

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR cartoon this week may almost be left to speak for itself. Most of our readers are aware of the stand made by the Opposition upon the wholesale exodus of Canadians to American soil. Most of them too will have noticed how completely they were given away by the discovery of the manner in which the numbers were ascertained, and the number of Americans passing through our country to the West who were reckoned amongst Canadian emigrants.

THE use of the bicycle on the ice is a rather hazardous kind of sport, even for the best riders. Unless the surface is slightly roughened, the wheel is apt to slip sideways when a sharp turn is made, or when the rider puts on a sudden spurt; and some of the most experienced and skillful masters of the art have declared, after a fall or two on the slippery surface, that they will not risk another attempt. Our sketch shows a race that took place recently on the Schuylkill between skaters and bicycle riders. The ice had been considerably roughened by skating parties, and was pretty well fitted for bicycle practice, and the riders made excellent time. Only the best skaters could keep up with them. Trips were made on the Delaware from Philadelphia to Trenton.

OUR illustrations of the grounds at Rideau Hall are from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. J. W. Topley, of Ottawa.

THE annual Emerson races on the river were well attended this year. There was a very large crowd present, particularly from Winnipeg and betting was very lively. A number of trotters arrived by rail from Winnipeg and more arrived by rail, and these, clothed in gay-coloured blankets, gave the streets a lively appearance. We have only space for a brief account of the races. All were well contested, and some were very exciting, particularly the gentleman drivers' race on the first day, and the free for all on the second. Betting was lively, and a great deal of money changed hands. A good deal of excitement was created on the first day by J. Provencher's "Little Vic" dropping dead at the conclusion of the second heat in the "Four Corners" race, the little mare having won the two heats quite easily, and trotted better than she had ever done before. The first day was rather cold and unpleasant, but on the second the weather has been all that could be desired.

LIVERPOOL DURING THE FROST.—Our illustration, taken from the *Illustrated London News*, represents the unusual stoppage of traffic on the Mersey during the late severe frosts which have been experienced all over England. Immense quantities of ice were brought down the river by the ebb of the spring tides, and while the Rock Ferry and Trasmera service was actually stopped, the Birkenhead ferry boats albeit of great size and power, were only able to cross with much difficulty.

WE have already alluded to the loss of one of the most popular of English actors in the late Mr. Sothern. The portrait of him which we present this week will need therefore only this brief notice.

It is some years since such scenes have been seen on the Thames as those we illustrate on another page. The first illustration is a view taken from Eel Pie Island, looking across the river. A dark mark on the ice, towards the left, indicates the spot where the sheep was roasted, and the poor of the parish were regaled with a hearty meal on Saturday, the 22nd Jan. The second of these views gives the wintry aspect of the river, looking up the reach towards "Pope's Villa." The third represents an extemporized sleigh, contrived by a man who had been thrown out of work by the frost. This simple device supplied at once a healthful recreation for the young folk of Twickenham, and temporary, not unprofitable, occupation for its owner. The process used by Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., is so rapid, that it becomes possible to photograph thereby almost any scene one pleases. There is also this advantage, that the negative can be taken of the size needed, and placed in a customer's hands the same day on which they are taken. No second negative is required; and the result is fine.

MADAME ROSITA JEHIN-PRUME.

The late Mdme. Prume, whose unexpected death has caused so profound an emotion in all the circles of Montreal, was born in this city on the 15th of December, 1846, and was consequently 34 years of age. She was the daughter of J. P. DelVecchio, Esq., one of our oldest and wealthiest citizens, and of Elizabeth Olivier, the only sister of the Hon. Mr. Olivier, formerly a Senator, and now a Judge of the Superior Court.

As a girl of twenty, highly accomplished and exquisitely handsome, she became acquainted with a young Belgian violinist, famous even then as soloist of the court of that country, and, conquered by his remarkable qualities, social as well as artistic, she soon became the bride of the talented stranger, and changed her name for that of Mdme. Jehin-Prume.

She followed her husband to Europe, and, having married an artist, she soon embraced the artistic life; and as she had from childhood displayed rare taste and talent for music, no one was surprised when it became known that, under the tuition of her distinguished husband, she had schooled herself for appearance in public. Her talents met with deserved recognition in

different European cities, and especially at Nice, where she sang several times with noted success at private and public concerts.

Her voice was a mezzo-soprano of considerable strength and sweetness; her method of phrasing was remarkably classical, and her expression, especially in *chansonnettes*, or light ballads, was exceedingly charming. She was also endowed with high dramatic power, as she proved some years ago in her impersonation of *Jeanne D'Arc*, and in the performance of Mr. Frechette's successful dramas last spring. No doubt, had her health allowed, she would have now, both as a tragedian and a vocalist, no ordinary reputation on the boards of European and American theatres.

As a lady, Mrs. Prume was one of Montreal's most gifted daughters. She was perfect in her manner, well read, bright and witty, and, as she was also exceedingly affable and kind, her society was highly appreciated.

The sad circumstances connected with her death were further increased to the family by the death, in the same house, the day before, of her mother.

Her loss was deeply felt by all our population, and no lady's funeral has ever been so largely attended in Montreal.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Annual races of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club came off on Saturday last, and in spite of the somewhat raw weather, which a little interfered with the enjoyment of the spectators, were most successful both as to the attendance and the time made on the various events. The following is a summary of the afternoon's proceedings.

Two miles, Indian.—First, Lefebvre, 11 min. 43½ sec.; second, P. Daillebout, 11 minutes 56 seconds.

One mile, open.—First, Chas. Lamothe, St. George S. S. Club, 5 min. 56½ sec.; second T. L. Paton. Lamothe led all the way.

One hundred yards dash, open.—First heat—First, W. R. Thompson, 12½ sec.; second, J. Bolton (St. George S. S. Club). Second heat—First, Bolton; second, W. Aird. Final heat—First, Bolton, 12½ sec.; Thompson.

Two miles, club cup.—First D. D. McTaggart, 12 min. 19½ sec.; second C. J. Patton, 13 min. The winner's first mile was done in 6.04.

Quarter mile, boys under 15 years.—Dead heat between W. J. Greer and H. Patton; time 1 min. 26½ sec. On the tie being run off Greer won as he liked.

Quarter mile, open.—First, G. F. Corcoran, 1 min. 10 sec.; second, T. Davidson, three yards behind.

Half mile, club, in uniform, (green)—First, J. Patterson, 2 min. 51 sec.; second C. J. Patton, 2 min. 58.

Half mile, open.—First, N. Fletcher, 2 min. 49 sec.; Roy stopped after three hundred yards.

One hundred and twenty yards, hurdles, in heats.—First, T. L. Paton; second, G. S. Hubbell.

The evening was devoted to the annual dinner of the club at the St. Lawrence Hall which proved a most enjoyable affair being kept up until the advent of midnight forced the revellers somewhat unwillingly to separate. The usual toasts were proposed and responded to, amongst the most notable of the speakers being Colonel Whitehead, in response to the "Army Navy and Volunteers," whose address was mainly a tirade against the powers that be for their treatment of the volunteers of this city, Mr. McGibbon, who in flowing periods responded on behalf of "our winter sports," and Col. Paton, who, as a representative of our friends across the line, fitly replied for the guests of the evening. Mr. McGibbon at the termination of his speech read a poem of Mr. John Reade's composed expressly for the occasion which was received with great applause.

NEW SCHOOL OF THE MISSION SABREVOIS.

Our illustration in our last number of the schools to be erected in this city on Chatham street, adjoining the church which was erected last season. The design for the school, which is in the Gothic style of architecture, harmonizes well with that *façade* of the church, and the buildings of the mission will, when completed, be an ornament to the city and a great credit to the society.

The internal arrangements are very complete and will furnish accommodation for over 100 pupils.

The residence for the rector forms the north side, principal south side, and between them there are separate entrances for the boys and girls. The staircases are in the centre of the building and well lighted with a well-covered skylight.

The basement contains kitchen, laundry, &c., as well as three dining-rooms. These are arranged so that the central one occupied by the teachers, overlook both the boys' and girls' dining-rooms, which are situated on either side by simply raising doors hung with weights.

On the main floor are five class rooms and study room opening into each other, so that in case of examinations or entertainments they can be made to accommodate a large assembly by simply throwing open the folding doors.

On the second and third floors are six large

dormitories and six separate ones (for paid students), four lavatories, eight bath-rooms and eight water-closets, all well lighted and ventilated.

The architect, John James Browne, so successfully carried out the plans of the church that he received from the Committee of the Colonial and School Society a vote of thanks for the handsome and most suitable edifice at an outlay which by its smallness testifies at once to the wisdom of the design and the great care exercised in carrying it into execution, and we wish him the same success in his present work. Total cost will be \$30,000.

[Owing to an oversight the above description of these schools was not inserted in the number of the NEWS in which the illustration appeared. Ed.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EDWIN BOOTH is to play in the Lyceum Theatre with Henry Irving.

NINETEEN of the Kolapore conspirators have been found guilty.

THE recent earthquake shocks in the Azores have proved very destructive.

A LONDON cable says it is hoped no more fighting will be necessary in the Transvaal.

KING COFFEE of Ashantee is said to have an enormous army, and to be prepared to attack the British.

THE Caledonian Curling Club, of Montreal, have won the final match for the Governor-General's prize at Ottawa.

THE leadership of the Home Rule party has been delegated to Justin McCarthy during Parnell's absence from Great Britain.

LORD ODO RUSSELL, British Minister at Berlin, has been made a Peer, with the title of Baron Amptill.

BUCKLEY, of New Jersey, won the amateur championship of America in the 24-hour go as you please walking match, with 117 miles.

MR. GLADSTONE had a serious fall while alighting from his carriage last week, which will prevent his attendance in the House for some days. Meanwhile Lord Hartington will take charge of the Coercion bill.

SPOOPENDYKE AND THE TOWEL.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, 'just wait until I wash my face and hands and I'll be ready,' and Mr. Spoopendyke plunged his fists into the basin and began polishing his face with soap.

Mrs. Spoopendyke primed around before the glass putting on the finishing touches, for the worthy couple were getting ready for the ball.

'Where—where—where's the towel?' gasped Mr. Spoopendyke, holding his head down and clawing around with both hands. 'What—what's become of the towel?' he sputtered grasping handfuls of soap out of his eyes.

Mrs. Spoopendyke glanced at the rack and saw that the towel was gone. 'I don't believe there's a towel up here,' she commenced.

'What d'ye you suppose I'm going to do, howled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Think I am going to the ball looking like a soap fountain! Gimme something to wipe on, will ye? Dod gast the soap; I've got my mouth full! Ain't ye going to get the towel! Going to let me hang out and dry like an undershirt?'

'Wait and I'll ring for one,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, tolling away at the bell. 'Be patient a moment.'

'How's a man going to be patient with his eyes full of soap? What do you mean by keeping a house like this! Think I'm going to stand round here and get froze! Gimme me something to wipe on. Fetch me a door. Tear up a carpet. Gimme a shirt. Where's the bed-spread! Dod gast this measly soap,' and Mr. Spoopendyke tore off the shams of the pillows, but being smooth they slid around on his visage as though they were skates. 'What am I to do with these!' he yelled. 'I won't get dry in four months,' and he grasped the sheets and rubbed his eyes as though he was polishing silver.

'Ain't you got something coarse!' and he hauled the flannel blankets off and got the wool in his mouth, and finally he emerged with great globs of soap hanging to his forehead and chin.

'Never mind, dear,' consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You're all right. Take this handkerchief and wipe your face.'

'Oh! I'm all right ain't I?' raved Mr. Spoopendyke. 'You've only got to say so, and everything is all right. Some day I'll sew your heels to your head and hang you over a roller. Look at that chin. Is that all right? See that eye. Think that's all right! I'll go to bed and wait for a towel,' and he spun round like a top and turned over the centre table.

'Why here,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke—'what's this!' and she untied the towel and took it off his neck. 'You must have put it there when you were shaving'—and Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled sweetly as her lord growled through the rest of the toilet.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

FOOT NOTES.

PROF.—"Die Pantoffeln der Graefin." Student—(construing) "The pants of the count." Prof.—"No, no! Look at the gender, look at the gender!" Student—"Oh, yes, yes! The pants of the countess."

THE greatest amount of cold ever known to be endured by white men overtook Lieutenant Schwatka's party in search of information about Sir John Franklin's party. They were over eleven months in sleds, and journeyed about 3,000 miles. On January 3, 1880, the thermometer sunk 103 degrees below the freezing point. The highest temperature that day was 69 degrees below freezing point. For twenty-seven days the average temperature was 92 degrees below the freezing point.

A NEW YORK boarder asked a diminution of his rent because of the dampness of his house. It was naturally refused, and the boarder gave notice that he would leave. He got even with his landlord by planting a beautiful mushroom in his bed-chamber, and whenever anyone came to see the apartment he would call to the servant-girl: "Bridget, see here; what is the mushroom doing in this room? It seems to me that I told you to take it away;" to which Bridget answers, "I did as you told me, sir, but another must have grown there."

A VERMONT man in a sleeping car was accosted by his neighbour opposite, who was also putting on his shoes, with the inquiry, "My friend, are you a rich man?" The Vermonter looked astonished, but answered the pleasant-faced, tired-looking gentleman with a "Yes, I'm tolerably rich." A pause occurred, and then came another question: "How rich are you?" He answered, "About \$700,000 or \$800,000. Why?" "Well," said the old man, "if I were as rich as you say you are, and snored as loud as I know you do, I would hire a whole sleeper every time I travelled."

A PARIS correspondent gives this account of a pretty game of cards now fashionable in that city: "The participants were young ladies and gentlemen, who sat in equal numbers on either side of the table. The cards were dealt out to each, and one hand, like as in euchre, settled each wager. The wager played for in this game is that the lady or gentleman who gets the ace of hearts and can take a trick with it, or beat it with another card, has the option to kiss any lady or gentleman he or she may select. It was quite a study to watch with what perfect sang froid the gentleman stood up to receive the stake he had won, and with what consummate grace the lady bent her head to one side so that her lucky opponent across the table should receive his full pound of flesh; not to mention the utter indifference of both to the presence of friends or strangers around."

ONCE Carlyle went to visit one of his early pupils in the country. As bed-time drew near the host said: "Now, Mr. Carlyle, we are going to have family worship," thinking that perhaps he would like to withdraw before the service began, but he quietly answered: "Well, bring me the book and I'll read it for you." Taking the Bible in his lap he began with the first chapter of the Book of Job. For a time it was delightful to listen to him read chapter after chapter, interjecting quaint remarks as he went along; but presently it became evident that he had no notion of stopping, having forgotten himself in his task. His niece recalled him to a sense of propriety by whispering: "The servants must be weary, uncle." He made no verbal response, but closed the Bible with a snap, and betook himself to the next room and the enjoyment of his pipe.

HUMOROUS.

THE young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up late with the daughter.

WHAT is the prime object of soldiers' drill! To make holes in the enemy.

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

WRAP up your children warm in cold weather. If they persist in going out without their wraps, rap them when they come back.

A LITTLE boy came to his mother recently and said, "Mamma, I should think that if I was dust I would get muddy inside whenever I drank."

"Is that dog of yours a cross-breed?" asked a gentleman recently of a countryman. "No, sir," was the reply, "his mother was a gentle, affectionate creature."

SMITH: "Delightful wine this; isn't it? Is there anything in the world better than a glass of good wine?" BROWN: "Yes, there is—a bottle."

WHEN a Yankee editor wishes to get up a big sale for his paper, he sends to a correspondent, through an office presided over by a woman, a postal card on which is written, "Send me a full account of the scandal."

DURING the recent civil conflict there were two volunteers lying beneath blankets looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I love war." "What made you go into the war, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife and I love peace."

MR. MCGUIRE was elected constable of a Kansas town, and a local newspaper announced that "Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes office." This made him very angry; he called upon the editor, the editor promised to retract and announced next day that Mr. Maguire would not wash himself after all.