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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 22nd, 1882			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon. 22°	25°	28° 5'	Mon. 13°	7°	3°
Tue. 10°	7°	8° 5'	Tue. 19°	5°	12°
Wed. 13°	0°	11° 5'	Wed. 8°	6°	12°
Thur. 26°	19°	22° 5'	Thur. 20°	0°	10°
Fri. 28°	8°	13°	Fri. 20°	-5°	7° 5'
Sat. 17°	12°	19° 5'	Sat. 18°	4°	11°
Sun. 12°	12°	15° 5'	Sun. 25°	10°	17° 5'

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few weeks before the close of last year we addressed an appeal to those of our subscribers who consider that the fact of their having ordered the paper to be sent to them does not impose upon them any corresponding obligation to pay for it, requesting them to change their opinions upon that subject and forward us without delay the amount of their subscriptions in arrear.

It is an old story, but one it seems that must be repeated until it is taken to heart, that no newspaper can possibly continue long without prompt remittances on the part of its subscribers. We have every week to meet large expenses incident upon the publication of an illustrated paper, and we need large sums of money for this purpose, for which we not unnaturally look to those who owe us money. It is not fair or reasonable to suppose that in addition to the expense of supplying the paper we should be put to the inconvenience and cost of collecting small amounts throughout the country.

Our recent appeal has been only partially successful, and while we thank those who have promptly responded to it, it becomes necessary to warn those who are still in arrears that it will shortly become necessary to discontinue sending the paper to all persons who have not settled for their subscriptions of the past year. This step has become imperative, and we trust that those who wish to continue upon our subscription list will see the propriety of promptly settling their accounts.

This notice is not intended otherwise than as the announcement of a disagreeable necessity,—the impossibility of our going to the expense of supplying the paper to those who will not pay for it. We feel that, as the only Canadian illustrated literary paper we have claimed upon our subscribers which their patriotism should lead them to recognize, and we hope that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations of support from those who owe it doubly to encourage and pay for the paper.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 28, 1882.

THE WEEK.

COMMANDER CHEYNE, who has been lecturing throughout the Dominion, has succeeded in interesting a large number of people in the success of his proposed method of reaching the North Pole by means of balloons. Commander CHEYNE'S calculations go to prove that in the month of June, about the latitude he would start from, the mean variable direction of the wind would be from the northward during fifteen days and a half, and during

fourteen days and a half in the opposite direction, being thus most favourable for an advance and return journey. It should also be remembered that in the summer months the sun shines night and day, which is another circumstance in favour of balloons. Accepting these conditions, Mr. HENRY COXWELL, some twelve months since, furnished a design which he considered likely to diminish risk and to preserve the gas and balloons intact for a considerable length of time. If Commander CHEYNE'S expectations as to wind, weather, and temperature prove correct, the aeronautic expedition would stand a fair chance of getting a breeze back as well as of getting a fair wind outwards in the direction of the North Pole. There seems a fair chance now of this novel method being given at least a fair trial, but the unhappy fate of Mr. POWELL, it is to be feared, will militate against its success, and will at least be a strong reminder of the dangers which await the expedition.

PEOPLE in Lincolnshire seem to admire Mr. GLADSTONE with a rapture which is easily contented. A few days ago Mr. GODLEY, Mr. GLADSTONE'S private secretary, sent Colonel MOORE, Chairman of the North Holland Quarter Sessions, a formal letter on the subject of local taxation. Colonel MOORE expresses not only his satisfaction that the Government is alive to the importance of this interesting question, but also implies his pleasure in the fact that "the communication, being countersigned by Mr. GLADSTONE, is not a mere official acknowledgment." The counter-signature will no doubt be treasured in the archives of the North Holland Quarter Sessions as a historical season ticket is preserved at the South Kensington Museum. But it is not very easy to understand what is meant, when it said that Mr. GLADSTONE has "countersigned" an ordinary official letter. Counter-signatures are usually managed the other way. The German Emperor, for example, signs a document, and his Minister countersigns it. But this is reversing the performances of the signer and counter-signer of the note to the North Holland Quarter Sessions. Is it possible that Mr. GLADSTONE'S so-called "counter-signature" is but the lithographed copy of his autograph on the corner of the official envelope? If this be a correct view, North Holland must endeavour to secure, as the foundation of a collection, some more original autograph of the Prime Minister. Mr. GODLEY'S letter in this case will have to sink back into the condition, useful but not decorative, of a merely "official acknowledgment."

THE Royal touch for the King's evil was perhaps one of the last of harmless superstitions—that is, so far as any superstition can be harmless—to die out. Unhappy persons afflicted with scrofulous diseases were loath to give up their faith in the King's touch doing what the medical science of the day had failed to compass, and clung to their hope with extraordinary tenacity. Like many old words and forms of expression now archaic in England, this practice of laying on of hands to cure disease has travelled across the Atlantic, and, as we learn from a contemporary, flourished till the other day at Salt Lake City. It seems that a Mormon Bishop who claims the power of healing by touch has had a certain success among the large class of robust invalids who are "not quite themselves," but have nothing very serious the matter with them. So the Bishop drove a good trade, for, unlike the monarchs of bygone days, he did not touch people for nothing. On the contrary, he displayed a frugal mind by restricting the laying-on of his hands to such as brought dollars in their hands. Thanks to the imaginative faculty of his patients all went well until the Bishop, in an evil hour, extended his operations to the beasts of the field, which have no imagination, or at least not enough for Mormon-episcopal purposes. A man came with a baulky horse and asked the Bishop to lay his hands upon that

troublesome animal. The Bishop demanded three dollars, duly paid in advance, before he would touch the beast, and the owner reluctantly parted with his money. The Bishop then proceeded to lay his hands upon the horse's head and instantly brought about a change in him. From a baulker he became a kicker; lashed out furiously, knocked the unhappy ecclesiastic down, and then ran away, kicking to pieces as he went the buggy to which he was harnessed. The exasperated owner not only demands the return of his three dollars, but compensation for a buggy as completely reduced to dust as "the deacon's one-horse shay." To make things worse the faith of Salt Lake City in the Bishop is sorely shaken.

THE ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

Several weeks ago the readers of the daily press were somewhat astonished by the announcement that an Academy of Letters "had been formed under the patronage of the Governor-General." Particulars were not wanting as to the officials of the new institution. Dr. DAWSON was the President, and various other most worthy gentlemen occupied posts of honor at the heads of the departments into which the new Academy was divided. The names, too, of a number of the members of this learned body, some of them well known, some who had hitherto concealed their literary light under the journalistic bushel, were published with all the dignity which should properly belong to such an announcement.

It was somewhat of a relief to those amongst us who viewed with a little suspicion such a very mushroom growth as this would seem to be, to find that either the inventive genius of the reporter who was responsible for the paragraph had led him into error, or that the enthusiasm of the promoters of the scheme had carried them away. The foundation of an Academy will, we presume, require some overt act of the powers that be. Whether Parliament is to be called upon to pass a Bill for its creation, or whether the exercise of the prerogative of the Governor-General will suffice to call it into being, it may be safely assumed that something more than an informal meeting of a few self-chosen *litterateurs* will be needed to bring the scheme to that maturity, which according to the papers it has already attained.

The real facts of the case, so far as they can be ascertained, are briefly these: The Marquis of Lorne, it was known, before his departure, had interested himself in the scheme of which these are the fruits. At his suggestion, a meeting of several persons interested in the proposed Academy was to be called during his absence, to discuss the feasibility of the plan, suggest the persons best fitted in their opinion to form the new body, and submit for his satisfaction on his return, the information acquired on these and kindred branches of the subject. This, then, has been done; this is, in fact, all that could be done; and it is the steps which the Government, we presume we may say which the Marquis will take, that alone have any interest for us now.

It would be waste of time to enter now upon the discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of the Academy that is to be. For that it is to be is as certain as the most reliable of Mr. VENNOR'S prophecies, to say the least of it. Captious and disagreeable persons will point to the complete failure of the Academy of Arts to fulfil the bright promises with which it started. Still more disagreeable persons—who have been left out of the list—will be quite confident that the affair cannot succeed without them; while—tell it not in Gath—there are those who even doubt the ability of our great Dominion to furnish twenty names fit to inscribe upon the Roll of Fame. The majority, however, will wisely reflect that the Rubicon is past, and that as the thing must be, it is well to make the best of it.

But one thing there is to do, and which it is imperative upon the press to do

thoroughly. The Governor-General has—with all due respect—but a limited knowledge of the literary talent of this country. He will not unnaturally be inclined to accept the report tendered to him, the substance of which we have already, and without more ado to adopt it in default of any outside suggestions. It is the more incumbent upon us then to point out that the list of proposed members, as we have it from the daily press, contains some very serious omissions, which, if not corrected, will bid fair to make the whole scheme ridiculous in the eyes of the *cognoscenti*.

It were too invidious a task to criticize the names that do appear individually. There are several which, no doubt, are entitled to a place upon the roll of any literary institution that may be given to the country. Others may perhaps have talents of which we have never heard, but which may be developed in the hot-bed of Academy distinction. But so far as we can see, it is only those who can speak for themselves who have been heard hitherto, and a word should be said in favour of those retiring spirits who seek no distinction for themselves, but who are doubly worthy of it on that account.

Where, for example, is GEORGE MENRAY'S name? A graceful writer, an able historian, withal a poet of no little force and originality, he is a head and shoulders above the little men who crowd in before him. Where again is the Abbé VENNOR? Buried at home in the books he loves and knows so well, he asks, it is true, but to be left alone with them. He seeks no distinction; but his name would do more honour to the Academy than his title of Academician could bring to him. If the new body is to be in any sense representative, it is such men as these who must grace its muster roll.

One other name has been left to the last, because its omission seems so extraordinary as to require special comment. What are we to say of a meeting, which, in selecting the literary talent of Canada, has forgotten the name of CHAUVENET? Historian, novelist, poet, the most notable man of letters probably that Canada has produced—in a word, the *doyen* of French literature. It is not too much to say that to constitute an Academy of Letters and omit his name, will be to make the whole affair ridiculous in the eyes of the world, or at least of the literary portion of it.

There may be other names that should be mentioned, but we forbear to press our opinions further. Fortunately, the selection of the Academicians will not be with us. It will be an invidious task at best, and one which we do not envy the Governor-General, upon whose shoulders probably whatever there may be of blame will rest. That the task will be performed conscientiously on his part we do not for an instant doubt. We would only ask him not to be guided blindfold by the recommendations of any meeting, but to endeavour, if the Academy really is to be an honour to him and to the country, to make it really a representative of whatever of literary genius the country does possess.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc d'Angoulême-Paquier has sold his hotel in the Avenue Marceau for the sum of 575,000 fr.

A TRAIN from Paris to Soissons was last week lit up by electric light, the first experiment of the kind in France.

IN future real pipe and cigar smoking is not to be permitted on the stage. If the author insists upon the idea a cigar of chocolate with red tinelled top will be the illusion.

M. AVELINO VALENTE has arrived in Paris from Madrid to put the last touches to the comic opera, *Mariage en Espagne*, the composition of the late M. de Saint-Georges.

THERE is an amusing caricature in the *Charivari*. M. Gambetta, as head cook, is holding a saucepan over the fire, and giving instructions to his apprentices, who may be mistaken for the Ministers. He says, "Look here, young people, the difficulty is not to compound a sauce, but to give it consistency." The great fall at the Bourse and the rumours of the dismissal of M. Allain Targé give point to this.