

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 28, 1878.

THE NEW YEAR.

With the present number we close the year and another volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. This circumstance furnishes us the opportunity to extend to all our readers the compliments of the season, and repeat the good wishes which we expressed last week. In the same connection it may not be out of place to bespeak for ourselves the goodwill of our friends and patrons. During the past year we have done whatever we could to render the journal interesting and acceptable; and although we are quite conscious that still more remains to be done, it will not be presumptuous to state that every effort will be made in the direction of amelioration and improvement. The support we have received in the past is an earnest of the increased assistance which we may expect in the present year, and to us it shall be an incentive to more zealous labour and diligent attention for the furtherance of the interests of the paper. It must be remembered that this is the only illustrated journal in the Dominion. As such it has special claims on the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect, pictorially and editorially, the life, sentiments and daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

Its principal features are:

- I. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.
- II. A complete gallery of all Canadian notabilities, with biographies attached.
- III. The reproduction of the finest works of art.
- IV. A great variety of original and selected literary matter.
- V. Stories, sketches, poems and other contributions.
- VI. Special attractions for the Home Circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the paper, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. We warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, nothing will be left untried on our part to introduce a number of most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support, and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a credit to the Dominion.

The year which we have closed will be a memorable one for the financial stringency and commercial depression which have distinguished it. But it is one of the pleasant features of New Year's day that we can foretell the lifting of the cloud, and a near return to better days of ease and prosperity. With the coming of spring and the opening of navigation there is every

reason to hope that the country will return once more into its normal and necessary career of thrift and progress. Cheered by these prospects, it is with sincere gratification that we wish all our friends the benisons of the New Year. In their hearts and in their homes may they enjoy the benedictions of peace and contentment. May abundance reign in every enclosure and throughout our borders, and may God bless our common country.

GUARDS' RIFLE TEAM, 1878.

Our picture is a collection of portraits of the Guards' Rifle team, presented to their Captain, Major Macpherson, as a recognition, from its members, of the able and satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties to the team while in command.

The picture, measuring 42 x 29 inches, is the work of Topley, of Ottawa, and is arranged in a very artistic way. The photographs of the trophies of the team, appearing alternately with the portraits of its members, and the regimental colours over the central figure, add a very interesting feature to the picture, and make an agreeable deviation from the usual style of grouping.

The Guards' Rifle team is composed of ten members, and is selected annually by competition during the early part of the season. The team, when formed, chooses from its members a Captain, who becomes responsible for its training, and whose duty it is to find out the individual differences of its members in elevation, sighting, and windage. This is accomplished by his arranging a system of weekly practices, at all of which he attends, closely watching each man's peculiarities of disposition and firing, and so becoming thoroughly familiar with his men. When the team attends the Dominion and Provincial matches, the Captain uses his own discretion, and chooses from the ten the men that he can place the most reliance on to represent the regiment in the various Battalion and Association matches in which they have to compete. To assist him in his duties, he selects from the team an adjutant, who is second in command. In short, the Captain is invested with full and unreserved control of his team.

It is in the discharge of these difficult and responsible duties that Major Macpherson seems to have so ably succeeded in the opinion of his men, and called forth such a hearty expression of loyalty and good will as the presentation and address testify.

The ceremony of presentation took place at the Major's house on the 21st of last month, at ten o'clock in the evening, and was a most imposing affair—the Commanding Officer of the regiment and several of the officers being invited guests on the occasion, when the following address was read by the Adjutant of the team, Captain Todd, on their behalf:

To Major James Pennington Macpherson, Captain Guards' Rifle Team, 1878:

DEAR SIR,—We the members of the Guards' Rifle Team feel it incumbent upon us to present you with some tangible expression of the great appreciation entertained by us of the able and indefatigable manner in which you have discharged the onerous, and often-times difficult, duties of Captain of the Team during the past summer.

In fulfilling these duties, we are conscious that you have had no light task to perform. And in looking back upon the shooting campaign of the past summer, it gives us great pleasure on this occasion to express to you our entire satisfaction and approval of the judicious manner in which you have, upon all occasions, selected the various Teams for the different competitions in which we have taken part.

We attribute our success as a rifle team, greatly to your system of training, and the watchful care with which you have coached us at our practices, both individually and as a Team.

Your thorough knowledge of the rifle, both theoretically and practically; the signal success that you have had with the weapon during the past six years, and the active part that you have taken in the Councils of the Dominion, Provincial, and Ottawa Rifle Associations, have eminently fitted you for the post that you have so ably filled, and have justly established for you, in the militia force, the reputation of being one of the best and most reliable authorities in everything that concerns rifle matters in Canada.

In conclusion, we ask you to accept the accompanying collection of our portraits as a token of our regard and esteem.

Trusting that you may be long spared to be Captain of the Guards' Rifle Team,

We are, dear Sir,

Your humble and obedient servants,

W. P. Anderson, F. Clayton,
H. H. Gray, N. Morrison,
W. J. de C. O'Grady, R. Reardon,
E. D. Sutherland, A. W. Throop,
A. Hamlyn Todd,

Major Macpherson made a sterling reply, as follows:—

Captain Todd, and Gentlemen:—

I thank you very much for your beautiful and valuable present, and for the kind address with which you have accompanied it. There is no gift that you could have selected that would have been so dearly prized by me as the portraits

of those with whom I have been so long and so pleasantly associated. I feel, however, that the language of your address is altogether too flattering, and represents more truly the warmth and goodness of your own hearts than the value of the services I have been able to render to the Team. It is, however, but one more added to the many kindly expressions of feeling that I have received from you. When, last spring, Captain Todd proposed, in language scarcely less complimentary than what you have used to-night, that I should resume my old position of Captain of the Team, and the other members were good enough to endorse his words, and to give to me the broadest powers that have ever been conferred upon any one occupying a similar position in Canada, and to express their confidence in my judgment, skill, and honesty of purpose, by placing unreservedly in my hands the arrangement of practices, the selection of representatives, and the control of the smallest details, and pledged themselves to obey every direction I might consider it necessary to give, in the interests of the Team, I felt that you had paid me the greatest compliment that it was possible for any body of men to pay to one of their number. During all the contests in which we have taken part, our intercourse has been characterized by the utmost harmony and good-will. In my official position I have been so loyally supported, so implicitly and unselfishly obeyed, that it was only necessary to express a wish to have it at once carried out, and, in our private relations, every member of the Team has made me feel that I was amongst good and kind friends. And now, when, at the close of the season, you come to my house and ask me to accept this beautiful gift at your hands in token of your appreciation of my efforts on behalf of the Team, and of your belief that I have acted fairly and impartially towards all, I may be pardoned for feeling that this is one of the proudest and happiest moments of my life.

So long as life is spared to me, I shall cherish this picture as one of my dearest and most valued possessions, and, while I have health and strength, it will be an incentive to further exertion in the cause of rifle-shooting, and to bring to still greater perfection that skill which has made the name of the Guards' Rifle Team known and respected throughout the length and breadth of this Province. And when failing nerve and eye-sight compel me to yield my place to younger and better men, I shall point to it with pride as an evidence of departed skill, and of the warmth of feeling and kindly estimation in which I was held by the members of my Team.

I trust that a kind Providence will spare us for many years to take part together in the great annual struggles for the possession of those trophies which are offered by our Provincial and Dominion Associations, that the honour and credit of our regiment may be worthily upheld, and that the harmony and good-feeling now existing may be intensified and deepened as years roll on.

Major Macpherson then invited the members of the Rifle Team and guests to a handsome supper prepared for them.

RECORD OF TEAM.

1875. At O. R. A. matches—Won Merchants' Challenge Cup for Batt. teams of 10.
Won Sir Peter Tait's Challenge Cup for Batt. teams of 6.
Won Brassey Challenge Cup for Company teams of 5.
Tied for Ladies' Challenge Cup for Association teams of 5.
With five others won Gzowski Challenge Cup for District teams of 15.
1876. Won Ladies' Challenge Cup.
“ 2nd Battalion Prize.
“ 2nd Company Prize.
“ 2nd place for Tait Cup.
1877. “ 2nd Battalion Prize.
“ 2nd Company “
“ 2nd place for Tait Cup.
1878. “ Ladies' Challenge Vase.
“ Brassey Challenge Cup.
“ 2nd Battalion Prize.
“ 2nd place for Tait Cup.

During the last four years the Team have competed in sixteen Provincial matches, winning 1st place seven times, and second place eight times.

[The following has been written specially for the benefit of gentlemen who may be in the perplexing quest of “something to read” for a public reading:]

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

“Not a drum was heard,”

[Beat reading—ask in imitation of a drum.]

—The beating of the muffled drum which wasn't heard.

“Not a funeral note,”

[Whistle a few notes from the Dead March.]

—The funeral notes which were not heard on this solemn occasion.

—You see, ladies and gentlemen, I have had it particularly enjoined on me to “suit the action to the word and the word to the action.”

Before, however, proceeding with this beautiful poem, it occurs to me that I ought, perhaps, for the edification of my respected audience, to tell under what circumstances I appear before them this evening, and why I venture to revive the melancholy thoughts connected with the burial of the late lamented General.

It is just ten days since I received the following communication from the Secretary of the Addisonian Literary Guild:

“Sir,—I am directed to inform you that you have been appointed to read before the Guild at its next public meeting. You are requested therefore to make an appropriate selection from the wide field of British literature, and to duly appear as ‘Reader’ on the evening in question.”

Now, there was no small stir in our boarding-house when it became known that I, its oldest and most steady-going boarder, had received a commission replete with such honourable responsibility, the interest, too, in the occasion being greater, both to myself and my friends, in that I possessed not the slightest experience in public reading. The question of the hour at once became, “What is Barkins going to read?”

I am Barkins. Indeed, I must admit I had confidentially appealed to every one in the establishment to give me the benefit of his or her advice as to what the selection should be for this the momentous evening, and the question has thus of late formed a staple topic of discussion at the breakfast or dinner table.

“Well, Barkins, old fellow, got your piece ready?” has been Mr. Bilkington's regular form of gruff morning salutation to me for the past week, whilst, when I have remained at all silent or reflective at dinner, he has drawn uncomfortable attention to me by asking that quiet should prevail, “as Mr. Barkins is trying to think out what he is going to read.” I hate Bilkington; he is so wanting in true refinement of feeling.

At length, a few evenings ago, a sort of general council of boarders was held in the general parlour, when the important question was discussed in all its bearings, for, as one of the speakers remarked, the reputation of “Roley Poley Hall” (the fond and familiar name of our boarding-house) was at stake.

Mr. Sandy McTaggart was of opinion that if I didn't read something from Robbie Burns I was simply throwing my opportunity away, and he at once places in my hands an old and rather snuffy copy of that bard's productions.

“Hoot, mon, gie them the ‘Cottar's Saturday Night,’ and so, somewhat nervously, I commence thus:

“Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in
At service out among the farmers' roun';
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-worn penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.”

But Mr. McTaggart, apparently not able to stand my Scotch any better than I myself was able to understand it, breaks in here with—“It's vera weel seen', Mister Bairkins, ye didna cam fram ayont the Tweed.” I admit this misfortune, but feel a little discouraged at being thus pulled up so soon; so I suggest that, perhaps, I had better not venture on a Scotch selection, and I notice that even McTaggart himself doesn't now pretend to advise me to do so.

“Roley Poley Hall” would, of course, be incomplete without, at least, one representative from the Emerald Isle, and we possess that one in Mr. Larry Lannigan, who, at this juncture, exclaims—“And it's myself am intoirly proud av ye, Barkins my boy, that ye don't fale at all well with that murtherin' Scotch Gallic inside yer mouth. Shure it was niver invinted for dasint people, at all, at all! Take Lanigan's word for it, ef ye want to make the company hould their sides for laughing, tip them somethin' from out an Oirish story, and faix, what better can ye have than where Thody Delany, jist arrived in Boston, tells of the first visit he had from the census commissioner?” Whereon, taking up from the table a book of “Irish Humor,” he continued thus: “Jist listen to how Delany talks to the Yankee commissioner. Ah! jist hear him!”

“What's yer wife's furst name?” ses the commissioner.
“Biddy, av coorse,” ses I. “Ye must be an omaudhaun if ye don't know that.”
“I don't mane that,” ses he. “I mane her name before she was married.”

“Oh, faith,” ses I, “that's a matter of curiosity to meself, for the divil a name I iver knew her to have, before we went to the praist, except jist Biddy.”

“How many in family have ye?” ses he.
“Five,” ses I.
“What are they?” ses he; “are they males or females? And, also, how many of aitch?”
“Well,” ses I, “there's meself an' Patsey, that's males, an' Biddy, an' Molly that's females, and as the pig is only a bounnie, I dinno whether she's av the lady or the gintleman persuasion. Oh, be the powers, I spake to him like a geography.”

“Oh,” ses he, ‘tis takin' up my time ye are; the pig isn't wan av the family, 'tis only an eceetera!”

“Well,” ses I, “if ye called a poor man's pig such an indasin name as that in Oireland, I'm grately afraid 'tis the ind av a blackthorn ye'd be after breaking wid the back av yer pate. My blood was up then, for he insulted the pig without rime or rayson.”

This was all very well, but I listened to the rich Irish brogue of Mr. Lanigan with a feeling of despair, and felt that, even to faintly reproduce it, was beyond the compass of my poor Saxon tongue. So, in thanking the gentleman for his kind intentions towards me, I was compelled to plead that I really was afraid that “that sort of thing wasn't quite in my line.”