

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 Commercial, 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 Rivières, 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 gaudiums, 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!"



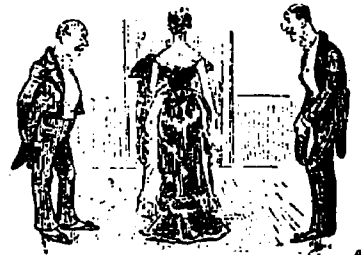
This is simply an ecstatic plumber who has just been informed that the late severe weather "had burst the pipes everywhere."



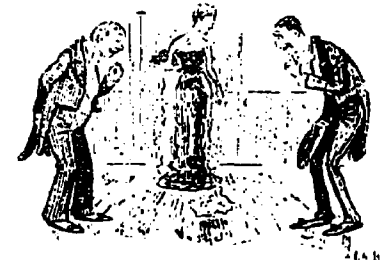
FROM OUT of the bosom of heaven it fell, A snowflake as light as down, And it settled to rest on a city roof, On a cornice of stone dark brown.

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.

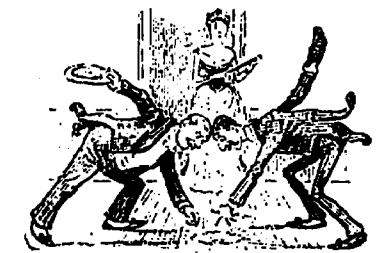
And when they had gathered a mighty throng, On the top of that cornice tall, They fell with a slump on the head of a dude, And he never got up at all.



Ah!



Eh!



Oh!



Ugh!