

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
APRIL 12, 1873.

SUNDAY, April	6.— <i>Palm Sunday.</i>
MONDAY, "	7.—Prince Leopold born, 1853.
TUESDAY, "	8.—Lorenzo de Medici died, 1492. Hudson Bay Co. established, 1692.
WEDNESDAY, "	9.—Lord Lovat beheaded, 1747. Colonel Bouchette died, 1811.
THURSDAY, "	10.—Battle of Toulouse, 1814.
FRIDAY, "	11.— <i>Good Friday.</i>
SATURDAY, "	12.— <i>Easter Even.</i>

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 25 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by
THOS. D. KING, for the week ending March 31, 1873.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direc- tion of Wind.	State of Weather.
Mar. 25	15.4	20.5	6.0	80	30.09	N. E.	Cloudy.
26	19.2	20.0	15.8	82	29.45	N. E.	Snow.
27	18.5	27.5	16.0	79	29.90	W.	Clear.
28	27.2	35.2	12.0	81	30.03	Vari.	Clear.
29	34.5	38.5	31.0	85	29.61	S.	Rain.
30	36.7	39.8	33.5	84	29.29	Vari.	Snow.
31	32.8	35.0	30.0	75	29.51	Vari.	Clear.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The negligence of some subscribers to pay arrears and current accounts necessitates the adoption of severe measures. We have placed in our lawyer's hands a large number of overdue accounts. Those for the current year, if unpaid by 1st April, will share the same fate, and all unpaid names will on that date be struck off the list. We trust that our subscribers will not misunderstand our action in the matter. We have waited so long that in our case patience has ceased to be a virtue, and we are now compelled to use stringent measures.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE,
Montreal, March 22nd, 1873.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

SINCE the establishment of the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS* some three-and-a-half years ago we have met with much encouragement and considerable support. We have had many difficulties to contend with and much trouble to encounter, but we are thankful to say that all the obstacles in our path have been overcome, and the *News* at the present time occupies a high place in the ranks of the Canadian Press. To those who so liberally supported our endeavours we tender our thanks, and can promise them that we shall make every effort in our power to increase their satisfaction and enlarge our circulation. There is, however, one class of our subscribers to whom, to say the least, we feel under no particular obligation. These are, we need hardly say, the delinquents who have received the paper regularly, some of them for the past two years, without paying the amount of their subscriptions. That these are neither few nor far between may be judged from the fact that the unpaid subscriptions for the several journals issued from this office amount in the aggregate to the enormous sum of \$30,000. It would of course be worse than folly on the part of the proprietor of the *News* were he to allow so large an amount—bearing no interest—to remain out of his hands, and he is therefore compelled to take steps to recover what is only his own. We have diligently and duly performed our part of the contract between publisher and subscriber, and we are therefore entitled to expect that our subscribers will do as much by us. We trust that none of our readers will imagine that we are acting with undue harshness or precipitation. We have appealed time and again to the delinquents, but in too many cases without any effect, and there is therefore but one course left open to us.

Both in England and in the United States it is the invariable rule that newspapers—and especially illustrated newspapers—shall be paid for strictly in advance. It is only a matter for wonder that so excellent an arrangement has not been adopted before this by Canadian newspaper proprietors. It has frequently been proposed, but nothing has really come

of the proposal. Now, however, it is our intention to inaugurate the movement. In future the *News* will be sent only to those who have paid their subscriptions in advance. The barren honour of non-paying subscribers we do not care at all about. Our establishment is a very large one, as large as any in the country, our staff of writers, artists, and agents very numerous, the expense of publishing a paper like this is, as may be imagined, enormous, and it would be preposterous to suppose that we can furnish the product of money, time, brains and talent without any return. The system we propose to adopt will be as follows:—Subscriptions payable strictly in advance. Each subscriber will find on the label bearing his address two figures indicating the time when his subscription expires. We use only two figures because each subscription dates, in our books, from the first day of the month in which it is received. Thus, for instance, 7-73 will indicate that the subscription is paid to the first of July next; 12-73 to the first of December next; 1-74 to the first of January next, and so on. When the subscription expires, on the date indicated by the label, unless it is at once renewed the paper will be discontinued.

With regard to our delinquent subscribers we are compelled much against our will to have recourse to measures to which we have great repugnance, but which they have themselves rendered necessary. We must request them to accept this notice as final. We have already been put to too great expense and loss of time in collecting the numberless small amounts due. All unpaid accounts will, therefore, be put at once into our solicitors' hands for collection.

We would further remind our readers that the much-admired Chromo of "The Rendez-vous"—now ready—will be sent gratis to paid subscribers of 1873 only.

We must apologize to our paying subscribers for intruding these matters on their attention, and we trust that those for whom our remarks are intended will exculpate us from any blame in protecting our own interests.

[Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.]

THE LOUNGER AT OTTAWA.

NO. II.

HANDS.

Elegance is quite an arbitrary kind of thing. When I was a boy at school for instance, there was no overt act dealt more summarily with amongst us, boys, than putting our hands in our pockets. To be caught indulging in this luxury, let the day be ever so cold, was certain condign punishment. So inveterate against the habit was the old pedagogue, that it was one of those things that could be informed on, and it was not at all an unfrequent occurrence, that some contemptible sneak revenged himself on some school-mate, against whom he had a grudge, by "telling" that so-and-so had his hands in his pockets, in such and such circumstances. I have often wondered, when a boy, at the philosophy of this, but never could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on the point, and the other day my mind was directed into the same train of thought, first by a little newsboy. Poor thing, he was very dirty, and very ragged, and very cold, and his teeth chattered as he came up and offered to dispose of a *Free Press*. He had both hands stuck deeply into his pockets, and the sleeves of his jacket which had, by reason of tear and wear, become nothing more than a pair of lappets, disclosed a thin emaciated arm, blue with cold and hunger; but when he came up to me with his papers stuck between his arm and his left side, the old pedagogue and the rod recurred vividly to my recollection. "Why do you keep your hands in your pockets, my man?" I asked him. "Cause I'm cold," said he. There was philosophy enough in the reply to satisfy me, so I sauntered up to the gallery, and soon found myself thinking of my old school-master again. For of all the circumstances in which it has been my lot to be placed, I have never come across such a wholesale system of "hands-in-the-pockets" as prevails in the House of Commons. It shocked me a little at first. I thought of Cicero, now gracefully using his hands in mild persuasion; now making them speak as it were in bold defiance; and again causing his toga to sweep around him in cold disdain. But in the House of Commons, in nine cases out of ten, when a member rises to speak, the very first thing he does is to stow one or both his hands carefully away in his breeches pocket. I never was so much surprised in my life as when the most masterly orator in the House, rose, and delivered one of his Philippics. It was a magnificent speech. The language was chaste; his enunciation was perfect and his sarcasm incisive to an uncomfortable degree. His head is of the purely intellectual caste, and his form graceful—saving a scarcely perceptible stoop. For fully half an hour he held the House spell-bound—and all this with his hands stuck deeply and firmly in his pockets! It was the most extraordinary oratorical effort I ever beheld. Shades of Demosthenes and Sheridan, thought I to myself, if you happen to be wandering about these benches, what a shock such ongoing must give to your nervous systems, and when you return to the Elysian fields what a sad tale you will have to relate of the degenerate ways into which the sons of men have fallen in these modern times.

To the first orator succeeded a little man. He spoke from one of the front benches on the ministerial side of the House. I had noticed him before, on account of a little black cap he wears, always reminding one of a judge passing sentence on a doomed culprit. When he rose, he threw down the cap on his desk, and his hair sprung round all at once like the quills of

a dissipated porcupine. His voice was exceedingly suggestive of a rusty nail,—but it was his hand—his left hand. It went deep, deep down into his pocket, so deep that his shoulder followed it a good way down, and he looked not unlike a scarecrow that had met with an accident. But, notwithstanding, he was evidently a man to be listened to in the House, and I noticed that many an ear was bent towards him, as he jerked out his sentences; at the same time I could not but think, that had he his hair a little more under control, would keep his hand out of his pocket, stand upright, and let a little of the steam off—for he speaks with fearful rapidity—by a gentle gesticulation of even the left hand instead of sticking it into his pocket, his speeches would tell with much greater effect. For in the gallery we could not hear a word he said. And what's the use of a gallery at all, I should like to know, if you can't hear in it. And it is very tantalizing to sit and lean over a rail, and see a man speaking and raising roars of laughter, while all the time the only part of his oratory that one can really appreciate is the fact that his hands are in his pockets.

There is only one member in the House in whose case this habit is at all becoming. He sits behind the honourable gentleman I have first referred to. He is somewhat portly in his build, has a good face and a magnificent voice, and rounds off his sentences with a roll that makes him, I observe, a general favourite in the House. He has something of the style of the old English squire about him—though he isn't old,—and to have his hands in his pockets seems quite as natural to him in the House of Commons, as it would be to an English country gentleman, out of a summer's morning in a dewy field, having a look at his bullocks, or his prize Leicesters. Demosthenes especially must have been taken down a peg, for on the part of the honourable member there was an entire lack of anything like action, and yet he remains, in more respects than one, the most effective speaker in the Assembly.

But there is nothing so amusing as to watch some of the lesser lights endeavouring to imitate the greater in this respect. One rises to ask a question, but must preface his catechism by plunging a hand or two out of sight. Another rises to read a motion asking for some papers, holding the document gracefully in one hand while the other is buried. The process, too, I have observed, differs according to the mental constitution of the individual. One gets up cool and collected, gently inserts his four digits into his fob, leaving his thumb out in the cold, and in this graceful attitude begins his oration. I noticed an honourable member the other night try to improve on this. He stuck his thumb into the pocket of his vest and left the fingers dangling, but it was a failure. The thumb gently relaxed and the digits slipped down into their natural position, and he got on much better. The only successful effort I have ever seen made in this way was on the part of an honourable member who apparently had been dining out, and, of course, was in full dress. Whether the impression of the amenities of the drawing-room still remained with him I don't know, but eschewing the ordinary practice he stuck his right hand into the right pocket of his swallow-tail. It may have been that he made a dive for his handkerchief—for he got very excited in the course of the debate—and may have been instantaneously inspired with an idea of the novelty and grace of the attitude; or it may have been sheer absence of mind. It does not matter, for he got on nobly, and proved to a demonstration that the broadcloth he wore was of no mean quality, looking at the tension it successfully resisted.

But it is not to be deduced from all this that the hand, as an adjunct to oratory, is universally repudiated at Ottawa. By no means. I have now in my mind's eye an honourable member who makes the best use of his hands of any man I ever saw. He sits up behind the Treasury benches, and hails from Cariboo or Nova Scotia, or some out-of-the-way place. He knows the value of the hand, and knows how to make the most of it too. He is not a very fluent speaker, and his voice is slightly cracked. I have often wondered when I looked on him gesticulating, whether, Demosthenes-like, he had cracked his voice by the sea-shore, endeavouring to outroar the billows. But his hands make up for all that. Now his right is thrown forward as far as the arm will stretch, with the digits so very wide apart until they almost crack again, while his left lies placidly across his spine. Now he raises both hands, and to us in the gallery who can't make him out a bit, he looks as if he were pronouncing the benediction over Sir Francis. And now he clenches his fist and, bringing it down with a thud on the desk, clenches an argument and his opponent simultaneously. But it is the forefinger of his right hand which teams with argument, and now Blake and Mackenzie quail, when, coming to a dead halt all at once, he points that forefinger at them. I timed him one night, and for full thirty seconds he stood pointing at the Opposition, saying never a word except through the medium of that forefinger. It beat the ancient mariners all to sticks.

There is another member, sitting a little to north-west of the former, who uses his hands quite as vigorously, but with much less effect. He seems, at times, to be quite at a loss what to do with these appendages. At one time he clasps them quite in an agonized way, and throws them back on his breast as if he were doing heroics at private theatricals; then he will throw them out at full stretch, and looks as if a couple of tailors were measuring him for a new coat; gradually he will bring them to the clasping stretch, and speaks so kindly and so pleased that one would almost imagine he was going to give the world a good hug, England and all, and again becoming earnest and eloquent he clenches his fists and beats away on the top of his desk like a housewife kneading her dough.

Boulter has just looked in, and expresses the utmost astonishment at a man of my abilities scribbling such confounded nonsense, and thinks I might be better employed in the lobby trying to find out what the Opposition are up to. I don't agree with Boulter. Mouldes, poor fellow, is becoming thinner and more sallow every day. He took me aside this morning and whispered confidentially into my ear: "Now, Lounger, be careful. I beg of you, be careful. I don't object to your writing, I know you're fond of it; but, for goodness sake, be careful and don't write a word—a single word—that might hurt the Ministry." Poor old fellow. As I looked after him toddling away with saddened steps, thinks I to myself if anything happens to that Ministry there's a funeral in store for me, and I hate funerals.

LOUNGER.

An exhibition of historical pictures of the siege of Paris will shortly be opened at Versailles.