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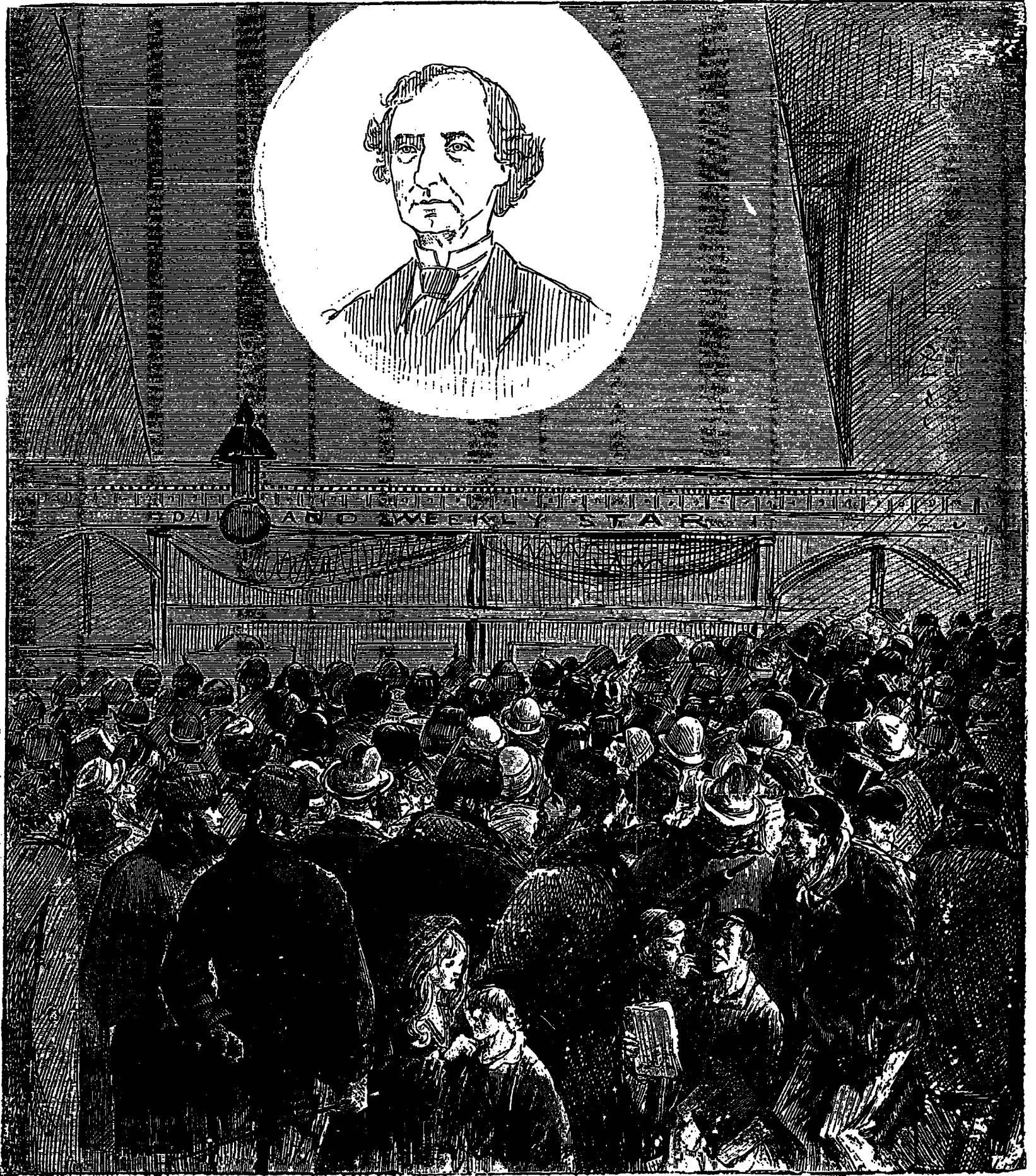
MEMORIAL TIMES

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER

VOL. I.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 26, 1887

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MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 26, 1887

THE WEEK.

An American paper has stated that the attacks of Canadian journals upon their public men, during the heat of an electoral contest, are worse than those of the American press, in similar circumstances. This is the most unkindest cut of all, because American electoral vituperation is something phenomenally outrageous.

The reproach, however, is not wholly undeserved. The hysterical style adopted by some of our papers, during the late campaign, was ludicrous in the extreme, and the abuse was so general and unsparing that an outsider would naturally conclude to the utter depravity of every Canadian aspirant to Parliamentary honors.

This evil has been growing only of late. Time was when Canadian journalism was as free from personalities and vulgar denunciation as is still the British press, and an adoption of this American mode of polemic is a poor sign of moral or social progress.

Now that the backbone of the winter is broken, and spring is gradually returning, it is worthy of note that work has not been by any means scarce, and that cases of suffering were few and far between. The laboring man found sufficient employment, wages were regularly paid, provisions were cheap and despite the continual severity of the weather, fuel was maintained at a reasonable price.

The tide of immigration is already setting in. This movement is a natural and spontaneous one, arising from dynamic causes which cannot be controlled. The old countries are crowded unto starvation; this wide continent is still comparatively empty, and Canada, in especial, is a vast open field for the millions and the millions that may come.

Sir Donald Smith has come out boldly in favor of free canals and he advocates the assumption of the widening and

deepening of the St Peter's channel as a Dominion work, destined to improve the navigation of the St Lawrence as a national highway. These two measures have been hitherto shirked, but the time of further delay is over.

The result of the Dominion elections leaves the government in power. The majority is just about right. It is not sufficiently large to allow of abusing the public trust with impunity, and it is quite strong enough to keep the opposition within the bounds of propriety.

The elections have shown that the National Policy is a living issue, and in the large centres the vote was such as to prove that the working class were fully aware of its bearings on themselves. The labor vote was very heavy in the cities.

After these elections the country may reasonably expect a period of rest. For the past six months there have been contests in every one of the Provinces and excitement ran high in every instance, and in more ways than one business has been interfered with.

For the next five years the people of Canada, can quietly settle down and make money. Money is not the sole end of life, but it is a principal object and with a good fiscal policy, abundance of manufactures, cheapness of staples and thrift in household management, the Canadian working man ought to be able to put a considerable sum aside every year.

The reconciliation of France with the Vatican is an event of the highest importance. So long as the Republic continued its crusade against the religious orders, and its attempts at the secularization of teaching, it could receive no countenance from the Church, and the elements of an ultramontane reaction were always fostered.

The ultimate result of the German elections, which occurred on Monday, is still doubtful, but enough is known to make it clear that Prince Bismarck has received a serious check. After a second balloting he may come out with a bare majority of the Reichstag, but his usual preponderating influence in that body is for the present impaired.

The Dominion government have expressly forbidden the passage through the mails and customs of the New York *Sporting World*, as they had done before in the case of the *Police Gazette*. This is altogether wise and well. Canadians are not squeamish or thin skinned, but they do object to being flooded with foreign trash and filth.

BRIC A BRAC.

We have just passed through the Carnival days, in the ecclesiastical sense. Monday and Tuesday were spent in feasting, especially in the way of eating. It is remarkable how largely the stomach of man enters into his notion of enjoyment. He will rejoice in the society of a fair woman, the reading of a book, the sight of a picture, the hearing of an opera, but the crown of all is a good dinner.

The chief ante-Lenten dinner is on Shrove Tuesday. Then all the delicacies of the season are heaped upon the board. A turkey is always in season, and at the present time it has the additional advantage of being cheap. Hence it occupies a place of honor.

But it is the in the stuffing of the bird that the science lies at Carnival time. As at Christmastide all sorts of hazardous ingredients are put into the plum-pudding, so the most fanciful condiments are piled into the croft of the Shrove Tuesday turkey.

On Ash Wednesday, the scene changes. The banquetting is over, the lights are put out, the burnt perfumes die out. Meat is replaced by fish; confectionery by Italian pastes, and the purple robes make way for sackcloth and ashes. Wassail is followed by penitence and the Carnival season is succeeded by the Lenten period of forty days and forty nights.

It is an image of the forty days spent in the desert of Judaea. Quite fitting it is that a brief term of every year should be consecrated to meditation and self-scrutiny and to a measure of bodily re-trait which shall remind us that we are not all matter or clay, but made up of higher elements whereby to reach the loftiest ideal. Man may and should amuse himself, but there are times when a shrinking of the heart and tears in the eyes are sources of strength and solace.

The Montreal readers of the PICTORIAL TIMES should make it their duty to visit the Art Gallery, on Phillip's Square. They will find therein an array of pictures which are not only a delight to the eye and aesthetical sense, but a means of self-instruction in the best acceptance of the world. It is safe to say that its is quite judicious an that there is no perhaps no more serviceable gallery in the whole of America.

In private hands, too, Montreal possesses rare works of art,—the property of Sir Donald Smith, Messrs Drummond, McIntyre, Angus Stephen, Justice MacKay and others. Several of the religious bodies also have treasures of the kind—notably the seminary of St. Sulpice, whose collection of old Canadian portraits is of the utmost historical value.

During Lent the consumption of oysters increases and this is a boon, because there is no more wholesome article of food. Besides, it comes within the reach of even the poor. Notwithstanding their enormous resources in this respect, Canadians do not take sufficient advantage of their own oysters and other shell fish for table use. There is no American oyster that can touch the Malpeque on the half-shell, and yet we neglect it for the artificial products of the Hudson and Delaware beds.

The handsome snow-shoe costume is disappearing from the streets, with the gradual decline of winter. The tunic, tunic, sash, leggings and moccasins make up a distinctly National outfit which we should retain as our own, by all means, especially as it suits our young women so well. Every Canadian girl should have her picture taken in snow-shoe uniform, as a future reminder of the days when she went "gypsyng."

PERSONAL.

The two sons of Lord and Lady Lansdowne left Montreal for New York, on last Friday, whence they sailed for England to resume their studies.

Mgr Taché, Archbishop of St-Boniface, has arrived in Lower Canada from Winnipeg, on his way to Rome. His Grace is in full convalescence.

It is not generally know that St.

Raymond, near Quebec, is quite an important town. Its founder, 55 years ago, Peter Plamondon, has just died at the ripe age of 91 and 7 months.

Mr. Raoul Lacroix, of Montreal, has just made his *début* in New York, with flattering success. He is a baritone vocalist and a pupil of Signora Capiani.

Lady Macdonald is another instance of a Canadian lady who has gone into literature. She contributes a valuable paper on—the Canadian Pacific railway travel to an English periodical.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, of Nova Scotia, has an interesting paper on Canadian topics in the second number of the New York *Epoch*, a new literary weekly of high aim.

Sir Ambrose Shea, and Mr Thorburn, Premier of Newfoundland, have been commissioned to proceed to London to support the Bait Bill before the Imperial Authorities.

Marie Léveuyer, a Canadian girl of only thirteen years, has just carried off the first prize for the piano at the New York conservatory of Music, thus securing free tuition for a term of four years.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is continuing his round of reception and hospitality in Montreal. The ball given by him on Monday night was most brilliant and the attendance was both the large and distinguished.

Sir Henry Tyler, President of the Grand Trunk Railway, has published an important letter wherein he pleads the cause of the defence of the Empire and urges the protection of Great Britain's coal stations.

Mr. Alexander D. Turner, son of Hon. James Turner, of Hamilton, was married, last week, to Miss Sarah Faville Rocco. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr Stone, formerly of St. Martins, Montreal.

Edward Hanlan has accepted Beach's challenge and will go to Australia for the match. Beach has driven a hard bargain all through this business; and few would moan if he were beaten.

Mr. George M. Fairchild, jr., an old Quebec boy, is writing the history of the New-York Canadian Club, and Mr. Thomson Willing, a well known Canadian artist, resident of the Empire City, will illustrate it.

Mr. J. M. LeMoine, Esq., of Quebec, has resumed a new series of Canadian legends in a Canadian-monthly paper established at New York and published in both English and French, with the appropriate title of "The Maple Leaf."

Mr. Alphonse Gagnon, of the Solicitor General's office, Quebec, has just published a little volume entitled "En Racontant," and containing an account of Mr. J. U. Gregory's voyages in Florida, Labrador, and along the shores of the St Lawrence.

Dr Prosper Bender is another Canadian who is making his mark beyond the border. He is a native of Quebec and in now practising the medical profession in Boston. He finds time, however, for literary work, having published two books, "Literary Sheaves" and "Old and New Canada," and contributing articles to the *North American Review*, and the *Magazine of American History*.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

In reply to an inquiry it may be stated that the name "Sillory," borne by a charming village, outside of Quebec, comes from M. Sillory, a knight of Malta, and one of the great colonizing company of the Hundred Associates. He had shone at the Court of Louis XIII, but became a priest, and devoted his vast wealth to charity. He founded a home for converted Algonquians on the site of the village which bears his name.

It is not generally known that the island now called Isle Jesus, north of Montreal, and embracing the present county of Laval, was originally named Isle Montmagny, from the first governor of New France. When and why the designation was altered cannot be ascertained.

The names given to the different tribes of the Five Nations, or Iroquois, against whom they waged continual warfare, were slightly different from ours and deserve to be preserved for the purposes of history. The Mohawks were called Agniers; the Cayugas, Ologouens; the Senecas, Sonnotonnans; while the Oneidas and Onondagas retained those names.

The present Canadian horse, which has maintained the excellence of its standard up to this day, dates back to De Tracy's expedition in 1664. They were shipped from Havre and landed at Quebec. The only other horse we read of as having been seen in the country before was brought out by Montmagny, the first governor, about five and twenty years previous.

To prevent confusion it should be observed that the Marquis de Tracy was not governor of New France, but viceroy of all the French possessions in America. A commercial company called the West Indian company obtained jurisdiction over all the Colonies of France, in the Antilles and elsewhere, and Tracy was put at the head of this. His special mission to Canada was to inquire into the conduct of Governor Mezy, and make war, as he did in a famous expedition, against the Iroquois.

A correspondent, after reading our brief account of Champlain expeditions up the Richelieu, inquires about the old French forts built on that river. The one at the confluence of the Richelieu and the St-Lawrence, was named St. Louis, and built by M. Sorel, commanding five companies of the Carignan regiment. The second, called Fort Richelieu, was built by M. De Chambly, at the foot of the rapids which still bear his name. The third, near St. Johns and called Ste. Therese, was built by Colonel Salieres.

We have been asked to give a complete list of the French governors of Canada. They are as follows:—

| | | |
|--------------------------|------|------|
| Montmagny..... | 1636 | 1648 |
| D'Ailleboust..... | 1648 | 1651 |
| De Lauzon..... | 1651 | 1656 |
| " (son)..... | 1656 | 1657 |
| D'Ailleboust..... | 1657 | 1658 |
| D'Argenson..... | 1658 | 1661 |
| D'Avagour..... | 1661 | 1663 |
| De Mesy..... | 1663 | 1665 |
| De Courcelle..... | 1665 | 1672 |
| De Frontenac..... | 1672 | 1682 |
| De La Barre..... | 1682 | 1685 |
| De Denonville..... | 1685 | 1689 |
| De Frontenac..... | 1689 | 1698 |
| De Calliere..... | 1698 | 1703 |
| De Vaudreuil..... | 1703 | 1725 |
| De Beauharnois..... | 1726 | 1747 |
| De La Galissoniere... .. | 1747 | 1749 |
| De la Jonquiere..... | 1748 | 1752 |
| Du Quesne..... | 1752 | 1755 |
| De Vaudreuil..... | 1755 | 1760 |

It is worthy of remark that, during nearly the whole of this long period, extending considerably over a century, from 1643 to 1774, there were only two kings in France:—Louis XIV who reigned from 1643 to 1715, and Louis XV, whose reign lasted from 1715 to 1774.

[For the Pictorial Times]

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

It was Carnival time, and a crowd of brightly dressed girls were laughing gaily as they whirled down the toboggan slide, the clear cold air bringing the colour to their cheeks, and making their eyes sparkle like diamonds. Among a group of pretty maidens stood

Carrie Harding, an American girl, now visiting Montreal for the first time, and her friend Mary Snowden was very anxious that it should be a very pleasant visit. As they stood chatting together at the top of the slide Mary's eyes moved hither and thither; at last she gave a little start of satisfaction, and greeted a new comer delightedly "I am so glad to see you Syd, I thought you were never coming." Sydney Stratton was a tall, slim young man with very dark eyes and moustache, handsome, clever and rich, and Miss Snowden had weaved a pretty little romance in her mind, in which he and her much admired friend played the principal parts; but what was her dismay to find on the introductions being made, that Sydney after a very formal bow, relapsed into his coldest manner, while Carrie, her beautiful face a shade paler, and her large brown eyes flashing, turned away with Mary's younger sister.

Carrie had but little time for reflection, during the varied amusements of the day and evening, but as she dressed for going out the following day, she wished, with all her heart, she could find an excuse for returning home. She had never heard the Snowdens speak of Mr Stratton as their friend, or no inducement, not even the Carnival itself, would have induced her to risk such a meeting. "However," she thought as she ran down stairs, in answer to Mary's announcement of the sleigh at the door. "I can avoid him as much as possible, and it is he, not I, who has most cause for embarrassment."

That night Carrie made a very pretty picture in her fancy costume for the rink and a dainty "piece of china," she took in her flowered satin dress and powdered hair. She had seen nothing of Sydney all day and began to think her fears of annoyance were groundless, she was an accomplished skater, but as she skimmed along, her uncle gave way slightly, and she would have fallen, but for the assistance of an Indian Chief, who proffered his aid with a gravity worthy of his race. Later, when Carrie sat resting with Mary and Addie Snowden she discovered the dusky warrior was Sydney Stratton; he came and chatted brightly to Addie, but from time to time glanced at Carrie, who sat like a statue of ice. Suddenly a gleam lighted up her eyes as she heard the words:

"Is Mrs. Stratton here to night?"
 "Yes, have you not seen her? She is dressed as the Queen of the Flowers but you may not be able to recognise her from that description,—ah, there she is!"

As he spoke, Carrie saw a handsome woman glide swiftly past, in a costume of lace and satin covered with costly and beautiful flowers.

It was true then! That was his wife, and yet he dared to speak to her, and look calmly into her face after the words of love he had breathed in her ear, during that happy summer time they spent together only a few short months ago. He had won her love, although he was on the eve of marriage to another woman, "false and base, and unworthy any woman's love, Sydney Stratton," thought Carrie, her heart beating wildly, while she forced herself to smile and appear full of gaiety, but oh, what a relief when it was all over, and she could lay her aching head down and need keep up the semblance of happiness. She loved Sydney; if she could but have torn him from her heart and felt the coldness she assumed, it would have been a satisfaction, but she could not; she had bade her lover farewell at the close of their summer trip his last words being of their happy future. Then she had but received his first letter, full of love and hope, when she heard of his marriage; yes, there could be no mistake, she remembered only too well, the day, the dreadful day, she sat in Mrs. Telford's parlour listening to that lady's description of her friend's daughter's wedding, and the

bridgroom was Mr. Sydney Stratton of Montreal!

So Sydney's letter lay in a little casket locked away like a dead thing, unanswered.

"Of course, we must see the attack of the Ice Castle" was the general cry, and Carrie found herself amidst a laughing, surging, crowd in front of the fairy like structure on the eventful night a glorious eve, the sky clear, with the moon sailing serenely through a sea of blue, cloudless air, and shining down upon the stately, white edifice below; there it stood, seemingly strong, substantial, and defiant but like many a "Castle" of human desires, destined to fade away with the bright sunshine of a few months hence!

It was all new and beautiful to Carrie Harding. The atmosphere, the building before her, the people around her with the often recurring conversations in French and the picturesque dresses of the Snowshoers, with the many colored lights falling upon them as they busily engaged in the attack and defence, all made up a spectacle, which, it seemed to her, belonged to dreamland more than reality.

The last rocket had fallen, and the crowd began to move, and the Snowdens' party also, when by an unlucky turn, Carrie found herself alone, she gazed round and then suddenly seeing a clear space, darted across it, as a sleigh with a pair of horses turned quickly round the corner. Another moment, and she would have been under their feet, when she was snatched away by the strong arms of a stalwart snowshoer; when she reached a place of safety, she looked up, to meet the grave, dark eyes of Sydney Stratton.

"You are indeed a veritable squire of dames, Mr. Stratton" she said, with an accent of sarcasm.

"I am only too happy to have been of service to you, Miss Harding; allow me to see you safely home. Mr. Snowden will be very uneasy about you," he replied with coldness; and they proceeded to walk the short distance homewards, silent at first, until Carrie found speech less irksome, and made a commonplace remark, to which he replied in the same fashion when they had almost reached the house, Sydney said. "It is most unfortunate we should be thrown together in this manner; I only hope it may not interfere with your pleasure."

"You cannot regret it more than I do, Mr. Stratton" was the laconic reply; and in another moment, she was overwhelmed in question, explanations and the like, while Mary glanced from her handsome, cold face to Sydney's moody, thoughtful one; he had come to a resolution, which he had not an opportunity of putting into practice until the night of the ball, which took place at the Windsor Hotel.

All was brilliant and festive as the dancers assembled in the beautiful ball room at the Windsor, and Carrie could not help yielding to the influence of the brightness around her, as she whirled round the room; conscious she was looking her best, her dress suited her, her partner danced well, and a faint flush rose in her cheeks and her lips parted in an involuntary smile when her eyes fell upon Sydney standing watching her with a determined, puzzled look upon his face. It was late when he came up to her and asked her to dance with him, hastily adding as he saw she was about to refuse.

"I have a reason Miss Harding, for my presumption" with an air that may compelled her to accept, and for a few seconds, the two joined in the dance, but, evidently that was not the final purpose of her partner, for he found a quiet corner, and still with the manner that seemed to compel her to acquiesce, seated himself, and said.

"Miss Harding, will you answer me a question?"
 "Why do you ask" queried Carrie, like a woman—and an American.
 "Because I must know the truth; tell

me, Carrie, why did you not answer my letter?"

"Why! can you ask, how dare you ask! Had you not better rejoice your wife," she added with a scornful accent, as a fair, handsomely dressed woman passed by.

"My wife! What do you mean? What terrible mistake has there been? That is my cousin's wife; he was married soon after I returned to Montreal. I wrote to you, and not one word did I receive in reply, and when we meet, you have treated me with contempt, what does it all mean?" and the young man rose in his excitement and stood looking down upon the beautiful girl whose face changed from crimson to white, from despair to hope;—she raised her eyes, and said steadily.

"Sydney, I did believe you were false, that you had deceived me cruelly, but but," her voice trembled "I was hasty, mistaken,—forgive me," she whispered in a low tone, but Sydney heard and with an exclamation of delight he caught her to his heart, where she nestled as though she had reached her home at last.

C. H.

[FOR THE PICTORIAL TIMES.]
 CANADA'S JUBILEE OFFERING.

Just fifty years ago, the land
 With wonder, not unmixed with awe,
 On maiden brow in maiden hand,
 Both crown and regal sceptre saw.

Was charge so sacred e'er before
 On youthful maiden spirit laid?
 Has burden solemn—almost sore
 Upon such fragile shoulders weight'd?

Those fifty years with steady force,
 And progress sure, if seeming slow,
 Have followed their restless course,
 Unchecked by joy, unstayed by woe.

Their records now to time belong,
 So too in history shall be seen
 How we all met with gift and song
 Our widowed, once our maiden Queen.

How women flock from ev'ry part
 Impetuous, eager, loyal, true,
 And token bear, with faithful heart,
 Of reverence so justly due.

And how through these long chequered
 [years,
 The Canadian watchword still has been—
 In weal or woe, 'mid hopes and fears,
 Through life to death, God save the
 [Queen!

GENERAL BOULANGER.

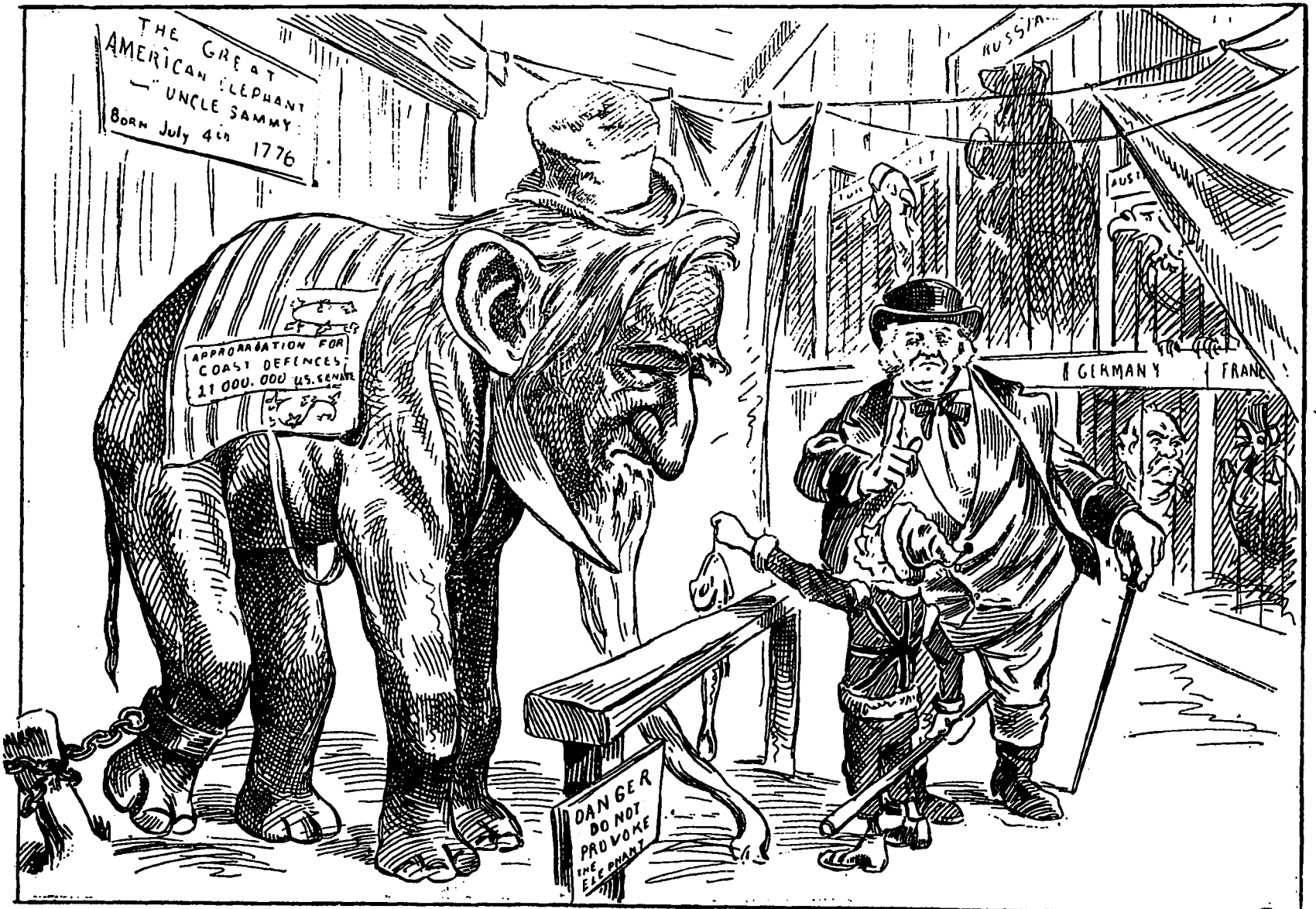


The French Minister of war has shared with Bismarck, of late, a very large portion of the world's attention. He is a sterling soldier, risen from the ranks and his services extend over many years. Thoroughly devoted to France and her army he is doing all he can to prepare for war, but there is no reason to think that he is other than disposed to peace. General Boulanger is known in Montreal from his visit, several years ago, as a member of the French military commission that attended the Yorktown centennial.

The poet ever tries, in rhyme,
 His feelings to rehearse.
 He cannot stop; he took the muse
 For better or for verse.



A REMARKABLE COLLISION AT LINDSAY, CANADA



JOHN BULL (to Canada)—You'd better not worry 'im too much Johnny, he's a gentle beast, but when 'e loses 's patience it'll go 'ard with you. Hi know for Hi used to own 'im. —(From Judge)
 A WORD OF WARNING

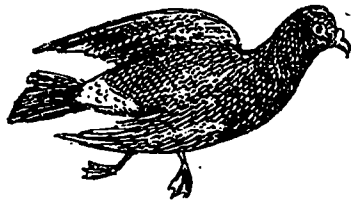


THE OLD CANADIAN DILIGENCE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LAPRAIRIE



A LABRADOR SCENE — THE DISPUTED PREY

[FOR THE "PICTORIAL TIMES."
THE STORMY PETREL.



I
See on the summit of yon heaving wave,
A dusky speck that balances its form,
Out on the wild grey ocean's yawning grave,
And drifted seaward by the howling storm.

II.
The billow crushes, seething from its crest,—
Where is the sea-bird in its eddying spray?
Calm and secure as in its rock-built nest,
Blithesome as though on summer waves at play.

III.
It is the stormy petrel! In the roar
Of blast and breaker gambolling on the deep,
Or sers his foot upon its shifting floor,
There by the shrill sea-music rocked to sleep.

IV.
But lo! The dark clouds lower and the moun-
tain surge,
Writhing in strangest fury tosses high,
With north gales chorussing the wildest dirge
That ever scared the crew of freighted argoosy.

V.
There is no place to make thy foothold now,
Poor little nursling of the angry sea,
Save on our noble vessel's jutting prow
That onward cleaves through ocean fearlessly.

VI.
A faithless mother tossed thee from her breast,
Unhappy waif, and left thee to thy doom;
Fear not thy wing upon our sails to rest,
We'll guard thee, birdling, through the tempest's gloom.

VII.
Alas! Our young hearts, too, devoid of fear,
Love all the dangers of the treacherous brine,
The stormy sea of life, so wild and drear,
That wrecks the soul immortal and divine.

VIII.
And what if all alone, when black clouds lower,
And ocean's whelming surges round us foam,
Oh! what would be our fate in that dread hour,
Without a friendly sail to waft us home.

IX.
Ah! noble youth, who linger on the shore,
Unconscious yet of perils on the wave,
Ah! learn to fear the tempest's threatening roar,
Nor tempt the horrors of a watery grave.

X.
The sky that spans your sea is bleak and dark,
Your path is strewn with many a lurking snare,
O brother mine! before you launch your bark,
Attend the petrel's cry: Beware, beware!

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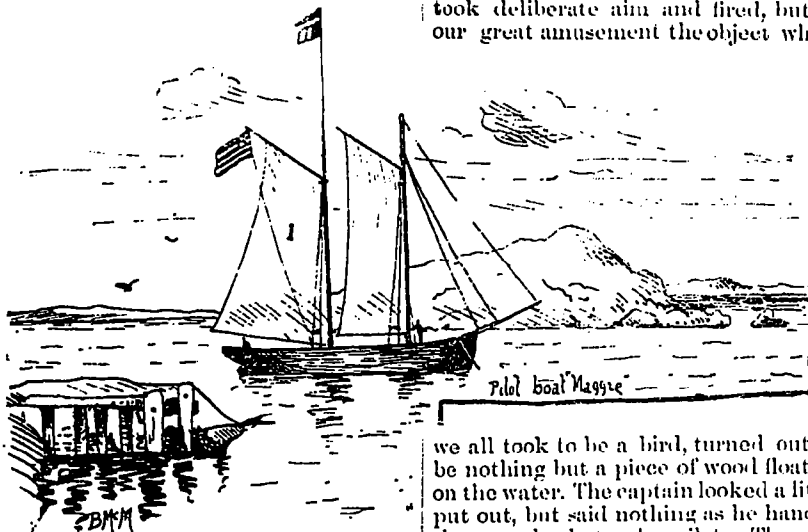
THE REASON.

Tom—"I don't see why so many people make a fuss over that Miss Jones; she isn't any better looking or as nice as some of the other girls."
Harry—"That's true, my dear boy, but her pa is a millionaire. That's why she carries so high a head."
Tom—"Oh, that's it, is it? She holds up her head by a cheque reign."

[For the Pictorial Times]
A CRUISE IN CASCO BAY



II
Once on dry land again and the provisions brought ashore, for we had not come without something to counteract the effect of the sea air on our appetites, we proceeded to explore the island. I had brought my sketch book with me and choosing a good point of view, proceeded to make a rough water colour sketch of the "Maggie" as she lay at anchor in



the bay, the broad expanse of water and blue sky above, forming a very effective back ground. I was just about completing the rapid sketch when I was hailed by Capt. S.—and on my return to our party found they had encamped among the trees and lunch was ready. Some one exclaimed "what is this coming?" and on turning our heads we beheld the pilot and his man lugging a pot between them from which a savoury odour proceeded. This was a surprise in the shape of a clam chowder. We did full justice to the viands set before us, for there is nothing like sea air and exercise to sharpen men's appetites. One of our party had brought a rifle, and pinning a sheet of paper against the trunk of a tree, we all in turn tried our skill as marksmen, but the less said about it the better. None of us being particularly expert shots we wasted a good deal of powder and shot and the trunk of that tree was like a small lead mine when we had finished. The view obtained from a rising ground was very fine, the day being clear, the eye wandering over the various islands which abound in Casco bay and on the graceful fishing schooner skimming over the waters: while below the eye followed the curve of the little bay or cove in which our schooner lay. In some places the pine trees grew down almost to the water's edge. It was indeed a lovely sight, the bright sunlight playing over it adding greatly to the natural beauties of the scene. By this time we had explored the island and the pilot who was anxious to catch the flood tide for our return, urged us to embark once more and accordingly we



all proceeded to the landing pier where the small boat lay in readiness to convey us on board the "Maggie." By the time we were fairly under weigh the

flood tide had set in strong and after tacking about for some little time and enjoying the fresh sea breezes we found ourselves heading for Portland harbour which we could just distinguish in the distance. Our purser could not resist taking a nap and stretched himself under the shadow of the mainsail; while I amused myself and the company by sketching him as he lay, with his hat over his eyes, to keep the rays of the sun off. Presently some one called out that he saw a diver ahead, and the pilot bringing up a loaded gun from below, it became a question as to who should have the shot at the offending bird. The gun was handed to Capt. S.—who stood in readiness; all were on the tiptoe of expectation, and, when the skipper judged he was within fair distance raised the gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim and fired, but to our great amusement the object which

we all took to be a bird, turned out to be nothing but a piece of wood floating on the water. The captain looked a little put out, but said nothing as he handed the gun back to the pilot. The sun

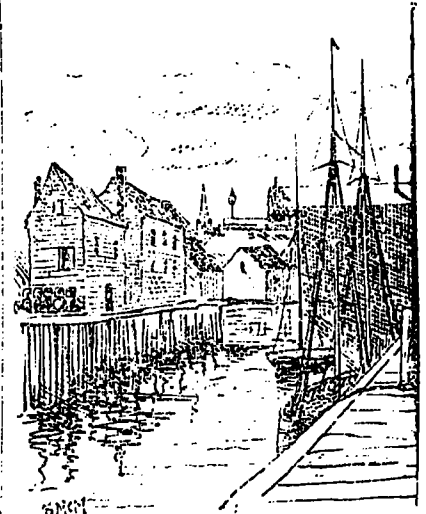


was now beginning to sink in the west, tinging the tops of the pine trees on the islands with a ruddy glow; the wind had dropped considerably, and there remained a slight breeze which was just about sufficient to cause us to glide smoothly on. Every one's face wore a look of contentment, for truly we had spent a very pleasant day. Silently our craft approached the breakwater at the mouth of the harbour, and on getting nearer, we passed close by the S.S.S.—



as she lay at the wharf, her massive sides towering above us. Indeed Capt. S.—may feel justly proud of his ship, for not a finer vessel of her class crosses

the broad Atlantic. How picturesque the wharfs looked with the glow of the setting sun behind them, the green and slimy weed clinging to the piles close



by the water, the quaint wooden structures used as fish curing houses lining them, and the groups of fishing craft which lay huddled together in picture-que confusion, a regular forest of masts brought into strong sharp relief against the rich glow of the sunset. The grating sound caused by the vessel's-side rubbing against the wharf, the falling of a mooring rope thrown from the schooner, and we once more found ourselves back in Portland each and all well satisfied with the day's doings.

Mac.

OUR PICTURES.

A MONTREAL STAGE-COACH.

The stage, or diligence, as it is called officially, which runs from Montreal to La Prairie, St. Philippe, St. Jacques, Le Mineur, and Najterville, is a modest vehicle known probably to a comparatively small number of the inhabitants of the Canadian metropolis. The Montreal and La Prairie diligence runs, or ran lately, with more or less punctuality, at stated intervals all the year round. In summer it goes upon wheels, but it is more picturesque, and its movement is far more grateful to passengers, when it is mounted upon runners, and speeds over the roads of snow or along the frozen river. A ride upon it is a sort of modified tobogganing, without the drudgery of climbing uphill, and with the soft music of the horn thrown in.

A REMARKABLE COLLISION.

"On Monday afternoon, January 17," says the Post of Lind-ay, Canada, "the singular sight could be seen on Victoria Avenue of two locomotives piled one on top of the other, and a snow plow underneath crushed out of all resemblance to the useful machine that clears the track. During the afternoon a violent snow storm had prevailed. At times the snow fell in such a cloud as to prevent anything being caught sight of more than ten feet away. During the height of the storm, engine 634, driving snow plow No 18, passed the junction (Lindsay north), having come south over the cobcoconk line, under orders. A few minutes before, engine No. 624 left the station with a train of freight cars to haul to the junction. Just above Elgin Street, Driver McIntosh caught sight of the plow and engine, but it was only a few yards away at the time. Driver McIntosh and Fireman Rogers jumped from the engine and landed in a snow bank. Conductor Pym was not so fortunate, for in scrambling out on the tender to make the leap he was a moment too late, and was thrown from the tender to the ground, escaping unhurt. Driver R. John-ton and Fireman Tutton of 634 stuck their to engine. In fact, the first intimation they had of the state of

affairs was on seeing engine 624 making desperate efforts to climb up on top of the boiler of 634, accompanied with a fearful clatter and smashing of things generally. A cab being 634 was uncoupled by the shock and shoved back nearly two hundred yards. The momentum of engine 624, backed by the weight of a long line of freight cars, was terrific. The engine was forced up the plow as if up a short and very steep grade, leaving the front truck and pilot buried in the board work of the plow. The pilot, smoke-box, stack and upper works of engine 634 were smashed into pieces and thrown about. The tender of 624 followed the engine, and hung suspended by the couplings, with the rear truck resting on the track. It seemed almost incredible that such an enormous weight as that of a locomotive could be pushed up in such a manner and fastened so securely.

Our engraving is from a photograph taken by J. Britton, photographer, after engineers the were hauled down to the yard to be dismounted.

OBITUARY.

We regret to chronicle the death of Andrew Armstrong, son of Henry Armstrong, Esq., of the G. T. R., who departed this life on thursday, the 24 inst. The parents of the child will please accept the condolence of their large circle of friends and relatives.

HE CAUGHT THE DRIFT.



DON'T know what they talked about; Anon they paused—now I walked about In motions slow and swift; But one declared, "You worry me, In vague conjectures hurry me: I do not catch your drift." The other then began again

To elucidate his plan again, And make the darkness lift; But Dense declared, "Now break me up If all you say can wake me up; I do not catch the drift."



The first exclaimed, "Now hark again, Ha, ha! he missed the mark again, The clouds refused to drift. The other cried, "I wonder, Ned, What's wrong? Am I a dumber-head? I do not catch the drift."



But Providence was making up To give that chap a shaking up; For like a torrent swift An avalanche of snow, ha ha! Dropped on him there below, ha, ha! Ho, ho! he caught the drift.

CHAS. M. SYNDER.

THE MEDICAL SECRET.



You will cure me, eh! Doctor? Professional etiquette forbids my telling you.

OF THE EARTH EARTHLY.



BOB.—I wish I was one of those cherubi with wings. MAMA.—So that you could fly around Heaven? BOB.—Not much! So that I could fly up to that top shelf and hook the cake.



Short men usually affect tall horses, and consequently experience considerable difficulty in mounting. This is the ingenious device of our little General Shortshanks for slinging his little self on to his Buc phalus.

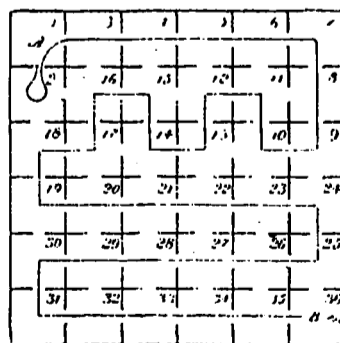
THE FASHIONS



DRESS OF HAVANA CLOTH AND OTHER PLUSH.

A long dress of crossed cloth and floss in front, falling from the corsage to the foot of the skirt. The dress is opened the whole length of the skirt and forms on both sides of the opening a double interior fold. The collar and ornaments in front of otter plush.

The above is the puzzle as published in our number of January 22, page 16. We have received a large number of replies, some of which deny the possibility of its solution if the exact terms are complied with. Others find no difficulty in its solution in the manner stated as follows by one of our correspondents:



The prisoner says to the keeper: "Come, we will go through room No 2; now we will go through my room No. 1, then No. 3, and so on as per diagram. In this way we go through all the 86 rooms once, and once only."

SOME SINOUS SAYINGS ABOUT THE SLEEPER.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleepy sleeper

sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while the sleeper sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

HOW BROWNING AFFECTS BOSTON.

Boston car driver (to conductor)—"I intend to secure a substitute, if possible, for to-morrow." "Conductor—"Indeed! And why?" "Browning's new poem is to be published in the morning, and I wish to give it a thorough study." "I did not know that. I must get a substitute myself. We can't let Browning's poem wait."

HIGH HATS.

A pretty little bonnet Is deserving of a sonnet, For a pretty face within it is a vision of delight; But a hat of seven stories, Though bedecked with floral glories, And with feathers and with ribbons, makes a girl a perfect fright.

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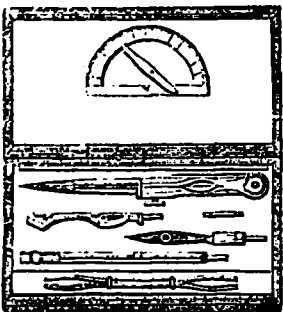
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POOR ENGLAND!

The U. S. Navy (with its fiercest voice): Take care, or, by thunder! there may be war!

R. THOMPSON & SON,

Blacksmiths and Engineers,

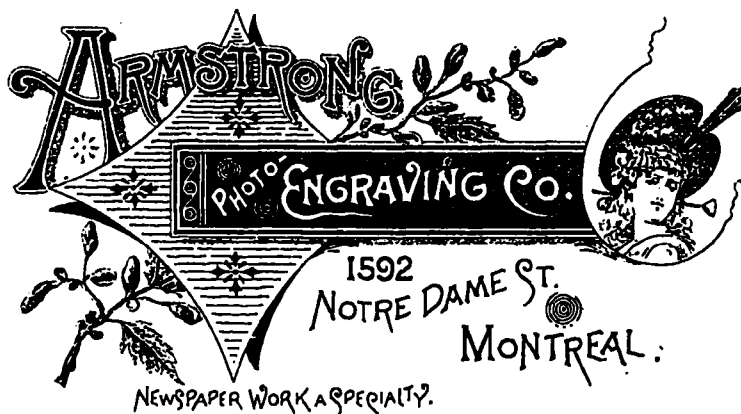
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