

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.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 20th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 40°	34°	39°	Mon.. 35°	25°	30°
Tues.. 40°	33°	36°	Tues.. 33°	25°	29°
Wed.. 38°	20°	29°	Wed.. 35°	21°	28°
Thur.. 48°	32°	40°	Thur.. 38°	28°	31°
Fri.. 52°	45°	48°	Fri.. 36°	26°	31°
Sat.. 31°	27°	29°	Sat.. 32°	19°	25°
Sun.. 28°	19°	23°	Sun.. 34°	20°	27°

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublunary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 26, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE music-loving world of Montreal had an unusual treat last week in the appearance of Mme. GERSTER-GARDINI at the Queen's Hall. It is not often that we have the chance of hearing an artiste of Mdm. GERSTER's excellence. Moreover the company she brought with her was far above the average of those which usually accompany a musical star, and is in strong contrast, from all accounts with the support which Mme. PATTI has brought with her to this country. We shall not attempt to criticize the programme. The musical critics of the city have already done their worst over it, and Mme. GERSTER can only be criticized by comparison with *artistes* of the same rank whose visits to Montreal are unhappily few and far between. Enough to say that she sang as well as ever, and that the singing of the whole company, if we except one member of it, was far above the average of what we are accustomed to hear. If some of our friends were more willing to learn and less eager to criticize, we would say to them: "Listen and admire when you get the chance, and be thankful, without opening your own mouths." A nod is as good as a wink, etc.

Of Mme. PATTI's appearance in New York it can only be said that the result has by no means equalled the expectations, as far at least as the receipts are concerned. If Madame PATTI had come to the United States under engagement with the ring of managers which is gradually and certainly acquiring the control of the amusement business of the country, she would have made a great financial success. But she had the temerity to try, at least, to make for herself whatever profit there might be in the undertaking. She has tried it, and is probably by this time convinced that America is the last country in the world where even superlative artistic merit stands any chance whatever when brought into opposition to one of those monopolies that New York delights to foster. As a matter of fact the public of New York do not by any means flock to hear the *diva*. Mme. PATTI was offered an enormous sum for her services, and is probably by this time regretting that she did not accept it. It is true she has done the worst possible thing in the selection of thoroughly incompetent managers, and that she has brought a poor company. It is true that the prices are high, though no more than is paid in London on similar occasions. Still, all allowances made, the result is a disappointment.

HOWEVER, be it said, what the public lacks in numbers it makes up for in enthusiasm, though enthusiasm displayed as it was on the night of Mme. PATTI's first appearance militates rather against her than for her, since those who had charge of the ridiculous ceremonial, in which the *diva* herself declined to take part, succeeded in wearying the patience of the audience, if not in thoroughly disgusting them; and the would-be presenter of an enormous wreath, with which Mme. PATTI wisely declined to be crowned, was greeted with shouts of "turn the fool out," "we've had enough of this nonsense." Mme. PATTI is a great *artiste*, and America should be justly proud of her, but there is a legitimate way of showing such pride.

THOSE who expect to see a race between HANLAN and ROSS may be disappointed after all. According to agreement, the race was set down for November 15th, and HANLAN had expressed a desire to row upon Crève Cœur Lake, near St. Louis, being impelled to this decision, as he acknowledges, by the offer of \$2,500 and a share of the profits by the owners of the railroad connecting St. Louis with the

lake. Somebody, however, has been offering ROSS more money to row on his fishpond, and ROSS has refused to row HANLAN unless he be allowed to name the place of meeting, generously agreeing, however, to divide the profits. What has become of our old ideas of sport. The noble art of rowing seems somehow to have got inextricably mixed with the equally noble art of money-making. Poor HANLAN. Why should he not be left in peace to his legitimate occupation of beer-selling instead of being bothered with challenges to row for championships and things of such comparative unimportance.

It is curious that so polished and well-bred a nation as the French cannot resist sacrificing good taste to a sense of the ridiculous. The French journals are filled with witticisms at the expense of the recent reception of their delegates at Yorktown. However American customs may compare with the higher degree of refinement and ceremony to which their visitors were accustomed at home, there seems to be but one idea outside of Paris as to their reception, and the whole nation seems to have vied with one another to do honour to the national guests. Under these circumstances the description the *Voltaire* gives of the French view of the matter, however witty its readers may find it, is not calculated to promote the *entente cordiale* between the two nations which was, we presume, the main object of the ceremony itself. The French guests, says that eminent French journal, were hurried about like Cook's tourists in Paris. They were taken to see railways running on stilts—the aerial railways of New York; they were introduced to a coarse, uncouth functionary, rendered yet more ridiculous by his uncouth uniform, distributing twenty-seven shakes of the hand without saying one word, because he knew not one word of French. They saw the still unfinished Brooklyn bridge, incomplete after ten years' work; scores of generals; the huge ferries on the Hudson, famous for their collisions. They saw the famous firemen manoeuvre, when only two men were killed; they went to Niagara, &c. All this is in the worst taste, and to convict a Parisian of an error in good taste should be the bitterest of rebukes.

POOR HAYDN. Austria wants a new national hymn. Nevertheless it seems doubtful whether, even in response to the offered prize of 1,000 florins, any modern musician will come forward with a composition superior to that masterpiece of the composer of the Creation, the possession of which other nations have long envied them. But it seems HAYDN is out of date in Austria, or else the loyalty of the new generation has been developed at the expense of their musical bumps. Probably something by WALT WHITMAN, with music by the Prophet of the Future is the kind of little thing they need. Only they'll have to get "Wat" to leave out the first person, and WAGNER to score the parts a trifle lighter than usual. There will be some merit at all events in the new idea. Such a composition as that suggested will take the average street boy some time to learn, and will require a barrel organ of phenomenal construction for its proper performance. But we may be sure that the *gamin* and the organ-grinder will triumph over it in the end, as they have surmounted the lesser difficulties of "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle."

If the account which the *Hour* gives of a recent occurrence on a Third Avenue elevated train be substantially correct, the railway in question would seem like all things human, to have its failings. A passenger, it is said, grasped the gate at the moment it was closed by the conductor and held on, expecting the latter to open it. There was ample time to admit the passenger, but the conductor refused to do so, and when nearing the end of the platform dealt him a blow which

felled him like an ox, thereby saving his life, for in another moment he would have fallen into the street. The conductor, upon being expostulated with by the spectators, remarked that he only obeyed his orders. "Even though you had killed the man?" "Yes," he replied indifferently; "I had to obey my orders, even if I had killed him." It would be interesting to know whether this view of the matter would be taken by a Grand Jury, on a trial for manslaughter. *Quien sabe?* They manage things differently in New York from our old-fashioned ways.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MASSACRE and famine in the Transvaal. SMALLPOX is epidemic at Dayton, W. T. RAILROAD traffic in Central Russia has been interrupted by snow. CARDINAL NINA has been appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Caterini. THE Russian army is to be reorganized on the German system. FIVE hundred persons are dying daily from cholera at Mecca. THE Canadian fleet has been moved into its winter quarters. THE Irish Land Court has 45,000 applications before it. THE Pacific National Bank of Boston has temporarily suspended. THE Russian Lieutenant Subanoff, arrested for supplying Nihilists with dynamite, is said to have been executed secretly. THE population of the United States is 50,155,783, an increase of 30 per cent in the decade. The recent census cost \$4,400,000. THE speech from the throne of the Emperor of Germany has created much excitement. There were rumours that the Emperor had resigned. ANOTHER French company has been formed to work the phosphate mines in the county of Ottawa. Two thousand men are already at work in the various sections. THE village of Elm, in Switzerland, is threatened with extinction. The summit of the peak overhanging the village is moving. A WARRANT is out for the arrest of Mathieu Valery, late director of the Marseilles Steam Navigation Company, for swindling the Company out of immense sums. A BATCH of registered letters at Hatton Gardens, London, supposed to contain watches and diamonds worth £40,000 have been stolen. TENANTS are withdrawing their notices to the Land Court on account of the favourable arrangement made between landlord and tenant on the Brown estate. THE Mikado of Japan has issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of a constitution with representative to come into force in 1890. It appears that the fire on the steamship *Severn* was caused by the bursting of a barrel of naphtha, the cargo consisting of spirits and oils. A FARMER in County Kerry was hauled out of his bed by an armed band, and having acknowledged paying his rent, was fired at five times and severely wounded. A PROMINENT citizen of Sydney, New South Wales offers £500 as a prize in a rowing match on the Paramatta River for the Championship of the world. MR. PUGSLEY, barrister, of St. John, N.B., on behalf of himself and others, has purchased several thousand acres of land from the Syndicate in the Souris district. The object is to locate a New Brunswick colony there. A DISASTROUS collision occurred on Lake Erie last Saturday week, resulting in the sinking of the schooner *Carlingford*, wheat laden, worth about \$20,000, and the splendid new iron steamer *Brunswick*, valued at \$150,000. Four persons were drowned.

HUMOROUS.

AN Irish doctor declares that for invalids the only safe climate in Europe is North Africa. MAIDEN lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism, "Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives." A POONAH paper contains the following description of the suicide of a young woman: "She ended her virtuous life in the cool retreat afforded by a convenient and umbrageous well." EVERYTHING HIGH.—A young lady who is doing the A's, reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high; everything is high in this country. Please send me some money." WE may live without poetry, music and art, We may live without conscience and live without heart; We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man cannot live without cooks. He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love—what is passion but pining? But where is the man who can live without dining? —Owen Meredith.