

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.

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to be achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December next, we shall collect the larger sum of \$4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before the above date, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity.

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

We hope that not one of our subscribers will fail in making a prompt remittance.

TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for Max., Min., Mean for Nov. 12th, 1882, and corresponding week, 1881. Rows include Mon., Tues., Wed., Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 18, 1882.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME.

Hawarden Castle, the seat of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, forms one of the greatest attractions in the county of Flint, and doubtless will long continue to draw a constant stream of visitors desirous of viewing a locality so intimately connected with one of England's greatest statesmen. The house is distant about two miles both from the Queensferry Station on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, and from the Broughton Station on the Chester and Mold Branch, but the greater number of tourists probably proceed by road from Chester, which is a drive of just six and a half miles each way. The Castle stands in grounds of its own, with a park outside, to which visitors are freely admitted.

More than one-third of the entire country is owned by only thirteen proprietors, of whom the largest is Lord Hammer, with 7,318 acres, while Mr. Gladstone is the next largest with 6,908 acres, of which many are immediately round about his residence; and there are very few properties of similar extent which comprise more agreeable and diversified scenery—charming vistas can be seen amongst the oaks, limes, and elms, interspersed with pleasant peeps of ivy-covered ruins and mossy walls.

It is a matter of notoriety that Mr. Gladstone delights in wielding the axe, and in performing the rough manual labour of the common woodman. He has here abundant materials on which to exercise his skill, and if the visitor arrives at a favourable moment he may perchance see a tree several feet in diameter which has been felled by one of the most intellectual men of the time, or view the Prime Minister of England, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, engaged in lopping timber or cutting firewood, for Mr. Gladstone is in no way ashamed of his pursuits, and has even had himself photographed stripped to the shirt whilst engaged at his work. His axes, which are said to exceed thirty in number, many of them costly presents from ardent admirers, are, however, too sacred to be exhibited, and are amongst the few things, at Hawarden which are not open to the public gaze.

The church at Hawarden is at the northern end of the village, and externally is a plain old building with a low tower and dwarf spire. As almost all except the bare walls was destroyed by fire about a quarter of a century ago, the interior is new, and it is trim and well kept, as a church should be. The principal approach to the churchyard leads through rather elegant iron gates, bearing over them the inscription, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving," and passes a venerable yew-tree close to the church porch. On entering this the visitor has almost in front of him the reading-desk, at which Mr. Gladstone reads the lessons whenever he has an opportunity, and on his right the bare, uncushioned, family bench—for in this church there are only open benches, and none of those comfortable old family pews with curtains, where a man of a quiet turn of mind can take a nap. In a nook close to the chancel there is a fine recumbent effigy in white marble of Sir Stephen Richard Glyne, Bart. (born September 22, 1807; died January 17, 1874), through whom the Hawarden estate came to its present possessors; but the other slabs and ornaments are paltry and have no public interest.

The living of Hawarden is stated to be worth £4,000 per annum, and it is held by the Premier's son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who lives at the Rectory, hard by the church gates, a building which has a most repulsive exterior, though it is said to be a comfortable house to live in, and is often used by the Rector's father as a residence in preference to his own larger and more pretentious house. This latter is a half mile away, well hidden amongst lofty trees. There are several approaches to the park and house, of which the upper one, in the middle of the village, close to the Glyne Arms, is the most imposing, and the lower one the most picturesque.

There are two Castles, the Old and the New. The former, now a venerable ivy-covered ruin, is a building of great antiquity, having a history extending back earlier than the Norman Conquest; and it looks down upon its modern castellated neighbour, with its formal parterres and neat surroundings. The best general view of the new castle is obtained from the slope leading downwards from the old ruins; and looking from this direction, three windows will be noticed at the end of the ground floor of the modern structure. The two on the left belong to the library, or "Mr. Gladstone's room,"—his study and sanctum. Should you be permitted to enter this—which is, however, by no means the only room in the Castle in which books are located—you will find it a room not twenty feet square, neither lofty nor imposing, crowded up with books, papers, and furniture, busts, china, medallions, and other articles indicative of a man of culture and taste. There is little room left for moving about; the over-growing books, constantly encroaching on this limited space, are disposed irregularly on every side, and are mainly held back to back on what may be described as elongated tallboys, an arrangement of which Mr. Gladstone is said to be exceedingly proud, but which is by no means peculiar to this house, and is adopted by many literary men as a convenient method of storing many volumes in a small area.

The nature of the books in this room indicates a man of wide and various tastes rather than a bibliomaniac. The eye does not light upon masterpieces of binding, or upon thin folios which are valuable more from their title-pages than for their contents.

The reception and dining rooms of Hawarden occupy the side of the house facing the garden, and just outside them is the gravel walk, which is the favourite walk of the great man when he can get no further abroad. The apartments, as a whole, are respectable rather than magnificent, and many retired grocers have larger rooms and far more gorgeous furniture.

Mrs. Gladstone, it is well known, has been a valuable assistant to her husband throughout his life. She has helped him in his work, and shared in his triumphs. One of the most interesting things to be seen at Hawarden in connection with this lady is her Orphanage, a building which lies close to the house, in the stable-yard; and it is pleasant to see the well-cared-for children returning home with rosy cheeks from their rambles in the park, and to hear the walls echo with their laughter. Simplicity of life is seldom associated with persons of great distinction, and so it seems strange to have in one week the same individual shouting excited addresses at the hustings, or addressing a rapt audience in the House of Commons, and then labouring with the axe; or a lady standing on a balcony by the side of her victorious husband, thanking a gesticulating and noisy crowd, and then quietly returning to care for her fatherless children; whilst it is even more difficult to believe that at the simple desk in the library, which is called "the political table," many of the schemes have been evolved, and the passages penned, which have carried the name of Gladstone throughout Europe, and far beyond.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT.

A romantic correspondent, living at Cairo, sends us the following agreeable narrative: I was talking yesterday to old Aja, the Bazaar Emid, a man always scrupulous about speaking the truth, and he told me that once he had seen Arabi Pasha in the Coptic Catholic Church in the attitude of prayer. This inspired me to ask more questions, and filling his narghileh with Stamboul tobacco, I asked him to tell me what is that which had made the life of Arabi what it is. Let me give you the dye merchant's own language, as perhaps more expressive of the real aspect of affairs than mine can be.

Settling himself back against the wall of the kic, and sending the blue smoke forth into the soft sunshine, the old man spoke in his quiet guttural:—

"Arabi Pasha," he said, "was a soldier in high favor under Ismail. Noble and in the morning of life, ardent in his work and brave in the service, he was always near the heart of the Khedive. On the rein no hand as firm as his, in the battle no eye so steadfast, with the sword no one so sure. So swift was he to do his master's will, so eager to do his duty, that soon he arose to honorable place. His ambition was restless and wealth and fame he coveted. There were years that passed, and young Bey did not marry a wife. His soldiers rallied him on not fearing any enemy, but still being afraid of women. He took it good-naturedly, and in some way the impression got out that there was in far off Spain one whom he had loved. Ismail—himself the lover of many women, grown old and gray with women and wine—he heard the voice of those who railed, and found the young man's failing. He saw that the soldier needed a home to make him happy, and he sought a wife for him. Among the women in the Khedive's harem was one not long there—a fair woman, whom the eye of Ismail had first seen in the Theatre El-Sonaat. Our ruler's word was law, and he had taken her to himself. She went unwillingly, and though the time passed she made many excuses for not accepting his embraces. Though young and strangely beautiful, there were other fair women, and while she pretended sickness the Khedive found others to love. Upon her he thought when he willed that Arabi should put aside his prejudices and marry. Our customs permitted that he should give her to his favorite as his wife and so he did. She had seen the young bey from the lattice, she had waved unknown kisses to the splendid soldier and she was glad to know that he was to be her husband. It was love, O, Effendi! and love in the land of Cleopatra is not like that of your Western country. As for Arabi, he received the Khedive's word with indifference at first, but when there came to him many stories of the beauty of his promised bride the thought of the splendor of that beauty awoke his love. Nay, Effendi, I never saw her, but from my sisters I know her a tall and graceful woman, eyes full of love, and lips the portals for mad kisses. No surprise to me that the Bey should have easily loved such a one, though he could not see her face till she was his own."

"Great was the rejoicing in our city when the wedding of Arabi Bey and Giulia, the beautiful, was announced, and great were the preparations for its celebration. There were feasts such as are given to a princess; and Tewfik, sitting at the head of his father's table, had Arabi at his side. All Cairo rang with music and from the citadel the distant gates a flood of song was floating. Yonder in the El-Mecho a palace was chosen for the bridegroom, and there on the morning of the marriage day he stood with Teles-Azar and a company of retain-

ers and waited the coming of the procession that marched in state from the royal palace. Tewfik was at his head, and although the eastern hills were not lit up with beacons, as is the custom when a prince marries, yet from Elphantine to the blue sea all Egypt knew that it was a royal wedding. We have had few so grand.

"Tewfik left the fair Giulia with her husband, and Teles-Azar and the company followed in the procession, and behind closed doors the soldier and his bride were alone. Next day there was told at the Khedive's palace, in the bazars, in our homes a strange story. It transpired that the two had known each other before, but until then neither had suspected it. They knew each other's eyes all in a moment when first they met. It is a long story, Effendi, but years before Arabi had been a Spanish soldier, and had done good work at Tetuan. There he had met Giulia, daughter of a Hebrew merchant. For her sake he deserted from the army after leaving Tetuan. He had gone back to her, and Christians had betrayed him and separated them. The lovers never saw each other again, but Giulia knew that he had gone to Egypt, and thither she also fled. These were long years of sorrow for her, and meantime she had become so firm a hater of the Christians who had separated them, that bitter was her hatred toward all Christians, and in Constantinople, with the daughters of Abdul-Baluda, she had become a proselyte to our faith. Then when both of her patronesses had died, Ismail had taken her to his harem. In Cairo, though she had heard of and seen Arabi Bey, she had not recognized him until, they were alone in the bridal chamber."

The old man's narghileh had become empty, but when he had again filled it the resumed:—

"Men there are who call Arabi Pasha a hypocrite," he said; "but hypocrite he is not. Like his wife, he also hates the Christian world, and his personal experience is that which has prompted the first steps of his insurgency and led the way to other motives and aspirations. Yec she inspires him, and in her he believes. She is powerful. Some have called her a Turk, but though she is not, there is blood of her Prophet in her veins."

The reader has the story in the dye merchant's own language. It may savour of exaggeration, but it has the spice of truth. Remember that Egypt is the country of romance. If the rebel pasha is a Spaniard by birth, if his favorite wife is a Jewess with mingled blood of Abraham's best sons and of Mohammed in her veins, if both are haters of the very name of Christian, if this is all so, can we not see the secret cause of Arabi's insurgency? The power as woman in the country of Helen and Cleopatra is something wonderful. Is it surprising that, although led by such a woman, the would be dictator's old self will once in a while assert itself, and, though hating his mother church, he will steal into a chapel in disguise and there worship!

Arabi has other wives, others in his harem, but Giulia is his all. In all Egypt there is no prouder woman and Egypt has many proud women. Old Aja used no exaggeration—the wife of the rebel leader bitterly hates all that bear the name of Christian, and seems almost to idolize the faith of her adoption. Over her chamber door sparkles a jewelled crescent, that sends its thousand rays upon her head as she passes beneath it; and without the threshold, in the pavement of the hall, where her sandaled foot treads it, is a plain gold cross. Could studied hatred do more!

I had a painful realization of this woman's hatred one day last spring. It was Easter Sunday, and, in company with my wife and a lady friend, we drove to Shobra, the popular boulevard of Cairo. The road is shaded by palms and cacti, and is very pleasant on our heated days. On either side are gardens gay with the hues of tropical vegetation, and lovely in flower and shrub and tree. Here the wealth and beauty of the city resort every summer's afternoon, and on this Sunday of which I speak there were many gay equipages there, both natives and foreigners, enjoying the drive. Among the carriages that we met was that of the Khedive, and in it, reclining on the purple cushions, were his two sons, the princes, pale little boys of ten and twelve years. Riaz Pasha rode there in an open Victoria; gray old Suleiman, of Alexandria, was with a friend in a French coupé and, lazily lounging in a gilded brougham, was prince Hestan, uncle of the Khedive. But more noticeable than the beautiful Arabian bays before the premier's carriage were a pair of grays, pure Afghans, the finest shaped horses that I ever saw. We first met them opposite the Gardien Tomhouse, and so attractive were they that I did not think to notice the carriage. A little later, in the avenue of Sout they passed us, and as the open carriage was driven slowly by I had a view of the occupant. As if it were by instinct we knew that the lady was the wife of Arabi. Although an embroidered tulle veil shrouded the lower part of her face one could read everything of character in the lustrous black eyes that looked into ours. Last Monday our colored boy brought in a swatin basillak, and if you ask to what the eyes of Giulia were to be likened I can speak to you of the eyes of that basillak. I never saw a Jewess that did not have remarkable eyes, and those of this lady were beautiful, very beautiful indeed, but they were singularly baleful. I do not know what her other features were, but the revelation of the eyes was that which told of a proud woman.

I watched the woman as she rolled along the boulevard, saw her graceful recognition of other ladies of the harem, and the fierceness that came