

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 11th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880				
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.		
Mon..	40°	20°	30°	Mon..	33°	23°	28°
Tues..	40°	20°	30°	Tues..	33°	27°	30°
Wed..	44°	35°	39°	Wed..	32°	17°	24°
Thur..	19°	15°	17°	Thur..	18°	6°	12°
Fri....	39°	15°	27°	Fri....	22°	8°	15°
Sat....	15°	10°	12°	Sat....	19°	-3°	8°
Sun....	13°	4°	8°	Sun....	16°	zero	8°

## THE COMING NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Dated Dec. 24th, will be the

**Christmas Number,**

and will contain an unusually fine selection of original illustrations.

**TWO ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATED STORIES**

and other matter suitable to the season.

Notwithstanding the additional outlay necessary to produce this number, the price will remain unchanged, and the number will be sent to all Subscribers without additional charge.

## CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Lost in Thought—Incidents in the Life of a Modern Warrior—Round the World in the Ceylon—Sport in the Maritime Provinces—Cartoon—A Deer Park in Germany—Nellie's Dream—The Problem Solver.

THE WEEK.—Mr. Davin on President Garfield—The Logic of Emotion—Vesuvius.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Modern Decorative Art—Mr. Mallock Nellie's Dream—Round the World in the Ceylon—Incidents in a Soldier's Life—Echoes from Paris—News of the Week—Musical and Dramatic—Humorous—Beneath the Surface—The Ball Scandal—The Diary of a City Waiter—Musical Burglary—Phantoms of Youth—Selwyn Seaforth's Ward—The Creation of Woman—Chiffon Gossip—Bogus Coins—A True Ghost Story—Single Blessedness—Echoes from London—The Beggar's Well—A New Bait for Snobs—Varieties—Our Chess Column.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublimary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN gives us some interesting reflections upon President GARFIELD's death in the current number of the *Canadian Monthly*. Mr. DAVIN's writing is always readable, and though the story of the late President's life has little that is new in it, it is a tale that will bear telling off.

THE writer in the *Contemporary Review* who attempts to appeal to the American nation over the President's grave with the "logic of emotion," to admit English trade to her ports more freely, is as roughly handled by Mr. DAVIN as he deserves to be. No doubt there was much that was insincere in the display of emotion which followed the death of GARFIELD, but the outburst of grief as a whole, was, we believe, genuine. None the less, the Yankee is probably the last man we should seek to reach with the "logic of emotion." They are, as a rule, no great believers in emotion anyway, but we may be sure at least that they will never forget their interests in mingling their tears with their neighbours, or confuse the legitimate uses of pocket and pocket handkerchief.

VESUVIUS, according to report, is about to enter upon a grand eruption of lava, or upon the career of a permanent volcano, like Stromboli, and now is a fine time to see Vesuvius changing its crater, while it is brilliant and yet not dangerous. The experience of Doctor Lavis on Tuesday, the 8th inst., was of a very interesting nature. He has long been watching the gradual filling up of the crater of July, which was 400 yards in diameter, and the formation of the new crater. He discovered, not far from the summit, a cave, about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, filled with the most wonderful stalactites. The question was how to get them, as the heat was about sufficient to boil an egg. But the courageous doctor, who is a great mineralogist, determined to make the attempt. With rope tied around his waist, and having two or three attendants to give a quick pull and a forced exit from the cave, he held his breath and "dived for it." The Doctor rewarded himself by bringing up a number of the most beautiful stalactites ever seen; they are about two feet long, some of pure white, others shading off to the slightest suspicion of green; several are of a light ultramarine; others still tinged with what the French call *vert d'eau chrome*, and robin's-egg blue. Also many of beautiful shades of salmon and rose colour. And yet these heavenly-looking stalactites are composed of the drippings in a heated atmosphere of various common substances. There are in the ingredients common salt, soda, iron, copper, etc.—glorified salt, copper and iron—muriatic acid, sulphate of potash, sulphate of copper and chloride of iron. Such as are in Dr. Lavis' cabinet no museum in Europe possesses, and even he would not have had them if he had not been ready to make a sacrifice for science.

## MODERN DECORATIVE ART.

The Art Association of Montreal deserve the thanks of the public for their last departure in the way of educating our tastes in the matter of decoration. The loan exhibition which is now open contains some very choice specimens of Decorative Art well worth studying by modern students of decoration, while the gallery is arranged with a taste that may give to those who can appreciate it many valuable hints as to colour. It would have been interesting to have had side by side with the valuable products of ancient looms and the triumphs of the skill of the *moyen-age* decorators, a collection, such as might have been furnished by the Decorative Art So-

ciety, of modern decorative work. Some such idea was mooted, we believe, but the objects sent in by the Society in question were not hung, and were disposed in odd places on the staircase, etc., a method neither satisfactory in its general effect, nor, we should suppose, highly gratifying to those who had sent work in anticipation of some such arrangement as that indicated.

Had the modern work been hung in one place by itself the contrast would have taught both the decorators and the public exactly the lesson which it is the mission of the Art Association to teach. Decorative Art is very rightly assuming a prominent position in the Art world, and its exponents rank to-day as true members of the Artistic guild. But Decorative Art, to properly deserve the name, must proceed upon true principles, must be guided by true precepts—above all, must work strictly within its own province.

These are rules more generally understood by the early decorators than they are by our modern artists, in Canada especially. Decorative Art is new to the present century, in the sense that the last was almost destitute of it, but its principles are the same as those which guided the decorators of the Renaissance. The mistake we make is in the application of the term. A noble painted landscape, broad in tone, rich in colouring, possessing all that goes to make a great picture, may be yet utterly out of place on the panel of a door, where a flat conventional design on a gold background, laid on by the ordinary decorator will produce, it may be, a far superior effect.

This is not to say that all decoration must necessarily be conventional. Far from it, only it must be remembered that the first principle of true Decorative Art must ever be appropriateness and harmony with its surroundings, and general effect is to be aimed at in the first instance, even to the exclusion, if need be, of particular beauty. That is to say, in the case mentioned, we do not care to look at the landscape on the panel to the exclusion of the other decoration to which it is, or should be, subservient, and the moment our eye is compelled to rest upon one point in the design, the general effect is, to a great degree, destroyed.

Thus it is that one of the main objects of a decorator should be to produce a pleasing general tone. Crude contrasts of colour are always to be avoided, and the background tints should blend harmoniously and according to the fixed rules of colouring, such as any student of the Art may readily make himself acquainted with.

As to design, it will not do to take a flower or a vine and copying it directly from nature upon your plaque or panel, say, There is a decorative design of a rose, it may be, or a lily. It may be a beautiful picture of the one or the other, and yet may have no value as a design or for decorative purposes. Composition in Decorative Art is deserving of much study, of which, in truth, it gets very little. The main lines of the design should flow in harmonious curves; the high lights in the painting should lead the eye insensibly over the whole work, arresting it for a moment to point out a special beauty, and then carrying it forward to lose itself in the harmony of the whole. All this and more can be done by a little study of method, and its presence or absence make the real difference between true Decorative Art intelligently treated, and the copying of Christmas cards on to ill-shapen pieces of wood, which so often passes under that head.

Space does not permit of a longer definition of the means to be employed to reach the end proposed. If this article succeeds in persuading any of our decorative artists that they have something to learn, and sets even one of them to learn it, it will have served its turn.

HERR ARNOLD RUGE has left behind him "A History of Our Own Times," from the year 1848 till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, which will be shortly published (Leipzig: C. F. Winter). Not the least interesting feature in this work may be expected to be the author's personal recollections of the revolution in Germany in 1848.

## THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

"That man has never known either the glory or the good of truth," I said to myself, while I watched the eyes of a silent person who sat apart from many genial people. Deep set, rather small and almost weird in their alternations of fire and dullness, they touched incisively, swiftly and furtively one after another of those who were speaking and also those who listened, as if he desired to detect in their utterances a meaning that was not articulated, or to discover in the countenances of the listeners an opinion which they did not, and would not for worlds, give to the wings of speech. He fascinated but he did not please me. He looked as if he were an unpleasantly determined but a passionless man, from whom all the fever heats of human feeling had long since died into ashes that corroded and smothered even his powers of speech. Conscious as I was that he knew that I was observing him too closely, I could not withdraw my attention from his subtle face and his small, curiously posed figure, in which there was neither grace of form or attitude and yet in which was emphasized a power which was evidently concentrated upon a purpose that was vital, most carefully guarded, unalterably fixed, and which was utterly remote from all the sweetest and gentlest of humanities. His countenance was not unrefined. On the contrary it was distinguished by lines of an unhappy thoughtfulness. His hue was of that peculiar pallor which is sometimes born of illness and sometimes of mental misery. His thin nose suggested, but did not assert, a Hebrew ancestry, and his nostrils lifted and fell as passing thoughts informed them of pleasant or unpleasant impressions. His hair was dark, as were also his eyes; but the former expressed neither care nor taste, but rather hinted at a studied neglect. His mouth was small, his lips firm and apparently thinned by compression, as if trained to manage this person's beliefs and intentions according as he desired that his thoughts should be given out or withheld. No, they were not the lips that tell secrets.

His chin was not large, nor yet was it retiring and purposeless, the square lines upon its lower edges being eloquent of that quality which would be called obstinacy in a woman, but is honorably mentioned as resolution when belonging to a man. His throat was unusually long for an Englishman, and he dressed it with tasteful care, as if he intended it to serve as an atoning grace for the gaunt, unhappy and really unpleasant countenance above it. His hands were small, finely expressive, and were held in a fixed composure very nearly to his finger tips, the latter every now and then fluttering or quivering with or approval without conveying to their possessor a knowledge of their eloquent betrayals. He sat with his handsome feet placed very close together, as is almost universally the habit with persons who are on guard because they have thoughts to conceal.

Having become strangely stirred by the thin, sallow face, piercing, eager eyes, restless finger tips, and compressed lips of this one silent guest, I turned to my hostess and said:—"Poor fellow! he is ill, dyspeptic without doubt. He looks as if he had become his own ghost."

"Yes, he is ill, miserably ill, with a mental and moral dyspepsia, and he is doing his cunning uttermost to produce an epidemic of his own ailment. Has he not been presented? No! Why, he is Mr. Mallock, a zealous convert to the Church of Rome. His religion has proved unwholesome to him, and he is suffering tortures in consequence as doubtless his writings have informed you."

Again I look at the strange man, and thought the repellent sharpness of my instincts remained steadfast in their protective and defensive attitudes, yet this revealed person suddenly appeared to become more naturally set in his present time-stained, social and religious surroundings, and doubtless he was silently suffering a keen hunger after a contentment that would evade him if he bowed under the yoke of any religious dogma that the world has yet devised. He had thrown off one chain and assumed another one with which he is apparently galled already, but is far too proud to cry out. He may be seeking a revenge upon fate by deftly fastening his own fetters upon his fellows. It is predicted by those who know Mallock that he will yet become a materialist because, while assuming that a disbelief in things spiritual is providing a delirious joy for the arch enemies of human peace and purity, his writings testify to his own unholy revels in things which are unspeakably material.

Perhaps like one who went before him, as it was fitting that he should, and who wrote of fleshly things in order, as he said, to "rid his bosom of its perilous stuff," Mallock may find his pen a more satisfying confessor than a man, who might reply, remonstrate, and perhaps reproach him for his many spiritual vanities, and for his too fervid revealings in the language of a certain devouring passion which he assumes to loathe. Mallock is not a dangerous man for susceptible and romantic women to meet, and yet it is impossible not to believe that he would be if he could. His pen is artfully poisonous to such unhealthy blood. It is diplomatic, even strategic, and so dexterous is its aim at its fixed purposes, and so temptingly is its point concealed in poisoned honey that many an unguarded soul has been slain by it. Happily for the world his hives are very nearly drained, and all his bees are dying. After "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," whose appetite for Mallock can be revived? I know not one survival.