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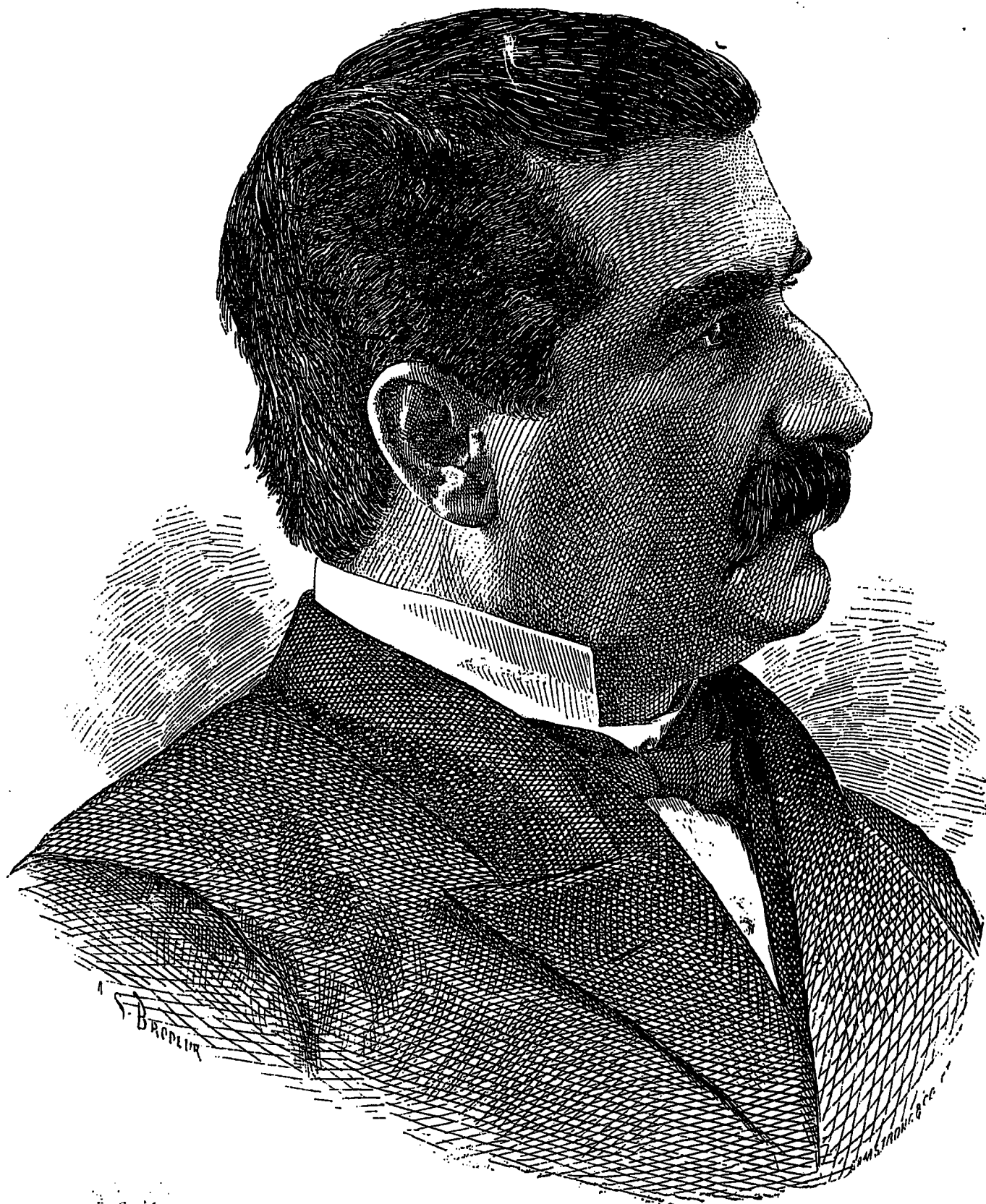
PROFANE JOURNAL TIMES

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Vol. I.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 5, 1887

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HONORÉ MERCIER, PRIME MINISTER OF QUEBEC

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MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 5, 1887

A Province should be governed precisely like a bank. The First Minister is the president thereof; the members of the Cabinet are the directors, and the members of the Legislature, representing the people, are the shareholders. In this wise, the exchequer will always be kept properly balanced, extravagant disbursements will be avoided and general prosperity will follow.

It is satisfactory to read that the Imperial authorities have made up their minds to take action in the settlement of the fisheries. There is no need to go beyond the bounds of diplomacy, and spite of a certain amount of senatorial and congressional "bluntness", we have reason to believe that the American people will meet us half way.

The small towns are sending their congratulations to the Queen on the advent of the fiftieth anniversary of her coronation and receiving messages of acknowledgment in return. Montreal has not yet moved in this direction. Pending other steps, which will doubtless be taken later, would it not be well for the Corporation to send a preliminary greeting by wire?

The cause of prohibition is making unexpected advances in the United States, the country of all others where the use of hard liquor is best known and most freely indulged in. In Tennessee, one of the leading Southern States, the Senate has passed the prohibition amendment to the state constitution, by the overwhelming vote of thirty one to two.

While all the preparations for the winter Carnival are being rapidly and successfully put forward, there is a complaint that the funds are not so readily sent in. From all appearances, this is going to be the most magnificent winter spectacle ever held in Montreal, and there need be no fear that all investments in its success will fully pay for themselves.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks of winter travel, immigration continues

steadily passing into Manitoba and the Northwest. This is as it should be. The Northwest is the future heart of Canada and it must be settled as rapidly as possible, so as to pay an interest on the cost of the Pacific Railway. Both the government and the railway are deeply interested in the speedy sales of their lands.

Mr Ingalls—the same who made the violent speech against England, in the United States Senate, last week—claims that Canada should be annexed to the Union. Not so fast. Annexation may be viewed with equanimity, but there is no hurry about it. Canada can afford to wait, and decide, in her own good time, whether independence is not preferable to annexation.

M. John Bright, with his usual boldness and directness, comes out strongly against the scheme of Imperial Federation. But there surely was no need to be abusive. The project is still inchoate, not having yet arrived at the tentative stage, but it has elements of fascination about it, which naturally inflame the imagination of the young and patriotic.

The change of government in the Province of Quebec need not lead to a violent change of policy. The Provinces are not ruled like the Dominion. Their material development is their main mission, and all legislation should be directed to that one object. This includes the finances, public works, agriculture, settlement of the Crown Lands, and the encouragement of home industries.

PERSONAL.

Sir George Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is connected by marriage with the family of the late Lord Iddesleigh, Sir Stafford Northcote

Sir John's standing for several different constituencies during the forthcoming elections, is in accordance with an ancient British Custom.

Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Alexander Campbell have exchanged places. The one enters the Federal chamber and the other may go to London as High Commissioner.

Allan Edson, the glory of our Eastern Townships, has received the Colonial medal and diploma for his water color and oil paintings, at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

Sir Donald Smith, sitting in Parliament as an independent, will make a most worthy representative of the large financial, industrial and commercial interests of Montreal.

The arrival of Lord and Lady Lansdowne in Montreal, makes the week preceding the Carnival one of comparative festivity. The Vice-Royal entertainments, will not begin, however, until after that event.

The relations between Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Montreal, extend beyond simple friendship. Some years ago, a son of Sir Charles married a daughter of Mr. Robertson's.

Mr. Charles Dent, the well known essayist and journalist, has gone into journalism. He has established at Toronto a weekly entitled "Arcturus," which promises well and to which we wish every success.

Hon. Ruggles Church, just raised to the Court of Queen's Bench, for Quebec, is remarkable for his dual vocation. He first graduated in medicine, and was ever afterward called "Doctor", and then took his degree in the law. He ought to be an authority in medical jurisprudence.

Captain Byng, A. D. C. to the Governor General, and the fifth son of the late Earl of Stratford, has just been married to Lady Winifred Herbert, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon. On the occasion the bride wore a diamond spray, the gift of Sir George and Lady Stephen.

OUR PICTURES.

BOXING, as represented on our outer page, is a familiar scene with snowshoers, and while the amusement is indulged in by all the Clubs, the artist has singled out the Montreal St. George Club for the subject of his sketch.

THE FATAL SHOT represents the critical and culminating point in a long and weary spell of deer stalking in the primeval forests of Muskoka. The noble animal is brought to bay at length, and the unerring ball of the huntsman brings him down never to rise again. The spirited sketch is from the pencil of a Canadian artist, Charles Kendrick.

BURYING THE TELEGRAPH WIRES in New-York is a lesson we might learn in Canada, in such large cities as Montreal and Toronto, for instance. The method of employing the Dorsett conduit for this purpose is illustrated in our sketch. The conduit has twenty-four iron ducts each of which is capable of containing one hundred insulated wires. At every street-crossing there is a manhole, affording easy access to the conduit. A leading wire was first run through and then a big hawser, to which the cable was attached. The cable was then pushed into place and pulled through by horse and man power. Two large cables containing 35 wires each, were then put through without interruption. The whole operation was very simple.

NIAGARA TUNNELIZED.—The scheme is to construct a subterranean tunnel from the water-level below the Falls (marked X in the illustration), extending through the solid rock to the Upper Niagara River, at a point about one mile above the Falls, where a head of 120 feet is obtained. The tunnel thence extends parallel with the shores of the river one and one-half miles, at an average depth of 100 feet below the surface of the earth, and at a distance of about 400 feet from the navigable waters of the river, with which it is connected by means of conduits or lateral tunnels. The main tunnel will be circular, and thirty feet in diameter as far up as Port Day, and will gradually diminish above that point in accordance with the number of mills which have yet to empty their tail-waters into it, until, at the upper end, it will be of the same area as the cross-tunnels which flow into it at that point. Between Port Day and the upper end of the tunnel the town plot is to be laid out, with streets running at right angles to the main tunnel. The power thus obtained is estimated at two hundred and sixty thousand horse-power, or in other words to a supply of five hundred horse-power each to four hundred factories. The cost of the scheme is estimated at 800,000, to 1,000,000, and the work is to be executed by an army of 10,000 Italian labourers.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

xxi.—"Wilhelm" inquires into the origin of New Holland, the present New York. The discoverer of the American Rhine was Hendrik Hudson, a navigator in the service of Dutch merchants, and those settled along its banks on their own account. This discovery dates from 1609, one year after the foundation of Quebec.

xxii.—This same Hendrik Hudson was also the discoverer of Hudson's Bay

in 1610. He never returned from this expedition, having been abandoned, with his son and others, by his mutinous sailors. Hudson's object was that of all the explorers of his time, the discovery of a passage to China and the East Indies.

xxiii.—In answer to a query it may be stated that the original seat of the Hurons was a small strip of territory or a peninsula in the southern extremity of Georgian Bay, near Lake Simcoe. Its area was 75 miles by 24, and contained no less than 30,000 souls, distributed in 18 villages.

xxiv.—Champlain discovered these in 1615, and remained some time at their principal village Carhagouha, supposed to the same as that afterward known among the French as St. Jean-Baptiste, and situated within the limits of the present township of Orillia.

xxv.—These Hurons called themselves Wendats, whence the more modern name of Wyandots. The word "Huron" is said to be of French origin, referring to the *hure* or great shock of hair which they wore as a crown on the top of their heads.

xxvi.—Champlain was certainly the greatest of our inland navigators, discoverers and explorers. He founded Quebec and Three Rivers, and was the first to build a stockade on the site of Montreal. He explored the whole of the Richelieu and Lake Champlain and twice went up the Ottawa, in 1613 and 1615.

xxvii.—In the first voyage he stopped at Isle Allumette, on the upper Ottawa, where he heard of a North sea, now Hudson's Bay, and contemplated going to find it in canoes. At that point he was only about five degrees or 300 nautical miles from the south most portion of Hudson's Bay.

xxviii.—As it happens, "N. J.'s" question is easily answered. The first *habitant* of Canada was Louis Hébert. He was originally an apothecary of Paris, but at Quebec devoted himself to farming. He had tried his hand unsuccessfully at Port Royal, under Poutreincourt.

xxix.—The first white birth in the colony, or at least the first registered christening, was that of one Eustache Martin, son of Master Abraham Martin, from whom was named the famous battle field of the Plains of Abraham.

xxx.—The first wedding was that of a daughter of the aforesaid Louis Hébert to one Couillard. These registers of parochial and municipal events are among the most precious of Canadian archives, and there is perhaps no other nation with such full and authentic records of the geneology of its families.

SOME MISUSED WORDS.

Acoustics is always singular. Cut bias, and not cut on the bias. Allow should not be used for admit. Come to see me, and not come and see me.

Burst is not elegant and is rarely correct.

Almost, with a negative, is ridiculous, "almost nothing" is absurd.

The burden of a song means the refrain of chorus, not its sense or meaning.

Beautiful applies to persons, not to things, and has no reference to quantity.

Affable only applies when speaking of the manner of superiors to inferiors. "Methinks is formed by the impersonal verb think, meaning seem, and the dative me; and is literally rendered it seems to me."

Admired should not be followed with the infinitive. Never say, as many do, "I should admire to go with you" etc. This error is singularly fashionable just now.

Allude is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken of or described. It should only be used when anything is hinted at in a playful or passing manner. "Allusion is the by-play of language."



HON. JAMES McSHANE

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS AND AGRICULTURE

Our readers will be glad to see the well known features of Mr McShane in our columns, on the occasion of his reaching office. It was only to be expected that on the Liberals assuming the Government, the member for Montreal Centre should form part of it, as the representative of the Irish Catholic population, and the appointment has been received with satisfaction, by Liberals and Conservatives alike. Mr McShane's public career has been one of uniform success, every election of his resulting in his favor. He has served for many years as alderman, a position which he still holds, and his service in the Provincial Legislature has extended over several terms. Mr McShane was born in 1834 and was educated by the Sulpicians, at the Seminary of Montreal. His principal business has been the exportation of live cattle. He was first returned to the Quebec Legislature in 1878 and he has been twice re-elected since.

[For the Pictorial Times]

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHONE.

(Adapted from the "Légende des Siècles" of Victor Hugo).

The Yellow Rhone flows gently to the sea. Clear, placid river, noiselessly falling into beautiful lake Lemane, and bearing its tides to wash the sands of Provence.

Two knights stood upon its banks in the grey, dawn. Young, ambitious, rivals in glory, jealous of each other's rising fame. Closely mailed in steel, bright casque, impenetrable visor, long lance, broad sword, thick shield, indomitable courage. Roland and Oliver!

A boat was rocking at their feet in the eddies of the placid Rhone. "Watermen," cried Oliver, and four strong, swarthy peasants issued from "their huts in the neighboring wood. Row us to yonder island," and they stepped in, violently balancing the boat under the weight of their iron tread. Softly cleaves the boat the yel-



low waters of the Rhone, and beautiful before them rises the green isle, radiant in the morning sunshine. The oarsmen look with suspicion at their mailed passengers, and glance furtively at one another, not daring to speak. Who are they? What do they seek in the island at this early hour? The boat grates upon the pebbles of the beach, the warriors spring out, and in silence advance to a little eminence overlooking the stream. "What can they mean?" whisper the sailors, as pushing out a little, they rest upon their oars and watch the mysterious strangers.

Meantime, dews sparkle, flowers blossom, birds sing, breezes play on the island shore.

Silent stand the warriors gazing at each other through the two apertures of their visors—gazing with eyes of flame. They draw their magic swords—Oliver, his Closamont; Roland, his Durandal. Had you seen those warriors yesterday, you would have beheld two pages, gentle and rosy as girls, playing among their companions at home. Now, with their visors down, and harnessed in mail they resemble two spectres of steel. Behold! They fight—body to body—black, silent, obstinate and enraged. They fight so close, with low mutterings, that their warm, rapid breath stains their armor. Foot presses foot, swords clash, helmets ring, fragments of hauberk and falchion bound at every moment into the grass or stream. The boatmen, in terror, allow their bark to drift away, and gaze from far on the scene. The combat continues the whole day and all through the night. The sun rises and sets the second day and still they fight. Rises and sets the third day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the fourth day and still they fight.

Dews sparkle, birds sing, flowers blossom, breezes play, and in that quiet landscape fearful is the sound of clanging steel.

The sun rises on the fifth day and still they fight. Their casques are dented with blows, their breast-plates



checkered with sword thrusts, but the impenetrable mail is uninjured. The

sun reaches the meridian, pouring his fierce fire on their crests, but they do not desist. The day begins to wane when suddenly Oliver, moved by a strange fancy, stops short and exclaims: Roland, we shall never end this combat. We may continue for days and nights and never approach a term. We are not wild beasts whose rage is insatiable. Were it not better for us to be brothers? Hear me! I have a sister, fair Maud, the blue-eyed. Marry her!

"With all my heart," answered Roland, "and now let us drink a toast together."

The toast was: "A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER!"

The warriors twain their good fortune laud, And thus the brave Roland espoused the fair Maud.

J. L.

STILL ENGLISH.

The following three new verses are now sung by Dixey in his "Quite English You Know," song. They were written by John Paul Bocoock, of Philadelphia:

Philadelphia's a city, I already see,
That's English, quite English, you know,
Perhaps something you'll find to approve of
in me

That's English, you know;
The heifer that helped me to make my stage
bow Came down from no Jersey nor high-
blooded cow;

Yet it may have been kin to John Bull, so I
Vow it was English, quite English, you
know!

You pronounce your A's broad and eat creams
with a fork

That's English, quite English, you know;
I confess I've seen people do that in New
York who were English, quite English,
you know.

We all strive for Fashion, for Fashion in
strife, but I never was half as surprised in
my life

As when I was told you eat fish with a knife—
Yet that's English, quite English, you
know.

Now there's just one more thing my good
friends you must do

To be English, quite English, you know;
And, ladies, I'm speaking directly to you—
For it's English, quite English, you know.
Were your escort a man, or a boy, or a duke,
Should he keep on his hat, you would
think him quite rude;
At the theatre leave off your bonnets if you'd
Be English, quite English, you know!

"A MAGNIFIQUE DINNAIR."

M. Le Blanc, if his story be accepted, was once chief cook to a Parisian nobleman. Now he keeps a West Side boarding house. For days before Christmas he treated his guests to mouth-watering descriptions of "ze magnifique dinnair on ze Christmas da in La Belle France." A few days before Christmas he became very mysterious and intimated that those fortunate mortals who sat at his board should also have a "magnifique dinnair." Accordingly anticipation ran high.

The day at last arrived. His promises were fulfilled. The table was spread with an embarrassment of good things. One dish was especially a favorite, and that it was so seemed to give Monsieur great delight. It seemed a species of game, was delicately flavored, but no one knew exactly what it was.

"Oh, monsieur, do tell us what this delicious meat is," said pretty Miss H., the star boarder, when the dish was demolished.

"Zat, madam, zat is ze grand triumph of ze art. Only ze Frenchmen mek ze delicious doesh—zat is ze—vat you call ze owl—ze pet owl."

"Owl!" exclaimed a chorus of voices and a dozn wry faces were made.

"Oh, monsieur, how could you have the heart to kill the poor thing?" chirped the star boarder.

"It ees you zat mek so cruel accusations, madam. I no keel him—he die."

THEN HE DIED.

All ills known to physic, from toothache to phthisic,
He suffered with torture intense,
A cancerous hummock invaded his stomach,
An rheumatic miasma, and choked with the asthma.

An abscess had eaten his lung,
And there was a rumor a gigantic tumor
Had grown at the roots of his tongue.

The keen meningitis, the choking bronchitis
Both tortured him nearly insane,
And a cross looking bunion as large as an onion

Made him howl for whole hours in pain.
He had "healers," physicians and loud quack magicians,

And nostrums and pills by the ton,
And medicine mixers with all their elixirs
Be-doctored the fellow like sin;

They would drug him and swill him, yet
nothing could kill him,

Their efforts combined he defied,
Till a famous soprano with a bogus piano
Moved into his house—then he died.

Can you do that? In one of the stately churches of the country an abbé began his sermon to a crowded congregation. On the marble floor at the foot of the nice elaborated carved pulpit, sat a poor drivelling, sottish, cobbler—who had not the smallest coin whereby to get a seat. The Father commenced: "my dear children of our Holy Church, it was with five thousand barley loaves and a few small fishes our blessed Saviour fed a few people in the wilderness."

The shoemaker looked up and said: "Eh! Padre but I could do that!" The preacher quickly realized the lapsus lingue he had made and said, "Oh! my dear children in the Lord, it was with five barley loaves and a few small fishes our blessed Redeemer fed five thousand people in the wilderness!" and leaning over the pulpit he crushingly whispered down to the momentarily triumphant St Crispin. "Can you do that, you ratter 'cobbler!"

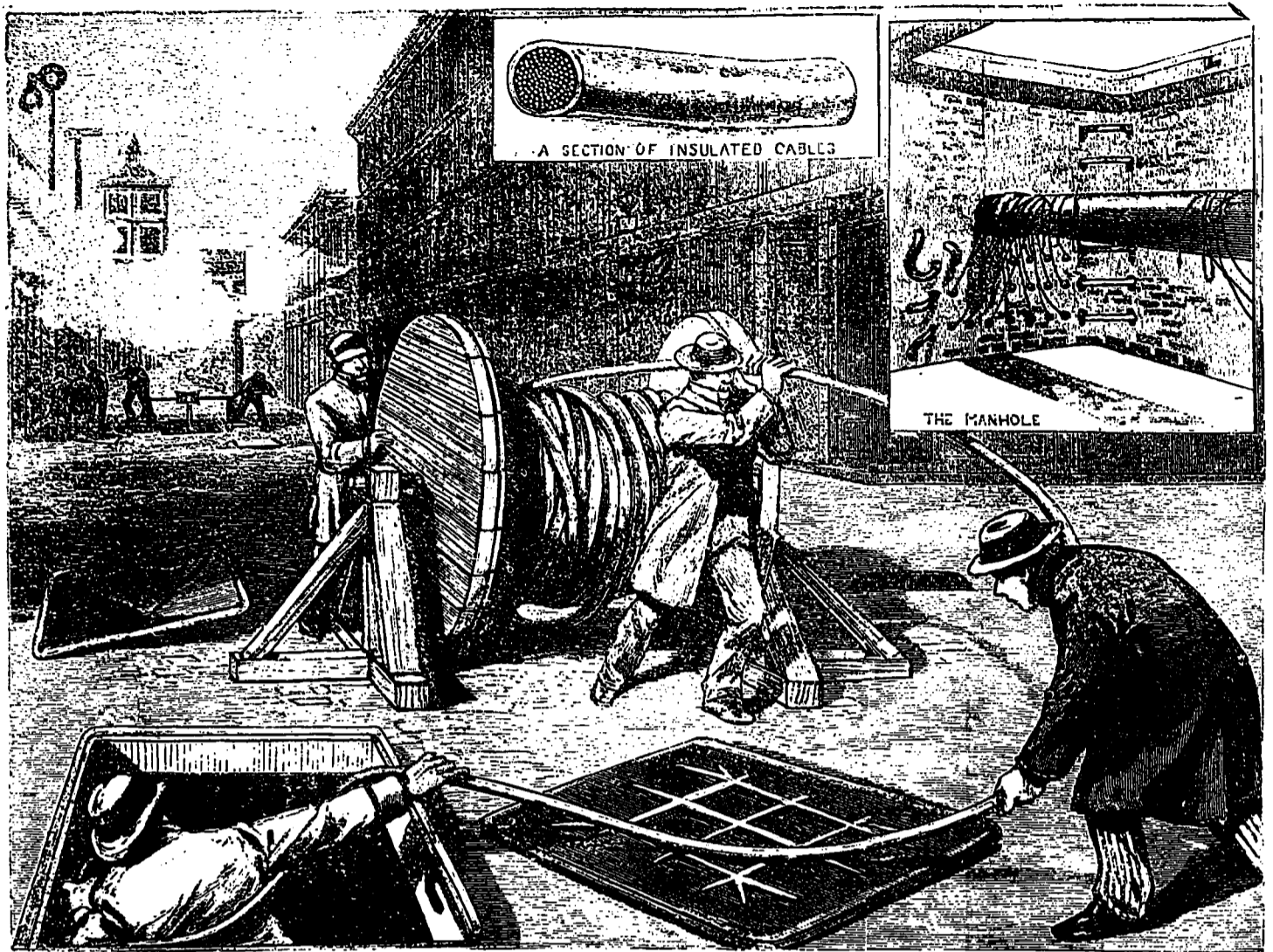
An English Bishop visited one of his clergy and when his Lordship had retired for the night, the Parson was very particular in schooling his servant lad to go and knock at the bed room door in the morning, and then the Bishop said "who is there?" to say "the boy my Lord. The lad rehearsed his part all that evening and when he arose next morning, but when he knocked at the door and the Bishop said who is there, all was lost in confusion and he stammered out: "the Lord, my boy."

In a Scotch market town there was a poor half witted fellow who went by the name of "Daft Jamie." Jamie was a very regular attendant at the kirk and seated at the front of the gallery he would stare at the minister in wrapt attention to the service and especially the sermon.

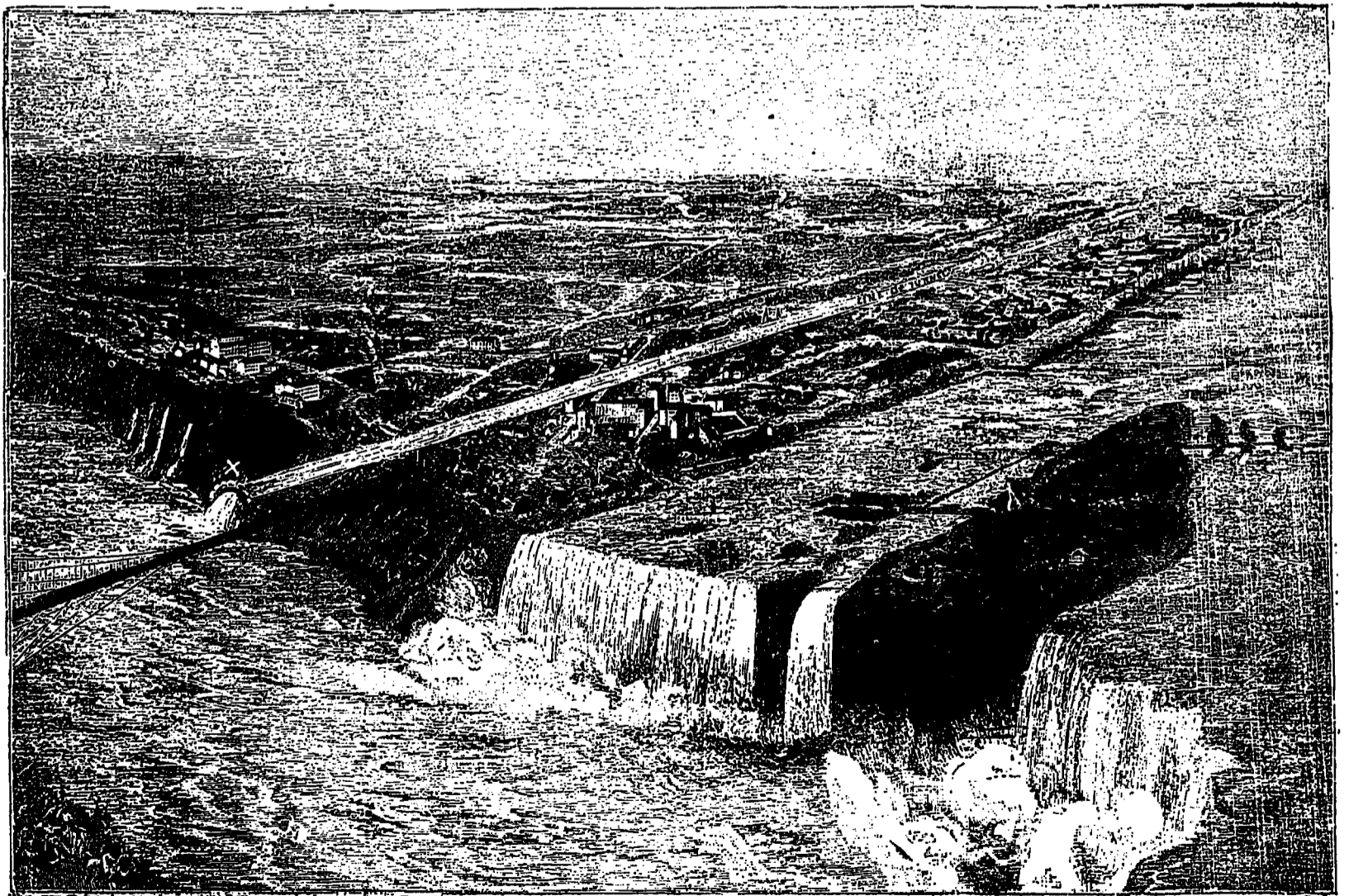
One Sunday afternoon, many of the congregation were dozing off and the parson noticing Jamie's attention, in contrast, seized so favorable an opportunity to admonish his folk for sleeping and said "indeed you might take pattern by Daft Jamie who keeps awake at the sermon." But Jamie did not like this undue allusion and resentingly said "an may be if I had na been daft I'd hu been asleep too!"

In the absence of the vicar the sexton of the church was sent hurriedly to seek for some other minister to perform a baptism, and there he found one that could accompany him; he apologizing said "I would have got a wiser parson than you to come if I could easily have found one."

"Truth is mighty, but doesn't prevail here," is what a man has tacked above his gas-meter.



LAYING SUBTERRANEAN TELEGRAPH WIRES IN NEW-YORK



TUNNELIZING THE NIAGARA FALLS

THE NEW QUEBEC SPEAKER.

We are pleased to grace our columns with a portrait of Hon. F. G. Marchand, the new Speaker of the Quebec Assembly, as a tribute to journalism. Mr Marchand is the first newspaper man thus honored in this Province, although it is worthy of remark that his opponent for the office, Mr Faucher de St-Maurice, is a member of the same guild. But Mr Marchand is even more than a journalist. He is a trained and professional man of letters, his special bent being comedy and the composition of satire. Several of his dramatic productions have been published and played with success. Mr Marchand is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and honorary Member of "L'Académie des Muses Santonnes." For years past he has been editor and proprietor of *Le Franco-Canadien*, a bright paper published at St-Johns, P. Q. Mr. Marchand is one of the few original members of the Legislature who have kept their seats since Confederation, in 1867, and he has never forfeited the confidence of his native county. Félix Gabriel Marchand was born at St-Johns in 1832, studied at St-Hyacinthe College and was admitted to the Notarial profession in 1853. He was for many years Lieut.-Colonel of 21st Richelieu Light Infantry, and commanded a brigade at the front during the Fenian raid. He was Provincial Secretary in the Joly Government from the 8th March 1878 till the 19th March 1879, and Commissioner of Crown Lands from that date to the 30 October 1879.



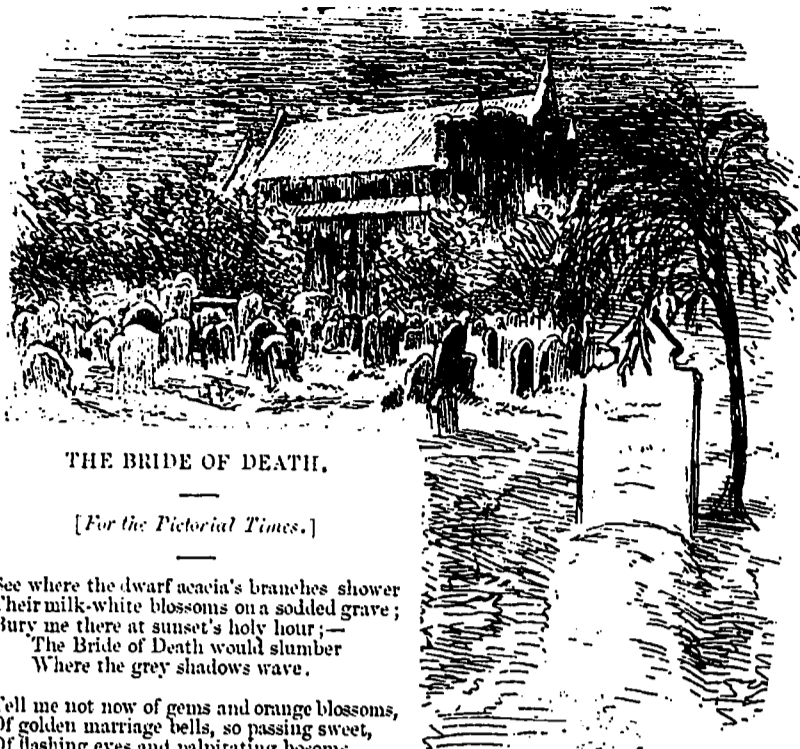
HON. F. G. MARCHAND,
SPEAKER OF THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE

THE NEW QUEBEC PREMIER.

On our front page will be found, taken from a new photograph by Notman, a fine portrait of the first Minister of the Province of Quebec. As is the case with Hon. Mr. Marchand, the speaker of the Assembly, Mr. Mercier is an old newspaper man, having been connected for many years with the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* and later, with *Le Temps*, of Montreal. He was born at Iberville, on the 15th October 1840, of farmer parents and educated at the Jesuit College of St. Mary's, in this city, whence he went forth to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. In 1872, he was returned to the House of Commons for the county of Rouville, but in 1874, went into private life, devoting himself ardently to the exercise of his profession, in the town of St. Hyacinthe. In 1878, he contested the latter constituency for the Provincial Legislature, but was defeated. He was successful, however, the following year and entered the Joly Government as Solicitor General in May 1879. He held that position until the defeat of that Ministry in October of the same year. Mr. Mercier is barrister of the bar of the Province of Quebec, and is member of a large legal firm. Although not trained in the pursuit of literature, Mr. Mercier is a man of reading and information, keeping abreast of the times. He is a forcible speaker, with a good voice and pleasing address, while in the arts of debate he displays dexterity and force. In the management of the late electoral contest, his energy, tact and variety of resource were remarkable and have been rewarded with success.



DEER STALKING IN MUSKOKA. — THE FATAL SHOT



THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

[For the Pictorial Times.]

See where the dwarf acacia's branches shower
Their milk-white blossoms on a sodded grave;
Bury me there at sunset's holy hour;
The Bride of Death would slumber
Where the grey shadows wave.

Tell me not now of gems and orange blossoms,
Of golden marriage bells, so passing sweet,
Of flashing eyes and palpitating bosoms,
And music softly eniting
To swiftly glancing feet.

Tell me not either of the nameless blessings
That consecrate the cares and toils of home;
Maternal thrills at infants' fond caressings,
Murmurs of love that gushing
From husbands' heart-deeps come.

I am the Bride of Death! No earthly lover
May place the ring upon this cold white hand;
The stark swart Angel's pinions o'er me hover,
Chilling my hopes and pointing
Into the shadowy land.

Behind me in the world I leave no token,
No rosy child to hsp a mother's name;
Naught save a wealth of love unknown, un-
[spoken,

And memory untarnished
By guilt or blame.

The darkness deepens in the misty valleys,
The acacia's blossoms strew my Mimi's grave,
A dreamy stillness haunts the funeral alleys;—
The Bride of Death is sleeping
Where the grey shadows wave.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

[For the Pictorial Times.]

AFTER MANY YEARS.

It was the first appearance of the world famous actor, Arnold Henshaw in Montreal. The theatre was crowded and as the curtain fell a storm of applause broke from the admiring audience. Such triumphs were no novelty to the hero of the hour, for was he not the idol of New York and London, his talents being equally recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, but to-night the approval of his audience was specially sweet to him for this was his native city, and it was his first visit to it since he had become famous. After it was all over, Arnold Henshaw sat alone in his luxurious room in the Windsor, musing upon the past and the many changes since he had last looked upon the city on the St-Lawrence, a poor boy helping, as best he might, the struggles of his widowed mother to eke out an existence. Caring little for the bustle of life around him he had been looked upon as stupid and unpractical, then he had obtained a situation in a great city of America and set off to make his fortune, but alas, dry goods in Boston were not to be the stepping stone to that end, for he found his work and companions uncongenial enough, and it was for his mother's sake alone, that he remained at his post.

However, life became sweeter to him for he made two friends.

Place aux Dames. Amanda Russel was the only child of a violinist, broken down in health and pocket, and she to his disgust, had taken a situation in the snare store as Arnold, where they became friends and almost lovers. His second friend was an Englishman, who finding the struggle for existence too severe at home, had brought his talents to, he hoped, a better market, but he was one of the many who never get into the sunshine; fortune always thrusts them into the dark shadows. It was a great delight to Arnold to hear Newton Gregory talk of the time when, young and full of hope he looked forward to success. His voice, his glorious voice would

bring him wealth and fame but alas! his "chance" had never come. They read together and struck by Arnold's powers of mimicry and pathos, undertook to teach him elocution. And now Arnold's life began only when the day's work was done; those evenings he did not spend with Gregory he was at the theatre and Amanda was no longer first in his thoughts. The rift widened, and when Arnold left New-York commencing his new vocation they were almost as strangers. The dreary amer sighed at the episode of his life passed before his mind's eye, and his head rested heavier on the shapely hand, a single diamond gleaming on the long taper finger. Since three days his career had been one long excitement of success, his talents quickly recognized had enabled him to make the last days of his mother's life comfortable and happy. Newton Gregory was dead and no traces of the old violinist and his pretty daughter were to be found, when after long absence he enquired about them on his return to New-York. Every tie that bound him to the past was broken; what of the future? He knew that the clever and beautiful actress he had wooed so warmly in the play that night would listen gladly were he to repeat those vows in her ear alone, but though he admired her greatly it was not love he felt. Again he sighed and rose to find it was the small hours of the morning and so buried his reflections for a while in sleep. The sun shone brightly next morning and the snow covering the square was sparkling like diamonds. Arnold Henshaw and a friend were breakfasting when the latter remarked, "it is a bad arrangement having two stars drawing at the same time; Mademoiselle Rusil, sings at the Queen's Hall tomorrow night; of course you have heard her." "Never," replied Arnold, "she has either come to a city I have just been leaving, or as at present I was acting and unable to go; American is she not? I believe so, she is a lovely woman by Jove: Alfred Towers went on in a burst of enthusiasm, her eyes are as magnificent as her voice." They passed on to other topics and Arnold thought no more of the beautiful singer. Late

that night he caught sight of a woman's figure turning into a room not far from his own, and impelled by a strong impulse asked of a waiter who stood by "Who is that?"

"Mad'sel Rusil just arrived."

The next afternoon a sleigh with a splendid pair of horses stood in front of the hotel, and Arnold Henshaw waited impatiently for his friend Towers who had promised to accompany him on a drive. Time passed but no Towers appeared and Arnold tempted by the brightness of the sun, started alone. Away went the horses, the bells sounding merrily as they sped along so fast along broad streets, lined with fine mansions, while the air was musical with the sound of many sleigh bells. And now he is on the mountain road where the tall trees stand grim and bare, and the pure white snow lies around their roots like a shroud, a covering from which they shall arise again clothed in fresh beauty. The rapid journey through the clear air was most exhilarating and it was with a feeling of regret that Arnold began to think of turning homeward, when he suddenly saw a sleigh in front of him and in a few seconds, as it seemed, the horse made a swerve to the side of the road, and the sleigh upset. The startled animal ran off dragging the sleigh after him, while the driver who was not hurt quickly recovered himself, and went off at full speed in pursuit leaving a dark heap of furs lying in the road. Arnold Henshaw came up immediately and found, to his horror, a woman's inanimate form under the buffalo robe. He gently raised her in his arms and her wrappings fell aside, while a pair of beautiful dark eyes slowly opened and gazed upon him.

"Amanda!" "Arnold!" she faintly exclaimed and then with an expression of pain, she relapsed into unconsciousness. In a very short time she was safely sheltered in the hotel and her injuries attended to.

It is needless to say that Mademoiselle Rusil was unable to sing at the concert, and although the recovery was speedy, it was some time before she appeared in public again, and then but to bid farewell to her many admirers, and when the summer days grew long Mr and Mrs Arnold Henshaw sailed for Europe on their wedding journey.

C. H.

ONE-THIRD DOWN.

During the great speculation in town lots in 1835 and 1836, in Mississippi, Dr T., of Vicksburg, went in largely, investing all the cash funds received in his lucrative practice, and, as usual, paid one-third cash, the balance in six and twelve months, with interest, these being in the usual terms of buying and selling. One day, when the doctor was deep in town lots, he had to answer the call of an aristocratic patient, for whom he hastily prescribed a box of pills, and, allowing his mind to return to the town lots, was on his way out, when the question was asked how the pills were to be taken; to which the doctor replied: "One-third down—the balance in six and twelve months, with interest!"

ANXIOUS MILLIONAIRE.—Then, sir, I have your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter. Ah! if I only thought I could win her affection!

EAGER FATHER.—Why not, my dear sir, why not? Plenty of others have succeeded.

HUSBAND.—What are you reading, my dear?

WIFE.—A long letter from mother.

HUSBAND.—Has she anything in particular to say?

WIFE.—I don't know. I have n't got to the postscript yet.

THE WAY IT'S DONE.



IS face is pale and sad,
His clothes are tattered and torn,
And he sitteth there
In a broken chair,
A being most forlorn.

He groans and shakes his head,

He heaves a heavy sigh,
For his mind's distraught
With some dreadful thought,
And a tear is in his eye.

You ask me who he is
And why he's sitting there,
With frightful frown
And look cast-down,
Clutching his raven hair.



He is only a Comic Artist
Who drops those burning tears;
For amid the gloom,
In that attic room,
He is getting some funny ideas.

AT THE FIFTY-CENT TABLE D'HOTE.



Guest (who has been elegantly served with almost nothing): Now, waiter, that I have struggled through eleven courses of cut glass, silver and air, I begin to feel hungry. Bring me some corned beef and cabbage, and a glass of plain every-day water.



Customer: ARE YOU SURE THIS BREAD IS FRESH, BAKER?
Baker: WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO—IT'S TO-MORROW'S.

"Two heads are better than one."
This was written before three-storey bonnets came in fashion.

THE FASHIONS.



TOILET IN OTTOMAN, FRONT AND BACK VIEW.

The colors of this beautiful dress are old blue and crushed strawberry. The skirt is composed of a hollow fold in ottoman blue, starting from the middle of the front and ending on back of the right hip. This fold forms the whole of the right side of the skirt. The left side is formed by a large plait in crushed strawberry, extending from the front to the left hip. This plait is cut by a large hollow fold in blue ottoman. The back of the skirt and the "pouf" are of ottoman blue. A flow of strawberry ribbon is set on the right hip and falls on the side. The corsage of ottoman blue opens on a plastron plaited in strawberry ottoman. A blue scarf winds around the opening of the corsage and folds at the base. Sleeve ornaments are of strawberry ottoman.

HOW HE CLEANS THE SIDE-WALK.

When Paddy begins with his labors
To earn a few dimes from his neighbors,
In the blizzard he stands,
Then spits on his hands
And leans on the shovel, be jabbers.
Then shortly behold him begin it,
Till you think he'd be done in a minute;
But he stops to inspect
If his work is correct,
And exclaims, "Och! the devil is in it."

When you're looking, his face is expressive
Of ardor or labor, aggressive;
But beware how you pay,
By the job or the day,
As his pauses are only excessive.

LET HER SLIDE.

I love her with an ardor
That naught on earth can tame—
The outburst of my passion
Is like old Aetna's flame;
In short I quite adore her,
She's dearer far than life—
So keenly pulse the love-throbs
That in my heart are rife;
And yet, this eve I take her—
My sweet, my pet, my pride!
Amid the swift toboggans,
And there—I'll let her slide!

Signor Joseph Tosso, the late violinist and composer, used to say of himself: "My father was an Italian, my mother a French woman. I was born on board a Spanish ship, sailing under the English flag in Mexican waters."

It is safe to assume that Signor Joseph died of international complications.

"Your son, Tom, is not looking well."

"No, poor fellow; he lost twenty-five pounds since he accepted a position in the elevated railroad."

"Does he have to work so hard?"

"It's not work that's making him so thin."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, you know, whenever an accident occurs he has to keep his mouth shut or he will lose his position. Poor fellow, he don't dare eat his meals on an average, two days in the week, so frequent are the accidents."

The last sitter at a private dinner in Scotland who had at length made up his mind that it was time to retire, announced his intention to the butler; and fancying that he saw something like a smile on the servant's face, he turned gravely round, saying, "Ah, John, I think I'll go to bed; but I'm no fou, John, mind that—I'm no' to least fou; but I'm just fatigued wi' drinking."

FUNNY THINGS WE SEE.

There's the dude with the striped hose,
The cowboy from out of the west;
The widow with the freckled nose,
And the man with the velvet vest,
The girl with an opera hat,
And the dame with a yellow mole;
The maiden old with a pet tomcat
And the fool with a finger bowl;
The girl with a pink parasol,
The kid with a wart on his jaw;
The chap who was born with a caul,
And the man with a mother-in-law;
The clerk with a mouthful of gum,
And the maid with cotton in ear;
The tough with a bottle of rum,
And the sport who never drinks beer;
The pig that can climb up a tree,
The crank who can fly to the sun;
Are some of the things you will see
When you're sure not to have my gun.

CANADIAN CANDOR.



1ST N. Y. ALDERMAN—"What do you think I heard one of those visiting Canadian snow-shoers say about us aldermen?"

2ND ALDERMAN—"I've no idea."

1ST—"He said he thought we were all thieves except one."

2ND—"Hump! Which one is that I wonder?"

THE REBOUND.

Mrs GRUDGE: What do you suppose possessed Mrs Brown to tell me your mother kept a boarding-house, Mrs. Parvenue?

SALLY PARVENUE (who is precocious): Perhaps it was the same reason that made her tell mamma your father drove a hack.

WHY SHE WAS GOING.

"Yes, Nellie, dear, I am going to the Montreal carnival. I don't care a bit for snowshoes, toboggans, and all that sort of thing, don't yer know; but that horrid old company is going to look over Charlie's books, and the dear boy says we must go. Companies are so mean."

In the course of some alterations which were recently being made in a building in Glasgow, it was found necessary to remove a flight of stairs. A person who happened to pass through the room just after the stairs had been removed, was thus accosted by a workman: "Hoots, maister! when thou opens that door, be carefu' thee don't fa' down the stairs, 'cus there's noon there."

"What is time?" asked a teacher of small boys.

Nobody could answer, and the teacher asked again, and a little Clarke avenue chap held up his hands.

"Well, Tommie, that's a good boy; now, tell the class what time is."

"It's what papa never comes home on at night. I heard mamma say so."

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.



"I regret I cannot join your party; but the fact is, I have already been to three balls this week."

BE KIND TO THE AGED.



Young Lady—"You say you will grant me any favor I ask?"

Aged Masher—"Yes, dearest angel. I'll do anything in the world you ask of me."

"Then propose to my grandmother. She is a widow."

WHY SHE WAS ANGRY.

They sat on a rustic bench, under the moon's pale beam, in the garden of a stately Austin mansion.

"Perhaps you are angry with me for having been so bold as to kiss you. But it was only one."

"Yes, sir, that's just why I am angry with you."

The lover pondered a moment, and then mitigated her rage with another kiss.



In connection with the different attractions of the Carnival, it is worthy of notice that the sport of sparring, boxing, wrestling, and other athletic exercises of the sort should be encouraged when carried on in a respectable manner, and in such conditions as will admit of the presence of gentlemen. This superintendence is exercised at Mr. W. J. Carney's Crystal Palace, 539 Craig Street, where exhibitions of the kind are held every evening and where the best of order is always maintained.

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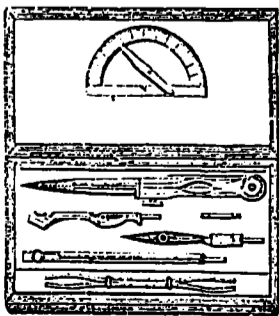
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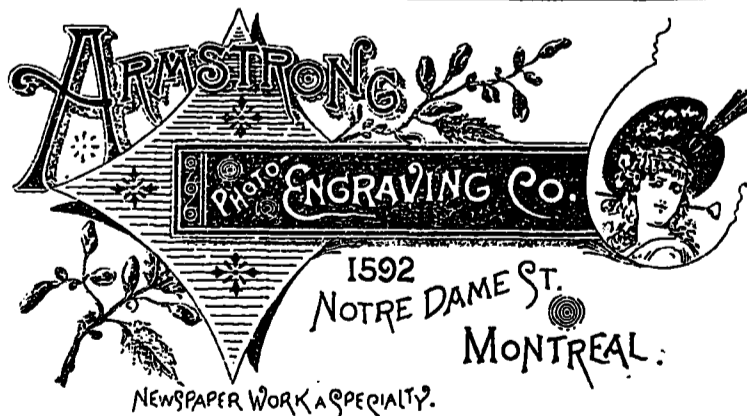
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