

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 19th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 82°	55°	68° 5'	Mon... 72°	61°	66° 5'
Tue... 82°	50°	71°	Tue... 71°	61°	66°
Wed... 70°	52°	61°	Wed... 75°	61°	68°
Thur... 72°	45°	58° 5'	Thur... 77°	64°	70° 5'
Fri... 72°	45°	58° 5'	Fri... 73°	63°	71°
Sat... 76°	55°	65°	Sat... 85°	64°	74° 5'
Sun... 76°	55°	65° 5'	Sun... 86°	65°	75° 5'

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sketches from Quebec—The late Jos. Mackay—The San Francisco Decorative Art Society's Exhibition—A Nook in the Forest—The Great Fire in Quebec—The Victoria Bridge, Montreal—The Organ Grinders' Kitchen, Saffron Hill—Piping Times of Peace—The Planetary Tux of War.

THE WEEK.—The End of the World—Sophocles Number Two—The Critics and the Revisers—A Remarkable Conjunction of the Planets.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Quebec Fire—Our Illustrations—A French Speculation—A Simple "Culted" Man—Hearth and Home—Varieties—My June Boy—Skeleton Keys—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic—Aunt Nancy's Mind on the Subject—The Professor's Darling—Literary and Artistic—Review and Criticism—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 25th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

It is Monday. A statement which in ordinary weeks might pass without comment, but which has a strange significance to-day. For so many people had persuaded themselves that there would be no Monday, that there will doubtless be a slight feeling of disappointment mingled with the gratification which most of us experience at being still "to the fore." Various were the preparations made for the expected tour through space. We know a little boy who petitioned, though unsuccessfully, for permission to wear his Sunday clothes throughout the week so as to get as much wear out of them as possible, and tradesmen report a disinclination on the part of their customers to pay up their bills in the hopes of getting a release in full of all obligations. The majority of the Stock Exchange were reported as "holding for a rise," and the police were ordered to be on hand in case their assistance should be required in the event of any serious disturbance among the planets. For ourselves we wisely declined writing our editorials until to-day, lest haply they should be wasted upon the inhabitants of Saturn, and set to work to get up such information as would be useful to us, in the event of our next engagement being on the Jupiter Daily Asteroid. But as we before observed, it is Monday, and—well we have to write our editorials and pay our bills the same as usual.

Peccarimus! For in our ignorance we knew but one Sophocles, and it seems there are two. But why, O why, did not the *Home Journal* give the Harvard Professor of Greek a Christian name, or call him "Esquire" or "Junior" or "number 2" or something by which we might have distinguished him from his predecessor in the same, or a similar line of business? There is many a WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, but so far as we know, few have attempted to "write plays," and out of many hundred GEORGE WASHINGTONS, no second has been rash enough to court comparison with the father of his country by becoming President of the Republic. But Professor SOPHOCLES (Junior) is in a position in which his name may prove a "scandal," in the Greek sense of the word, to many a true believer.

ONE thing that cannot help striking everybody in connection with the revised edition of the New Testament is, how much better the critics would have done it than those gentlemen who have spent so many years upon a comparatively thankless task. It is well to be an "irresponsible, indolent reviewer," and it seems an everlasting pity, as our neighbours pithily express it, that so many brilliant suggestions should come too late to be incorporated with the text. One gentleman is concerned with the disappearance of the "beasts" from the Revelations, and the substitution of "living creatures." His own suggestion solves the difficulty entirely. Why not *zoo* and *zoo*? How nicely it would sound "And the four *zoo* fell down." But have the critics not reflected that the alteration of the passage at all will be the death blow of a cherished Bible narrative. Have they never heard of the Oxford youth who, when seated before the quartette of examiners, and found wanting in other Scriptural knowledge, was asked, "Can you not quote from memory any passage of the New Testament?" and confidently replied, "Oh, yes, 'And round about him were four great beasts.'" Fancy if he had been reduced to quote "And round about him were four great *zoo*." The reviewer's suggestion reminds us of the translator who thought the Bible needed rendering into refined and elegant English, to become really popular with the upper classes, and who proposed to commence the Prodigal Son's history with "A gentleman of opulence and fortune had two offspring of widely differentiated characters," and as to whose ultimate fate history is silent.

THE CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS.

The excitement which prevailed over the predicted disturbance of Sunday, seems to justify a few words concerning the phenomenon which actually did take place.

The Solar system, so called, is composed of a central sun and eight planets of which our earth is one. These planets revolve in elliptical orbits around the sun in the following order:—Mercury, Venus, The Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, their distances ranging from 36,000,000 of miles in the case of Mercury to 3,000,000,000, the extreme limit at which Neptune pursues his slow journey through the Heavens. Two forces keep this vast system in motion, and insure its stability from day to day. The first is that is popularly known as centrifugal force, by which the planets seek constantly to fly off into space, as a stone swung round at the end of a string is ready at any moment to fly off if released from its restraining power. The second force is that of universal gravitation, or attraction. We most of us understand that when an object is let fall from the hand it strikes the ground, by reason of the power of attraction which the earth has for all matter at or near its surface, a power which we call gravity. This law, however, is by no means confined to the earth, but holds good throughout the universe, and may be stated popularly thus: "All matter attracts other matter in proportion to its size and weight." That is to say that the earth attracts the stone you let fall because the earth is the larger of the two.

The sun then, being immensely larger and weightier than any of the planets holds them in check by this power of attraction, which acts as a restraining power to the centrifugal impulse, just as the string restrains the stone from flying away from the circle which it is forced to describe. The centrifugal force in turn by its influence prevents the sun's attraction from acting directly upon the planets and forcing them to fly towards him as the stone, let fall, flies to the earth.

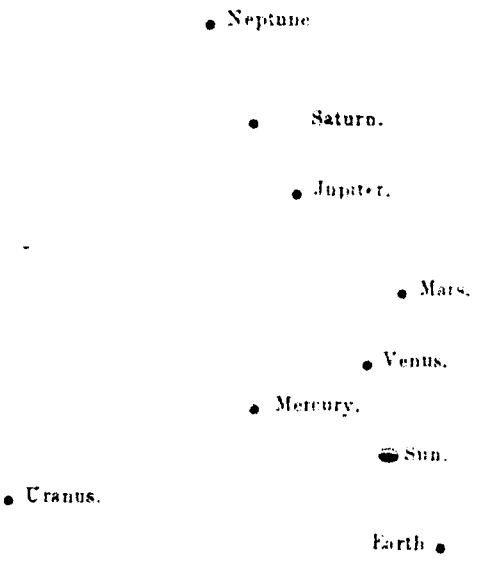
But this is not all. Besides the attraction of the sun, it follows from the law of universal gravitation of which we have already spoken that every planet attracts every other in proportion to its size and

nearness; and as one passes close to another in its path through the Heavens the two are drawn slightly together and out of their usual course. So beautiful, however is the arrangement of the system that their attractions compensate each other in different parts of the Heavens, and the planets keep their regular courses before and after such disturbances.

Now it happens that from time to time in their passage around the sun, two planets find themselves in a line with that luminary. If all the orbits were in the same plane (that is if the planets travelled one exactly behind the other) this would of course happen to each pair of planets in every revolution. As a matter of fact, however, the planes are inclined in various directions, and the meeting occurs more seldom. Still planets do assume this position, and such an occurrence is known as a conjunction of the two planets concerned.

It is obvious that when two planets are, so to speak, pulling in the one direction an influence must be produced upon the stability of the system, and were such an additional force to be brought to bear constantly upon the same part of the system, the accumulated derangement might ultimately lead to the destruction of the balance of the whole. But, with that marvellous adjustment of power which we trace throughout the Solar system, these conjunctions occur in different parts of the sky, and thus what is lost on one side is made up on the other, and the balance is preserved as perfect as ever.

The same considerations affect a conjunction of a larger number of the planets. A perfect conjunction of all the system, that is, the ranging of the whole number in an absolute straight line is a practical impossibility, but even were this to occur, the entire pull of their united forces would not suffice to derange in any way the system to which they belong.



The present position of the sun and planet is approximately shewn in the accompanying diagram. From this it will be seen that there is a remarkable gathering of the larger planets, with the exception of Uranus in the same portion of the Heavens though they are not all actually in conjunction. The physical effect of this phenomenon, as might have been predicted from what we have said, was and could be *nil*. But it has another interest for us and a purely astrological one.

There are but few instances on record of a conjunction of the larger planets. The earliest is that which is chronicled in the Chinese annals, and which astronomers tell us took place B.C. 2446 when Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Mercury were actually in conjunction in the constellation Pisces. But a conjunction with which astrology has been more busy is that which is said to have taken place within a few years of our Lord's birth. The remarkable conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn which with other astronomical phenomena occurred in 1603 set KEPLER to calculate the data of the periodical conjunctions of these planets, arriving ultimately at the conclusion, verified by independent evidence, that there was a re-

markable conjunction of these planets and Mars in the constellation Pisces shortly before our Lord's appearance on earth. Now the constellation Pisces was supposed by astrologers to watch over the fortunes of Judea, a still more remarkable coincidence, which may well be supposed to have had weight with the Chaldean astrologers in forming their expectation of the arrival of the Jewish Messiah. Several modern commentators, amongst others Canon FARRAR, have accordingly supposed that this conjunction was in fact the Star in the East seen by the Magi, and that from the circumstances above mentioned they were led to their conclusions respecting the arrival of our Lord, and impelled to make their journey in search of Him. We cannot do more here than touch upon this subject, which is elsewhere treated in detail, but we may find space in conclusion to ask the question. What does the present conjunction portend astrologically speaking?

Without directly answering this question which would lead us somewhat too deeply into the realms of hypothesis, we may note one curious fact, which so far as we know has escaped all writers hitherto. The planets are at present grouped together in the constellation Taurus. What then is the significance of Taurus, astrologically? The constellation is connected with the fortunes of Russia, Poland, Persia, Media, Afghanistan, Cyprus and Ireland. No one who reads the list can fail to be struck with the singular coincidence at the present time. All the countries named have been more or less directly implicated in the disturbances of the last few years, and on more than one of them the eyes of the world are anxiously fixed. What is to be the outcome of it. Are we to expect a Deliverer for Russia, Home Rule for Ireland, or a fresh war with Afghanistan? We have no gift of prophecy, but amid the convulsions which have shaken Europe to its centre, so strange a portent may give people something at least to think about.

OUR ARTIST AT THE QUEBEC FIRE.

St. Louis Hotel, Quebec.

I am staying at the St. Louis Hotel, in the City of Quebec. I have just partaken of a hearty supper, and am strolling up and down the hall with a cigarette in my mouth, and peace and good-will in my heart, when a gentleman enters, and speaks to another gentleman, who seems somewhat surprised at the communication made to him, and the two go out together. Presently another man enters rather hurriedly, and holds a short conversation with the clerk. Then hurries in another excited man, and another and another and another. They form a group; the guests of the house crowd round them. All talk eagerly and gesticulate. I catch the words, "fire," "burning," "St. John street, Genevieve, Latourelle, Oliver, Richelieu," and the names of other streets mixed with those of individuals with which I am not familiar. One, however, I remember afterwards, was Laperriere. I being a stranger in the land, and unacquainted with the manners and customs of Quebecers, think this commotion may be all *en régie*—the regular thing—a habit of the natives, but I ask the clerk if it is in any way unusual. He says it is. There is a large fire burning in another part of the town. I walk out, thinking I will take a look at the fire and then go to bed, little supposing that acres of stout masonry, the bodies of innumerable dumb beasts, and, alas! too, of men, women, and young children are to be munched up before morning by the most ravenous of all the gluttons who scourge poor humanity.

However, I stroll out, up one street, down another, I do not know where, but towards a great glare in the sky, and in the same direction in which every one is hurrying. They are talking as rapidly as they walk, mostly in French. Presently I turn a corner, and see down at the end of the street a square splotch of yellow, with little black silhouettes of human forms moving across it like insects in a drop of water over the disc of a microscope. This is the fire. I walk on till I reach an open space, at one side of which I distinguish a large round Martello tower.

IN THE FIELDS.

Here people are crowding by hundreds. Men and women carrying children, furniture, trunks, bedding, dogs, cats, every conceivable thing. There are carts, laden with household goods, drawn by scared horses. There are cows without number, behaving themselves pretty well under the circumstances. I am nearly knocked