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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 16th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 50°	40°	45°	Mon.. 60°	46°	53°
Tue.. 49°	32°	40°	Tue.. 67°	49°	58°
Wed.. 52°	43°	47°	Wed.. 66°	58°	62°
Thur.. 68°	47°	57°	Thu.. 55°	37°	46°
Fri.. 46°	32°	39°	Fri.. 62°	38°	50°
Sat.. 54°	38°	46°	Sat.. 56°	44°	50°
Sun.. 50°	42°	46°	Sun.. 59°	43°	51°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 22nd, 1881.

THE WEEK.

The Toronto journalists, in response to the invitation of the members of the press in this city, are to visit us next Saturday to play a return match of lacrosse. We trust that Mr. VENNOR will see the propriety of providing better weather for the occasion than he succeeded in doing for last Saturday's match. We shall see at all events whether the much-cried-up "influence of the press" will be a sufficient check upon Jupiter Pluvius. Otherwise the word may have to be read "influenza."

The question of what is to be done in the matter of "corners" is becoming a most serious one. Facility of communication and unlimited command of capital enable certain firms with large business connections to establish "corners" in articles of universal consumption and of absolute necessity. One cotton corner recently levied tribute upon the entire cotton manufacturing interest of Great Britain. Another cotton corner has been formed to affect the Liverpool market. There is a corner in beans. In this connection the Armour corner in pork last year will be recalled, as well as the subsequent corner in lard. The present speculation in grain in Chicago is probably the greatest corner known to modern commercial operations. It is the universal nature of these products in which the danger lies, and it is becoming obvious that society will have to protect itself against such an artificial augmentation of prices in the case of the necessities of life. It is otherwise than with legitimate speculation. The capitalist who anticipates the future by buying grain when it is cheap, to sell when it is dear, equalizes prices and is a public benefactor. The speculator who increases the price of food in a period of scarcity benefits the community by preventing waste and enforcing an economy which makes the supply of food last the longer. There would be more famines if there were fewer grain speculators. But a corner is not a legitimate speculation. It is an artificial raising of prices by the employment of the power of capital, which has no utility and no justification. It is using the power which wealth gives to rob the consumer, and society needs to declare war against the principle, and, if possible, prevent the practice.

"Those of you who have been in Newgate"—as Artemus Ward used to begin, stammering out his apologies for the misconstruction which might be put upon his words,—those of you who have been in Newgate, as visitors presumably, will enter its walls no more, in that or any other capacity. The fates have decreed that the dingy old pile, still affectionately termed by London thieves the "stone jug," shall vanish from the earth, and the ill-favored liquor, which for centuries it has contained, be transferred to other receptacles. The historic pile, which Ainsworth and his followers have immortalized, and which the undying feats of Jack Sheppard have imprinted on the memory of every dime novel reader, is about to be even as Babylon and other equally disreputable glories of the past. On the whole there is little to regret. It is a misfortune for a prison to be surrounded by romantic associations, and we cannot conscientiously recommend the perusal of the Newgate Calendar in the bosom of our families. But a more direct reason for its removal may be found in the defective sanitary arrangements of the locality, which render it an unsuitable site for a great prison. If its demolition be regretted by the "profession" and the young gentlemen who devour the garbage of the Police Gazette and the dime novel writers, these are members of the community whose mortification can easily be endured, and whose own disappearance could be supported with scarcely less equanimity than that of Newgate itself.

The genius of the West is not yet dead. Neither are all the liars in that favoured region, which is at once the fascination and the despair of the ordinary traveller. Until to-day the possession of a chicken soup spring in one of the territories was considered a piece of unusual good fortune, and in the language of the country "hard to beat." But chicken soup is nowhere in comparison with the latest wonder. A spring has been discovered in Arkansas which pours forth a fluid resembling in flavour and effect the best old apple brandy. The village of Witherspoon in consequence has experienced a "boom," while the inhabitants have freely "sampled" the spring, the effects of which are said to be most striking, the new intoxicant being "way ahead" of even old Bourbon. The condition of the townfolk clearly proves the truth of the anecdote, which, however, we could not in reason have doubted, seeing the extreme suitability of the locality for such a gift of Providence. It is said that a remarkable lift has been given to immigration in consequence.

The quarterly returns of the British Board of Trade show that £1,300,000 sterling in excess of the corresponding period of last year has been added to the wealth of Great Britain. Notwithstanding the heavy influx of gold to this country, there is a marked decline in American exports and a large increase in imports. This fact is not calculated to inspire the commercial community with the belief that American prosperity is indefinitely assured. The indications are rather the other way, and even the American journals recognize the significance of these facts.

All work and no play, as the old adage tells us, is apt to produce very unsatisfactory results. With this the world has learned to agree, and a certain proportion of our lives is devoted to play as of necessity. It is the more strange, then, that in the training of our children we assume, as it were, that the working side of life is the only one which possesses any importance, or for which any schooling is necessary. We endeavour to teach our children how to work, we superintend their studies, exact the performance of their daily tasks, and then we turn them loose into the playground to complete their education for themselves. Yet a few years later we recognize how important a part in a man's life is the manner in which he

spends his leisure time. It is often the most important part of the day to him—it is often the most dangerous. And the training needed to make this leisure time of value should begin, as it rarely does, early in life. The parent should feel as responsible for the charge of his children in their play hours as in any others, and should endeavour, without interfering with natural spontaneity, so to arrange the spending of them as to assure the use of the many faculties that are not called into exercise during school or working hours. Nature gives us many hints as to the methods of doing this. The child craves vigorous exercise, asks innumerable questions, mimics the actions of its elders, seeks the companionship of other children. All these desires, if judiciously gratified, may supply the child-life with happy resources, and lead him gradually to provide for his own leisure time with the same care. The youth thus brought up will be in little danger of being led away into unwholesome and immoral pleasures. If he learns to stem the current for a definite port, he will not drift into perilous channels. He will respect his leisure as much as his labour and prepare for it as carefully. He will not be willing to become so absorbed in one pursuit as to neglect other claims, nor to relinquish for the sake of any imagined benefit, those periods of freedom from labour and care which are at once a source of enjoyment and a means of development.

STUDY OF A HEAD.

This picture, now in the London Water-color Exhibition, is a striking work by the Crown Princess of Germany, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. Last year she exhibited two studies, of Frederick the Great and his sister, which the London Times described as fine. Like all the royal family of England, this imperial lady has sought to cultivate her artistic taste. (Queen Victoria herself, more particularly when she still had the companionship of her accomplished husband, devoted much time not only to music, but to the art of etching, in which she attained—(for we have seen specimens)—no inconsiderable skill. Her children not only possess a hereditary love for art, but received under their father's care a careful artistic training. The Princess Royal exhibited her first picture in 1857, in aid of the soldiers' fund after the Crimean war. The late Princess Alice was perhaps more literary than artistic. It is said that the most accomplished of the sisters is the one whom devotion to her mother has kept out of public sight—the Princess Beatrice. One of the Christmas books of this year will be a birthday book illustrated by her. The designs are said to be charmingly executed, and represent by their appropriate flowers the twelve months of the year. The Princess Christian also has displayed her talents with the chisel. As the Prince of Wales bought Sara Bernhardt's pictures, his taste had better be described as undeveloped; he has, like George III. and George IV., considerable taste in music. The musician of the family, however, is the Duke of Edinburgh, who is far above the usual standard of amateur violinists. He plays regularly in the Philharmonic orchestra, and has appeared in public as a soloist. Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, although only twelve years old, shows extraordinary vocal powers, and is so devoted to her musical studies that her parents have to restrain her enthusiasm. Prince Leopold, on whose advice his mother relies more than on that of any other of her children, but is condemned by his state of health to a life of comparative seclusion, has great literary abilities. Last, but not least, we may mention our own, the Vice-Queen of Canada, who under the teaching of Mrs. Thornycroft displayed far more than ordinary talent with the chisel, and is in no sense inferior to her elder sister with the brush.

At Burlington House a bust of the Queen executed by the Princess Louise was pronounced one of the most remarkable works of an unassisted amateur. Her picture, "In Aid of Sufferers," represents a plain strew with dead and dying, ministered to by Sisters of Charity, with burning houses illumining the darkness.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

"This is the porter house is it?" asked the sad passenger sitting at the corner table in the restaurant.
 "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porter house steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir."
 "Do you cut porter house steak from behind the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger with the intonation of a man who wanted to know.
 "Sir?" said the waiter.
 "It seemed to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of

a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, "but I remember now; it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porter house steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the sirloins from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where they cut the porter house between the horns, and this one reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from!"

"Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter; "course, sir. He was butchered, sir."
 "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"
 The waiter looked puzzled.
 "Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em, when customers gets through with 'em, sir."
 "Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?"
 The waiter looked nervous.
 "What?" he said, "the customers eat them, up."
 The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest.
 "Incredible!" he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"
 But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed "positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for the man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Garfield fund is to be closed on Saturday next.
 An American Exchange is to be established in Paris.
 Epidemic fever is carrying hundreds off daily in the Punjab.
 The British ship *Edwin Abbey* has been wrecked in the China Sea.
 The Land League is putting a general stop to hunting throughout Ireland.
 Edison has been awarded five gold medals at the Electric Exhibition at Paris.
 JUDGER JAMESON, of Chicago, has inaugurated a crusade against the grain gamblers.
 The meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia is to take place on Tuesday next.
 SIXTEEN persons are being tried at Leipzig for treason and infringing the Socialist laws.
 A TEXAS highwayman has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary.
 The latest outrage in Ireland is mixing needles with the food of boycotted farmers' cattle.
 The Viceroy of India telegraphs that Yuzuf Khan has left Candahar with a large force for Girishek.
 The whole of the new State Bank issue of Russia, amounting to 190,000,000 roubles, has been subscribed.
 SIR GARNET WOLSELEY says the channel tunnel, if completed, would be a lasting source of danger to England.
 A SUIT for \$3,000,000 has been entered against the Standard Oil Company for unpaid taxes and penalties.
 The Marquis of Waterford has applied to the Land Commissioners to have the rent of two of his tenants increased.
 A LARGE pork-packing house in Philadelphia has fallen a victim to the Chicago grain corner to the tune of a million.
 The damage resulting from the recent fire in the Fourth Avenue car stables in New York amounts to nearly 4,000,000.
 A NEW plot against the Czar's life has been discovered, Nihilist telegraph operators having disclosed to the conspirators information regarding the intended journeys of the Czar.
 An extensive system of bribery and corruption, it is found, has been carried on in the transport and commissariat service during the Afghan campaign, and has led to the arrest of several influential bankers in India.

HUMOROUS.

SYNONYMS for the announcement of births, marriages, and deaths continue to be multiplied by ingenious journalists. One paper styles them "Babies, Brides, and Bodies."
 JOYS of the Seaside.—Brown: "What beastly weather! And the glass is going steadily down!" Local tradesman: "Oh, that's nothing, sir. The glass has no effect whatever on our part of the coast!"
 The man who "usually got" when married, recently led No. 7 to the altar, and when asked for the ring, replied, "Parson, I've hookt onto six 'em without a ring, and I reckon we kin git along this time. I'll try and remember it in future, though."