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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1881							
Dec. 17th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
Mon.	21	12	16.5	25	15	20	21	21	21	21
Tues.	17	13	15	26	16	21	21	21	21	21
Wed.	27	15	21	18	18	11	11	11	11	11
Thur.	29	25	27	25	18	19	19	19	19	19
Fri.	10	8	9	32	32	21	21	21	21	21
Sat.	11	8	9.5	32	28	28	28	28	28	28
Sun.	16	6	11	10	7	8	8	8	8	8

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1882.

GREETING.

Once more, as the seasons roll round, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to send to our readers those good wishes, which indeed we have for them always, but now, with the rest of the world, speak them out more loudly than at other times.

All the world is brightening under the influence of the great Christian festival which will be with us ere another number of the paper is in your hands. All around us we see preparations. Every night as we go home we submit with a good grace to crowded cars, and parcels of unusual dimensions borne on the knees, in the hands, and peeping out of the pockets of our fellow-passengers, which at other times would cause us to use as bad language as is permitted to an editor; for are they not filled—the parcels, not the people—with presents for large and small. And has not our own wife presented us with a list of goodly dimensions, with instructions to be sure not to forget one of the items in it.

Yes, it is Christmas time sure enough, and this year at least a seasonable one. None of your green Yules, which, according to the old proverb, make a full churchyard, but good, honest snow, and frosty winds, that make us button up our great-coats, and thank God that we have a warm fireside to turn to when our day's work is done. As, alas! perhaps, some amongst us have not. This is not a charity sermon, but a Christmas greeting; but surely we cannot think of our own pleasant cheer and joyous expectations without a side thought, at least, for those who have none of these things, and, it may be, a resolution to help some one to a good Christmas dinner and a warm fire like the one that glows on our own hearth.

For if Christmas brings us joy, as must the birthday of our dearest and most loved friend, so surely most of all it reminds us of what we are most apt to forget—of our common parentage, of the bond of brotherhood which allies us to the whole Christian world beside. If Christmas does not remind us, in the honor we pay to the birth of our Lord, that we are all brothers in him, and as brothers bound to help one another, then surely it is all a sham, and we had better leave aside the name, since we forsake the spirit of Christmas.

We shall be gay this year in Montreal. Everyone is looking forward to a right merry Christmas, and beyond that to a time of unlimited festivity at the Winter Carnival, which will re-

vive a few weeks later all the festivities of the New Year. The ice palace on the St. Lawrence, the torchlight processions through the streets, all these and more are spoken of, and you will hear and see more of them when the time comes. For now, let us only add our own little mite of congratulation to the general sum, and wish you one and all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE LATE SIR HUGH ALLAN.

Last week we could only notice editorially the loss which Montreal had sustained in the sudden death of one of her most eminent citizens. This week we publish on the front page a likeness of the late Sir Hugh Allan taken from a photograph by Notman & Sandham. Sir Hugh Allan was born at Saltcoats, in the County of Ayr, Scotland, on the 29th September, 1810. He was the second son of the late Captain Alexander Allan, who was long and favourably known as a highly popular and successful shipmaster trading between the Clyde and Montreal. In the year 1824 his family removed their residence to Greenock, and in the following Spring (1825), Hugh, being then fourteen years of age, was entered as a clerk in the highly respectable firm of Allan, Kerr & Co. There he acquired some knowledge of the management of ships, and the method of keeping their accounts, and developed a strong liking for that kind of business. After he had been there about a year, his father who was a far-seeing man, and had ulterior views for him, proposed that he should go out to Canada, and this, being in accordance with his own wishes, he at once agreed to the proposal. He sailed from Greenock on the 12th April, 1826. After looking about him for a few days, he obtained a situation as clerk with the firm of William Kerr & Co., then engaged in the dry goods trade in St. Paul St. There he remained a little more than three years, and obtained some acquaintance with goods, besides a general knowledge of mercantile business and book-keeping. The winters were chiefly spent in the country, north of Montreal, in the neighbourhood of Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, where he acquired a knowledge of the French language, and during these years all his spare time was occupied in improving himself in various branches of learning and knowledge.

In 1830 he made a short visit to his native country, preceding it by a tour through Canada and a trip to New York in which he experienced all the vicissitudes of travel incident to those pre-railroad days. Shortly after his return to Montreal he obtained a situation in the house of James Millar & Co., then engaged in building and sailing ships, and as commission merchants. This was congenial employment for him, and he devoted his whole energies to the business. He remained a clerk to the end of the year 1835, when some changes taking place in the establishment, he was admitted a partner with Mr. Millar and Mr. Edmonstone, who had been long connected with the house. The firm then was Millar, Edmonstone & Co. The death of Mr. Millar, in 1838, caused another change, and on the 1st May, 1839, Mr. Edmonstone and Mr. Allan commenced a new partnership. That connection still exists, though other changes have taken place in the partnership since then.

The firm soon after discontinued ship-building, and for some years contented themselves with the management of their ships, and such other business as was entrusted to them, till about the year 1851, when the successful establishment of screw steamers on the Atlantic elicited proposals for a line to the River St. Lawrence. Mr. Allan took up the matter with much interest, and entered into correspondence with various parties on the subject, which resulted in his making an offer to a leading member of the Government then in office in this Province to establish such a line; The Government, however, preferred giving the contract to parties in Great Britain, because, no doubt, they were supposed to be better able to carry it out. It was consequently given to Messrs. McKean, McLarty & Co., of Glasgow. After a trial of about a year and a half, these parties failed to give satisfaction and the Government again threw the contract open to competition.

Mr. Allan once more took up the matter warmly, and through the influence of the Honorable John Rose, the Honorable G. E. Cartier, the Honorable L. T. Drummond and others, a contract was given to him. He had already, with his brothers and business connections, built the steamships Canadian and Indian, which were then profitably employed in the service of the Home Government in the Black Sea, during the Crimean war, and he proceeded at once to England and contracted for two others, the North American and Anglo-Saxon. With these four steamships the line was commenced in the Spring of the year 1856. The service was fortnightly to and from the St. Lawrence during open navigation, and monthly to and from Portland during winter. The performances of the steamers were exceedingly satisfactory, and, though not first attended with much profit, the line was successfully conducted.

In the year 1857, the public began to ask for more frequent communication, and soon after the question was taken up by the Government. It was ultimately determined that the service should be increased to a weekly steamer from each side during the whole year, and, after some negotiation, the Government arranged with Mr.

Allan for the establishment of the increased service. He lost no time in proceeding to England, and contracted for the building of four additional steamers of enlarged size, and on the 1st of May, 1859, the weekly service was commenced, and has ever since been continued.

In addition to the mail contract line of steamers sailing from Liverpool, Mr. Allan with his brothers and connections has also established a line from Glasgow. Besides the line of steamships to Liverpool and Glasgow, Mr. Allan and his friends own a large fleet of sailing ships; and it is creditable to the Province that, even in Britain, there are not very many persons or firms more largely engaged in shipping than that here referred to.

Sir Hugh Allan was identified with a large number of commercial and financial corporations than any other gentleman in the Dominion. He was the President of the Vale Coal, Iron and Manufacturing Company, and a director in the Acadia Coal Company; President of the Thunder Bay Silver Mining Company; President of the Canadian Rubber Company; President of the Cornwall Manufacturing Company; President of the Montreal Cotton Company; a director in the Stormont Cotton Company; President of the Williams Manufacturing Company; Vice-President of the Montreal Rolling Mills Company; a director in the Canada Paper Company; President of the Adam's Tobacco Company; a director in the Ontario Car Company; President of the Provincial Loan Company; a director in the Montreal Elevating Company; President of the Academy of Music Company; President of the St. Lawrence and Chicago Forwarding Company; President of the Montreal and Western Land Company; President of the North-Western Cattle Company; President of the Merchants' Bank; President of the Montreal Telegraph Company; President of the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway and Coal Company; President of the Citizens' Insurance Company; President of the Canada and Newfoundland Sealing and Fishing Company, and for many years president of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company.

Sir Hugh Allan married, on the 13th September, 1844, Matilda, a daughter of John Smith, Esq., a prominent dry goods merchant of this city. By this marriage he had issue thirteen children, nine daughters and four sons. Of his sons, two have followed commercial pursuits, entering the office of the firm, H. & A. Allan.

Sir Hugh was a life-long member of St. Andrews Church and one of the foremost men in the Church of Scotland in Canada. He was one of the members of the Temporalities Fund Board, and in that capacity took a prominent part in the celebrated struggle by the Kirk, to obtain from the United Church the fund formed by the beneficiaries. During last session of Parliament, when the Presbyterian Church Bill was being passed through Committee, Sir Hugh was in Ottawa several times, showing his personal interest in the struggle.

During the visit of H. R. H. Prince Arthur to Canada in 1869, he was the guest of Mr. Allan at Ravenscraig, his Montreal residence, and Belmere his summer villa on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. In recognition of these courtesies and of his great services to Canadian and British commerce, he was knighted by Her Majesty in 1871.

He died in Edinburgh on Saturday, the 9th December, age 72 years.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the uses of the stocking are unknown, and Christmas-trees are hung with unfortunate travellers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the North Pole, where the night lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration-day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveller once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveller was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the heart of Africa, and his only desire was to do good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travellers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the rude embraces of lions and elephants, the bites of deadly serpents, and the cruelties of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European map-makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the

course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mothers' largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untrained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Polly wants a cracker," and ostriches, and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of its voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordions and banjos came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry, and felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back, murmuring, "Tis 'ard, 'ard indeed, to die on Christmas among the 'eathen."

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *tselso* and *pombo* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang, in a low, mournful tone: "The poor white trash done come to Africa. He hasn't no mother for to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug." Enfeebled as he was the traveller knew that this was wrong, for he had read "Mungo Park's Travels," and he could not help remarking, "You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung."

"Sing it yourself, then," retorted the singer, in a cold, heartless way, and thereupon the women passed on, and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the women made the traveller so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly toward a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

"Poor white trash, Mr. John-ing," briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

"Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner," began the king, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I am a white man," replied the traveller; "but I 'aven't ad any soap for years, so I plead hextenuating circumstances. Besides, I am 'ungry. Will you net give me some breakfast?"

The king's face grew bright with rage—for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveller, for presently the middle king cleared his throat, and said:

"Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterward eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones!"

A unanimous "Yah! yah!" from the other kings expressed their warm approval.

"No! no!" cried the traveller, in an agony of fear. "Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your awful songs and conundrums. I've 'eard them all at 'ome." And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised his guitar and struck the traveller a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, I believe."

"And you are Mr. Smith, I dessay," replied the traveller. "Ave you got anything to heat with you?"

The young man had been sent to find the traveller. He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum-pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the traveller's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas!"

It was the merriest Christmas the traveller had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings.—W. L. ALDEN in Harper's.