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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

July 9th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 88°	53°	60°	Mon.. 88°	60°	74°
Tues.. 74°	52°	63°	Tues.. 82°	62°	72°
Wed.. 74°	52°	63°	Wed.. 85°	60°	72°
Thur.. 71°	57°	64°	Thur.. 85°	65°	75°
Fri.. 82°	59°	70°	Fri.. 84°	66°	75°
Sat.. 81°	64°	72°	Sat.. 88°	65°	76°
Sun.. 84°	65°	74°	Sun.. 95°	68°	81°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 15, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE custom which has grown up of late years in England of establishing so-called mock parliaments (the more pretentious offspring of the old debating societies) is not it seems without its drawbacks, not the least of which is the amount of labor which these institutions throw away upon obliging members of the House of Commons. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in one of these Parliamentary debating societies, was recently very searchingly questioned as to the number of exchequer bills and treasury notes which he had issued. He parried his persecutor by the promise of inquiry in the true House of Commons manner. He then wrote to the member for his borough—"Dear Sir, I am chancellor of the exchequer in the—Parliamentary Debating Society, and am anxious to make a statement regarding the floating debt. But I never saw an exchequer bill or a treasury note; and do not know at all what they are. Can you describe them to me, or say what is done with them? Can you get me a copy of a used-up bill? Please also explain when the debt is funded? Does a surplus mean money on hand that nobody knows what to do with? If so, what becomes of it?" &c. The member addressed has to teach the local Chancellor of the Exchequer all about finance, and may next week have to explain that the money of the national debt is not kept in coffers at Mr. Gladstone's official residence. Probably a remedy for some of these evils would be an extension of the *cloture* so as to include letter-writing.

THERE is to be a competition of amateur dramatic clubs at the Alexandra Palace near London. The mind that conceived this must have a colossal idea of human endurance. How is the contest to be conducted? Are the clubs to play in heats? Will the unfortunate umpire be obliged to witness ever so many performances of a particular play before he can adjudicate? And will the prize be given to the most successful prompter? Anyway a course of these performances ought to cause a phenomenal growth of humility in the amateur actor's mind, though the soil is not very favorable to the plant.

A NEW use has been discovered for the electric light in the stimulus which it has afforded in London to an otherwise dull stock market. Speculators must live, and the one way left for them to live in dull times is to concentrate the

scattered elements of speculation in one particular point. They have done this with electric light company shares. A "manja," as some call it, has been developed in these with all the more success that the market, as a whole, was idle. Jobbers in the American market, in the foreign market, of all markets, have been attracted to that corner of the floor where these shares are dealt in, and have developed there a pandemonium in an astonishingly brief space of time. Money is won and lost, not in hundreds, but in tens of thousands. One dealer alone we have heard of whose losses are said to reach \$1,000,000. He "went a bear" of "Brush" shares, they say, when they were at eight, and has pegged away on the bear track ever since. The most eager players are the premium-hunters—mostly impecunious people—briefless barristers of the Temple, loungers in the clubs, the quidnuncs of society, the hangers-on about the doors of the Stock Exchange. These people care nothing about electric patents, or the sources of a given company's profits. They have seen shares quoted at from two to eight per cent. premium before they were issued, or within a few weeks after issue, and that was enough for them. Grant them but allotments, and they will be rich at a stroke.

THE following unique, not to say "cheeky" letter was recently addressed by a German phrenologist, who styles himself a professor of mental science, resident in England, to Prince von Bismarck, in reply to a notice to present himself at a certain locality in Prussia for military service under the conscription:—"My dear Bismarck—I feel highly flattered at your kind invitation, addressed to me at my native town, to join the German army, but I am afraid I shall not be able to accept it, for I am now in England, engaged in a more useful work—as I consider it—of expounding mental science and teaching people how to make best use of their faculties. For the same reason I scarcely feel myself at liberty to accept even the hospitality of six months' board and lodging at the expense of the State, which you considerably offer as an alternative. I much prefer basking in the sunshine of English liberty to being forced despotically into military service in my own country. I have altogether given up fighting since I left school. I do not know that I have anything particular to fight about now, and hardly care to engage in fighting at any one else's bidding. If you have had a quarrel with anybody, I would advise you to settle it amicably if possible, or else fight it out yourself. If, after you have 'set up' the army, you can make it convenient to run over here at any time to one of my phrenological lectures, I shall be happy to point out the superiority of life in England and explain the nature and utility of the—as I say—more useful work I am engaged in; and I will examine your head, either publicly or privately, free of charge.—With kind regards to the Governor, I remain yours faithfully, GUSTAVUS COHEN."

THE immediate result of the admission of women to the Tripos examination at Cambridge is hardly so striking as was hoped. The first list under the new regulations has been published, whereby it appears that only two women are thought worthy of a place, their positions being respectively 32nd and 35th in the list, and neither of them succeeded in reaching the first class, or wranglers, of which there are this year twenty-nine. Thus those busybodies who predicted that the admission of the fair sex to the examination hall would completely revolutionize the Tripos list, that in fact the women would be first, and the rest nowhere, may, in the expressive language of our neighbors on the other side, take a back seat. Not for an instant do we wish to reflect upon the creditable work of these ladies. It is something, and a great something, that their claims to recognition has been at least recognized, and that they have been enabled at least to take the position to which their talents and education have entitled them, without fear or favor.

A CURIOUS opinion is very prevalent amongst the lower classes in Dublin about the Phoenix-park murders; and it is worth noting, perhaps,

by those who look upon the whole affair as inexplicable. When Lord Hartington was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1871, it may be remembered that the Prince of Wales visited Dublin, and that there was a very serious disturbance in the Phoenix-park. The police made a furious and, as some say, a very unprovoked assault upon the mob, near the Wellington Memorial, and a vast number of people were badly beaten, including, we think, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. Lord Hartington was present, and saw the whole affair, which created a tremendous sensation, and resulted in the celebrated case of "O'Beirne v. Hartington." Now, the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish is put down by the Dublin lower orders as an act of private revenge upon the Cavendish family. Mr. Burke's fate is believed to have been only incidental. The grudge engendered by the police batons, and Lord Hartington's presence consenting to the occurrence, was to be at last wiped out; and directly it was heard that Lord Frederick was coming over as Chief Secretary, the private vendetta was resumed, and the account finally closed. All this may be mere idle talk; but it makes the affair more nearly resemble the Felton-Buckingham business.

THE defeat of the Gladstone Government upon Mr. Trevelyan's amendment to the Coercion Bill is not regarded by any one as likely to result in the resignation of the Premier. Indeed it seems almost impossible that such resignation, even if tendered, would be accepted. We may well believe that no one at the present juncture would be at all ambitious of forming a new Cabinet to assume the liabilities and carry out the policy of the Liberals. But the fact is significant as showing how entirely the present policy of the Government has failed to unite the various component parts which went originally to make up Mr. Gladstone's majority. The reconstruction of the party at an early date has become an absolute necessity, or the Conservatives may find in the ranks of the disaffected Whigs, just that increment of position and intellect which alone they lack to take advantage of the situation.

A FAILING IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Amongst the many accusations which it is customary to heap upon the manners of English society, there are, no doubt, several which are fatally true, and the consideration of which may prove a lesson to those amongst us, our young men in particular, who think in such matters imitation to be the sincerest flattery. The gravest indictment which can be sustained against society in London is the necessity it imposes upon those who are fitted by their social position to enter the charmed circles, but whose purses are unfortunately unequal to their demands,—of living beyond their means.

Attention has before been called to the unfortunate way in which the position of some of the younger members of our Civil Service induces a similar expenditure, but a recent occurrence in English society gives the opportunity of studying the evil in its extreme form.

The occurrence alluded to is the sudden disappearance from London circles of two of society's families, whose history has been, alas, that of many similarly placed, and whose sins are to be charged, not altogether to their own account, so much as to that of the system under which they were raised. They were both younger sons, and were both destined by their charm of manner, and, in the case of one, by personal beauty, to become great favorites from the very beginning among their fellow men and women. One went to Harrow, and one, the handsome one, to Eton. They both became great favorites at once, and as neither of them had the very least care for the morrow, or any ambition to shine as students, the various opportunities of spending money which the fashionable public schools afford, were eagerly seized by boys trained amidst the luxurious surroundings of a fashionable home.

They both left school in debt, the "very pretty boy" owing about \$2,000 in

Windsor and Eton. The Harrovian went to read with a very celebrated Army tutor, who, rightly or wrongly, has the reputation of not allowing his pupils to find life in his house devoid of pleasure; the Etonian repairing to Oxford, at which last-named town the waiter of "The Mitre" saw more of him than the examiners. More debt, more usurers; a general confession and explanation at home, and a terrible row were in both cases the result.

London life now began, and London life with hosts of friends and no money. Good luck at cards, and the most staunch and self-sacrificing friendship on the part of two of the most charming women in society kept our two heroes (I) going for a time, but it became apparent to both the year before last, that this state of things could not go on for ever, and they both determined to take the shortest cut out of impecuniosity by jumping the Whisendine of matrimony. The great thing was to find the heiress, and to find her willing; and all their family, male and female, aided them in their quest by their advice, countenance, and diplomatic skill. Once or twice in both cases the thing seemed nearly done; the pretty boy especially—now alas no longer so pretty as in days gone by—was very near landing one of the largest fish which ever swam in transatlantic waters, but neither eventually succeeded, and, to make matters worse, luck at cards and betting began to desert them.

The end, the inevitable end, came the other day, and these "two more unfortunates weary of duns" have disappeared, whether to Paris or New York being still a matter of conjecture.

As we said in the beginning, the lives of these men are typical of the lives of many others in London society; men of birth, but penniless, who are seduced by men of fortune to lead extravagant idle lives, and who are so petted by society that they forget that the fact of their belonging to fashionable clubs is not, necessarily, considered as a profession, as profitable from a pecuniary point of view as some others, and that the caresses of pretty and titled women may not be solely relied upon as a means of livelihood.

They were penniless and were educated in the midst of extravagance; they were clever and good natured, so men liked them; they were handsome and daring, so women loved them. They lived on this liking and this loving for a while, and then at length, suddenly and mysteriously, as is ever the case, met with the fate of all favorites; betrayed by some jealous enemy, forsaken by their friends of yesterday, they fell, or in other words, fled to hide their shame in the fastnesses of Bignon's or Delmonico's.

The moral is easy of application even amongst ourselves. Our young men have not, it is true, such peculiarly advantageous opportunities of going to the dogs as are enjoyed by the younger sons of the English aristocracy. Still here, too, may be seen the bad effects of an endeavor to maintain a false position in a society which has claims upon the pockets of its votaries which many among them cannot honestly meet. In so far as any society induces in its members a practice of living beyond their means, to that extent at least it is radically bad.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustration of Deep River on the Upper Ottawa is taken from a photograph by Mr. Alexander Henderson, the landscape photographer of Montreal. It is a scene characteristic of the beauties of our back country rivers, where picturesqueness and good sport vie in their attractiveness to the visitor and the mosquito is the only drawback to absolute bliss.

THE Easel in the Fields by Mr. F. S. Church is a pastoral satire in the best style of this promising young artist, who has taken a front rank in what may be considered a purely native school of art. The correctness of the picture will be easily recognized by all who have had similar comparisons and distractions on a sketching tour. Who that ever planted his easel in country lane or grassy field, but has run the gauntlet of mystic comment, and farmyard criticism, in which often, as in the present case, the attraction is not entirely confined to