

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

SUNDAY,	July 9.— <i>Fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Importation of slaves into Canada prohibited, 1793. Cholera in Montreal, 1834.
MONDAY,	" 10.—Columbus born, 1447.
TUESDAY,	" 11.—Prince of Orange assassinated, 1584. Canada invaded, battle of Black Rock, 1813. Peace of Villa Franca, 1859.
WEDNESDAY,	" 12.—Erasmus died, 1536. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, Gov.-General of Canada, 1816. Crimea evacuated, 1856.
THURSDAY,	" 13.—Napoleon surrendered, 1815. Duke of Orleans killed, 1842.
FRIDAY,	" 14.—Dr. Hunter died, 1728. The Bastille destroyed, 1789.
SATURDAY,	" 15.— <i>St. Swithin.</i> French Revolution commenced, 1789. Ollivier announces to the Corps Legislatif the determination of the Government to declare war against Prussia, 1870.

WILL SHORTLY APPEAR,

IN

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S

GREAT STORY,

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE,

WITH RARE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

This story, which is attracting so much attention in England and the United States, has been ceded to the Proprietor of this Journal, who ALONE possesses the right of publication in the Dominion, in serial form. All persons infringing the same, will be proceeded against.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD READ THIS TALE.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS.

A NOTICE HAVING APPEARED in the Newspapers relative to

"A Terrible Temptation,"

By Mr. CHARLES READE,

I beg to inform you, that, with the sanction of the Author, Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN (his London Publishers) have conceded to me, for a valuable consideration, the exclusive right to publish the above great work of fiction, in serial form, for the Dominion of Canada.

The *Hearthstone* is the only newspaper in which "A Terrible Temptation" can legitimately appear, and we warn all newspaper proprietors that proceedings will at once be taken to stop the circulation of such papers in the Dominion of Canada pirating the said Story.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor *Hearthstone*.

Montreal, June 16th, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

THE revelations concerning the vast ramifications of the "International Society," which the collapse of the Communist revolution of Paris has produced, ought surely to awaken, in the minds of all lovers of order, serious thoughts as to how far it is wise in the interests of human society that these socialistic *doctrinaires* should be encouraged, or even tolerated. It is not yet forgotten that Mr. Gladstone was the earnest partizan of Garibaldi in the revolutionary movements which have led to the so-called "unification," and which will yet bring about the financial ruin, of Italy; nor that one of his whilom colleagues was an almost open conspirator with Mazzini in propagating the "doctrine of the dagger."

These dangerous tamperings with principles or theories that tend to the destruction of human society, even when applied to foreign countries, have the fatal faculty of rebounding upon those countries which encourage them amongst their neighbours. Surely England's Broadheads, Beesleys, Bradlaughs, and Odgers, have already given practical proof of this. But if further evidence be wanted the signs are not distant that it will be forthcoming in due time. There ought to go forth a strong and indignant protest against the Communistic utterances now seemingly finding favour in England. Especially from this country, where the foundation of the social fabric may be said to rest upon the rights of property; where labour alone, or labours' worth, can acquire it, and where only labour, or its well understood equivalent, can maintain the ownership, ought public opinion to speak with trumpet tongue against the disorganising and immoral doctrines that inspired the Commune and its supporters. Perhaps the terrible experiences of Paris may have only "scotched, not killed," the social serpent, and while the world owes to Paris the revelation of the real danger with which it is menaced, it owes to itself the more serious obligation of seeing, in time, to its own protection. Were the absurd doctrine to prevail that "all property is robbery"—and that is the cardinal principle of socialism—then labour itself would be robbery, for labour is the legitimate foundation of all property. In an ancient record, which is happily yet held in high reverence among the nations, we read of the ownership of a certain well being founded on the fact that the owner "dugged it." So we see it every day exemplified in Canada that it is substantially the owner's labour which is the real foundation of his title. There has been no departure from the very ancient landmark just referred to.

Even if the owner may have simply "dugged" in the making of some railway track, or inherited the fruits of some other person's "digging" in any legitimate pursuit, the passing of the mutually determined value between the old holder and the new, and a due record of the fact, are not only safeguards to the maintenance of the social order, but as indefensible a title in favour of the new ownership as that referred to in respect of the ancient well.

It is no reproach to modern society that easier means for the transfer from one to another of the fruits of labour have been found than those of exchanging oxen and asses, or crude gold and silver, for other kinds of property or rights of personal ownership, no more than it is possible to conceive of the success of socialistic doctrines without its bringing in its train complete destruction to the full rights of labour itself. It may be, no doubt, a very popular theme to descant upon, this labour right movement. But when it takes the form of a Trades' Union, and compels the good workman to accept the same wages as the bad, or coerces capital to pay the bad one at the same rate as the good, is it not in both cases a rank injustice? In the former case, labour is manifestly defrauded of its just reward; in the latter, capital of its just return; but in both instances it is labour which is the real victim, for capital, being no longer able to make a profit from the employment of labour, creeps into its shell, and leaves the labourer to starve. Thus it is that the so-called friend of the workingman is really engaged in cutting the ground from under his feet, and allowing him to drop into an abyss of misery and starvation, which he could readily avoid by an intelligent co-operation with capital. And why should not labour and capital co-operate, since capital is but labour realised?

On this continent the disorders likely to arise from the spread of these doctrines are more likely to have a social or commercial, than a political bearing, and therefore we deem it unnecessary to say much as to the political tendencies of the Communistic programme. The execution of ministers of religion, the confiscation of private property the degradation and imprisonment of colleagues who ventured to disagree in opinion with the majority of their associates, all show the delightful kind of liberty to be enjoyed under the reign of these political and social reformers. Universal peace would be of easy compass could we "make a desert and call it peace," and these worthies seem to have forged chains for both conscience and action, and called them liberty. The defence by the London Socialists of their Parisian co-conspirators against order and real liberty is simply a scandalous fabrication of sophistically woven falsehoods. When it justifies the Commune for executing the Archbishop and the other sixty-three hostages—so-called—seized without even cover of law, upon the ground that a traitor named Blanqui, who had forfeited his life, and ought to have been disposed of by "drum-head court martial," was not restored to liberty, surely the document and its authors have fairly forfeited every claim to consideration.

The modern world owes much to France; very much of evil, and very much of good. And at this day if, through her sufferings and disgraces, it can be convincingly proven that inordinate national ambition, as embodied in the Empire, and the despotism of the mob, as illustrated by the rule of the Commune, are both national crimes that inevitably bring their own punishment, then France will, at a frightful cost, have established a new claim to the regard of the nations, of which they surely ought not to be unmindful hereafter.

OBITUARY.

LOUIS BEAUDRY, ESQ.

The late Mr. Louis Beaudry, who died in this city on Monday, was born at Quebec on the 5th of October, 1819. His father was then a merchant at Quebec, but subsequently removed to Three Rivers. The deceased came to Montreal in 1836, and commenced life as a clerk. He afterwards entered the employment of Mr. Joseph Masson, where his business tact caused him to get on rapidly, and since the death of Mr. Masson, he has been the administrator of the Masson succession, amounting now to a million dollars. He has also been for seventeen years manager of the New City Gas Company, the success of which is attributed in some measure to his energy and excellent system of administration. Mr. Beaudry was also a Director of the Jacques Cartier Bank, and of the North British Assurance Company. He was also of great assistance to several benevolent institutions, and was Vice-President of the Pontifical Zouave Committee. He leaves a wife and four children. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, and was attended by the members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in a body, the deceased having long been one of the most zealous members of that society. There was also a very large concourse of citizens to mark the general respect in which deceased was held.

STATUTES OF QUEBEC, 34 VICTORIA, 1870. Charles Langlois, Printer to Her Most Excellent Majesty the Queen.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Statutes of Quebec for the past year. It seems to us promotive of an intelligent public appreciation of the laws to supply journalists with copies of the statutes, and on behalf of this journal we accordingly make our acknowledgments to the Quebec Government—acknowledgments which we do not owe either to the Dominion, or any other of the Provincial Governments. It is the fashion of the country to place within easy reach of the public its laws and other official documents of general interest, and since all are interested in their due observance, the conclusion is logical that all are equally interested in the general dissemination of their provisions. Now, the cheapest and at the same time the most effective way to secure this end is to supply the plodding newspaper man with the necessary data, which the Government of Quebec seem prompt in doing.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Robert McWade has been the chief attraction during the week. His representation of "Rip Van Winkle" is entirely original, and gave much enjoyment to the audiences who witnessed it on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. He was ably supported by the Company.

THEATRE COMIQUE.—This new place of amusement was opened on Saturday last at Nordheimer's Hall, and has been run during the week with very great success. The manager has made an engagement with Mlle. Tarelli, from the Royal Italian Opera, who makes her *debut* to-night, and will no doubt attract a crowded house. The performances of the company are most highly appreciated by all who have witnessed them, and the Theatre Comique bids fair to be a remunerative as well as a popular institution.

PECULIARITIES OF REPORTERS.

(From the American Newspaper Reporter.)

If editors are often eccentric and peculiar in their sayings, the embryo editor—the reporter—is frequently much more exaggerated in his statements, and, being almost irresponsible will sometimes make the wildest and most ridiculous statements out of pure intellectual 'cussedness.' Reporters lead a very hard life. There is little pleasure in walking three miles [for a reporter seldom has a car-fare] to make an item of three lines. There is still less fun in receiving but twelve dollars a week for their labor and exposure. Yet there are pleasures in the reporter's life; it has at least the charm of variety, and after he becomes used to his duties, there crop out many whimsicalities. Some of these we will record.

Here is one in which the author appreciates the deliciousness of obesity:—*Elopements.*—From Carthage, near Cincinnati, February 1, Mrs. Thomas Horton, thirty-eight years old, with a fat boy of seventeen, name unknown.

Now that word fat was certainly added by a hungry reporter. He thought how nice it would be to become a fat boy and elope. And he added, besides, to the piquancy of his paragraph.

The following is as evidently from a well-fed reporter as the above from a comparatively hungry one. He was probably the 'dramatic man' with \$3 extra salary. He says:—*We* yearn toward Celia Logan more readily than toward the gross and stupendous Olive.

While a Boston critic writes:—*How our soul went out to the graceful Dora as she waved her pulpy inexpressibles in the bewildering atmosphere of Morris' saloon; and we departed with a new revelation.*

Sometimes a reporter will be chiefly interested in the artistic consideration of the horrible, as, for instance, in reporting an execution, one of them says:—*Much credit is due to our sheriff and Mr. Marden, the executioner, for the neat and dexterous manner in which their unpleasant duties were performed.*

In the following case of accident, however, he seems to have quite entered into the sufferer's feelings:—*Mr. McElsey was struck by lightning a few days since. He describes the sensation as 'lying crosswise on a red-hot stove and unable to get off.'*

But here is a case in which his feeling for the marvellous quite gets the better of his pity for animal suffering:—*Some of Mr. Quinn's hens were subsequently discovered miles away, part of them entirely stripped of their feathers by the force of the hurricane.*

And here is one in which the reporter, feeling for what must have been excruciating torture, runs into apocryphal ridiculousness:—*A Norwich man took a drink of whiskey from the family aconite bottle, the other night, and in about an hour two abled-bodied labourers were stirring up his alimentary canal with a stomach pump. The pump had a pretty good suction, and for some time it was a question whether the seat of his pants was going to give or the handle break. But he's all right now.*

Here is a local which is very brief considering its contents:—*In Louisville, on Monday, two men were killed by a rock, two were murdered, an editor committed suicide, a printer was found dead in his bed, and two cases of cow-hiding by women occurred.*

Locals love to be sarcastic on each other, and paragraphs like this often occur:—*The Telegram had some local intelligence in it to-day, meaning of course that it is a rare occurrence.*

Reporters are so peculiar that one cannot always tell whether they really intend a joke or make a mistake. Here is a sample in which a funeral is described:—*The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length; as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain.*

The fact is, reporters, as a rule, do not love ministers very well. One cause lies in the fact that, as has often occurred in the writer's experience, they are often asked to 'puff,' and not unfrequently have a laudatory article given to them by a