

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THIS WEEK ENDING

June 26th, 1881.				Corresponding week, 1880			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 72°	56°	64°		Mon. 85°	64°	74° 5	
Tues. 68°	50°	59°		Tues. 72°	61°	66° 5	
Wed. 68°	48°	58°		Wed. 74°	1°	62° 5	
Thur. 68°	50°	59°		Thur. 70°	55°	62° 5	
Fri. 74°	55°	64° 5		Fri. 84°	65°	74° 5	
Sat. 76°	54°	65°		Sat. 87°	70°	78° 5	
Sun. 80°	55°	67° 5		Sun. 85°	70°	77° 5	

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 2nd, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE present number will find its readers preparing to enjoy the great national holiday. Dominion Day will be celebrated as in days gone by, and the seasons harmonize with the joy of the holiday makers. As the spring came to us with the Queen's Birthday, so the summer has come just in time to brighten our excursions and roast our excursionists. We do not know what weather Mr. Vennor has ordered for the day itself, but we shall be mistaken if it be not hot—pipingly, perspiringly, and yet withal pleasantly hot—for a good roasting in the sun hurts no man with an honest digestion and a large shade hat. All hail, then, most honored Phoebus! may you be with us on Friday (the name, by the way, is somewhat suggestive of the gridiron), and frizzle us to your heart's content. At least, if we do not like it, we can stay at home.

ALL the world and his wife (particularly the wife that is to be) have been star-gazing this last week. The object of attraction has been the comet, of which a good view may be obtained any night shortly after dark. That is, we say, the object as propounded by all the world to the responsible guardian of the aforesaid wife that is to be, whose own view of the comet is restricted to an observation from the window or stoop of her residence. But the youthful couples have been most persistent in their devotions to astronomy generally, and if they have seen the comet, we can only trust that in return the comet has not seen them, or, if he has, that he has kept quiet about it, as we certainly shall. The advantages of peripatetic philosophy have been long acknowledged, but its application to modern science has now received the approbation of society. Mothers with marriageable daughters are insisting upon astronomy being added to their ordinary school course. The connection is obvious even to the uninitiated. What better than Vesta can revive the dying spark in the breast of a recreant lover, while the intimate relations between Lucifer and match-making are patent to the world. Even the Great Bear is distinctly suggestive of a hug, and "Gemini," besides supplying material for a charming expression of surprise, needs only translation to admit of an easy application to "twin hearts that beat as one." And when you come to the double stars—well,

when you do, remember Kingsley's beautiful lines, and forget that we have been merely jesting as you quote:

So we through this world's waning night
May hand in hand pursue our way;
Shed round us order, love and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.

UNDER the head of "How to prevent drowning" a contemporary treats us to a sage comparison between the behaviour of the lower animals when thrown into the water, and that of man under similar conditions. The process of treading water is pronounced to be the simplest thing imaginable, and the writer comes to the wise conclusion that it is really as easy to walk in the water as it is on land, if we only knew it, and that hundreds of lives would be saved if people, instead of ridiculously struggling or floating on their backs, or any of the at present recognized methods of behaviour under the circumstances, would simply make up their minds to walk to land. Seriously, however, the process of treading water, though of course possible to man for a limited time, is not one for which he is as well constituted physically as many of the animals. A dog when he, so to speak, treads water, occupies a position which nearly resembles that of a man swimming, and we must demur to the statement that it is in fact any easier, if it even is as easy, to learn to maintain the upright position as to learn to swim. On the other hand, the most readily acquired position, and that which can be most easily maintained, even by an inexperienced swimmer, is that of floating on the back, in which position the body is most advantageously placed and which enables the mouth and nostrils to remain above water almost without effort. With all due respect to our correspondent, we think that a man who should enter the water without previous experience in the matter and attempt to walk ashore, would be likely to prove a bad advertisement for his system of the "Prevention of Drowning." If we may make a suggestion in this connection, there is a simple and effectual way of preventing drowning, which should have occurred to the writer in question. The plan we would suggest is, "Do not enter the water." But if this suggestion is disregarded, we do not recommend you to attempt to walk out again—unless, that is, the water is sufficiently shallow to enable you to plant your feet firmly on the bottom; in which case our contemporary's remarks would receive our unqualified approval.

THE great Tichborne case, which created so much sensation in England several years since seems likely to be revived by the discovery of not one, but two fresh claimants to the titles and property of the missing Sir Roger Tichborne. As the last gentleman who attempted to prove his identity and who did succeed in persuading a number of highly respectable people, including the Baronet's own mother, to recognize him, has been engaged ever since in digesting his ill-success, and the somewhat meagre fare allotted to convicts in the wilds of Portland, it seems that the game is not to be played without a certain risk; and it argues well for the courage of human nature that two men should be found to enter the lists simultaneously, of whom it is safe to predict, even without the assistance of Mr. Vennor, that one is not Sir Roger, whoever the other may be. The one who seems to be almost out of the running is an invalid in a Manitoba hospital, but the pretensions of the other, according to General Barnes, of San Francisco, are of a more serious character. It is said, moreover, that the new claimant has been interviewed by the Duke of Sutherland and Dr. Russell during their recent visit to the West, and that the latter has mailed a full statement to England. If the San Francisco gentleman should turn out to be the real Simon Pure it will be an amusing termination to the hopes of those fatuous individuals who still look upon the Portland convict as

what the author of "By the Tiber" would call "the rejected scion of a coronetted race," and who may still be found in considerable numbers throughout England. At any rate the new man will have a fair field and no favour, but he has been a long time about putting in an appearance.

EELS since antiquity have puzzled naturalists. Valenciennes did not agree with some authorities that eels were only larvae, that is to say, the first state of another fish. M. Robin, an ichthyologist also of eminence, has recently described the anatomical differences which distinguish the sexes of eels, for, up to the present, we were ignorant of how they bred, of their condition, and the hatching of their eggs, for eels emigrate to the sea at this critical epoch—just like salmon, only inversely. M. Robin has demonstrated that there are male and female eels; all eels found in ponds and maritime marshes and between 14 and 20 inches long, are males. The latter live on the sea coast, only quitting it at the period of reproduction, to seek the bottom of the sea, where the female, quitting the fresh water, goes to rejoin her mate in November, and returns, contrary to an erroneous opinion, to the rivers at the close of December, as female eels have been captured 30 miles inland in early January, with their stomachs full of marine food. Sometimes eels quit the water, and make their way across meadows like snakes, in search of worms and leguminous plants. Often they take long voyages to gain inland lakes. Eels are notoriously productive, and two Dutch companies supply the London market with this much relished fish.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I send you a few sketches of life in the North-West, taken chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Mounted Police posts of Fort Macleod and Fort Calgary. The representations of these posts are sufficiently like to render them recognizable. That of Fort Kip, whose gateway is surmounted by a vast pair of elk antlers, was a trading post near Fort Macleod, and is connected with various local tragedies in the "good old times before the reign of law." Two pictures of the Rocky Mountains were taken from Fort Calgary, on the Bow River; their snow-capped summits appear to pierce the empyrean and possibly supply the "Fountains of eternal peace," which "from those cool cisterns flow."

That portion of the great North-West immediately north of the boundary line, west of Cypress Hills, extending to the foot of the mountains and northward as far as the Red Deer River, is the home of the Blackfoot Indians. The sub-division of the tribe, the Piegiens, the Bloods, and the Blackfoot proper. Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet, whose Indian name, Saponoxico—literally translated is the big foot of the Crow Indian—records a deed of prowess done to redress a random wrong. A party of Crow Indians stole some Blackfoot horses, and Crowfoot tracked the marauders by means of an enormous foot-mark, and succeeded in recovering his own horses as well as in capturing those of the enemy. Crowfoot is a highly intelligent man, shrewd, far-seeing, deep-thinking and prompt in action; has the reputation of being the most wily Indian of the plains and the best horse thief. Hence his supremacy. He possesses great and undoubted influence over his tribe, and was greatly feared by the renegade white men of the Whoop-up country, who had doomed him to an early death, from which the advent of the police preserved him. He is conscious of this fact, and knows that the withdrawal of the police force will materially shorten the term of his natural existence. He is the Chieftain who offered to the great White Mother the services of 2,000 braves to repel a threatened invasion of the Sioux. He is represented in a chair, with an old hat on his head and a long pipe in his hand.

Sotana, or Rainy Chief, is head of the Piegiens. He has been Christianized, and has kept a record of events for a number of years. His diary is made up of short sticks, one for each day in the year; the long ones mark the Sundays; any event is recorded by a notch cut in the stick, which represents the eventful day. He is now very old and blind, and always wears a long peaked cap, pulled down close over his eyes. He says his prayers regularly, professes great friendship for the white man, and is very glib.

A few other gaudily-dressed Indian bucks, who expend a vast amount of time, care and attention upon their personal appearance—paint and adornments—fill up a few vacant spaces; also some of the children and ponies, with travois attached. A group of Indian ponies is depicted, the horses in question having brought in to a trading post a quantity of buffalo robes

have been left standing on the prairie, while the squaws have gone into the Trading Post to effect the sale of the robes. There is a great difference in Indians in trading. The Sioux bring their robes in, throw them upon the counter, demand their full value in articles promptly named, and expect to be as promptly served. The Blackfoot has not decided what he wants, and haggles and is dazzled by the gorgeous array of beads, saddles, &c. displayed before his eyes, and demands this, that and the other thing, but is generally beaten by the trader, who depreciates the value of the robes while exacting the value of the goods demanded. After the trade is effected the Blackfoot always expects, and generally obtains, "tail," or a gift (?) of some little thing—a little coffee, tea, sugar, or flour. The Sioux, on the contrary, is very haughty, makes a moderate demand and adheres to it, seeking no "tail." A Blackfoot camp scene shows very well the manner in which their lodges are at times decorated. The lodges are made of cow skins, scraped very white and sewn together; the different patterns drawn upon the lodges become the property of the householder, and no one can infringe upon his rights, to copy his designs. Before pitching camp they always first pitch the "medicine bow," or "drum," to which some peculiar virtue is ascribed. Two of these are represented—one, a drum, suspended from a small tripod, the other a pipe contained in a number of coverings of skins. The squaws are shown returning from a wood-foraging expedition, the dogs aiding in this necessary work. A small family is depicted in another sketch on the march to their camping ground. In another place is shown the position assumed by a squaw dressing a robe for market. She is scraping the fat, &c., from a dried robe, in order to make it soft and pliable. The instrument used is a small iron blade, or hoe, tied to a short, stout handle of elk horn. A sketch of two or three Indians on the grass—one engaged in a kindly and useful occupation to his friend, while a little boy is enjoying the prospect, or the look of disgust on the artist's face—was drawn by D.B.R., a gifted friend of mine, to whom I apologize for making this use of his drawing. The scene is calculated to depress the Indian greatly in civilized opinion. The noble red man is a base fraud; he cannot properly be represented on paper, for the pencil cannot depict dirt and filth, nor the peculiar faded odour which emanates from the dusky skin of the denizen of the great plains.

The Kootenay Indians come from British Columbia. They cross the mountains annually in order to trade horses, which they breed in large numbers, for buffalo robes, skins and meat. They are all Christian converts to the Catholic missionaries. They are strict in their observance of Sunday, never travelling on that day; always say a grace before meat, and hold Vespers every evening. Father Scollen being present on one occasion upon the advent of a party of Kootenays into Fort Macleod, and it being Sunday, the Kootenays erected an immense council lodge, an altar was fitted up at one end, and Father Scollen performed Mass to a large congregation of Kootenays and Mounted Policemen. A feature of the service was the singing of a hymn in Kootenay to a weird, yet familiar air, pitched in the peculiar plaintive minor key adopted by all Indian musicians. The Kootenay, whose fine massive head is represented in the sketch, came into the Fort, and for his amusement was shown a photograph album. At the first woman's portrait we were astonished at his devoutly crossing himself and muttering a prayer, in which a few Latin sounds could be detected. Our astonishment was increased when he repeated this performance at every female portrait in the entire album. Father Scollen is the representative of the Catholic Church in the Blackfoot country. His little mission-house is situated on the Elbow River, near Fort Calgary, and is a most picturesque spot.

The Methodist Church is worthily represented by Mr. John Macdougall, by whose energetic endeavours a substantial church, school-house, and orphan asylum have been erected at Mosleyville, on the Big Bow River. His efforts have been most successfully directed towards the Stony Indians, who live in the mountains, roaming from the *Tête Jaune* pass far southwards. They are a branch of the Assiniboines, and speak a Doric dialect of that language. They are monogamists and good Christians; their word can be depended upon. They are the only Indians in that part of the country who understand the virtue of an oath, and can be sworn upon the Bible. Other Indians are sworn by Fire, Earth, and Water, and then care must be exercised not to tempt them to say aught but the truth. One quiet summer's evening at Morleyville I shall ever recall with the sincerest feeling of pleasure. The chapel bell was ringing, and troops of Stonys—young men and maidens, old men and children, some ahorse, some afoot, covered the hill tops in picturesque disorder, devoutly hastening to attend Divine service.

Mr. Editor, I am afraid that I am growing prosy and diffuse, and my remarks are not very much explanatory of the sketches. Many changes have been wrought in that portion of the country since I left it. The beginnings of these changes are partially represented in the sketch of a trial of a whiskey trader, and show only one part of the multifarious duties of the Mounted Policeman. Without the police the efforts of men like Scollen and Macdougall would have been inefficient, and wickedness, whiskey, murder and all manner of distress would have been rampant amongst the inhabitants of this far-away corner of our Canada. R.B.