

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

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THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

bearing date January 27th, will be the

CARNIVAL DOUBLE NUMBER

It will consist of 16 pages and an 8 page

SUPPLEMENT IN SIX COLORS

containing illustrations of

THE SNOW-SHOE TRAMP.

THE MASQUERADE AT THE VICTORIA RINK (double page colored picture.)

THE MEETING OF THE TANDEM CLUB IN FRONT OF THE ICE PALACE.

The remainder of the number will be devoted to Canadian sports and scenes, with engravings of

TOBOGANNING,

SNOW-SHOEING,

ICE-BOATING,

DEER-HUNTING,

&c., &c.

The letter-press will be devoted to similar topics and will contain contributions and stories from popular Canadian writers.

The number will be issued a day earlier than usual and will be on sale at all newsdealers on and after

Tuesday, January the 23rd.

Price with Supplement 20cts.

In spite of the large additional expense incurred in the production of this number we have determined to send it, without additional charge, to all such of our subscribers as have duly paid their subscription for the current year.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Jan. 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th) and corresponding week (1882, 1883) with Max, Min, and Mean values.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 20, 1883.

THE "BIG, BIG D."

A discussion, which may be conveniently indicated by the familiar expression used first in connection with the Captain of H.M.S. Pinafore, has been recently carried on in a portion of the daily press. The actors of the period are accused of doing, to a monstrous extent, that which Mr. Bradlaugh declines, or began with declining, to do. Instead of refusing to take any oath, they insist, it is said, upon swearing in season and out of season. The atmosphere of the stage is represented as heavy with execrations; and although, in the particular drama complained of, the line occurs, 'The damns have had their day,' they are found to be as prosperous as ever. 'Damn,' the poet Blake has remarked, 'strengthens, bless relaxes;' and if the stimulating effect of the imprecation is not confined to him who utters it, there are certain playhouses, attendance at which should operate as a tonic with the playgoer. No one can doubt the substantial accuracy of the charge now made. Words are systematically dinned into ears polite with an unreserve and a lavishness that would have astounded a former generation. It is not only in The Rivals and the other comedies taken from the repertory of the eighteenth century that this is done, and the excuse cannot be pleaded that the audience is being introduced to the habits of a bygone time. The art of Sheridan cannot be reproduced, but his oaths can. It is in the comedies of to-day that the offensive monosyllable and the appeals to the Creator principally and most gratuitously occur. The hero of a piece finds himself in a ludicrous or perplexing or annoying situation. He reflects for a moment, looks around him and slowly ejaculates 'a big, big D.' If Hamlet lived to-day, half his soliloquies would have been replaced by the word which the Captain of the Pinafore 'hardly ever' uttered. In the same way the name of the Deity is systematically introduced without any knot worthy of such a solution presenting itself. The modern playwright, imbued, as he naturally is, with Gallic ideas, would seem to think that the exclamation he places so frequently in the lips of his dramatic personae is the exact equivalent of the French 'Mon Dieu!' Herein he shows himself a less adroit adaptor than in other respects, and if his clumsy rendering of the phrase conveyed the same impression to a French as to an English audience, the former would certainly not tolerate it.

If things go on at this rate it will be necessary to terrify our actors with some of the stories which used to be related, in order that young people might shun all approach to blasphemous language. If a little boy was overheard to say a naughty word, thirty years ago, his nurse or his parent straightway recounted how the same expression, coming from other juvenile lips, had caused the doom of sudden death to descend upon the impious urchin, or how another prodigy of infantile depravity had been visited with instantaneous loss of vision, because he disobeyed the scriptural monition, 'Swear not at all.' Even such minor imprecations as 'drat,' 'bother,' 'confound,' and 'hang' were punished, or were punishable, with sundry physical pains. If Roscius were seized with momentary aphasia when he is on the point of rapping out one of the profanities which, with the help of a little antithesis, serve as substitutes for epigram in Robertsonian comedy, no other oath would ever again proceed from behind the footlights. Yet it is not so much the 'big, big D' which constitutes the innovation that has lately crept into stage dialogue as the frequent use of the name of Omnipotence. There are many ears that can tolerate the oath, but that are offended by the employment of the word, without which the oath would mean nothing. It is possible that we are indebted for the custom, which has recently sprung up, to the force of French example. Others may think that it is to be explained by the fashionable agnosticism of the period. We know what Providence is according to Mr. Matthew Arnold; and when the Divinity can be resolved into a stream of influences, or into an impersonal tendency, there

may, perhaps, seem slight objection in using a word whose connotative power is so hazy. From this point of view, the practice which is now denounced on the stage is not deliberately blasphemous, but is merely illustrative of the popular reaction against dogmatic theology. An interesting young prig has recently written a treatise to tell us that, while he believes in an immortality, he cannot believe in a God. The eccentricities of atheism are at least as strange as the extravagances of superstition; and, perhaps, at some future time the "big, big D" will be pointed to as a proof that the British playgoer at the end of the nineteenth century had repudiated the doctrine of eternal punishment, and the copious introduction of the most august of monosyllables will be cited as evidence that he was much of the same way of thinking as the author of Anarchy and Culture.

The practice censured on the stage suggests an interesting question. If it is the business of the actor to serve as a mirror and an echo of Nature, how far does he in this respect show forth the express image of his age, and does there exist the material for a homily which might be entitled 'How we swear now?' A distinguished Bishop recently remarked that swearing was an evil and vulgar habit, which had completely died out within the limits of his own experience. When he was a young man, he added, people, even in respectable and polite circles, swore as horribly as the army ever swore in Flanders; now he never heard an oath in a drawing-room or in his club. Perhaps, he naively added, after all, even habitual swearers would restrain themselves in the presence of a prelate. There was both satire and sound sense in this remark. It correctly and compendiously sums up all that need be said about the matter. In the society that Bishops and Prime Ministers frequent, colloquial oaths may be pronounced obsolete; but it would be too much to say that the 'big, big D' is never heard. The oath is no longer the backbone of polite conversation; it serves rather as an incidental embellishment. The oath, in other words, is not recognized—as it was in the time of Thurlow or even Melbourne—as an essential element in conversation. It has, in fact, lost its official caste. In parliamentary life it has gone as much out of fashion as the habit of quoting Virgil and Horace. But it retains its rank in private life, and even gentlemen of refined manners, fastidious taste, and unimpeachable morals occasionally indulge in the ejaculations which Bishops and Prime Ministers never hear. Swearing is, of course, a silly, senseless, and pernicious habit; the same may be said of smoking—with which, indeed, swearing was often alliteratively bracketed—and snuff-taking. At the same time, there is not much prospect of its ever being wholly superseded. The truth is—if upon such a subject the truth may be spoken—the expletive which begins with the fourth letter of the alphabet is a compendious form of expression, for which no exact equivalent can be found. It comprises a complete group of emotions and sensations within the limits of a single syllable. It is very wrong, but very convenient. It is an idiotic expedient for the relief of the overwrought mind; but for all that it administers relief in a sensible degree. As for its excessive use on the stage, a reason may, perhaps, be found for that which has not been mentioned here. Behind the footlights it is perhaps to be regarded as indicative of a protest against, and a reaction from, the mincing prattle and the effeminate expressions which are now supposed to be characteristic of good society.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Preparations for the Carnival of next week are being pushed on on all sides, and everything prophesies a most successful issue to the undertaking. Already the principal hotels are beginning to refuse accommodation to the tardy applicants, and Montreal is likely to welcome a crowd of strangers larger even than was anticipated. Nor is there any reason to fear that the welcome itself will fall short of our expectations. The various committees report good progress in all the departments, and what will probably be the chief feature of the week, the Ice Palace, is growing day by day into more proper proportions, in spite of the delays occasioned by the extreme coldness of the weather, and the diffi-

culty of getting men to work at the low temperature which has prevailed. We need now only a week of uninterrupted fine weather, with, perhaps, a slight rise of the mercury, to insure a perfect success, and the indications are that we shall not be disappointed.

Our own efforts to add to the pleasure of the festival have resulted in the production of a double Carnival number, printed in colors, hoping thereby to perpetuate the memory of what will be an era in the history of winter sports in Canada. The colored illustrations, a full list of which will be found in another part of this page, will be in every way suited for preserving, by framing or otherwise, and will, we hope, add largely to the interest with which the accounts of the Carnival will be received by those who have not the good fortune to be present in person.

We publish this week, albeit somewhat tardily, a portrait of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, of whose personality I spoke two issues back. It is rather noticeable that Harper's Weekly, in an otherwise well written article on the subject, speaks of Dr. Benson as an adherent of the Broad Church party, to which indeed the traditions of the Archiepiscopate may seem to have a leaning. As a matter of fact, when the present Archbishop was appointed to the newly-created See of Truro, great hopes were entertained that his views would at all events not go beyond those of his late patron, the Bishop of Lincoln. But his uncompromising utterances in reference to Church matters, and especially his scant tolerance of Nonconformity, as evinced by his attack on the Liberation Society, have long since shown him to be a decided High Churchman, and as such destined to bring about some very decided changes in the feeling with which that party has been regarded. The best known and most characteristic figure in the Broad Church ranks is still Prof. Jowett, of Balliol, and between him and Benson there probably exists as little real sympathy of views, as similarity of character and appearance. True, as has been remarked, Benson was a great admirer, and in some sense a protégé of the late Samuel Wilberforce, but apart from the doubtful allegiance which "Soapy Sam" bestowed upon any cut and dried party in the Church, there are, at all events, as ardent admirers of the late Bishop of Oxford amongst the ranks of the extreme High Church party as anywhere else in the Church.

It is, I believe, a fact not generally known that the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford has just thrown out a proposal to admit ladies to the University degree by a majority of only five votes. Lady scholars may, therefore, hope that their rights will now be early recognized at Oxford—probably within the next year.

Anthony Trollope was wont to say that he was the most voluminous of all novelists; and, considering the comparatively short time within which he did his work, he was certainly very voluminous. But he must surely be nowhere with Mrs. Oliphant. This lady has at the present time one novel, "The Ladies Lindores," running through Blackwood's Magazine; another, "The Wizard's Son," running through Macmillan's; a story, "The Lady's walk," publishing in Longman's. Besides this, she edits Blackwood's Foreign Classics for English Readers, and writes not a few of them. Only the other day she produced three large volumes of what she called A History of English Literature; and now yet another novel is advertised by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, It was a Lover and his Lass. A wonderful woman, indeed! Such work as this ceases, of course, to be an intellectual question; it becomes purely a physical one. How, being supplied only, as one presumes, with the ordinary number of hands and fingers allotted to a human being—how does she do it? Certainly she cannot grumble against the niggardliness of Nature, as another wonderful woman of ancient times did. But the latter—immortalized by Gibbon, or, as some say, slandered—complained of being retarded in a very different line of business.