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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 30th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1831		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 47°	30°	38° 5'	Mon.. 70°	41°	57° 5'
Tues.. 47°	30°	38° 5'	Tues.. 63°	40°	51° 5'
Wed.. 52°	31°	41° 5'	Wed.. 60°	45°	52° 5'
Thur.. 58°	32°	44°	Thur.. 63°	39°	51°
Fri.. 50°	38°	44°	Fri.. 64°	45°	54°
Sat.. 53°	35°	44°	Sat.. 62°	46°	54°
Sun.. 56°	37°	46° 5'	Sun.. 50°	34°	42°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 6, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THERE are plenty of Temperance men who have at times been urged to drink spruce, mum, treacle beer, and even British wines, on the plea that they were non-intoxicating beverages, and they have always been urged by their leaders to eschew such beverages, because, though the proportion of alcohol they contained might be small, the only safe position was the rejection of alcoholic drinks altogether. To those who give such advice it came as a rather startling revelation a few months ago that some of the popular Temperance beverages, in which the presence of alcohol could not be traced by the taste, really contained a small percentage of stimulant. Not only ardent spirits, wine, and malt liquors, but fancy Temperance drinks and ginger beer stood some degrees above zero. The strict teetotaler might still fall back upon water, and upon water flavoured with infusion of tea leaves and ground coffee berries; but M. MUNTZ, a French chemist, has now cut away the ground from under his feet. He professes to have discovered the presence of alcohol in water itself. The proportion, of course, is very small—about one gramme to a cubic metre, or one part in a thousand, but, if M. MUNTZ is correct, we are all consumers of alcohol, more or less, and the Temperance question is logically only a question of degree. The strictest water-drinker will only be able to boast that he is an abstainer from alcohol in so far as it is artificially manufactured: unless, indeed, some ingenious inventor patents a machine for the elimination of alcohol from water itself, so that conscientious Good Templars shall be enabled to keep their pledge to the strictest letter.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

One of the immediate effects of the recent attempt upon the Queen's life has been the intensifying of that personal interest in Her Majesty's life and doings, which is never quite absent from any of her subjects. Several interesting papers have been published during the last few months, amongst which one in *London Society* deserves, perhaps, special mention. But, what is even more gratifying than this laudable curiosity on the part of her own people, is the appreciation of her noble qualities shown by foreign nations.

To *Le Figaro* the ubiquitous and potent SAINT-GENEST contributes a lively and

sensible *causerie* “à propos de la Reine Victoria” at Mentone, which is full of regal and princely personages. The article is not only highly eulogistic, but marked by a sobriety of treatment comparatively rare in the French press. After describing her peaceable and quiet life in the Riviera, he adds;

“A strange destiny is that of the Queen! A woman born for domestic life and family joys, a woman who asked of God but one thing—to live in peace with her children and her husband, and upon whom God has imposed the heaviest crown in the world and the longest reign of the century.”

M. SAINT-GENEST briefly discusses the delicate subject of the Queen's retiring disposition, hinting that, while the people certainly like a display of regal pomp and ceremony, they like it, to use the writer's own locution, “dans ses fêtes, dans les palais, mais pas dans les personnes.” The finer the palace, the more the people appreciate the simplicity of her who inhabits it; the more splendid the crown, the more they admire the simplicity of her who wears it. There is much sterling sense in this passage, which may be commended to the study of those worthy folk who are for ever complaining that the Queen “doesn't do this” and “doesn't do that.” A few extracts from this brilliant *causerie* may be of interest to our readers.

When the people have been overcome by the marvels of St. James' and the Kremlin, when they have looked upon the diadems, the sceptres, the precious stones, they find a peculiar charm in the sight of the Princess, who has the right to these splendors, passing through the streets in a simple costume.....

If, on the contrary, a sovereign seeks to please by other means, if she follows the fashion,—if her dress, her witticisms, her smart sayings are quoted abroad, far from augmenting her prestige, she will lose it day by day.....

In a word, what the people like best, is to see the domestic virtues, the most simple virtues of the family practised on the throne.....

For a prince, we demand a different mode of life. He should be valiant, heroic at certain times. While he is young, we may even pardon him if he be somewhat of a *mauvais sujet*, but once a prince becomes the father of a family and the head of a great constitution, we claim that he should show an example of all private virtues.

M. SAINT-GENEST draws from his observations some profound philosophical reflections. He adds:

Well! Queen Victoria has had the rare merit of always sustaining her character of sovereign. She has done this not of calculation, but naturally, by yielding to the instincts of her heart—and she will remain as a grand example of the prestige which a sovereign can maintain before her people, when she leads a modest family life, and respects the laws of her country.

In truth, what a happy people are the English! This little isle, without corn, or wine, or sun, which yet grows greater day by day, while our France, with her sun, her corn-fields, her wines, finds herself growing ever less.

We wish that space allowed the reproduction of this most excellent article in its entirety. Apart from the direct description of the Queen's life there are other points of interest in M. SAINT-GENEST's account of the English and their customs, and the entire letter will be read by none, we are confident, with greater pleasure and satisfaction than the Queen herself. The *causerie* concludes with some observations highly satiric in character, on that ill-used person, Mr. BRADLAUGH. “Ah! si j'étais un grand personnage, comme je l'inviterai à venir me voir à Paris; quelle fête de l'entendre! et quel chagrin de mourir sans avoir contemplé un pareil phénomène!”

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GOVERNESS.

The following anecdotes of Queen Victoria are from the pen of Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), a very popular American author: When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her sovereign. The

Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, “Go at once to your mother child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will bear the children's losses; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils.” The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her schoolroom—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlor looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the schoolroom for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, “Oh, mother mother!” One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that kindhearted monarch, exclaiming, “Oh, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death,” hurried into the schoolroom, where she found Miss—struggling to regain her composure. “My poor child!” she said, “I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children.” And then she added, “To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift,” clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed, with tears, this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it.

MCGILL COLLEGE CONVOCATION.

The annual convocation of the School of Arts and Applied Science at McGill University was held on Tuesday last in the Molson Hall.

The Vice-Dean read the honor and passalists in Art, after which the *Valedictory* was delivered by Mr. N. T. Rielle. The following is the list of Graduates in Arts.

H. M. Ami, B.A.	J. L. Morin, B.A.
T. J. Barron, B.A.	N. T. Rielle, B.A.
Henry Cockfield, B.A.	Jno. H. Rogers, B.A.
Leigh R. Gregor, B.A.	A. W. Smith, B.A.
Henry J. Hague, B.A.	R. Stewart, B.A.
H. A. Lafleur, B.A.	R. Stirling, B.A.
D. Mackay, B.A.	F. W. G. Thomas, B.A.
P. C. McKillop, B.A.	C. W. Tronholme, B.A.
A. W. Martin, B.A.	G. F. Walker, B.A.
	G. W. Hillans, B.A.

In Applied Science the list contains the following names,—

J. H. Burland, B. A. Sc.
J. J. Collins, B. A. Sc.
T. Drummond, B. A. Sc.
P. L. Foster, B. A. Sc.
T. D. Oreen, B. A. Sc.
A. P. Low, B. A. Sc.
Fred. Miller, B. A. Sc.

The *Valedictory* of the course was then delivered by Mr. J. H. Burland, B. A. Sc. as follows:—

Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of the Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There are occasions in the life of every man when he may be excused for wishing for the talents which he has not. The student of applied science has but little use as a rule for the employment of soft words and honied phrases, yet he may perhaps be pardoned the wish on such an occasion as the present that to him were given the gift of eloquence which at ordinary times he would yield to the orator or statesman. Alas! such things come not to us by wishing, and perhaps the precision of the details with which we have been drilled during our four years of study, cannot be said to have been altogether favorable to the graces of rhetoric; but however the speech be made the theme at least is worthy.

The subjects of study in our course have in view of the yet vast, or to borrow a word used by a late English statesman, the “illimitable resources” of the Dominion, a bearing upon their development which may inspire us with the greatest hope.

It has been said that this is the mechanical and scientific age, and certainly when we look upon the progress and discoveries which have been made within our own memories even as young men, we find indeed cause for wonder and admiration. No man can say that the discoveries of the future may not be as wonderful and brilliant as those of the past, or may not even surpass them as far as they in their turn have surpassed the efforts of a previous age.

The resources of science are far from being exhausted, and no one can tell the proportion of the known development to that of the unknown possibility; what we do know is that those subjects which pertain to the study of applied science will have their place in the onward march of scientific progress, and will, without doubt, largely effect the future development of our country. Some share in this triumph, it may be, is reserved for ourselves, at least those of us who, when we leave these halls, shall continue faithfully to apply those methods and principles in which we have been instructed. If such a reward be granted to any amongst our class of to-day, not the least part of that triumph will be the thought that to old McGill we owe our success, and upon her our glory is reflected. It has been a characteristic of many of the greatest men, that in the height of their triumph they have remembered with sympathetic love the place of their intellectual nurture, their *Alma Mater*, to whose venerable cairn their honors have added a stone.

I have said our studies have been largely confined to detail. Men in these days cannot study everything, and, in fact, many studies to be advantageous must be made special; it is for this reason that the Faculty of Applied Science which brings together young men to these walls from all parts of the Dominion, is one of such general public importance and interest. And now ladies and gentlemen, I shall, with your kind permission address a few words to my class-mates and fellow students. I would say to that lowest or protozoan form of college life the Freshie think of what a late celebrated scientist has said,—“Natural selection almost inevitably causes much extinction of the less improved forms of life,” and thinking study to improve and rise to represent a higher type of college life. I would advise those of the second year do not imagine as their predecessors have done that the presence of an atmosphere of H₂S will so effect the elasticity of the ether, as to prevent its vibrations conveying to your ears a proof of the fact that old France lives to reply to whatever argument you may bring forward as to the importance of hydraulics, steam, &c., with the time-honored “Mais le Français, Monsieur le Français.”

To the third year I hesitate to say anything. You have followed in our footsteps so closely that you have already caught the mantle let fall from the chariot of '82; but do not imagine that the light which plays about you now is peculiarly characteristic of your class, but simply a reflection from the class of '82, as “sunset is said to be the reflection from a hedge of roses which grows around the Garden of Eden.” To my class-mates I have the pleasure of saying that we have at last reached the goal of our ambition “as birds of social feather, helping each his fellows flight, we soared into the skies and cast the clouds beneath. No more shall our slumbers be disturbed by hideous visions of Mesozoic Ichthyosaur, Plesiosaur, or more modern Neozoic Professor. No longer shall our imagination have reason to picture the fiendish delight of that Reptilian bird the Pterodactylus Cressirostris as with exultation he flaps his membranous wings at the devastation wrought amongst the feathered tribes of McGill. We have crossed the Rubicon, the future lies before us. On its unwritten page, let each endeavor to inscribe a record worthy the class of '82. One other tribute it becomes a student who leaves with regret the scene of his pleasant labors, to pay to those who have smoothed for him the rough paths of knowledge. I should be indeed ungrateful were I to fail upon an occasion of this kind in expressing my gratitude to our Dean and Professors as well for their unremitting and anxious labors in the class-room as for the kindness which has shown itself in the courtesies of the home circle, a kindness which has afforded a social advantage to many of the young men visiting the city from distant parts, which cannot be too highly praised; that it has been highly appreciated I know those students who are here to day will bear me out in saying.

I have often heard it said that the days spent at college are to be numbered amongst the most hopeful and happiest of life, our experience has answered so far, to the experience of those who have gone before, college life is but the beginning, we have enough to make us remember our *Alma Mater* with feelings not only of pleasure, but of gratitude. Ungrateful sons would we be should we fail in the days to come to strive, in whatever walks of life we may find ourselves, or in whatever parts of the Dominion we may be placed with such means as Providence or fortune or our own good industry may place at our disposal, to do anything and everything that lies in our power for the honor or advancement of McGill.

We are as children just emancipated from the control of a loving and tender mother, our duties to the world are just commencing and for the moment they seem paramount, but our *Alma Mater* has after all the strongest claims to our love, to her care and training we owe whatever of success the world has adjudged us, and deep down in the heart of each, glows that true and pure love which while we breathe shall burn brighter and purer year by year. “Fare well” we say to-day, “Fare well” not to-day alone, but for ever. Yet it is hard to say, that word which “Must be and hath been” that “sound which makes us linger, whether we wish or not, and say it again and again, with severe inflection of tender yearning to take it back again. And when I look around, upon the faces of so many of the gentler sex who have come here I am bound to believe, to cheer us in