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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

March 19th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 27°	14°	20°	Mon.. 27°	14°	20°
Tues.. 26°	5°	17°	Tues.. 26°	8°	17°
Wed.. 32°	5°	18°	Wed.. 29°	5°	18°
Thur.. 3°	14°	23°	Thur.. 39°	14°	23°
Fri.. 37°	9°	23°	Fri.. 37°	9°	23°
Sat.. 46°	26°	36°	Sat.. 46°	26°	36°
Sun.. 38°	17°	32°	Sun.. 36°	21°	28°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 25, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE coming Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is hardly exciting the interest which it might fairly be expected to arouse in a city like Montreal. Still preparations are being actively made by the Art Association for the reception of the pictures, and the Exhibition will be open on the day named. Intending exhibitors should remember that the 1st of April is the last day for sending in their pictures. Another point to be remembered by those who are preparing works for exhibition, is that the previous display of their pictures elsewhere than in their own studios, debars them from the right to exhibit. A declaration has to be signed by each exhibitor that the pictures are his own work, his own property, and that they have never been placed on exhibition in any gallery or shop. The restriction is only the natural one adopted by all similar institutions who are anxious to obtain new and fresh work, but a general understanding of it may avoid mistakes and save unpleasant *contretemps*.

COMPLAINTS of a scarcity of fogs in London during the winter-time are so unusual that it will doubtless be an agreeable surprise to most persons to learn that the experiments undertaken at St. Bartholomew's Hospital last winter by the sub-committee appointed by the Meteorological Society to ascertain the composition of fogs appear to have failed chiefly because there were, comparatively speaking, no fogs to experiment upon. The report of the sub-committee just issued sets forth briefly the provoking situation in which the experimenters were placed from this cause. Strangely enough, it seems that fogs were especially wanting in the very heart of the City; and there is almost a touch of peevishness in the sub-committee's observation, that "on several occasions during last winter the City was comparatively clear while the West-end of London was visited with 'a considerable fog.'" Even when the fogs did come within the ancient civic lines of circumscription it is complained that they "lasted comparatively a short time." What the experimenters were most anxious to ascertain was the quantity of solid carbon, nitrogen, ammonia, carbonic acid, moisture and suspended matter, in the air on foggy days, all which is discoverable by filtration through asbestos and cotton wool. Besides this, they are, we learn, desirous of determining, by means of apparatus already constructed, the conditions under which artificial fog can be produced. This latter object is one of which the utility will not, we fear, be apparent at first sight to the unscientific mind. It is gratifying to

learn that, notwithstanding the irritating clearness of the atmosphere around St. Bartholomew's last year, the purely preliminary work has been completed, while some valuable experience and information have been obtained, especially as to the method of "thoroughly washing" foggy air, with a view to subjecting the impurities removed from it to microscopical and chemical observation. What important light all this may tend to throw upon the causes of diseases of the air passages, so common in London, may readily be conceived. From this point of view it may be permissible to congratulate Mr. RUSSELL and his scientific coadjutors upon having since the date of these experiments enjoyed a winter which, judging from the last month or two, ought to be all that their hearts can desire.

THE *Times*' agony column has been the medium of many a queer communication ere now, but the following, from the issue of March 1, seems sufficiently unique to bear quoting:

"The person who, contrary to common sense and propriety, is in the habit of sending anonymously valuable presents with cards and valentines to a very young lady in the North of England, is requested to discontinue the practice; and is informed that the presents hitherto sent, which have never been accepted or used by the young lady, have been forwarded, after a vain attempt to trace them to the sender, for the benefit of a charitable institution."

Surely here we have a romance in the shell, so to speak. What a field for the imagination is to be found in the thought of that hopeless and absorbing passion, which for years has laughed to scorn all notions of propriety and even of common sense (but then what true lover ever possessed any common sense, to speak of). And the very young lady. How young, do you suppose? Juliet was but thirteen when Romeo waited below her window. But then Juliet would not have declined Romeo's presents, even if he had sent them anonymously. Is there, perhaps, a bitter satire in the word valuable. Value is so relative. At the age of two the moon seems only equalled in pricelessness by a stick of candy. At the age of thirty probably a diamond necklace has superior attractions to either. Somewhere in between comes the time when an old glove, a faded rosebud, a tress of hair, have a value which no words can express. These latter articles, however, would probably be of little use to a charitable institution, which would probably appreciate a load of wood or a roll of flannel as superior even to a lace pocket-handkerchief. Yet we can hardly imagine the ardent lover forwarding his very juvenile mistress an order on the grocer for three pounds of sugar, even with a view of its being presented eventually, in case of rejection, to a charitable institution. The moral, however, is clear. Do not send anonymous presents to very young ladies. St. Valentine used to countenance such things, but his day apparently is past, and in future if you do not present your gifts in person, you should at least furnish an address to which they can be returned if not "accepted or used" by the lady in question. Meanwhile we should like to hear from the charitable institution.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

It is pleasant always to record the recognition of merit; in whomsoever it may be found, and an instance is before us, which, besides being reason of congratulation to those concerned, may give the world outside a few thoughts, and the young men who are growing up amongst us a bright example. On Tuesday last Mr. G. B. BURLAND, of this city, gave, at his residence, 297 University Street, a reception in honor of the coming of age of his son, at which we had the pleasure of assisting. There are few of our young men who, on reaching the age at which custom emancipates them from the restrictions of

boyhood, have a record better worthy of being unrolled than that of Mr. JEFFREY H. BURLAND. A diligent student of Applied Science at McGill, he has taken a leading place in each year amongst those of his standing, and earned the well-deserved affection of his fellow-students, as well as the respect of his professors. Moreover, his love for his *Alma Mater* has shown itself in the foundation of a Scholarship in Applied Science at the College, and the extending to his class such courtesies as from his position and means he was fortunately enabled to do.

This, however, is but a small matter compared with the respect which his home relations have won from his parents. In these days of precocious boyhood it is rare to find a young man who, up to the age of laying aside that boyhood, has earned so fully the approbation of father and mother.

And it is this, if we mistake not, more than his success in the outer world, which has led Mr. BURLAND to feel that such a youth may be well trusted with independence and launched into manhood. "To command," said the Duke of Wellington, "it is necessary to learn how to obey," and he who has during his boyhood submitted himself honorably to the will of his parents, is best fitted to enter that state of life in which he will have more than he retrofere to act and think for himself.

On Tuesday night the astonished youth, who we may believe had no idea of the speedy recognition of his undoubted merit, was presented by his father with the sum of \$25,000, accompanying a present of a magnificent gold watch and chain from his mother and sisters. Mr. JEFFREY BURLAND, who but yesterday was a boy among boys, is to-day a man, sufficiently endowed to enable him to hold his own in the battle of life into which he must enter.

As we said, there is much encouragement in this for the young men of to-day; much encouragement and much of teaching. It is a small matter, perhaps, to the world at large that this or that young man should have \$25,000. But if the feeling that for an honest and moral boyhood (that kind of boyhood, be it said, which youth itself is too faint to decry and to scoff at) there is recognition from those it is our duty to please and to honor—if this feeling spread amongst us, there is something gained at least. True, for all there is not so tangible a reward. Yet we may believe that the mere pecuniary advantage is a trifling one, compared with that manhood, which is in itself the reward of a well-spent youth. Young men can all so act that when the limit of their boyhood is reached, the world will say, "This is a man. Honor him."

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 17th, 1882.

All of us are acquainted with the manner in which innumerable battalions are made to march past on the stage. At an entertainment recently given in this city, the same trick was resorted to in the matter of bouquet-throwing. Two of these floral tributes did service a whole night, returning as they did with clockwork regularity to the stage box whence they had been thrown during the course of the evening, to be again and again jerked on to the stage.

The Labelle-Prume concert was not a success as to numbers. Prume played as well as ever and the ladies sang fairly and accompanied each other very cleverly.

The endless debate on the budget was continued on Tuesday in an empty house, whose members had trooped off to hear Mrs. Watson's recital. The Grand Opera House was crowded, the gallery being for the nonce occupied by "goddesses" instead of by "gods." Many ladies had sought seats in that elevated locality, and several gentlemen joined them in order to get as near Olympus as they could.

The stage had been transformed into a bouidoir, the furnishing of which was incongruous

and overdone. Huge serge flags with panoplies of bayonets are out of place in my lady's sanctum. Placed on an easel facing the Vice-Regal box, were portraits of "His X" and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and the worst likenesses ever taken of both at that.

Mrs. Watson's efforts were well received, and much appreciated by the audience. By many she is considered as being more successful in her French than in her English readings. Whilst giving Mrs. Watson credit for her talents, there are those who do not endorse injudicious critics when lauding her to the skies at the expense of Mrs. Scott Siddons.

One of the pieces selected to be played at the Rideau Hall is the familiar "Area Belle." Dramatis personæ: "Mrs. Stuart, Misses Richards, Williams and Kingsford; Captains Holbeach and Short.

The Hon. Mr. McLellan's speech on the Budget is considered the best of the session. Veteran journalists, who have sat in the gallery since Confederation, say that his peroration recalled the best efforts of Howe and D'Arcy McGee. He was truly eloquent towards the close, although nervous and timid at the outset.

The only joke which enlivened this week's debates, was one furnished by Mr. Domville, who replied unguardedly to a question of the Opposition as to "Where are the imbecile?" "Here! here!"

A worthy Senator is in trouble. He had asked the Government to commission Mr. Dunbar to execute busts of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and supported it with a strong argument in favor of encouraging sculpture as a means of developing public taste, but the motion was defeated. Unfortunately, a certain paper attributed this motion to Sir Alexander Campbell. Thereupon the worthy Senator made it a personal matter and exclaimed: "That is the manner in which the reporting is done when it is left to the press of the country." He went on to complain that "some secret power is exercised somewhere to falsify the efforts of this House," and that there is a "spirit which is quietly and insensibly destroying this Chamber in the estimation of the people." He concluded with "We have here men of culture to make this House more useful than the other Chamber, and still such are the influences which have been used to prevent our utterances going to the country, that the whole spirit of the Chamber is crushed, and now there are many members of the Senate who really do not care about entering the Chamber when the House opens."

Oh for the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith to smite this member of what he has so aptly dubbed "a political infirmary!"

This is the first year that the press reports the Senate's proceedings, instead of accepting reports prepared by the official reporters, and doubtless the public gets as much of it as it wants.

"Come to the Speaker's reception on Thursday; there will be a thousand pretty girls and no men," wrote that gallant ladies' man, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, to a friend. There were however a few thorns among the roses. The Speaker did the honors in true French style, and had a kindly and courteous greeting for each and every one of his numerous visitors and many friends.

Mr. Alonzo Wright was duly "addressed and testimonialled," and made a fitting reply, in the course of which he sang praises of lovely woman from Mistress Adam downwards. He seemed to dwell with some gusto on the memory of

"The fair one in fig-leaves, who lost us all,
For a bite at a golden pippin."

So wrote Lieut. Gordon, the Byron of Australia.

Music was discoursed at the reception, Madame Gélinas, the Misses Mount of Montreal, and Dr. Valade being the performers.

In the evening, Mr. Thos. White, M. P. for Cardwell, made a happy speech, and his closing words were a well-earned tribute to Sir John A. Macdonald's statesmanship and patriotism.

This morning, Dr. Schultz, M.P., Messrs. Royal, M.P., Ryan, M.P. (Marquette), Scott, M.P., with Senators Girard and Sutherland, and Mr. C. P. Brown, Minister of Public Works, Col. Houghton, D.A.G., Winnipeg, all representing the Prairie Province, called on His Excellency and presented him with a bronze group