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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 5th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 42°	36°	39°	Mon.. 56°	50°	53°
Tues.. 45°	34°	39°	Tues.. 52°	39°	45°
Wed.. 46°	34°	40°	Wed.. 47°	35°	41°
Thur.. 54°	38°	46°	Thur.. 52°	32°	42°
Fri.. 54°	43°	48°	Fri.. 55°	41°	48°
Sat.. 54°	42°	48°	Sat.. 55°	40°	47°
Sun.. 46°	40°	43°	Sun.. 51°	43°	47°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE recent assault of FLORENCE DAVID upon C. G. GEDDES has created a great deal of excitement in social and other circles in Montreal, but so far as we have seen, what appears to us to be the really serious aspect of the case has not been noticed. That such an encounter could have taken place in broad day on one of the principal streets of the city, without any interference on the part of the police or bystanders, argues a state of things of which the city should be heartily ashamed. With the personal matter of the assault the Courts will be asked to deal. What we are concerned with is the additional evidence, added to the numerous cases which have appeared, during the past few months, of the entire want of proper precautions for preserving the peace in our best and most frequented thoroughfares. And the very selection of so public a spot by the assaulting party showed his own confidence in the imbecility or inefficiency of the police supervision, a confidence which was, apparently, fully justified by the results.

WE are indebted to American enterprise for opening our eyes to the valuable resources of the region lying north of Georgian Bay and west of Lake Superior. Col. MERCER has penetrated into the heart of this hitherto unexplored region, and the result, so far as any anticipations of the failure of lumber in Canada are concerned, is intensely gratifying. The route taken by the expedition was up Spanish river, which is described by Col. MERCER as a splendid stream, through its whole course devoid of rapid or other hindrances to navigation. The waters are of a uniform depth, and the river itself excellently suited for lumbering purposes. It is estimated that the area explored by the party would furnish above 24,000,000 feet of lumber, and the Indian guides declared that they had only penetrated the outskirts of this vast forest tract, the timber on which besides is pronounced of most excellent quality, almost entirely pine.

THE sensation of ghost story which we copy in another column from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has set all England agog, and has led to a correspondence in one of the London papers on the "Truth of Ghosts," which is at once amusing and instructive, as the school books say. A number of local and family traditions have been unearthed and published with much reliable evidence to support them—the one best vouched for in all its details being that of the "Airlie music," otherwise known as the "Airlie Drummer Boy," which is supposed to presage the death of one of the members of the family. This sound is variously described as distant strains of music or the beating of a drum. A lady connected with one of the oldest families in Scotland says she went in the spring of 1845 on a visit to Lord and Lady Airlie, and while dressing for dinner she heard what appeared to be a band of music in the distance. She told a gentleman who sat next her at dinner, and he whispered, "Say nothing: it was the drummer-boy you heard; I will explain by-and-by." Lord Airlie was in delicate health, and hence his friend's anxiety to keep the conversation secret. But though his lordship lived for years, Lady Airlie, who was then quite well, died suddenly shortly after, at Brighton. Another lady of the highest character says she heard "the Airlie music" on the occasion of the last Lord Airlie's death. While wandering in the woods she was suddenly startled by the sound of music, which she tried to follow and find until the plaintive wail, so indicative of mourning and despair, by which the bagpipes announce the death of a highland chief, became as distinct as possible. His lordship died next day.

THERE used to be a tradition connected with Eversley, the residence of the late CHARLES KINGSLEY, of which the writer himself had some experience. The sound in this case consisted in the roll of wheels along the road, followed by the apparent stoppage of a carriage before the hall door. This sound was of not unfrequent occurrence, and, although the members of the family were well accustomed to it, and were able, as a rule, to distinguish a real arrival from the imaginary one, it was sure to deceive a visitor, who when told that it was only the Eversley ghost, found a difficulty in disbelieving the evidence of his ears, without satisfying his eyes that there was really no carriage at the door, so complete was the deception. So far as we know the occurrence of the sound was not in any manner prophetic, and Mr. KINGSLEY used to attribute it to a peculiar effect of the wind on some old trees, having observed, as he said, that it only occurred when the wind was in a certain quarter. However this may be, the resemblance was very remarkable and may serve as a key to other stories of the marvellous, with a less materialistic explanation.

ONE encouraging word at least comes from Ireland in the midst of much that is the reverse. An attempt is being made to encourage Irish manufactures, which, if honestly carried out, would produce a more telling effect upon the prosperity, and therefore the contentment, of the country than will ever be given it by the Land Bill. The exhibition now talked of, and the arrangements for which are taking a definite shape, will do much in this direction, but it will not do to wait for the exhibition. People will not make simply to exhibit, and a little patriotism in the direction suggested will do much to revive old manufactures and open the way for new ones. The essential point is that the manufactures to be encouraged should be genuinely Irish. It will not do to have Birmingham shoddy stamped with Irish trade marks. Irish linen and Irish porters show what can be done in the way of manufacture, while Irish lace and Irish carving have been almost crowded out of the field by machine imitations. The *mot d'ordre* of the "National Convention" is, use nothing but Irish goods, and with this

movement sensible Englishmen of all classes will be in sympathy. Whatever of the boycotting spirit may lurk in the cry, we may be content if the result be to encourage home industries, as St. Paul was content to have men preach out of envy, if only they preached the truth. More even might be done outside than in Ireland herself. If only the Irish the world over, whose number is legion, would unite in a common demand for Irish goods, and see that they get them, an impetus might be given to manufactures which would help more than many subscriptions to the funds of the Land League. The industrial party have a powerful organ in "United Ireland," which is inserting manufacturers' advertisements at half-price, and accumulating evidence as to what Ireland has done, and will yet do in this channel.

THIS matter of advertising might serve to point a moral with reference to the question in point. Irish manufacturers are slow to advertise, or they have not the trick of dexterously setting their goods before the world. It is one thing to make a good article, and this Ireland can do, but we on this continent know, none better, that the best of stock may become a white elephant on the hands of a man who does not know how to sell it. It may be a wrong principle to run after people and force them to buy your goods; it may be the more dignified course to sit at home and wait till they come to you; but it is not business, as business is understood today. The public won't buy your good thing unless you let them know that you have got it.

ONE thing is certain. Ireland must act for herself. It will not do any longer to sit still and cry, any more than it will to cast the blame entirely upon England. Whatever England owed to Ireland in the way of reparation, she has done all that she can reasonably be expected to do in the present at all events. It is for Ireland to awake to this fact, and make the best of it. She may not have got all she wants, but which of us has? There is a bright future for her, if only she can accept her destiny and fulfil it honestly, and undoubtedly one way for her is to encourage her Home Industries, and thus, to a great extent, make herself independent of English capital.

"MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage 'breast," but it may be doubted whether CETEWAYO will be much soothed by his new concertina. CHARLES D'ORLÉANS, in the Tower, singing his ballades and rondels to the accompaniment of his guitar was a picturesque object of compassion. But CETEWAYO, soothing the slow hours of captivity by singing his national songs in a strange land to the accompaniment of the concertina, rather recalls to the mind the idea of a kingly Christy's minstrel. Mr. NOBLE, a director of the Blue Riband Army and Gospel Temperance Organization, has a different opinion. While directing the Army of African Abstinents with a concertina, he found that poor CETEWAYO delighted in his strains. His eye kindled with martial eagerness. Mr. NOBLE could not spare it, as it was wanted for religious purposes. But the Blue Riband Army has purchased an article still more handsome and sonorous, and this the Rev. Dr. HOLE purposes to present to the dethroned monarch. We only wish that an enemy who was always chivalrous and fair, who never allowed his men to murder doctors, and fire on hostages, could be allowed to have some more appropriate enjoyment than any that can be wrung from a concertina. Open air exercise and sport are what CETEWAYO needs, rather than a harem and a concertina, if he is not to pine and die in prison. He never provoked England; he never betrayed her; he never fired on flags of truce; he only defended his own, and he is worthy of a better fate than to be kept as a sort of show for the amusement of the ubiquitous British tourist.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPISODE IN DEAN STANLEY'S CAREER.

IT was at this time that there happened the most characteristic episode in the Dean's career with which I was associated—his dealing with the notorious ritualistic riots in St. George's in the East in 1860. The story is shortly as follows: St. George, in the East is a parish in the roughest part of the rough end of London, lying between the Docks and Ratcliffe Highway. The resident population consists mainly of the smaller sort of trades-folk and lodging-house keepers, who supply the wants of longshore-men, dock laborers, and sailors on shore. These constantly changing classes swarm in the densely crowded lanes and streets. The church is a fine early Georgian edifice, vast, square, and heavily but handsomely fitted up, with large and deep galleries, capable of holding a great number of people. The building lent itself naturally to a plain Protestant service, and the congregation was accustomed to that form of worship; moreover, the traditional leanings to Puritanism of East London had been in their case confirmed and strengthened by an evangelical clergyman, Allan by name, who enjoyed the privilege, under some old City endowment, of delivering a Sunday lecture in the parish church. On such a state of ecclesiastical questions the wave of ritualism, which was then rising in several suburban districts, broke at St. George's with notable results. The rector, a good and zealous gentleman, but somewhat narrow, and superbly obstinate, without consultation with vestry or congregation, introduced an advanced ritual, with priestly vestments and surpliced choir, and so arranged his services as to trench on the hour till then occupied by Mr. Allan, the lecturer. In vain the congregation protested and Mr. Allan fulminated. The obnoxious practices continued, and the lecturer was curtailed, until in April, 1859, the smoke of discontent kindled into flame, and open rioting broke out Sunday after Sunday.

The regular congregation had, by this time in great measure left their church, but their places were filled by bands of furious zealots, who shouted the responses in voices of thunder to drown the chanting of the choir, slammed the pew doors, coughed, applauded all passages in lesson or liturgy condemnatory of idolatry, and hustled clergy and choir on their way to and from the chancel. An attempt of the bishop to mediate failed, although Mr. Bryan King consented to abandon some of his favorite vestments. The concession came too late, and was too small, and by November the evening services had to be given up, and the church closed before dusk. The longshore element from the neighborhood now began to appear, yelling and shouting at short intervals, and turning their dogs in amongst the clergy and choir, and the neighboring Thames Police Court was filled week after week with charges against rioters in church. A band of young High-Church zealots now presented themselves Sunday after Sunday as a body-guard to the rector; but this only made matters worse, till the climax was reached when the mob, having fairly driven out priest and body-guard and choir, rushed into the chancel, tore the coverings from the altar, hurled the hassocks at the chandelier, and were only driven out by a strong body of police, who from this time were employed in the church Sunday after Sunday to protect the clergy and choir carrying on the services, "like mice in a cage surrounded by an army of starved cats."

Readers will now appreciate the state of things in this "remarkable chapter of ecclesiastical history," as the Dean called it, when he appeared on the scene as a peace-maker, in July, 1860, at the request—or at any rate with the sanction—of the bishop, who had found the knot too tight a one to be untied by episcopal authority. The position was a difficult and delicate one for Stanley to approach. The garments which Mr. Bryan King and his friends regarded with deep reverence, and were inclined to speak of with almost bated breath, were to him merely the ordinary dresses of a yrian peasant or Roman gentlemen of the early Christian times—the alb the peasant's white shirt, the cope his smock-frock, the chasuble, a mere fashionable overcoat, and so on; the crossings, changes of position, and other imitations of the mass were, as he often owned, the severest test to which his principles of toleration could be put. He opened negotiations at once with Mr. Bryan King personally, won his confidence and good-will by his frankness and sympathetic sincerity, and got him, with some trouble to agree to retire temporarily from the parish on a year's leave of absence, leaving his place to be filled by some clergyman of Stanley's selection.

It was no easy matter to obtain this concession from the good rector. The fear of deserting the post of danger for personal motives weighed on him heavily; and pressure came not only from the band of young zealots of the High-Church party, who had of late attended in considerable numbers to support him, but from the "no surrender" party all over the country, not to abandon the cause. He would go for peace's sake—was himself anxious to go, and to get out of a position so terrible to a minister of the gospel of peace—but principles must be maintained, and he must be sure that his successor would maintain them against the fury of such a mob as was now filling the church at every service.

Stanley after doing his best to re-assure the distracted rector, went to the bishop to inform him of the contemplated arrangement, and to decide with him who should be the man. He had no doubt whatever in his own mind from