

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Feb. 25th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon..	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	24	14	19	Mon..	38	16	27
Tues.	30	14	22	Tues.	42	24	33
Wed.	28	16	22	Wed.	40	33	36.5
Thur.	19	5	12	Thur.	46	22	34.5
Fri..	37	25	32	Fri..	47	33	40
Sat..	40	28	39	Sat..	34	23	28.5
Sun..	37	11	24	Sun..	22	5	8.5

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS—Examination at Kilmaham Court House of Prisoners charged with Complicity in the Phoenix Park Murders—Statue of Sir George Etienne Cartier—Montreal: Entrance to Mount Royal Cemetery—La Tuque, Ottawa River—Divine Service at the Seaside, Finland—On the Prairie—Transportation of Prisoners to Siberia—Fun on the Ice—Snapping the Whip.

LETTER-PRESS—Canadian Immigration—Gossip of the Week—Gustave Doré—Canadian Independence—Spanish Luxury—Richard Wagner—Musical and Dramatic—News of the Week—Yearnings—Why Are You Wandering Here, I Pray?—A Retrospect—Longshoremen—On the Cars—"Blizzard" and "Blow"—About the House—Varieties—Two Friends—A Gentleman—Echoes from Paris—Echoes from London—Something Beyond—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 3, 1883.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

The question of immigration is every year assuming additional importance. The Federal Government have done their whole duty in the premises, thanks to the energy of the Department of Agriculture, and the practical efforts of the Secretary, Mr. John Lowe. The Provincial Administration have also been efficient in the same direction. The record of the past year is specially encouraging. The round number of 100,000 strangers is very encouraging, being proportionally greater than the American estimate. The Province of Quebec has been fortunate enough in securing a large number of immigrants, though not in sufficient quantities to make up for the gaps effected by the emigration of French Canadians to the United States. This Franco-Canadian exodus is a problem in itself. In one sense, there is nothing to account for it, though there are specific causes which render it intelligible enough. But such as it is, it creates a dearth in farm labor which it is very difficult to fill. During the harvest season farmers find it almost impossible to procure hands, and unless this desideratum is supplied, we shall soon find ourselves in face of a serious drawback. The same remark applies to mechanical labor. Montreal, for instance, being an important manufacturing centre, requires a constantly increasing number of skilled workmen. Carpenters, smiths of different classes, bricklayers and common laborers are in constant requisition. As to domestic servants the demand for them is at least fifty per cent. above the supply. Last summer Mr. Vere Foster was so pleased with the prospect in this city and Toronto, and so encouraged by the methods of employment laid down, that he promised the local agent a large accession of the girls whom he periodically sends out from Ireland. Mr. Hodgkins, who was also here last summer, has just written to learn how many families can be placed in the Montreal district this season, out of the Tuque immigration movement from the destitute sections of Western Ireland. The Montreal Society for the Protection of Female Immigrants is likewise doing a good work in the premises. Although only about one year in existence, it has been the means of helping many young women to lucrative situations, and its preparations for the coming summer are on an extended scale.

Of course, the bulk of the immigration tide flows out to Manitoba and the North-West. This is as it should be. The Federal Government which has done so much for the development of that favored region owe such action to themselves, and the Canadian Pacific Railway

has a still more direct and personal interest in the matter. There is perhaps no more encouraging feature of our public policy than the success of immigration during the past year, and the promise for the year that is about to open. Considering the vastness and force of American competition, the result is hardly short of a marvel. The young country that can accomplish so much, in so short a time, and with comparatively such restricted resources at its command, can well raise up its head and boast of a national spirit.

There is no question of such vital moment as that of Federal immigration and Provincial colonization, and beyond the narrow sphere of party lines, every inhabitant of Canada should work to develop it within the sphere of his opportunities.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE Dublin investigations draw the chain of evidence still closer around the men who are alleged to have constituted themselves into an assassination society, and seem to show that they were guilty of the murder of the Irish Secretary and Mr. Burke, as well as of later and less notorious offences. We see with regret that some of the Irish Nationalist papers on both sides of the Atlantic are disposed to constitute themselves the champion of these prisoners, and to treat the prosecution as another chapter in the misgovernment of Ireland. So far as they need help to secure as fair a trial as is possible, they should be assisted. But anything which tends to identify the Irish cause with such atrocities as those which have been committed in Dublin, cannot but result in serious injury to Irish interests. The safest course is a suspension of opinion till the evidence is in, and a hearty applause of any punishment which has been deserved.

As it is well settled that the legislative bodies may regulate by statute the length of a day's work—as, for instance, the acts forbidding the employment of children in factories more than so many hours per day. A bill making it a penalty to compel conductors and drivers of horse carsto work more than twelve hours a day or six days a week, would meet with very general sympathy at least from the public who are compelled to witness the wearing labor of this class of toilers. No class of men have been more shamefully imposed upon, apparently, than these. They are commonly engaged fifteen or more hours out of the twenty-four, beginning very early and continuing very late. They are greatly exposed to the extremes of heat and cold, held to a rigid responsibility, marked as "suspects" by the bell-punch and other devices, and paid, after all, at a most meagre rate. A law in their behalf would be everywhere greeted as a simple measure of justice.

ATROPOS of music, it is surprising how far the reputation of a really good thing travels. A most amusing article in the Winnipeg Sun on the manufactories of that favored region is high in its praises of "the celebrated Queens' Hall organ, Montreal," upon the well deserved reputation of which Mr. Bolton, the builder thereof, rests his claim to immortality, or at least to fame. We are honestly glad to hear of the success which has attended Mr. Bolton in his new home, where, it appears, he has built several fine organs, "the largest in the Dominion," but the allusion to the Queens' Hall organ is too funny to pass over. It is indeed "celebrated" or likely to become so, by reason of the lawsuit now pending between the lessees of the Hall and the executors of the late Sir Hugh Allan, in which the former claims heavy damages on account of this very organ, upon which no musician can be found to play. Perhaps however, and we offer this suggestion for what it is worth, the suit might be settled now by the immediate transportation of the organ to Winnipeg.

THE reports that the Czar is too much afraid of the Nihilists to appear in public, although elaborated in many imaginative "letters from Russia," written in New York or Paris, has been disproved repeatedly by his public disregard of precautions. It now receives its final refutation from the proclamation that he will

be crowned in Moscow on the 27th of May. A Russian coronation is one of the most remarkable public displays that Europe still possesses. Like nearly everything of the kind in Russia, it is as much Asiatic as European in its style of splendor; and, as the taste for such shows is on the increase, Moscow will be thronged with spectators. The Nihilists demand an extension of popular rights as a preliminary to the coronation. They want representative institutions, freedom of religion, of meeting and of the press, the abolition of restrictions on the ownership of land, and other reforms of the same sort. They ask nothing that is really unreasonable; and, if the proclamation really contains their whole programme, they must have abandoned much that Michael Bakunin taught as the social gospel. But the introduction of such sweeping changes in a country so ill prepared for them must be a matter of gradual innovation. The real danger of Red reforms generally is that they ignore political and historical perspective.

So Albani is to come to us after all in March, in spite of the dreadful way in which Montrealers treated Miss Lajeunesse. It has been most amusing during the past few weeks to those who know anything of the way in which such matters are arranged, to listen to the romantic stories which have been conjured up to account for her failure to come here from Toronto. The vision of a gray-headed father shaking off the dust of his feet against Montreal, and solemnly cursing the people who had refused to recognize his daughter's heaven-born genius; of a daughter compelled to swear never again to sing in the city which has so provoked her father's indignation by its treatment of him and her. What a pity to destroy so beautiful a romance by a plain matter-of-fact return to business. For of course, anybody who knows how a concert tour is arranged knows that such things are purely a matter of dollars and cents, and that as a rule a singer has no more to do with the choice of her route than you or I. In the present instance, Mdme. Albani's manager offered her at a certain price. No one in Montreal could be found ready to pay that price and take the risk of her appearance. Hence Montreal was passed by for some other city where the necessary funds were forthcoming. Alas for the days of chivalry! It is Phitus who presides over the destinies of Apollo, and we must be careful to pay our homage at the right shrine.

IT will not be at all surprising if we should have soon a very important reform in one particular of journalism. This is an increased care in making statements of fact concerning people. The recklessness shown generally amongst "enterprising" newspapers,—we refer chiefly to the daily press in the cities,—when dealing with the reputations of unknown persons, is simply outrageous. There are, of course, honorable exceptions to the rule; but it is common to find news items in the columns of very many journals which make the most serious charges in the loosest manner, and often without the slightest good reason for mentioning names at all. Thus, in a recent item alleging that a bank official was charged with being in default, (the facts subsequently developed leaving it very doubtful whether there were any delinquency at all, even of the most technical sort,) the enterprising reporter introduced the name of a third person, and added the statement that he, too, had been a dishonest cashier. Even if it had been true, this had nothing to do with the case under notice; but, as it presently appeared, the allegation had no foundation in truth whatever. The allusion to the third person was simply a wanton abuse of the privilege of a free printing-press, and was open to the severest censure. The Earl of Lonsdale recently procured an indictment for libel against *The World*, of London, Edmund Yates's journal, the latter having printed a veiled paragraph saying that some person had "loped with a young lady." This "noble lord" thought the reference to himself was plain enough for a trial in court, and, though *The World* solemnly denies that such a direction was meant for the shaft, a prosecution has been begun. The merits of the case it would be absurd to debate at this distance; but it is very probable, from the boldness of the Earl's attack, that his hands are clean enough to show in court, and that the newspaper has made a blunder. If

so, it may go hard with the latter, and the sympathy of journalists generally will then be expressed in its behalf; but, after all, it is needful that there should be a much higher rule and infinitely greater care with regard to all "news" that involves a man's reputation. When the matter is "proper for public information," and the reporter is sure of all his facts, the newspaper printing the item is justified and safe; but in any other case it takes a risk that legal proceedings may at any time bring to its realization. There can be no doubt that there is a strong undertone of resentment in society against the newspapers, and chiefly, if not entirely, because good people feel that reputations are often carelessly, and sometimes cruelly, dealt with.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

Of Gustave Doré it might almost be said, writes Richard Whiteing in the *World*, that in spite of his great success he died of a broken heart at his failures. He was perhaps, take him for all in all, the greatest illustrator the world has ever known, but he wanted to be the greatest painter—and he could not paint at all. His coloring was something unnamable; the faults of his drawing were too glaring when he worked, as he loved to work, on a large scale. His painting, in fact, was his general incompetence in technique seen through a powerful telescope. Yet he would be a painter or nothing. It was useless to remind him that he had illustrated Rabelais as no man had ever illustrated him before; that his "Contes Drolatiques" was a masterpiece, and that in "Don Quixote" and "Tennyson" he was inferior only to himself. He would shake his head sadly—that was not it. He worked to the last on his illustrations, but only as "pot-boilers." All day long he climbing about over the surface of some huge canvas in his large studio on the Rue Bayard, and at night he came home to earn his bread by the work he despised, though the public considered that his sole title to glory. He worked half the night, and he was up early the next morning to paint once more. His want of rest, his prodigious energy, must have shortened his life, but the chief thing that shortened it was sorrow. No one could doubt that for a moment at the sight of him. He had a heavy, anxious look. All the old boyish beauty of his face, which lasted long after he became a man, was gone; the smooth plump cheeks seemed to be falling with their own weight; the corners of the mouth went down. His talk was worse than his look; he was absence of mind personified. He could hardly answer you; he was too much absorbed in his own grief. There was no human being who had less concern in the world than this man who lived by illustrating everything in it. He was the most prodigious worker of this or any time. His original drawings were to be counted by the thousand. They were all wrong in costume or local color, but in the feeling of the situation they were unsurpassed. He stood in about the same relationship to accuracy of historical observation as Victor Hugo, and indeed he was a romantic of the pencil, and was altogether out of his element in this our poor day of naturalism. He saw everything through the medium of his wonderful imagination, and this, which was his success, has also in a measure been his ruin, for he saw his own achievements and his own fame in the same way; and the sight was a misery that weighed him down. It came toward the last something of an insult to remind him that he had done good illustrations; he would look at you uneasily out of the corner of his eye to see if you were simply stupid or if you were laughing in your sleeves, and would then lead you up to one of his paintings and wait for the verdict like a shy boy. If you knew anything at all of painting you could give but one answer. His pictures went into the Salon because the Salon could not refuse them—he was *hors concours*; but no one looked at them. They found a market, however, as things to exhibit in London, where all the country parsons took them in very good faith indeed and led their children by the hand to see the judgments of Scripture illustrated to the life by this gifted Frenchman.

There was plenty of red in the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" if there was nothing else, and the "Destruction of the Heathen Gods by Triumphant Christianity" was a wonderful show of fantastic invention, though the coloring and the whole treatment put it clean into the category of merely decorative art—it was scene painting, nothing more. I remember Doré when he was young and joyous, and I think I once described his life at that time in *The World*. He lived with his mother until she died and after that he still occupied the quaint old family house in the Rue St. Dominique in which he had passed so many happy years. He never married; he once had a consuming tenderness for Patti and in being disappointed of her never cared about another woman, but his affection for his mother must have had much to do with his life of celibacy. She always treated him as a great boy. The relations between them was something beautiful to see; he was not only gay but "larkish" when she was by, and she used to check him with a "Hush, Gustave," "Be quiet, Gustave," as though he were still on her knee. He was seen at his best on Sunday evening, the day of his informal recep-