

only to send for a quart of oysters, which will cost them 50 cents, and they may make a stew for a family. We heard a gentleman the other day while tasting oysters at Buss's remark that his throat seemed to feel as if it was two miles long and little angels were kissing it all the way down. The new brand for his Barnegatt's, a most delicious and delicate oyster, is a star. All those who give oyster parties during Christmas time, whether in the Country or the City, have only to send their orders to

J. B. BUSS,

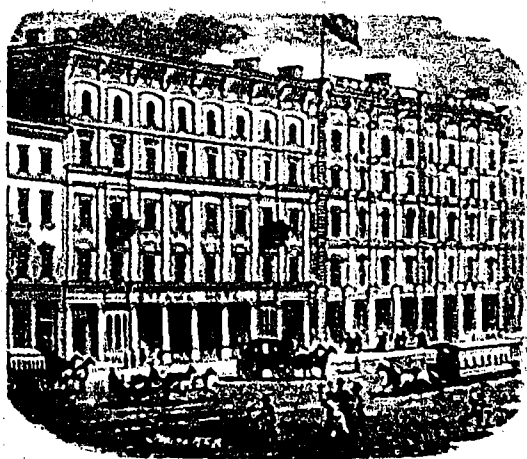
No. 17, PLACE D'ARME,

And they will be promptly attended to.

#### HOTELS.

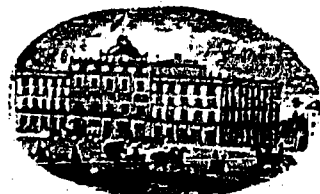
The Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. It is unnecessary to tell our Toronto readers anything about their hotels, and, indeed, most of our readers from Quebec to Ottawa know which are the best hotels to sojourn at. But there are still thousands that our two holiday numbers will reach who are perhaps about visiting Toronto, or are perhaps going further West. Well, there is the Queen's at Toronto, facing the lovely Bay and Lake of Ontario, it is sumptuously furnished, good Reading-rooms, capital Billiard-parlour to relieve the irksomeness of a rainy or a snowy day. Then you have a genial proprietor, who possesses none of the wickedness of Richard III., he has some of the charity of Richard Cœur de Lion, and is surnamed Dick, Capt. Thomas Dick. In the Managers, Messrs. Thomas McGaw and Mark H. Irish, (no Fenian) you will find gentlemen who will extend every courtesy, and will, moreover, be willing to give you every information you may require as to the Public Buildings, Drives, &c.

We have just left the Falls. The old, familiar hotels are closed. The International is boarded round to keep out stray boys and other interlopers. The Cataract is the same. Across the Suspension Bridge we called at the Clifton House, from whence you obtain so grand a sight of those ever moving, ever thundering, and eternally gliding, crushing Falls. The frosty cones were rising at the base, the mighty, rough rocks were prismatic in their new coat of ice, while the trees glistened, ice helmeted to the tops, and snow-clad to the tip ends of their branches. People must see, should see Niagara, in winter, its weird, pure, crystal adorned, white spreading beauty, over rock and stone, tree and shrub, and its cold spray falling like the frozen breath of nature, is not to be, cannot be, forgotten. Well, the Spencer House is open; the train takes you close to the door. It is a first-class, new hotel, is kept open all the year round, and has accommodation for 300 guests. A. Gluck, Esq., is Proprietor. "He can keep an hotel." The amiable Col. Barber, of the G. T. Railway, is there always in winter.



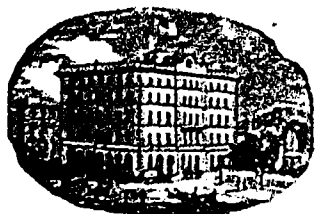
OTTAWA HOTEL.

The Proprietors of this hotel have had long experience in hotel-keeping in the States. They have gone to great expense in frescoing and decorations generally, and although the hotel is unexceptionably a first-class one, yet the charge is only \$2.50 per day. There are hot and cold baths on every floor. The hotel has two frontages, one on Notre Dame Street, and one on St. James Street, and our readers can perceive by the illustration the extent of the building.



ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

To inform the people of Montreal that Hogan & Co. keep first-class hotels—which are an honour to the Dominion—would be simply invidious. But as this Christmas Number will be sent to not only every part of the Dominion, but to thousands in the States and in Europe, we may perhaps inform them that Hogan and Co. are Proprietors of the St. Lawrence Hall, on St. James Street, and the St. James, on Victoria Square.



ST. JAMES HOTEL.

Mr. Samuel Montgomery is the Manager, and is well assisted by another gentleman. They have both been in the States. The St. Lawrence is the oldest and best known; there we will find a cuisine unsurpassed, rooms and apartments not only elegantly, but sensibly furnished, and with all the English comforts. The clerks have been well known for years for their courtesy and urbanity even to strangers. The same may be said of the St. James, which is charmingly situated, facing a Square with delightful shrubbery and fountains. To families desiring a quiet home, most reasonable terms can be made for permanent board. In both hotels every modern improvement has been introduced, and the personal experience of old travellers, we believe, being the best criterion as to judgment, we therefore recommend our readers from all parts to rest here and be thankful.

Fred. Gerikan, Esq., desires to announce that at the St. James Hotel they have opened a Restaurant on the Delmonico style, and that oysters of the best quality, fried, broiled, or stewed, are always on hand.

#### "A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

It is curious to note that History in unravelling the customs and manners of nations antecedent to our own always expends a great measure of words on the jewels and ornaments of the women. Even the explorers of Nineveh and Pompeii, the Layards and the Rawlinsons, love to linger over the descriptions of the ornaments of the Queens of Egypt and the Princesses of the Greeks and the Romans. Travel through the British Museum or the Kensington Museum in London, and there you will see how every nation is represented, and its tastes exemplified, by either the exquisiteness of its jewelled ornaments or the barbarous trinkets of iron and brass that ornamented the nostrils, ears, and even lips of the uncouth, uncivilized, and depraved savage. Here you will see the delicate and exquisite workmanship of a Saladin's adornment, the magnificent jewels of Tippoo Sahib, or the wrought crown of an Antony. In reading of the exploration of a Pompeii in these modern times how painful it is after the lapse of ages to read of a skeleton, with its bequiled hands and its coronet of gold telling perhaps of beauty, youth and love triumphs, buried in a moment by an earthquake and the hot ashes of a Vesuvius. To adorn with gold and with precious stones was the love even of a Solomon in all his glory, and the Queen of Sheba was glittering with flashing gems as she came into his presence. Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, and Pearls, from that time, have had a genealogy more perfect than any Emperor or King. The Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light, the Regent, the Brunswick, and the Brazil Gems are as well-known by every lapidary in Europe, and their history as the Quarter-at-Arms of Great Britain can tell you

of Baron or Earl, or Knight. Who so phlegmatic but that is aroused to admiration at the display of splendid gems? Who can forget the gorgeous glitter of fire and rainbow hued flashes that changed like the chameleon or a summer sunset before the eye at the Paris Exhibition. There were gems there by the Million of Pounds Sterling; one lady, we remember, the Countess of Dudley, had jewels on exhibition worth £30,000. But the glory of all sights, to our poor eyes, was the Dress Opera given to the Sultan at London in 1867. The house was literally a blaze; it was fairy land; it surpassed all one can read of in the "Arabian Nights." Aladdin's lamp could do no more: a world of manly elegance and sumptuous female beauty dazzling the eye and the senses with Coronets, Necklaces, Brooches, Stars of Honour, Egretries on Oriental Turbans, India Shawls, and bejewelled forms. It proved the love of all for ornament; go into a country village, far into the backwoods, amid the log-houses and the savages, and your Pioneer's wife shall have her Ear-rings and her Brooch; your Squaw, Bobeloshin or Papoose shall have their Necklace; your Chief of a Tribe shall have his Robes adorned and decorated with Beads of all colours.

But to us, who believe in proper adornment and ornament, we know that we must neither aspire to the Egretries of an Austrian Prince, nor do we desire to imitate the trash of the vulgar.

Jewellery well made, of a tasty pattern and of genuine quality, is ever becoming, whether on man or woman, and our houses are the same; their adornments are an exemplification of the character of the ruling spirits that preside there.

Now that Christmas is come again, of course we are preparing to add to our household gods, we are hesitating and wondering what best to give to those we admire and cherish; we are perhaps making up our minds to add to our plate or our decorative ornaments. Well, just walk fearlessly into Savage, Lyman & Co.,—the Hancock's, the Goddard's, the Emanuel's of Montreal. Here is an assortment of goods that would set the Uhlans of the Prussian Army mad to discover. Jewellery of every imaginable description: Gold Bracelets, Brooches, and Ear-rings with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, Opals, Carbuncles, Oriental Garnets and Amethysts; Necklaces, Neck Chains for Pendants and Lockets, Gold Rings with solitaires and clusters of Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls, &c.; Gold Seals, Charms, Crosses, Studs, Collar Buttons, Cameos carved, Jet Jewellery, Bog Oak Jewellery, Watches Gold and Silver, Chronometers by the celebrated Ulysse Nardin, Keyless, Repeating and Hunting.

Ladies' Beautiful Gold Watches from Switzerland of the newest pattern; Clocks in gilt, in marble, or in bronze—a magnificent variety.

Silver Ware, Electro-Plated Ware, Opera Glasses, Music Boxes, Table Cutlery, Leather Goods, Dressing Bags.

Bronze Goods, Figures and Statuettes, Papier Maché Ware, Work-Tables and Handkerchief Boxes.

The public are invited to call and view this unparalleled stock of goods, which has never been approached in the Dominion.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.

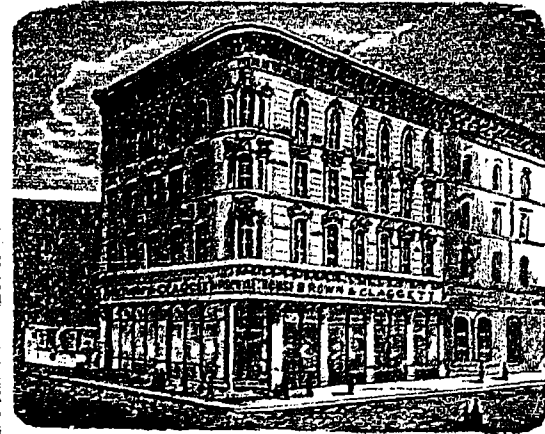
271, NOTRE DAME STREET,

Montreal.

#### HOUSES AND LANDS.

There are thousands of our own citizens and innumerable strangers here that find a difficulty in obtaining residences to suit them. We have probably as select and as well-built dwellings in this city as there are in the whole Dominion, and not only in the heart of the city, but in the suburbs there are villas and houses offering the most tempting homes. The surroundings are perfect, and one could almost believe that he were dwelling in some lovely home in Kent or Middlesex, when he sees the charming grounds here in spring. Mr. JAMES MEIN, 198, St. James Street, probably possesses the largest list of unlet houses and places for sale of any person in this country. At his Office you can find a list, not only of dwellings to be let in every portion of this Province, but you can also obtain information of beautiful residences that may be purchased

only through his medium. If you want to change your residence, if you want to sell your property, if you want to negotiate a loan upon it, if you want to rent a new store, by all means call upon JAMES MEIN, next to Molson's Bank, and you will receive every information you desire.



RECOLLET HOUSE.

A. T. Stewart was a humble poor boy in Ireland, now he is a millionaire in New York. Marshall & Snelgrove in Oxford Street, London, are a firm not easily to be overtaken, and certainly Brown & Claggett represent and are firm not easily to be forgotten. Having a buyer that travels throughout the Manufacturing Districts of Europe; understanding as they do the wants of the people of the Dominion, they have with good judgment and refined taste selected some of the most exquisite goods that have ever been seen here. The silks of Lyons you have in all their airiness, in all their sumptuousness, and in all that *spirituelle*, that gossamer lightness that fascinates the belles of this city.

But above all they have that solidity of goods that delight an Englishman. Blankets are a vulgarism, but there is a warmth in them that in these snow-clad nights would cheer even a bridal nature. Here they are to be found. Then silks; oh, how those tiny silkworms glow and work on the Mulberry trees from Japan and China and India; they produce textures soft as the first sweet breath of morn; then these skeins are woven, and their fabrications become a necessity for all the fashionables and the wild weird stage and the sombre matron by the Christmas fireside.

Then comes wool. Wool from Somersetshire, wool from Australia, wool from Persia like Henderson possesses, wool from the Caucasus, wool warm, wool so naturally antagonistic to the cold regions of this north. How sumptuous the shirts are woven; what a wealth of climatic comfort there is in them; then the drawers, blankets, coverlids and socks are usually good. The wild winds may whistle through the valleys, the frost may come with death's chill in his hands, but the warmth of these English and French flannels may subdue all these snow-clad sensations.

But, Ladies of Montreal, parties are coming, soirees will replace the summer walks, weddings with all the regalia of lovely processions will occupy your attention. Then if Silks, if Velvets, if Moires Antiques, if Irish Poplins, if the most charming of all things that can adorn you, from Roman Maiden to the present period, delights your eye, look at their Tarleton Muslins—perfectly beautiful are these Muslins; for matrons there are no velvets so royally grand; there are no gloves manufactured which can compare with those the Recollet House possesses. Shawls of Brussels Lace, Honiton Lace, Point Lace, Valenciennes—in fact all Laces are here. And then there are such exquisite, delicate, refined, unmentionable goods, that our bachelor being only had a moment for seeing a sight of, so that we cannot describe them. But we rest assured as we walked from one counter to the other that there is a variety of goods that would satisfy anyone.

For the Ball, every element is there to win the forlorn lover.

For the Drawing-Room, there is everything to prove your taste and your refinement in dress.

For presentations, you can select the series from the *Moire Antique* to the simple Muslin.

But if you desire season after season to study fashion, to comprehend the peculiar idiosyncrasies of human nature, you must study here. There is an evidence of a world-wide travel in selections, of a consummate taste not only intuitive, but cultivated, that it would be well if our Dry Goods Merchants could imitate. All that the most severe judge could give his decision on would result in determining that the

RECOLLET HOUSE,

BY

BROWN & CLAGGETT.

CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Helen Streets,

Is the House,

THE DRY GOODS STORE,

THE STEWART'S OF MONTREAL.