

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their office, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

June 18th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 70°	46°	58°	Mon.. 86°	45°	70° 5
Tues.. 80°	52°	66° 5	Tues.. 82°	55°	68° 5
Wed.. 81°	56°	68° 5	Wed.. 82°	60°	71°
Thur.. 76°	60°	68°	Thur.. 70°	45°	61°
Fri.. 76°	64°	70°	Fri.. 72°	45°	58° 5
Sat.. 78°	58°	68°	Sat.. 72°	45°	58° 5
Sun.. 75°	68°	71° 5	Sun.. 76°	55°	65° 5

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Division in the English House of Commons.—The Strife in the United States.—Shot-over, the Winner of the Derby.—Raising the Great Bell into St. Paul's.—General de Charette.—A Visit to Jersey.—Fire in Montreal.—The Kindergarten Anniversary in Leipzig.—Yachting in New York Bay.—Sunday Amusements in St. Louis.—The Legend Implication at Columbia.

THE WEEK.—Oscar Wilde's Latest.—The Political Contest.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Little Music.—Our Illustrations.—A Trip to the Channel Islands.—News of the Week.—Hinc Illis Lacrymæ.—An Old Maid's Love.—A Doctor's Story.—Mr. W. H. Baker's Ring.—Men of Genius Dr. Scientist in Conversation.—Domestic.—Musical and Dramatic.—Beauty and the Beast.—Our Derby Sweepstakes.—The New Laid Egg.—English Female Colleges.—Echoes from Paris.—Traits of Macready.—Native Students in India.—Living by his Wits.—A Tough Kind of Witness.—Echoes from London.—Humorous.—Our Chess Column.

## PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME XXVI.

The commencement of the twenty-sixth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS marks a new era in the history of this journal.

With the new volume from July first next, we propose to somewhat change the method of illustration, hoping thereby to effect a material improvement in its general character. To the public we need only say that we expect this change to result in illustrations of a greatly superior type and more nearly allied to the best productions of the English and American illustrated press.

The rapid growth of the artistic element throughout the Dominion during the past few years has led us to the conclusion that some such step was necessary in order that the character of our illustrations might keep pace with the general progress in Art. It will be easily understood that any change of this character is synonymous with an increased expenditure, and we trust that our patrons will appreciate this fact and by their liberal support enable us to carry out the proposed improvements.

We have further determined, with a view of obtaining a large number of Canadian sketches, as well as for the encouragement of Art outside, to offer inducements to Artists and Amateurs throughout the country to produce work of a character suited to our paper. For all such work we will gladly pay on a scale calculated according to the suitability of the subject and its facility of reproduction. We invite the cordial cooperation of all Canadian artists in this matter, and as a further inducement to them to send us pictures for reproduction, we will undertake, in all cases in which they are accompanied by a request to that effect, to return all drawings and sketches to their owners after using them. Such drawings as may be found unsuitable for our purpose we will in like manner return as soon as possible after they have been examined.

In our reading matter we intend to introduce some new features. Fresh departments will be opened and we propose to avail ourselves here of the services of the principal writers of the Dominion. An early number of the new volume will contain the opening chapters of a new and interesting novel.

Besides this we have arranged for a series of papers to which the following gentlemen amongst others are expected to contribute.

R. W. BOODLE, Esq., Montreal.  
J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.  
S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.  
F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.  
N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.  
GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
BARRY DANF, Esq., Montreal.  
MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.  
J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL D., Toronto.  
JOHN LESPERANCE, Esq., Montreal.  
W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa.  
J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.  
Chas. LINDSAY, Esq., Toronto.

GEO. MURRAY, M.A., Montreal.  
H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.  
HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.  
REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.  
JOHN READ, M.A., Montreal.  
LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.  
GEORGE STEWART, JR., Esq., Quebec.  
THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.

This new departure will be, we trust, fully appreciated by the Canadian public, and we look to them confidently to support our efforts. Our paper will be from this out more than ever a national enterprise, and we mean our patrons to feel that in supporting it they are not only helping to produce a work worthy of the vast improvement in culture and artistic feeling throughout the country, but that they are getting good value for their money.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 24, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

We are glad to welcome a new book by a Canadian authoress. Miss F. GWILT, who is best known in Canada under her *nom de plume* of "Maple Leaf," has just published a novel entitled "Wanted a Housekeeper." We have not space this week for a more extended notice of a charming work, but shall speak of it more at length in our next.

## AT THE POLLS.

ELECTIONEERING is the order of the day. As a subject of conversation it has during these last days beaten even the weather; as exemplifying the "whole duty of man" it has run church going very close. Men talk, think, dream of party candidates and party victories and the end is not yet.

While we write this, preparations are going on around us for the polls, and ere this be read we shall all know the choice of the country. It is not to anticipate this we write, but there are some peculiarities of electors to which attention may be drawn without being influenced by the hopes and fears of this or that party.

Of course, if you who read this are an active politician, if you take a real and a lively interest in the election of your chosen representative, your plan of action has been unimpeachable. You have presumably voted for your party, and we trust the best man has won.

There are others, though, whose motives have been less easy to decide, whose policy is to say the least of it, mixed.

There are some it may be, who are not of the initiated, to whom the envelopes containing the invitations to vote for the Liberal and else for the Conservative candidate of their division lie side by side upon their table, while their own decision is either doubtful or indifferent. How will such a one act to-morrow?

"Oh I take no interest in the matter at all," perhaps he cries. "I shall probably vote for the man who asks me first." It may be perhaps, "Oh I haven't even had my name placed on the voter's list." Has such a man ever reflected for an instant that he is carelessly throwing aside the greatest privilege a citizen of a free country possesses, the power of sharing in the government of his country. Suppose he does not know the difference between Grit and Tory. Is he by pleading ignorance, of what after all he has no right to be ignorant, to excuse himself from his plain duty. At least he might have added his grain of weight to turn the scale in favor of an honest, upright man, to keep out, it may be, a man whom he knew for a schemer, dishonest, unfit to govern or help to govern him and you and me.

Scarcely less blameworthy is he who has based his decision upon the claims of casual friendship, who has voted for one whose only claim to his support has been the bond of good-fellowship. It is no boon companion we have been elect-

ing; our convivial friend may or may not be the right man for the post. But it is not for his social qualities, rather, be it said, in spite of them, that we shall support him, if support him we do. And yet how many men vote for this or that candidate on no better grounds than these.

There is another class, perhaps, who have voted for a fellow-countryman because he is such. Far be it from us to discourage the love of country in any man. But did these men never reflect that it was not the government of Scotland for which they were choosing a representative but that of Canada? Let our representative be a Scotchman by all means, if he be the best man, but let him be more than that, a Canadian. We have had enough, and more than enough, of divided nationality. If we are not Canadians we have no claim to be electors of a Canadian Parliament.

Once more, then, we have seen the staunch Protestant who was not going to see a Roman Catholic get in if he could help it. And on this ground, perhaps, men are harder to convince than any other, partly because religious prejudice is the strongest of all prejudices, but partly, also, because they have just the shadow of a right on their side, since a man's religion, if he be truly religious, must stand before his political convictions.

And yet once more, it is not a minister who will be elected to-morrow, nor a delegate to a religious conference. By all means let us have none but a Christian. But surely we can bury mere differences of creed when we come to record our vote for our country.

So, then, we end as we began. Honor above all to those who have fought the fight well and honestly, who have forgotten their purely selfish interests, put aside the cares of their business, the attractions of their pleasures, remembering how great is the responsibility that will rest on them individually should their neglect have contributed to some national disaster, or have helped to hinder the prosperity of their country. Time will show the justice or otherwise of the choice each has made or will make to-morrow, but the consideration of the motives which dictated that choice may give some food for reflection apart from the results themselves.

## OSCAR'S LATEST.

TRACKERAY mentions somewhere that GEORGE IV. once invented a shoe-buckle when in the prime vigour of his fancy and the maturity of his power. Mr. OSCAR WILDE, according to a New York legend, has gone even further than GEORGE IV., and has invented a new suit of clothes. If Mr. WILDE returns from America with an almost overweening opinion of his own genius as a costumier and a poet, that will be the fault of the Americans who send reporters to "interview" his tailor. In England, they "interview" generals, released political prisoners—"steeped to the lips" in the usually quoted way—they interview cannibals, and other interesting people. But English enterprise has stopped short of catechising Mr. DAVITT's boot-maker, or the artist who cut Sir F. ROBERTS's hair. More eager for knowledge, the Americans who guide public opinion have found out all about Mr. WILDE's new clothes. He is going to indulge, in raiment described as "couleur du lac au clair de la lune"—the hue of a moonlight-coloured lake. Whence Mr. WILDE got this inspiration the critics of the future must decide. Did he borrow an idea from an earlier if not so great a poet, who writes of the cloud that displays its silver lining? Or was he guided by the words of the Scotch minister, who was called on for a "sentiment," when a "sentiment" meant a kind of toast? This poor minister could think of no sentiment more convivial than "the reflection o' the moon in the cawm 'bosom o' the lake." After all, we are left in doubt as to the details of this poetic suit of clothes. Black velvet is black velvet, when it is not velveteen, all the world over, however you may puff it, slash it, embroider it with marsh-marigolds, and take

other liberties with its texture. The other suit, we presume—the Captain MOONLIGHT suit—is to be made of white samite, mystic, wonderful, after the manner introduced to public favour by the Lady of the Lake—Mr. TENNYSON's lady, not Sir WALTER's. A plain white samite doublet, fitting tight to the body, the upper part of the arm in large (and very appropriate) "puffs," sown with silver lilies of the valley, may be becoming, and cannot but suggest the reflection of the moon in the lake's calm bosom. In place of shoes we might respectfully suggest that any one who takes to this costume should imitate Duke HUMPHREY in the "Bab Ballads":—

Duke Humphrey greatest wealth computes.  
And sticks, they say, at nothing,  
He wears a pair of silver boots  
And golden underclothing.

The golden underclothing is less important, but the silver boots are quite essential. Thus attired, and with a silver wand in his hand, a reformer of costume could not fail to attract attention to himself in any company. And yet one hardly hopes that this sort of garment will ever be universally worn. We cannot all afford to steal around like embodied moonshine, or to flutter like moths, or to attire ourselves like the lilies of the field, even if we believed our personal beauty worthy of such adornment. And talking of the lilies of the field, and of the nutriment which they are supposed to afford to some sensitive natures, it may be said that there is no new thing under the sun. If our young men can lunch on lilies, there was a girl in the time of the author of the "Religio Medici"—"that maid of Germany" he calls her—who professed that she supported existence on the smell of a rose. But she was proved to be an impostor, a horticultural variety of the modern "fasting girl."

## "A LITTLE MUSIC."

Mrs. Leo Hunter no longer affects to patronize literature. Music and so-called musical people have been taken under her wing, and her "evenings" are the topic of fashionable gossip and of society intelligence in the newspapers. In due time, everyone must have his chance, and, if you will but patiently await yours, you shall ride your hobby to your heart's content, even in Mrs. Hunter's spacious parlors. Her musical entertainments are conceived and carried out on the plan of her once famous literary gatherings. They are for those who trifle with the art, and whose slight knowledge serves its purpose if it but ministers to the vanity of its possessors,—young men and women who have little love and less taste for the "art divine," but who have managed to pick up enough of surface knowledge to enable them to figure on the programme of the dreary parlor concert, and whose efforts, feeble as they are, yet arouse the envy of some of the still more ignorant listeners. Perhaps, too, while they make the judicious griever, such concerts sometimes afford amusement; that they furnish a sort of agreeable excitement is evident from the frequency with which they occur.

The fault is not in that these idle people have directed their listless attention to music, nor that they are not, each and all of them, clever musicians. The objection is to the pretence and flummery that characterize the average parlor concert. A few friends may meet to entertain each other musically, whether it be with operatic selections, more or less florid, with glees or madrigals, or with instrumental trios or quartettes; and, although the performance be ever so indifferent, if singers or players are doing their best with the best music that they understand, their meetings must needs be improving, refining, restful. Should they ask in a few friends as listeners, they will simply be extending the radius of sunshine, and in the sincere applause of their audience will find a new incentive to study. Some of our most delightful memories are of just such musical evenings in cosy, comfortable homes, where, although we could not take part in the performance, we yet knew there was a welcome for us. The reader of Moscheles' "Recent Music and Musicians," or of Sebastian Hensel's "Mendelssohn Family," will pleasantly recall the accounts of the meetings in which, although the music was of the kind which ordinary mortals cannot hear without paying for it, there was the great charm of the absence of formality. Now, if we cannot have a Moscheles, a Mendelssohn, or a Fanny Hensel at the piano,—if we cannot have a Malibran to sing for us or romp with the youngsters,—if neither Joachim nor Piatelli will drop in for a quiet cup of tea and a little music afterward,—we can, nevertheless, get our share of pleasure out of music, if we rightly set about it. We, all of us, spend too much of our time in other people's houses, and, as a consequence sometimes overlook the resources of our own homes. If you really care for music, and want to have it about you, devote one evening of every week or fortnight to your musical friends.