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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

April 23rd, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 34°	22°	28°	Mon.. 53°	33°	43°
Tues.. 37°	25°	31°	Tues.. 48°	29°	38° 5
Wed.. 38°	23°	30° 5	Wed.. 47°	28°	37° 5
Thur.. 46°	27°	36° 5	Thur.. 45°	29°	37°
Fri.. 45°	33°	39° 5	Fri.. 53°	33°	43°
Sat.. 51°	32°	41° 5	Sat.. 49°	31°	40°
Sun.. 53°	33°	42° 5	Sun.. 46°	36°	46°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, April 29, 1882.

THE WEEK.

ONE of the most curious blackmail cases of this generation comes to light in Massachusetts. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, to whose tact and firmness the country owed so much during the war, is a man of declining years, with both mental and bodily powers on the wane. He was enticed by professional gamblers into a "hell" on Boylston street, in Boston, and induced to play for large stakes and to pay his losses by signing large checks for the amount. The swindlers took these checks in the belief that they were as good as money, since the family would not dare to expose the affair by refusing payment. But the ADAMS family never do such things after the fashion of ordinary people, and the sons at once had the principal offenders arrested for the offence. People less confident of their own standing might have talked of a compromise. But not only public spirit, —as it seems to be thought,—but family pride of a high degree, prompted the exposure and the punishment of the offence. Undoubtedly, a good service has been rendered to the public by this step. The criminals, themselves, declare that this case is by no means solitary, but that hitherto they always have been able to count on impunity. The proper action taken in this case may have a deterrent influence.

A NEW suggestion in the matter of toilet is offered to our belles for what it is worth. Electricity has already played many parts, and will no doubt in the next few years play many more. Hitherto however it has never been utilized to give additional charm to the beauty of the fair. And yet a necklace or bracelet of diamonds of the first water could not compare for brilliance with the effect of a string of crystals each containing a tiny filament carbon heated to incandescence by an electric current supplied from a small Faure battery, which might easily be concealed on the person. At the Crystal Palace there is a diminutive breast-pin, which can be illuminated by a two-inch Faure battery carried in the pocket of the wearer. What a sensation will be produced by the first lady who ventures to a ball with a tiara, necklae, and bracelets literally blazing with light! It is perfectly safe, the heat would be imperceptible, and the effect would be unquestionably dazzling. Who will be the bold one to first make the experiment?

A "WILDE" GOOSE CHASE.

As Mr. OSCAR WILDE is to visit our city after all, and we may expect in a few weeks to listen to his exposition of the much vexed subject of Aestheticism vs. Philistinism, it may not be out of place to consider in a few words the man and the cause he preaches.

As to the cause, to take the greater first, every one has long since looked out aestheticism in the dictionary and found that its original meaning was the principle of choosing for oneself, i. e., of freeing the choice from the dictates of fashion and prejudice. That a movement in this direction had become a necessity but a few years since no one can possibly deny. In art, more especially in those branches of art which pertain to the household and to dress, a slavish following of the prevailing taste, if taste it can be called, resulted in the perpetuation of the least artistic and most unreasonable modes both in domestic art and in costume.

Such a movement then as that to which its promoters gave the name of the English Renaissance, and which subsequently received the *sobriquet* of the "aesthetic movement," or more frequently the "aesthetic craze" was in its origin guided by right principles and has done an infinity of good. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the drawing-rooms of half a dozen of his less wealthy acquaintances with what he can remember of the horse-hair furniture and cheap chromo style of decoration ten years back, will acknowledge at least a change for the better. Incongruity there is, often ridiculous affectation, but this is only the result of an imperfect conception of the principles involved, and taste cannot be made, only guided, by any rules of art.

No, the indictment of the Philistines is directed against those who in aestheticism, as in everything else, run to extremes, and make the new, or rather the newly preached, rules of art a peg on which to hang their follies. It is nothing new or unusual that a silly woman should show her silliness, but the fact cannot or should not injure Art, which exists outside and above its disciples wise or foolish. The sunflower and the lily were taken hold of by the early decorators of the school as beautiful and perfect types of decoration, hitherto much neglected in favor of more voluptuous and flowing patterns. Because this fact is true it does not follow that they make suitable button hole decorations, or that a bunch of sunflowers plastered on to the small of a lady's back adds to the beauty of her figure. But the converse is also true, viz., that the beauty of either is not affected by its misuse.

What then is Mr. WILDE, and what are we to hear from his lips? Mr. WILDE is personally a gentleman by birth and education, possessed of some degree of cleverness, a turn for literature, and a *modicum* of pocket money. Launched into London society fresh from Oxford, he seized the opportunity afforded him by the craze which was then setting in to win by his eccentricities a notoriety and position in society which under ordinary circumstances he could not have hoped to reach. There is the story in a nutshell. As to his visit to this country, a lecturer lectures the world over to make money by his lectures, and Mr. WILDE's quasi celebrity in England has placed him in a position to gain a hearing.

This of the man. The lecture, so far as we can understand, is another pair of shoes. Some time since the present writer pointed out that the *Spectator* in speaking of Mr. WILDE and his principles alike in contemptuous terms was confounding two very different things. Many a preacher has done good to his hearers though himself unworthy of the gospel he expounds. Mr. WILDE may or may not be a goose, but at least his cackling is of goodly things. The principles of RUSKIN, of TAINE and of MORRIS need not a great expounder. It is said that no one ever failed as Hamlet, if we except perhaps ANNA DICKINSON. The reason is that the

lines are so beautiful, the movement so dramatic, that we forget the actor in the play. So it is with our poet. Those who go to laugh at the knees breeches must be careful not to jeer at the story the lecturer has to tell. It is true many people think it might be told better in—well pantaloons; but there is absolutely no connection between the calves of OSCAR'S legs and his principles. The one may or may not be real, the others are everlasting, and, however expressed, true and undying as Art itself.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

On the whole the presentation of "Antigone" at the University, may be pronounced successful. There was a good attendance both on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. On the latter occasion the crowd was so great that every available place was occupied, it is needless to say, by an audience fully representing the *crème de la crème* of Toronto culture and fashion. After some delay the orchestra led by Mr. Torrington and ably supported by Miss Symons as *pianiste* began Mendelssohn's beautiful overture. The curtain rose on the court in front of the Royal Palace at Thebes. From the centre emerged the Princess Antigone with her sister Ismene. The part of Antigone was taken by Professor Maurice Hutton whose distinct articulation of the Greek left nothing to be desired. It was a score of years since your correspondent gave much time to the study of this drama when reading for classical honors, but Mr. Hutton's declamation brought back the well remembered lines with vivid force. Perhaps to an ancient Athenian's ear the Oxford pronunciation of the first letter of the alphabet would have sounded flat and unfamiliar. Knowing little as we do confessedly of the true secret of classical pronunciation of Greek and Latin, we know this much, that what used to be the Oxford pronunciation of the vowels *α* and *ι* is certainly incorrect.

In the first scene Antigone recites to her sister her own resolve to disobey the tyrannical edict by which her uncle, King Creon, forbade the burial of her brother Polynices. Ismene, who represents a gentler type of Greek womanhood, dissuades her. The heroine is habited in an under-kirt of dark with yellow border, the Athenian mourning color, over this a blue jacket. Ismene wore a similar "chiton" of black and green. After the first scene entered the Chorus, two groups of venerable citizens of Thebes, arranged in what might seem ultra priestly garments, surplises fringed with various embroidery, each holding the mystic "thyrsus," a rod or wand tipped with a fir cone, the symbol of Bacchus. The first choral ode described the repulse of the hostile army which had lately threatened Thebes. It was sung with considerable spirit the music attaining the difficult success of rendering the Anapestic battle march out of which their choral odes have developed, and with which the first chorus in the Greek drama invariably began. Then came the great success of the representation, the part of Creon, King of Thebes, the strongest in the play, and full of dramatic points. It was well and spiritedly interpreted by Mr. Douglas Armour, who looked and spoke the stage tyrant, dooming Antigone, turning a deaf ear to his son's intercession and finally cowed with submission by the threats of the terrible blind Prophet.

A comic effect was given in the garrulous long windedness of the Watchman, well rendered by Mr. Haddons who however created an effect hardly contemplated by Sophocles by delivering his speech with a strong Irish accent. The *coup de théâtre* at the end in which the dead bodies of the Queen and her son are exposed on the stage, would have been very effective had the stage been at all adequate to the purposes of the representation. As it was the chorus, which in the ancient Athenian theatre would have occupied a large area of what is the pit in our theatre, where they could have had ample space for the solemn processional dancing which kept time to their choral song, were grievously "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on the small platform at either side of the stage. Thence they climbed up every now and then to the stage.

The singing was very good indeed, especially in the beautiful ode to "Love the unconquerable" and in the spirited hymn to Bacchus. But the old gentlemen of the chorus looked like a procession in some little country church where they had scarcely room to genuflect, and when these worthy clerical representatives of Ancient Thebes danced round a tripod with a blazing fire we had fears lest their surplises should catch the flames. Creon's dress was one of the most effective, a scarlet robe of graceful display. It is a pity that the drama was not brought out at one of our largest theatres, it suffered much from want of room, and from being too close to the audience. Mr. Maurice Hutton's make up as Antigone was good, the blonde hair and pink and white complexion aided the illusion, but the acting was a little too pronounced. The young lady looked and spoke too like a vendor of the finny tribe in an altercation with her sisters of the fishmarket, and with her muscular arms and determined face seemed able on a little provocation to make a clean sweep of the other occupants of the stage, the clerical looking chorus included. The part of the Queen was well dressed and well supported by Mr. H. Mickle.

This *tour de force* has cost a good deal of money, and money just now is specially wanted in Toronto University when an increased staff of teachers is a pressing need. Still the success of what must be regarded as a spirited effort on the part of Professor Hutton and the gentlemen who supported him justifies a little extravagance. The drama gave a more vivid idea of ancient Hellenic culture than could be obtained in any other way. It is a pity that another representation could not have been given for the benefit of the High School Teachers and pupils throughout the Province. Our illustration is taken from a photograph by Notman and Fraser, of Toronto.

WAITING.

Among several articles from the same pen in your issue of the 25th March, one on "Waiting" attracted my attention. An excellent article as far as it went, but written by a man. Need I ask what can he know about it? Bah! the question answers itself. Men are the so-called lords of creation, while women are born to wait. The only time in men's lives that is swayed by a power stronger than themselves, they "wait upon a woman's smile," serves but to enhance the value, but to rouse their energy and sharpen their wits to obtain the love they long for. That gained, the waiting moments in their lives are few, confined to waiting for dinner or a laggard guest, which, however, gives them such a happy opportunity of exercising their prerogative of grumbling that such should be quoted as a blessing rather than a misfortune. But when a woman for once raises her voice then listen for *experientia docet*, she ought to know something about it. From her nursery days when the boys of stronger muscles and bolder fancies lord it over the tiny sister who waits their bidding with the love and admiration weakness ever pays to strength, to the days when in her first fresh ball-room tulle the nervous *débütante* waits toying with her fan or flowers, trying vainly to appear unexpected for the partners who conscious of their power ask the trembling girl to dance. At home how she watches the mother waiting upon the wills and whims of the liege lord, and wondering vaguely if such too will be her lot. As the days and months speed on and her own heart finds its owner, and deep down in its inmost depths waits for the token that she has not bestowed its love unsought, doubt lending her the strength to prove it and give him the privilege, so long her own, of waiting. Is it any wonder that she wields the short-lived power with no niggard hand, but glows with trembling pride and pleasure in its possession; seeing at a glance how the most capricious of her sex are the most admired by *his*, the longer and more trying the waiting, the more appreciated is the boon when gained, the more they have to seek, the more glad they are to find, for men care little for what they obtain too easily. "The half hour of happy converse with his Dulcinea in the chill October evening, more valued after the hour of waiting in the bitter wind."

A few years and she falls back into her old life of "waiting." Waiting while Henry dresses for that humdrum party at Professor B—'s he does not want to go so, anathematizing the laundress who makes his ties so stiff he can't make them look decent, mislaying his studs which she "might as well look for while she is waiting." Then the night far advanced she waits wearily though with outward seeming pleasure until he finishes "just this last rubber." Or at the theatre, who knows the waiting agony to her of the minutes between the acts while he is out killing time, making this interval more endurable to himself perhaps, imbibing poison with "a man or two." Who sees the quick questioning glance amid the merry smiles and chatter to the friends sitting near, when he returns? Not he certainly. Her daily life when his being late for dinner, means to her, a storm in the kitchen, black looks from the maid whose evening with her "young man" is curtailed by the master's delay, many an anxious glance at the clock which conscience smites her for putting back half an hour to ensure the dinner not being done to death and an effort to meet him with the smiling happy face which should greet the "home coming" however tardy, to receive the explanation of delay with the ready grace and tact that makes the woman he loves so charming, and home, a true man's happiest place, a welcome rest from the weariness and worries of business and delays, which, thank heaven, are often unavoidable.

But the saddest, and alas far too frequent waiting now-a-days is when the poor patient wife waits night after night for the home-coming of her lord, keeping home cheerful, cooking with her own hands some dainty dish for his supper, putting his slippers to warm upon the hearth, the tempting, ease-inviting arm-chair before the glowing fire, doing everything a lonely heart can think of for the comfort of the absent one, waits while the hands upon the time piece mark with slow but ever recurring chime the hours as they go, until the drowsiness of long watching closes the weary overstrained eyelids over the tired eyes to let dreams have a moment sway over the aching brain. Only a moments though in dreams it has been hours when the well-known latch key in the door, the scarcely steady steps ascending the stairs passing the doorway of the cozy room away to bed rouses her once more to the sad reality and her fruitless waiting. How like a quell upon the waiting heart sounds the dull thud of the falling