

CHRISTMAS, 1869,—NEW YEAR, 1870,

PRESENTS

OPERA GLASSES.

MAGIC

LANTERNS

MICROSCOPES.

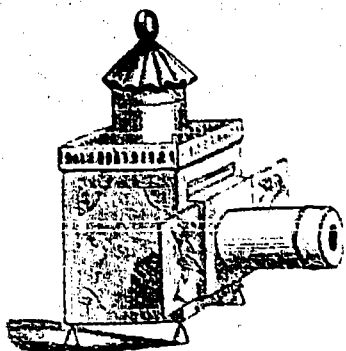
SPECTACLES.

STEREOSCOPES.

TELESCOPES.

Thermometers.

COMPASSES, &c.



PRESENTS

DRAWING

Instruments.

BILLIARD BALLS.

MODEL ENGINES.

Electrified Toys.

Pocket Magnets.

GOLD

EYEGLASSES.

Globes, &c.

IMMENSE IMPORTATIONS OF ALL THE ABOVE AT
HEARN'S, THE OLD SPECTACLE STORE.

NOTRE DAME STREET.

SIGN OF THE ADMIRAL.

ORDNANCE LANDS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

(OTTAWA, 30th NOVEMBER, 1869.)

SEIGNIORY OF SOREL.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that up to the 15th day of January next, (1870) Tenders will be received at this office for the purchase of the *rentes constituées* or ground rents of 1st in the Town of William Henry, and in the Country parts of the Seigniorie of Sorel.

The Annual amount of the above *rentes constituées* is \$2,200, or thereabouts, representing at 6 per cent. a capital sum of \$36,000, or thereabouts.

Parties tendering will name a block sum as the price offered—One-third to be paid down on signing deed; one-third in two years from that date, and the remaining one-third in four years from the same date, with interest at the rate of six per cent. until payment of unpaid balance.

Purchaser will also be expected to furnish good and sufficient security for the perfect payment of instalments outstanding and unpaid, and for the performance of all the conditions of sale.

The Department does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders which may be made.

Further information may be obtained on application at this Department, where Plans of the Seigniorie may be seen, and also at the office of James Armstrong, Esq., Q. C., at Sorel.

HECTOR L. LANGEVIN,

Secretary of State.

(CHAS. ALEXANDER & SONS,

301, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CONFECTIONERS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MARRIAGE BREAKFASTS.

SUPPER PARTIES.

MADE DISHES.

All Kinds to Order.

Chocolates, Caramels, French Cream Goods.

LUNCHEONS, COLD MEATS, TEA AND COFFEE.

From 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.



LAMB'S WOOL UNDERCLOTHING, White

and Shetland.

HAND-KNIT SCOTCH HALF-HOSE.

HAND-KNIT do. KNICKERBOCKER HOSE.

for Snow-Shoeing.

FLANNEL SHIRTS, all sizes and qualities.

WHITE SHIRT COLLARS, NECK-TIES, &c., &c.

P. T. PATTON & CO.,

Importers and Manufacturers.

415, NOTRE DAME STREET, cor. St. Peter.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR

having graciously permitted the publication of the

PORTRAITS

TAKEN OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

At my Studio, on October 9, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in *Cortes de Visite* Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relievo, with an assortment of suitable Frames for the same.

WM. NOTMAN,

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN.

MONTREAL,

OTTAWA,

TORONTO,

AND

HALIFAX.

Orders by Post will now receive

PROMPT ATTENTION.

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, for the first time, meets its readers on the joyful occasion of the returning Christmas festival. We, therefore, greet them with some share of the reserve appertaining to a newly-made friendship, but with all the heartfelt sincerity of an old one when we wish them "A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS and many happy returns of the season."

It is a pleasant interruption to the hum-drum of everyday life when the ordinary "good morning" and the "how d'ye-do"—the questioner never waiting for your answer—give place to the cordial greetings of the Christmas season; when friends long apart join together in the grateful task of giving and receiving pleasure; when the scattered members of the family circle reunite under the paternal roof, to drink again at the fountain of home joys, revive the ardour of old affections, and reanimate the tender impulses of the heart, so often dulled by the hard routine of this work-a-day world. Though Christmas is no longer the carnival of enjoyment it used to be in former days; though many of the peculiarities of its jovial celebration have disappeared, the ever-changing world having outgrown their indulgence, yet let us hope that the good and the charitable in these abandoned customs; the leal spirit of the gay old Christmas king—kindness to all, pleasure and sumptuous entertainment to friends, and liberal benefactions to the poor, still inspire the observance of the Christmas holidays.

Other thoughts will obtrude themselves, even in the

midst of a Christmas merry-making. "There is a skeleton in every house," saith the proverb; and the philosophic Roman of old placed a skull upon his table lest his guests might forget they were mortal. There is an "empty chair" in many an otherwise happy household, an empty chamber in many a once joyous heart. But shall Christmas be less cheery, because new faces are growing into fullness and old ones fading into dim shadows? Shall we sup with the ghosts of our fondest memories? Even so, why do it sadly? Would it not be better to enjoy the season as the absent ones would wish we should enjoy it? Changing as are the forms of festal celebrations, the human feelings, through all the long vista of the years, are varied only by a little hardness here and a little softness there—a brighter light of benevolence now and a deeper shade of selfishness then—the elevation of sentiment, or the slavery of impulse—as the influences of their surroundings guide them towards high and noble aspirations, or drive them back into the stiffly fended fold of churlish individualism. The Christmas season, albeit the elements without are cold and freezing, is the season most fruitful of generous impulses; and if we have no longer "Lord and vassal" to mingle in the common revel, we have the rich and the poor—the giver and the recipient—the chosen objects of charity's double blessing. And glad we are to believe that at this time, so necessitous to the poor, the rich and the well-to-do are lavish of their bounty. So may it ever be in the cities and the towns and the country places of our beloved Canada!

To the Christian heart the Christmas festival has higher and holier associations than those which cluster round the family hearth, or entwine themselves in the bonds of personal friendship. Rather, we should say, the Christmas festival ennobles and sanctifies these most admirable of human feelings by associating them in the heart of the Christian with the grandest of the mysteries of religion—God made man for the hope and salvation of the world. It is the memory of this event permeating the thoughts and influencing the lives of men, which has made the "glad tidings," bringing joy to all the people, true, in a material and social sense, as well as in the spiritual intent with which they were proclaimed. Poetry and Art have exhausted their most brilliant conceptions in their efforts to fill up to the measure of the human imagination the love, and the grandeur, and the mystery inspiring, attending and enshrouding the coming upon earth of the Promised One; and human genius itself, elevated beyond its sphere, by the contemplation of this solemn and mysterious theme, has therein achieved its greatest triumphs in the realization of the Sublime and the Beautiful. Thus in Literature and in Art, as in social life, do we discover the elevating influences of the great Christian festival.

The Christmas season invites us also to bid good-bye to the closing year. So intimately does it mark the periodical return of the time for "taking stock" in the great and little affairs of life that commence, ever cunning, ever quick to gild its operations, has even borrowed its genial generous name, to render palatable its demands for payment by calling them "Christmas bills!" While the merchants compounded for this liberty with the name of the King of Good Cheer, by making a "Christmas present" to their customers, there was some excuse for them. But if they should set their faces against this good old custom, we beseech them to cease taking advantage of the liberal inspiration of the time, and to call their periodical exactions for favours received "New Year's accounts." Even this association of "Christmas" with the closing up of matters of trade, shows how deeply the traditions of the festival have been interwoven in the thoughts and habits of men; while the zeal of everybody to perpetuate the glorious Christmas myth of Santa Claus, which brings so much of genuine happiness to the little folks at home, is a singular tribute to the jollity and kind feeling underlying the Christmas observances of the social circle. May these observances, however they change their form to adapt them to new conditions or tastes of society, never lose the spirit of affection and the desire to confer happiness upon others, in which they had their origin. Their recognition keeps alive the love of home, which in its turn, breeds the love of country, and thus the well-ordered, cheerful household becomes, in its happy Christmas reunions, the nursery of patriots.

"FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF COAL, PLEASE?"

It was a very small quantity of coal, a few pounds, ten or fifteen at the outside. The basket in which it was to be carried home was a very small, well-worn basket, and the little boy, who so modestly preferred his very modest request, to the great owner of the great coal yard, was a very small boy indeed. But it sounded strangely in the Christmas time, when the winds were sharp, and the frosts so keen, to hear the little fellow come up in his subdued way, and whisper his order over the coal merchant's counter—"five cents' worth of

coal, please?" What will five cents' worth of coal do towards warming a household? Will it make even one good genial fire? Such were the queries which instantly arose in our mind, as we stood beside this very small retail customer, on a similar errand, but in dissimilar proportion.

"Five cents' worth!" Well! it was like the lad. As he approached the office, the sharp wind blowing against his scanty garments, brought into view, the sharper outline of his tiny limbs; and as he entered, there was a confused struggle for the mastery on his little countenance between the blue and the red, which the cold begets; but neither blue nor red made much by the attempt, for the predominating colour of the thin face was an ashy pale, like a dull sheet of yellow wove paper, and while the ears had yielded to the red, and the lips had surrendered to the blue, all the rest which was visible appeared a consenting, if not a willing, captive to the pallid shade begotten of slim fare. We do not wish to spoil the digestion of our readers, or destroy their appetite for their Christmas dinners by reciting the story of this small coal buyer. Indeed, we do not know it. There he came to make his purchase, not hesitatingly, as if he were ashamed of the mission, not exultingly, as if proud of it; but quietly, and business-like, and withal, wearing an air of satisfaction, as if the work were welcome. If a street arid, he was not a wild one. The small regular features, aged somewhat in expression, by the pinched, hunger-look pervading them, were not such as to challenge sympathy at a glance; and there was that in his tone, which plainly shewed that he enjoyed the errand; and at the same time such a matter of course turn in his actions as indicated that it was not by any means an unusual one. The inexpressive eyes, verging on cold-gray, which should (and, perhaps under other treatment, would) have been blue, told no very eloquent tale, unless indeed the tale of a very hard life, seemingly borne with patience, and without the knowledge of a better. But the lack-lustre expression of so young a pair of eyes might suggest some thoughts on the leadening influences of long-continued hardship; and the genial Christmas season, which opens the hearts and the purse-strings of the rich, is a fitting time to consider the claims of such waifs of humanity to the commiseration and material aid of their more fortunate fellow-creatures.

Where did he get the five cents? Were they set aside, after a painful calculation as to how the little family store might be best divided to secure the means of another day's subsistence? Were they acquired by the speculative industry of the investor, or, were they a fraction of the latest earnings of his father or mother? Whichever way they came, their investment shows a subdivision of the family expenditure, which is painfully suggestive of the lowest range of the power of self-sustenance. When fuel has to be bought by the five cents' worth, there can be little means on hand for laying in much store of other necessities. How much of bread and meat, how much of clothing, in the family which, with a fire fed on five cents' worth of coal, battles against the grim North King? "From hand-to-mouth" has a significance bordering on the horrible, in the light of such a small purchase. There is no field for economy on so close a margin. The poor are too poor to be economical. They cannot take advantage of times and seasons to lay in their stores. When the markets are the least their needs are generally the greatest, and their means the least; and—what household can enjoy "a merry Christmas" with only five cents' worth of coal?

The C. I. News dons a new title this week, which, it is hoped, will be recognized as some improvement on the old one. The chief object in making the change is to permit the insertion, from time to time, of *vignette* illustrations of the cities and principal towns of Canada. We begin with a view of the City of Montreal.

In reply to a question recently asked in a friendly quarter, we beg to state that the "C. I. N." publishes this week, two short stories, written by Canadians, and that one of them—"In the Snow"—is faithfully Canadian in incident. We commence also this week a tale, from the prolific pen of Mrs. Leprohon, the scenes of which are laid in Canada. Other papers are under consideration, and will be judged in the hope that patrons of literature, in the Dominion, will give a patriotic preference to the "native" over the foreign productions. Is our querist satisfied?

"CHRISTMAS EVE," and "HOME SCENES."—The shops are gay on Christmas Eve, brilliant with the glare of light, and gorgeous in the display of the wares. "Christmas gifts," and "holiday presents" of all varieties, and at every price, with crowds of happy customers laying in their treasures, to be distributed by Santa Claus when the little folks are sleeping, to be stuffed into stockings, or hung upon Christmas trees, and to spread joy and admiration in the household. There are some, however, who are fain to content themselves with a wistful look at the shop-windows; but even to these the Christmas Eve brings comfort in the person of some charitable visitor, whose donations, though not confined to the season, are, nevertheless, then marked by more than usual liberality. The dance, and the merry sleigh ride, and the toboggan are benignantly looked upon by the jolly Old King, and the turkey comes apace for the Christmas dinner. But our artist has anticipated these and other events incidental to the celebration of Christmas, and to his sketches we beg to refer the reader.

The Local Government of New Brunswick is now in session.