

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

April 16th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 34°	22°	28°	Mon.. 33°	33°	43°
Tue.. 37°	25°	31°	Tue.. 46°	29°	38°
Wed.. 38°	23°	30°	Wed.. 47°	28°	37°
Thur.. 46°	27°	36°	Thur.. 45°	29°	37°
Fri.. 45°	39°	38°	Fri.. 53°	33°	43°
Sat.. 51°	32°	41°	Sat.. 49°	31°	40°
Sun.. 52°	33°	42°	Sun.. 56°	36°	46°

## CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Opening of the Royal Canadian Academy—St. Laurent College, Montreal—Bargaining for a Calf—The Ball in the Queen's Hall—A Trip to Bermuda—The Troubled Waters of Paterhood Harbor—A Farewell Ride on Jumbo—The Balcón Scene from Romeo and Juliet—An Embarrassing Situation.

THE WEEK.—A Remarkable Discovery—Journalism in this World and the Next—Hygienic Dress.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Toronto Church Matters—The Governor-General's Ball—The Last Deal—Lessons from Nature—Our Illustrations—St. Laurent College, Montreal—Bermuda—Humorous—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (illus.)—Damen and Pythias—Caught in His Own Trap—Longfellow—Blanca—The Haunted House—The Rival Singers—Forty Years Ago—The Girl that Providence Sent—A Fearful Stake—Echoes from Paris—Rondeau—The Old Clock—The Moon's Influence—Echoes from London—The Poor Scholar—Mary Ann—Cur Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 22, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

THIS is an age of discovery. Of discoveries in literature, no less than in science. But few more remarkable ones have come under our immediate notice than that of a certain American journal, whose information appears to tally with the eastern character of its name. "There is a very curious old book in the Philadelphia Mercantile Library," says our new literary authority, "entitled 'The True Prophecies or Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus.'" There is also, be it said, a very curious old book in the British Museum, being the plays of one William Shakespeare, and on some future occasion we propose to give a list of the works of this obtruse and hitherto unknown individual in return for the gratuitous, but none the less valuable, information of the existence of a Nostradamus. Of a truth, posthumous fame is an uncertain thing. A month back we were discussing the probabilities of the fulfilment of Nostradamus' prophecy of the end of the world, and comparing it with that of Mr. Proctor. Today it has become necessary for an American journal to re-discover our old friend. "Further examination of the quaint old book," we are told, "will probably, discover many other prognostications." It is possible; yet we should recommend our contemporary to pause before placing any more such startlingly new facts before an expectant world. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and it is not impossible there are people to whom the name of Nostradamus is familiar as a household word, who, strange as it may seem, have never heard of the *Oriental Casket*.

It is not long since that we animadverted upon the amenities of journalism in the far East. Up till that time it had been popularly supposed that the sufferings of the political journalist reached their climax at the opposite quarter of the compass, and that MARK TWAIN'S experiences as *locum tenens* in a Western newspaper office represented the height of personal discomfort to which an editor in either hemisphere was likely to be exposed. Those who remember the fate of the editor of the *Nichi Nichi Shin Bun* must have felt that the Orientals are still as ever our superiors in anything they seriously set their minds to, even be it so comparatively unimportant a measure as the hanging, drawing and quartering of an editor. Since, however, Holy Church has taken the matter in hand, the case is different. MARK TWAIN'S experiences resulted only in the loss of an ear or two, and the reception of a few bullets in the pit of his stomach and other appropriate portions of his anatomy, while the Oriental censors of the press have been accustomed, so far as we know, to leave the future of their vic-

tims in the hands of the proper authorities. A dead journalist is evidently not worth any further consideration, inasmuch as the Government majority is not in any wise dependent upon his treatment in a future state. We cannot help hoping, then, that the influence of the Bishop of Santander with the powers that be in this world and the next is less potent than his claims would lead one to suppose. Otherwise Spanish editors are in a bad way, to judge from the following comprehensive malediction which, according to a Spanish journal, the Bishop has recently launched at them: "May Almighty God curse these journalists with the perpetual malediction launched against the devil and his angels! May they perish with NERO, JULIAN the Apostate, and JUDAS the traitor! May the Lord judge them as he judged DATHAN and ABIRAM! May the earth swallow them up alive! Let them be cursed day and night, sleeping and waking, in eating, in drinking, and in playing, when they speak and when they keep silence! May their eyes be blinded, their ears deaf, their tongues dumb! Cursed be every member of their body! Let them be cursed from to-day and for ever! May their sepulchre be that of dogs and of asses! May famished wolves prey upon their corpses, and may their eternal company be that of the devil and his angels!" There is a great deal more of the same kind of malediction, but this extract will suffice as an example.

## HYGIENIC DRESS.

A good deal of excitement has been caused in English fashionable circles by the crusade of the National Health Society against the present unhealthy costumes worn by the majority of women. There has existed for some time a society, composed, be it said, entirely of gentlemen, whose object is "to oppose any fashion which may injure or disfigure the beautiful form of women." Their work, in spite of a few conquests made, has been hitherto rather disheartening, but a new impulse has now been given to the movement. The chief feature of this has been Mr. FREDERICK TREVES' lecture, which, originally delivered in the Vestry Hall, Kensington, has been repeated by specially appointed lecturers throughout the provinces, and is likely, if report speak true, to find its way to this country during the ensuing summer. The lecture itself, entitled, "The Dress of the Period," was a great success, and those ladies present dressed in the style which the lecturer was condemning, could not help acknowledging the justice of his remarks, or enjoying the humor with which they were expressed. The most appalling diagrams were exhibited, showing the female form anatomically in every stage of derangement, from tight lacing, and the pictures of distorted feet, caused by the use of the fashionable French boot with its high heel, were enough to turn one cold with horror. Much amusement was caused by the suggestion that to wear these boots properly, one half of the foot should be amputated, inasmuch as they bear no relation to the ordinary shape of the natural foot. The custom of dragging an enormous train after a dress was, when considered, a very absurd one, and had no effect except perhaps that of keeping the floor instead of the body in an equable temperature. The crinoline, a specimen of which the lecturer produced, he thought was nothing but a tumor, and might well be done away with. Mr. TREVES also showed the audience a glove, about three feet in length, which he was of opinion, when worn for any length of time, was dangerous to health.

The lecture and its sequel, the Hygienic Dress Exhibition, at which, in addition to the dreadful pictures, various suggestions of a more reasonable class of clothing were exhibited, seems really to be actually doing good, many women having turned over a new leaf before the terrors of the diagrams. One old lady, about sixty years of age, declared that since she heard the lecture she had left off stays for ever; and one young woman, who always thought

her waist was naturally twenty inches, has now discovered that it ought to be twenty-five, and has allowed for the difference.

Unfortunately the great difficulty in the way of inaugurating a new era in dress is that hitherto none of the new costumes suggested possess that element of beauty, without which it is impossible to hope for their general adoption by the fair sex. It has long been recognized that "*il faut souffrir pour être belle*" and until the Society can give an emphatic denial to the proverb, its complete success can never be assured. We have already given our views upon the divided skirt, and scarcely any of the substitutes suggested so far seem any more suitable to take a permanent hold on the affections of the fashionable world. At the Hygienic Dress Exhibition this was markedly the case. Aesthetic costumes, in all their usual hideousness of woeful greens, were displayed alongside of fresh costumes, not less unreasonable, for the requirements of every-day life in its every-day aspect.

No. The thanks of humanity, and of society no less, will be due to the discoverer of a mode of dressing which shall be healthy, without being hideous, and picturesque, without being injurious. Meanwhile, Lady HARBERTON promises to expound the views of the extreme party in the forthcoming number of *Macmillan*. All honor to her, if she or any one else can cut the Gordian knot.

## TORONTO CHURCH MATTERS.

(To the Editor of the C. I. N.)

SIR,—I observe in your Toronto Correspondence remarks about Bishop Sweatman and the Evangelical party in that city.

Your correspondent has no right to give his own coloring to matters which can be looked at in two ways.

I will not follow his example, but simply say that there are large numbers, equally Evangelical with any in Toronto, who believe they can show good reasons why Bishops as well as Judges should be addressed as "My Lord," and who, differing with the Bishop of Toronto in some things, believe he has been badly treated by his (so-called) friends.

MARITIME.

## THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BALL.

Of the many social events which have taken place in Montreal—nay in the whole Dominion—during the past few years none have been more worthy of record than that of which we give an illustration this week. As our readers, of course, know it was given by His Excellency the Governor-General in honor of the Royal Canadian Academy, in the Queen's Hall, on Thursday last and was attended by all the *élite* of the City. It was the first occasion on which the building had been used for a ball and it is not too much to say that the arrangements were as perfect as they could be. And never perhaps have its noble proportions and handsome decorations been seen to better advantage or its walls formed the frame, to use a familiar simile, to so delightful a picture. The seats from the stage to the gallery columns had been removed. A raised and railed platform draped with banners was in front of the organ and over the keyboard, and the orchestra. Ranged in semi-circular form along the side to the first entrance door was laid a dancing floor level with the stage, comfortable chairs being placed along the walls on either side. The space under the gallery was railed off and reserved for those desiring to sit out dances or to rest, and, on either side the music platform was a refreshment table tended by servants in the Vice-regal livery. The corridor was lined with crimson cloth and furnished with sofas and settees. At the entrance and at intervals along the passage way were costly flowers and shrubs in pots and the arch above the principal entry steps was draped with a handsome curtain. The ordinary supper room upstairs was utilized for the gentlemen's cloak room and the usual accommodation was provided for the ladies.

The gallery provided for a want so often felt at a large ball; that of a point from which a comprehensive view of the whole scene can be obtained. That this advantage was appreciated was clearly proved by the large number of guests who from time to time, seated themselves here to watch the dancers below; a beautiful spectacle, and one that we have rarely had so good a chance to behold in a crowded ball-room.

Fully a third of the men were in military uniform, every branch of the local militia force being represented. As the ladies' dresses have been so fully described elsewhere ere this we can but say that they were worthy of being worn by Montreal ladies—and when that is said, what more can be?

The ball was opened with a quadrille in which His Excellency had Mrs. Thomas Ryan for a partner. After this the Governor moved round the room conversing with many of his guests. The only ornament which he wore was the Star

of the Thistle. At midnight when supper was announced, the Governor-General led the way with Lady Galt. The dancing continued till half-past two, when the company began to disperse. The supper which was laid in the Assembly Room was most enjoyable, while the decorations of the room and table deserve special mention. At one end of the supper room there was an extremely handsome trophy of shields, while the banners round the walls were tastefully arranged and the flowers on the table were simply exquisite.

The ball itself will long live in our recollection, as the most enjoyable of its kind in which we ever participated, and such without doubt was the feeling of all those who were at the Queen's Hall last Thursday. The Governor-General may well be congratulated upon the entire and unqualified success of his generous compliment to our citizens.

## THE LAST DEAL.

"I never dealt again." The words fell from the lips of a gentleman well known in Leadville, yet few recognized in the elegant, easy-going man who now commands the deep respect of his fellow-men, the once cool-headed, imperturbable gambler, who in his day, figured prominently along the Pacific coast, and was almost universally recognized as the shrewdest faro dealer in the West. "As for the game's morality, that's neither here nor there. When dealt upon the square it is much like any other game. It is not to be thought that the law will hinder men a bit if they want to play, and often they are for ever cured for playing when they find it doesn't pay. I dealt the game for twenty years, but I've quit now. I made nothing, nor lost nothing, and but for a sight I once saw I should probably be a gambler still. Hereby hangs a tale. Let me tell it. Some three years ago I ran a high-toned game at a certain place you probably know, for it strikes me I saw you there. It was a square game, for I dealt for half the bloods in town, and often I had as many as five lay-outs at a time, with too much business on hand to even get time to rest. One evening a young chap strolled in, with a sort of curious stare on his face, and I concluded right there that he was green. He was fair-haired, and had a pair of blue eyes, and clear cut features—an innocent-looking young fellow, if ever I saw one. It only required a glance to convince you that he was a stranger in the gambling room. He soon was at home, though, for I saw in his blue eyes the love of play, and after that evening he was a constant visitor. He played his pile right out, and never growled if his luck was hard, and on every second card he'd stake the limit up in blue. Take it altogether, his luck was hard—sometimes the hardest, I think I ever saw. I've known him to lose at a single deal seven double shots. Business for me, of course; but somehow it almost seemed too bad. I couldn't say a word, though, and yet I liked the boy. He had lots of the filthy. I think from the day he began he must have dropped a cool \$100,000 on the game, and he never growled. We both quit gambling the same night—he, poor lad, for sufficient reasons, and I, because I loathed the game. It was in this wise. His coin gave out in a deal or two, and he put up a diamond ring, just to see his ill-luck out, you know. The chips soon went. He had a pin, a flaming stone in massive metal. He passed that in without a word, and drew fifty dollars cold. I wished him luck as heartily as any player there. But no! his last stake went my way on a losing ace. He drew three hundred dollars more, I think, on his watch and chain, and tried his line of bets again, but his luck was gone. I'll never forget the pale, haggard look that crossed his face. But he was game. He never uttered a word, and kept his chair like a pillar of stone. For a moment he seemed dazed at his reverses, but suddenly his eye caught the thin, worn circlet of dull gold on his little finger. He looked at it a little while, and a dark wave of hot crimson blood passed over his face, for this circlet seemed to cling faster than the flashing gem he had passed in before. He at last stripped it off his finger and handed it to me. It came reluctantly, this worn, old ring. 'What can I have on this?' he asked. 'I don't know what its value is, but I'll redeem it first of all.' It might have cost five dollars new, but it was worthless then. Still I passed out a fifty stack in return, just to let him try again. He planked it down in the pot, and then low upon the table he laid his face on his folded arms. Well, for a wonder, his luck changed, and he won three. He took no notice of me, as I told him when the limit barred, and so we played two fifty on each card. Would you believe it? In the deal the pot won out and never lost, and still he lay with his face hid on his arms. The deal was out, and I shook him up, but not a muscle moved; and raising his face, I started back in horror at the glassy expression of his eyes, for the boy was dead. I've often wondered to myself since that night what thoughts went flitting through his brain as he bowed his head and hid his face from our sight. What pledge of a better life, regrets for a fortune he had thrown away with lavish hands, and loathing of his irrevocable course! Who can tell? We can but guess at them, but may never feel. His face showed years of hell endured in that brief game, but it was not until the coroner's jury sat that I learned all. Before them was developed the fact that the ring which had changed his luck, as it did his existence, was one given him by his dear dead mother years before. Poor boy! I never dealt again."