

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All Subscribers who will remit us, during the coming month, the amount of subscription due to the 1st Jan., 1884, will receive a beautiful OIL CHROMO PORTRAIT of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, in 16 colors, Size, 18 x 24, FREE. We hope Subscribers will avail themselves of this offer, as all amounts now due must be collected without further delay.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 29, 1883.

## PARTING WORDS.

We regret to have to announce that with the present impression, the publication of the *Canadian Illustrated News* will be discontinued. It was established thirteen years ago. A sufficient time has therefore elapsed thoroughly to try an experiment. The *Illustrated News* is discontinued for the simple reason that its issue is not remunerative to the Company who publish it. Every effort has been made to secure a different result; and there has been a very considerable expenditure on both the artistic and letter press departments as well as on the material parts of the paper and typography, which have certainly been equal to those of other illustrated journals on this continent.

The readers of the *News* are the natural and the best judges of the degree of success which has attended on the expenditure of both money and labour to which we have referred. And to those steadfast subscribers and readers who have during the years we have mentioned, promptly met their obligations, our best thanks are due. There has, however, unfortunately, been another class of subscribers;—those who have not met the obligations they had undertaken; and to them, in a very large measure, the announcement, which we now make, is owing.

There is another view. It is quite possible that Canada has not yet obtained a sufficient population to enable the successful publication of an illustrated weekly journal to be made. It is certain that in the United States the population was five or six times as great as that of Canada, before an illustrated journal was a success there. There is an apparent exception to this argument afforded by the illustrated papers in Australia. But then it is to be observed, that the *per capita* wealth of the population of Australia is exceptional, with the additional feature that the settlements are compact.

Those of our subscribers who have paid in advance, will have the balances returned to them, so soon as the books are made up. Those who have not paid, but are in arrears, are, of course expected now to pay; and will naturally understand payment will be insisted upon.

It only remains to say to all our readers that inevitable word "which must be and hath been: Farewell!"

## HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Another year has passed away, and we are on the eve of twelve eventful months. We take the opportunity of wishing our readers and patrons all the compliments of the season. It is a time when we naturally gather our thoughts together, both for reminiscence and examination, to see what use has been made of the past and what should be our conduct in the future. It is also a time when the heart mellowed, when attachments are renewed or strengthened, when animosities are forgotten, and we feel inclined toward that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It is well that there should be a resting place of the sort, at least once a year, and in our case we eagerly employ it in once more wishing our friends the compliments of the season.

## CITY ATHLETICS.

The natural conditions of rural life are the most favorable to health. But the artificial conditions are not always the best in the world. Even in our small towns the social organization is too loose-jointed and spiritless to enter heartily into schemes for the thorough education of the body; and as to farm life there is a vast deal of balderdash talked about that Arcadian mode of existence. Bad food and ill-ordered work are the rule on our American farms. Salutarious bread, heavy pastry and fried meat do not form the best diet for an athlete. And whether he is ploughing, or hoeing, or digging, or pitching hay, the young farmer's labor is little better in kind than that of the drain-digger on our boulevards.

Careful consideration of these facts may convince the most fettered slave of childhood's fond delusion that the male dweller in the city need not be an absolute physical wreck. There is a saving muscular grace for the town man, and it is found in what is known as "amateur athletics." But even he who has some genuine light on the subject will be surprised to learn to what an extent and how successfully the young New Yorker seeks after this saving grace, and will receive with incredulity the statement that New York is in a fair way to become the amateur athletic capital of the world.

It does sound somewhat startling; but it is true. In the first place, Nature has given the child of Manhattan every possible facility for making his recreation literally a re-creation—a building up of new strength of body, controlled in its development by gymnastic skill. It seems almost as though the original plan of New York island and the surrounding region had been laid out with this end solely in view.

Look at the map. To the south of the long, high-backed island on which the city sits is a broad bay, at the confluence of two rivers. The bay opens, by a passage misnamed the "Narrows," to another still larger bay, and that has a wide doorway to the open sea. This spread of waters offers accommodations to all kinds and conditions of crafts, from a canoe to a Cunarder. Of the two rivers, the one has been described as "the largest of its size" in the world. It is a broad, deep, powerful stream, with enough volume of water in it to make an Ohio or a Rio Grande, if economized after the Western fashion. In New York it has to be crowded to make room for a few lakes which we have up in the north of the State.

The other river gives a broad stream to the requirements of down-town commerce, and then obligingly splits up and opens in one direction into a mighty sound, and in the other into a shallow, spreading creek, quite the ideal place for rowing.

Two good roads lead from the city proper to the suburbs north, where the new wards in Westchester offer fairly cheap sites for ball-grounds and race-tracks. Ground may be had, likewise, on Staten Island, to the south, or in Jersey, to the west, where are the best roads for bicycling this side of Boston. And the bold hunters of the anise-seed bag have all Long Island to themselves.

But does the young New Yorker take advantage of his opportunities? Let us see. In 1868 there was one athletic club in New York. The year before there was none. This large increase arose from the founding of the New York Athletic Club, and was thought much of at the time. To-day the score of 1867 is beaten by seven, the Staten Island Athletic Club being included. These are the athletic clubs pure and simple, those that encourage all manly sports. Of clubs that make a speciality of one form of exercise there is no end. There are rowing clubs, yachting clubs, bicycle clubs, lawn-tennis clubs, racket clubs, croquet clubs, archery clubs, walking clubs, lacrosse clubs, curling clubs, skating clubs, riding clubs, rifle clubs, gun clubs, base-ball and cricket clubs, fishing clubs, bowing clubs, polo clubs—and Indian clubs for the "unattached."

The numbering and naming of these clubs would make a chapter like the generations of Enoch; and it would at the best be a misleading piece of work. For it is only a few of the greater associations which can give you documentary evidence of their membership and achievements; and these are, in a sense, the least interesting and important of all. Of course your great club is the standard, the criterion,

the shining bright example, to a host of smaller ones; but muscle is made and health gained in the unpretentious little organizations whose names are never in the papers, whose "constitution and by-laws" are not printed in neat little books, whose members never "lower the record," or deck their broad breasts with gold badges.

In looking over the *Herald*, or, more likely, the *News* or the *Journal*, or some other distinctively "popular" paper, you will see a brief paragraph stating that the employes of the Smith Manufacturing Co. defeated the Jones, Brown and Robinson Brothers Club in a boat-race or a game of base ball. Now you will never hear of those sturdy young toilers at the spring games or the annual meetings of the New York or the Manhattan Athletic Clubs; there is never a runner among them who will make Mr. Myers tremble for his laurels; the ghosts of the old original Atlantics could pitch and catch and bat them into oblivion at the national game; but they are, in fact, the trust athletes of all. They do not seek semi-professional celebrity; the applause of their friends—especially of their young female friends—and such a line as you have read in the journal they most affect, represents to them all that glory and fame can give. They work in modest retirement for strength and health, and they get it.

There are such clubs as these in most of the large mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and they compete with each other in a more or less friendly spirit. There is a certain social rivalry between different houses in the same trade, often between different divisions of one house. Compositors do battle with pressmen, weavers with dyers, the hands in the wholesale department with the hands in the retail store. Any morning you may read in the *Sun* or the *Star* that a certain valiant lithographer, for instance, offers to row or to wrestle with any other lithographer for the championship of the lithographers. Sometimes you will learn in this way of strange and mysterious callings, undreamed of by the general public. You will read, mayhap, of a "double-waddler" who desires to be known as the strong man of all the double-waddlers in New York, and who will put his prowess to the test with any other double-waddler, be he never so mighty of muscle, who will meet him on the peaceful field where double-waddlers are wont to "put the shot" or "throw the hammer." The peaceful field is generally a small Schützen Park or picnic "woods" upon the Harlem, or over the river in Jersey.

It is natural that men who make their living by manual labor, and earn their bread literally in the sweat of their brows, should be athletes. Likewise the athletic clubs of the militia regiments may be taken as a matter of course. And with the apparent inseparableness of a collegiate from an athletic education we are all familiar—too, too sadly familiar, perhaps. But it is surprising to see how the mania for forming associations for physical exercise has spread through all the classes of a great city. The young men of a certain neighborhood gather together and get up a loosely organized little club to play base-ball or cricket; the establishment of a good bowling-alley is the signal for the appearance of half a dozen new bowling clubs, each one of which has its evening, when it holds exclusive possession of the floor; and on Murray Hill, where base-ball and ten pins are in a great favor, the young men and women of each little "set" get ease and grace and strength to dance the nightly German by practicing at lawn-tennis in the armories or in public halls, which are to be had cheaply for use in the daytime; and there they acquire the semi-professional skill shown in their championship matches at Newport.

Seeing that these gatherings of muscle-seekers have no yearnings after public notice, and that their incorporate existence rarely passes the limit of two or three years—for young men grow up and marry, bowling-alleys are crowded out by local growth and appreciation of real estate, and society friendships faint and fail in a season's space—it is not always easy to have ocular evidence of the existence of these very private clubs. But if you want to see the West Ninety-sixth Street Base-ball Nine at work, go over any Saturday afternoon to the waste places of Jersey, between Hoboken and Guttenberg, and you will see a party of young men, whose uniformity of attire goes no further than a general tendency to shirt sleeves, playing the game with a vast deal of unprofessional noise. They do not wear red stockings and conspicuously initialed flannel shirts; but they are a club, and they hold the dignity dear. They have a captain, and a treasurer who is also a secretary, and who collects the fines. Indeed they are a club, and next season they will go far into "Jersey" to meet the South Orange Junction Oriole Stockings, and play their first game in a regular inclosure. And there mayhap, their crack pitcher will distinguish himself, or somebody will do a little neat fielding, and you may see that man, a year or two hence, playing up at the Polo Grounds in a gorgeous uniform, with applauding thousands around.

The bowling-alley, is, as a rule, an adjunct of what is known as a beer garden. The name is somewhat strange. The "beer" part of it is well applied; but the "garden" covers only a tiny square of ground with "two dyspeptic alocs"—from which it appears that good beer does in truth need some sort of bush. Beyond this little space—"a square of clay, unused to vegetation"—lies the alley too, often constructed of green wood, which warps with the rolling

years and splinters under the rolling bowls. Here the little coterie of friends is to be found on the evening set apart for it. The club has its own score-board, with the names of the members printed thereon. The proprietor generally furnishes some small solid refreshment, and each member pays for the liquids he consumes—a moderate score it is, too, for exercise is the sworn foe of intemperance—and at the end of the evening the expenses of the meeting, consisting of hall rent and the hire of the attendant boys, are divided up among those present. The tax may be fifty cents a head or thereabouts.

The Germans are the great bowlers of the city, and they have made the pastime popular; but they have ruined the fine old American system of playing, by the introduction of mighty balls, such as Thor might love to roll in Walhalla, pierced with two holes, side by side, into one of which the player inserts his thumb, slipping two fingers into the other. This reduces the difficulties of the game to a minimum, and makes it largely a matter of brute strength. Any obese giant who can lift one of these great spheres and start it straight in the centre of the alley may trust to its size and the momentum it must acquire to sweep down most of the pins. Oh, for the old balls, hardly larger than a croquet ball, and the round-hand bowling of our fathers' days! Strikes and spares were less common then; but when a man cleaned the board he had something to be proud of. Let it be said for our German friends, however, that their own game is more complicated than ours, and that an ordinary club meeting with them means a prolonged tourney, lasting sometimes four or five hours, much more scientifically arranged than our simple contests.

But the shrinking and sensitive club is the tennis club. This is not because of any modesty; it probably calls itself the "True Knickerbocker Tennis Club," or the "Original Mayflower Racketeer." The fact is, it has been for a year or two quietly and unobtrusively "squating" in one of the militia armories, and it well knows that the State government looks with stern disapproval upon such trivious tenancy. Nay, so very decided are the powers at Albany that the fine floors and high ceilings of the regimental drill-rooms are now practically delights of the past to the tennis player, and he must needs hire a hall wherein to spread his harmless net.

Now there are not very many halls suitable for tennis-playing in New York, and when a good one is secured it is the put-off-wood for the "True Knickerbocker," to say nothing about their feud, lest the "Antichristian Aristocrats" outbid them, and secure the prize themselves. So the tennis club of "sassiety" hides itself, as it were, in the tender twilight of well-bred retirement, and has a good time all by itself, slipping down in its monogrammed coupés to Avenue A to chase the standard ball over the waxed floors of Klumpenheimer Hall, where in the evening the bells of the Bowery will dance to the music of two fiddles and a piano, at the annual ball of McGogtegan Coterie No. 2.

It is rather surprising that more use is not made of the smaller halls, meeting rooms, ball-rooms and lecture-rooms that are plentiful enough all over the city. They will not do for tennis; but they serve well enough for the practice of light gymnastics, fencing, broadsword, and single-stick exercise, and wrestling and boxing matches. They may be had, in the daytime, for a dollar or two an hour, sometimes even less. There is always a janitor, who will for a small fee take care of the implements of war, so that the parties may meet at stated times without having to make themselves painfully conspicuous in the public eye by marching through the streets loaded down with boxing-gloves or broadswords. Of course the lessees of the hall may close the doors and enjoy the strictest privacy.

Senac is New York's great professor of fence, but there are many teachers of less renown. As to the gentlemen whose lives are devoted to spreading a knowledge of the manly art, they are beyond all counting. No man who wishes to learn to box will have the slightest difficulty in finding somebody's "Mouse," or a "Chicken" from somewhere, who will be happy to impart instructions at low rates, and likewise to sell his pupil a pair of gloves at about twenty-five per cent. more than he would have to pay for them at a sporting-goods shop. But let the young disciple beware of those teachers who are known as "sluggers." A knowledge of the Briton's beloved science may be acquired without the loss of one's front teeth and self-respect. It is unwise to rely too fondly upon the instructor's guarantee of "gentlemanly treatment." There are many youths now walking about this city who have been "treated" to black eyes and broken noses by the gentlemanly Mice and Chickens whose patron saint is the Marquis of Queensberry. Decent and competent teachers may, however, be found who will show a man how to use his fists in from a dozen to two dozen lessons, at one or two dollars a lesson.

But if the young cit is really "going in" for athletics, the best thing he can do is to make sure of his enthusiasm lasting by putting it into a joint-stock company. Lonely exercise grows a wearisome thing in the end; it becomes mere work, and distasteful work at that. But the member of a club, be it large or small, has the pleasure of companionship, the stimulus of rivalry; gets advice, encouragement, assistance, and in consequence finds a pleasure in all that he does and bears, in all the sweating and shivering he must go through to come first under or get furthest over the line. Nor is it strange