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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Aug. 19th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Aug. 22nd, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	76	64	70	Mon.	72	55	63.5
Tues.	71	57	64	Tues.	75	57	66
Wed.	74	56	65	Wed.	79	62	70.5
Thur.	74	58	66	Thur.	79	64	71.5
Fri.	77	61	69	Fri.	78	64	71
Sat.	77	66	71.5	Sat.	68	51	59.5
Sun.	79	65	72	Sun.	73	52	62

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 25, 1883.

THE WEEK.

CHOLERA is rapidly diminishing in Egypt and all fears of its dissemination in Europe have been dispelled.

CANADA is once more in the first rank. Our team won the honors at Shoeburyness, and bear back the trophy.

THE Republicans are making steady headway in France. Complete returns of voting in the elections for Councils General show a largely increased gain for the Republicans.

THE Count of Chambord had a relapse during the week, and his condition was very critical for a couple of days, but he has since rallied. He is by no means out of danger, however.

THE telegraphers' strike is at an end. The loss has been heavy to the operators, the companies and the public. A little understanding after the battle might perhaps mend the whole trouble.

THE visit of the Ontario Press Association to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay district was in every respect satisfactory and must necessarily result in the promotion of mutual understanding and good feeling.

THE Gazette and the Globe have not yet come to agree on the figure of Mr. Mowat's majority in the Ontario Legislature. The latter claims a majority of 12; the former holds that the Ministry will have hardly any votes to spare outside of its own.

THE building of the Canadian Pacific Railway is one of the marvels of the age. No line has been so rapidly or so well constructed. It has now reached Calgary, 850 miles beyond Winnipeg, and that event will be duly celebrated by a notable gathering of railway and other officials.

MR. MACDONALD, the factor of the Cluny estate, is on his way to Canada, sent by Lady Cathcart to visit settlers from her estates and ascertain their condition, with a view of facilitating the settlement in the Dominion of others of her tenants who are able and willing to strike out for themselves and make homes in the North-West.

THE situation in Spain is deepening in gravity; the revolt is both civic and military and directly against the Monarchy.

BY the removal of Admiral Pierre from the command of the Madagascar squadron, and the appointment of M. Waddington, as Minister to the Court of St. James, the Government of the French Republic has taken steps of conciliation that ought to be reciprocated in Great Britain. The two countries are the leaders of civilization and ought to stand by one another.

WHILE our Canadian crop may not prove quite as abundant as was expected, it will be above the average, and we shall have plenty to spare to supply the deficiencies of other countries. The English crop, for instance, is estimated at two million quarters less than that of 1882.

THE progress of religion in the North-West is evidenced from the fact that it has been decided to separate from their respective dioceses such portions of the Diocese of Rupert's Land and the Saskatchewan as were comprised within the district of Assiniboia and form them into a new diocese to be known as the Diocese of Assiniboia.

COLLECTOR ROBERTSON received a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury recently authorizing him to order the inspectors to pass the baggage of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and his friends without examination. Lord Coleridge is expected to arrive here from England to-day or to-morrow. The compliment of permitting him to escape the annoyance of the customs inspectors is a distinguished one. This privilege is very rarely accorded by the Treasury Department, and can be given only by the personal order of the Secretary himself. The Collector said yesterday that Lord Coleridge is the first traveller upon whom this honor has been bestowed during his term of office.

THE following notice given by N. G. Hill, Police Magistrate of Clifton, Ont., to Captain J. D. Rhodes, deserves to be preserved as a credit to Canadian common sense and humanity. The paper explains itself:—"I see by paragrahs appearing in the newspapers from time to time that you contemplate attempting to swim the Whirlpool Rapids below the Niagara Falls. I beg to notify you and all others that you will not be permitted to carry out your mad project if you attempt to take the water from the Canadian shore. I presume the American authorities will also take precautions to prevent a repetition of the Capt. Webb disaster. From what you are reported to have said about the rapids and your plan of operations, you evidently know nothing about the former. Your attempt to reach your lifeboat as your promise is impossible. To moor one at the point indicated would be far more impracticable than to board a railway train going thirty miles an hour. If humanity would be benefited in any way by the sacrifice of other lives in this kind of experiment it might be well to accept your offering. Capt. Webb was not prevented from taking his fatal swim because no one supposed for a moment that he would actually undertake what was proposed. Now that the result has proved the existence of this new kind of insanity, the Ontario police at this point will see to it that fresh victims of the malady are cared for."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Get married, my boy? Telemachus, come up close and look me right in the eye, and listen to me with both ears. Get married. If you never do another thing in the world, marry. You can't afford it? Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that your salary won't cover. And your father was just as good a man at your age as you are now. Certainly you can afford to marry. You can't afford not to. No, I'm not going to quote that tiresome old saying that what will keep one person will keep two, because it won't. A thousand dollar salary won't keep two one thousand dollar people, but it will keep two five hundred dollar people nicely, and that's all you are, just now, my boy. You need not wince or get angry. Let me tell you, a young man who rates in the world as a five hundred dollar man, all the year round,

Monday as well as Saturday, the day after Christmas just as well as the day before; the fifth of July as well as the third, he is going to rate higher every year, until he is a partner almost before he hoped to be bookkeeper. Good reliable five hundred dollar young men are not such a drug in the market as you suppose. You marry, and your wife will bring tact, and love, and skill, and domestic economy that will early double your salary. But you would have to deny yourself many little luxuries and liberties! Certainly you would; or rather you'd willingly give them up for greater luxuries. And you don't want to shoulder the burdens and cares of married life? I see you do not. And I see what you do not realize, perhaps—that all your objections to marriage are mean and selfish. You haven't given one manly reason for not marrying. If you do marry you are going into a world of new cares, new troubles, new embarrassments. You are going to be careful and worried about many things. You are going to be tormented with household cares and perplexities all new and untried to you. You are going to be pestered and bothered and troubled. You will have to walk the floor with ten pounds of baby and a barrel full of colic, when you are nearly crazy for sleep. You will have to tell stories to the children when you want to read. You will have to mend a toy for young Tom when you ought to be writing letters. You will have to stay at home in the evening when you used to go to the club. The baby will rumple your necktie and the other children will trample into your lap with their dusty shoes. Your wife will have so much to do looking after the comfort of her husband and children that she won't be able to play and sing for you every evening, as your sweetheart did. Your time will not be your own, and you will have less leisure and freedom for fishing and shooting excursions, camps in the mountains and yachting trips along the coast, than your bachelor friends of your own age. I admit all this. But then, you will be learning self denial, you will be living for some one else; you will be loving some one better than you love yourself, and more than a thousand fold that compensates for all that you give up.

Why, you want to remain single now, my boy, just because you are selfish. And the longer you stay single the more this selfishness will grow upon you. There are some noble exceptions among bachelors, I know, and some mean ones among married men; and a selfish married man needs killing more than any other man I know, but as a rule—just look around your own friends and see who are the unselfish men; who it is that gives up his seat in a street car to a woman—not a pretty, young girl, but a homely, wrinkled woman in a shabby dress; who is it that heads the charity subscriptions; who pays the largest pew rent; who feeds the beggars; who find work for the tramp; who are the men foremost in unselfish work? I know your young bachelor friends are not stingy. Oh, no. I know Jack Fastboy paid \$570 last week for a new buggy—it is light as a match box and has such a narrow seat that he never can ask a friend to ride with him; and at the same time Dick Slocum, who married your sister Alice five years ago, gave \$250 for the cyclone sufferers. I think the angels laughed all that afternoon, my boy, but I don't think it was because Jack paid \$570 for his new buggy. If you want to shirk the responsibilities of life, my dear boy, you may; if you want to live forty or fifty years longer with no one under the heavens to think about or care for or plan for but yourself, go ahead and do it; you will be the only loser, the world won't miss you nearly so much as you will miss the world; you will have a mean, lonely, selfish, easy time, and, unless you are a rare exception to your class, little children will hate you, and the gods never yet loved any man whom the children disliked.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 23.

THE literary Hungarians who have been feted so brilliantly by the Parisians have asked for their revenge, and, as a consequence, a return visit had been arranged by a number of Parisian literary men.

THE new decoration for *Mérite Agricole* is now being worn by many who seem proud of it. The color of the ribbon is green, and it is mistaken for an Italian order. The cultivators are recipients excluding the cultivators of letters.

THE marriage of the Prince de Valori to Miss Alexina Louise Bouvier, of Philadelphia, will shortly take place, the banns having been published last week. The bride is the sister of the late Mrs. Frank Drexel.

THE Municipality of Paris have voted 3,190 francs to the purchase from the Government of fragments of the Tuileries, to be placed in the Hotel Carnavalet, formerly Mme. de Sevigne's residence, and now a museum of Parisian history.

HANDKERCHIEFS are now made to match each toilet. If the dress is of apple-green and dark green combined, the handkerchief must have a centre of the light-green linen and a border of the olive-green. Some new handkerchiefs are cut in an octagon and have the days of the week in each of the seven corners and the name of the owner in the eighth.

MARIANNE'S TRAGEDY.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"They are all poor things," said Marianne, pushing aside the book. "I'll write a better one myself."

"You'll be lucky if you don't live one, Blue-Rose," called in a voice through the open window. "If ever any one was cut out before hand to make high tragedy of life, it is you."

The young girl turned and glanced over her shoulder, making a pretty, mocking gesture.

"Prophet! what makes you prophesy that?" she said, demurely.

"Many things compel me." Aubrey Lynn sat down on the low carved oak sill of the window, and, taking his hat off, disclosed the pale harmony of fair, close-cut curling hair, straight features, and waving beard—the greatest contrast to that girl-face opposite him, rich with soft olive color, broad velvet cheeks, and hair and eyes purple-h in blue-black hue.

For sake of that rich color Aubrey Lynn had named his cousin, when first he saw her, the Blue Rose.

"The bold originality of your ideas, my Blue Rose," he went on, "and the vigor with which you express some astonishing sentiments lead me to conclude that, if possible, you will make a mess of your life; it will be all high tragedy, with yourself in the leading part. You will likewise make enemies. But of that hereafter."

The young girl leaned back in her chair, lifted her soft, dusky arms above her head. She clasped her hands, smiling meditatively.

"I don't see how one can make a tragedy of life in these days, my cousin Aubrey," she said.

"Where are the materials to be got from? The men are poor things; they smoke and try to make money—they smoke always. It is disgusting. If you ask a man to do you a service he stops first to fling away a cigarette; the women—" she paused and looked about her as if in search of some brilliant idea hiding thereabouts, but her search was evidently not successful. "The women—are poor things, too," she finished tamely.

"I wish you would not call me your cousin," was Aubrey's sole, angry response.

"Why do you call me Blue Rose? You know how I detest the name," was the girl's retort.

"Will you compromise," he asked, eagerly.

"If I give up Blue Rose, will you promise never to say Cousin again. You know we are not cousins, really—only third or fourth, and that this red line counts nothing. For purposes of consanguinity it was worn thinner than water long ago."

"Ah, well! what does it matter whether the degree is first or third, if we only feel like cousins." The beautiful gold-brown creature fixed, with a tantalizing smile, her velvety eyes on her companion. One might have fancied she took strange pleasure in tormenting him—there were piercing stings veiled in her soft manner.

"Brother and sister could not care for each other more than we do, you know," she finished.

Aubrey gazed at her with baffled eyes. He was helpless in her hands. But presently he burst out:

"If you call me 'cousin' I never will answer you, Marianne—never. I—I hate it. I—I don't wish to be related to anybody. I detest relationships of all sorts."

He stopped. The door beyond, opening into a lofty hall, swung back, and a new comer entered on the scene. The intruder was a man, older than the others, with a face that, clear-cut as out of yellow ivory, would nevertheless have been plain but for its look of power and for the flashing brilliancy of the great deep black eyes.

"What is the trouble, now?" asked a new voice—but what a voice. A high-hung bell cutting wintry air may have such a sweet, clear, piercing sound. "Are you wrangling, you two?"

"It's not a quarrel yet," With rather a quelled air the gypsy turned away, gathering up her fobius. "What do you think, Jasper; here if Aubrey disclaiming me as a cousin; he thinks any tawny stain shows poorly against his blue blood."

Jasper Radcliffe fixed those luminous eyes of his, with no smile in their flash, on Marianne's face.

"Oh, indeed; but you can wait for revenge when it is your lot to cast him off."

He walked up to Aubrey, putting a gentle hand on the youth's shoulder. There was genuine love in his eyes, making them beautiful as a woman's now.

"Come, old fellow, I want your company. I've an invitation down to Creedmoor to the shooting-match. It includes you; so we must keep to our practice. Suppose we try a bout now?"

Aubrey got up readily enough, but he looked at Marianne. She did not so much as glance that way, but there was recentfulness as well as tears in the large, dark gaze she fixed on Jasper, who passed out without so much as a glance at her.

The house belonging to the estate known as Redvale, where these people dwell, was built high; it overlooked all the country about in that wild Kaatskill region. It was an old-style house, framed in harmony with its surroundings, with gables and carved porches and lattice casements.

A place where beauty might act its life-drama out and ever feel at home.

It was late when the gentlemen came in. The sun was going down in billows of flowing color.