

THE MECHANICS' BLOCK.

comprising four commodious stores. The first is occupied by Mr. T. Coates, manufacturer of tinware and dealer in stoves, coal oil and lamps. He has acquired the right to make the De Witt washing machine, which is a combined boiler and washer and said to be wonderfully effective. Mr. Coates is agent for the following organ manufacturers: W. Bell & Co., Guelph; Taylor & Farley, Washington, Mass.; the Smith American Organ Company of Boston, and the Dominion Organ Company of Bowmanville.

The second one is owned and occupied by Mr. S. M. Coons, cabinet-maker, turner, undertaker, &c.

The third is occupied by Mr. N. J. Wright, dealer in toys, fancy goods and confectionary.

The fourth is occupied by Mr. G. E. Johnstone, general merchant, dealing in dry goods, clothing, glassware, groceries, &c.

THE SWEENEY BLOCK.

opposite the Town Hall is creditable alike to the enterprising owner and the town. It comprises two fine stores, with splendid large plateglass fronts such as are rarely to be seen outside of great cities. The block is of red brick relieved with Ohio stone and presents a very pleasing appearance. The top flat is fitted up as a public hall. The stores, with a room in the rear and the basement, rent at \$300 per annum. The block was built by Mr. N. Ward, who can count upon the fingers of one hand the brick buildings in the town that he has not erected. A visitor to Prescott wanting to know something of Mr. Ward's ability as a builder has only to look around. Mr. Ward owns a brick-yard which turns out both red and white bricks of excellent quality.

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL.

This is one of the largest and best Catholic schools in Ontario. It was erected in the year 1875 at a cost of \$10,000. The architect, Mr. J. P. Johnson, of Ogdensburg, and the contractors, Messrs. Ward & Steele, of Prescott, have just reason to feel proud of their work. The Rev. Father O'Donnell, pastor of the mission, was the prime mover in the erection of the school, and many and earnest were the efforts made by him to raise the necessary funds, and it is gratifying to know that he was at all times cordially assisted by the liberal donations of his parishioners.

There are four teachers employed in the school, with an average attendance of two hundred and fifty children.

A CHARMING SPOT.

As a picturesque residence there is nothing in Prescott to equal Mr. Benj. French's handsomely appointed villa Dixie street. The grounds, though not very extensive, are laid out with great taste, and during the summer constitute a bower of floral loveliness. I noticed with pleasure a love of horticulture very general among the people: beautiful window displays being quite common, but it was universally allowed that in this charming study Mrs. French carries off the palm. The floral decorations at the Church of England on Easter Day (principally from her conservatory) were exceedingly fine, both as regards the beauty and variety of the plants and the taste displayed in their arrangement.

WOODFIELD HOUSE.

the property and residence of Mr. William Ellis, is situated in a very pleasant part of the town. It is admirably arranged for convenience and comfort and boasts all modern improvements, bath-room, conservatory, &c. The garden furnishes an abundance of all kinds of fruit. The stables are of a very superior order. I believe Mr. Ellis is willing to either sell or lease and would accept any reasonable offer.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

is situated on King street, a short distance west of the Post Office. It has sixteen comfortable bed-rooms, a spacious dining-room and good accommodation generally. The stabling and sheds—important points in a country town—are first-class. The proprietor, Mr. W. G. Brunning, is an experienced hotel-keeper, and seems determined that his patrons shall carry away pleasant recollections of their sojourn at the Queen's. The St. George's dinner at this hotel was one of the best I ever attended.

THE COMING HOTEL.

will be a palatial structure, situated on Water street, corner of Centre, facing the Town Hall, and from the rear commanding a fine view of Ogdensburg and the magnificent river scenery east and west. It is to be erected by the Messrs. Buckley, who purpose putting up an establishment embodying all modern improvements and as complete as money and brains can make it. The building will be 100 feet by 70, brick and Ohio stone: it will contain five handsome and commodious stores fitted up in first-class city style. The view is from the architect's plans. This splendid hostelry is to be called the St. James' Hotel.

THORN HEDGE PLACE.

Among successful Prescottians who do credit to their town and country, Mr. James Quinn merits a prominent place. After twenty-two years of business activity, first as clerk, then in the grocery and produce trade on his own account, and lastly as partner with Mr. John McCarthy the brewer, Mr. Quinn has been able,

while still in his prime, to retire from competition with his fellow mortals who are fighting the battle of life, thus setting a laudable example to those who, having gained sufficient of this world's wealth, are loth to step aside and make room for the less successful crowding behind. Mr. Quinn once thought the United States a better country than Canada, and he set out upon a tour of inspection visiting the Western States and the famed Pacific Slope, but he finally came to the conclusion that Canada and Prescott surpassed all he had seen, take the town and country all in all. But his travelling did him good, no doubt, as it invariably does most men who are not utter dummies. In my rambles I have met a great many Canadians who have in their earliest days had a taste of the California fever and I have always noticed that they are head and shoulders above the majority of their neighbours as regards intelligence and breadth of view. Mr. Quinn is a fair example of this, and I was not surprised to learn that, anxious to see and learn more of the world, he was about to set out for the Paris Exhibition. How much better it is for men to set their money in circulation rather than hoard it up and sit in some miserable, dark, musty store trying to conjure up something to grumble about! Yet in every village, town and city of Canada there are to be found such as these—poor cold mortals who have toiled and moiled all their life, always getting and never halting to think what they were doing it all for. I often think when I see one of these miserable old fellows, what a deal of good they might do if only they could bring themselves to act the part of faithful stewards, and what happiness they would reap from the consciousness of having done something to lighten the gloom of a stricken home or to lift the burden oppressing some unfortunate fellow-creature. But, alas! there they sit and grope, knowing nothing of the sublimity of life; thinking of nothing but their balances at the bank and how they can increase them. But I digress; my admiration for James Quinn has led me to preach a sermon. However it is not long and can be easily skipped if needs be. To return to the original topic. Mr. Quinn has done his duty as a townsman; he has served in the Council; been elected Reeve, and filled a number of other offices of trust. His handsome new residence is being built on the river side a short distance above the Grenville Brewery. It was designed by Mr. Johnson, of Ogdensburg, and when finished will be one of the finest mansions along the St. Lawrence, and the home of a "real good fellow."

THE PRESS.

Two weekly newspapers are published in Prescott, the *Telegraph* on Wednesday, and the *Prescottian* on Friday. The former was originally called the *Grenville Advertiser* and enjoys the honour of having been the first paper published in the county. It was established by Mr. Robert Headlam, Clerk of the first Board of Police. It is now the property of Mr. Isaac Watson, who runs it in the interest of the Mackenzie Ministry.

The *Prescottian* is owned by a joint stock company of which the editor, Mr. T. A. Anderson, is managing-director. Its policy is anti-Mackenzie. Mr. Anderson is a shrewd clear-headed Scotchman. His articles are pithy and outspoken, fully warranting the name of the sheet. With a population of, say 4,000, Prescott ought to be thinking of sustaining a daily paper.

FREE MASONRY.

The members of this ancient and honourable order, forming Central Lodge, No. 110, C. R., meet the first Tuesday in the month. They have a very creditable lodge room in the Post Office building and muster about one hundred members. James Reynolds, W. M.; Arthur Parker, Secretary.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

The original building stood on the opposite side of the street. It was erected about 1821 and served till 1856, when the present church was built upon a site purchased from the late Alpheus Jones at a cost of \$1,200; the building costing \$8,000. It was afterwards enlarged at a cost of \$3,000, and will now seat about eight hundred. The present pastor is the Rev. G. H. Davis.

ADIEU!

And now, bidding adieu to Prescott, I desire to acknowledge particularly my indebtedness to Col. Jessup, Mayor Buckley and Major White, of Prescott, and Mr. Roscius Judson, of Ogdensburg, for valuable information respecting "the good old days." I would like also to express my thanks to the many kind friends who helped to make my stay pleasant, and my mission successful. In all my rambles I shall ever look back to my sojourn in Prescott with unalloyed pleasure.

THE net profits divided among Gilmore's Band as the result of four days' performance in Dublin were £250. Miss Lillian Morton is said to be warmly received.

MANAGER LATHROP of the Boylston Museum has chartered a large barge with steam power, which he is having converted into a theatre in New York, and when completed it will run two trips up the Hudson river each day with a vaudeville company and a military band. It will be called Lathrop's Floating Palace Theatre, and will seat about 1,000 persons. The trial trip will be made about July 1st.

NICE PEOPLE.

It would appear that society at the present time is comparatively indifferent as to whether people are good, clever, sensible, or amusing; but there is a universal desire, almost amounting to a frenzy, to meet "nice" people. Thus we find that whenever a country residence is to be let or sold, all the surrounding neighbours are devoutly hoping that it may be taken by nice people, and everyone wishes for *entrée* to houses where nice people are to be met. To be nice people, and to *know* nice people, seems indeed to be the aim and object of life in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Even the worship of the great idol of Mammon itself is forsaken by many for devotion to the "nice." Although, however, the companionship of "nice people" is doubtless much to be desired, these social angels are sometimes so lacking in the qualities which are usually considered necessary to make intercourse entertaining, that one is almost tempted to shun their society for a season. First impressions may seem to justify the use of the much coveted adjective, not only in its fashionable, but also in its general sense; but on closer acquaintance it is apt to be found that those on whom the title is bestowed are wanting in some of the most important of the characteristics which it is generally understood to imply. In a small but very concise dictionary, we find the word nice defined as "very pleasant, dainty, precise." Now there are many persons who are conventionally spoken of as, not only nice, but very nice, people whom we could point out as interesting subjects on which to try the test of this definition. "Very pleasant," in the general acceptance of the term, as meaning agreeable, amiable, and good-tempered, they certainly are not; "dainty" is a word which we could hardly apply to their conversation, especially when it touches upon social scandals; while "precise" is an adjective which defines neither their behaviour nor the accuracy of their statements.

What then are the qualifications which entitle a person to be classified among "nice people"? This is a question which undoubtedly puzzles many of those who so glibly make use of the expression; but, generally speaking, we believe the phrase is conventionally understood to mean people who are received into good society. It does not necessarily point to the rich or to those of good family, since "nice people" are occasionally neither one nor the other; but it is a *sine qua non* that they should have a place in what is known as "society." Intimacy with charming and well-educated persons will not do—indeed education is rather at a low premium among the "nice people"—but the aspirants to this title must, somehow or other, by fair means or foul, become acknowledged members of the fashionable world; in short, to use a modern slang expression, they must be "in the swim" of society. Although the parentage of these superior beings is sometimes the very reverse of aristocratic, this may be counterbalanced by great social recommendations; but high birth is of considerable advantage at the outset of their career. To be "born of honest parents," as old biographies quaintly put it, is of no account in any way; to be the descendant of an old line of country squires is little better, unless these worthies have of late years intermarried with the nobility; but to be linked to the peerage, even by a bar sinister, makes an aspirant quite safe. Setting aside, however, the question of birth, it is more interesting to turn to the moral and social attributes of "nice people." In the first place, we will examine the manner in which they do their duty towards their Creator and their neighbour. They do not consider it to be what they elegantly term "good form" to indulge in religious or irreligious extremes. This is the first commandment among "nice people." To go to church, and to a fashionable church, is *de rigueur*; but religious enthusiasm must be strictly avoided. A certain amount of respectable piety may be tolerated as a necessary evil; and, after all, worship is in some measure reciprocal; for if the "nice" devoted spends an hour or two a week in a pretty church, and gives away a modest sum of money which he does not miss, the devotion paid to him in return by the clergy is perhaps the nearest approach to adoration which men can reasonably expect from a fellow creature. Many nice people are doubtless sincerely devout; yet of them it is said "They are very nice people, but—" and the "but" is followed by lamentations over the one failing which sullies their otherwise beautiful characters—namely, their religious earnestness. As regards their duties towards their neighbours, nice people are often very charitable in nursing their invalid friends who happen to be wealthy. The poor they will also attend to so far as their labours will make them popular, and give them influence when elections take place. Besides, it is the proper thing to have the reputation of being kind to the poor, and their being so establishes a sort of mimic feudal relation between them and their poorer neighbours. When nice people are tenants, the expenditure of a very moderate sum of money, and a still more moderate amount of time, among the neighboring members of the labouring classes, will give them almost as much influence as would the possession of a large estate. In London, they must be ever ready to subscribe liberally to the pet charities of their fashionable acquaintances. The judicious use of charities is of great assistance in sealing the rounds of the social ladder, and it is satisfactory to discover that the money given will at least conduce eventually to their

own social advancement. By refusing all appeals in obscure cases they are enabled to give large sums, with great apparent magnanimity, to the favourite charities of the leaders of fashion, thus making sure of a reward in his life.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

CHECK-MATE—A liberal husband.

A YOUNG Oil Citizen calls his girl Revenge because she is sweet.

A LONDON bootmaker has this interesting announcement in his window: "Ladies will be sold at seven shillings a pair."

Two ladies, mother and daughter, having been left without a male protector, now edit the *Chicago Post*, and edit it well.

FROM a boy's composition on hens: "I cut my Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death."

"WHAT is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature rose and answered: "Information of the brain."

"What's honour?" asked Falstaff. That's easy. Any woman who sits behind another woman in church can tell what's on her in about two minutes.

"How nicely this corn pops!" said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded demurely, "it's got over being green."

NEARLY every woman who has attained intellectual eminence was a tomboy in her childhood, and did not wear corsets. Charlotte Cushman was that sort of a little girl.

"And they were all talking so unkindly of you, dearest Louisa, and—" "And what were they saying?" "Saying that you painted your face; and I told them that it was untrue, and that your colour was only erysipelas."

AT Warsaw there is a ladies' club wherein the rule is that no morning dress shall cost more than \$25, no evening dress more than \$50, and no bonnet more than \$7.50. At each quarterly meeting each lady must declare that she owes neither a milliner nor a dress-maker.

A CELEBRATED actress, whose fresh smile and silver voice favoured the deception, always called herself "sweet sixteen." She stated her age as sixteen in court as a witness. Her son was directly afterwards called up and asked how old he was. "Six months older than mother," was the honest reply.

EVERY meeting of the Sorosis Club opens with a wholly incomparable lunch. It is to be hoped the members don't mince and let good victuals spoil, as women do at a fashionable dinner party. The reason men do not like to have women at public dinners is, probably, because they kill all appetite by their embarrassing mincing and stiff etiquette.

THERE lives six miles from Richmond, Va., Mrs. Martha T. Hopkins, who is only thirty-nine years old and has just married her sixth husband. She was married at twenty years of age, took her second husband when she was twenty-four years old, her third when she was twenty-seven years old, her fourth when thirty-two years old, and her fifth when thirty-seven years old.

HUMOROUS.

THESE longer days will give you more time to mind your own business.

It was a lucky thing for Noah that his ark wasn't constructed for a United States war vessel.

IN making strawberry shortcake care should be taken to have the berries in excess of the saleratus.

MR. JASPER, who affirms that the world stands still, probably never had the sidewalk fly up and hit him on the nose.

THE thin, pious man who is continually groaning over the wickedness of the world is more troubled with dyspepsia than blessed by religion.

A NEWSPAPER man, who breaks the Sabbath, explains himself thus: "If fish are wicked enough to bite on Sunday, they ought to suffer for it."

THE moon, it is claimed, has gained an inch in rapidity of motion within the last hundred years. At that rate it would soon overtake a boy on an errand.

A DOCTOR went out for a day's hunting, and, on coming home, complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to assassinate the Emperor William. It is far better to be a humble book agent than to wear a crown. Every body feels like killing a book agent, but it can't be done. A book agent never dies.

WHIST Proverb: "For want of leading a trump the trick was lost, and for want of the trick the game was lost, and for want of the game the rubber was lost, and for want of the rubber the temper was lost, and for want of the temper the friend was lost."

A COLOURED cook, expecting company of her kind, was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said, "Chloe, you must make an apology." "Laf, missus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it wid."

A YOUNG minister was preaching in Seabrook, N.H., from "I am the light of the world," and made poor work of it, stammering and stuttering and almost stopping ping, when an indignant hackberry peddler, a sort of masculine woman, shouted out: "If you are the light of the world you needs snuffing!"

Who ever saw a rope walk?—(Rome Sentinel.) Who ever saw a horse fly?—(Albany Argus.) Who ever saw a cat fish?—(Yonker's Gazette.) Who ever heard a mill dam?—(Boston Commercial.) Who ever saw a tree teed?—(Hackerack Republican.) Who ever saw a milk made?—(New York Republican.)