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## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

July 29th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 86°	67°	76° 5'	Mon.. 70°	58°	64°
Tue.. 78°	67°	72° 5'	Tue.. 86°	58°	72°
Wed.. 81°	68°	74° 5'	Wed.. 74°	54°	64°
Thur.. 82°	61°	71° 5'	Thur.. 82°	62°	72°
Fri.. 78°	59°	68° 5'	Fri.. 75°	62°	68° 5'
Sat.. 84°	60°	72°	Sat.. 79°	60°	69°
Sun.. 85°	63°	74°	Sun.. 76°	60°	68°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 29, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

THERE can be little doubt that the extent of Arabi's power of resistance has been greatly underrated by the Home Government, and the reduction of his army is likely to be a task of some little difficulty. It is but one more illustration of the danger of despising your foe, which has cost England so dearly in blood and money during the last few years. As in Abyssinia, so again on the Gold Coast, so it will be in Egypt. The old story of inadequate and dilatory preparations, insufficient supplies, and inadequate forces. Surely if we are to strike a blow, it should be an effective one. The target practice at Alexandria was all very well in its way, but the advantages which might have ensued from the demolition of the forts were entirely neutralized by the delay in following up the success, and now if a handful of men are to be opposed to Arabi's considerable force, we may hear yet of another Majuba Hill.

THE Women's Right's movement is really coming to something. Already one candidate is in the field for the Presidential election of 1884, and that candidate is—Mrs. Victoria Woodhull. Mrs. Woodhull has entirely recovered to all appearances from the unfortunate association of her name with the principles of so-called Free-Love, a misrepresentation for which she blamed her husband (Mrs. W. is not so very unlike other women after all). We do not know what arrangement was finally arrived at between this pair of unfortunate turtle-doves, since we confess to having lost sight of the fair Victoria for some little time. The interesting question however will now present itself as to what Mr. Woodhull's position is going to be, as husband, or possibly ex-husband, of the President of the United States. The title would look rather well on a visiting card.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Woodhull has secured in advance the services of that literary refuge of all revolutionary cranks, M. Victor Hugo. The great poet expresses himself characteristically on the subject.

"But withal Mrs. Woodhull is a woman, and thus the serious cannot retain their laughter at the thought that a woman could be President of the United States.

"Hold! Is England a Republic? We thought that in England there was a woman at the head of the Government. We imagined

that in England the Ministers were presided over by a woman. We were under the impression that in England a woman did send messages to the Lords and Commons. Certain it is that England is a monarchy, and her monarch is not a man, but a woman. And this queen is called Victoria, just as Mrs. Woodhull. If one Victoria can govern, why could not another preside?"

Why not indeed? Though we are old-fashioned enough ourselves to recognize a slight difference in minor details between our gracious Queen and the ex-apostle of Free Love, or to give her the benefit of the doubt, the editor and proprietor of a journal whose views seemed naturally to culminate in those filthinesses which were only repudiated by her after the public and the press had pretty freely expressed themselves on the subject.

MR. S. E. DAWSON'S pamphlet on the Copyright Laws, to which we alluded last week deserves fuller notice than was accorded to it then. Mr. Dawson is probably possessed of more facts on the subject of Canadian copyright law than any other single man. As a boy in his father's store he was an eye-witness of the violent measures employed by the Government to enforce the Act of '42, which are described in the present essay. Since then he has been an interested observer of every case which has arisen under that Act and the various Canadian ones which were superseded by the Act of '75. Thus his own experience is of the greatest value in the matter, while the deductions which he draws from them are well-weighed and clearly stated. The latest instance in which public attention has been drawn to the matter is of course that of the abortive attempt to obtain a copyright for Mark Twain. In this case Mr. Dawson's own advice was disregarded, the result being the immediate reproduction of this book by a Toronto firm and the refusal of a copyright in terms.

To state the matter briefly, copyright in Canada is governed by two acts, the English Act of '42, and the Canadian Act of '75. The idea of the latter act was that of absolute reciprocity. Hence a citizen of any country having a copyright treaty with the Mother Country, can obtain a copyright here on the same terms as at home. With countries which like the United States refuse implicitly to protect the rights of foreign authors unless actually residing with a *bona fide* intention of remaining in the country, the Canadian Parliament deals in a similar spirit. No American citizen can, by a temporary residence here, obtain a copyright for any work whatever, although under the Imperial Act he may do so in England.

THE exact effect of the English Act may be best described in Mr. Dawson's own words. "It might be asked," he says, "where is the need of a Canadian Act if the Imperial Act is in force in Canada? It is needed because the English Act is drawn solely in the interest of British publishers. If a Canadian author publish his book first in Canada he loses Imperial copyright. Consequently our Act was passed to confer local copyright, conditioned on local publication; and, moreover, it is only under our local law that importation can be prevented. Consequently, if a Canadian author takes the option of publishing under the English Act alone, his book may be set up, say at Rouse's Point, and imported on payment of a duty of 12½ per cent. additional to the regular 15 per cent. on all books." This in fact was actually done in the case of Mark Twain's book which, although protected by the Act of '42, was printed by the Toronto publishers in the United States and imported on payment of the duty.

THIS last is a very important point to notice in connection with the English Act. The framers of it were very careful to demand first publication in Great Britain; but they omitted to mention the word "printing." It consequently follows that an American citizen can procure British copyright by sending his author to Canada and his manufactured books to London; while an English or Canadian author cannot procure copyright in the United States under any condition short of *bona fide* citizenship or domicile. It is just in order to deprive our neighbors of this unfair advantage that the

framers of the Canadian Act substituted "domicile," a word of absolute precision, for "residence," a word admitting of uncertain interpretation, and provided for the printing as well as the publication, in order to ensure absolute reciprocity in the matter. Were England to adopt a similar policy, and refuse copyright to American authors except on condition of similar treatment for her own citizens at the hands of the Washington Government, the end would be near and international copyright would be to the interest of both parties alike.

THERE is rather a curious point, which so far as we know has not been noticed, in connection with Messrs. Besant & Rice's last story, "They were Married," which forms the summer number of the *Illustrated London News*. The whole story turns upon a mistake in law. The catastrophe of the novel is brought about by the discovery of the previous marriage of the heroine's would-be husband with an actress, whose mouth he has in vain endeavored to keep shut. The story ends moreover in the recognition of the real wife and her son by the family of the scapegrace. Unfortunately the circumstances under which according to the authors this marriage was contracted—the bridegroom signing the register under an assumed name—would make marriage invalid by English law, of which little fact Messrs. Besant and Rice should have informed themselves.

Housekeepers beware. Do not dust, but wipe. The duster, that peaceful emblem of domestic labor, may, under certain circumstances, become a dangerous weapon to handle. We are in earnest. An eminent scientist declares it to be a fact. Do you know what you are doing when you brush away dust? You disseminate in the air, and consequently introduce into your own interior, into your tissues and respiratory organs, all sorts of eggs, spores, epidemic germs and murderous vibiones which dust contains. One movement with a feather duster may be enough to poison both you and your neighbors—to inoculate you all with typhus, varioloid, or cholera—strange as it may appear. Instead of a feather duster take a damp cloth; wipe away the dust instead of stirring it up. In short, wipe—never dust.

## MAKING PLANS.

Which is the better thing to do? to make plans long beforehand, and so bind your life in self-forged bonds, or to leave yourself free to go with the current of chance and float on the tide of circumstance, unanchored even on the smallest and loosest sandheap of fixed conditions? In the former are many disagreeable contingencies. First there is that of the whole thing falling into confusion by the failure of one part—making a very "Jacob's ladder" of dropped arrangements, a very "pi" of confused dates—because of that one initial failure, so that it is impossible to piece it together again into the harmonious whole of the original arrangement. Then there is the contingency of pleasanter things offered to you which you cannot accept, because you have bound yourself in your own prison of time and place, and are not able to free yourself without worse consequences than ever, a "Jacob's ladder" of arrangement, a "pi" of dates and days. Or you may be prevented from carrying out the plans which you have made with so much care and forethought, and which would give you so much happiness if you could but accomplish them, by "circumstances over which you have no control," as the saying goes—by the moulding hand of that stronger power which some call fate and others luck—but under what name soever they go, circumstances which overpower you and cannot be resisted; such as sickness, death, and the like. And when such interruption comes you may be put to more than even grave inconvenience, and to worse than discomfort. On the other hand, the want of a plan already made, as a kind of chart by which to steer, may leave you in a tumbled waterlogged condition, losing you as much as it leaves you free to obtain, because, not leaving you time enough to arrange for what might

come to you. So that the thing remains an open question at the best, and the answer will be given according to the temperament of the individual. To those who like a life well-organized, thoughtful, orderly and foreseeing, making plans beforehand, arranging times, fixing dates, and completing the whole mosaic according to the best rules of the art of orderly living, will always be the more desirable method; while those who live from day to day, dread possibilities, and have a kind of superstitious fear of interrupted arrangements, will prefer the open order of chance and the present moment, and will reject the self-made bondage of settled plans as a folly and a danger. Instances will occur to the memory of all who read these lines of those times in their history when they had made the most feasible and solid looking plans, which came to nought, like clouds passing into space—by the failure of which so much trouble and confusion were wrought quite unnecessarily, as it turned out. If only they had let things arrange themselves, they would have been spared all the distress that came upon them by reason of their forethought, and love of organizing events! When you planned to spend the winter down South, and, after infinite trouble, coaxed your husband to consent to the idea—when, acting on that plan, you made all your arrangements with the skill of a general, and did everything months before it was needful; when you let your house for the coming winter—you, now in May, giving it up for October—how bitterly you repented your haste to arrange when your husband broke his leg the last week of September, and you were homeless in the midst of your trouble! There was no help for it. The incoming tenants had made their arrangements on the certainty of yours; and you had to clear out of your comfortable home, go into an inconvenient boarding-house, and undertake all the worry of the inventory, packing up and giving up, while your head was torn with anxiety about the poor fellow in splints, whose compound fracture looked ugly in spite of carbolic acid, whose doctors looked grave in spite of all their skill, and for whom absolute quiet and composure and want of worry were vital necessities if he were to be healed of his wound. If it is difficult to make things come right when you plan for yourself, how much more so is it when you try to arrange for others! If you and your own share in chance have a hand-to-hand struggle, wherein you come off second best, how about incorporating into that struggle other forces and other wills, and all the chances which lie round two or three more lives! And yet how we plan for others! How we toil over the mosaic of fortunes which do not belong to us, and where good or evil hap represent only our sympathies, our reflected pleasure, or our sentimental sorrow! The benevolent and mature are much given to this kind of thing. The young are too individual, too full of their own hopes and possibilities to give themselves trouble for others; the old are too supine; but the mature, who have reached the goal for which they set out, and who have no cause to plan or scheme for themselves, often turn their energies into planning and scheming for others, and too often make a mess of it. Parents themselves, to whom making plans for their children's future is a duty, suffer as much from failure as others. How often the boy's temper and character unfit him for the part specially prepared and designed for him! And this brings us to the moot point of a specialized or a good general education, and which is best to give the boys? Is it better to arrange for their settled future, and work steadily to that one point, so that they shall be the best of their class and have the best education of its kind? or to teach them well all round, and let them choose for themselves hereafter? In which case they have more surface and less depth. This is one of those things left undecided by authority; as indeed are so many others in our but half-enlightened life. Unsettled, phantasmagoric, shifting, uncertain, we