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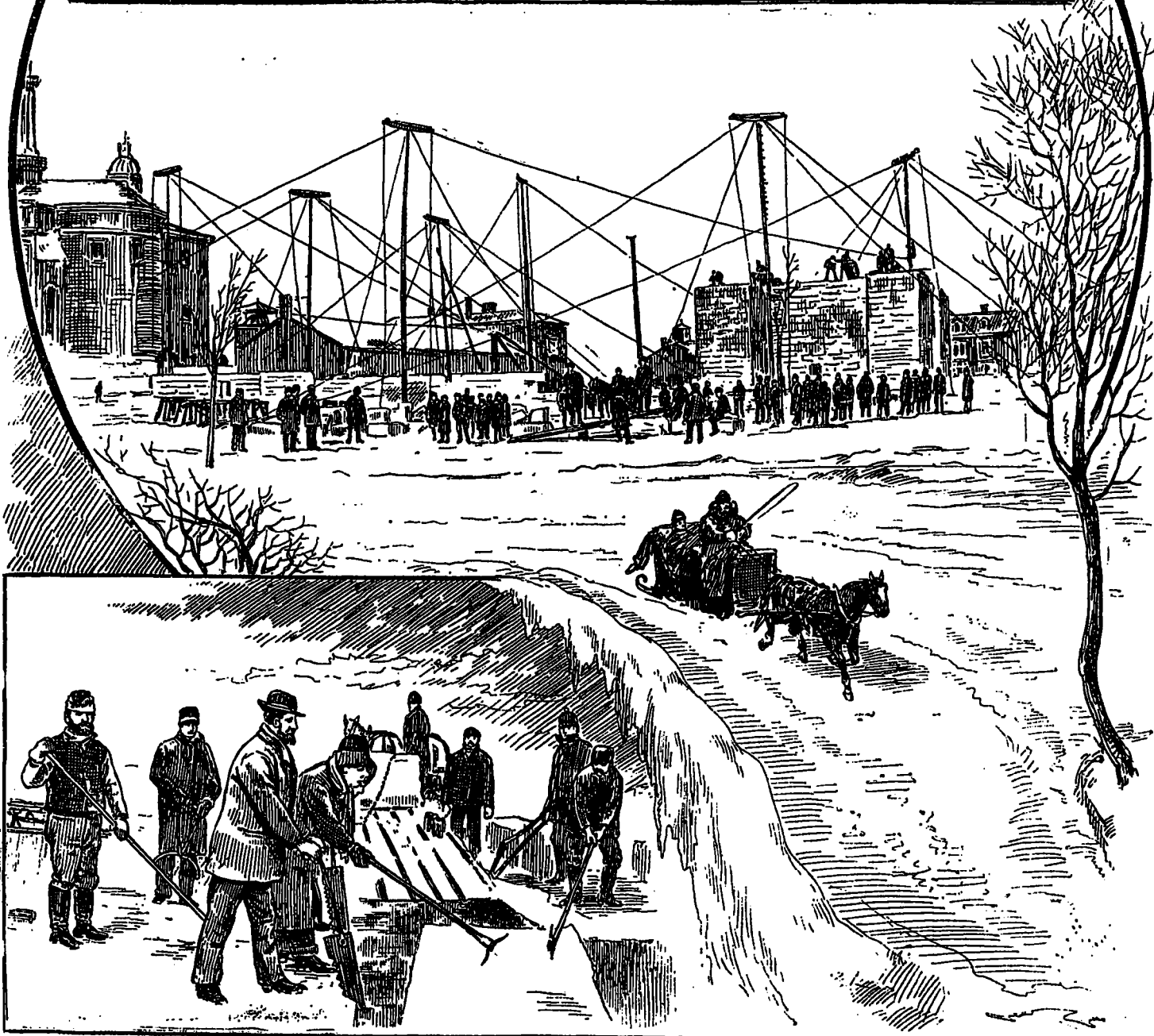
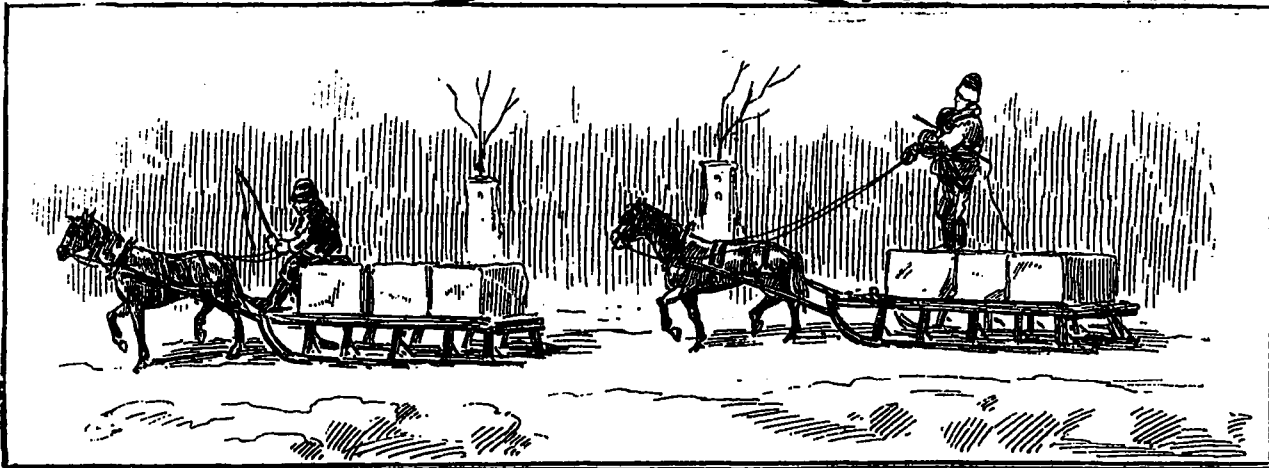
PICTORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

VOL. I.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 15, 1887

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CONSTRUCTING THE ICE PALACE
MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL 1887

PICTORIAL TIMES

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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MONTREAL, 15th. JANUARY, 1887.

TO THE READER.

Canada wants an illustrated paper and the present journal is an attempt to supply that want. The publishers,—practical men, brought up in the business—are aware of the difficulties attendant on such an undertaking. But they mean to do their best to overcome these obstacles and merit public favor by conscientious hard work.

For a beginning the dimensions of the paper will be modest, limited to eight pages, fully one half of which will be adorned with illustrations. The object is to make these pictures sharp in outline, clear in impression and diversified in design. The subjects will be chosen from current events, drawn by our own artists, and occasionally there will be a diversion in the way of a copy of a work of art.

The letter press will be confided to trained hands, thoroughly experienced in journalism. The general tenor of the matter will be light, so as to make the reading popular to all classes, but a literary character will be maintained throughout, so as to render it acceptable even to the most cultured.

A living, active paper must necessarily take note of the incidents of the day and while the PICTORIAL TIMES will do this, especially in regard to matters of Canadian concern, its spirit will be strictly national, and free from any ties of party.

We respectfully invite the public to give our venture a fair trial and trust that, with the growth of their favour, the PICTORIAL TIMES will gradually grow in size, appearance and general usefulness. We make a special call on the young people of both sexes, to whose young particular attention will be paid, and who will always find in our columns a warm welcome for the contributions of their talent.

Our promises are not many, but such as we make we mean to keep.

In Toronto the municipal election was eminently satisfactory. The issue was sharply defined on the lines of good government and the triumph proved decisive. Mayor Howland posed as a reformer in the rational sense of the word, setting his face resolutely against all elements of disorder and the splendid majority which he received will strengthen his hands. The other cities of Canada cannot do better than watch closely the example of Toronto.

The appearances are that the Carnival of this winter will be the most successful ever held in Montreal. The management have gained much from previous experience, and the features introduced are such as will best conduce to the general amusement. A great deal of artistic taste can be displayed in the glacial structures and decorations throughout the city and we shall look to something novel in this respect.

The forthcoming mayoralty election in Montreal has this peculiarity that it is a distinct step toward reconciliation and good feeling among the different classes of the population. The choice of Mr. Abbott is so singularly good that it should further this object without opposition. But unexpected opposition has been offered, and it would be better that Mr. Abbott threw up the nomination at once, without submitting to the humiliation of a contest.

The people of Canada have all the more cause for union and self reliance that they can expect no assistance at present from their neighbors across the border in the matter of a commercial treaty or a workable arrangement of the fisheries controversy. In both cases we have to remain content with the *status quo* until this passive hostility—for it is nothing else—on the part of the United States, is removed. A concerted movement in this direction by the Imperial and Dominion authorities is one of the needs of the present year.

The sudden return of Sir Charles Tupper has its importance in this connection. Sir Charles is essentially a strong man and, while all his methods may not be approved of, his aims are Canadian and he will work for the strengthening and perpetuation of our institutions. No matter what party is in power—either by maintenance or recovery—the policy of policies is to keep this country together, advance its material interests and put down all its enemies.

There are tactical reasons both for and against Federal elections at the present time. Now that all the Provinces have spoken at the local polls, it might not be amiss to hear the voice of the whole people on Dominion issues, after which there would be a much needed rest from political turmoil. On the other hand, it might be advisable to effect such a reconstruction of the cabinet as would consolidate the national sentiment on the seaboard and take time to present to the people a strong homogeneous policy, apart from local jealousies and animosities.

In the Upper Provinces we have not sufficiently understood or attended to the Lower Provinces. They have local requirements of which we have not taken proper account, and even our commercial relations with them have been more selfish than broadening. The statesmen of those Provinces have a greater responsibility than others and we must depend mainly on them for the maintenance of those fundamental principles, without which our experimental scheme of Confederation will be impossible.

Whether the Federal elections take place at present or not, a vigorous appeal to public sentiment must be made at once. There have been disintegrating agencies at work in every one of the older Provinces, during the past year, and these should be checked before further mischief is done. This can best be done by a broad general policy which shall unite all interests and tendencies. Every elector should feel, and act on the feeling that while he has Provincial duties and rights, he is a Canadian before and above all.

PERSONAL.

Sir Charles Tupper is homeward bound.

Good news. Colonel Van Straubenzee will not be removed from Montreal.

Mayor Howland, is one of the handsomest men in Toronto. Hence his large female vote.

Dr Casgrain will represent the 125,000 French Canadians of Ontario in the Senate.

Mr Samuel Mesner is the new Senator appointed to represent the Germans of the Dominion.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott is one of the foremost men in all Canada and would be a credit to Montreal.

The New York Canadian Club did honor to itself in giving a banquet to Mr Bengough, of *Grip*.

Erastus Winan is proud of his Toronto birth. He worthily leads the Canadian Colony in New York.

Mr J. M. Le Moine, the veteran author of "Maple Leaves", has two new volumes almost ready for the press.

Mr W. H. Fuller, of Ottawa, is about to issue a series of weekly sketches, entitled "Mr Sprouts—His Opinions."

Mr George Martin's beautiful Canadian poem "Marguerite" is being received with general favor.

Mr George Stewart jr, editor of the Quebec *Chronicle*, lately lectured in that city on the poet Whittier.

Mr. Sellars, of Huntingdon, has valuable material on the battle of Chateaugay.

Sherbrooke has a Waterloo pensioner, aged 92. He has had 50 years military experience in Canada.

Hon. Dr. Wilson, Manitoba minister of Public works, has married Miss Annie Armstrong, of Milburn, Ont.

Winnipeg may congratulate itself on having Sir Donald Smith to represent it in Parliament.

Mr. Goschen is a coming man for the British Premiership. He belongs to the remarkable race of Israelites.

The newly-elected Mayor of Ottawa is one of the wealthiest citizens of the capital and altogether a worthy representative.

It is stated that general Bulley, author of the "Great Leno Land" and other works of travel and adventure is a native of Nova Scotia.

The jaunty form and fine hands of the head of Judge Ramsay will be missed in the legal, literary and social circles of Montreal.

Erastus Winan says that, in nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand, there is no investment which will pay so well as courtesy.

Congratulations to Henry J. Morgan, the literary statistician, who has risen one step higher in the State Department at Ottawa.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, in collaboration with Miss A. A. Ethelwyn Wetherald, has produced a new Canadian story, "An Algonquin Maiden."

Professor Chas G. D. Roberts, of Nova Scotia, author of "Orion" and other poems, read a paper, last week, before the Canadian Club, of New York, on "Echoes from Old Acadia."

The well known French-Canadian poet, Louis Fréchette, is preparing two new volumes of poems, illustrating the chief epochs of the history of New France.

Ontario has just lost two military heroes, Lieut Col. Arthurs, and ex-Alderman Davids, who served side by side at the battle of Ridgeway during the Fenian raid of '66.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

A column will be devoted exclusively to points of Canadian History. There is a wide field for it and no facilities therefore have ever been offered to the course public. The study of our history has been unaccountably neglected up to the present time, even in schools and academies.

The special feature which we wish to introduce is the research into the unknown portions of our annals. Any thing new, odd, recondite or dubious will be received and discussed. Let any one who has a doubt, or desires information, send on his question and it will be answered. If the answer is not easily accessible, other readers will be called upon to help and thus the field of knowledge will widen.

Let our young people, of both sexes, cultivate this column. They will find it a source of unexpected enjoyment, and of rare instruction. They will be agreeably surprised at the richness of the material within their reach. Some of them may even unconsciously contribute a detail or two, either entirely overlooked or not sufficiently dwelt upon before. Work from every quarter is eagerly solicited and will be warmly received.

We shall not confine ourselves to the more antiquities of Canadian history, however abundant and interesting these are. More modern periods should be studied also, such as the origin of townships in Upper and Lower Canada, and the origin of the names of towns and municipalities scattered over the country since the Conquest.

Anecdotes from family papers, accessible only to a few, will also be accepted especially if briefly written and having real technical or biographical bearing. The Indian etymology of names is likewise comparatively unknown and deserves particular attention.

RAIN AND SHINE.

(For the Pictorial Times.)

The rain on my roof-tree is falling,
The darkness is filling my room,
And a voice from the far depths is calling
That echoes so weird in the gloom,
I cover my brow and I listen
Till its music thrills to my soul,
And I start as the tempest lights glisten
Or the angry thunderbolts roll.

Ah! well may my heart shrink and flutter,
Ah! well may I cower with dread,
And kneeling with diffidence mutter
A prayer for the days that are dead,
'Tis the voice of remorse that is pealing
A dirge for my sins and my shame,
Which the lightning shafts are revealing
With their violet jets of flame.

The beautiful rainbow is springing
Across the vanishing cloud,
And a bird in the garden is singing
His carol of gladness aloud;
At the open window reclining,
I drink in the soul of his lay,
While the lilac blossoms are shining
In the fragrance and splendor of May.

Ah! well my forehead be gleaming,
Ah! tears from my eyelids may start,
You heaven with radiance streaming
Is not more serene than my heart,
For the voice of hope is outpouring
A joy o'er the good I have done,
And upward my thoughts are now soaring,
Like the beams of the glorious sun.

As the storm and the darkness of heaven
Are followed by sunshine and calm,
So the heart by remorse that is given
Is soothed by hope and its balm;
The one purges out all the sorrow
From the folds of the wearisome past,
The other illumines the morrow,
And points to forgiveness at last.

JOURNAN.

AT THE PINES.

A SNOW-SHOE STORY

It was a gay party that made its way from the College gates for a quiet tramp across the mountain. They were all arrayed in snow-shoe costume, with the sandals strapped behind their backs. Two strong young men and three girls. The time was early evening, on the stroke of six, when the daylight glimmered faintly, and the illumination from the city rose in feeble reflections along the broad avenues below them. The atmosphere was soft, only a gentle breeze blowing down the slope, and the crescent moon shone above them through a field of cirrus clouds.

A brief consultation took a place. Would they wind up the Côte-des-Neiges road, leisurely picking their way, or would they boldly attack the mountain, in the old trail of the snow-shoers? A decision was quickly reached. The party divided. Two couples moved to the left, taking the first route, and the third young lady, all alone, resolved to take the second and go straight on toward the Pines. They laughed heartily as they separated, but that was all, only on losing sight of her companions, the solitary traveller looked around at them one moment, and broke out into a merry laugh.

"I wonder if they will catch me?" she said, stooping to lace on her snow-shoes. "They give me a full hour, and I am not to hide behind the trees or crouch in any hollow, but keep right on the snow-shoers' track." Then she straightened herself, tossed her pretty head, and attacked the steep proclivity like a professional. It was a hard task. After a few minutes she got blown and paused to gasp, but bracing up once more, she bent her head forward and started to complete the ascent without stopping. She did so and was rewarded, for as she stood on the crest of the hill, she beheld the panorama of evening on the broad river before her, and the shadowy landscape behind where the trees stood like sentinels around her.

"Why, Judy, what are you doing here?" said a stout young fellow who came up, dragging a toboggan behind

him. Another peal of laughter greeted his presence and she explained in a few words that she was waiting for her companions.

"Let us go down this slide, in the meantime," said he.



"It will take too long, Fred."

"No, not more than ten minutes, and we will be back here again before they arrive."

"All right."

And away they went, reaching the hollow in a flash, tilting into a snow-bank as usual at the end, and picking themselves up with a quiet chuckle and familiar words of banter.

Then they resumed the ascent without loss of time.

"Let us hurry up," said Judy. "We are late. I didn't think the slide was so long."

"Shall I pull you up?" said Fred. "It will be faster work."

"Nonsense," replied the girl with a smile on her lip, "I can walk as fast as you can."

And so they went up the hill at a rapid pace, but when they reached the summit, they found no one there. They waited a full quarter of an hour, moving about continually to reconnoitre, when the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"They have been here and are gone. See their tracks. What shall we do?" There was no token of alarm and anxiety in her voice and her companion, who was equally cool, simply replied that they would follow them.

"I am sure, they can't be far," she said. "Let us go."

"Right away," said Fred. "We have only to follow their tracks to the Club House."

The other party had their little adventures. After climbing the Côte-des-Neiges road on snow-shoes, they turned into the interior to meet Judy at the Pines, as by agreement. The couples were well matched.—Mary and Henry; Jane and Arthur. It took them no time to clear the distance to their destination, and they reached it within the specified hour. But to their astonishment, Judy was not there.

"We should not have let the crazy thing go off by herself," said Mary.

"Oh, that's nothing. She'll take care of herself," replied Henry.

"Yes, there's no fear of that," said Jane, "but my opinion is that she is still far down the hill."

"Let us go to meet her there," said Arthur.

After a moment's consultation it was agreed that Jane and Arthur should do as the latter had suggested, while Mary and Henry should go on to the Club House and make arrangements for the entertainment of the whole party.

It was all accident, but nothing could possibly have been arranged more fittingly. The first couple that went down the mountain side in search of Judy, unaccountably strayed from the main path, and found themselves, before they knew it, on the level of the upper reservoir. There they paused, half vexed and half amused. The glass

mirror lay before them shimmering in the moonlight and therein they could see the outlines of their forms and faces. At first, the young people spoke in their usual familiar, offhand fashion, but gradually their talk became more serious, and before a half hour had elapsed, they had said things to each other which can be uttered only once in life.

"Oh, but Judy," exclaimed Jane, with a frightened look, and turning from the balustrade of the reservoir. "We have forgotten her clean. It's a shame."



"Very strange," replied Arthur, "where is she and what have we been doing here?"

"Let us retrace our steps at once. Surely we are not going to leave her all alone on the mountain."

"She will have pushed on to the Club House and we will follow her." And they started.

In the meantime, the second couple which had left for the Club House, did not reach there, luck having it that Mary should break her shoe, and that both should stop while Henry mended it. It was a quiet spot in a little dell, where three tamaracs stood, through which the moonlight fell upon a fallen trunk. Mary sat there while Henry worked, and they too drifted into a



strange current of conversation. Whether it was the hour or the place, the twain suddenly appeared to each other as they had not done before. Mary never stirred from her seat, but spoke on slowly, calmly, with not a laugh. Sometimes Henry would look up from his bended knee, suspend his work and gaze at her with a keen, penetrating gaze. The best part of an hour was spent in this way and when at length, the young man announced that the shoe was repaired, Mary arose mechanically and put it on.

"Shall we go now?" asked Henry. Mary reflected a moment, then exclaimed:

"But what have we been doing? Where is Judy? Where are Jane and Arthur?"

"They must have reached the Club House by this time. We will find them there."

All this while Judy had been going along with Fred, she with her snow-shoes on her back and he dragging his toboggan. Their destination was the Club House, and they directed their steps in a straight line toward it. When they reached the door, they heard the sounds of merriment within, and the illuminated windows showed that there was a gathering in all the parlors.

"They are waiting for us," said Judy. "go in and see in what room they are, and I will wait outside."

Fred was absent only a minute, and returned with a grave face, informing his companion that their friends were

not there. Judy did not seem at all taken aback, but looked at Fred with a peculiar smile.

"We had better go in a moment," said he "and wait for them. They will turn up soon."

"No," was her reply. They will not come to night; let us return."

Fred proposed that they should take a sleigh and drive home, but Judy would not agree. She preferred walking back on the same road over which they had come.

"It is not late," he said, "and we will meet them somewhere."

Backward they went, side by side, she with her snowshoes behind her and he dragging his toboggan. When they reached the hollow which they had left a little before, they paused as by a mutual impulse. They spoke a few words together, in earnest tones, but the conversation was abruptly broken off by a wave of Judy's hand and a peal of her merry laughter. There, at a sign made by him, she sat down in the toboggan and he leisurely drew her up the gentle incline.

At this point there was a commotion in the sky. The clear moonlight and starlight were obscured by shifting banks of cloud, and a sharp wind blew among the trees. It was a rising storm, and when the elevated ground was attained, the snow was being swept in eddies.

"Where are we?" asked Judy in a calm voice.

"At the Pines, the place we started from," replied Fred.

"Let us wait a moment. It is not later than eight and they will yet be here."

"The storm must have frightened them and they are gone."

"Wait only five minutes."

All at once the deserted plateau seemed animated. The shuffling of feet was distinctly heard, and there were perceptible sounds of voices approaching.

"Who goes there?" cried Judy, in a clear gay voice.

"What is that you?" And Mary with Henry appeared upon the scene. The girls embraced; the men shook hands, and the four began talking at once, explaining their adventures.

Presently, other sounds were heard, and at a second summons from Judy's lips, Jane and Arthur stepped forward, as if in answer to an appointment. The whole group came close together, and there was a rolling fire of talk, and laughter, tapings on the "shoulder, stamping" of feet and other tokens of fun.

"How innocent Fred looks," exclaimed Jane and Mary. "One would think he does not understand."

"Oh, I understand now," said Fred, taking Judy by the arms and setting her down in his toboggan.

Then, from that meeting at the Pines, the six moved down the mountain, to the music of the snow-storm.—Fred with Judy, Mary with Henry and Jane with Arthur.

Six months later, there was a triple wedding at St. Georges.

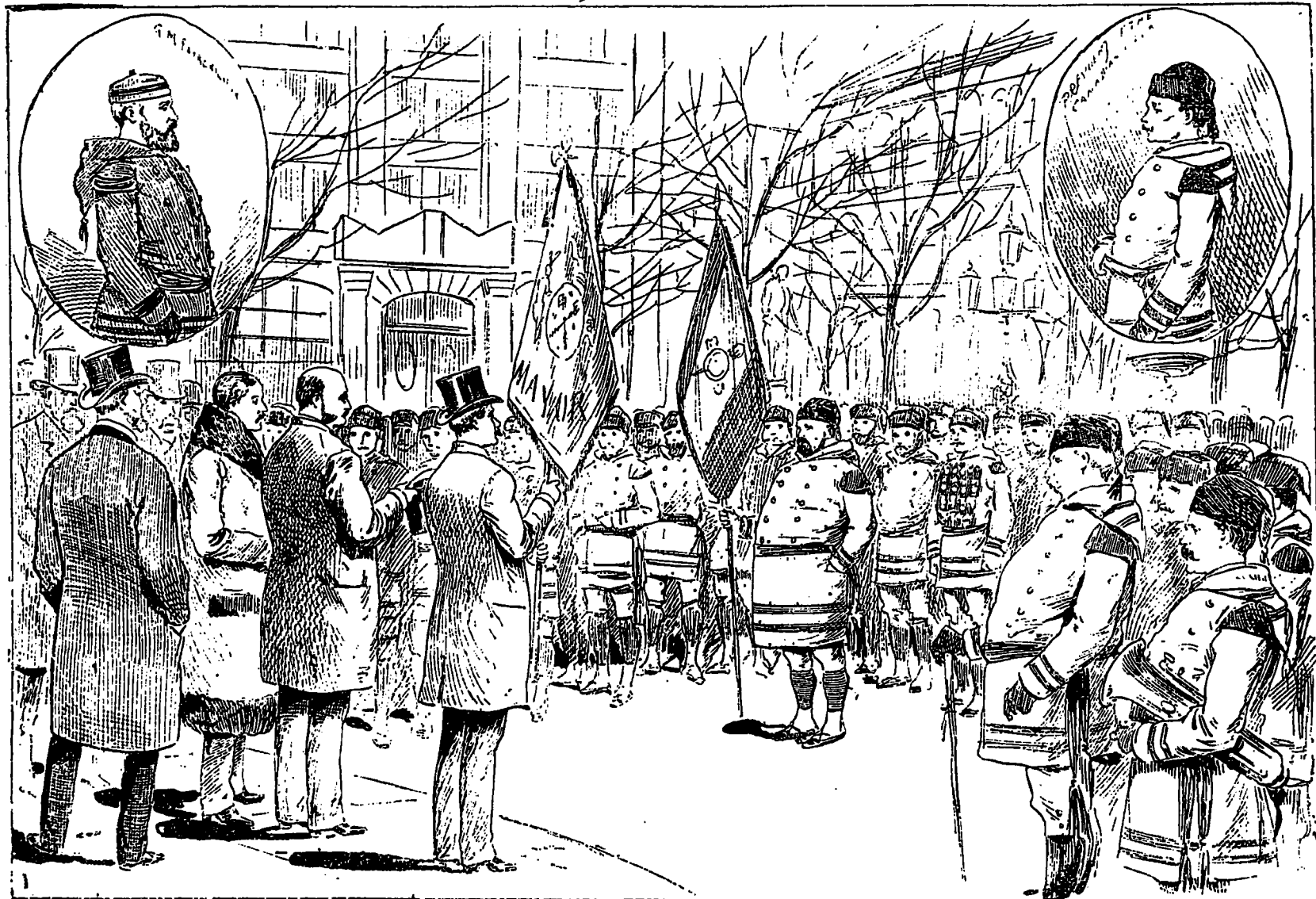


Yours sincerely,
M. George M. Fairchild, Jr.

M. George M. Fairchild, President of the Oritani Snow Shoe Club of New York and Vice President of the Canadian Club.



BLOCKADE ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY



RECEPTION OF THE CANADIAN SNOW SHOE CLUBS BY THE ACTING-MAYOR OF NEW-YORK



THE AWAKENING

OUR PICTURES.

The front page presents as is fitting, a picture of the WINTER CARNIVAL, in the building of the new Ice Palace, the cutting and hauling of the ice for the same.

The sketch of a blockade on the CANADIAN PACIFIC is chiefly interesting from the fact that these blockades are rare as compared with other railways. This is worthy of notice.

The central picture is a work of art. It represent the fresh hour of morning when Beauty rises from sleep, draws aside the curtain of night, and looks out upon the beautiful new world, glistening with dew and irradiated with sunshine.

CANADIAN SNOW-SHOE CLUES IN NEW YORK.

The great event of the past week in the sporting world was "Le Canadien's trip to New-York.

Our neighbors gave a splendid reception to our French Canadian friends and to the delegates of all the clubs of the province.

The names of the clubs having representatives are :

Montreal.—Montreal, St. George, Emerald, Le Trappeur, Argyle, Crescent, Gordon, St. Charles, Garrison Artillery, Prince of Wales, Royal Scots, Hawthorne, Royal, Holly, Lachine, Lilac, Etoile, Le Chasseur, Le Canadien, of St. Henri.

Quebec.—Quebec, Aurora, Waverley, Emerald, Le Canadien, Le Vis, Voltigeurs, Union Commerciale, Montagnais, Huron, Jacques Cartier, Frontenac, and Le Canadien, of Sorel; Inoups, of Troy, N. Y.; Le Trappeur and Le Canadien, of St. Hyacinthe; Le Canadien and Frontenac, of Ottawa; St. Jean Baptiste and St. Maurice, of Trois Rivieres, also clubs from Valleyfield, Beauharnois, L'Assomption and Sherbrooke.

After spending the day in visiting the City and a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, they had a reception at Steinway Hall.



Erastus Wiman, president of the Canadian Club, and Joseph F. Dalbee, president of the French Canadian colony, delivered short addresses of welcome, which were replied to by captain Achille Dorion, of Le Club Canadien, and by Alderman Prefontaine, of Montreal. J. W. Bengough, caricaturist and editor of The Toronto Grip, delivered a witty lecture, illustrated with impromptu crayon sketches of local celebrities, the club men sang songs and grouped themselves into brilliant tableaux and the band earned its right to be called the best in Montreal.

That excursion was the most gorgeous looking that ever arrived in the City of New-York.

The CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY is one of the most interesting landmarks of Montreal, almost the only historic relic that is left. The main building is occu-



piated by the Montreal Branch of Laval University, while the gable end, facing on Jacques-Cartier Square, has been renovated and converted into a hall for refreshments.

"JUST FAWNCEY, OLE CHAPPIE."



He wanders down the streetway, And the garters on his feet play, While he stumbles, shoves and gambols thro' the quickly-moving crowd, In the rhythmic, rhyming patter To his listless, ill-chatter As he blows the cigarette smoke thro' his nostrils in a cloud;

Till a maiden with the burdens Of those advertising gauds, For a five-cent slip of gingham brings a dollar's worth of smiles.

With her lengthy hazel lashes Charley's tender feelings smashes— Which of course, is no one's matter and much less an humble bard's.

Then a smile upon his face is, But his language out of place is In these holierous proceedings of a dude upon the trail.

When her shapely head she's tossing, Standing at a mildly crossing, And he sees his opportunity to strike her or to fall.



So they cross the street together, While he mourns the nasty weather, And he vows the streets are dirty since the people are so mean;

But dear Charles is far from smiling When the maiden so beguiling Sweetly hands to him a cent and bids him keep his crossing clean.

—DE W. S.

NOT ANY MORE.

The Lady Superior of an English convent in Canada, who had not long been at her post, went with some of her nuns to pay a formal visit to the abbess of a French convent in the neighbourhood. They were very hospitably received, and pressed to partake of the refreshments spread out before them in the refectory, but were so abstemious that the good abbess was quite concerned. After they had gone she gave an account of the visitors,

remarking that they were strangely melancholy, and could not at all get over the death of their donkey. "Yes," she said, "every time we asked them to eat or drink they always replied, with a mournful shake of their heads, 'Notre âne est mort'—our ass is dead. Those English are decidedly strange!" The good lady little imagined that what her friends had said was "Not any more."

AN AMATEUR PARSON.

We have heard of a clerk, and very recently, too, who, in the absence of his rector and in the plenitude of his own importance, took upon himself to act the spiritual adviser. In this frame of mind he called upon an old woman who was dying. Prayer Book in hand, and read select passages from the Burial service for her comfort!

Few parish clerks may be termed hypocritical. "Business is business" with most of them, and we rarely find a "meek and mild" show of piety. One instance may, however, be quoted. It was, we believe, in a Suffolk parish. Parson and clerk were walking together to church, when the former chanced to remark that the birds seemed to be particularly numerous that year. "Ay," said the moralizing assistant, who *ex forte* was sparrow pie—"ay, sir, they be. But, oh, sir, if we was only as ill to die as them cock-sparrows, we'd do!"

TO OBLIGE A LADY.

Arthur Dillon was guillotined on the 14th day of April, 1794, together with seventeen other persons, two of them females, of various stations in life—some of them distinguished by birth, more of them by crime. All were innocent of the particular offence for which they ostensibly suffered.

They were conveyed in common carts from the conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution, where stood the guillotine *en permanence*. When they arrived at the fatal spot, they descended from the hideous vehicles, and were mustered at the foot of the scaffold and counted by the executioner before commencing the slaughter. This preliminary over, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of one of the female victims, and motioned to the steps leading to the scaffold.

She shrank from his touch, and turning to Dillon, said, "Oh, M. Dillon, will you go first?"

"Anything to oblige a lady," said the elegant and courteous Dillon, with his usual captivating smile; and he ascended the scaffold.

His last words, pronounced in a voice that resounded through the place, were "Vive le Roi!"



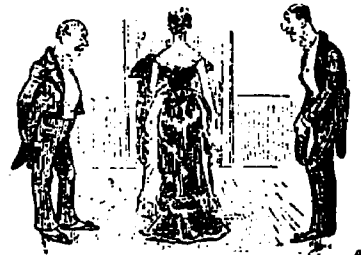
This is simply an ecstatic plumber who has just been informed that the late severe weather "had burst the pipes everywhere."



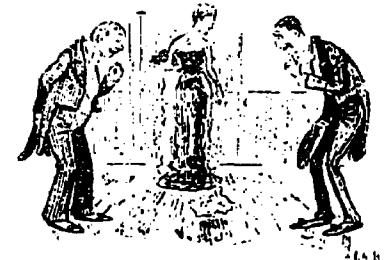
FROM OUT of the bosom of heaven it fell, A snowflake as light as down, And it settled to rest on a city roof, On a cornice of stone dark brown.

And it called to its brothers and sisters, afar In the uttermost heights of the sky, And fluttering gently they one and all Came down from the clouds on high.

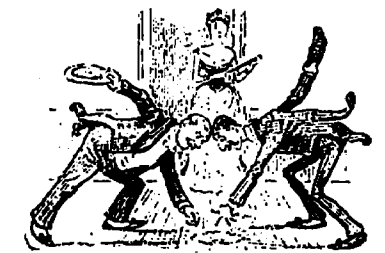
And when they had gathered a mighty throng, On the top of that cornice tall, They fell with a slump on the head of a dude, And he never got up at all.



Ah!



Eh!



Oh!



Ugh!

FUR FASHIONS.

The few patterns we exhibit for ladies' outdoor wear in winter are worthy of attention, in the matter of taste and use. The first (1) is a visiting mantlet



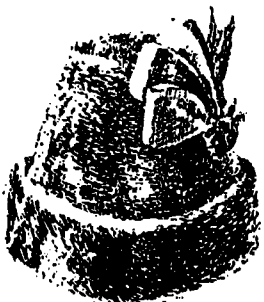
natural beaver or chinchilla, lined with silk cord. The fifth (5) is a cloak or



pelisse in sea otter, with broad sleeves and lined with silk. The sixth (6) is a

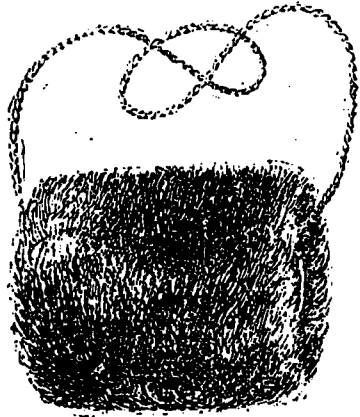


natural beaver or chinchilla. The third (3) is an otter cap, real or imitation, with high crown, straight border, and



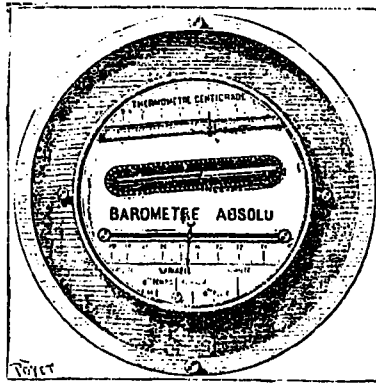
set off with a ribbon knot. The fourth (4) is a muff of otter or black fox, na-

velvet or plush cloak, trimmed with strips of the finest furs, as beaver or chinchilla.



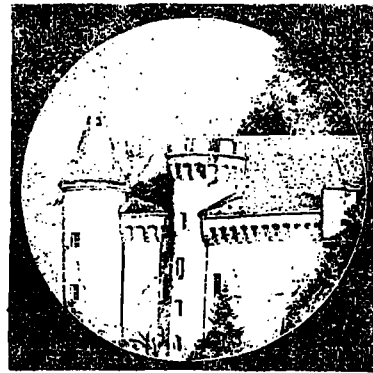
AN ABSOLUTE BAROMETER.

In 1879, two artillery officers, Messrs. Hans and Hermery, constructed a very remarkable absolute barometer based upon the simultaneous observation of an ordinary thermometer and an air one, whence the instrument showed variations in pressure. A skillful manufacturer, Mr. Lesperut, has succeeded in completely modifying the form of this apparatus and in rendering it much more accurate and practical. The new instrument (see figure) consists of a frame containing a circular concavity in which all the apparatus are inclosed, thus dispensing with a metallic box, the appearance of which is not pleasing. The button at the top of the frame operates the index of the Centi-



grade thermometer. In order to make an observation, we move the index by means of this button and place its point opposite the liquid. After this, the lower index is moved, and a connection is made with the wire that moves with it opposite the extremity. It only remains to make a reading opposite the index needle which slides along with the wire.

The two other buttons, to the right and left, serve to fix the apparatus to the frame. These two buttons should be unscrewed in order to make the variable (760) agree with the altitude of the place, thus permitting of making an immediate observation. The plate on which are inscribed the words "very dry," "variable," and "stormy," is movable, and consequently the renewal of it is a simple matter.



Long-distance photography, it appears to us, is destined to render service to officers charged with military reconnaissances in captive or free balloons. It seems to us that it may prove useful to the explorer for obtaining accurate data in regard to inaccessible localities across rivers, at the base of precipices, or at the top of mountains.

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The St Georges Old Folkes Concertes, which took place last week, were vocally a great success, and so many pleasant features were introduced that it is to be hoped they will be repeated during Carnival week.

The following are the names of most of the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the concert.

LADIES.

Miss Fowler, 15th Century; Mrs. Storey, Kate Greenway; Miss Lusber, Kate Greenaway; Mrs. Chas. Robb, Lady of Queen Anne Period; Miss Johnston, Rosalind; Miss Meredith, Lady Gainsborough; Mrs. Parratt, Princess Eglantine; Miss L. D'Olier, Lady of the 17th Century; Miss Desbarats, Portuguese; Miss Crawford, Lady Washington; Miss Geddes, Lady of Queen Elizabeth's Court; Miss Kingston, Pompadour; Miss Jessie Hollis, Mary Queen of Scots; Miss N. Hollis, Mrs. Balcluthie; Miss Bentley, Madame du Barry; Mrs. Whitham, Madame de Pompadour; Mrs. H. Walker, Queen Henriette; Miss J. Genier, Marguerite de Valois; Miss Clarke, Countess Colonna, 17th Century; Miss L. Logan, Juliet Watson; Miss McDougall, Miss Bellise, Lady Chaire; Miss Wheeler, Miss Prose; Miss L. Craig, Philidia; Miss G. Gray, Incredible; Miss A. Roy, Spanish; Miss M. Craig, Puritan; Miss A. Porter, Martha Washington; Miss Craig, Barbara Allan; Miss E. Logan, Sunlight; Miss B. Roy, Giovanna de Rema; Miss Edwards, Judith Shakespeare; Miss Wills, Grisette, Louis XV; Miss Kilby, Poudre; Mrs. Page-Thrower, Charity Standish; Miss S. Darnford, Charlotte Corday; Miss Kirkman, Helene Fourmant; Miss Mitchell, Lady Court of Queen Elizabeth; Miss Fowler, Diana of Poitiers; Miss Saehle, Marquise de lair; Miss Davidton, Lady Tenzle; Miss Bourchette, Princess de Lamballe; Mrs. H. Walker, Catherine de Braganza, A. D., 1597; Miss B. Stevenson, Sweet Anne Page.

GENTLEMEN.

W. D. Stroud, [president], King Henry VIII; W. Millar, Jonathan Oldbuck; T. J. Baddon, Grandee of Spain; H. A. Hoggson, Pretender; H. M. Patton, Ancient Preacher; Jos. J. Bell, Musquetier of 16th Century; P. E. Ritchie, Schoolman of 17th Century; Charles Hollis, English Officer; A. P. Hobbson, Courtier 15th century; James Witham, Gentleman, time George III; A. H. Mason, (1) King Caspar and (2) Vicar of Bray; J. Richards, Old English Farmer; Fred. Crawford, Continental; C. C. Hearle, Lord Burleigh; William Nivin, Gentleman of the 17th Century; A. B. Revens, Louis XIV.; J. M. Brayley, Courtier Louis 14th; J. A. Mathewson, Prince Hal; D. Bentley, jr., Troubadour; W. H. Clapham, Spanish costume; Hugh M. Patton, Court; C. C. Grant, an attendant of the 14th century; W. C. Hobbson, C. W. Smith, Napoleon I.; Capt. Clapham, Prince Charles D. R. Stoddart, a gentleman of the 15th century; R. G. Verner, German peasant, 14th century; J. L. Lamplough, minstrel, Court of Queen Mary; G. C. Geddes, master of drill; H. Spence, King Melchior; Dr. Baker Edwards, professor; John Ward, courtier of Elizabeth's reign; J. Campbell, minstrel, Mary of Scotland; D. Chapman, Spanish Torreador; T. T. Davies, Gastondi Foix, 15th century; Robert Lloyd, King Henry of Navarre; G. K. Creighton, noble, Louis XIV.'s reign; C. B. Kidgston, Portuguese peasant; G. R. Sweeney, Monte Cristo; Thos. Tait, Gentleman of the olden time.

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