

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

THROUGH "THE LAND OF CAKES."

Literary Edinburgh; The Review, Waverley; Magazines; Historical places in the old town.

The literary fame of this fascinating city dates from the beginning of the present century. In 1802 the Edinburgh Review was issued under the superintendence of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Horner and Brougham. Then followed the Waverley Novels, Blackwood's Magazine, Chambers' Journal, and Tait's Magazine. A glance at the annals of the city for the last century alone is enough to bewilder the mind. Probably no other city in the world of the same size, can boast of a record half so brilliant. The associations that cluster about every corner in the Old Town read like a romance. High Street rises from end to end with the uncying echoes of illustrious feet; and in the cemeteries, that have since become shrines, you read the names of those who, in their day, walked these streets in obscurity; but over whose dust pilgrims from the antipodes now pause reverently with uncovered heads, and bear away with them a blade of grass or a memorial.

An English traveller in 1618 wrote thus naively of High Street: "Here I observe the finest and goodliest street that ever mine eyes beheld; for I did never see or hear of a street of the length; the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six and seven stories high. The walls are exceedingly strong; not built for a day, a week, a month or a year, but from antiquity to posterity—for many ages." The street has not changed greatly, but the eyes of travellers have. It is still handsome, a mile long, with houses of many sorts on each side; and when the air is misty, as it frequently is in this climate, and the sun is pouring a mellow suffrage down the full length of the street, the effect of the whole is magnificent and unrivalled. It is not the breadth of the street, nor the height, nor the beauty of the buildings, that impresses you; on the contrary, the street is neither broad nor splendid; but there is not a line in it, nor a gable, nor a crooked corner, but seems to add to its wonderful and complete picture-qualities.

Let us start from the Castle and walk down its whole length to Holyrood. There are five divisions, known respectively as the Castle Hill, the Lawnmarket, the High Street, the Netherbow, and the Canongate. Castle Hill, a century and a half ago, was one of the most aristocratic quarters of the Old Town. Here stood the palace of Mary of Guise, mother of Queen Mary; and here dwelt the Marquis of Argyll, the Earl of Cassilis, Leven and Dumfries; the Lords of Holyrood house, Sempill and Rockville; the Countess Dowager of Hyndford, and many others of like rank. Those days are over now. There is an old Scotchman pumping away on his wheezy bagpipes up at the corner, and there are bookstalls and shops along the pavements. The butterfly of Fashion had fled out of the locality, leaving only this dingy and crumbling chrysalis.

Just round the corner to the left is Allan Ramsay's house, overlooking the gardens on the shore of the dry lake; and close by is Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School. A little way down the street is a remnant of the West Bow, an arch in the city wall. A hundred years ago, as we know, this was a famous thoroughfare. Down its length passed in their time Anne of Denmark, James I., Charles I., Oliver Cornwall, Charles II., and James II. The Marquis of Montrose and the Earl of Argyll, were dragged under it in the hangman's cart, on their way to execution in the Grassmarket. It was down the West Bow that the murderers of Captain Porteus hurried their victim, as Scott relates in "The Heart of Midlothian." And here stood the house of Mayor Wier, who had a fatal gift of prayer; but it was observed that he could not pray unless he had a particular stick in his hand, and he was therefore burned for witchcraft in the year 1670. On each side of the street there are small entrances, no bigger than house-doors, leading into dark, narrow alleys, with numerous tenements crowded close about them. These byways are called closes.

Some of the dark nooks, or closes, we will enter; but first let us look into James' Court, rather more roomy than a close. Here David Hume lived and wrote a great part of his history. Here Boswell entertained Dr. Johnson when he visited Edinburgh in 1773, and met the best society, "Johnson and I," says Boswell, "walked arm in arm up the High Street to my house in James' Court. He acknowledged that the breadth of the street and the loftiness of the buildings on each side made a noble appearance. My wife had ten ready for him, and we sat chatting till near two in the morning." In Baxter's Close, Burns, when he first came to the city in 1786, shared an apartment with his friend John Richmond, a writer's clerk, at a weekly rent of three shillings sterling. A few paces distant, in Lady Stair's Close, lived Lady Stair, for many years at the head of fashionable society in Edinburgh. Her marriage to the Viscount Primrose forms the ground-work to Scott's story, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

The glory of High Street is St. Giles' Church. Tradition says it was founded early in the ninth century; that it had at one time forty altars within its walls, and a holy relic in the shape of an arm-bone of its patron saint enshrined in a silver case. But after the Reformation it was partitioned into four places of worship, and the sacred vessels and relics were sold by the magistrates to defray the expense of the alterations. John Knox was appointed pastor of one section of the building; and in July, 1565, being much disturbed at the marriage of Mary and Darnley, he startled his hearers from their sleep in this wise: "I see," said he, stretching out his arm as if he would leap from the pulpit and arrest the passing vision, "I see before me your beleaguered camp; I hear the tramp of the horsemen as they charge you in the streets." And one of his listeners thus comments on his forcible delivery: "He was like to ding [dash] the pulpit in blades [splinters], and flee out of it." In another section of the church,

where an effort was made to introduce Episcopacy, Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the head of the Dean. This put an end to the new church movement for a time.

During his absence in Switzerland in 1556, Knox was burned in effigy under the shadow of St. Giles; and in 1572 his body was committed to the grave in the yard east of the church. To-day not a vestige of the original cemetery remains. The square is paved; a thousand busy feet cross it, and even the teams drive over it as freely as if it had never been consecrated ground. In the midst of that busy scene there is a small bronze plate set in the pavement bearing the initials "J.K.," and there lies the body of the "great reformer." St. Giles' is being modernized and prinked up; stained glass, carved pulpits, and the other evidences of taste, are returning. I like to see this spirit-awakening in a people who destroyed the fine deanery church of Restalrig because it had been voted by the General Assembly in the presence of John Knox, "a monument of idolatry." The pulpit now standing where Knox's old pulpit stood is of white-stone, elaborately carved in the semblance of saints and angels. Old Tollbooth Jail formerly stood against this corner. Scott immortalized it in his "Heart of Midlothian"; and in the pavement there is a brazen heart, polished brightly by the feet of the passing throng.

If you were to wander in among the narrow lanes near the Parliament House, you would come to Writer's Court, where was situated Clerihugh's Tavern, celebrated in its time as the meeting place of the "Mirror" Club. It was thither that Scott conducted Colonel Manners and Dandie Dinmont on a certain Saturday night, through a dark alley and up a dark stair, in search of Counsellor Pleydell, whom, we are informed, they found in a jovial company, engaged in the now forgotten pastime of "High Jinks."

Allan Ramsay's shop is down High Street, a timber-fronted tenement, with a broadside of windows, and a crowd of gables overhead; such a house as looks as if it could tell tales—a capital subject for a sketchy drawing or a water-color. It was here Ramsay began business as a bookseller, and published many of his works. Ramsay erected a theatre in Carruthers' Close, a few doors below; but for more than half a century it was used as a church, and in it Edward Irving often preached. Now we must hasten up steps, though every inch of the way is crowded with interest; there are eloquent sermons in these stones, if one had but time to listen to them.

John Knox's house stands at the corner, where the street suddenly narrows. The side of his house looks directly up the street, and from that lower window he was wont to address the people who gathered here to listen to him. There is a cigar shop on the ground-floor. We get the key over the counter, and are shown through a series of very small and very dark rooms. The whole place is colored like a meerschaum, and is as tidy and as cozy as possible. But how such a dove-cote could have sheltered the fiery fanatic, which it did for nearly twenty years, is more than I can comprehend. Here he wrote most of his history of the Reformation; and here he died, in November, 1572, at the age of sixty-seven. Scott's grandfather lived just back of the house, a favorite haunt of Walter's boyhood; and over the way William Falchou, author of "The Shipwreck," was born.

We are now down in the Canongate, at the foot of High Street. In the White Horse Close stands the old inn where Johnson once stopped, a queer shell of a house, with rooms protruding on each side, and a stairway going up between the two and parting under Johnson's window. You there turn to the right or left, and enter which wing you please. The gable was full of pigeon-holes when I visited it. The court was dirty and dingy, and the place smelt bad. Even the Doctor's society could hardly make me contented with the spot now.

In Play-House Close was erected the first theatre in Edinburgh. There, on the evening of December 14, 1746, the Rev. John Home's tragedy of "Douglas" was first presented to the public; in consequence of which the author was suspended by the Presbytery, and constrained to throw up his charge at short notice. At the Theatre Royal, erected later, Edmund Keay, Mrs. Siddons, and Mackay, played their different parts with great success.

In St. John Street Smollett resided with his sister in 1765. Burns was a frequent visitor at No. 13, where the beautiful Miss Burnet was dying of consumption. At No. 10, on the same side, lived Ballantyne, Scott's confidential critic and partner. At No. 13's board were gathered such worthies as Scott, Lockhart, Erskine, Terry, Sir William Allan, George Hogarth, etc. Moray House has its sad memories; but they are political, and just now the authors are more to my taste. At Queensberry House—very ugly it is, too—once lived the accomplished Lady Catherine Hyde, the patroness of the poet Gay. Pope, Swift and Prior have each made songs about her. Just over the street is "Jenny Ha's," where Gay (not to belie his name) spent many a pleasant hour with Ramsay and the choice spirits of the town. The place is open still, and there I filled my tobacco-pouch in memory of those who are gone.

Square the poet Campbell lived when he wrote the "Pleasures of Hope." At Darien House, an asylum for lunatics and paupers, poor Ferguson died.

But enough! There is no end to the story. Just see how rich the graves of Edinburgh are! In any one of the cemeteries there are scores of names that may be called immortal. I have selected a few of the class for which the city is distinguished. At St. Cuthbert's churchyard lie the ashes of Thomas de Quincy. At St. John's, those of the Rev. Arch. Alison, father of the historian and himself the author of "Essays on Taste"; also of Miss Catherine Sinclair, authoress of "Modern Accomplishments," etc. Look in at Grayfriars for the graves of Allan Ramsay, Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling"; and for the martyrs' monument, bearing this inscription: "Executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here." At Canongate there is Ferguson the poet, whose tomb was raised at the expense of Robert Burns: Adam Ferguson, historian; Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations"; Dr. Burney, author of a history of music, etc. In Old Calton burying-ground lies David Hume. In Dean Cemetery, John Wilson (Christopher North), and his son-in-law, Professor Aytoun; Edward Forbes, naturalist; Francis Jeffrey and his friends, Lords Cockburn and Rutherford. Alexander Smith, author of "Edwin of Deira," and "Dreamthorpe," is buried in Warriston Cemetery. At Grange are the bodies of Dr. Chalmers and Hugh Miller.

The poet Drummond, of Hawthornden went to the High School and University of Edinburgh. Michael Scott, who wrote "A Booke of Alchemy," and that other Michael Scott, who wrote a book of greater interest and value, called "Tom Cringle's Log," were both familiar with High Street. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was a familiar figure at Ambrose's Tavern. The Rev. Witty Sydney Smith found lodgings in South Hanover Street; Sir David Brewster, editor of the "Edinburgh Cyclopaedia," was a High School and University graduate. The Carlyles, Thomas and Jane, just married, lived a little way out of town, at Comely Bank. There they were entertained, and from that house he wrote letters to Goethe; but other lodgings, and poor ones, he had occupied in various parts of the city.

Lawrence Hutton in his delightful "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh" calls attention to a fact not generally known. A former suburb known as the Sciennes—a street now bears the name, "but the word is pronounced in the local vernacular as if spelled sciens"—got its name from the old convent of St. Catherine of Siena, which once stood near by. The natives seemingly do not much reverence their ancient Catholic traditions; for a certain "steep and strained alley," which was originally known as the Wynde of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Field, is now called Guthrie Street, perhaps after Dr. Guthrie, the Scotch parson.

Defoe and Dick Steel, Dickens and Dr. Brown, who immortalized "Rabb and his Friends," knew and loved Edinburgh. I might go on through the whole alphabet, but I'll stop right here. Thackeray, once walking with Dr. Brown, saw one of those wonderful sunsets which glorify the Metropolis of the North. It was Sunday evening; upon one of the heights, against the glowing sky, stood a wooden crane used in a quarry below, and so placed as to assume the form of a cross. The sacred symbol caught Thackeray's eye; he paused suddenly, and then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed: "Calvary!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things.—By Charles Warren Stoddard in the Ave Maria.

Leap Year Girl—Liveryman, is this horse gentle. Liveryman—Yes, ma'am, exactly what you want; he is used to being driven with one hand.

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND. DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. I cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with since childhood. She is now twelve years old. Mrs. M. FAIRBANKS, Scotland, Ont.

A young fellow who had pitched an adorer of his sweetheart into the creek said he couldn't brook a rival.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED. A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noise in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., England.

What is most generally wanted in the way of navigation is a life-buoy that will ride safely on a sea of troubles. WORTH \$10 A BOTTLE. DEAR SIRS,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, and have found it to be the best medicine I ever used. I could not eat without suffering from a terrible burning pain in the pit of my stomach. I used six bottles of B.B.B. and am glad I did so or I should have been in my grave to-day. It completely cured me. I take a bottle every spring and would not be without it if it cost \$10 a bottle. DAVID ENLEY, Morley, Alb.

Man may want but little here below, but he makes an awful fuss because he doesn't get it.

ARE YOU DEAF? Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars of a new cure, which costs comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Box 258, Orillia, Ont.

"So dark and yet so light!" as the man said when he looked at his new ton of coal.

OFFENSIVE SORE CURED. DEAR SIRS,—I take pleasure in testifying to the great healing qualities of your medicines. I had the misfortune to injure my leg, and through cold and neglect it became an offensive sore, my leg became inflamed and very painful, and the discharge was very offensive; various remedies failed to help me when I had the good fortune to try your B.B.B. and Burdock Healing Ointment. Before I had finished the second bottle the discharge had stopped, and in two weeks more my leg was as well as ever. I feel justified in recommending it to the public as a cure if only given a fair trial. GEO. LAURE, Portage la Prairie, Man.

WHY Drive a shabby Buggy, Wagon or Cart, when you can have them repaired and painted at the DUROCK GARAGE SHOP, 29 Duross Lane, where all repairs are promptly attended to at reasonable prices. Orders solicited.

A GRAND RECEPTION. Bishop-Elect Michaud honored by St. Stephen's parishioners at Winooski.

Wednesday evening the 11th inst. the congregation of St. Stephen's parish of Winooski tendered a reception to Bishop-elect Michaud of Bennington, and notwithstanding a down-pouring rain was in progress during the early part of the night, the event was in every way a success. A committee from St. Stephen's came to this city early in the evening and escorted the reverend gentleman to the 6:05 train; arriving at Winooski they were met by the Sherman military band and fully 600 of the church congregation over which Fr. Michaud so long and faithfully presided. A procession was formed, and the Bishop-elect was escorted to the parochial residence of Rev. Fr. Whitaker, pastor of St. Stephen's, where lunch was served in honor of the distinguished guest, the following clergymen participating: Bishop-elect Michaud, Rev. J. F. Audette of Winooski, Revs. Cothuel, Claremont and Boyle of Burlington, Rev. Fr. Albans, of the Trappist Monastery, Oka, P.Q., Rev. Fr. Brelivett of Barre, Shannon of Underhill, Mathieu of Milton, Long of Fairfield, Barron of Richmond, Gelot of Middlebury, and Rev. Bros. Paul and Anrlain of St. Joseph's College.

At 8 o'clock the Bishop officiated at the Benediction at St. Stephen's, fully 300 of his people and friends being unable to gain admission to the edifice. Following is the musical program rendered by the choir of St. Stephen's, ably assisted by Rev. Fr. Brelivett:

O Salutaris..... Werner Tu es Sacerdos..... Br. I. velt Tantum Ergo..... Lambillotte Laudate..... Mendelssohn Magnificat..... Werner

At the close of the ceremonies Prof. Henry Conlin read an address of welcome and presented the Bishop with a purse of \$500 in behalf of the members of St. Stephen's parish, as a slight token of their respect and esteem for him. He said in part: We, as members of St. Stephen's congregation, have many reasons for rejoicing and congratulating your Lordship. To-night we go back in memory to the time when you came among us as a devoted priest to minister to our spiritual wants. Well we remember how faithfully you discharged your pastoral duties, how earnestly you expounded to us the word of God, how zealously and ceaselessly you labored for our advancement. When you came to us we were but a tributary to St. Mary's of Burlington. Under your wise and careful guidance we became an organized congregation, our numbers have steadily increased, and your efforts, whether of a spiritual or temporal nature, were successful in the fullest measure. Gratefully acknowledging all of the good work you have done for us, we therefore justly claim special reasons for joy and gratitude to God, in congratulating you upon this occasion. We feel in addressing ourselves to your Lordship that we are not speaking to a stranger, but to an old and tried friend whose interest in our welfare has never been found wanting, and we are confident that our new relations, instead of lessening this feeling, will increase and intensify it. You will, we believe, be pleased to know that this congregation is in a flourishing condition, that our church property is not heavily in debt, and that in the near future we will be enabled to devote ourselves to improvements which we believe to be necessary; also, that the relations existing between ourselves and our pastor, Father Whitaker, are most cordial; that he is deserving of all praise for his unremitting zeal and energy in ministering to our wants, spiritual and temporal; that during the time he has been with us he has endeared himself to us all, and we hope he may be long spared to us as our spiritual guide.

Since your Lordship's removal from the pastorate of the congregation, we have watched with pride your splendid career, and noted the many testimonials you have given to your interest in our holy religion by ceaseless attention to very good work. In conclusion, we beg leave again to assure you of our respect loyalty and devotion; yes, Right Rev. Bishop-elect, we can say without the slightest semblance of adulation that you have at all times discharged the duties of the priesthood to our fullest satisfaction, and have endeared yourself to every Catholic heart in this parish, while your kindness, courteous hearing and strength of character have won for you the respect and esteem of all denominations. After a fitting and feeling response Bishop Michaud retired to the residence of Father Whitaker, where an informal reception was held, hundreds of his former parishioners greeting him in a cordial manner. The lawn in front of the residence was illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and fireworks were discharged in rapid succession for fully an hour, while a cannon placed at the rear of the residence was fired at frequent intervals. The decorations at the church were of a higher order of merit, several unique designs appearing amid the profusion of potted plants in bloom. It was 11 o'clock when the Bishop had bid the last of his friends good night, to remain the guest of Father Whitaker, in company with the clergymen who were present at the reception. The Bishop returned to Bennington Thursday evening, where he will remain until the time set for his consecration.

ST. JOSEPH'S NAME. BY M. The children leap it in their simple prayers, And anxious mothers, veiled with many cares, To stiles Mary's spouse their wants confide, And rest content—St. Joseph will provide. The Christian father for his patron takes, And ruler of his house St. Joseph makes; That, like a second Nazareth may be That household, in his love and unity. And princes of the Church trust in his might, Who guided once the Uncreated Light; The Church herself, in this first month of spring, Bids all her berliant choirs awake his praise to sing. Our dying lips beseech his company To pilot us across Death's lonely sea; While suffering souls who loved him wait in The power of his prayers, to bring release, Ah! none have ever, pressed by want or pain, Besought St. Joseph's help, and asked in vain: Would God might give our grief a relief, Upon his feet to make the world rejoice, As seraphs, on their harps of living fire, Chant his glories mid the heavenly choir.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery Takes hold in this order Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin, Driving everything before it that ought to be out. You know whether you need it or not. Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS.

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BLOOD BITTERS. 1 to 4 BOTTLES cures all sore throats of the Bowels, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Curing Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Dropsy and all diseases that cause Bad Blood.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. First Class Return Tickets AT SINGLE FARE. On May 23rd and 24th, 1892. GOOD FOR RETURN UNTIL MAY 25th inclusive, and FIRST-CLASS SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD. On May 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, GOOD FOR RETURN UNTIL MAY 26th inclusive. For further information apply to the Company's agents.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. SUBURBAN SERVICE. Daily, Except Sunday, Unless Otherwise designated, Taking Effect May 2nd, 1892. Leathro—Leave Montreal 5:25, 6:25, 8:05, 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 12:05, 2:30, 4:30, 5:05, 6:15, 7:40, 11:20 a.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 6:25, 7:35, 8:15, 9:25, 10:15 a.m., 12 noon, 1:05, 2:40, 4:10, 4:35, 6:05, 7:20, 8:10, 8:45, 11 p.m. Dorval—Leave Montreal 10:15 a.m., 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, 9:15 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 6:15, 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4:30, 5:40, 8:10, 11 p.m. St. Anne—Leave Montreal 10:15 a.m., 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, 9:15 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 6:15, 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4:30, 5:40, 8:10, 11 p.m. Grand-trunk—Leave Montreal 5:30, 6:15, 8:10, 9:30 a.m., 12:30, 4:45, 6:40, 11:05 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 7:45, 11:20 a.m., 5:20, 8:30, 11:15 p.m. For communication and season ticket fares and regulations apply to the City Ticket Office, 145 St. James street, and at Station Ticket Office, except Saturday and Sunday; b Saturday only; c, daily. L. J. SEARANT, General Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY THROUGH TOURIST CARS Will run during MAY AND JUNE FOR THE Pacific - Coast FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER Leaving Dalhousie Square Station 8:40 p.m., Every Wednesday. FROM MONTREAL TO ST. PAUL Leaving Windsor Street Station 11:45 a.m., Every Saturday. Particular attention paid to applications received by any of our Pacific Agents. MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES: 368 St. JAMES STREET (corner McGill) and at stations.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for New Dredge Hull," will be received until Friday, the 3rd of June next, by the construction of Seal, for a Steam Dredger Dredge, 125 feet in length of head and 50 feet in breadth, over all, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Dredging, Sorel, P.Q., at the office of the Department, 30 Union Street, Kingston, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenders. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 5 per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, E. F. H. ROY, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 10th May, 1892. 483

World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago from 1st May to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on this occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, manufactures, arts, etc., to assist in bringing together such a display of the natural resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country. An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibits and the allotment of space, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to cooperate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and satisfactory as possible. The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibits going and returning, and for the planting of exhibits on site. Entries must be made not later than 31st July. The receipt of articles at the Exposition Building will commence 1st November, 1893, and all exhibits, occupying live space, must be in place by 1st April, 1893. Forms of applications for space and general information can be obtained on applying to either of the following offices: The Executive Commissioner for Canada, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, 10th May, 1892. 483