

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 HERRN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 18th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 34°	10°	22°	Mon.. 36°	14°	25°
Tue.. 40°	22°	36°	Tue.. 30°	20°	25°
Wed.. 51°	35°	43°	Wed.. 33°	27°	30°
Thur.. 26°	20°	23°	Thur.. 28°	22°	25°
Fri.. 24°	10°	17°	Fri.. 19°	15°	17°
Sat.. 36°	12°	24°	Sat.. 19°	15°	16°
Sun.. 44°	30°	37°	Sun.. 18°	7°	12°

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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 sublimary 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 expenditures, 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.

This notice, we regret to say, has not been as freely responded to as we expected. We are determined, however, to make a last appeal to our dilatory debtors to save us the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; to remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in their hands. Your money 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, Dec. 24, 1881.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

It is Christmas time. The general aspect of the world outside, as well as the appearance of this number, sufficiently indicates the fact, but it is an acknowledged necessity that the editorial address of the Christmas number should at least allude to it. The trouble is that it has all been done before. It is quite true that Christmas "comes but once a year" but what it lacks in frequency of occurrence it makes up in extreme regularity of arrival. Once a year for eighteen hundred and odd years it has put in a regular appearance at this date, and once a year for a considerable portion of that period thousands of unfortunate editors have had to record the fact.

It is scarcely remarkable that under the circumstances a good many of them have said the same thing. Those of us who are inclined to risk the accusation of preaching, have repeated the message of "Peace on earth, and good will towards men." The balance have been content to wish their readers "a Merry Christmas," and this at least we can do now as heretofore.

"What is Christmas, father?" whispered the sick boy in one of BRET HARTE'S most pathetic tales, and his father replies "Oh! Christmas, it's a—a—day you know." We know more than that, thank God, but a good many of us forget it, it is to be feared. Christmas is but a day to many of us, a day of rejoicing and holiday making, a day of plum pudding and mince pies, of Christmas trees and party giving. Don't we sometimes lose sight of the friend in whose honour this is all done? For it is a friend's birthday that we are celebrating, the greatest friend we ever had or shall have, and our festivities are incomplete without his presence at the table.

Well, these things perhaps are better said in other places. We have no desire to usurp the proper functions of the pulpit. Let us rejoice and be glad over the day and its message, each in his own way, and the old wish is here for you still

"A merry Christmas to you all."

We have tried to make this number specially suited to the season—to a time when politics are at a discount and even news is put aside for the time. Christmas is essentially a Home season, and the news that interests us most is the last report on the condition of the plum pudding, or the prospect of a visit from Santa Claus.

This is a hint moreover that our editorial is already long enough. The only reading, we take it, which you will look for at this date, you will find in the stories with which this number is filled. And if you have any fault to find with what we have said above, remember at least that our ending was unexceptionable

"A merry Christmas to you all."

CHRISTMAS.

With what feelings of happiness does this festival of all others return to the many thousand heaving hearts in Christendom? To them it is a signal to dispel all despondent reflections, all recollection of the varied trials and afflictions the past year brought with it to them. It is indeed to them a joyful signal, accompanied, as it inevitably is, with the restoration of lost friendships, mutual thanksgivings and congratulations. It is also the sequel for the reunion of the stray members of every household, and, best of all, for the harnessing of Santa Claus' fairy reindeer, and the loading well-nigh to groaning of his festive sledge. It is truly the advent of a new existence, rendered joyful by the happy anticipations for the future, which this festive season is wont to excite. Who is there who has not felt it as the dawn of a new and brighter existence, who would not willingly efface all petty animosities, and forgive all his wronged enemies? Who is there who has not felt the warm grasp of a fast friend's hand on a Christmas morning a thousand degrees warmer than on ordinary occasions, as though his heart's blood mingled with his good intentions in wishing "you a merry Christmas"? O, would that the warmth of that shake could exert its

influence on us till the recurrence of that thrice happy festival! But how soon do we forget it, and but a few days after are content to offer the cold hand of indifference! Oh! what a happy state of society, and what a glorious epoch in the world's history this would be, did the warmth of that Christmas grasp disseminate itself through our every action from Christmas to Christmas, that so the members of the world's grand society could work their work harmoniously, live their lives peacefully and cheerfully and assist each other disinterestedly.

Though Christmas does come but once a year, every one on Christmas morning seems as though he had attained the acme of his glory. Nothing more is required to add to the profusion of his happiness, nor to intensify its excellence—everything seems in thorough conformity with his most enthusiastic wishes, and there seems nothing wanting to make his life the happiest of the happy.

Everything around us seems to afford the most unbounded pleasure, and what at other times to us would seem odious, assumes as by magic the most charming appearance. Yes, Christmas morning brings to many the only pleasures that are theirs during the whole long year. Whether it be in the slums of the bustling city, or in the cold, peasant's hut in the remote country, or in the lonely shanty-man's hut in the far backwoods, or in the massive mansion of the proud millionaire, Christmas brings its joys—joys which the possession of untold wealth could not furnish at any other season of the year.

Since the first recognition of this most glorious anniversary, it has been accepted by every nation in Christendom and by every people as the hub of festivities. And why should this not be, that the anniversary of our Lord's birth should be considered the feast of feasts, when we look forward so rapturously to such comparatively minor festivities as the Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day, New Year's Day, etc.

Did Christmas bring us no other joys than those it affords us in witnessing the ecstatic raptures of the many thousand children in this vast universe over the profusion of chocolates, caramels, jumping jacks, and the thousand and one other little Christmas valuables with which Santa Claus is wont to visit those of his children who, during the year past, making way for the ensuing one, have been faithful to his mythical service, indeed, I say its recurrence would be anticipated by us with the profoundest delight. But, in addition to this delight, Christmas brings with it an infinite variety of the richest amusement, and every one seems so constituted at this particular season of the year, that his inclinations seem satisfied to the utmost, and not the slightest objection is taken to sports, that at another season of the year would seem absurd.

SMOKE.

BY NED B. MAH.

"I cannot think," a lady once exclaimed in our hearing "how girls can kiss gentlemen who smoke!" She was being courted then, and her lover was a non-smoker. She is married now and her husband has turned smoker. She kisses him still, and in every nook and corner of their house smoking is allowed, nay encouraged.

Sometimes this order of things is reversed. The girl only chaffs her lover good naturedly about his idolatry of the weed until they are married and then nags at him until he is worried into giving up the habit. Sometimes, if he is a very good fellow, he really does give it up; but nine times out of ten he only does so ostensibly, and lights up and puffs away when she is absent or out of sight—almost always the cure is not effectual and at first subject to continual relapses. Or, sometimes, where the man's character is of the decisive type, he succeeds in conquering his proclivity for the narcotic leaf with one mighty effort and suffers a martyrdom for years, until some night when his wife is on a visit, or at the seaside with the chickabiddies, and he sits in his den lonely and dressing-gowned, the yearning comes back to him with irresistible force. He reviews his early years. He remembers his first essay—how the flavor was disappointing and the effects not altogether agreeable. How nevertheless there was a subtle fascination about the forbidden act—partly perhaps because it was forbidden. How, as the nauseating effects disappeared with practice the real delights of the wondrous luxury became revealed. A thousand pleasant scenes of his bachelor life with which the pipe or the cigar are intimately associated rise like bewitching phantoms. A myriad of social memories connected with the genial perfume mock him to scorn. He remembers poor Tom Deelmaccare as he lay with broken leg which had to be amputated where it was impossible to obtain chloroform and how he said "All right, doctor, cut away! Only for Heaven's sake put a lighted cigar in my mouth." He thinks of that story of Bismarck upon the battle field with his one cigar which he was saving to celebrate the victory, who saw a poor dragoon lying with both arms crushed, moaning for something to refresh him; and he imagines his ecstatic smile as the statesman puts that last cigar between his lips alight. He thinks of all the joys that have been his during the days of his devotion to the weed—how it soothed his sorrows, moderated his transports, accompanied his pleasures, digested his dinners and gave him a philosophic dignity generally. He reviews the moments of irritability, the pangs of indigestion, the unsoothed

agonies of his recent existence, and presently, with one wild cry of "What an ass I've been!" darts at the shelf where his forgotten meerschaums lie 'neath the dust of ages and crumming an old favorite with the relics of a mixture that lurks in the recesses of a powder jar, proceeds to smoke voraciously, until the coiling is no longer visible, and the placidity of a peace ineffable steals over his whole being.

Woe be to the wife of that man for his last state is worse than his first, and nothing short of death or a miracle can destroy his affection for this vaporous rival now.

MISCELLANY.

LONDON papers state that during the severe gale of the 14th of October a large portion of the lead was stripped from the roof of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. The damage was not discovered until the heavy rain which came a week later, found its way through the magnificent painted ceiling to the floor of the chapel. This ceiling was painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens when he was Ambassador at the British Court. The subject is the apotheosis of James I., and the painter received £3,000 for his work. It was afterwards repaired by Cipriani at a cost of £2,000.

Mr. Tucket has given some curious figures with regard to the sizes of hats worn by several eminent men which may interest the curious in these:—Lord Chelmsford, 6½ full; Dean Stanley, 6½; Lord Beaconsfield, 7; Prince of Wales, 7 full; Charles Dickens, 7½; Lord Selborne, 7½; John Bright, 7½; Earl Russell, 7½; Lord Macaulay, 7½; Mr. Gladstone, 7½; Mr. Thackeray, 7½; Louis Philippe, 7½; M. Jullien, 7½; Archbishop of York, 8 full. Whatever may be the case with regard to brains, it would certainly seem from these figures that hats are a criterion of brain-power.

THE GREAT ACTRESS DANCERS.—Charlotte Grist was the first interpreter of Theophile Gautier's *Giselle*, or *the White*, and the author's admiration for her was intense. Looking back with the regret of a true artist to her theatrical career, he says in his "Portraits Contemporains":—"Elle avait la voix et elle avait les ailes; c'était un oiseau parfait." Fanny Elssler had no voice, but she was a more finished actress; and then the strange tie which had bound her to Friedrich von Gentz threw a sort of romance about her early dancing days. It was about 1829 that Gentz ran away from courts and congresses, from kings and statesmen, and poets and men of letters, to hide himself with Fanny Elssler in a villa in the outskirts of Vienna. It was no vulgar *amour de théâtre*. What attracted her at the very debut of her life to sit and listen for hours at the feet of a man who had exhausted every distraction and outlived every illusion of life, is not easy to explain. Her attraction for him lay not so much in her beauty or her grace, or even in her keen and delicate sense of humour, as in her infantile pleasure in flowers and birds and country life which he loved too. "Enfin je suis comploté à l'âme," he writes; and he probably did not overstate the case when he described his attachment to a ballet-girl of the Vienna theatre as the one enthusiasm of his life.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A LARGE number of firearms and Fenian documents have been discovered in Dublin.

THE illness of a juror's wife will probably cause a temporary suspension of the Guineas trial.

ANOTHER plot for the assassination of the Emperor of Russia has been unearthed in St. Petersburg.

ALL hope of the safety of the missing great steamer *Both City* seems to be dissipated.

THE London *Standard* announces that Lord Lorne will, at his own request, complete his term of office as Governor General of Canada.

BLAINE has been invited to deliver a eulogy on Garfield before both the Senate and Congress.

United Ireland was issued as usual yesterday, the places of the clerks and editorial staff being filled by lady leaguers.

THE Dean Stanley memorial project is being enthusiastically received in England.

MRS. LANTRY'S *Abul* on the stage is flatteringly spoken of by the London press.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin has refused to call another meeting of the corporation to consider the question of conferring the freedom of the city on Parnell and Dillon.

THE London correspondent of the *Globe* cables that H.R.H. the Princess Louise is to spend the winter in the south of France on the advice of Sir William Jenner.

MR. BIGGAR, M.P., is reported as being opposed to any member of the English Royal family opening the proposed Irish Industrial Exhibition, on the ground that they are foreigners so far as Ireland is concerned.

THE Buffalo case, in which Parker is implicated, is a most mysterious one, and the investigation promises to reveal a deep-laid scheme to defraud several life insurance companies by murder and personation.

THERE were eight arrests in Ireland under the Coercion Act recently, including Mr. O'Sullivan, a prominent member of the Land League and the agent of *United Ireland* at Charleville, County Cork.