

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

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| SS. "Mississippi," (Dominion) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 3rd. |
| SS. "Sarmation," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about Aug. 4th. |
| SS. "Tyrian," (Anchor) Halifax, from Glasgow, via Liverpool, about Aug. 4th. |

THE COMING WEEK.

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| SUNDAY, Aug. 3.— | 8.— | Eight Sunday after Trinity. |
| MONDAY, " 4.— | Montreal: | Meeting of members of Board of Trade for Election of Harbour Commissioners. |
| | St. John, N.B.: | Y. M. C. A. Bazaar; Grace Egerton's Entertainment. |
| | Toronto: | Election of Directors, British American Assurance Co. |
| TUESDAY, " 5.— | Hamilton: | Meeting of Shareholders, Canada Life Assurance Co. |
| | Montreal: | Dominion Fashion Course Trotting Races, First Day. |
| | Niagara: | Toronto Caledonian Society's Games. |
| WEDNESDAY, " 6.— | Montreal: | Dominion Fashion Course Trotting Races, Second Day. |
| | Quebec: | SS. "Texas" for Liverpool. |
| | St. John, N.B.: | Annual Meeting, Canadian Medical Association. |
| | Toronto: | Semi-Annual Examination, Ontario College of Pharmacy. |
| THURSDAY, " 7.— | Montreal: | Dominion Fashion Course Trotting Races, Third Day. |
| | Quebec: | SS. "St. Patrick" for Glasgow. |
| FRIDAY, " 8.— | Ottawa: | Annual General Meeting, Canada Central RR. Co. |
| SATURDAY, " 9.— | Quebec: | SS. "Moravian" for Liverpool. |

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, 73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes the current year's subscription to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

POSTAGE ON THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

The rates on newspapers for Foreign Countries in Europe are, it should be remembered, based on a size of 22 by 14 cm., not exceeding 2 oz. in weight. The "Canadian Illustrated News" is 4 to 5 oz., and so on. Now a single copy of the *Canadian Illustrated News* exceeds 2 ounces, weighing indeed with its wrapper, nearly 3 oz. It thus becomes subject to a rate of postage when mailed for countries in Europe. The proper postage to be prepaid by stamp, is therefore now given for the following:

FOREIGN COUNTRIES:

Bavaria, Denmark, Frankfurt, Greece, Hanover, Hesse, Italy, Norway, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden, all 10 cents. Belgium and Portugal—12 cents.—and France, 8 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES, (VIA ENGLAND.)

Cape of Good Hope, 4 cents; Ceylon, 6 cents; India, 6 cents; Malta, 4 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES, (VIA THE UNITED STATES.)

Australian Colonies, 4 cents; Bermuda, 4 cents; Brazil, 4 cents; Cuba, 4 cents; Hong Kong, 4 cents; Japan, 4 cents; West Indies, (British), 6 cents.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

COMPLAINTS are rife throughout the Province that the efforts hitherto made to attract a stream of immigration to this portion of the country have met with comparatively little success. While Ontario is receiving thousands of settlers from the Old World, Quebec counts her new-comers by hundreds. Anyone who has witnessed the arrival of a batch of immigrants either at the Provincial Capital or at Montreal must have remarked that the large majority are destined for the West, that many actually flee the Province as offering no home for an old countryman. It is no uncommon sight at the Montreal immigration shed to see a sturdy English or Scotchman refusing an offer of unusually high wages to stay in the Province, preferring to take his chances of "getting along" in Ontario, of which he has heard so much. This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, but one which, we think, with a little management and the display of a little energy, might speedily be remedied. In the first place there can be little doubt that, as matters are now managed, the system of ap-

pointing Provincial agents in Europe is wholly wrong. A letter recently received from a gentleman in England who is deeply interested in the question of emigration to this country shows the existing arrangements to be worse than useless. The Provincial agents, he says, spend their time and money in seeking their own comfort and pleasure, utterly neglectful of the duties they are paid to fulfil. The Dominion agents, on the other hand, are extremely active, and to them is almost entirely due such success as we have hitherto met with in drawing immigrants to our shores. If this statement be true, and no contradiction has yet been made, it is high time that immigration matters should be placed under the control of the Federal Government. Were this done we are convinced a change for the better would speedily make itself manifest. Another reason for the poor success met with in this Province is the eagerness displayed in obtaining French-speaking immigrants. No doubt Alsatians and Lorrainers are all that can be desired as settlers, but there certainly can be no good reason for concentrating the energies of the agents on the task of acquiring these, to the exclusion of other nationalities. A goodly number of English, Scotch, Irish, German and Norwegian incomers would soon bring about a marvellous change in the condition of the Province.

THE projected visit of the Emperor of Austria to St. Petersburg is, we are told, regarded as possessing the highest political significance. The Viennese *quidnuncs*, like the Athenians of old, always on the look-out for some new thing, have doubtless attached to an ordinary visit of courtesy a portentous importance it never was intended to possess. Out of their own German inner consciousness they have evolved results which ten to one will never come to pass. The mountain is in labour, and no one will be surprised to see it bring forth the traditional pitiable mouse. This class of prognosticating politicians have cried wolf so long that we pay no more attention to them. Perhaps a day will come, as it did in the fable, when the wolf will really make its appearance, but in that case it will be no thanks to them if precautions to stay his ravages are taken in time. It is a pity that the gifted individuals on the other side of the Atlantic who undertake to supply us with our daily budget of European news, and whose deposition in favour of more reliable and live agents we all so anxiously await, did not think fit to give us a little insight into the purport of this visit, fraught as it is with political significance. Are Russia and Austria about to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with the purpose of crushing Germany, the repartition of Poland to be the result? Or are their kind attentions directed towards England? Or is it the Eastern question once more "looming in the horizon," as is its wont every now and then? At all hazards let us know what it means. If good for nothing else, it will at least form an agreeable subject of gossip for loungers at the clubs and on 'Change, already satiated with the Carlist invasion and the Great Pacific Railroad Scandal—the latter "one of those things which no fellow can make out," in any case to his neighbor's satisfaction. In the mean time we patiently await the publication of two despatches—the first officially informing us that the visit of Francis Joseph to his well beloved cousin the Czar is in no way connected with political matters, and the second stating that the Austrian Emperor has not and never had any intention of visiting St. Petersburg.

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

Lippincott's opens with the second portion of "The New Hyperion," a cleverly written record of a journey from Paris to Marly by way of the Rhine, profusely illustrated by Gustave Doré. "Our Home in the Tyrol," by Margaret Howitt, is continued without losing in interest. The instalment of "A Princess of Thule" is a feature which no one who has read "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," will overlook. Charles Warren Stoddard contributes an allegory, entitled "Jason's Quest," into the spirit of which many of the readers of this magazine—the fair readers especially—will fully enter. The opening chapters of "On the Church Steps," bode well for the future. Other articles worthy of notice are W. E. Griffis's "Inside Japan," an account of a trip in the less known portion of this interesting country; a paper on "Tropical Fruits and Flowers," and "Glimpses of Ghostland," a collection of authenticated stories of ghostly phenomena, of no very particular interest.

Woods' Household Magazine is always a welcome visitor in the home circle. The current number contains a variety of short stories and sketches, supplemented by fashion and domestic hints.

The *Canadian Ornithologist*, edited by Dr. A. M. Ross, of Toronto, is a new appearance. The subjects to the consideration of which it is devoted are handled in a clear and popular manner; technicalities are carefully eschewed, and no pains are spent to make it interesting as well as instructive. The subscription price is fixed at the low sum of fifteen cents a month—the information given in this number is certainly worth, at the lowest computation, ten times that amount. Subscribers, it is evident, will not be the losers by supporting the *Ornithologist*.

In *Scribner's* Bret Harte begins one of his characteristic stories of life on the Pacific slope, entitled "An Episode of Fiddletown," which will be read with interest by his admirers. Two other sketches from the other side of the Rocky Mountains are given this week, viz., "My Day in the Wilderness," and "Mount Shasta." The latter is illustrated, as are also two pleasant papers on "Nantucket," and "Normandy Picturesque." In the fiction department we have the continuation of Dr. Holland's serial "Arthur Bonnicastle," and an amusing short story entitled "Fred Trover's Little Iron Clad." "Pandita" and "Modern Hotels," both treat in a light, readable style

of the subjects indicated by the titles, though the latter is viewed from a decidedly optimist point of view. More substantial articles are those on the Canopus Stone, the progress of modern Skepticism, and a charming little ornithological essay on the habits of the blue-bird. George Macdonald gives in this number another translation from Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, and John Hay a pathetic legend of Eastern Life, "The Law of Death."

The main feature in *Old and New* is the series of papers on important social questions, continued from month to month. In the current issue the subject treated of is the condition of skilled labour in the States, and the repugnance so generally manifested by boys for learning trades. The serials are two in number: "My Time, and What I've Done With It," by F. C. Burnand, the well-known humourist and author of "Happy Thoughts," and "Scrope, or The Lost Library," by Frederic B. Perkins. The former of these gives some capital drawings of English public school life; and the latter, an account of a spiritual *séance*, and sundry experiences at the house of a wonderful philosopher, who has a new patent universe to dispose of. "Low Tides," and "Country Sights and Sounds," are two seasonable papers, written in a happy vein. The Rev. Horatio N. Powers contributes a biographical sketch of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the well-known English artist and writer, and Lucretia P. Hale, a love story, "On Duty." "An August Sunrise" is the only poem in the number, but we need no other to set off its perfect beauty. The writer, who signs himself T. G. A., is evidently something more than a poet by name.

The August number of *The Canadian Antiquarian* begins the second number of this admirable publication. We have as yet been unable to do more than glance at its contents, and therefore reserve our notice for next week.

SHAKING HANDS.

The custom of shaking hands may be worth a passing notice. Some grasp everybody's hand alike—with an equal fervour of grip, something like the two hands engraved on a snuffbox with a scroll over them, "friendship," or those brotherly grips exhibited on an Odd Fellows' banner. You would have thought Jenkins—not he of the *Herald*—was the best friend he had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else, Tomkins of the *Gazette*, the crush was no less complimentary—the face was as earnest and beaming, the "glad to see you" as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing as if Tomkins had just come from Manitoba or Hudson's Bay.

On the other hand, there are men as coy of their hands as if they were prudes or had whitlows. It is in vain that your pretensions do not go beyond the "civil salute" of the ordinary shake, or that being introduced to them in a friendly way, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit theirs. Their fingers, half coming out and half retreating, like the horns of a snail, seem to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you get hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did not proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it as you might a lady's in handing her to a seat, and it was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient; the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were an object of dislike to the person, till on the party's breaking up you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors of fashions, we think, might as well be avoided; but of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if these two virtues are to be separated, the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other, and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded on pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit of pride or distrust.

When a lady is presented to the Shah he first looks on the ground at her feet, then at his own feet, generally on one side and rather over his shoulder, then again at hers, and at last gradually raises his eyes to her face, when he assures her in French that he is extremely happy to have made her acquaintance. It is then the turn of the next lady, and the ceremony is repeated in the same manner, but conversation there is none. One of the gentlemen of the Court, who had watched the Shah very closely, explained this peculiarity of manner as arising from his never having been accustomed to see ladies unveiled in society, and thus feeling shy and somewhat shocked.

Have heard a good many things of Worth—the Worth, of Paris. This one, though said to have been first listened to when "puff" came in, comes to us now in this new dress. The "puff" is said to have routed sleep from the couch of oft-recorded Worth, who laboured day and night at its invention. When this truly great man is composing he reclines on a sofa, and one of the young ladies of the establishment plays Verdi to him; he composes chiefly in the evening, and says that the rays of the setting sun glid his conceptions. Like every great genius, he is very modest, and thinks "the very weakest ten" of himself. Last week he told the Duchess de ——— that he could give her a dress; but he could not supply style!

There is an old tale, of which, though little in itself, the use may be good. A certain man, who would never go to church, when he heard the bell, would say to his wife, "Go thou to church, and pray for thee and me." One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked together at heaven's gate for entrance. St. Peter (by the legend) is the porter, and suffered the wife to enter in, but kept the husband out, answering him, "She is gone in both for herself and thee. As thy wife went to church for thee, so she must go to heaven for thee."