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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882				
Oct. 13th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	81.0	59.0	70.0	Mon.	71.0	50.0	60.5
Tue.	81.0	59.0	70.0	Tue.	72.0	54.0	63.0
Wed.	82.0	62.0	72.0	Wed.	73.0	56.0	64.5
Thur.	82.0	62.0	72.0	Thur.	73.0	56.0	64.5
Fri.	78.0	61.0	69.5	Fri.	78.0	61.0	69.5
Sat.	76.0	58.0	67.0	Sat.	78.0	61.0	69.5
Sun.	79.0	55.0	67.0	Sun.	78.0	62.0	70.0

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—H. M. Alfonso XII. King of Spain—The Panama Inter-oceanic Canal—Views of Java—The National Germania Statue in the Niederwald—Panorama from the Platform of the National Germania Statue—The Statue of Peace and War on the Pedestal of the National Germania Statue—Lady Lansdowne.

LETTER PRESS.—The Week—The Real Solution of the Boundary Trouble—A Protruding Tooth—Miscellany—A Little Bit of Praise—My First Day—Echoes from Paris—Some Summer Flowers—Six months of Bliss—Varieties—Echoes from London—The Felon—Songs of Fair Weather—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 20, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE Alfonso incident has passed off without the tragic ending which seemed imminent last week. Public opinion was general that France had done all that could reasonably be expected of her in the way of reparation for the insult of the Spanish King, and Spain was given to understand that it would be best to let the matter drop.

THE elections in the States of Ohio and Iowa have terminated in victories that counterbalance each other. The Democrats have carried the former State, and the Republicans the latter. The gain, on the whole, is with the Democrats who did not hold Ohio last year. The result of the elections, as bearing on the Presidential contest, next year, is not much to be depended upon.

LORD and Lady Lansdowne are on the sea, bearing toward Quebec, where they are expected to land on Saturday. The Ministers of the Crown will meet them at the ancient capital on Saturday, where His Lordship will be sworn in as Governor-General of Canada. We bid Lord and Lady Lansdowne a hearty welcome to our shores, and trust their stay amongst us may be fruitful and pleasant.

ON Thursday, a banquet will be given to Sir Hector Langevin by his friends and admirers in this city. The event is the spontaneous offer of a number of citizens, without distinction of race or politics, and the compliment to the Minister of Public Works is all the greater therefor. And the compliment is well deserved. Sir Hector Langevin is an able administrator, a zealous and enlightened public officer and a statesman of broad, liberal views.

BEFORE the appearance of the next number of the NEWS, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will have left our shores, and closed their official residence among us. We therefore take this occasion to bid them farewell and God-speed in their new career. The Marquis of Lorne has been a painstaking, conscientious Governor, the patron of art and literature, a friend to our philanthropic societies, and a zealous promoter of everything tending to the development of Canada. His administration will be associated with a term of unexampled prosperity, during which the country has made rapid strides. We wish his Lordship a long career of public usefulness, and shall always be glad to hear of his success.

THE REAL SOLUTION OF THE BOUNDARY TROUBLE.

(To the Editor of the World.)

SIR: I have observed that your journal, taking, as it usually does, a fair and independent course between the eccentricities of partyism, has stated some undeniable truths to the effect that the cause of Mr. Mowat with reference to the boundary award is the cause of Ontario—and the cause of a greater than Ontario—the cause of right.

Perhaps you will allow me space in your journal to supplement this, and an opportunity of endeavoring in my plain way to make what appears to me the commencement—the root—the cause, in fact, of all this trouble, and its possible remedy, a little more plain to your readers.

The mass of French-Canadians, as every one who has been among them is aware, are not a people who, if left alone, would be likely either to cherish an unreasoning animosity against their fellow provincialists of Ontario, or to use any exertions to hinder their advancement. They are a civil, a frank, and a friendly race, and far more likely, I am well persuaded, of their own unbiased natures, to rejoice at than to grieve over the prosperity of Ontario.

There is every reason in fact why this should be the case. The prosperity of Ontario is pre-eminently the prosperity and the security of Quebec. Every 10,000 additional inhabitants gained by Ontario means a possible regiment for the defence of the Province of Quebec. In the last fifty years Quebec has advanced greatly. It has not so advanced against the wishes of Ontario. Ontario recognizes the moral of the bundle of sticks and the mutual strength. She does not believe that Quebec has forgotten Lundy's Lane. Ontario will never cease to remember Chateauguay.

Take the commercial view. Since the union began the resources of Ontario have in no slight degree enriched the Province of Quebec, and have very greatly enriched the city of Montreal. If the energetic citizens of Ontario can populate the wastes round Rat Portage, it means so many more packages landed at Quebec, so many more articles manufactured in Montreal. If the progress of Ontario be unhindered and rapid, if her exchequer be full, the inhabitants of Quebec are well aware that the same prosperity aids to fill, broad and deep, the Dominion strong box at Ottawa.

So much the richer Ontario, so much the richer the Ottawa Government, and thence directly and often, and with no grudging hand, so much the richer Quebec.

The people of Quebec—the people themselves—were they conversant with the matter, could not fail to see this. But, unfortunately, it is not the people of Quebec with whom we have to do. The politicians stand between us and them. There are in the province of Quebec a sort of people corresponding in some respects to the least capable of our old family compact men. They are not rich men. They are not capable business men. They are not capable politicians. They are utter impossibilities as statesmen. But they choose politics, the natural refuge of the incompetent and the loud-voiced, as an easy trade. These men are ever busy descending before Quebec audiences on the possible aggressions of Ontario and the injury inevitable to the laws, customs, religion and prosperity of Quebec, should Ontario get the upper hand. The honest fact is, Ontario is very well inclined to protect all these, and has no wish whatever to injure them. But the whole capital of the politicians referred to lies in denying the facts. They pose as the champions of Quebec. They declare themselves the defenders of the faith—the language—the laws of the habitants. They go into Parliament, in fact, pledged to keep down Ontario, and, not having the abilities to distinguish themselves in any other way when there, they keep up the cry on which they came in, exercise pressure on the Government in that direction, and make capital with their constituents, not that they have assisted Quebec, but that they have hindered Ontario.

The true remedy is the circulation throughout Lower Canada, of the actual facts of the case. That there is not, on the part of Upper Canada, any desire to act unfairly towards Lower, their history should prove. Whatever could reasonably be done to make confederation profitable and agreeable to Nova Scotia, to New Brunswick, to Quebec, that Ontario has never grudged to do. Concerning laws, concerning customs, concerning religions, it is, and has always been the wish of the great majority of Ontario, that they should be left to the management of those who are affected by them. As for interference with Quebec local rights, Ontario has never in any instance proposed, still less effected it.

Ontario wishes heartily the advancement of Quebec. She has every reason to do so. If the great area of possible agricultural land now largely unworked and almost unknown, interspersing and outlying the more settled districts of Quebec, were yielding the returns proper cultivation ensures—if the great forests Quebec yet retains were judiciously managed with a view to continuous timber supply—if the great mechanical adaptability of the Lower Canadians, now unpatriotically poured out to benefit unsympathizing New England, were retained and employed at home—and all this is possible—Quebec would speedily treble her population and her influence. There is not one man in Ontario, save he be some paltry schismatic, trained in European bigotry, but would rejoice to see this. It may

come to pass, but if it will come it will be by the aid of Ontario. Among the Anglo-Saxon race the sweeping measures of development must inaugurate, or they will not find existence.

How shall we hasten the progress of these? It is in the power of the people of Quebec. Let them check with a sharp hand the attacks their politicians are making in their name, but I am sure never with their will, on the development of Ontario. Let them declare with, I need not say, the spirit of their ancestors, but with their own, which in time of need they have proved its equal, that to deny the ratification of an arbitration is unworthy of them, even were it against their enemies, but most unworthy as against their friends. What is it if the boundary of Ontario extend to the west? What is it if her population increase? The increase of territory, the increase of population form no menace to Quebec. The real danger to Quebec exists in the nature of her politicians, who force themselves to the front. If their present mistaken course unfortunately continue, if Ontario be induced to form the belief that Quebec is her enemy, that will indeed form a danger—a most serious danger to Quebec.

I would urge them—as one who wishes their development, their increase, their prosperity; as one who sees in them much to admire, much which the Anglo-Saxon race might wisely imitate—not to arouse in the leading section of their confederation a feeling of bitter hostility. Already their course has caused, among Ontario men, deep annoyance and deep regret.

Had not the people of Quebec better, while yet there is time, break loose from the schismatics and from the small politicians who would array them against their best friends? Would it not be more in accordance with their lineage, with the ideas of fairness and honor which we have been accustomed to associate with the French Canadian character, to say, "Our fellow-colonists of Ontario wish but their own; it is not fit that we hinder them in obtaining it?" Would not this be better than to allow their leaders to excite all through Ontario the feeling that a member of our partnership is hostile to our interests and cares only for her own? I would earnestly warn the people of Quebec that this is not a small affair, not a business which will stop with the adjustment of the boundary. It is a little fire which will kindle a great matter. It will set all Ontario considering whether they can not help themselves, and they will certainly find a way to do so.

The people of Quebec at this moment have allowed their politicians to bring them to a point where two roads diverge. They may, by following the dictates of their own natural good feeling, compel the leaders to cease the obstruction of Ontario progress—may make of Ontario the friend she is willing to be—and may secure their own advancement in population, in territory and in material interests. They may take the other road. They may continue to allow their leaders to attack Ontario. They may excite all through the upper Province that angry jealousy of which at many a point the smouldering embers are beginning to burst into a flame. They may make an enemy of the most powerful member of the confederation, and the most capable of turning other members of that confederation against them. They may leave themselves no resource but an alliance with the States—an alliance in which they could secure no terms to save their customs from change or their religion from insult.

Quebec has the choice of these two roads, I trust she will choose the former.

Toronto.

ANTHONES.

A PROTRUDING TOOTH.

BETWEEN SAAS AND SIMPLON.

BY H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

"Und immer wieder zog die Reihe der glänzenden Eisgebirge das Aug' und die Seele an sich. Man giebt da gern jede Prätension ans Unendliche auf, da man nicht einmal mit dem Endlichen im Anschauen und Gedanken fertig werden kann. . . . Das Erhabene giebt der Seele die schöne Ruhe, sie wird ganz dadurch ausgefüllt, fühlt sich so gross als sie seyn kann." GOETHE.

It often happens to a mountaineer to be asked, by persons who love but do not know the high Alps, what the mountains are like, and how ascents are made. At such times, one wishes that the friends who ask so eagerly for descriptions could be put in possession of some magic glass, which would enable them to see you at work in climbing or resting upon a summit. Modern science has, however, done away with the mirror of the Eastern enchanter or the medieval magician. Such charming adjuncts to imaginative vision belong, indeed, to the fairy-land of grammar in which the naive youth of men and of mankind lives; nor can we hope that in our day any wise Cornelius will supply a glass which will show Geraldine to Surrey. Art can, nevertheless, still do somewhat, and literature now affords, perhaps, the best means of lending a magic glass to inquirers. It can seize ideal fact, and present a picture through words which shall have power to raise a tolerably vivid image in the minds of those who long for and who love high Alps, but who yet can never accomplish an actual ascent, or see the great mountains in their sacred and secret solitudes. So many persons now know something about high Alps, especially as seen from below, that a mountaineer may hope to take

them with him to the far-off lofty peak, and to present a word picture which, however imperfect, may yet aid imagination to realise something of the labour of the climb, and to conceive to some extent the glory attained as the result of labour.

On Monday, the 25th of August 1874, at three a.m. punctually, we were called by Melchior Auderegg, and responded with the unwilling alacrity of practised mountaineers; men who detest all such unnaturally early rising, and yet are willing to get up at any hour in order to ascend a good mountain. After the well-known dreary breakfast by the dull flaring of long-wicked candles, we emerged from the hotel at Saas, in order to look about us while the guides were getting ready.

The morning was very still and rather warm, but was heavy with mist, though now and then the wan stony glare which indicated the coming of daybreak gleamed chillingly in the faint east, through the darkling shroud of departing night. The quiet white hotel looked deathlike in its sleep. The little brook before the house ran along with a sleepy murmur, while the great hills opposite and up the valley were but dimly suggested through darkness.

Lyvetöte, eager to set out, was moving restlessly about, while Marks and myself were content to gaze at the prospect until Melchior should give the order to start.

Soon the great guide appeared, followed by his brother, Peter Auderegg, and we actually started at four a.m. Melchior thought well of our chances of a fine day, but came prepared with a large lantern, which he proposed to light so soon as we should have got clear of Saas.

Directly behind the hotel the ascent begins, and, in ten minutes, long grass slopes are traversed by gurgling water-courses. The grass was wet with heavy dew as we ascended the steep meadows, and Melchior soon lit his lantern for the guidance of his silent morning party.

We were bound for the Fletschhorn, or Task-peak; a tooth-like mountain, which rises sharply some 13,200 feet between Saas and the road of the Simplon, and which commands as Melchior assured us, a very distinctive and most magnificent view, as it is exceptionally well situated for a fine prospect over Italy. As we rose, we found the mist denser than it had been in the valley. In the still early morning it rested sluggishly upon the breast of the bare hill. The vapour rolling round King Melchior made of the guide's dark figure the amorphous phantom of a giant, and, when he pressed on ahead, he would have been swallowed up in the folds of the wet mist, but for the sullen glare of his guiding lantern. The morning suggested October among Highland hills, and this idea was strengthened as we began to thread our way between great pine-trees, each showing ghost-like through the damp gray cloud vapour. Leaving the slopes, we reached a rugged way, bordering a swiftly running stream. But for the mist it was now daylight, and Melchior here extinguished the lantern, hiding it in a block of rock, which he marked by a small cairn. Soon we saw a cluster of chalets perched high up on this steep slope, and learned that these were the Sennhütten of the Trift Alp. We passed rapidly between these cow-shelters in the still early morning, and nodded to two human faces which regarded us, with surprised interest, from out a half-shut door.

A few wreaths of vapour still lingered lazily, but Melchior again announced contentedly a fine day. Grass and trees exist at an unusual altitude on this ascent, and just as they cease a noble prospect is got of the jagged Ross-bodenhorn, of our own stately Fletschhorn, and of the white Weissnies on the right of the great group. Then turn round, and a view is obtained across the valley of Saas, the huge Mischabel range rising up mistily behind. From this moment all is rapture. A glad day is opening in the royal Alps, and we feel no depression as we enter upon the desolate waste, and leap from one frozen rock boulder to another across the torrent which separates slope from moraine. Where the moraine terminates we halt for the second breakfast. By this time every one is thoroughly awake, and the talk, the laughter, and the jest begin. After breakfast, just one little pipe, and then we prepare for the real work of climbing. The mists have faded away, the sun darts out brilliantly, and a fresh keen wind begins. The sun is hot, but the air is cold. All the better, says Melchior, for the view. The wind is from the North, and the day will be unusually fine and clear. Hurrah!

From this point a very long steep rock arête runs in a wavy line up to the far top of our mountain. On either side of the arête is glacier. Sometimes the rocks sink down nearly to the snow; at other places the arête is high above the crevassed and upwards-sloping fields of whiteness. Occasionally the rocks are tolerably broad; but generally the long ridge is rather narrow. "The rocks look good, don't they, Melchior?" "Well, yes; pretty good," replies our guide; "but they get steeper as you get up, and the last slope is very steep. They are loose too, as you'll soon find. That which looks from here like snow is all ice round the top, so that I shall stick to the rocks all the way up as much as possible." Good, Melchior, as you like; and now for the long rock arête.

The rocks are very loose, as we soon find. Nearly every block rolls away under our feet, and we start half a dozen other large stones at every step. It is laborious work, and we toil on at it for a long time, until Melchior calls a momentary halt just under the final wall, which looks decidedly worse than anything which had