woods, frosty nights and mild thaws during the day. Here is another industry in which we have let the Americans excel. They make better maple sugar in Vermont than in the Island of Montreal.

The maples stand in rows. Each one is notched at the height of about a foot or a foot and a half from the ground. A piece of shingle is fastened in to the lips of the wound, at an angle of 45, and down this trickle the sweet waters in a trough set at the foot of each tree. There stand the forest wives distilling their milk, while the white sunlight rests on their silver trunks, and the soft winds of March dally with their leafless branches.

The sugarman has his eye fixed on each of them, and as fast as the urns are filled, he empties them into a large vessel preparatory to boiling. In an open space, toward the centre of the area, is a huge cauldron hanging from a hob, and under it crackles a fire of pine and tamarac. At a little distance from this stands the cabin of the owner, where are stowed away all the utensils necessary for sugar making. There too his hammock swings for, during the whole period when the maple beeds, he lives like an Indian in the forest. We shall tell of his amusements next week.

## PERSONAL.

The Comte de Lesseps visits Berlin on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Kaiser Wilhelm.

Our own Albani is having phenomenal success in Berlin. She sings in German and has studied the chief of Wagner's operas.

Coralie Lajeunesse, Albani's sister, made all her musical studies in Germany. She accompanies her distinguished sister everywhere.

Joseph Theodoro Therien, a "patriote" of 1837-38, died last week at a ripe old age. His companions are getting scarce.

Hon. James McShane, the new Quebec Commissioner in Public Works, is to be tendered of public banquet in Montreal. He deserves it.

Hon. John Beverly Robinson is spoken of as Canadian resident agent in Washington. No fitter appointment could be made.

As was to be expected, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is fast returning to Mr. Gladstone and will hereafter work for the consummation of Home Rule.

The Lieutenant Governor of Quebec will return to Quebec from Bermuda by the 14th, so as to be in time for the opening of the Assembly on the 16th.

Cardinal Taschereau will sail from Havre for New-York on the 26 April. The Roman consistory which he attends will have concluded its labors by that time.

Mr. Abbott has resigned the solicitorship of the Canadian Pacific Railway to devote his whole time to the mayoralty. This is a capital answer to his opponents.

In the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the United States lose a representative man. He was a strong individuality and his influence will live.

Father Beckx, the venerable General of the Jesuit order, died a few days ago, at the ripe age of 91. He held the office of General much longer than any of his predecessors.

The appointment of Sir Alexander Campbell to the Lieutenant Governorship of Ontario is officially confirmed. The nomination does honor to those who made it and to him who receives it.

Albani's father, M. Lajeunesse, after following his daughter for years, has now retired to live in Chambly, where his children were born. He has an only son who is a priest of the seminary of St Sulpice.

Mlle Arturi, Miss Arthur, a young Canadian lady, who has been studying in Europe, has just made a most successful appearance with the Toronto Philharmonic Society, in Dvorak's "Spectre Bride."

Rev. Lewis Drummond, son of the late Justice Drummond, of this city, recently lectured on the "French Element in the Canadian North-West," before the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society.

The distinguished Father Labelle found settlements by building churches as centres and rallying points. He has eleven new bells for churches in Shipton, Archambault, Wauworth, Arundel, Pousouby, Amherst, Marchand, Lynch, Minerve Kamika and Preston, all in the Northern country, at the foot of the Laurentians.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

We have been asked to give some notes relating to the constitution and functions of the Sovereign Council, which took the place of the Government of the Hundred Associates, and imparted a new form to the administration of New France. The subject is the more interesting that the Quebec Government have lately published the proceedings of this Sovereign Council.

It was established in 1663, and included the following scheme:—A Sovereign or Supreme Council, consisting of the Governor, Bishop and Royal Intendant, with five Councillors—afterward increased to seven and then to ten—an attorney-general and a chief clerk.

The Governor, representing the King, had absolute control of the troops, was charged with the external relations of the Colony, and was the medium of communication with the Mother Country. The Bishop governed in all matters, spiritual and ecclesiastical.

The intendant had under his charge all affairs belonging to finance, police and justice. The councillors saw that the ordinance of the Supreme Council were duly executed and acted as judges in all petty causes.

The Supreme Council, a body, had control over all affairs and persons in the colony, and were the highest tribunal and court of appeal, but the execution of their measures was left to the several minor functionaries. The Council disposed also of the revenues of the colony.

The king reserved to himself the privilege of levying taxes and imposts, and there was nothing in the provisions of the Council which enabled the people to exert any direct influence over its proceedings.

The manufacture of homespun goods

or *blouses du pays* may be traced to the same important date. Previously almost all kinds of manufactures were forbidden in the colony and the inhabitants had to depend for their clothing and other articles of domestic use exclusively on France. About this time Talon had several of the restrictions, relative to linen and fabrics of other materials, removed.

The famous old seigniors of Lower Canada took their rise also at about this period. The Carignan regiment, which came out with De Tracy, furnished the first owners of these, such as the Portneufs, Beaucours, St Ours, Sorels, Chamblys, Lavaltries, Repentignys, Contrecoeurs, Verchères and others.

Contemporaneously, too, a number of converted Iroquois immigrated to Canada and settled at La Prairie de la Madeleine, opposite Montreal. The land being too flat and swampy for the raising of maize, or Indian corn, they were subsequently transferred to Sault St Louis or Caughnawaga, where their descendants still survive, as the wards of the nation.

The feudal system was introduced in Canada at the same epoch. In regard to the tenure of and the administration of the law, the customs of France were maintained. The military officers and persons of good family received grants of land as seignories, and, under the title of censitaires, so diers and others were encouraged to settle on them.

Registers of births and marriages were kept in the colony as early as 1621, and were continued under the new system, with as much exactness and regularity. The result has been a series of records unsurpassed in our country, which enabled the Abbé Tanguay to produce this unique work: "The Genealogical Dictionary of Canadian Families."

The trouble in respect of the liquor traffic emanated about this time. After much wrangling among interested authorities, Bishop Lavau carried his point in a certain measure, orders coming from France that forbade the carrying of liquor to the woods or to the habitations of Indians.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

FRONT PAGE.

The picture on the front page is a splendid work of art, and here reproduced as appropriate to the season. Whatever the birds may think, puss believes himself to be entitled to protection from the storm.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

This is a series of sketches illustrating the progress made on the great Inter-oceanic Canal at Panama, and each one of the sketches gives a special view of the operations.

THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA.

A terrible shock of earthquake was lately felt along the French and Italian Riviera. At Mentone, several persons were killed, and half of the houses will have to be rebuilt. The greatest loss of life, however occurred in the villages along the Italian Riviera. At Cerreto, near Diuro-Marino, 300 persons were reported killed by being buried in the ruins of falling buildings. Railway traffic was suspended beyond Savona. At Genoa the shock was very violent, and the Ducal Palace and many houses were seriously damaged. At Turin the churches suffered severely. In the neighborhood of Bordighera many houses fell, killing the inmates. The total number of persons killed is estimated at 2,000. The panic among the fashionable throngs at Cannes, Nice, Mentone and Monaco was extreme. Thousands fled to Paris and Italy, while those who remained established camps in the



HON. J. J. ABBOTT, NEW MAYOR OF MONTREAL

fields and on the heights. A battalion of infantry patrolled the streets, and sentinels paced up and down in front of the vilas and shops. All the cabs and omnibuses were turned into habitations and commanded fabulous prices.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

Blarney, "town of the loc tree," has triple attractions. There are the large tweed woollen mills belonging to a brother of Father Prout, which employ about 800 hands, and are models of deftness and dispatch. The bathing establishment and cure is perfect for well people who wish to enjoy good food and a sight of the Groves of Blarney at a comfortable distance—too near to make them a walk too far to stroll into them. Then there is Blarney Castle, with the stone especially meant for London cockneys and rubbishy persons of that kind. Cork people take pride in never having kissed the Blarney Stone, and spend much wit on the tourist who invariably attempts the exploit. As the stone is in the battlement, low down and three feet out, with the sheer descent, and from the tower unpleasantly obvious, and as one must lie flat over this space with little to cling to, then turn the head about to reach the stone with the lips, the feat needs agility and is, perhaps, impossible for those who are nervous. The Castle is very interesting as a bit of architecture. It was held by the McCarthy family from time immemorial. Donogh McCarthy, third Earl of Clancairy, owned it till the beginning of the last century. One can see pretty well how it grew from a square tower with immensely thick walls and dark, low-roofed rooms in two stories. A smaller and higher watch tower was added at one corner, carrying its own narrow, spiral stair for watchmen and servants. Then later came a more comfortable addition; the *bauen* or courtyard for cattle and horses was added lower down the hill, which was inhabited forty years ago. Ask a native who it was that destroyed a castle, and he will say the Danes or else Cromwell. These are the two distinctive agents that have left the deepest impression on the people. Blarney Castle may have been attacked while Cromwell was in Ireland, but not by him. Father Prout accepted the Cromwellian legend in his version of "O, Blarney Castle, My Darling:"

"Then the gates he burned down to  
[a cinder,  
And the roof he demolish'd likewise;  
Of the rafters they flamed out like  
[tinder,  
And the building flared up to the  
[skies;  
And he gave the estate to the Jellers,  
With the dairy, the cows, and the hay,  
And they lived there in clover, like  
[heifers,  
As their ancestors do to this day."

Munster is not only full of interesting and often beautiful ruin; great names in history crop up in whatever direction one moves. Cork saw two kings of the McCarthy family in 1172 and 1567 and a pretender, Perken Warbeck in 1493. Sir Francis Drake escaped from the Spanish fleet up the Carrigaline River and Edmund Spenser was married in Cork and received Sir Sir Walter Raleigh at his castle of K. Colman, near Buttevant. All that remains of his house is a miniature feudal tower, the spiral stairs worn by many feet, and the window seats, lit by a slit of light between slabs of stone, to economize glass and keep out hostile bolts, testifying to Spenser's very moderate means. The wide unwooded plains before it are melancholy, but the ring of the purple mountains and the silence contribute to make the spot an ideal place in which to recall the man who made real poetry for England during his stay in Ireland:

"Under the foot of Mole, that mount,  
[a fine bore,  
Keeping my sheeps among the cooly  
[shude  
Of the green alders by the Mollies  
[shore."

His descendants were not extinct at the beginning of this century, but were fallen in estate. Mallow, plain of the Alow, where famous fox hunts took place, has another ruin somewhat like Blarney Castle, but larger, which shows the fortified courtyard or *bauen* and the various parts of the building very well.

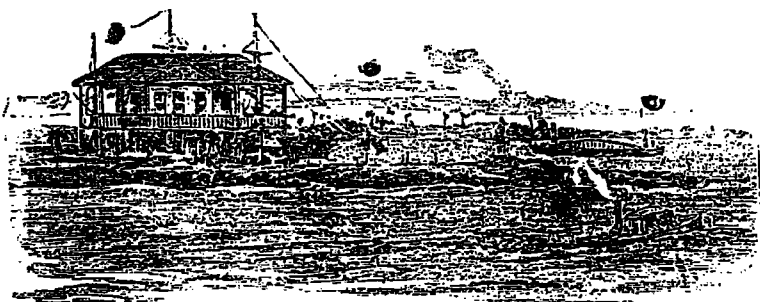
THE PRICE OF SAFETY.

It is charged in Canada that Sir John Macdonald is helped along by American gold. The idea is, perhaps, that when Sir John is successful there is no danger of Uncle Sam getting licked by Canada; and in that case the Americans can go right on with their buncombe and needn't spend a cent for cruisers.

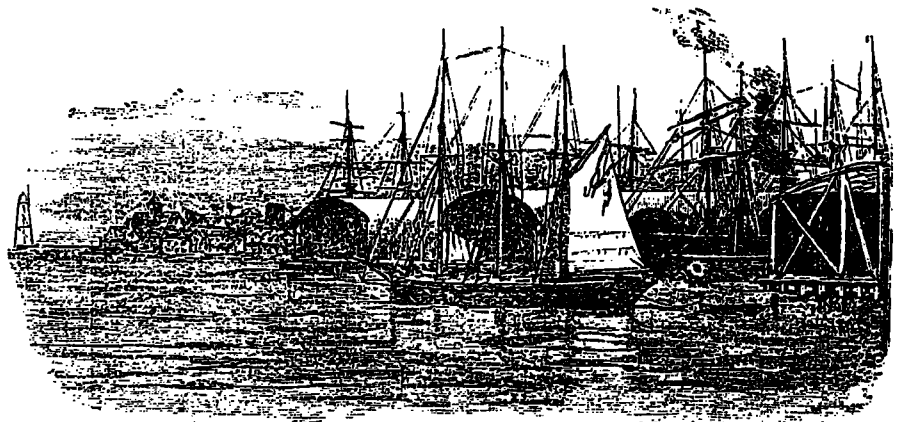


AT THE END OF THE SEASON

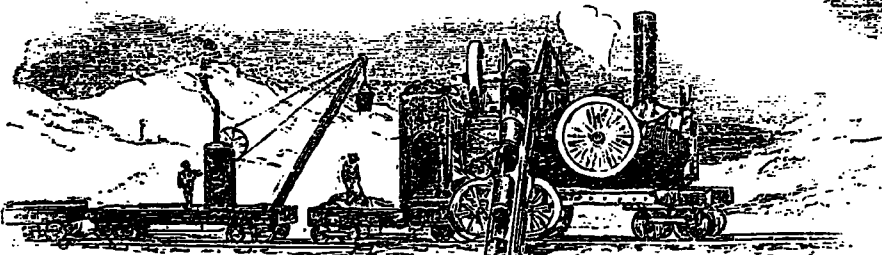
(Blessed is he who hath found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose : he has found it and will follow it.)



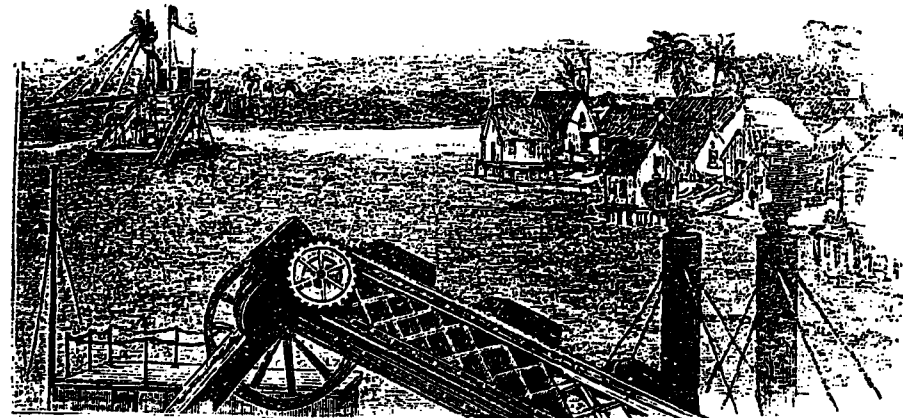
Entrance to the canal at Colon, and statue of Christopher Columbus



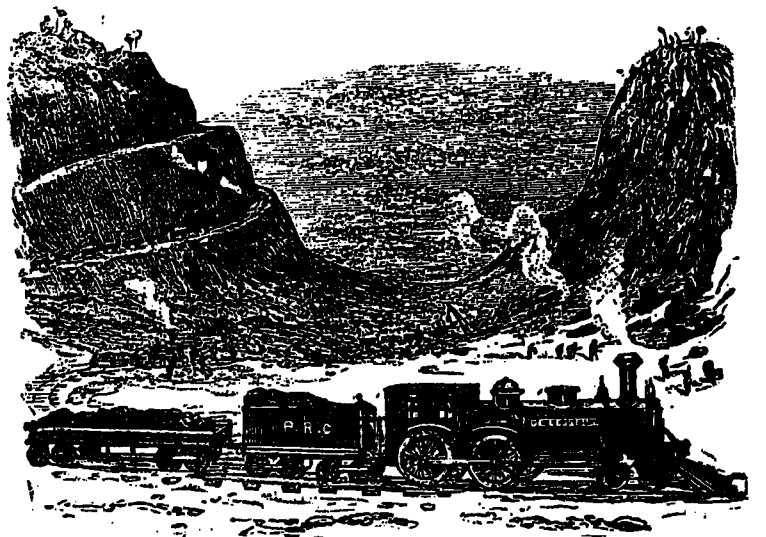
The port of Colon, or Aspinwall



Large locomotive dredger, las Cascadas

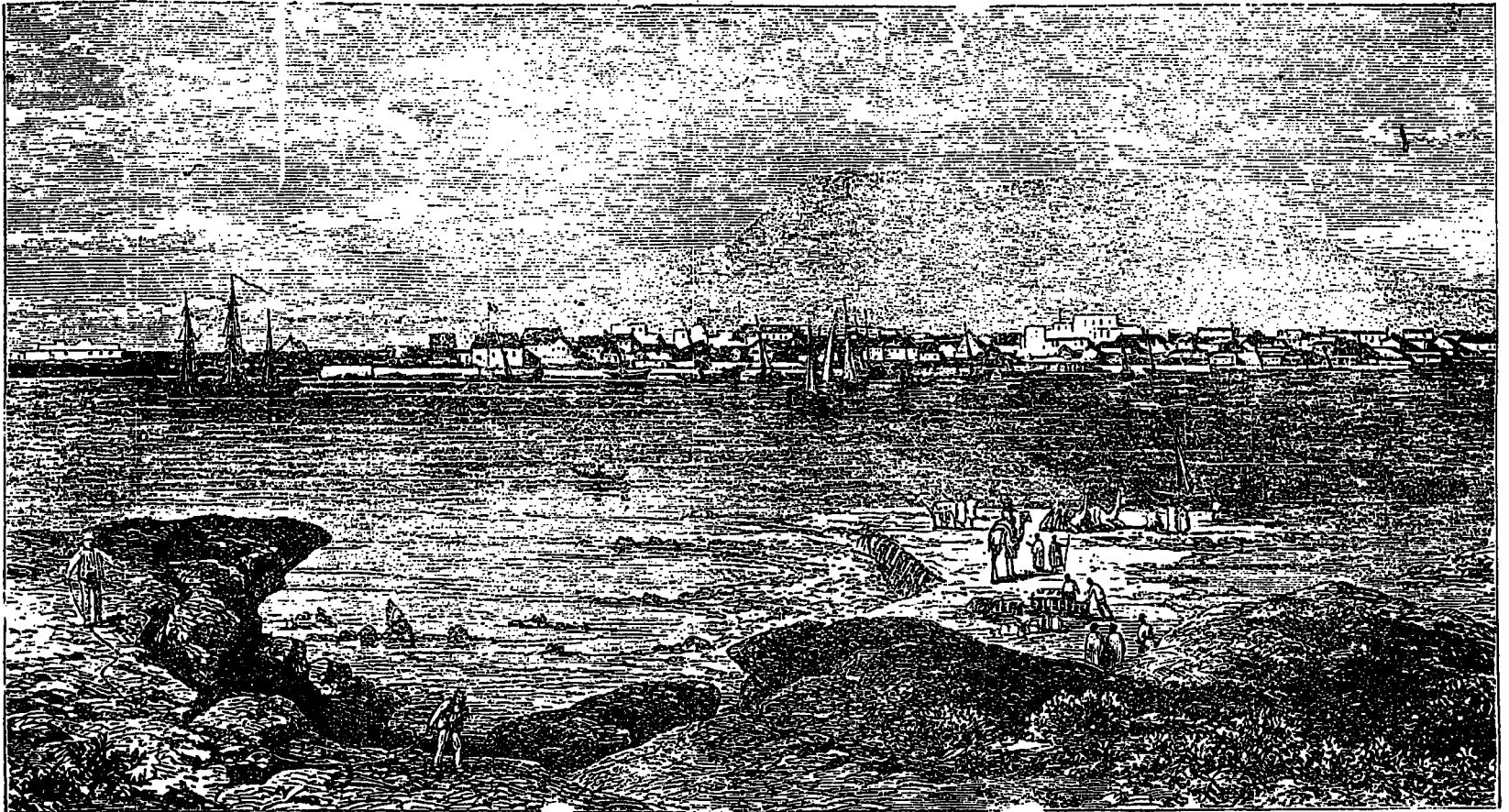


Cité de Lesseps, where the canal first cuts into the Chagres River



Deep cutting through the Mountains, Culebra

VIEWS OF THE PANAMA CANAL WORKS FROM THE ISTHMUS RAILWAY



MASSOUAH, ON THE RED SEA COAST, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE LATE MASSACRE OF ITALIAN TROOP



RENT WAR IN IRELAND.—PRIEST CHAINED TO GATE TO PREVENT ENTRANCE OF EVICTING PARTY

## KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,  
Red lips shutting over pearls,  
Bare feet white and wet with dew,  
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;  
Little boy and girl were they,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks  
Of green willow fringed its banks;  
Half in thought and half in play,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,  
He was taller—most a head;  
She with arms like wreaths of snow,  
Swung a basket to and fro,  
As she loitered, half in play,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

"Prettie Katie," Willie said—  
And there beamed a dash of red  
Through the brownness of his cheek—  
"Boys are strong and girls are weak.  
And I'll carry, so I will,  
Katie's basket up the hill,"

Katie answered with a laugh  
"You shall carry only half!"  
And then tossing back her curls,  
"Boys are weak as well as girls."  
Do you think that Katie guessed  
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all;  
And when long years from that day,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey  
Stood again beside the brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said—  
While again a dash of red  
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—  
"I am strong and you are weak;  
Life is but a slippery steep,  
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?  
Walk beside me without fear;  
May I carry, if I will,  
All your burdens up the hill?"  
And she answered with a laugh,  
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Washing with its silver hands,  
Late and early at the sands,  
Is a cottage, where to day,  
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo  
Swings a basket to and fro,  
Vastly different from the one  
That she swung in years ago—  
This is long, and deep, and wide,  
And has—rockers on the side!

## THE VERSAILLES LOCKET.

BY WOOD RUFF CLARKE.

Reginald Fontaine owed his prosperity largely to personal skill as a workman, and to correct tastes. In part, also, his success was the result of economy, and that sound judgment which led him, when once he had saved a little money to rent the principal corner store in town and advertise briskly. And part was due to his name, which had an aristocratic sound.

Fontaine was a young man of fine address with a knack of apt apparel, and he quickly became the leading jeweler. His credit was excellent from the start. He bought directly of the manufacturers, won and held a popular retail trade, and in five years rose to a good commercial position.

One September morning a stranger asked for Mr. Fontaine at the store, a gentleman of foreign accent and appearance, handsomely attired, with a shrewd, energetic face. He was salesman for a French manufacturing firm who solicited trade direct with American retailers. His prices seemed high, although his wares were original in pattern, and the stones of superior purity and lustre. In fact, it was a grade of jewels more costly than Fontaine had yet carried, and it appeared doubtful if his quiet town would justify such expensive invest-

ments. Accordingly he declined to buy.

The stranger retired, but in a half-hour returned again. He had made inquiries at the banks and satisfied himself of the jeweler's responsibility. He now offered to leave a few articles on commission, for the purpose of introducing his styles. Fontaine welcomed this proposal, and gave the required receipts, obtaining a dozen very handsome gold breast-pins, bearing ruby, sapphire and emerald in unique settings, and a costly locket. He exulted over the brilliant additions to his exhibit, which would at least lend *éclat* to the stock and add to his repute.

The locket especially was a notable accession, and he gave it a conspicuous place on the plate-glass shelf of his corner show window. It was oval in form, of solid gold, adorned with delicate bas-relief work and dainty enamel. It was studded with a cluster of five diamonds on each side. These diamonds were clear and vivid, uniform in size and quality, and of radiant depth.

"We ought to give that locket a name," said Jean Fontaine, as he stood by the window, admiring it. Jean was Reginald's brother and chief clerk, a skillful and competent assistant.

"Suppose we label it, 'Former property of Marie Antoinette,'" suggested Reginald, who was wont to make free use of his imagination.

"No, no!" replied the more prosaic Jean. "We can't ascribe historical qualities. It looks too new. We might call it 'A Congo Souvenir,' or 'The Tonquin Trophy.'"

Reginald demurred.

"Not one in ten of our customers will know it is French, or even understand such a name. They will think it was made in Connecticut, unless we state the contrary. I will have a little placard printed naming it the 'Versailles Locket,' and announcing myself as importer."

Accordingly, next day appeared a delicate advertisement in black-and-white: "The Versailles Locket.—Our own importation.—Direct from France.—Genuine Diamonds.—Fine Gold.—Hand Graven.—Price, \$3,000."

Time passed. The ladies of the town came, examined and admired the locket. Christmas went by, and still the jewel lay in its satin bed upon the plate-glass shelf unsold. The breast-pins were taken, but the locket proved too expensive for Fontaine's patrons. Twenty-five hundred dollars was the sum he stood accountable for to the French manufacturer in payment for this locket should he make a sale, and although in confidential moments he offered it to special customers at twenty-seven hundred, no one profited by this liberal discount from the set price. Every night the locket was carefully put away in the burglarproof compartment of his huge steel vault, and every morning its plush box was restored to the show-shelf, but the jewel seemed likely to remain as an advertisement until the traveling salesman reappeared to claim it.

One day a gentleman came in and left his gold watch for repairs. This was a tall, majestic person, whom Fontaine had often seen of late upon the streets, wearing a heavy sealskin cap and a melton ulster, with collar and cuffs and pocketlaps of seal fur, and clad throughout in costly deference to fashion. His watch was heavily chased, and very valuable. He was particular to take a receipt in the name of F. F. Barton, and departed abruptly, without so much as recognizing in Reginald Fontaine the proprietor of the premises.

At the appointed time Mr. Barton returned for his watch. Fontaine in person waited on him, and noticed the massive signet ring worn by his customer, the onyx monogram of which seemed cracked. Mr. Barton threw down a fifty-dollar bill with an indifferent air, and gathered up the change without appearing to take count of it.

He looked the golden loop of his heavy chain into its buttonhole, restored the watch to his pocket with an air of satisfaction, and turned away.

"I see that your signet is broken," said Reginald Fontaine, respectfully.

"A little," replied Mr. Barton, drawing on his fleece-lined glove.

"I am now taking orders for signets. Should you wish to have the stone replaced at any time, I can have it duplicated with precision at reasonable cost."

The visitor bowed as he pulled on his other glove, and replied:

"It is an heirloom in my family, and was cracked a century ago. Nothing could replace it."

"In that case, of course not," rejoined Fontaine. He drew from a drawer a ring-tray. "If you are interested in rings, examine these. I have some odd forms here. I don't expect you to buy, sir; but I am an enthusiast in my trade, and if any one likes to look, I like to show the goods."

And, in fact, it was a feature of Fontaine's sagacious policy that he tried to have every customer see as many of his wares as possible.

Mr. Barton glanced incuriously over the tray.

"I've seen acres of ring," he replied, with a curling lip. And he continued to button his gloves.

"Is there anything I can show you that you are interested in?" continued Fontaine, politely, replacing the tray. "Family plate, tableware, children's or ladies' ornaments—"

Mr. Barton had faced towards the door. He turned about with feeble curiosity to ask:

"What have you in the way of ladies' ornaments?"

Fontaine led his customer to a showcase glittering with bracelets, combs, pins, and other bijouerie.

"The variety has been a little broken by our Christmas sales—" he began.

"No matter. I need not trouble you," interrupted Mr. Barton. "There is nothing here that I wish."

"It is the best assortment in town!" retorted Reginald Fontaine.

"Very like y. But I came from Paris only six months since, and shall return in the Spring. I think I can afford to wait until that time before I buy."

With some warmth Fontaine flew to the show-window and caught up the locket. He put this before his scornful visitor.

"Here is something you have never seen excelled in Paris or elsewhere."

Mr. Barton looked at the locket in silence. He drew off his gloves and took up the jewel. He examined it minutely, and said, at last:

"These are genuine brilliants?"

"Guaranteed true diamonds."

"A very handsome affair—very handsome. This came from France?"

"Versailles. It is a masterpiece, sir, known as the Versailles Locket."

"What is the price?"

"Three thousand dollars."

Mr. Barton inspected it closely, and laid it down at last with manifest change of bearing. He looked at Reginald Fontaine more cordially, and said, in an insinuating tone:

"I presume you would shade that price a little for cash?"

"I might, a very little," returned the jeweler, now speaking coldly in his turn.

"Well, I'll see. I'll send my wife around to look at it. She likes such toys, but whether she will buy or not is quite uncertain. Luckily for me, she has money of her own. For my part, three thousand dollars is too much to put into a jewel."

"What is your business, Mr. Barton?" inquired Fontaine.

"Importer of oil paintings. I am also commissioned by wealthy people to buy works of art abroad, and usually make a trip once a year. Am here now to receive a shipment from Antwerp. My wife and I are stopping at the Desplaines House."

He laid down an embossed card, neatly engraved with his name and bearing his crest, bowed and sauntered out.

Three days later a messenger came to Reginald Fontaine with this note:

"DEAR SIR: Please bring the locket to Room 24, Desplaines House, at two o'clock this afternoon. My wife wishes to see it, and is unable to leave the hotel. I can't promise you that she will buy; but, as you like to show your wares, I would be pleased to have you submit the locket to her."

"Yours, F. F. BARTON."

Reginald Fontaine thought a moment. Then his dignity asserted itself. He called his trusty brother, and showed him the note.

"Jean, I'll let you wait on these people. Sell the locket if you can. Get twenty-seven hundred if you can't do any better. Take good care of the locket."

A porter led Jean that afternoon to Room 24, and knocked upon the door.

"Enter!" said a voice within.

Jean went in. A lovely young woman, richly clad with pale face and languid air, reclined in an easy-chair. Before her on a centre-table was a tray of wineglasses. Mr. Barton stood opposite and still upheld an opened bottle from which he had just poured a tiny glass of dark wine. He bowed to Jean.

"You are from the jeweler's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Step forward, if you please."

The porter went out and closed the door. Jean handed forth the locket, which Mr. Barton passed to his wife.

"How beautiful!" She held it to the light and examined it critically.

"Had you not better take this now?" said Mr. Barton, proffering her the glass of wine.

She took it, and looked towards Jean.

"Perhaps this gentleman—" she said, suggestively.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Barton. He poured out two more glasses, and pushed one towards Jean. "Will you join us, sir? It is port. Do you like sweet wine?"

Jean was very temperate and unused to liquors. But here were a couple, evidently of high social rank accustomed, no doubt, to the foreign use of wine. It might give offense to refuse, and bargains often hang on trifles. He responded courteously, and sipped the sweet port to the quick bottom of his glass.

"Take a seat here," said the lady.

Jean accepted a large easy-chair by her side. She turned her bright, dazzling eyes upon him.

"You are certain these are real diamonds?"

"Warranted genuine, madam," returned Jean.

His voice sounded thick to his own ears, a strange oppression rose into his brain, the world seemed rocking upon endless waves, and the lady and the locket appeared to float away—away.

When Jean awoke, twilight filled the room with fantastic shadows, and rays from the street lamps fell flickering on the walls.

He knew he was in a place he had seen before, but all was so unwonted, and the languor that lay upon him was so delicious and enchanting, that he felt sure he was in a dream from which he hated to awaken.

Even the loud knocking at the door failed to rouse him to reality, and when he heard his brother's voice crying out in alarm, "Jean! Jean!" it only stirred his wrath, as if summoned at an unwelcome hour.

Then followed silence, and he sat marveling at the luxurious surroundings, and the mystery of his presence here.

The turning of a key was followed by the quick entrance of the hotel clerk and Reginald Fontaine. The jeweler darted forward to his brother and clasped his arm; he looked into his dilated eyes and bewildered face, and cried:

"Jean! Jean! What is the matter? Where is the locket?"

The locket! Jean sprang up. His lethargy departed. He understood, and tottering towards his brother, fell senseless at his feet.

Ten days later the French salesman reappeared. In vain Reginald Fontaine recounted these facts and urged delay until the swindler was captured and the locket recovered. The Frenchman only shrugged and listened, and at the end repeated, "Settlement!"

Fontaine at last drew a check for the amount of his indebtedness, and the Frenchman disappeared.

Time passed. No trace was found of Barton nor his lovely wife. One day, in New York, Reginald visited the Rogue's Gallery at Police Headquarters. He saw many faces there not in the collection of his home officials—among these, F. F. Barton, and the French salesman who had commissioned the locket!

Although the police could not explain this coincidence and scouted his conclusions, Fontaine always believed himself the victim of a double conspiracy; that the knaves traveled the globe with ample capital, one placing jewels stolen abroad in the hands of responsible dealers in small American towns, the other following to recapture the prizes, and the original conspirator returning to demand payment for the loss.

But while he never placed hand or eyes again upon the French salesman, he had the satisfaction of adding his testimony to the catalogue of evidence against Mr. Barton at a later day, and of seeing him consigned to prison. The Versailles Locket, however, never reappeared, but Mr. Reginald Fontaine concluded that his experience was worth the two thousand five hundred dollars which it cost him. He deals no more with unknown foreign manufacturers, neither does he trust valuable jewels among strangers.



MRS. HENRY WOOD.

She was born about 1820, Ellen Price, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, head of a large glove-manufacturing establishment at Worcester. She married, early in life, Mr. Henry Wood, who was engaged in the shipping trade in London. Her first published writings appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" and in "Bentley's Miscellany." She wrote "Danebury House," which was published in 1860. In the following year she produced "East Lynne," a domestic story of highly original conception and of much romantic interest, which at once gained strongly on the minds of a great multitude of readers. "The Channings," "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," and "Verner's Pride," kept up the success that she had won; they were followed by "Lord Oakburn's Daughters," "Oswald Cray," "Trevlyn Hold," and other striking tales. "Roland Yorke," a sequel to "The Channings," appeared in 1868; and, in 1870, "George Canterbury's Will," reprinted

from *Tinsley's Magazine*. The authoress was appointed editor of the *Argosy*, for which she wrote, in and after 1870, "Dene Hollow," "Within the Maze," "The Master of Greylands," "Pomeroy Abbey," and several other tales widely approved; but the series entitled "Johnny Ludlow," begun in 1880, presents not the least characteristic and effective qualities of her mind, and of her matured habit of thought and sentiment.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

DOLLIE.

She sports a witching gown,  
With a ruffle up and down  
On the skirt.  
She is gentle, she is shy,  
But there's mischief in her eye;  
She's a flirt.

She displays a tiny glove  
And a dainty little love  
Of a shoe;  
And she wears her hat a-tilt  
Over bangs that never wilt  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabric of her dreams—  
But enough!  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
Past belief;  
They hint that she's a cat,  
And delightful things like that,  
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!  
But what does Dollie care  
When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees around a sweet  
Little rose?



ERIN-GO-BRACH!

Footing the merry jig to the soul-inspiring strains of Mr. Patrick Fannagan O'Flaherty's fiddle, which has been handed down as a family heirloom for the last three hundred years.



A REALIZING SENSE.

"YOUNG MAN," said an apostle, so solemnly: "do you realize, when you retire at night, that you may be called before the morning dawns?"  
"Yes, sir," responded the young man: "I realize it fully. I'm the father of a three weeks' old baby."

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.



"I shall be out late to-night, my dear," said young Professor X. to his wife: "there are some educational matters that must be attended to."

"Very well," replied the patient wife.

Then Professor X., on educational matters intent, slipped over to the Polo grounds, and taught the young female idea how to chute.



THE END OF THE TOBOGGAN SEASON



SANITARY ITEM.

Lady—"Have you had much experience as a cook?"

Applicant—"O, indeed I have. I was the cook of Mr. and Mrs. Potorby for three years."

"Why did you leave them?"  
"I didn't leave them. They left me. They both died."

"What of?"  
"Dyspepsia."

CANADA will soon thirst for peace if she goes to war on codfish.

VENISON is reported dear, and yet a great deal of it is not deer, although it passes for such.

THE FASHIONS.



1. Hat.—Bonnet of cream cloth; borders of genuine brown otter; knot of black velvet; white lace; cream aigrettes and silk ties.



2. Back of a dress in green willow velvet, red surah and ombroidory.



3. Back of a dress in light violet surah and dark velvet.



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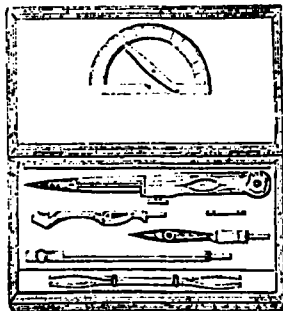
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A WARNING.

Tramp Roller Skate, to Dude Toboggan: You needn't feel so proud, my  
friend. I was as popular as you are, once, and things may change with you the  
same way.

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Blacksmiths and Engineers,

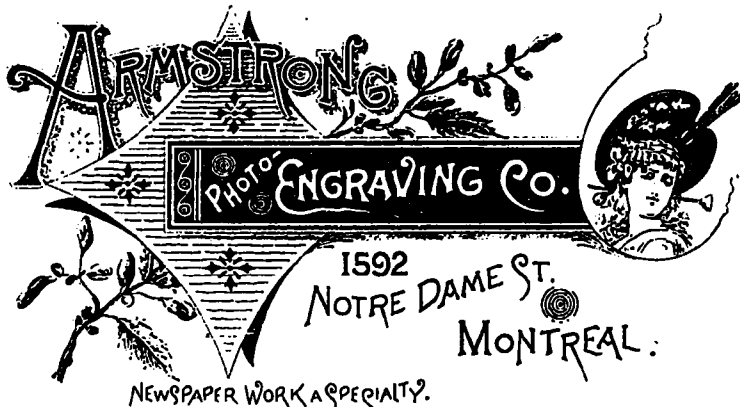
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