

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW"—"HURRAH FOR OUR COUNTRY!"—CHRISTMAS—SANTA CLAUS—A TOUCHING SCENE—THE MARKET—SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY—ORATORIO—MESSIAH—THE SAD NEWS.

For the first half of the present month of December, in this the central part of Ontario, the weather has not been at all like the orthodox Canadian winter. Rain—rain—rain. It has rained and snowed, and thawed and rained, until, according to meteorological observations, taken at one of the city schools, water to a depth of nearly two inches would have covered the whole face of the land had the ground been level. The surface of the earth about here, however, is not very even, and, instead of the luxury of floating around in flat-bottomed boats, the people have been obliged to wade about in rivers of mud. Our friends from the rural districts have declared the roads to be almost impassable. The city itself, standing on a gentle slope, is naturally well drained, but, notwithstanding this topographical advantage, the streets have been exceedingly muddy and disagreeable. This state of things could have been expected four or six weeks ago, and would have then been endured as a natural consequence, but, at this time of year, the thing is unusual, entirely uncalled for, and is, therefore, simply intolerable. A few nights ago, however, without the slightest warning to anybody, it turned suddenly cold—awfully cold. The long-suffering citizens woke up in the morning and were astonished to find the ground frozen as hard as a piece of Aberdeen granite. Then came "the beautiful snow," to a depth of six or eight inches, after which the leaden sky cleared away and the sun once more shone forth in all his glory. Then did the people say yes, yes, to the beautiful remark of the poet—

"The dark and melancholy days have gone."

Winter has, indeed, spread his mantle over the earth. The tempest is over; the elements are at rest. The motionless shrubbery is all enrobed in white. The leafless trees stand around, like sleeping sentinels, as it were, to afford a liberated and joyous people an opportunity to hold high carnival without molestation. Sleighs, with their happy, fur-clad occupants, are gliding hither and thither, and the frosty but bracing air is filled with the music of many little jingling bells. Sunbeams glistening on the white snow, appear to dance in unison with the merriment of young and happy hearts. Charming winter! how deftly you place a rosy hue upon each maiden's cheeks, and make their bright eyes sparkle with bewitching sweetness! Delightful though the days are, there is something still more fascinating about a winter's night. Cold, calm, and wonderfully clear, without the vestige of a cloud floating anywhere beneath the starry canopy; the pale moon shedding her silvery light upon the frozen snow; laughing voices of merry sleighing parties singing out in the still air, as they speed along behind steaming horses that seem to vie with each other in the jingling of their bells, is a scene all "too awfully jolly for an ordinary pen to describe."

We can only exclaim, glorious! and our appreciation was, doubtless, much more feelingly expressed the other day, when, accidentally coming across a victorious snow-balling faction of school-children, we joined in with them in shouting—"Hurrah for Canada!"

As in former years, great preparations have been made for the enjoyment of the approaching holiday season. For some time back, the shop-windows have been adorned with all sorts of Christmas decorations, and the fancy goods stores have displayed immense quantities of rocking-horses, dolls, little sleighs, skates, toys, and all the rest of the innumerable et ceteras which are necessary to make thousands of little hearts glad on Christmas morning. The old-time custom of hanging up stockings for old Santa Claus to fill with all sorts of commodities that have been wished for, including a marvellous assortment of sweetmeats, is largely indulged in in Hamilton. Perhaps one of the most touching scenes we have witnessed for a long time, was to see fathers and mothers, belonging to the humbler walks of life, hurrying along, on the evenings before Christmas, with baskets on their arms, to purchase, out of their stinted purse, the playthings which are to fill some little stockings at home. Perhaps the father's face and hands still bear the soils of his work, for they have hurried so as not to be too late at the store, and perhaps the mother is but thinly clad, but what of that? The happiness of those little ones at home is dearer to them than all else, and their parental hearts would prompt them to tint themselves a thousand times over, if necessary, rather than have their little ones disappointed on Christmas morning.

Big brothers are coming home, and sisters have been busy for weeks back on mysterious bits of work. Jewellers and slipper-makers, etc., have, no doubt, been largely patronized, and the result of all such visits will be duly made known at the proper time.

Christmas time is always a festive occasion for the butchers, and the markets this year may be said to excel in the way of ornamentation. The Arcade is literally packed with the choicest meats, and a multitude of farmers' waggons are loaded with turkeys, fruit, dairy products, &c. In fact, the whole place teems with an abundance of the "fat of the land."

The several benevolent societies bestirred themselves in time, so that there is no danger of

the poorer portion of the population being left out in the cold. Altogether, the prospect is truly delightful.

While the citizens generally have been thus preparing for the annual feast, the Sacred Harmonic Society has been quietly at work in arranging for the production of two renditions of Handel's sublime oratorio, "The Messiah." Readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will remember that it was this same Society which rendered the oratorio of the "Creation" so successfully last spring. Mr. George Robinson, Bandmaster of the XIIIth Battalion Band, a musician of more than provincial reputation, is the conductor. The orchestra will be very full, and will include all the first-class musicians of the city. The vocal force will also be very strong. The soloists will be Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Mrs. Parker, contralto; Miss Howard, alto; Mr. James F. Egan, bass; Mr. Clark, bass; Mr. Herald, tenor, &c., &c., and upwards of a hundred voices will mingle in the choruses. "The Messiah" will be given in the Mechanics' Hall on two evenings (26th and 27th) during the holiday week, and is looked forward to with delight. The musical reputation of those who have the work in hand justifies the expectation that the renditions of this grand oratorio will be of a high order.

Ever since the receipt of the sad news from Darmstadt, flags have been floating at half-mast in this city out of respect to the memory of the beloved daughter of Her Majesty. Their Excellencies at Ottawa, especially H. R. H., have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community in the sad affliction. Adieu.

W. F. McMAHON.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SHE returned his love, but even then he wasn't satisfied. She said she did not want it.

MRS. PARTINGTON declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she couldn't stand the electrical franchise.

A GIRL at school would like to have two birth-days every year. When she grows up a woman she objects to having one.

A ROMANTIC young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

THE most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

As soon as a young man can make his girl believe that rolled plate jewellery protects the wearer from lightning, he is all O. K. for Christmas.

By our old bachelor: There's no special style of engraving engagement rings. A spider's web with a fly in it is a very pretty device.

ONE of the privileges of a wife is to coax \$25 from her husband and then make him a Christmas present of a pair of ten-shilling slippers.

IT is melancholy, says Ouida in her latest novel, to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely to get rid of their mothers.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

HE was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut bias, and trimmed endwise."

FONTENELLE thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

A FRENCHMAN, eight days after marriage and while on his wedding trip, receives a telegram announcing the death of his mother-in-law, and with touching sincerity writes her epitaph: "To the best of mothers-in-law."

A LEARNED young lady the other day astonished the company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a thimble.

THAT was a good reply the young fellow made at the wedding party the other night, as he was assisting the ladies to remove their wraps, and was asked if he "was ready with his ring," and said, "Oh, yes; I'm peeling the belles now."

The post-office department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter around in his inside pocket three weeks before mailing it.

WHEN Johnny was questioned as to why his engagement with Miss H. had been broken off, he rolled his eyes, looked very much pained, and groaned: "Oh, she turned out a deceiver." But he forgot to mention that he was the deceiver whom she had turned out.

AMONG the gifts of a bride was a broom, with the following:

"This trifling gift accept of me;
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

A LITTLE Portland girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by

the average "queen of the household" who does her own housework. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

"WILLIAM," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly now, since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass; that we've all got to go the same way; and see if she is going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon."

HE had broken his promise to marry the girl, and her father wanted a money consideration to help heal a wounded heart. The young man said he would consider a reasonable proposition. "Well, then," said the irate father, who was seeking justice for his daughter, "young man, how does a dollar and a half strike you?"

IF Edison will turn in now and invent some kind of a calcium light that will light up all the street except front gates, and leave them in a sombre shadow that will prevent an old man in an upper bedroom window from telling whether two people are close together or wide apart, it will do. Otherwise it will be exceedingly unpopular.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

"FORGET thee?" wrote a young man to his girl—"forget thee? When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom—then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl with a wart on her nose, and \$40,000 in the bank.

IT was at a Chicago dancing party: "A little more animation, my dear," whispered a fashionable mother to a daughter, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Let me manage my own business, mamma," said the latter; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love, but I was not aware who your partner was," replied the mother.

THE Springfield Republican says: "One seldom sees anything voluptuous or flamboyant, or, on the other hand, anything blanched and etiolated" among the Boston girls. Right. But what you always do see, when you meet a representative Boston girl, is her last translation of the *Dies Ire*, clasped in her right hand, and in her left a sonnet, either to Brahma, the Over-soul or the Old South.

THE price of a wife among the Sioux Indians is twenty ponies. And when the young brave has won the girl and got her father's consent at ruling rates, and the only thing that remains is to plunk down the ponies, he sits down and sometimes occupies a whole night thinking whether he had better steal the ponies from his own father or the girl's. He generally steals them from his prospective father-in-law.

THE women of Prague are shouting the battle cry of freedom. The local board of health is attempting to enforce measures of dress reform. It has issued an edict prohibiting the fair sex from wearing long dresses. Considering, say the doctors, "that training robes raise a dust in the streets which is highly prejudicial to the public health, it is henceforth forbidden to wear the robes in question in the public thoroughfares." There are vague apprehensions of a riot.

"WHAT," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat, "what do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said, softly. And pretty soon he arose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said: "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he grieved, and told no man of his hurt.

THE wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along—and the errors were somewhat numerous. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar, or else you are very negligent!" "Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "what's the matter now?" "Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number." "I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

HER Majesty has commanded that the ancient tapestries of Holyrood Palace shall be restored at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works. An exhibition of ancient tapestries will be held in the Windsor Town-hall, probably early next month, and specimens of ancient and modern carved woodwork will be displayed at the same time.

THERE is no foundation for the statement that Earl Cairns is about to retire from the woolsack. The delicate health which weighed

heavily on the Lord Chancellor about eighteen months ago has given way to persistent and careful treatment, and this gifted Irishman will, in all probability, occupy the woolsack until the close of the present Parliament.

THE promised abbreviated edition of that *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, of which, through the death of Mr. S. O. Beeton, only one volume was published, will be ready in three or four weeks. The original edition, so far as it went, was found so interesting and useful that the complete one-volume edition will probably have a large circulation.

THE Socialist leaders, driven out of Germany, are determined to make London the headquarters of the movement. There was a meeting the other day of the International Labour Union, which is really the English branch of the International. It was decided to hold a Socialist Congress in London next year, and to appeal to the English trade unionists to take part in the movement.

MR. LEMON, the engraver, is engaged upon a large portrait-picture of the Conservative Cabinet as it was composed at the commencement of Lord Beaconsfield's Premiership. The artist was Mr. Mercier, to whom the various members of the Ministry gave sittings, and by whom excellent full-length likenesses were obtained and transferred to canvas. Mr. Lemon has been hard at work engraving the originals for some time, but he has now nearly completed his task.

WEARING FLANNEL.—Put it on at once. Winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose, red woollen flannel shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there, and, when that is the case, no one can take a cold; "red," for white flannel fills up, mats together and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious; "woollen," the product of a sheep and not of a gentleman of color, not of cotton wool, because that merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and, by its nearer exposure to the exterior air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woollen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.

SOME NOTABLE CHILDREN.—Baillet mentions 163 children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who, at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791 a child was born at Lubeck, named Henri Heinekem, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly; at twelve, learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years of age he was as familiar with Ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge; Cicero would have thought him an "alter ego" on hearing him converse in Latin, and in modern languages he was equally proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year. According to a popular proverb—"The sword wore out the sheath."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.

IT is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.