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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1883.

## THE WEEK.

WE may expect any day a declaration of war between France and China. The intervention of the Powers in favor of peace, seems not to be acceptable to either party.

THE German papers are once more advocating a hostile policy toward France. This is the more to be regretted that the better class of Parisian papers have moderated their tone of late. The visit of the German Crown Prince to Spain at this particular juncture, looks like an aggravation and must necessarily embitter the mutual feeling still more.

THE Nationalist cause is still making rapid strides in Ireland. The Limerick election created little interest and gave rise to no excitement, as it was a foregone conclusion that the Parnellite candidate would be elected. Meantime the Orange party are very active, and it is a question whether there will not be a collision in some of the Northern Counties.

THE election of Levis is a heavy blow for the Provincial Government. It is more than a Liberal gain, because the majority was largely recruited from discontented Conservatives. The people of this Province are at length awakening to the fact that something must be done toward getting out of the slough of despond. Speechifying and posing are not the proper means of recuperation. We require a strict business policy.

THE Government guarantee to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is still exercising the patience of certain New York journals written in the interest of a band of stock-jobbers. The answer is peremptory. Either the railway must be continued or it must be given up. It is clear that it must be continued as it is a necessity for the country. It is therefore equally clear that the Government ought to step in in its favor, especially as there is absolutely no monetary risk in the matter.

THE most important political news from England received for a long time, is the contemplated rapprochement between the Whigs and the Conservatives, as a bulwark against Radicalism. Argyll has filled Castle Inverary with a representative company of Scottish nobility and English Whigs whom he invited to meet Lord and Lady Salisbury. The Duke is said to have in contemplation plans for the actual going over to the side of Conservatives, and this really seems to be about the only course he will have left to himself should the Radicals carry forward all their schemes.

ECCLESIASTICAL news from Rome is rather of an interesting character. It is announced that the American Bishops there assembled have succeeded in persuading the Vatican to consent to the appointment of a Papal Nuncio to the United States. The same journal also announces that the conference is favorable to con-

sidering the project of having an American Cardinal resident in Rome and even of attempting to induce the United States Government to appoint an accredited representative from the United States to the Vatican with functions similar to those with which the British Government has invested Mr. Errington.

IN order that our friends may keep a record of the Standard Time, we append a few particulars. This standard time conforms to that of the 75th meridian and is known as the "Eastern time." It is exactly five hours slower than Greenwich time, and five minutes forty seconds slower than the time of the meridian of McGill College observatory. The change of local time in the principal cities of Canada to conform with the Standard time of the 75th meridian is as follows:—

Quebec puts the clock back about.....	15 min.
Montreal " " " " " " " " " " " "	6 min.
Ottawa " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 min.
Kingston " " " " " " " " " " " "	7 min.
Toronto " " " " " " " " " " " "	17 1/2 min.
Hamilton " " " " " " " " " " " "	19 min.
London " " " " " " " " " " " "	24 min.

A traveller leaving Montreal hereafter will find his watch corresponding with the local time of all these Canadian cities, and of the cities of the Eastern States; when he enters the Maritime Provinces his watch will be exactly one hour fast, and when he journeys westward it will be exactly one hour slow in the central division.

L. Z. JONCAS ESQ.,

ONE OF THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONERS AT THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Mr. Joncas was born at Grand River, one of the principal parishes of the county of Gaspé, and one of the most important cod fishery stations of the Gaspé coast. His family has been for many years in the fishing industry. He received his early education at the village school and afterwards went through his classical studies at the College of Ste. Therese. Several years after his return to his native place he went into the fishing business, as merchant and fishery outfitter, in which business he continued for a while. He was afterwards appointed Sheriff of Gaspé. In 1875-76 he was private Secretary to Hon. P. Fortin, who was the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. When Canada had to be represented at the London Fisheries Exhibition, the name of Mr. Joncas suggested itself naturally to those who knew him as a person who is theoretically and practically quite competent to discharge the important duties of joint Commissioner at the great show. His principal part being what concerns the Maritime fisheries, their organization, the trade they give rise to, etc., Mr. Joncas has fully justified the expectations of his friends. He is still in the prime of life. Mr. Joncas is an honor to his Province and to the persons who have upheld him.

The London *Canadian Gazette* of the 5th of July last, has the following article:—

"At a conference held on Monday, the 2nd of July, at the Fisheries Exhibition, under the presidency of the Hon. A.W. McLellan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, a remarkably comprehensive and interesting paper upon the various fisheries of British North America was then read by Mr. L. Z. Joncas, one of the Canadian Commissioners at the Exhibition.

"The subject is a large one, but Mr. Joncas' practical knowledge of it enabled him to do justice to all its branches, and he concentrated in his paper much information of great value upon all sections of the trade."

This lecture has been published by authority, at London, and circulated extensively. Besides, Mr. Joncas has addressed to the newspaper, *Le Canadien*, of Quebec, during the last three months several correspondences (nine in number), on subjects connected with the Canadian and foreign fisheries.

## THE MISSING LINK.

It was not over-clean down in the fore-castle. The walls of the ship were grimy and black, and the row of bunks only slightly resembled the neat little cots with snowy spreads on shore.

The swinging oil-lamp could not compare with gas, but in the circle of its dim radiance were seated perhaps as happy a set of men as any who gathered round the cheery open grates or air-tight stoves on the mainland.

Our watch had just been relieved, and contrasted with the raw, foggy night-air outside, the snug, tight "fokesel" seemed a paradise of comfort. Nils Jansen, the Swede, and Cal Remmick had turned in for a few winks of sleep, but five of us had gathered round the lamp, engaged in various occupations and disposed in different attitudes.

George Brass, our Cornishman, was doing some clumsy tailoring to one of his spare flannel shirts. Evan Evans, a stout and jolly little Welshman, was crooning away to himself snatches of song in the soft vowels of his native tongue, while he dove deeper and deeper into his sea-chest to unearth that last letter from

his sweetheart, whose contents he had quite committed to memory after repeated readings.

Pierre Lafarge, not the light mercurial Frenchman indicated by his name, but a heavily-built, broad-shouldered Canadian, sal-low skin, and with high cheekbones, sat leaning his head on his broad palms and gazing fixedly into the darkest corner of the little room. It was a favorite trick of Pierre's, and had earned him the distinctive cognomen of "the dreamer."

As for me I half lay, half sat in my bunk, thinking of home far away and the little woman busy in the Cape Cod school-house, and waiting for her sailor boy.

Egbert Brandt completed our little circle. Egbert was a son of the sea, *par excellence*. Born in Holland, he had drifted around the globe from port to port, until now, though not over five-and-thirty, there was hardly a continent or island on whose shores he had not set foot and with whose languages and dialects he was not, as you might say, "on speaking terms." He was a quiet man, but could spin a good yarn when the mood seized him, and it was a favorite pastime of my own to draw him out.

To night he was in an unusually pleasant mood, and it took little persuasion to induce him to commence his narrative.

When I was about twenty-three, (he said) I was on an East Indianman coasting along the shores of Java. You can talk of the neatness of our Dutch housewives, but I tell you, mates, Capt. Von Vliet would have made their rosy cheeks turn green with envy. All hands were busy from morning to evening as we sailed alongshore; the decks were as white as endless holystoning could make them; the brass-work was polished till it shone like gold; and the rigging was kept so taut and trim and clean that not a war vessel afloat could excel us. An East Indianman is generally as clean and pretty a craft as floats; but when you come to a *Dutch* East Indianman, you will realize that it is impossible for me to exaggerate the care spent on her good looks. Cleanliness and discipline were the two great hobbies of our captain; and had he been in the navy, he would have been rated the strictest of martinetes.

However, the old captain had a kind heart beneath all his stiffness, and not one of his men could complain of ill-usage or overwork.

We made the usual stopping-places along the coast, and gradually drifted along to the east, until we reached a place where the range of chalky hills approached the coast line closely, and the patches of snowy soil glistening in the tropical sun stood out clear and bright against the rich green vegetation of the lowlands. The streams flowing down the slopes of these hills were heavily impregnated with mineral substances, which made them disagreeable to the taste and not over and above healthy in their effects.

Accordingly we kept on still farther to the eastward, in order to replenish our stock of fresh water before we should set out on our long homeward voyage. The weather was uniformly pleasant, until one day the breeze began to freshen, and kept on growing stronger and more boisterous until it blew a perfect hurricane. We vainly tried to keep on our homeward course, but at last it became impossible to do so, and every sail was furled and the ship put about.

Night had come on early, and it was pitchy dark, save when now and then a stray flash of lightning lit up the gloom for an instant and then left it blacker than before. The great waves drove along, their white crests of foam seeming to race the heavy storm-clouds overhead. In spite of the utmost skill and strength of the helmsman, they would sometimes break over us and sweep our decks from stem to stern. One of the boats was stove in, and the other seemed preserved only by a miracle. It was impossible to stay on deck unless lashed to the foot of the rigging or the ship itself.

Suddenly a blinding flash, and a rattling, jarring roar was heard. The whole ship was flooded with light for a second, and then the mizzen-mast came crashing down, splintered and shivered from top to bottom. This was bad enough, but the bolt had done still more serious damage. When the helmsman had recovered from the stunning effects of the shock, he found the compass useless, the needle having disappeared, and nothing but a scorched and blackened card was left confronting him.

The wreck was out away, and we drove on before the tempest, which now seemed to have reached its height, but showed no signs of abating. It was a terrible experience. We were driving in the storm with no knowledge of our situation or direction. The wind, lulling for a moment, seemed then to blow at once from all points of the compass, shrieking and screaming like ten thousand furies let loose. The gray dawn came late and revealed no improvement in our situation. It was impossible to see double the length of the vessel in any direction, for the waves towered high above us and the ship seemed to be in the center of a vast chaos.

Entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves, we were hurried on, dreading that each moment we might strike a hidden rock, or find ourselves driving on a lee shore. The only task of the man at the wheel was to dodge the mountains of water that were threatening every moment to crush in the stern, or roll upon and overwhelm us with their tons of liquid destruction.

How long we progressed in this fashion I

cannot tell you. It was a time when minutes seemed weeks, and days centuries.

It was my first experience with a cyclone, and I found it a decidedly unpleasant acquaintance. What the sailor prays for at such a time is plenty of sea room; and when we found our craft at last driving straight for shore, all hands gave up their hopes for safety, and looked for nothing else than death. A bold rocky headland jutting out into the sea, and toward which we were whirling in the boiling waves with the speed of a race-horse, loomed up dead ahead. We tried to let out a sail, but it flew away in ribbons before it could give us any help.

The helm was jammed hard-a-port and three men held the wheel, while the great waves beat against the side of the ship and threatened to crush it in.

Provisionally, we ran by the point, so near that one could almost touch the frowning face of the cliff, and as we passed beyond, found that it was possible to swing around into comparatively smooth water. Here we cast anchor, and sheltered from the extreme fury of the blast, rode out the remainder of the storm in safety.

Then we set about finding out our position and repairing damages. We could not tell how many days the storm had lasted, but knew that we must have been blown many leagues away from our starting-point. It was with great surprise, however, that the captain found, as a result of his observations, that we were laying off the coast of Papua or New Guinea. The bay which sheltered us was perhaps some thirty miles across in its widest part. The headland, where we had so narrowly escaped shipwreck, projected out a long distance, reaching toward a spit of sand on the other side of the harbor and narrowing then entrance to a width of about two miles.

All around the shore was a thick tropical forest, ranging to the very verge of the sea, except upon the headland I have spoken of, which stood out a naked mass of rock. Two or three streams and one small river emptied into this basin, but the former were almost concealed by the dense jungle growth along their sides. All, presumably, had their source in a range of high hills or mountains, whose summits were closely outlined along the horizon.

It was necessary for us to lie off this shore for some time, while the necessary repairs were being made on the ship. Out of our few spare spars a "jury mast" was being rigged to replace the mizzen-mast, the injured boat was having new planks set, and the wounds received by the good ship in her battle with the elements were generally looked after and, figuratively speaking, "bound up." While all this was going on we had seen no signs of life on shore. Not a single native had put in an appearance, and the scene seemed, except for our party, a virgin world untrodden by the foot of man. Each day a party from the ship went ashore, returning laden with fresh water and fruits. Every nook in the bay was thoroughly examined, and the shores explored from headland to sand spit. The rocky point was evidently of volcanic origin, and numerous fissures and openings marked its roughened walls. It had little interest for most of our company, but to me it possessed some strange fascination. I clambered over it day after day, whenever I could get liberty ashore, until at last I made a discovery. Near the extreme end of the point stood a detached piece of lava, nearly rectangular in shape, and looking over it carefully, I found, ridged, carved in one corner, two figures. One was a poorly executed cross; below it was the representation of a man holding a spear. The outlines were badly worn by the wind and spray, and the marking must evidently have been done at some very remote period; still it was sufficiently clear for me to observe the curious fact that the figure holding the spear was provided with a well-developed tail. I reported my discovery to Capt. Von Vliet, and he visited the spot at once, but without making any fresh discovery. For several days the place became an object of universal interest to the crew, and many were the surmises as to the origin of the mysterious marking and its hidden meaning. The cliff was carefully inspected at different times, but nothing new was found to throw light upon the subject, and at last the captain's theory found general credence. This was that some Catholic missionary had, at some remote period, set foot upon this land, and traced the figure of the arch enemy of mankind, with the cross above it, to signify the triumph of religion over sin.

At last the ship was nearly ready to sail, the captain intending to make as straight a course as possible for the nearest port in Java, where he could replace his compass. Granted a clear sky, he could easily make his port, guided by the sun and planets.

We had grown more careless after each visit to the shore, and had gradually relaxed our vigilance, until, instead of keeping a constant lookout as we had done at first, we finally grew to feel perfectly secure, if only one or two of the party had guns. This last day we started for the shore as usual, and reached land near the mouth of the little river. Karl Nieman and myself landed on one side of the river, and armed with our long disk-knives and revolvers, started into the jungle. The rest of the party pulled the light boat up the stream, following the opposite shore. They were just disappearing round a little bend, when I saw the bowsman throw up his arms and fall heavily forward on his face. As he fell, the shaft of an arrow protruding from his side gave evidence that he had been struck down by some lurking