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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (March 12th, 1882) and corresponding week (1881), showing temperature ranges (Max, Min, Mean) for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 18, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE agitation in England against the Channel Tunnel, led by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has been productive of a good deal of amusement in Paris. The Charivari says that JOHN BULL has got a new malady—"tunnelphobie." Dr. GLADSTONE has been called in, and has prescribed fortifications and electric guns. But JOHN BULL is not satisfied. He reminds Dr. GLADSTONE that Sir HENRY TYLER, another great physician, has declared that the only remedy for "tunnelphobie" is not to make tunnels. Dr. GLADSTONE is naturally much impressed by the opinion of such an illustrious personage as Sir HENRY TYLER, but suggests that if no Channel Tunnel be made the French may turn their attention to balloons. What is to prevent a cloud of balloons landing at some exposed point on the coast? JOHN BULL will await Dr. TYLER's opinion of this new danger with breathless interest. Meanwhile the tunnel itself is proceeding despite the critics and alarmists. A select party, amongst whom were Mr. YATES, Mr. G. A. SALA and the Lord Mayor of London, descended recently to view the work, which show a reasonable degree of progress, and suggest the likelihood of the tunnel being finished considerably before the expiration of the time originally allowed, and what will be even more to the shareholder's liking, at a large reduction in cost upon the original estimates. Meanwhile the best commentary upon the facilities for invasion which the tunnel is said to offer, is given by the old saying which is attributed, we believe, amongst others to BISMARCK. This great general—or somebody else, it may be—remarked to an eager questioner: "I have a dozen plans for invading England, but, so far, not one for getting back again."

A "question of time" in the fullest meaning of the word is the first demand now, at present exhibited by GUSTAV VOIGT in Berlin, and constructed under the direction of FERDINAND NOTT, of Bradenburg. The bold innovator intends to reduce the hours of the day to the

number of twenty, which are no longer to be divided in two series but to be counted in regular succession from one to twenty. According to the motives ably set forth in his pamphlet, it can scarcely be denied that his new system may have many advantages, but surely it will be some time yet before we shall accustom ourselves to seeing it announced on the play-bills "curtain rising at 17^h" or to read in one of our novels "As the clock struck twenty."

THOSE unhappy householders who look forward with unpleasurable anticipations to the first of May will be able to sympathize with M. GAMBETTA in his late experiences in moving. Within the last three months he has moved from the Palais Bourbon to the Rue Saint-Didier, from the Rue Saint-Didier to the Quai d'Orsay, and now from the Ministerial palace of the Quai d'Orsay back to the Rue Saint-Didier.

TRULY the domestic troubles of the great orator are but little inferior to his political ones. And now TROMPETTE, the inimitable TROMPETTE, is gone to grace an English kitchen. It will be remembered that the possession of TROMPETTE, the greatest practitioner in his line of art now existing in Europe, was numbered amongst the many offences laid to the score of GAMBETTA by the opposition party, and the minister has more than once been accused, in consequence, of seeking, like TALLEYRAND, to reach the brains of his supporters through their stomachs, and with the help of the talented TROMPETTE to stifle their scruples in his sauces. Rumors are afloat that many of our English gourmets hurried to bid for the services of TROMPETTE after the downfall of his master, but that he had long since promised to undertake the command of the batterie of the most important cuisine in the country. Truly the mighty are fallen.

WE have been for long looking, in common with many others, a large number of them editors, for some chance to make a fortune at a single jump. We have felt that we had it in us, if only we could get it out. We have known well that we were possessed of colossal genius, if only we could get the world to view the matter in the same light. But our chance has come at last. BARNUM, the great, the only original, has offered a prize for the most beautiful specimens of the male and female sex in America, to be served up in what is described as a banquet of beauty for the admirers of his gorgeous and transcendent procession and his chaste and unequalled show. It is somewhat humiliating however to our sex to notice the distinction in marketable value which Mr. BARNUM makes between the sexes. Why should the handsomest man be considered worthy of a less prize than the most beautiful woman. Banish the thought. We decline to take second money under these peculiarly humiliating circumstances, and withdraw entirely from the contest. It is to be feared however that Mr. BARNUM's fiat will stand and will do much to establish the standard of relative value between the beauty of man and woman. Twenty thousand dollars for the handsomest woman and ten thousand dollars for the handsomest man is a decision in hard cash which all can understand, and from which hereafter we presume there will be no appeal.

LADY HARRINGTON's plan for the establishment of "Rational Dress" amongst the sex which have hitherto been trammelled by the requirements of society and the inconvenience of the petticoat, has made very little way in London. The fact is it is neither one thing nor the other, and half and half measures will not do in all ages of extremes. Meanwhile the latest commentary upon the inequality of the petticoat and petticoat combination to

provide for the comfort of its wearer comes from one of the other sex, who gravely assures the ladies that "You will never know the real pleasure of trousers until you can put your hands into the side pockets."

AN English contemporary is compelled to admit that American women are unquestionably the best dressed now-a-days. Why it should be so is a question too profound to enter on here. Much and subtle analysis would have to be expended on that problem. One explanation which seems to lie on the surface may be that while deciding with authority on questions of taste, and fully competent to judge them, they bring to the business a certain originality of conception and national freshness of idea which pervades the result, making it not only charming in itself but exactly suitable to the wearer. American women have generally the pull over English women in money matters, and as we said before they not only have the money to spend but like spending it on dress. But, beside that, there is a discernment of the fitting, a happiness of choice, which they bring to rather than find in the studios of high art in dress. High art, by the way, is woefully wanted just now to ward off certain deformities the feminine part of the human race is threatened with. Tight lacing, a vice always lying in wait, is now openly advocated and enjoined. The waist is to resemble in roundness and hardness the mainmast of a ship, only it must not be thicker than a spar. High square shoulders are "in," and ladies whose graceful sloping lines were once the admiration of the world, now insert hoops of whale-bone in their sleeves to preserve unbroken the straight line from the neck to the top of the arm. Horrible to behold are certain recent fashion plates, representing victims cuirassed to the point of apparent torture. Compared with these really vicious rules the imbecility of such arrangements of fashion as "with this style of bonnet, the mouth is worn slightly open" sinks into insignificance. That a foolish woman should try to make herself look more foolish than she is is a matter of small consequence, but that she should push folly to the point of danger to health is a thing for gravest reprehension.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 11th, 1882.

A good deal of talk over the Budget since my last. The most notable speech was that of Mr. Rinfret, the member for Lotbinière; it had been carefully prepared, and was well delivered.

During the course of the week the capital was visited by a Blackfoot Indian, by name Pokahnee-kah-pee, or "the Slim Young Man," a son of "Running Wolf." In charge of a clerical Barnum, he visited the Parliament Buildings, and was given a seat on the floor of the House, during a pow-wow of the pale faces. The young brave is having his portrait painted by that talented young artist, Miss Richards, for presentation to him whom white men call "the Great White Mother's daughter's husband," but whom Indians simply call Kitchee-ogima, or Omak-inny, i.e., the Great Chief. Such is "His X's" name from the Landing to the Rockies.

A Committee on Militia Dress Reform is sitting just now. One of those fabled walls which have ears, has a tongue also, and informs me that in future gold lace is going to be used extensively in the militia, together with a distinctive or really territorial mark, Canada's maple leaf having been chosen for that purpose. The blue patrol jackets are going to be discarded for scarlet serge, such as worn in India.

On the 16th inst., the "King of the Gatincau," Mr. A. Onzo Wright, M.P., is to be presented with his portrait, an address, and five hundred photographic copies of the said por-

trait, for distribution among his constituents, by a number of his friends in the House. The idea emanated from Mr. Casgrain, member for l'Islet.

Mr. Justice Henry was elected President of the Rideau Club on Wednesday last. Mr. Ernest Whyte, a young amateur, who is said to play Beethoven's music with some ability, gave an invitation concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday night. The concert is shortly to be repeated for the benefit of the Protestant Hospital. Prume and the Misses Labelle, of Montreal, give a concert to-night at the Grand Opera House. Mrs. T. Chas. Watson's reading, which takes place on Tuesday next, will doubtless be largely attended. It is announced as coming off under the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General.

Lawn tennis has been all the rage this week. At the drill-shed appeared

"The girls who were nice and who knew it, The girls who were nicer and didn't."

all competing for the handsome solid silver prizes presented by Lord Lorne, and made from designs furnished by him. The first prize is a looking-glass in the shape of a racquet.

The following were the competitors: Misses Fremantle, of Halifax (2); Misses B. Lewis, Fleming (2); Maunsell and Scott, of Ottawa; Miss Allan, of Toronto, and Miss Moony, a young lady who is on a visit here, from Ireland.

Misses Schreiber and Lewis, with Captain Waldo, acted as judges. The Halifax belles played a bold, dashing game, and did not give their opponents many chances; Miss Moony is an energetic player, and won considerable admiration; Miss B. Lewis has been unfortunate so far, although really one of our best players; as I write this, she is fighting for the sixth and last prize.

The winners of the four first prizes have challenged four players of the Ottawa Club; if they lose, they intend working four flags for the use of the club; should they win, the club intends—well, I do not know what it intends doing, so I am unable to tell you.

But I am informed, on very good authority, that, taking the players all round, the two best are universally admitted to be Misses Lily Fleming and Fremantle.

The winners in the Lawn Tennis Tournament are Misses Pamela Fremantle, Fremantle, Lily Fleming, Moony, Fleming, and Bee Lewis, who take the six prizes in the order named.

Private theatricals are shortly to be given at Rideau Hall; there will be two nights, as usual. The dates are not fixed yet.

Public theatricals are conspicuous by their absence. The profession says it cannot compete with the "show" in the Parliament Buildings.

On Friday night Mr. Irvine made his maiden speech, and kept the House in good humor for a couple of hours. From time to time his language was slightly unparliamentary, when he would remark, "If what I said is unparliamentary, I will withdraw it, Mr. Speaker."

The match between the winners of the four first prizes at the lawn tennis tournament and Messrs. A. Montzambert, E. Waldo, C. J. Jones and J. W. O'Grady, resulted in two double ties, each side winning eight sets and seventy games. The gentlemen are to present the ladies with silver daggers in honour of the occasion.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 11th, 1882.

This is the fourth week of the Session, and matters have so far gone very smoothly for Ministers. The Address was passed almost as a matter of course, after the English fashion, which now seems to be fairly established here, in place of those long and wearisome debates about everything in general which formerly prevailed, before an Address was allowed to pass. The Budget was brought down almost immediately after, a promptitude in this particular being exhibited which was never before known in Canada. Ministers had clearly an object in this. Sir Leonard Tilley had a story of glowing prosperity to tell, such as has probably never happened before to fall to the lot of a Canadian Finance Minister, and this he claimed, and fairly claimed as the crowning triumph of the N. P. It was contended that Sir Leonard's measure would not produce revenue. The sufficient answer to that is four millions surplus, and there is prosperity along the whole line of commerce and manufactures. The answer of the opponents of the measure has been that the present prosperity of