

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Illustrated News

Vol. XII.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



XMAS, 1875.
OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS IN A NEW CHARACTER.

GIVEN AWAY!!

TO EVERY PAID SUBSCRIBER TO THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,The ONLY PICTORIAL PAPER in the DOMINION,
WILL BE PRESENTED**A BEAUTIFUL CHROMO**

ENTITLED

**THE YOUNG FISHERMAN,
NOW READY.****FOUR DOLLARS**

WILL PAY ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

AND ENTITLED YOU TO

OUR BEAUTIFUL CHROMO,

Worth the Whole Subscription Price.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Send in your name and \$4.00, and receive, by return mail, the Chromo, a most suitable Holiday Present. Remember also, that in subscribing, you encourage a

NATIONAL ENTERPRISE

and help to develop Canadian industry and talent. Every dollar we receive goes to improve the paper, enabling us to pay skilled artists and talented writers, and to make the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

A CREDIT TO THE DOMINION.

FOUR DOLLARS in advance will secure the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for one year, postage paid, and a splendid Chromo. Send your names without delay.

G. B. BURLAND, Manager.

The Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.,
PUBLISHERS,—MONTREAL.

Subscribers wishing their pictures neatly framed, will please send in their orders to our office, No. 115 St. Francois. Xavier St., where samples are now on view.

On the 1st January we shall begin the publication of

OUR CENTENNIAL STORY,

an original historical serial, founded on the AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76. We can promise our readers a work of varied entertainment and deep emotional interest. A liberal instalment will be given every week. This, added to other inducements, should prevail on our friends to renew their subscriptions at once. Orders should be sent in without delay as back numbers are generally difficult to obtain.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 25th, 1875.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think we have fulfilled the promises we made twelve months ago. *But we feel that there still remains much to be done*, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. As such it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect PICTORIALY and EDITORIALY the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

Its principal features are:—

- 1st. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.
- 2nd. A complete gallery of all Canadian celebrities with biographies attached.
- 3rd. The reproduction of the finest works of art.
- 4th. A great variety of original and selected literary matter.
- 5th. Stories, sketches, poems, and other contributions by leading Canadian writers.
- 6th. Special attractions for the home circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it is his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how much it can still be improved, and we

warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage. Our terms are very moderate:—

1st. FOUR DOLLARS in advance, including the postage paid by us.

2nd. To those who neglect paying in advance, FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged to cover postage and other expenses.

3rd. Clergymen, Professors, and School-teachers, THREE DOLLARS in advance.

OUR PREMIUM CHROMO.

Another year is about to close, and we are on the point of concluding the twelfth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We have endeavored in various ways to improve the character of the paper. We stated that we have had to contend against difficulties which only initiated and professional journalists understand; that these difficulties could be overcome only one by one, but that they would all be surmounted, and that speedily, was a further promise which we felt justified in making to the public. The paper is in the hands of a Company anxious to make this national enterprise of ours a thorough success, and it is managed by business talent well-known in every part of the country. Both the Company and the Manager believed, and still believe, that there is a field for such a journal as ours, and the assurances they have received personally in all the Provinces are to the effect that our people are most willing to encourage it, provided it is a faithful reflex of the spirit, events and general features of Canada. This we were determined from the first that it should be. Our artistic department was raised to a higher standard of excellence, and arrangements will be perfected which will result in still further improvements therein. The letter press aimed at more variety, freshness, and lightness, always coupled with literary finish. Our paper is intended to be a family journal in the largest and highest sense of that word. We promised to try and please every body, and for that purpose our tendency has been to write, collate and edit such matter as would procure pleasure, entertainment and instruction to the greatest number, while we carefully abstained from all political or religious partisanship. New features were introduced as opportunity offered, or necessity demanded. While on our side, we endeavored to do all we could, we trusted our friends would see the propriety of aiding us to the full extent of their influence. We are pleased to admit that our efforts met with a ready and generous response, but, with the view of still further advancing the prosperity of the paper, we decided, early in the summer, upon issuing a Premium Chromo entitled the YOUNG FISHERMAN, after a painting by the celebrated English artist, W. M. Wyllie, which in design and execution would vie with any production of the kind ever published in America. The subject was one of popular interest, and was to be finished in the highest style. To prevent any mistake, we wish our subscribers to remember that the conditions upon which this Chromo was offered were the following:

1st. To all new subscribers paying for one year in advance.

2nd. To all subscribers on the books whose current subscription was paid up to the 1st July.

3rd. To all subscribers in arrears who would pay up arrears, and current subscription, prior to the 1st July last.

We have strictly kept faith with our readers and the Chromo, which is now ready, will be faithfully delivered in accordance with the terms and conditions above cited. There has been some delay in the production of the Chromo, but that delay was inevitable on account of the ex-

cellence of finish which we had warranted and were determined to secure. It was not a mere colored print that we intended to offer, but a genuine Chromo, a real work of art, which would be worthy of a rich frame and a conspicuous place on the walls of any drawing room. To complete such a picture required time, labor and care.

Owing to the delay, however, and to give our subscribers every chance to profit by our offer, we take the opportunity of still further extending the advantages of this premium plate. In addition, therefore, to the conditions laid down in July, we are prepared to furnish the Chromo:

1st. To all those who will pay up their subscription to the 31st December 1875, and continue their subscription for the ensuing year.

2nd. To all new subscribers who will pay their subscription for 1876 in advance.

There certainly could be no stronger inducement than this. By asking the payment of what is due us we are doing only what is right, and the premium plate is thus so much pure gain for our friends. The Chromo is now ready and will be delivered as rapidly as our conditions are complied with. To suit every taste, the picture will be sent so that it may be mounted either as a water color, or as an oil painting, according as the owner may prefer. Those who desire it, may have their pictures framed by applying at our office, 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, where samples of different styles of frames will be on view.

We may take the occasion of Christmas and New Year to urge upon our friends the propriety of spreading the circulation of the paper. If they are pleased with it, let them pass it to their neighbors and induce them to subscribe. Our subscription list is already large and steadily increasing, but it must be doubled in the course of the next year. Let all our patrons assist us therein. All the money thus received, it is intended shall go into the paper, to improve and beautify it still more. This is the only illustrated paper in the country, and it has long struggled in the cause of popular art and literature. Let the people of Canada show that they can appreciate and are prepared to encourage a national undertaking of the kind. Let the patronage come and we shall not be slow to introduce still further improvements.

MR. ROBBINS' LECTURE ON HARMONY.

We regret that this lecture, on Thursday of last week, was but thinly attended. It would seem as though our younger musical students were afraid of the theory of Harmony, which they have been taught to look upon as a mystery, and which Mr. Robbins reduces to such simple lessons that children may learn it; and as though more experienced musicians feared to be shown that their knowledge of Harmony was not perfect. We have been requested to state, relatively to the class which Mr. Robbins proposed to form, that should a sufficient number of names be handed to Mr. De Zouche within two or three weeks, Mr. Robbins will return to the City and give the course. The terms to be \$20.00 for each member of the class.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"THE TWO ORPHANS," undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and best constructed of modern dramas, has been produced on the boards of this theatre in a very complete and artistic manner. Every care has been taken with the accessories, and the scenery, costumes, and music are all that could be desired. The cast is one of unusual excellence, and each actor and actress of Mr. McDowell's well balanced corps of artists, seem specially fitted for their part. The result has been a succession of full houses. This is as it should be. No play has ever been so thoroughly and cleverly put on the boards in Montreal, and we hope that the rush will continue every night this week. Every body should see this play, which recommends itself by the intense interest it awakens, and the absence of the immoral tendency which pervades most French dramas. For Christmas week, we hear it stated that Rossini's "Cinderella" is to be given. We hope so, and bespeak for the Academy during the holidays the hearty support of our citizens.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Thanksgiving is just now over, and there lacks but a day to Christmas. Then only a week and it will be New Year's. Instead of waiting till "watch-night" to review the year,

wouldn't it be wise to begin a month earlier? Then, if we find important work undone, there is a little time in which we may do something toward bringing up arrears, so as to show a better balance when 1875 appears. If one intends to turn over a new leaf with the new year it is certainly wise to get all ready, so that the leaf will stay turned over, and not blow right back where it was before with the first sharp blast of temptation.

Christmas is coming, and the more hearts we can gladden between this time and that, the merrier will be our Christmas carols, the brighter our joys, the deeper our content. No sound is sweeter than an echo, and a carol sung by a merry heart to a sad one which echoes it again—is not such singing angelic?

Christmas is coming. How invention and ingenuity and self-denial and generosity are all at work? What shall the gift be this time for father, for mother, for each brother and sister, for the expectant and non-expectant friend? For those who need let the gift be useful, and meet the greatest want; for those who have whims or hobbies, let it gratify the prevailing taste. A year or two ago, a famous stock-breeder was perfectly delighted with a present from a friend, which was simply a little pig, made of white canton flannel, stuffed with cotton and lop-eared. All winter that little pig stood on his mantle-piece, and was regularly introduced to visitors. It cost nothing but an hour or two of stitching, and it gave great pleasure. These "hard times" when there is so little money to spend, we must go without some things we had hoped for, that we may have wherewith to make glad the hearts that look to the Christmas time as the brightest season of the year. But not the amount of the money spent is the measure of joy in any household. Love, tenderness, delicate recognition of tastes and preferences—these going with gifts make their real value.

Nor should the shadows of the year darken too much the joy of this festive season. Whatever we may have lost in the year past, Christ is still the centre of human hope and human love; the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away," is still in reserve, and all around us is young and growing life in its sweet Spring time in which and with which we may rejoice, ignoring and forgetting as far as possible whatever tends to sadden and depress.

HUMOROUS.

You will notice that when a boy steps on a Canada thistle, or sticks a splinter into his foot, it's invariably a few seconds before school.

ONE of our merchants sat his umbrella against a tree while he stepped into a store to ask a question. When he came out the tree still stood there. No one had taken it.

To Girls who "Walk with the Guns." Ethel—Aren't you going to shoot to-day, uncle? Uncle—Not if you are, my dear. When I was young, the men shot the birds, and the women stayed at home to cook them.

THE shortest way the best.—Mamma (to Ethel on their way to the latter's first party)—Now, mind, darling, if you see any nice things on the table that you'd like to eat, you mustn't ask for them. Ethel—Oh no, mamma! I'd take them!

"MR. BUSBEE says you needn't send the paper to him any more," said a little urchin who stuck his head into the ranctum. "All right." "An' he said to tell you he wouldn't stop it if only you didn't say nothin' about the big hog he killed last week," continued the youth, and then he slid down the banister into the street.

SMALL boy: "Say, p', will you buy me a new sled for Christmas?" Close-fisted parent—Johnny, I don't think there's going to be much snow this winter, and you wouldn't have a chance to enjoy a new sled; but I'll tell you what I will do. You just be a good boy and I'll get your saw filed so that it will cut through a stick of wood just like cheese.

It was the night on which John Todd made his great speech to the colored population of Manjoy, Ill. Capt. John Morrill from time to time awoke the echoes with his cannon. A man rushed up to him and said, "For God's sake don't fire anymore." "Why not?" asked the astonished John. "There's a dead person lying in the next house," said he. "Well," said John, "if she's dead the noise won't hurt her, and the country must be saved." "Yes," groaned the man, "I know that, but she's my mother-in-law, and I've heard that guns will awake the dead."

The other day, an absent-minded gentleman inadvertently entered the cabin of a Fulton ferry boat smoking a cigar. "You can't smoke here, sir," exclaimed an irascible passenger. "This is the ladies' cabin." The gentleman paused, looked around him, and hastily retreated. Reaching the door, he turned around, and addressing the person who had spoken to him, remarked politely: "I beg your pardon. I ought to have known that this was not the gentleman's cabin when I saw you here." The anti-smoker failed to understand what his fellow passengers were laughing at.

LITERARY.

M. DE LESSEPS has finished his "History of the Suez Canal."

M. THIERS has completed the first of the three volumes of his new philosophical work "Man and matter."

MR. HALLIWELL is at work again on his materials for the illustration of the "Life of Shakespeare." He calculates that it will take him ten years at least to work up the collections he has already made for the purpose.

MRS. HARRIET LEWIS, the authoress of "The House of Secrets," "Lady of Kildare," &c., according to *Women and Work*, is said to receive a regular salary of \$10,000 a year from an American publisher, and her husband Leon Lewis, author of the "Boy Musician," a famous story of two or three years ago, to get a like amount, making an income of \$20,000 for the two.

BAYARD TAYLOR claims to have discovered the source of the Nile in a poem, which he quoted at the meeting of the American Geographical Society. The poem is susceptible of a confirmatory interpretation like that which finds in Genesis a confirmation of the development theory and the nebular hypothesis. Like that, also, it is susceptible of any interpretation you please. The poet is an all-comprehensive person.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

CHRISTMAS 1875.

BY BELLELE.

The countless pale stars from their homes up in Heaven,
Shed downward a calm silver light,
Which fell in soft rays on the snow covered mountain
And city all robed in pure white.
Through deep azure stillness the joy bells were pealing
Their sweet Christmas chiming on the air.
And hope, love, and gladness in hearts reverential
Found vent in thanksgiving and prayer.

Yet groups of white angels, methought, in the starlight
Looked down with a sorrowing gaze,
Their pinions were drooping, their voices low-ton'd
They sang not of peace nor of praise,
But whispered with sadness: "Christ's poor are forgotten,
Below in the shadows they lie,
Pale, hungry and cold, with their rags gather'd round
While wintry winds blow wildly by."

Pale, hungry, and cold, with no hope to illumine
Their long night of woe and despair,
They crouch in the lanes and the by-ways, and murmur,
Where shall we find comfort? Oh, where!
Lone wanderers, weary, like Joseph and Mary,
No shelter or rest for their head;
And desolate orphans, in bleak cheerless garrets,
Cry loudly but vainly for bread.

Ah, could we have lived on that first Christmas morning
When shepherds away on the hill,
Heard heavenly tidings from choirs angelic
Of glory, of peace, and goodwill,
With joy would we haste to the poor humble stable,
With ecstasy holy and sweet,
Would we gaze on the child-God, and meekly adoring,
Our treasures cast down at his feet.

And He, the Divine One, who came down to save us,
Whose words are eternal and true,
Hes said: "What ye do to the least of my little ones
That unto me shall ye do."
Can we then neglect these suffering children,
Or turn them away from our door,
Or e'en can we wish to have dwelt in old Beth'lem,
When Jesus has left us his poor!

Ah no, let us haste, and with tender compassion,
And love, to our homes let us take
These destitute brothers, and food, light and shelter
Let's give them for Jesus' dear sake.
Then from God's white throne up in Heaven, the angels
Whose praises of Him never cease,
Shall bring to us all on this bright Christmas morning,
Sweet tidings of joy and of peace.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOGARTY & BRO.'S BOOT AND SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.

To a person who has never examined in detail, nor seen in operation all the improvements which modern ingenuity has applied to the manufacture of boots and shoes, a visit to a well appointed wholesale manufacturing establishment in full blast must be of exceeding interest. Everybody is more or less interested in the manufacturing of boots and shoes,—in having what he or she wears well made, of good material and a comfortable fit. "Where the shoe pinches" has long ago passed into a proverb, and the dealer must be as sensitively alive to it as his customer, the wearer; and it is evident that he who keeps a good stock must certainly secure a greater demand than he who buys an inferior article.

It is difficult to imagine what further improvements with a view to comfort and durability can be made in the manufacturing of boots and shoes, when every detail is now so carefully attended to through the processes of cutting, sewing, pegging, cable wiring, burnishing, &c., &c. with special machines for each.

If our reader will accompany us (in imagination) to a leading establishment of this kind, and take a bird's eye view of the departments and rooms devoted to each branch of the business, we shall attempt a description of what may be seen, such as was given us by one of the gentlemanly proprietors. And in passing let us remark that the materials of each boot or shoe pass through 25 to 40 different hands before it is ready for packing.

The shoe trade in Montreal has developed into extraordinary dimensions within the past twelve or fifteen years. Within that time some twenty or twenty-five large establishments have sprung into existence or grown up from small beginnings, until now the wholesale shoe business has become one of the most important in the city, giving employment to more than ten thousand hands and profitable investment to millions of dollars. Among the largest of these is that of Messrs. Fogarty & Bro. This well-known establishment, of which we give a representation in our present issue, fronts on three streets, extending along St. Catherine Street from St. Lawrence Main Street to St. Dominique Street in two wings, the length of each being one hundred and fifty feet by about twenty-five feet in width. The one on the corner of St. Lawrence Main Street, with the side fronting on St. Catherine Street, is three stories high besides the basement, which extends the whole length, and is divided in three parts, the Sole Leather Room, Boiler Room and Coal Cellar. The ground-floor is occupied as Salesroom, Packing and Shipping Rooms. In this room may be seen cases addressed to all parts of the Dominion, from Sarnia to St. John's, Newfoundland. Here also is the engine, fifteen horse power. In the second story of this building begins the manufacture of boots and shoes: the side of leather is placed in the stripping machine, cut in strips to the required size of the shoe, put into a tank of water and left there until sufficiently soft, when the strips are taken and passed through the splitting (skiving), rolling and dieing machines. The soles being completed, are assorted and placed away in sizes on racks all around this room ready for use. On this flat there are, besides the sole leather, heel and heel pressing machines, two "Mackay" sole sewing machines, each capable of sewing about

six hundred pairs per day, besides two "New Era" pegging machines, having a capacity of five to seven hundred pairs a day. The Cable Wiring Machine is also on this flat. The wire, which is of brass, and cabled, as its name implies, is fed from a coil above, is cut into the desired length, and driven home by one motion of the machine, with a capacity of three hundred pair a day. It is fast superseding all other methods, as it only requires to be known to be appreciated. The lasters are also on this flat. Their work is to place the insole on the last, put in the stiffener, draw the upper carefully over the last, and after being secured by lasting tacks and the steel shank tacked on, the outer sole is placed over all and tacked in its place. That last is then removed and the shoe is ready for the pegging, sewing or cable wiring machine. Rubber Cement is then used for closing up the channels of the soles, after which they are drawn over iron lasts or frames, and put through the beating-out machine, whence they are taken to the Team Room, on the third story. There are four men in each team, and their respective duties are heeling, trimming, edge-setting and bottoming. The heel is always fastened with Swedish nails, and having been thoroughly pressed by machinery before it is sent to the team, such a thing as a cracked heel is not to be found in the work performed in this establishment. The trimming tools are so constructed with guards that it is impossible to do any injury to the uppers. The work is next sent to the heel burnishing machines, four in number, which are on the same flat. These are kept heated by revolving gas-jets, and have a capacity of 250 to 300 pairs a day each. The work next goes through the processes of sand-papery, stoning and brushing, all done by special machines. The shoe is then placed away to dry, finished completely, minutely examined, packed and shipped to all parts of the Dominion, as the addresses on the packing-cases indicate.

We next descend to the second story, from which we proceed to the new building by a bridge twenty-five feet long crossing the yard of the factory. This building, which was erected a few years ago by the Messrs. Fogarty & Bro. at a cost of \$20,000 as a shoe factory of their own design, is without doubt the finest building in that end of the city, is four stories high, and fronts on St. Lawrence Main and St. Dominique Streets. The fronts are of cast iron, the side walls brick; the length is 150 feet by 25 feet wide; the flats run the whole length of the building, and are lighted at both ends by twelve large windows, and in the centre by a sky-light thirty feet long by six wide, with well holes on each flat to admit the light to each department. It is also ventilated throughout. The roof is covered with white tin and galvanized iron. The whole exterior presents a very striking appearance.

The second flat is occupied as upper leather Cutting Room. A portion of this flat, which is the finest in the establishment, is set apart for all the various kinds of upper leather used in the manufacture of the different kinds of boots and shoes, French glove and satin kids, French calf and patent calf, goat and seal skins from the first makers; also pebble grain, patent cow, buff, kip, cowhide, split, coloured sheep for linings, twilled shoe duck, canton flannels, felt and prunellas, are here in quantities. In the cutting of prunella, cloth, linings, &c., a sheet iron pattern is used, around which the knife cuts through from eight to twelve pieces at once, each man being able to cut enough for fifteen cases per day; facings of saateen about 25 cases, and toe-caps about thirty. Elastic for congress gaiters is cut by a machine, employing one hand continually. The perforating of the toe-caps is also done by machinery. The materials are sent from the cutters to the numbering machine, each piece being numbered not only with the size but also with the worker's number by means of which each part of the work, should any be found to be defective afterwards, may be traced to the worker, who is thus held responsible for the character of his work. The foreman's department is also here where he gives out, receives and examines the different kinds of work. After being numbered, each part is put up into packages of sixty each, and sent to the Fitting Room which is on the third flat.

The fourth flat is altogether occupied by the "teams," and is of the same dimensions as the Fitting Room, but it is the best lighted, on account of its being the top flat of the building.

The hands employed by the Messrs. Fogarty & Bro. number about 300, male and female. The firm turns out about 1,000 pairs per day. Their sales amount to about \$300,000 per annum.

TOWN HALL, VICTORIA, B. C.

This is the principal elevation on Douglas St., of the first premiated design, for the Victoria City Hall, about to be erected, under the superintendence of the successful competitor, Mr. John League, architect. The accommodation provided in this building will comprise in the basement Corn Market, Engineers Fitting rooms, store rooms, prison cells, hot air apparatus, &c. On the ground floor, has been placed the police court, the public entrance of which will be by Pandora St. A private entrance to magistrate's and other rooms will also be on this St. Communication by private stairs, from court room to cells, is also provided for, waiting rooms, court officer's rooms, &c., &c. The large Hall is approached from two separate entrances. The principal entrance will be from the entrance hall on Douglas St. and a secondary entrance and staircase leading to the gallery will be from Cormorant St.; also private entrances, retiring rooms &c. The size of the large hall will be 40 x 80 and 34 feet high.

First floor contains council chamber, mayor's reception rooms, committee rooms, city clerk's office, water commissioner, assessor, fire proof room, &c.

Second floor contains city surveyor's rooms, map room, stationery, jury rooms, museum, caretaker's rooms, &c. In the rear of the main building will be a two storied building for the fire engine house, a building for meat and poultry market, &c. It is proposed to warm the building by hot air. The picture was photographed by Mr. Noah Shakespeare, Victoria.

SAVAGE, LYMAN AND CO'S STORE.

We reproduce in this issue an interior view of this splendid store as arranged for the Christmas holidays. The gorgeous display in the shop windows has for the past few days had such an attraction for admiring passers by, that the pavement has been thronged literally "from morn till dewy eve." But what shall we say of the interior, where the visitor is dazzled by the magnificence which surrounds him, and the virtuoso, while contemplating the works of art—bronzes, faience, statuary, and other objets d'art—heaves a sigh of regret that his pocket is not as long and as well lined as the purse of Fortunatus. But sighs and regrets are alike in vain, and he is at least free to indulge in the pleasure of admiration, even when the luxury of possession is out of his reach. So with the optimist's consolation he sets to work, to look and to admire his fill. Along either side of a spacious apartment admirably adapted for the exhibition of works of art are ranged huge terra-cotta vases, on which are painted scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey—the death of Patroclus, the departure of Briseis, the return of Ulysses, &c., &c.; at intervals these are relieved by handsome bronzes, and clocks of every make, shape, and material known under the sun—in bronze, gilt, ormolu, malachite, black, white and grey marble—the last a new and very effective material. Plate there is too galore,—salvers, goblets, chalices, baskets, flagons—and in one corner, just beside the staircase, a small case where the visitor—being as we pre-suppose a man of taste and appreciation for the beautiful—lingers in rapt admiration of some lovely reproductions of the antique in oxidized silver. Upstairs are laid out hundreds of those pretty little knickknacks that are in such demand at Christmas-tide—busts and statuettes in Parian marble, book-slides, writing-books and desks, and by itself at one end of the room, a marvellous set of fruit dishes in majolica. Downstairs once more, where by this time the musical-boxes are in full play: through groves of clocks; past shining lakes of gold and silver watches, from the tiny lady's toy, the size of a twenty-cent piece, to the giant hunter, in massive gold case, stem-winder and repeater, striking hours and minutes, and which costs \$800; or the jewelled beauty in the face of which a tiny thermometer is set in. Ranks of costly rings and trinkets are there too—crosses which may be had for \$1,800 and pins of proportionate value, thickly clustered with diamonds. These all are here in endless variety, and almost endless profusion, dazzling the visitor, who after a thorough inspection finds himself utterly bewildered, doubtful whether he has not been dreaming a scene from the Arabian Nights, and recovering, takes his departure with a thoughtful comment.

The house was established in 1818, by the late Mr. George Savage, who associated with himself his son Joseph, and carried on business under the style of George Savage & Son, in the brick store corner of St. Peter and Notre Dame streets. In the year 1826, the firm removed to the store immediately opposite the church of the Hôtel-Dieu, St. Paul street, (then the centre of the retail trade). In 1836, the store now occupied by Messrs. Tiffin Bros., corner of St. Dizer Lane, was rented for six years; but in 1838, the principal business of the firm was removed to the corner of St. Gabriel and Notre Dame streets, where it was continued for twenty years. It was removed thence in 1856, to the Cathedral Block—where the firm remained till 1872—making five removals in the course of the fifty-four years. Mr. George Savage retired from active life in 1836, Mr. Joseph Savage carrying on the business under the same firm till 1851, when Mr. Theodore Lyman was admitted a partner, and the style of the firm changed to Savage & Lyman, which was continued till 1868, when Messrs. Chas. W. Hagar and Henry Birks were associated with Mr. Lyman under the present style of Savage, Lyman & Co. The store in the Cathedral Block, which at the time was considered an extensive one, has, with the largely increased business arising from the rapid growth of the city, and the continental reputation which the firm has deservedly acquired, proved too small for the purposes of trade. The firm accordingly rented the magnificent premises which they now occupy. For architectural style and beauty the building is unsurpassed by any store on the continent, while the interior fittings are, in point of chasteness and elegance of design, quite in keeping with the exterior. Messrs. Savage, Lyman & Co. are determined to merit a continuation of that large and extensive patronage acquired by their straightforward and honourable dealings. Their present stock is the most extensive and varied ever exposed for sale in Canada, and has been personally selected in the various European markets; in fact, must be seen to be appreciated. The store is in fact one of the sights of the city, where visitors are always sure of a courteous welcome and polite attention. Messrs. Savage, Lyman & Co. are deserving of a compliment on the success of their street clock, which stands on an iron pillar op-

posite the store, a great boon to the public of a city where the correct time is most difficult to ascertain.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND SCIENCE, BY JOHN HARRIS.

An announcement of which appears in our advertising columns, is a little work which we have read with some interest. The author remains only on the threshold of his subject, confining himself to a classification of political economy, and the different sub-divisions into which it might be put. But the author writes well, his views are moderate and just, his reading is evidently thorough, and it is to be hoped that he will continue the investigation of the subject in subsequent works.

ARTISTIC.

A monument to the late sculptor Carpeaux is to be erected by public subscription at Valenciennes.

THE death is announced of M. Alexandre Colin, the painter, at the age of seventy-seven. His picture "Columbus Discovering America" is at the Luxembourg. His son, Paul Colin, is a popular landscape painter.

SIGNOR CARONI, the sculptor, has given in Florence an exhibition of the works he has prepared for the Centennial. The best of these efforts is said to be a figure of a little-maiden delicately advancing one foot into a basin of water.

THE late Mr. Wynn Ellis, whose death has just been announced, leaves his magnificent collections of paintings by the old masters to the National Gallery. Mr. Ellis was a well-known connoisseur, and his great wealth enabled him to form a gallery of considerable value.

MR. WALTER OULESS, the portrait painter, who received the gold medal and £25 from the Council of the Exhibition at Manchester recently, is only twenty-six years of age. His engagements are so numerous that he has been compelled to decline applications for sittings from the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of London.

COUNTESS ISABELLA CHOLMELEY, an English lady long resident in Italy, and widely known as a sculptor of great talent and a person of varied accomplishments, has just received, by unanimous vote of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, at Venice, the election as associate of that body. Her latest works, all of which have been executed in Venice, comprise several portraits of Venetian noblemen, a head of Ophelia and one of Cleopatra.

AT Charnod, a young sculptor of recognized merit has been charged by the Ministry of Fine Arts with the care of repairing the statue of Napoleon I., overthrown, with the Vendôme Column, by order of the Commune. To M. Merio, author of a work much remarked and admired at one of the recent art exhibitions, has been intrusted the making of a statue of Victory, to replace that held in the hand of the Emperor which was broken in the fall.

THERE is at present on view in the Egyptian section of the Museum of the Louvre a group of pictures in gold. These statuettes were discovered in the town of San, ancient Tanis, and are the first examples—in gold—of Egyptian statuary ever discovered. The centre figure of the group is the god Osiris, in a sitting posture, which is at variance with the idea we get of this deity from all former engravings and statues; to the right and left are the goddess Isis, his wife, and their son Horus, representing the rising sun. Both are standing, and each has a hand extended towards Osiris. On the pedestal is an inscription which indicates that it belonged to King Osorbion II., of the twenty-second dynasty. The ornament is in a perfect state of preservation. Its execution is complete in every detail, each plait and fold of the robes being so delicately fashioned, so transparent, as to make visible every curve and line of the form beneath. This little group has been purchased for the Louvre for the modest sum of 25,000 francs.

VARIETIES.

VICTOR EMMANUEL only eats once in twenty-four hours, and then at midnight.

THE Princess Corsini, of Florence, is the possessor of an extraordinary set of diamonds—set, strangely enough, as an apron.

THE letter R is said to hold an enviable position, because it is never found in sin or wickedness, but always in industry, virtue, propriety, and religion.

M. TRESCA has been reporting to the Academy of Science on a new type of street locomotive which has worked in Paris in the midst of ordinary traffic under his own examination.

It has been noticed that the President omitted to make special mention of the South in his message. It is a fine compliment to that section that it has got beyond the need of special enactments.

HORACE MANN anticipated the results of recent studies and experiments in the treatment of the insane. He urged the plan of giving them the utmost freedom and a great deal of out-of-door exercise so long ago as 1837.

IN a chess tournament in Birmingham last month, Herr Steinitz, winner at the Vienna tournament, played seventy-seven members of the Birmingham Club simultaneously, and defeated all with the exception of the Rev. T. C. Yarranton vicar of Wythall.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER says that if ever he should paint the ideal Munich it would be the figure of a young, rosy-faced servant maid, in short skirts and with a white kerchief, hurrying along the streets about dinner-time with two foaming mugs of beer in her hand.

THE gamins of London, being forbidden to beg in the streets, have neatly circumvented the law. They purchase a bundle of straw, commerce of all kinds being free, and sitting at the corner of a street entreat pedestrians to buy a single whisk. It is said that some of them by this traffic make a profit over ten dollars a day.

DOMESTIC.

MASHED POTATOES.—Where economy is a great object, and for those who cannot digest rich dishes, the following is an admirable mode of mashing potatoes. Boil them till thoroughly done, having added a handful of salt to the water, then dry them well, and with two forks placed back to back, beat the whole up till no lumps are left. If done rapidly, potatoes thus cooked are extremely light and digestible.

SAVOURY RICE PUDDING.—Wash one ounce of the finest rice, put it in a pie dish with half a pint of beef-tea or any kind of broth. Bake until the rice is well cooked; it will take about an hour in a moderate oven. Boil a quarter of a pint of milk, pour it on to an egg lightly beaten, stir well together, and then mix with the rice. Season with salt, and, if liked, a little pepper. Put the pudding into a pie-dish, bake very slowly for an hour and a half, and then serve.

Extracts From

MILTON'S

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy
morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal
King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother
born,
Our great redemption from above did
bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should
release,
And with his Father work us a per-
petual peace.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy
sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or
solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new
abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's
team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approach-
ing light,
And all the spangled host keep watch
in squadrons bright ?

See, how from far, upon the eastern
road,
The star-led wizards haste with
odours sweet ;
O run, prevent them with thy humble
ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord
to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel
quire
From out his secret altar touch'd
with hallow'd fire.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born-child
All meanly wrapt in the rude
manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so so sym-
pathise.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustick
row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them
below .

Perhaps their loves, or else their
sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts
so busy keep.



THE BEARER OF GLAD TIDINGS.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger
strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture
took ;
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs
each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round,
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region
thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last
fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in
happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame
fac'd night array'd ;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with
wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
new-born Heir.

Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morn-
ing sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on
hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their
oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our
senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of Heaven's deep
organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelick
symphony.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is our tedious song should here
have ending ;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car.

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid'
lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order
servicable.



BETHLEHEM.



THE SHEPHERDS.



KING DAVID.



THE STABLE.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



A FAMILY PARTY.



THE SPARROWS' XMAS DINNER.



A CHRISTMAS BOX.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

UTCUMQUE PLACUERIT DEO.

I.

Summer, with all its loveliness, has fled—
Its mellow sunsets, rich with crimson fire—
Its early mornings, whose effluence shed
A gilding tint on roof and graceful spire.
No more are seen green woods and fertile fields,
Nor verdure rustling on the gentle breeze,
No more the shaded lane enticing yields
That sweet delight, each sighing couple sees
In secret walk beneath wide overspreading trees.

II.

For icy winter, with its stern array
Of freezing winds, and drifting blinding snows,
Relentlessly has driven from its way
Those changing glories blooming summer knows.
And man, to combat with this chilling foe,
Feels in his veins fresh energy supplied—
Enjoys the charms that from exertion flow,
Or seeks the shelter of his bright fireside.
That spot where comfort dwells, and winter is defied.

III.

Now romping children, wild with laughing glee,
Exultingly their little gifts display,
And in their hearty innocence see
Seasons at Christmas and at New Year's Day,
That sanguine youth to merriment invite!
Whose old time-honoured custom ever gleams
With new amusement and with fresh delight,
Two bright green spots, with which bleak winter
beams,
The theme of prattling tongues, the light of childish
dreams,

IV.

Oh, long gone by, but fondly cherished days!
Once more ye make me wish myself the boy,
As memories into existence raise
Departed faces and departed joy.
And now, although the hands of ripper years
Have filled, with pleasing cares, both heart and brain
Yet as each dear remembrance reappears,
Regrets arise, and I can scarce refrain
From wishing I could live my childhood's days again.

V.

Down sunken dells, up high ascending steep;
Wherever lies the lately fallen snow,
With gliding strides, and daring, agile, leaps,
On *les raquettes* our jovial trampers go,
Or on the blushing ice the skater coo,
In curving lines, his graceful, cautious way,
Or on the rink the canny curler puts
The whirling "stave," as only curler may,
While brandished brooms announce successful stroke
of play.

VI.

Wise compensating power that entails
A healthy balance as each season flies—
When summer reigns, and lassitude prevails,
Spontaneously our choicest pleasures rise,
But when congealing winter in its hold
The yielding elements awhile secures,
The mind, invigorated by the cold,
Will bolder pastimes find, and thus assures
Itself that phase of bliss, a warmer clime abjures.

VII.

And so, events that men sometimes regard
As mischiefs that from sad misfortune flow,
Are wisely sent an evil to retard,
To counteract a more malignant woe;
As swelling storms that roll their loud alarm,
In angry thunders, on the frightened ear,
Seem big with ruin, but, instead, disarm
Of hurtful taint, the struggling atmosphere,
And fresher beauties rise, wherever they passed near.
JOHN BARRY.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

JACK.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY BARRY DANE.

They did, indeed, seem rather a careless, good-for-nothing lot, that knot of fellows who daily assembled at the Court House, to transcribe to paper the sins and misdoings of the public, that came under judicial notice.

No one knew where they all came from; but it almost seemed as if the reportorial profession was a refuge for outcasts.

Let me introduce one or two of these Bohemians to the reader. No! don't draw back, now that you have gone so far; if you don't wish a further acquaintance, you can bow distantly in the cold world fashion, though some of these fellows have a way of grasping a hand that makes one think there is a big heart beneath that shabby, thread-bare coat.

That tall, fine-looking fellow leaning against the pillar over yonder, twirling his hat on his hand and chatting with the policeman, is Phillip Richmond, or the "Duke," as he is familiarly called by those who know him.

He received this nick-name both on account of his fine appearance, and because it was believed that he came of a good English family who, tired of his pranks at home, sent him off to the new country to sink or swim.

There, sitting at the table, watching every movement made in the room, is the "Rat." Had he been in the habit of signing cheques or other documents of value, it is most probable that the name Walter Seath would have adorned the paper; but as neither he nor any of his profession were in the habit of thus exhibiting their names, he went by the *alias* "Rat," and would hardly have recognized his own, had he heard it from one of the boys.

He was called the Rat, because he knew every hole and corner of the city; and nothing seemed to escape his notice, from a Temperance Convention down to a dog fight. He knew, or professed to know, the sentiments of every public man upon every public question. In brief, he was the latest edition of the *Daily Inquirer* on legs; and certainly cheaper than that sheet, for the information could be got for nothing, and without the trouble of reading it either. The only drawback was, that to obtain one item, the questioner had to run the risk of having the whole edition launched upon him.

There is one, however, of the motly assemblage, not of the rough-and-ready order. There he is! That delicate looking lad with the pale thin face and large gray thoughtful eyes that wear almost a sad expression, as he sits dreaming to himself, entirely oblivious to all that is going on around him.

Jack—simply Jack—was all he was called. No one knew where he came from, and no one seemed inclined to ask, except the Duke. He had taken a liking to the delicate boy, perhaps because of the great dissimilarity between them, and constituted himself a sort of guardian over him. Often as they sat together in the room where they lived, the boy's heart would open to the only one that he could call friend.

It was strange, yet pleasant, to see the strong fellow link his arm into that of the frail boy, and saunter through the street, looking down affectionately every now and then as his companion made some remark.

One morning they all sat as usual, in Court, busily engaged scribbling away, some with the same precision that they would have used, had they been making entries in the day-book of a counting-house; while others with some vein of humour in their compositions, were jotting down any amusing phrase spoken, or portraying any ludicrous scene enacted, with which to tickle the reader's palate, in the next morning's issue.

Jack also sat as usual—dreaming. The stern practicality of the Police Court and its officials, had but little interest for him.

Suddenly he seemed to waken up as a case for drunkenness was called. The prisoner was a sailor, and his broad honest face over which came a blush of shame, as he stood up to answer to the charge, showed plainly that he was a stranger to the interior of such a place.

The sailor begged hard to be allowed to go, and pleaded his former good character in support of his prayer; but the voice of Evenhanded Justice sounded the stereotyped sentence, that has been the damnation of many a first offender, "One dollar or thirty days."

"Oh, Cap'n," pleaded the sailor. "I ain't got what'll buy a hap'worth o' baccy, just let us off this time. I never was in jail afore, an' couldn't abear the disgrace o' it: it's like runnin' a fellor into dry dock for repairs, when only a bit o' the riggin's loose."

"Never been in jile afore! that's too thin." whispered one of the miserable red-eyed loafers standing near, and at the same time digging his elbow into the ribs of an equally red-eyed companion.

"That's so," replied the individual addressed, "the Beak don't swaller that."

Evenhanded Justice smiled on the two red-eyed gentlemen for the quick wit they had displayed, and then turning to the sailor said, "Well, my man, if you have n't got the money you must go down, that's all."

Jack was deeply interested in the case. He moved restlessly in his seat, looking first at the sailor and then at the magistrate, then back to the sailor again, while his large gray eyes were brimming over with tears, and his usually pale face flushed with indignation. When the voice of Evenhanded Justice ceased, he seemed unable to contain himself longer, and picking up his hat and papers, shoved his hand into his pocket and drew out something that he kept concealed in his palm.

The prisoner's dock was just above where Jack had been sitting, and as the sailor turned round, with a look of despair on his manly weather-beaten face, to be led away with a loathsome crowd of wretches whose only home for years had been the prison cells, Jack rose, and passing his hand over the rails, placed something in the sailor's hand and hurriedly left the Court.

A cry of joy broke from the sailor's lips as he looked down and found the amount of the fine in his hand. Down went the money, and hardly waiting to be discharged, he gave his trowers a hitch and started off after his benefactor.

The *habitués* of a Police Court, are not as a general thing, made of material easily affected by any touching sight; but that day a murmur ran through the room and rose to half a cheer, that was only quelled by the stentorian tones of the chief constable, calling out, "Order, Gentlemen!" (which the Duke said, was the only sarcasm he was ever known to utter,) and the frowning red face of Evenhanded Justice.

It has been said by some, and believed by many, that Bohemians have neither party nor principles, country nor creed, and that even their souls grow callous in the occupation that they follow.

It would, indeed, seem strange, had they any settled choice with regard to what is mentioned in the first portion of the charge, when the constant cry of the public, is for novelty, sensation and change; but even this is open to contradiction. The last is a lie.

Where, and in what class can men be found, who are more willing to share their last sixpence with a brother in distress? Their poverty and homelessness are bonds of union as strong as the secret signs of Freemasonry or Oddfellowship.

The sailor was not long in overtaking Jack. "Hold hard there, Cap'n! You're a rum'un, you are, reskees a wreck an' axes no prize money. God bless ye fer it, Cap'n, an' if ye ever want a helpin' hand when there's a squall ahead, Dick Ratlin's the man to take his trick at the wheel." And the burly sailor drew himself up to his full height and tapped his broad chest with his thumb.

Jack looked more like one who had been caught stealing, than a benefactor, and saying something about not having done anything deserving of thanks, managed to slip away from the grateful tar.

Dick was not to be shaken off thus, for a few weeks afterwards he walked in the Court room, this time not as a prisoner.

He came, as he said himself, "just to see the skipper what towed him to port, when all hands was washed overboard." Time passed on, and every now and then, whenever his vessel was in port, Dick came round to the Court to have a chat with Jack, until, at last, he became quite a friend, and his visits were gladly welcomed.

A queer trio they made—the Duke, Jack and Dick; there was little in common between them but poverty, which seems to make firm friends.

One Monday morning, the Duke walked into the court room alone, his face looking very grave.

"Hello!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once, "where's Jack?"

The Duke did not answer for a moment; but kicked over an offending chair; then throwing his hat upon the table, he planted his fist on the crown, in a manner that would have caused both surprise and a headache to anything less void of feeling than the deal board beneath it.

"Yes! that's just what's the matter. Where's Jack? No, he's not drowned, lost nor mislaid, nor strangled creeping through a knothole for an item," said the Duke, surveying the enquiring faces before him, "so you can ease yourselves upon that point; but he's sacked—yes, sacked; and I say it's a—confounded shame." The unfortunate hat received another blow.

"You, fellows, know how he worked his best day and night; but because he was n't made of cast-iron like their own hearts—confound'em, they've sacked him."

"I knew he'd be sacked," remarked the Rat calmly. "He never could pick up an item. Why, when the scaffolding fell at the new Baptist Church spire, killing a workman and leaving a wife and seven small children, he never had a word of it in the *Messenger*, nor about that—"

"Oh, give us a rest, will you for a moment; besides, who ever heard of a scaffold with a wife and seven small children. You'll be strangled in a knothole some day; but then everyone is not going to sacrifice himself that way for the benefit of his fellow creatures."

This speech from the Duke, was followed by roars of laughter which had the effect of silencing the Rat for a time.

"Well, what's he going to do?" said one of the boys.

"Do! why he says he's going to make literature his profession, and write for a living; but I fear he won't make much of that."

"Literature his profession!" exclaimed the Rat, who had by this time recovered and came up to the scratch as lively as ever. "Why Sergeant tried that, and died in the hospital over a year ago."

"Well he won't die in the hospital while I'm round; but I'll board you there if you have n't got something pleasanter to remark," said the Duke with a very ominous nodding of his head towards the Rat. For the third time it was fortunate that no head was beneath that hat.

"Well I wish him luck," replied the Rat, shrugging his shoulders and proceeding to arrange some papers that lay before him. "And that's not much," returned the Duke, and taking up his battered hat, he jammed it on the back of his head and sauntered out of Court.

"Well, Jack, my boy," said the Duke as he walked into the room, after the toil of the day was done, "how's literature; struck a theme for a new poem or story yet?"

Jack looked up and smiled, then shaking his head, said, "No, I can't say that I have; but by the way I have something to say to you," and the smile all fled from his face as he spoke.

"Duke, I'll have to leave you."
"Leave me!" exclaimed the Duke, starting up as if he had been shot. "Why what the deuce is up now?"

"Oh, Duke we'll still be friends, I hope,—I know we will; but I must go—I shall have to live more cheaply, until at least I can make money to pay for more."

"You just wont do anything of the kind; why hang the expense, I've got wealth," and the Duke drew his hand from his pocket where he had been fumbling unsuccessfully for some time; and then displayed two quarters, a ten cent piece and some coppers, at which he glanced sorrowfully as he slid them back into his pocket, one by one.

"And if you did go," he continued, "do you think Phil Richmond would let you go alone? Not much, my boy, I'm not that sort of a pippin. I'd be unworthy of my title if I deserted a friend in distress;" and with these words he put his arm affectionately round his friend's shoulder.

Jack said nothing; but took the strong hand that lay so tenderly there, in his and pressed it to his lips.

When the Duke withdrew his hand, a crystal drop glistened on it.

No tear had wet his eye since the day when he returned from school, to lean over a cold white form and pulseless heart, and kiss pale lips whose last words were a prayer for her boy; but now a great tear stole down his cheek and wedded itself with the crystal drop on his hand.

Only death could sever them now. Jack was firm in his intention of seeking cheaper lodgings and the Duke eventually saw the necessity of such a step.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, the two friends walked arm in arm, to look at the new lodgings which Jack had engaged in the morning.

They walked on slowly, neither saying a word until they came upon a small square, on the other side of which stood a grand old stone church.

Jack stopped suddenly and stood speechless for a moment, and then almost whispered, "Oh Duke, how beautiful!" and it was indeed so. It had been a cold cloudy afternoon, and Jack's spirits seemed to have been clouded like the skies. But here, just as they were nearing their new home, (if four bare walls, a bed, a table, a white basin forced into unwilling matrimony with a coloured pitcher, and to or three imbecile chairs, could be called by such a name,) the clouds had broken, and the sinking sun shot his rays of crimson and gold up through the heavy bank, touching them everywhere with glory. And the old church stood up dark and clear-cut against the brilliancy behind, pointing upwards with its massive tower to the brightness and beauty above; saying mutely, so it seemed to the dreamer, "here all is dark and cold, trouble and toil; but press onward, upward, for yonder is the brighter, happier day."

"Yes, it is beautiful," said the Duke, looking down kindly on his companion. "'Tis a good omen; brighter days ahead, my boy."

"I fear it's rather oracular;" rejoined Jack, "easily read either way; what if it should represent what it really is, the fast declining glories of the present?"

They were both silent for a few minutes while they crossed the square and turned into a narrow street, or rather lane, that ran down behind the old church.

They stopped before the door of a large dilapidated looking structure, on the shabby panel of which Jack knocked with his knuckles. The door was opened and they were soon inspecting the interior of their new quarters. An hour or two later, they were sitting there, surrounded by all their worldly possessions; while the lamp flame was bravely endeavouring to dispel the gloom, by squinting cheerfully through two fingermarks on the smoked and greasy glass.

"Ah, master Jack," said Dick, the sailor, upon entering the room for the first time, "it wont never do arter lodgin' in the cap'n's cabin to bunk like this in the fo'c'sal."

Jack only laughed in his gentle way, and handed Dick a pipe; and as the sailor sat with his elbows on his knees, and his chin resting on his hands, peering through the fog of tobacco smoke that curled up from his lips; he said, "Well it aint such a bad sort of a craft arter all," though he continued, nodding his head towards the window that rattled and struggled as if anxious to free itself and join in the dance of the winds without, "That old port wants bat'nen up for the voyage."

It was but a poor living that Jack made with his pen, writing a little poem for this periodical or a short story for that, many of them with a touch of sadness that half revealed some hidden chapter in his life, over which he dreamt and pondered, but never suffered other minds than his own to read.

At times a little reporting came in his way, by which he earned a few dollars, but his life was very unlike what he had pictured to himself should be the life of a literary man.

Poor Jack was never made to rough it.

How often the Duke said that he should never have been called Jack. That name conveyed to him, as to many more, the idea of a jolly sailor or rollicking soldier, and not the quiet pre faced student that he knew. But a time came when such a world of tenderness as could be sounded in those four simple letters, if breathed in sadness or in love, it seemed, to him impossible to utter in any other word.

One evening, a few weeks before Christmas, the Duke walked into the room and found Jack engaged writing.

"Well, old fellow," he said in his kindly, jolly way. "What's on the boards now, a new story or what?"

"I have been thinking of writing a Christmas poem, and I began to night; but I fear I shall have to give it up for the present, as the Muse is wayward," replied Jack, handing a few lines that he had just written, to the Duke.

He took them and read—

Sad songs are sweetest
Where joy is fleetest:
Oh! sweet is so sweet, to the heart in sorrow,
E'en the low wailing knell
Of the sad Passing Bell,
Is sweeter than the Joy Bells of the morrow.

"It is a very pretty beginning; but don't you think it is rather sad for so joyful an occasion?"

"Ah that is my Christmas Carol, Duke, and perhaps some one else will be sad then as well as myself. Every one is not happy because the bells ring out so gladly. I can remember one terrible, terrible Christmas day for me," and the poor boy bent his head upon his hands and murmured "Mother! Mother!" Then looking up he continued, "yes! yes! there are many sad hearts at Christmas time, and why should not they be sung to as well as those who are blithe and happy."

The Duke only shook his head sadly, as he turned away to hide his troubled face; while Jack folded up his papers.

A week later than the evening just mentioned, Jack returned home, very much fatigued, having had rather a long walk in the cold night air for one so delicate, and the next morning he was unable to leave his bed.

At the same time the Duke was ordered away to a distant town, to make a report of some meetings being held there, and which would keep him absent for an indefinite period.

"Take good care of him, Dick, he's as frail as a girl," whispered the Duke as he left the door, on his way to the station.

"You're right; I will, Cap'n," replied the sailor.

A week passed away ; but with Dick's utmost care Jack grew worse. It seemed as if he grew paler and thinner between each setting of the sun.

"It was Christmas Eve. Oh. how the snow came down ! but ere it touched the ground, the wind caught it in its great invisible arms, and bore it off, piling it up in the shadow of some doorway, or in some secluded nook, and wooing it gently for a moment, then as if in a fury of passion hurling it into the street, to be trodden down by the passers by.

How keen and sharp the wind was ; but what cared the merry crowds, who sped along in the glare of the shop windows all decked out so gaily and so bright.

It was Christmas Eve, and had not the wind a right to blow and bluster, and the snow a right to fall ? Old Father Christmas would not have been himself without his fleecy mantle and frosty breath.

How glad the sleigh bells sounded on the clear air, and how joyous and merry the rippling laughter as silvery as they.

Surely every one was blithe and happy that night.

No ! not everybody. There was one who was not. That big burly figure speeding along, looking up anxiously, every now and then, above the doors of the shops as it passed, carried a heavy heart.

At last the figure came to a part of the street less frequented than the rest, and stopping before the door of a shop, over which hung three golden balls, it hesitated a moment. Then, as if with an effort, for the blast was very cold, off came the great coat that sheltered it from the storm. Folding the coat carefully over its arm, it turned to the door, and was just pressing the latch, when a voice exclaimed—

"Hello, Dick ! what's up now ?"

Yes, the figure was that of Dick the sailor, and as he turned round to see who addressed him, he shivered, for the cold wind blew fiercely on his breast.

"Raisin' the wind," said Dick recognizing the Rat, as he came peering through the snow, for it was he who had spoken.

"There's wind enough without raising more, I should say," said the Rat, shrinking his ears down below his coat collar as he spoke, "going to have a 'blow out' to-morrow?"

"No," said Dick very gravely, "Jack's very bad—p'raps dyin', and Doc' says he must have some nourishin' food, and I'm just goin' to shove this up," pointing to his coat, "we've slipped up on the 'Ready,' so I'm goin' to raise some on this."

"Jack dying !" said the Rat in almost a terrified tone, and for almost the first time in his life seeming startled by any news.

"Yes, I'm most afeared so, an' the Duke's away too," said Dick, "but I musn't slack sail, for he'll be wonderin' where I am," and he turned again to the door of the shop.

"Wait a minute," said the Rat fumbling nervously in his pocket and appearing very confused, "see, here, this will do, won't it ? Its all I've got about me. Don't put your coat up such a cold night as this."

The sailor looked at him for a moment meditatively and said, "You was't very good friends with him, was you ? P'raps he would'n't like it."

A big lump swelled up into the Rat's throat. "Oh dont !" he said, grasping Dick by the arm. "I know I've been hard on him ; but 'tis all over now, take it, do take it, why 'tis Christ, mas time now, man." The Rat almost broke down—"I'm sorry I was hard on him ; it was only my way ; but he's not dying, Dick—not dying, surely ! I wish I had'n't been so hard on him—there, you'll take it like a good fellow," and the Rat pressed the money into Dick's hand.

"P'raps you'd like to see him ?" said Dick, as he buttoned up his coat.

"No ! no ! not now, I can't ! Oh Dick he's not so bad, is he—he's not dying ?"

"Pretty bad I'm afeared ; but I must be off," and Dick grasped the Rat's hand warmly as they parted.

The Rat walked on. He was sad, and yet he felt happier and better ; he had done a kind action ; but as he walked along, he kept repeating to himself. "No ! No ! he must not ! I hope he wont ! Yes ! Yes ! I was too hard on him."

The sailor sat by the bedside, holding one of Jack's hands in his, and gazing down on him tenderly.

"Is he coming soon ?" whispered Jack, looking up eagerly into Dick's face.

Yes ! Yes ! his train will soon be in now," replied Dick, "but the Doc' says you musn't talk ; but keep easy."

"Oh, but I must talk ! I must see him ! I can't go without one look, one word, from dear old Duke."

"Go where ?" said the sailor enquiringly.

"Home, Dick ! Home for Christmas, up there," and he pointed upwards with his thin white hand.

The sailor gave a sort of convulsive shudder, and catching Jack's hand in his, he looked round the room almost fiercely, as if some one were approaching to rob him of the friend who lay before him.

"Don't ! Don't master Jack !" he pleaded. "Don't talk that way ! You'll come round all right, and be as taut as a peak hal'owd in a gale. This is only a breeze," he continued, trying to cheer his friend, in his sailor fashion. "Why there's land right ahead."

"Yes, I know it. I see it, Dick, and I'll soon be there safe in port, but you and the Duke must sail on a little while longer."

All was silent for a moment or two.

"There he is !" said Jack starting up and leaning on his arm. "I knew he'd come."

Dick rose and went to the door softly.

"Hold hard there, Cap'en !" he said recognizing the Duke through the gloom, as he came up the old creaking stairway, three steps at a time, "this old craft's a kind o' cranky an' wont abear much o' a strain."

The Duke saw by Dick's grave face, that something was wrong ; and with an almost wild expression on his face, he sprang to the side of the bed.

Jack was too much excited to say a word. The hectic flush came to his cheek and then fled, leaving him paler, if possible, than before ; he merely raised his hand to the Duke who grasped it, and murmured in a tone of agony.

"Oh Jack ! Jack !"

Then stooping over him he pressed a kiss passionately on his forehead. Raising his head, their eyes met, and for a moment their hearts seemed to cease beating, while they read each other's very souls.

"Oh, my God ! not yet ! not yet !" burst wildly from the Duke's lips.

It must have been nearly midnight, when a slow step was heard upon the dark stairway, and without waiting for an answer to the low knock, the door was opened and a head bent forward into the room, while a subdued, almost gentle voice, said softly, "May I come in ?"

Could it be ? No, surely not. That kindly voice without one harsh tone. Could it possibly be ? Yes it was—the Rat !

He seemed almost afraid to come nearer than the door, until the Duke approached him and grasped his hand warmly, for Dick had told the Duke all.

"I just came with a few little things I thought you might like, Jack," said he producing a parcel as he walked towards the bed.

"Thank you ! thank you kindly ; but I shall not need them now," whispered Jack, at the same time stretching out his hand to him, which the Rat caught and held between his, as if it were something for which he had longed and striven, but hardly dared to hope might be his.

That big lump, for the second time that night rushed up into his throat, but he forced it down at the risk of choking himself, and said, "Jack I haven't been very kind towards you, and I've said hard things about you ; but you'll forgive me now, wont you ?" His voice ceased, for the big lump would have its way.

"Don't think of it—that's all over now," replied Jack softly. "Tis Christmas tide, 'Peace on Earth and good will toward men'."

There was one sadder, but oh, how much lighter heart that night, beating warmly beneath a breast buffetting its way homeward through the storm.

All night the Duke and Dick sat at the bedside, while the lamp burned lower and lower, and at last went out just as the gray dawn was flushing into day.

A wandering ray of sunlight streamed into the room.

Jack raised his head and whispered to the Duke to bring him his pocket-book. He opened it ; his weak fingers trembling as he did so. His eyes then brightened for a moment as they rested upon two pictures that he took from it.

The one was the likeness of a lady ; and the large soft eyes and gentle face, told who it was ere he whispered the word, "Mother !"

The other was a bright laughing girlish face surrounded by a wealth of waving curls. It was also a chapter of the past.

After gazing at the pictures for a few moments, his eyes closed, and he sank back upon his pillow.

The great sailor, with hot tears coursing down his cheeks, lifted the dying boy in his arms, tenderly, and supported him against his stalwart breast.

"Can't you read us somethin' from the Good Book, Cap'en, an' give us a bit o' a prayer," said Dick, looking into the Duke's face with such an expression, that had he only seen and not heard, he must have known what was wanted.

The Duke took a Bible from the table and held it in his hand, wondering what part to choose. It fell open at the 23rd Psalm which he read with a trembling voice. Then, taking Jack's poor wasted hand in his, he knelt by the bedside ; and as he repeated "Our Father" as he had never done before, he could hear the sailor's voice, whispering fervently, through his great heart-breaking sobs, "Amen ! Amen !"

He ceased, and all was silent for a moment.

Then out of the silence came a glorious burst of music. It was the Christmas hymn being sung in the old church across the way.

A gleam of light seemed to pass over Jack's face, at the sound. He opened his eyes, fixing them on something invisible to other sight.

His lips murmured, "Yes ! Yes ! I'm coming, mother—-for Christmas in Heaven. Good—"

His weak fingers gave a closer grasp round the hands that held them, and then relaxed their hold for ever.

The strong men bowed beside the bed and wept.

There were some verses on the back of one of the pictures that Jack held in his hand before he died ; but no one ever read them : they were too sacred for mortal sight ; and when they buried him, two pictures and a lock of golden hair were laid upon his breast.

A little slip of paper, had fallen from the pocket-book, and as the Duke sat watching by the dead body, his eye lighted upon it.

He picked it up and read. Yes, he had read it before ; but now he was the mourner, and each word went down deep into his heart.

"Sad songs are sweetest
Where joy is fleetest :
Oh sweet ! so sweet to the heart in sorrow.
Of the low wailing knell
Of the sad Passing Bell,
Is sweeter than the Joy Bells of the morrow.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A woman never looks less interesting than when she is pulling a tight rubber in church.

THE time is come when the woman without looks with bitter envy upon the woman within a sealskin jacket.

A Yankee editor observing that "the census embraces seventeen million women," asks, "Who wouldn't be a census ?"

THE height of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady, when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

It is hard to say which will bring the more pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her that her baby is heavy or her bread light.

A charming young lady who attends evening church service regularly is called "the vesper belle" by the distracted youth of the parish.

A French paper describes a young lady as one who kisses her gentleman friends until she is six years old and then leaves off until she is sixteen.

WHEN walking with a gentleman, a lady should take his right arm, but in a crowded thoroughfare you may with propriety seize him by his coat collar.

A New York paper says it is willing women should vote if they want to. We should like to see the man that could make them vote if they didn't want to.

A mamma, who has succeeded in getting her seven daughters off her hands, has determined to open a class for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband catching. To be called "The School of Design."

If there is anything that will bring tears to the eyes it is to witness a young lady undergoing the trying ordeal of endeavoring to bring a fallen clothes-line full of clothes to a realization of its solemn duty.

AN exchange tells us that "a romantic Chicago girl has offered to marry Red Cloud the big chief." It is safe to say that the marriage will never take place. Of course Red Cloud's friends would never suffer him to sacrifice himself in that way.

THE father of eleven unmarried girls who hadn't had a male visitor in three months, was so deeply moved one day last week by the spectacle of a young man's coming up the front steps that he could do nothing but lean out the window and gasp.

Two old ladies, who were known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed ; one used, therefore, every New Year's Day, to visit the other, and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year !"

A "girl of the period" comments thus on Mormonism : "How absurd—four or five wives for one man ; when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support her decently !"

WHEN you see a girl, says an American contemporary, come out of a store with a hop, skip, jump, and a pleased expression, you may know that the milliner has told her that she can press her old summer hat over into a twenty-dollar winter style.

A laborer in one of the manufacturing districts of England recently offered his wife for sale in a bar-room, where she came to ask him for some change, at fourpence. An independent young fellow jumped at the bargain and they departed, and now she refuses to return to her first master.

"Did you ever hear the alphabetical conundrum, Angelina ?—" "No, Augustus. What is it ?"—"It is : when will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet ?—" "Oh, I never could guess that."—"It's when U and I are made one, my darling."—"What a nice conundrum it is, Augustus."

A young lady of Hardin County, Iowa, who merely to show her knowledge of business affairs, drew up and signed in fun a hundred-dollar promissory note, at a party, twelve months ago, has just received a notice from the bank to walk up and settle it with interest. She thinks that that's carrying a joke a trifle too far.

THERE'S a woman on the shores of Lake George who has her ideas defined if not accurate. She and her husband keep a hotel. Lately she has applied to have him shut up as insane. The proof she offered was (1) that he was irritable and would swear when angry, and (2) that he "had a high opinion of himself and seemed to think his presence necessary to the concern !"

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection which she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrow of widowhood, to which he made the following ingenious and delicate complimentary reply :—"Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

A correspondent sojourning at the Galt House, in Louisville, was surprised to have the bell answered by a young girl very plainly dressed, without even a ribbon at her throat. "She did not speak, and after a few moments, I said 'I

rang for the bell-boy.' 'We have no bell-boys here. We are all girls,' was the answer, spoken with the soft cadence peculiar to the sex in the South. 'I am glad of it,' I answered, with that feeling of rest which one has in the care of a woman." The correspondent was rejoiced to find another kind of employment opening up for women. But how about the poor boys ?

AN unsettled question in France is again being discussed ; a gentleman encountering a lady acquaintance in the street, ought he to salute her first, or to wait for her bow, or not to salute at all ? A M. Brunshnick does not comprehend any of these subtleties, these refinements of politeness, which command that one ought not to recognise his friends for fear of not being recognised for recognising. A gentleman salutes a lady first as if he would yield the *pas* to her on the flagway, by stepping off it. Then it seems there can be nothing dishonorable in letting the world see you know the lady. Since a salute is a mark of deference and respect, it is considered advisable for the gentleman to salute first. The captain has the right of respect from the soldier, being his superior ; the aged from young persons, being their seniors ; and ladies from gentlemen, because they are women.

GIRL is very nice ! Everybody who has not the misfortune to be girl will allow this. Nice girl will allow it also as far as itself is concerned. Strange girl is objectionable in the eyes of girl generally.

Powder improves girl sometimes, but it seldom finds this out until it is suggested to it by one of experience.

Healthy girl costs its parents less money for doctor's bills, but persons who write romantic tales for circulating libraries choose unhealthy and pasty-faced girl to write about—the swooning kind preferred.

Lately I bought sixpennyworth of penny illustrated journals and I found therein ten pictures illustrative of girl in a swooning state. I hope it was all real, or else there ought to have been a lot of smacking all round.

If I were not boy I think I should like to be girl. It's best fun to be boy when there's plenty of girl about.

THE *Detroit Free Press* says : A few days ago a Detroit widower, who was engaged to a Detroit widow, each having two or three children, and both being well off, determined to test her love for him and at the same time discover if she was actuated by mercenary motives, as some of his friends had asserted. He called upon her at the usual evening hour, and after awhile remarked : "My dear, you know I have two children, and to-day I had my life insurance policy for \$25,000 changed to their sole benefit in case of my death."

"You did quite right, my darling," she promptly replied. "I have three children, as you are aware. As soon as we were engaged I had every dollar's worth of my property secured that they alone can have the benefit of it."

He looked. She looked. The marriage didn't come off at the time set last week, and it may never occur.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FECHTER is playing *Armand* in "La Dame aux Camélias" at the Lyceum Theatre, N. Y.

PEOPLE who remember Jenny Lind's wonderful singing will regret to hear that her health is failing.

OFFENBACH'S "La Creole" is said to lack fun and *entrain*, and to be too much in the style of Auber and Adam to suit the atmosphere of Les Bouffes.

ON St. Cecilia's Day at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Purcell's grand "Te Deum" in D, composed for a St. Cecilia festival in 1692, was rendered by a large choir and band.

LECOQC'S new opera bouffe "Le Pompon," is only a moderate success in Paris, where they pronounce the first act charming, the second stupid, and the third intolerable.

THE Princess de Metternich, Mme. de Paiva, Countess Castiglione, and Mrs. Blackford have in turn been said in Paris to be the original of the heroine of Alexandre Dumas' new comedy, "L'Etrangère."

THE Milanese journals speak in most enthusiastic terms of a new baritone singer, by name George Walker, Italianised into Georgio Valcheri. They say that his voice is of extraordinary beauty, resonance, power, and compass, and that he sings and acts like an artist of the highest culture.

HAMILTON AIDE is mentioned by Kate Field as an example of extraordinary versatility. He is by turns musician, composer, versifier, novelist, and dramatist. He has won popularity as a song writer, and, dramatizing his own novel, has made an exceedingly pleasant modern comedy.

MISS BEATRICE STAFFORD, a handsome American girl, has made a *début* at the Gaiety Theatre, London, as *Juliet*, and appears to have been very successful. Miss Stafford came out under the auspices of Mr. Ryder, whose watchful professional care has guided many *Juliet*s and *Julias*, the greatest of which is Miss Neilson.

MME. LABORDE, a *prima donna* who delighted America in the pre-Jenny Lind days, is now a successful teacher in Paris, and still sings at her own soirées. She is an old lady now with the prettiest white hair imaginable, but the bright dark eyes, pleasant face, and sunny smile seem unchanged since the days when they lent their charms to *Amina* or *Rosina*.

M. RUSKIN pitches in without gloves to the young lady Sunday school teachers, at whom he evidently does not entertain a very high opinion. "At present," he says, "you keep the dancing to yourselves and graciously teach your scholars the catechism. Suppose you were to try for a little while 'earning the catechism yourselves and teaching them to dance.'"

"Do you know," said Rossi, to one of his friends, "what there is more in the Parisian 'bravo' than in the others ? The Parisian 'bravo' is always to the point. They are more enthusiastic and noisy elsewhere, but Paris has a clearer *coup d'œil*, and better taste. What a satisfaction it is to be applauded justly for an artist who knows the movements he prefers and the mimicry and intonation he has studied more carefully !"





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 25TH DECEMBER, 1875.

LIFTING THE VEIL.

(*LA VIERGE AU VOILE*)

BY RAPHAEL.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE LADY OF RATHMORE HALL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

Throughout the country, for many a mile, There is not a nobler, stately pile Than ivy-crowned Rathmore Hall, And the giant oaks that shadow the wold, Though hollowed by time are not as old As its Norman turrets tall.

Let us follow that stream of sunset red Crimsoning the portal overhead, Stenling through curtaining lace, Where sits in a spacious and lofty room, Filled with gems of art—exotics in bloom— The proud Lady of the place.

If Rathmore Hall is with praise oft named, Not less is its queen-like mistress famed For wondrous beauty and grace; And as she reclines there, calm, languid now, The sunset flush on her ivory brow, We marvel at form and face.

Wondrously perfect—peerlessly fair Are features, eyes and luxuriant hair, As lily she's graceful, tall; No full florid style of ripe beauty there, But pale and high bred, just such as should wear The Lady of Rathmore Hall.

Health, youth, and loveliness on her smile, Her abode that noble and ancient pile, Surely happy must she be; Only to wish aught that wealth can fulfill And as if by magic is wrought her will; A moment wait—we shall see!

At length she moves and heavily sighs Whilst wearily rest her violet eyes On her jewels richly wrought; Shuddering she turns away her gaze From flashing diamond and ruby's blaze, Whispering: "Too dearly bought!"

Then slowly rising, the casement nears, And looking abroad through a mist of tears, Sighs, "Yes, I have earned it all; Crushed a manly heart that too truly loved, False to my vows and to honor proved To be Lady of Rathmore Hall."

"What are now its fertile acres to me Stretching out as far as my gaze can see? I loathing turn from the scene; My womanhood wasting in wild regret O'er a past that I should, that I must forget; O'er a life that might have been."

"Oh, for the humble, dear home of my youth, Its loving warm hearts—its unswilled truth— Its freedom from fashion's thrall, And the blameless hopes—the bliss that was mine Ere awoke in my heart a wish to shine As Lady of Rathmore Hall!"

She stops, for sudden in the chamber still, Loud barking of hounds and harsh accents fill The quiet and dreamy air; Swearing at menials—with lowering brow, Earl Rathmore enters her presence now, And turns on her angry stare.

A shudder runs through her—what does it tell? A look in her eyes that not there should dwell, 'Tis hate, and she wedded wife; Surely angels grieve in their bliss above To see—where should reign peace and perfect love— Disunion—unholy strife.

With an oath outspeaks he, "Still moping, say! From hour to hour and from day to day; Not for this, from lowly state, That caught by beauty I'm weary of now, And smiles that have fled thy sullen brow— I made thee a Rathmore's mate."

No word from her lips—she never replies, But the shadow deepens within her eyes, And she smiles in cold disdain; Yet her snowy eyelids proud haughty droop, Her calm—unmoved—yet scornful look Mask an aching heart and brain.

With a muttered curse in still harsher tone, He passes out and thus leaves her alone In her rich and gilded gloom; Ah, no wretched wife throughout the broad land, Weary, heart-sick like that Lady grand Chafes more at her life's sad doom.

If a daughter's soft arms should ever twine, Lady Rathmore, round that white neck of thine, Teach her not to barter all, The guileless love of her innocent youth, Her promised vows and maidenly truth, For another Rathmore Hall.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CATHARINE OWEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE BODY SNATCHERS.

It was a fearful night, a cheerless and dispiriting Christmas Eve, even for those who had nothing to do but keep by their glowing hearths and make merry, but for those thousands of the teeming city who were forced to face the storm by poverty or their crimes, it was bitter indeed. The sound of the hail and wind in its fury was as though the streets were being swept by an iron broom, and the few wayfarers bent their heads and shrank from the furious blast.

Amid the hail and wind a light cart drove as rapidly up to the cemetery gates as the ascending road permitted; once there, two men descended, and, tying the horse, one took from the cart a dark lantern, crowbar, keys, screw-drivers and chisel, the other opened a bag and took from it a coat, trousers, slouch hat and pair of boots.

"Come, hurry up, Sam, and let's get out of this infernal cold. I know exactly where he is."

"Jack, I don't like the job; such a night too!"

"Bah, you're new to the business; the worse the night, the better for our purpose. The peelers will be so busy keeping themselves warm they won't stop to make enquiries if they see three men jogging down the hill. I think my dodge is a pretty cute one: they've been so sharp upon us lately that the business has been too risky, but a hundred dollars for an hour's work is not to be sneezed at in these hard times."

By this time they had reached the cemetery vault. A quarter of an hour's work and the door was opened. They entered the vault and soon after re-appeared with the body of a man.

"Now for the clothes, Sam."

"Your idea may be good enough, but I'm hanged if I like this valeting a dead man," said he addressed as Sam.

"You're two nice by half, but once done we shall get along comfortably and have no sneaking policeman wanting to know what we've got in the cart."

The two had quickly put the boots and trousers on the cold legs of the corpse, then tying up the head with a handkerchief, they threw on the great coat and slouched hat.

The toilette completed, they closed the door of the vault and a few minutes later the only evidence of their ghastly work was the dressed up body on the ground. This they bore between them to the cart, bound it to the seat, and seated it upright with its back fastened to the back seat bar; then each taking a seat at its side their work was so far successfully done that no one could tell but that three men were driving along the road.

On they drove with wind, sleet, and hail in their faces. They had some distance to go before reaching the city, and had need for caution, for such outrages as they had just committed had been frequent of late, and the law was unusually vigilant.

As they approached the city, and had been passed by a constable who glanced at them and passed on without remark, Jack who was the boldest of the two, began to think he might relax his caution. The night was so chill, and it might be that their companion was so cold, that when the lights of a solitary public house came in sight, he exclaimed:

"Sam, let's have a glass of something hot. I'm cold to the marrow; a good stiff glass of grog will drive away the chill the 'stiff' sends through us."

"For God's sake, don't let's stop, Jack, till we get rid of this, besides what should we do with it while we get down?"

"Never mind dummy, I will put the reins in his hands; he won't mind their being wet; he'll sit holding them as mindless as a dove, and he won't take cold as you or I should," said the man, with a ghastly attempt at humour as they got down from the cart and entered the inviting room. Once there, they staid for more than one glass while they listened to the landlord's story of how many years he had kept that house, and never yet remembered a Christmas eve like the present. It was the first time, he declared, that his bar was empty on such a holiday night.

When they at length sallied forth warmed with the fire and liquor, and perhaps a little the worse for the latter, they found everything as they had left it, the poor corpse sitting rigid and still as might be expected.

"Come, Sam, get up, let's be off, you see dummy did his work well."

Off rattled the cart again, and Jack warmed and inclined to be merry, cracked his jokes at the expense of the less experienced rascal, Sam. They had not gone very far when the cart lurched on one side, and it seemed to the imagination of the body snatchers that the corpse righted itself in a peculiar manner, but each thought it due to chance. However in a few minutes Sam said in a half terrified tone:

"Jack, there's something wrong with this fellow, he is not half as—Jack, he's growing warm!"

"Hold your foolish tongue, Sam, whoever heard of a corpse growing warm?"

"Jack, I tell you he is! Feel his thumbs."— Jack looked under the dead man's hat and gave a yell, for the dead man's eyes moved in his head, and he glared on Jack who dropped the reins, and jumping out of the cart fled down the road, speedily followed by Sam, and the cart and the corpse went on.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOURNERS.

Three sad women, clad in black sat listening to the storm without.

"Mother", said one to the elder of the three whose swollen eyes told of long weeping, "mother is it not strange he is so late, and what a storm for him to be in."

"It's always 'Richard' 'Richard' with you" said the mother querulously, "once a girl gets a lover her own kin are nothing to her. I think what a night it is for poor Harry to lie out there in the cold: My poor boy, nobody but a mother remembers the dead for long."

"Oh, mother, I don't forget dear Harry, but he is better off, and can't feel misery and discomfort, mother dear, do try and think that."

"I do, Jenny, I do—but I can't help thinking that he must feel it," and the poor mother rocked herself, and indulged the sad luxury of grief, while the two girls went on with the sewing that their eyes, burning from many tears, made them ill fit to do. But necessity is a stern parent and pities not her children, and Jenny and her mother lived by the work they did for the stores. The son they were mourning had shared his earnings with them, but he had been unlucky and hurt his hand with machinery in the autumn, and the little store they generally contrived to have by them for a rainy day had been spent while he was idle. He had only been at work a few weeks when he was struck with a sudden illness ending in his death, and all the two poor women could scrape together had been spent to pay for the decent burial, and the plain black they wore.

Mary Hart, the third mourner in the little

room, was to have been his wife, and she, although better off than her two friends, for her brother Richard with whom she lived was foreman in a factory, now helped her in making up for lost time, for the family of her dead lover were doubly dear to her now for his sake.

There was to have been a double wedding at Easter if things had so prospered with Harry Lomas that he could afford to set up a little home for himself and Mary, and Jenny was to marry Richard Hart.

Poor Mrs. Lomas, in addition to her grief, was afflicted with a querulous temper, and it seemed like an injustice that Richard or any other young man should be left hale and strong, and her son taken, and to be reminded that Jenny still had some hope of future happiness with Richard, appeared to her jealous grief like slighting Harry's memory.

"I almost feel as mother does," said Mary who called Mrs. Lomas mother in token of what was to have been, "to think of our dear dead lying out there alone seems so much more dreadful than while they are in the house."

"I know, I know," said Jenny, tears for her dead brother dropping fast on her work, but her thoughts wandered off to the absent Richard, wondering why he was so late.

He had gone to Granville a week before on business for his employer, and during his absence Harry had died and been buried. It was hoped he would have been back in time to attend Harry's funeral, but he had failed to arrive.

"I wonder why Richard did not come," said Mary, "he could not have got our letters telling of his death, or he would surely have been here."

"I think so," said Jenny, but he said he would certainly be back Christmas Eve. I shall get frightened Mary, if he is not soon here," and Jenny looked in Mary's face anxiously,—but Mary's thoughts were with her lost love, about the living brother she did not fret. Richard, she knew, was well able to take care of himself, nor had Jenny long to indulge her fears, for soon she heard a rich bass voice trolling forth, as he came down the street:

"Down among the dead men, down—"

"Oh, he does not know," cried Mary on whose feelings her brother's gaiety grated, and Jenny went quickly to meet her lover before this ill timed song should meet her mother's ear.

"Merry Christmas, dear Jenny," Mary heard him say as he greeted her at the door with a resounding kiss, and then Jenny's "Hush, hush, Harry's dead."

"Dead! What do you mean?" he asked, leading the weeping Jenny into the room.

"Dead!" But a glance at the mother buried in her grief, at Mary who only did not weep because she had wept so much, told him more plainly than Jenny's words the sad truth.

"Have n't you had our letters?" they all asked at once.

"No, I had to leave Granville for Ottawa, and I suppose I have missed them in that way. I cannot believe Harry is dead," he continued, gazing from one to the other with incredulous wonder. "How? When did it happen?"

They told him the sad story, and there was one more sorrowing soul that Christmas Eve.

As Richard was taking his sister home, he said, "This is a sad blow to you, my girl, worse than for Jenny, for she has me. And to think I was coming home so gaily, it being Christmas Eve. I have done a good stroke of business for my employers since I have been away, and they have raised my wages. I expected they would, and was keeping my news as a pleasant surprise for you and Mary, and to find poor Harry buried—" "My God," he suddenly exclaimed as if struck by a recollection, "buried to day, but no, it would be too horrible and too improbable that I should be the one to discover it."

"What is the matter, Dick?" asked his sister noticing his changed manner.

"Nothing, nothing only a strange idea came into my head."

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas morning dawned bright, cold, and clear as the night before had been stormy. It had been settled that Mary and Richard were to spend the day with Jenny and her mother; it was not likely to be a very lively Christmas party but they all shared the same grief, and felt they would be better together. Yet when they came and Jenny saw how her mother seemed to resent Richard's health and strength, almost his being there at all, she was almost sorry he was to be so much in her sight while the freshness of her loss made her so unreasonable. She was not sorry therefore, although surprised, when he said:

"I am going to leave you now for an hour or two, Jenny. I am sorry to do so, dear, but I cannot help it."

With that he went off. Half an hour's brisk walking brought him to a public house, where he stopped, but instead of entering by the general door he went round the back, and entered the yard, and opened the door of one of the sheds; going inside he looked about him in search of something that was not there.

"Strange," he muttered, "I cannot be mistaken in the shed, but I'll try the other shed." Not finding what he sought he went at once to the house, entering by the back way.

In the house there was great excitement and confusion, quite outside of the pleasurable fuss of Christmas morning which, however, did not seem to be forgotten, for the kitchen was hung with garlands, and the table covered with good cheer in preparation. A girl stood stuffing a huge

turkey, and on the stove was boiling the Christmas pudding as was evident from the fragrant steam that pervaded the air.

Richard hesitated a moment, then asked for the proprietor, and was taken by her into a little parlor back of the bar where mine host was seated with an elderly gentleman in black. They were evidently in consultation about something of importance.

"There is illness in the house," thought Richard who knew the gentleman in black was Dr. Mackenzie.

They both looked up like people in expectation.

"I placed something in a shed in your yard last night; this morning I came to look after it, I find it gone. I suppose something is known of it here."

The host started to his feet, when Richard mentioned putting something in the shed.

"Ha—ha, young fellow, so you come here coolly and ask—"

"I put a dead body in your shed last night, and no doubt you wonder how I came to do so. I will explain."

The landlord was about to make some violent rejoinder when the doctor, raising his hand, said:

"Let us hear what the young man has to say."

RICHARD'S STORY.

"It is not a long story," said Richard. "I was passing this house on my road home last night, and saw a cart standing at the door with a man in it. It was such a terrible night to be sitting still that, thinking he was waiting for an inconsiderate master, I spoke to him, and asked if he would not like a glass of something hot to warm him, intending to come in here and get it, sir; he did not answer, and he sat so still that I thought something was wrong. I jumped into the cart and shook him, and then I found he was tied to the back of the seat, and was dead. At first I thought he had been murdered, but on cutting the strap that bound him I found from the manner the clothes were put on that it was only a blind, and with the implements that were in the cart I came to a conclusion which I think is pretty correct, that it was a trick of the body snatchers. So thinks I "you play your tricks, I'll play mine." So I got the body out of the cart, and took it into your back shed which I remembered often to have seen in passing. I took the clothes off the poor fellow and put them over my own, and got into the cart, and took the same position as I had found it in, and I made up my mind that I would give them up to the first policeman I met, or if they found me out I'd give them such a fright as they never had before."

"Well, that's what happened. They came out—I suppose you remember two men being here between ten and eleven," said Richard turning to the landlord, "well they took the reins from my fingers, and being merry with drink they didn't notice anything until one, called Sam, noticed I was warm against his side. He called out to his companion to feel me. I knew if I did not frighten them they'd find me out, and being two to one perhaps kill me, and use my body in the place of the one they had stolen, so I glared round on them in the most ghastly way I could think of without moving my head, and they both made off as fast as they could, and I drove home, expecting to meet a policeman as I came here this morning, and to bring him along with me, but I did not."

Both landlord and doctor laughed at Richard's trick. Then the landlord said:

"Well, young man, we've a story to end yours. Early this morning the man came in from the yard white as a ghost, and told me there was a naked dead man lying in the shed. We went out, and fetched the poor thing in, intending to make it decent, and send for the police. Wife she put a sheet over it, and laid it up in our spare room, but Lord! instead of sending for the police it's the doctor we wanted, for my wife remarked that he was not stiff like any corpse she ever saw, and she stood looking at him after she covered him up, and all of a sudden she called out:

"Jacob, this man is alive as sure as I'm a living woman."

With that I looked at him, and sure enough there was a little flutter about his heart, and he looked a deal more like life than when we laid him there. So I sent for Dr. Mackenzie, and now we have him safe and sound up-stairs, and getting on as nice as can be, isn't he, doctor?"

"Yes, he'll be all right now; the sudden change of temperature no doubt aided in recovering him from the state of trance in which he was buried, so the body snatchers snatched this body from death in snatching it from the grave."

"Well, that's wonderful," said Richard awe-struck by what he heard.

"Wonderful indeed; this'll be a Merry Christmas for his friends, whoever they are."

"Ah, indeed," said Richard thinking of the sorrowing family he had left at home, "and you have not found out yet who he is I suppose?"

"No," said the doctor, "he has to be kept perfectly quiet at present; in an hour or two he may be able to tell all about himself, and now I'll go and see how he is getting on under your good wife's care, Mr. Dobson." So saying the doctor left the room and presently returned saying that the patient had slept, and was quite himself again, though of course very weak.

"And now I think I may leave you to enjoy your Christmas dinner. Ah! I will call on his family; he says his name is Harry Lomas."

"What! Harry! dear Harry! Oh, it can't

be?" cried Richard springing as if to rush up stairs, but the doctor held him back.

"Gently, gently, so we've another surprise, and you find you have rescued a friend."

"Oh, yes, indeed, but let me see him to be sure it is really he."

"You may see him, but he is not to see you, for he must have no excitement."

"If he could have his mother near him, or any one he is accustomed to see, it would be a good thing."

"Oh, his poor mother," said Richard, tears of gladness in his honest eyes, "what news for her and Mary and Jenny."

"And all the rest of them," said the doctor good humoredly. "Now come, satisfy yourself, and then you had better go and tell those poor women."

And Richard followed the doctor, and had the joy of seeing his poor friend comfortably lying in bed, and then went down stairs again without making any sign.

The jolly landlord was rubbing his hands with glee at the turn things had taken.

"I declare, I never was so glad of anything in my life."

"Nor I indeed, but I must go as quickly as possible to his mother and sister who are breaking their hearts for him. Oh! it will be joyful news to have the telling of," and Richard was leaving the room when the landlord cried out:

"Stay, friend; why not let's have a happy Christmas together; bring them all, mother, and sister, and sweetheart if he has one, there's room enough, and plenty to eat here, and let's enjoy the whole thing together. I'm sure, I am as glad as if some one had given me a house and lot."

"You are a good fellow indeed, Mr. Dobson. They will be too happy to come, I'll answer for them."

Can any one describe the happiness of those rarely blessed ones who receive back their dear dead to life? I cannot, and so will not attempt to tell of Mrs. Lomas' incredulous joy or of Mary's happiness, and any one can imagine what a blissful walk that was through the slippery streets, that bright Christmas morning, or what a scene of pathetic bliss was that meeting between mother and son.

Poor Mrs. Lomas in her happiness embraced Richard over and over again, declaring that in her wicked heart she had many times since Harry's death blamed Providence for having spared him, and taken her son, the comfort of his mother. He soothed her self-upbraiding as best he could, and told her he would revenge himself by ill treating Jenny when she became his wife, but his strong arm was around her, and he pressed her to his side as he spoke in a way that was not very alarming to his mother, or to Jenny herself apparently, for she kissed the strong hand that clasped her own as an assurance of her faith that it would never be raised against her.

Of the happy day they all spent after partaking of that prodigious turkey, which was tender and juicy as a capon, the landlord of the "Grapes" will tell any of his customers who feel inclined to listen to the story, and if they inquire further they will hear that he gave two of the prettiest brides away three months later to two of the finest bridegrooms the sun ever shone upon.

"And we had'em up here to as nice a wedding breakfast as ever a man need sit down to, although my wife did make the cake, and cook the hens and chickens herself, and if you pass here almost any fine Sunday afternoon you can see two of the finest babies that ever were born, for Richard and Harry think so much of Mrs. D., not to mention myself, that they bring their babies to see us every Sunday."

OUR HOLIDAY DIRECTORY.

This is the gay and festive season of the year when the purveyors to public needs and the caterers to public taste expect an increase of patronage, and such of them as especially advertise their goods through the medium of the press at that time deserve to receive the particular favor of their friends. In glancing over our advertising columns many of these will be found, and to them we beg to extend the welcome of our notice.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SONS have long maintained a standard of the highest excellence in all descriptions of Confectionery. Their ample and reliable stock includes crystallized fruits, bon-bons, horns of plenty, Christmas decorations, Holly and mistletoe wreaths, candied fruit and a variety of other sweets. He has two large and beautifully fitted store-rooms, 387 and 389 Notre-Dame street and Cathedral Block, corner St. Catherine and University.

DOMINION METAL WORKS. The establishment of Chas. Garth & Co., 536 to 542 Craig street, is well known over the whole Dominion. All sorts of the most approved appliances for warming and ventilating public and private buildings, manufactories and private buildings by hot water or steam are executed there. The fine work done by Messrs. Garth & Co., in the Parliamentary Buildings, Ottawa, testifies to their skill and fidelity in executing contracts. We are happy to be able to add our own testimony in the same sense, as it is the same firm that has set up the heating apparatus in the magnificent new building of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, on Bleury, near Craig. This has been done in the most satisfactory manner.

C. D. McLAREN,

Family Grocer, Corner St. Catherine and St. Lawrence Main streets, possesses one of the largest, best known and most prosperous stands in the city. It is patronized far out of the St. Lawrence suburb proper, and its wholesale trade is likewise very considerable. But beside this he has associated his name with the famous Cook's FRIEND BAKING POWDER of which he is the sole manufacturer at the Union Mills, 55 College street. This celebrated powder is largely used throughout the country for raising in all kinds of baking, even the most ornamental, and is a profitable and healthy substitute for three fourths of the usual shortening.

SCHULTZE, REINHARDT & Co.,

are hatters and furrers who are doing a fine business at 291 Notre-Dame street. A speciality with them are Seal and Mink Goods in sacsques, muffs, boas, caps and gloves. They advertise also a large stock of snow shoes, mocassins and tobogans, and we particularly invite our readers to call and examine their assortment.

ROBERT MILLER'S

book store, on 397 Notre-Dame street, is so well-known and popular that it hardly needs any commendation from us. Its Holiday Gifts are specially attractive this year. They include Bibles, Church Services, Prayer Books, Albums, Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Inkstands, Toy Books and a large assortment of the best authors in rich and elegant bindings. Persons calling on Mr. Miller may be certain of obtaining satisfaction.

JOHN A. RAFTER & Co.,

advertise a large variety of their goods to which we call the attention of our readers. Their stock is, as it always been, clean and new, and they sell it at the present reduced prices because they are desirous of confining themselves altogether to the wholesale trade. The reduction of an immense wholesale stock at retail for 20 per cent is an inducement almost unprecedented. Call at 142 McGill street.

HENRY R. GRAY,

has one of the best appointed pharmacies in Montreal. As a dispensing and family chemist, he has established a well-earned reputation. Dispensing of physicians' prescriptions is a speciality with him. We refer our readers to his advertisement. His stand is 144 St. Lawrence Main street.

JAMES GOULDEN,

175 St. Lawrence Main street, wishes particular attention called to his specialties for the holiday. These are dried flowers, in all their natural colors, made up in bouquets, baskets, wreaths and crosses. We have often had occasion to admire Mr. Goulden's supply of Gold Fish, which he has always on hand at very reasonable prices. He also furnishes globes for the same. His general stock of drugs and his attention to prescriptions are a further recommendation.

DRESS SHIRTS.

We like a new thing when we see it, and we buy it when we find that it is really what it purports to be. The Myer's Manufacturing Co., 251 St. James street, have introduced a new idea in their Patent Partly-Made Dress Shirts. They require little or no work on the part of your wife, sister, sweetheart (if you have one, as you ought to have), or housekeeper. All she has to do is to put in the sleeves, sew on the cuffs, and sew up the side seams. The cutting is all done for them, and the best of linen and cotton material is furnished. We call attention to particulars in the advertisement.

THOS. REEVES & Co.

This is the season for skates, and whoever wishes to please himself by choosing from a large variety of the latest invention, cannot do better than call on this firm, at 687 Craig street, near Bleury. He will also find there a full assortment, at reasonable rates, of guns, fishing tackle, and all other implements suitable to the use of the sportsman.

E. G. MELLOR.

Mr. Mellor is averse to undue praise of his goods, but we are bound to state from experience that his stock of fine gold jewellery is, as it has always been since he opened in this city, all that it purports to be—pure and genuine. Every purchaser can rely upon the value of every article he buys. We can conscientiously invite the public to visit his store, 285 Notre Dame street, Crystal Block.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

We cannot have too many book stores in any city. In the past, Montreal has had too few, and we are therefore disposed to welcome the accession of W. Drysdale & Co., 232 St. James street. They have a large stock of miscellaneous and standard works which are set down at the lowest prices. They also keep a full assortment of plain and fancy stationery.

L. J. A. SURVEYER,

524 Craig street, is one of our oldest and best known Montreal firms. In addition to his usual vast stock of ranges, stoves and other iron ware, he directs particular attention for the holidays to his cornices, stair rods and cornice poles, which he furnishes in great varieties and at the lowest rates for cash.

THE DOLLAR STORE.

Who has not heard of Harper's Dollar Store? It is one of the institutions of the city, a real bazaar, where every imaginable article can be found, most of them of value, at the uniform

price of one dollar. The store, 267 Notre Dame street, is worth a visit if only for curiosity.

THE ROYAL SEWING MACHINE,

made at Hamilton, Ont., is sold by Mr. Geo. Nunn, Manager, at the Montreal office, 754 Craig street. Wherever introduced the "Royal" has at once become a great favorite, and the demand for them is rapidly on the increase. The "Royal" embraces many of the features of very popular machines in the States. All the motions are old, established ones that have been tried for years, while several new and original features not used on any other machine have been added. Mr. Nunn is also agent for that old favorite, the Willcox & Gibb, in which, we are pleased to hear, several improvements have been introduced.

RECOLLET HOUSE.

The Recollet House of the present day is so well-known to Montrealers that we hardly feel justified in saying anything of its merits. Ever since its opening under the management of the present proprietors, Messrs. Brown & Claggett, it has enjoyed the reputation of a first-class dry goods store. Just now, decked out in its holiday attire, the spacious interior wears a brilliant and most festive aspect. In the windows are charming ball dresses and dress materials, expressly imported from England, rich silks and airy laces. Within is to be found every thing in the line of plain and fancy dry goods which the richest or the poorest may want.

SOMETHING NEW.

C. W. Williams, 347 Notre-Dame street, is another of our old manufacturers who has been a public benefactor by the number of sewing machines—principally the Improved William's Singer—which he has sold over the country and which have proved an incalculable boon to families. He now advertises for the holidays a full stock of Frank Leslie's Celebrated Paper Patterns, to which we invite the attention of our lady readers.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS AUTOMATIC.

This is a new improvement in this familiar and popular sewing machine destined to give it a new lease of popularity. It is practically without tension, has a new stitch regulator, and is the only machine with automatic tension. Call and see it at 754 Craig street, Geo. Nunn, Manager.

FINE ART REPOSITORY.

Wm. Scott, 363 Notre-Dame street, has always on exhibition a splendid collection of works of art, but for the holidays he has added many new attractions which persons of taste will do well to go and inspect. The assortment of oil paintings and water colors is varied and choice, including the productions of very meritorious artists. Chromos, engravings and photographs of statuary are likewise on view, and no better selection can be made for holiday presents than among these. Mr. Scott particularly directs attention to his department of mirrors which cannot be surpassed in the city.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

This house, established in 1856, is a household word, and the name of McGibbon and Baird is a sufficient announcement of itself. Their Christmas goods are complete in every department, and their quality is unexceptionable. They are likewise the agents for the Canada Meat and Produce Company, Sherbrooke.

J. G. PARKS,

Photographer 195 1/2, St. James Street, announces a number of Christmas and New Year specialties. A nice photograph of yourself and family, or of yourself and your intended—what more appropriate outlay during these festivals? Mr. Parks has also a large assortment of frames, suitable for photographers and portrait painters.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

What sign is it? The sign of the oyster shell at J. B. Buss & Co., 138 St James street. Oysters wholesale and retail. Baltimore oysters in solid bulk. Daily received by Express. The prices are reduced to 30 cents a quart, and that is cheap for the holidays.

S. DAVIS.

We present our readers with an exterior view of Davis' celebrated tobacco factory, Hospital Street. This gentleman deserves encouragement for the enterprise with which he has labored for several years past, to supply the public with good tobaccos and choice brands of cigars. His establishment is in a flourishing condition, and he employs a great number of men.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING.

We call attention to the fine goods of John Aitken & Co., Notre Dame Street.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

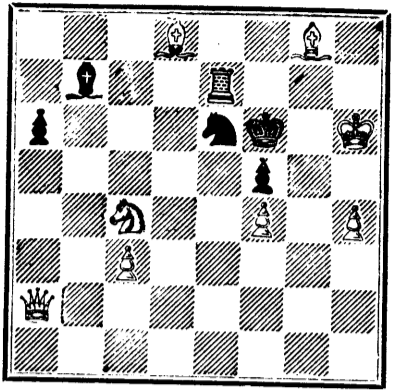
TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter and problems received. The latter shall appear in due course. Many thanks.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—We have looked over problem No. 45, and find that it has the defect you mention. Coming from the source it did; we thought we could dispense with a close examination.

The score in the Chess match between Messrs. Potter and Zukertort, which is now exciting so much attention in England, stands as follows:—Zukertort 2, Potter 1-Drawn 7. We hope to be able to insert one of the games of this interesting contest in our next issue.

PROBLEM No. 51. By F. HRALEY.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 618.

A lively skirmish played a few days ago, between two prominent players of the Quebec Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Sanderson.) BLACK.—(Mr. Andrews.)

- 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th B to K 2nd
5. B to Q B 4th P to Kt 5th
6. B takes P (ch) K takes B
7. Kt to K 5 (ch) K to K sq
8. Q takes Kt P Kt to K B 3rd
9. Q takes B P P to Q 3rd
10. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to R 4th
11. Q to R 6th B to Kt 5th
12. P to Q 4th Kt to Q 2nd
13. B to Kt 5th Q Kt to B 3rd
14. B takes Kt Kt takes B
15. Q Kt to Q 2nd R to K Kt sq
16. Castles Q R R to K 2nd
17. Q to K 3rd P to K R 4th
18. Q to Q 3rd P to Kt 2nd
19. Q R to B sq. P to Q R 4th
20. Q Kt to B 4th P to Q Kt 4th
21. Kt to K 3rd Q to Q 2nd
22. Kt to Kt 5th R to R 3rd
23. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt
24. R takes B Kt to Kt 5th
25. R takes P B takes Kt (ch)
26. P takes B Kt to B 7th
27. R to K 8th (ch) K to K 2nd
28. Q to K B 3rd R to B 2nd
29. Q takes R Kt takes R
30. P to Kt 6th R checks
31. K to Q 2nd R to B 7th (ch)
32. K to K 3rd P to Q 4th
33. Q to R 7th (ch) Kt to Q 3rd
34. P to Kt 7th Q to Kt 5th
35. R to Q 8th (ch) K to B 3rd
36. P takes P (ch) K to Kt 2nd
37. R checks K to R 2nd

And the game was abandoned as drawn.

GAME 62ND.

Played some years ago, between Staunton and Cochrane

WHITE.—(Mr. Cochrane.) BLACK.—(Mr. Staunton.)

- 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. K B to Q B 4th K B to Q B 4th
3. P to Q B 3rd Q to K 2nd
4. Q to K 2nd K Kt to B 3rd
5. K Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th P takes P
7. P to K 5th Kt to K Kt 5th
8. Q B P takes P B takes P
9. Castles. B takes K P
10. P to K R 3rd P to Q 4th
11. B to Q Kt 5th Castles
12. P takes Kt Q B takes P
13. Q Kt to B 3rd Kt to Q 5th
14. Q to K 3rd Q takes K Kt
15. P takes B P to Q B 3rd
16. B to K 2nd Kt to Q B 7th
17. Q to K Kt 5th B to K B 3rd
18. Q to K B 5th Kt takes R
19. Q B to K B 4th B takes Kt

And White resigned

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 49.

Mr. Blackburne's

- WHITE. 1. R to K 5th 1. B takes R
2. Kt at K 3rd to B 5th B takes Kt (ch)
3. Q to R 7th 3. Anything
4. Q mates Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 48.

- WHITE 1. R to Q R 5th (ch) 1. R to Q R 5th
2. R to Q sq 2. Any move.
3. R mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 49.

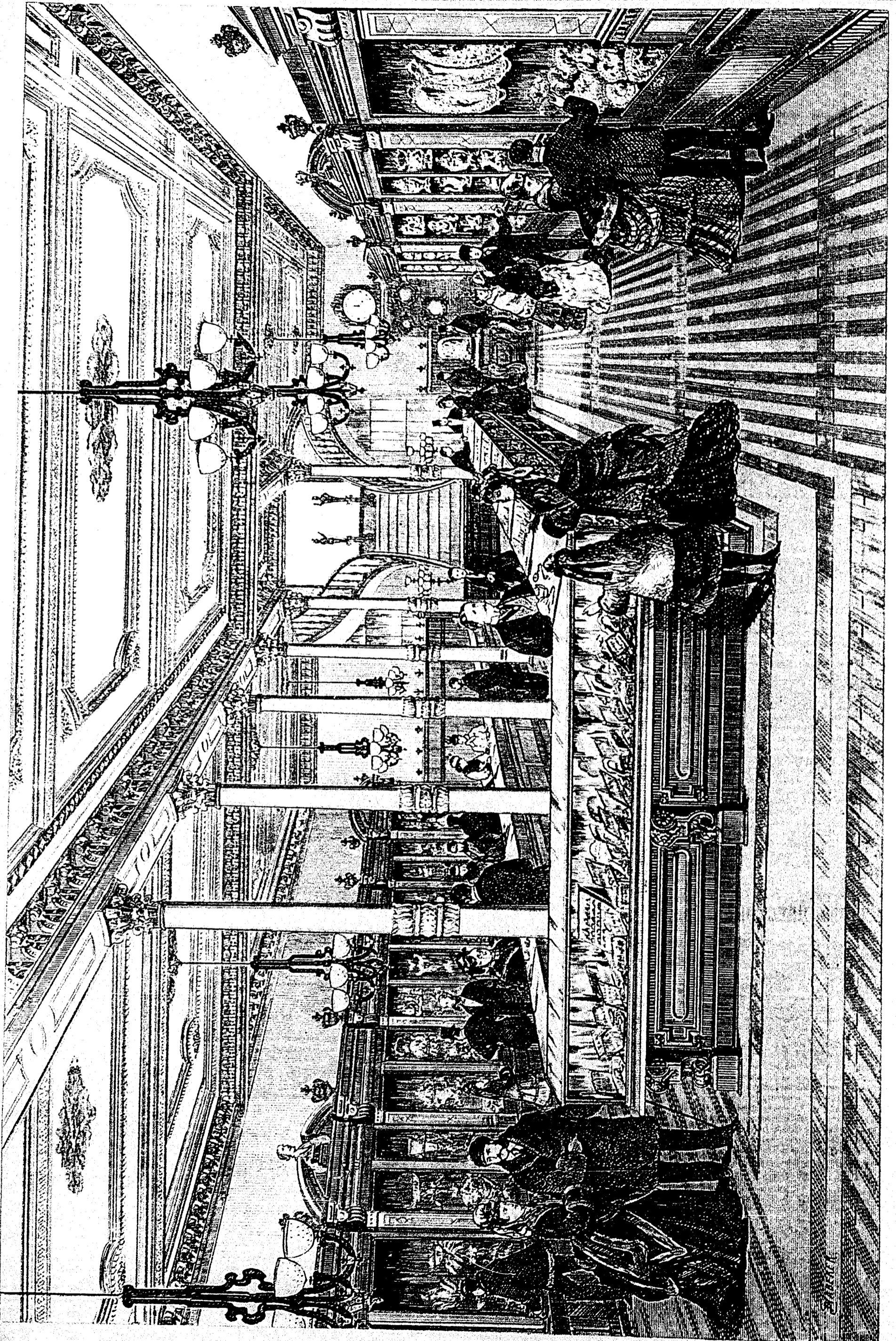
- WHITE. K at Q Kt 6th K at Q Kt sq
Kt at K B 3rd Pawn at K R 6th
Kt at Q 6th

White to play and mate in four moves.

From St. Louis Globe.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.

There is probably no man to whom the community owe so much as to the honest, fair spoken physician, who does his actual duty both to himself and to his patients. Really skillful physicians are not so numerous that their virtues need no mention, and hence the advertisement of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo may well claim the reader's attention. Dr. Pierce is a type of a class of men who obtain success by careful and well-directed effort, not attempting too much, or creating false ideas as to ability. The only reliable physician in these days of complicated disorders and high-pressure living is the "Specialist," the man who understands his one branch of the business. Such in his line is Dr. Pierce. For the benefit of his readers he has written a "Common Sense Medical Adviser," which is well worth reading by those who need such a work. With strict business honor, high professional skill, reasonable fees, and a large corps of competent assistants, Dr. Pierce will doubtless make his name familiar as "household words."

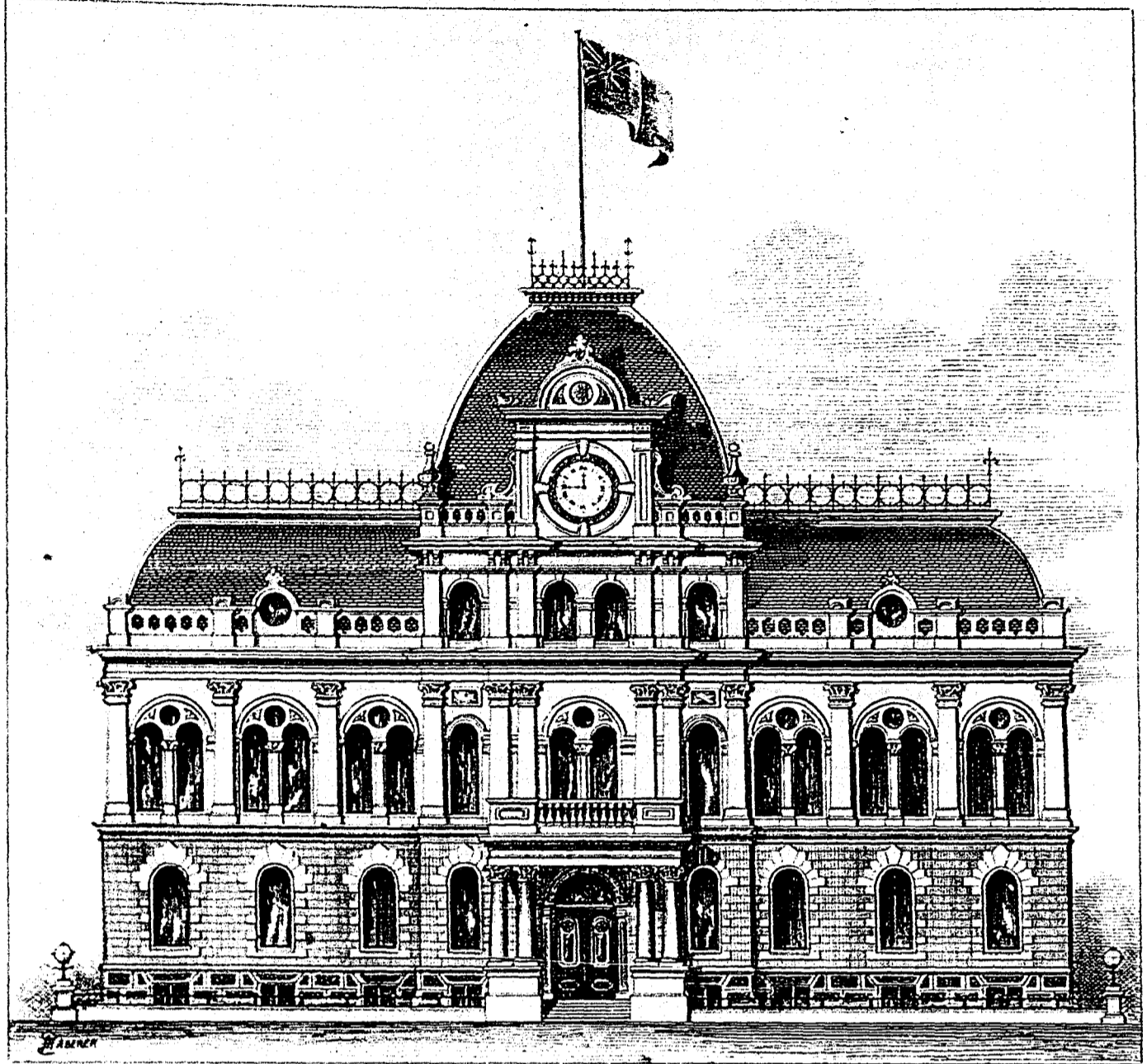


MONTREAL:—INTERIOR VIEW OF MESSRS. SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO'S JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE ESTABLISHMENT, ST. JAMES STREET.

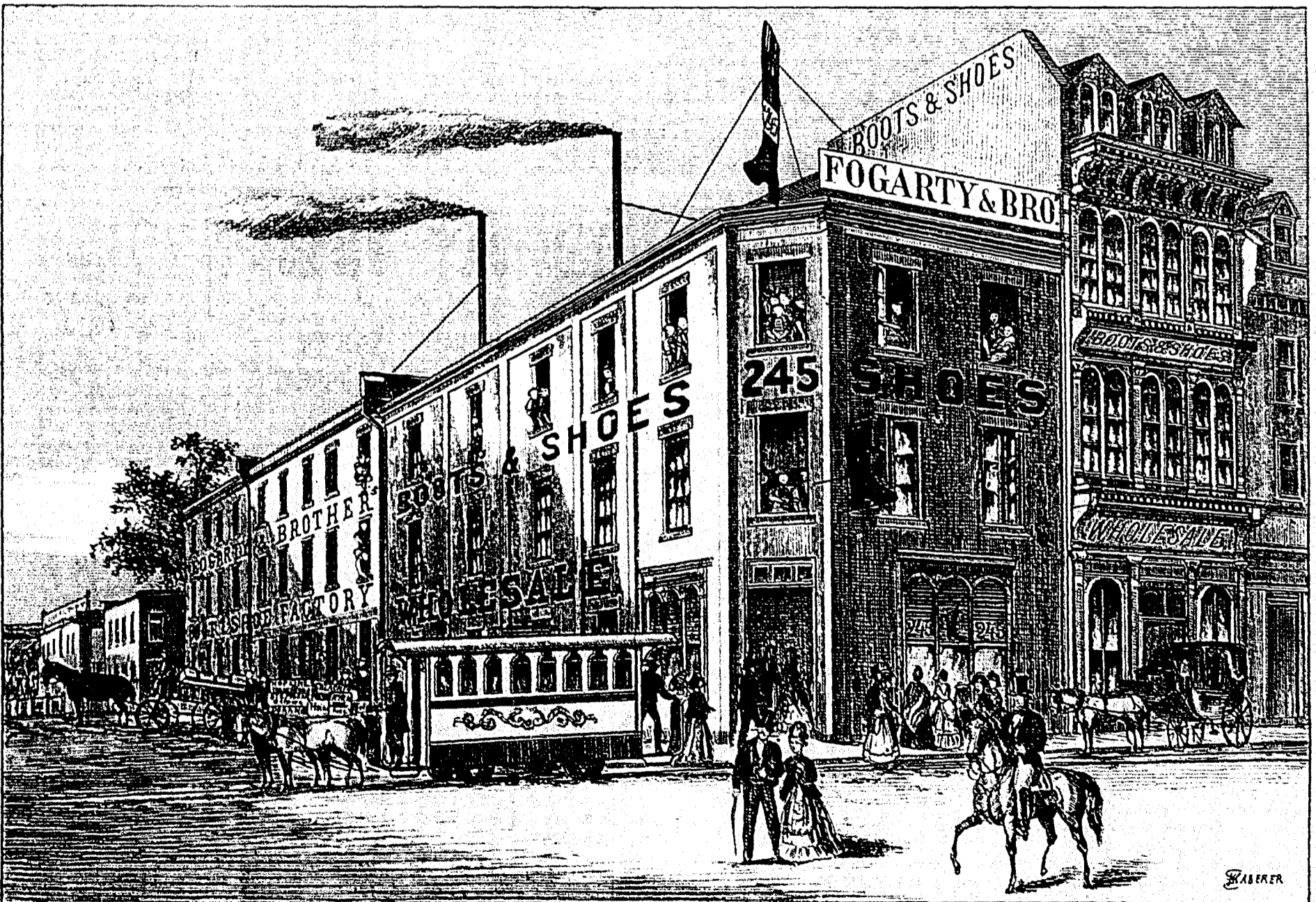


J. H. JELLY, SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE S.S. PACIFIC.
From a Photo. by S. A. Spencer, Victoria, B. C.

J. H. Jelly is the only surviving passenger of the ill-fated steamship "Pacific" which ran into the American ship "Orpheus" on the night of November 4th off Cape Flattery, and about one hundred miles from the city of Victoria, B. C., full particulars of which were published at the time. Mr. Jelly is an Irishman by birth, but of late has been residing in Port Stanley, Ontario, and is aged 26 years. There were on board 300 souls all told. Jelly was one of the men who were connected with the Canadian Pacific Surveying Party.



PREMIATED DESIGN FOR THE NEW CITY HALL, VICTORIA, B. C.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOAH SHAKESPEARE, VICTORIA, B. C.



MONTREAL:—FOGARTY & BROS'. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SHOE FACTORY AND SHOP, CORNER ST. CATHERINE AND ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREETS.

SOMETHING NEW.—Ladies of Montreal will find a full stock of the celebrated Frank Lesslie Paper Patterns, at the salesrooms of the C. W. Williams Manufacturing Co., 347 Notre-Dame-St. Also a full stock of the improved Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. Nothing better for a Christmas Present.

MONTREAL.

This, our far-famed city,
The Queen of our Domain,
With pride our hearts are swelling
At the mention of thy name.

Our public buildings win
For us wide-spread renown,
Omitting Drill Shed and that Hall
Which, alas! did tumble down.

Also our pitant sidewalks,
Unfinished yet they go;
Nature has pity taken
And covered them with snow.

Again, our Mountain Park
Like a dim star far away;
We fear it yet may vanish,
And ne'er see the light of day.

And our lovely river,
Great ships ride o'er and o'er;
In winter we're ice bound,
Fettered from shore to shore.

But our great Dollar Store
For years has stood the test,
And those who buy the most
Are the ones that think it best.

Also our Carriage Hall,
With goods both rich and rare;
If you wish to give a present,
You'll be sure to find one there.

Please come before we're crowded,
Though hundreds are daily here;
A better choice you'll have
For Christmas and New Year

AT
HARPER'S MAMMOTH DOLLAR STORE,
267, NOTRE DAME STREET,
CATHEDRAL BLOCK.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

NEW

WILLCOX & GIBBS

AUTOMATIC?

Greatest Sewing Machine Invention of the Day.

Completely Revolutionizes Machine Sewing.

Removes all Difficulties.

Perfect and durable Work always assured.

No Instruction or Experience required.

Practically without a Tension.

Most Powerful Feed ever invented.

New Stitch Regulator.

The Only Machine in the World with Automatic Tension.

Absolutely Noiseless in Operation.

Other New and Valuable Features.

CALL and INVESTIGATE

Or send for circular at the "Royal" Sewing Machine Rooms.

754 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL.

GEO. NUNN, Manager.

DRIED FLOWERS!

DRIED FLOWERS!

Dried Flowers in all their natural colors, in Bouquets, Baskets, Wreaths, Crosses, etc.

JAMES GOULDEN,

175 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN ST.

GOLD FISH! GOLD FISH!

Gold Fish all gold, and others marked. Also Globes for the same.

JAMES GOULDEN,

175 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

POLITICAL ECONOMY & SCIENCE

BY JOHN HARRIS (KUKLOS)

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Published by the Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., St. Nicholas Street.

For Sale at Messrs. Dawson Bros., and at C. Hill's Book Stores.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1875.

WM. SCOTT'S
FINE ART REPOSITORY,
363, NOTRE DAME STREET.

PICTURES.

A varied collection of European and Canadian Oil and Water Color Paintings, comprising the finest collection ever offered for sale in Canada.

CHROMOS, FINE ENGRAVINGS,

Photographs of Statuary

AND

MOTTOES, TEXTS,

Statuettes in Terra Cotta and Imitation ditto.

MIRRORS.

In this Department the public can depend upon getting a first-class article of the newest design and choicest workmanship.

Artists' Materials.

A LARGE STOCK OF COLOR BOXES AND ALL OTHER REQUISITES.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE

ESTABLISHED 1856.

MCGIBBON & BAIRD

Begin to announce that their Stock of

Christmas Goods

IS COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

MCG. & B. are Agents for the CANADIAN MEAT & PRODUCE COMPANY, Sherbrooke, and have now in stock a full assortment of

POULTRY,

GAME,

PIES,

POTTED MEATS,

SAUSAGES, &c.

Catalogues and Price Lists on application.

MCGIBBON & BAIRD.

Christmas & New Year's Specialties

J. G. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

FRAMES,

Suitable for Photographers and Portrait Painters. He has also secured the services of a

FIRST-CLASS MONTREAL PAINTER.

CALL AND SEE SPECIMENS AT

195 1/2 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

(ESTABLISHED 1865.)

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

J. B. BUSS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Oyster Dealers.

We are now offering at retail our Celebrated Baltimore Oysters at 30c. per quart, or \$1.20 per gallon, Solid Meats. We are the only Oyster Dealers in the City who receive daily Fresh Oysters from Baltimore by Express. Honest Ingun measure and only solid Oysters sold by us.

138 ST. JAMES STREET,

Opposite St. Lawrence Hall.

J. B. BUSS & CO.

Success.

The public think the Royal Sewing Machine is a success, or they would not buy so many. See it at 754 Craig Street.

GEO. NUNN, Manager. Agents Wanted.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!!

WHAT MORE SUITABLE PRESENT THAN A GOOD BOOK?

POETS. Any of the leading Poets, nicely bound in cloth, gilt edges, sent by Mail for \$1.

An immense Stock of Miscellaneous and Standard Works always on hand and sold at **LOWEST PRICES.** Catalogues sent on application.

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, &c.,

232 St. James St., Montreal.

CORNICES

AND

Stair Rods.

Also Cornice Poles Imported direct and sold very low.—CASH. See the Richmond and Empress Range before buying a Cook Stove.

L. J. A. SURVEYER,

524 CRAIG ST.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!!

BELOW COST.

GREATEST CHEAP SALE EVER HELD IN MONTREAL,

NOW GOING ON AT THE

RECOLLET HOUSE, Corner NOTRE DAME & ST. HELEN STS.

BROWN & CLAGGETT.

"The modern Home-made Shirt is the seed of most domestic tragedies."

SAIREY GAMP (Née HARRIS.)

DRESS SHIRTS,

BEST QUALITY, LOWEST PRICE!

SIX FOR \$7.50, OR \$1.25 EACH.

BOYS', SIX FOR \$6.00, OR \$1.00 EACH.

MYERS'

Patent Partly-made Dress Shirts

ARE SOLD AT THESE PRICES

They only require a trifling amount of needle work to finish them, and any one competent to hem a handkerchief or sew a straight seam can complete them. All the work that is necessary is to put in the sleeves, sew on the cuffs, and sew up the side seams. The other work, requiring the skilled shirt maker, is done. We furnish the linen and cotton, do the cutting and fitting, and more than half the making for less money than one can buy the same material at retail for.

COST OF MATERIAL TO MAKE A FINE DRESS SHIRT:

3 yards best cotton, 18 cts.	54 cts.
1 fine 3-ply linen bosom, 60 cts. to 75 cts.	60 "
1 pair linen cuffs, 25 to 30 cts.	25 "
	\$1.39

We make a specialty of the business, and do it on a large scale, and at the lowest possible prices. An examination of our goods will astonish gentlemen who pay from \$2.50 to \$3 for their shirts. Ladies are surprised at the quality and price, and delighted to see how easy it is to make shirts that fit perfectly.

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT AND SAMPLES OF GOODS, WHICH WE WILL MAIL PREPAID.

MYERS' MANUFACTURING CO.,

251 ST. JAMES STREET.

HOLIDAY GIFTS IT WILL PAY YOU

BIBLES, CHURCH SERVICES,

PRAYER BOOKS,

ALBUMS,

WORK BOXES,

DRESSING CASES,

INKSTANDS,

Together with a large assortment of the

BEST AUTHORS,

IN RICH AND ELEGANT BINDINGS.

TOY BOOKS! TOY BOOKS!!

All suitable for CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS and at prices to meet the times.

ROBERT MILLER

397 NOTRE DAME STREET.

FOREIGN PATENTS.

BRITISH, 6 mths. £10.—French, 1 yr. £10.—Belgian, 1 yr. £7. SALES effected. Established 25 Years. Circular Free. (Liberal Terms to Agents.)
HERBERT & Co., 67, Strand, London, Eng.
12-23-52-254

To read every line of this through.

DON'T PAY \$1.50 a yard for Black Silk. We sell at 87½c as good an article.

DON'T PAY \$1.35 a yard for Scotch Tweed. We sell the best for 90c. and good English Tweed for 40c.

DON'T PAY \$5.00 a pair for Blankets. We sell as good an article for \$3.00.

DON'T PAY \$1.40 for Overshoes, when you can buy from us for 82½c a pair.

DON'T PAY \$2.00 for White Quilts. We sell the same goods for \$1.20.

DON'T BUY your Cloths or Dry Goods until you call and see us, as we are selling our immense wholesale stock at retail for 20 per cent. less than it cost us. These are genuine facts which you can easily ascertain by calling at

142 MCGILL STREET,

OPPOSITE THE ALBION HOTEL.

JOHN A. RAFTER & CO.,

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS.

F U R S
SACQUES MUFFS BOAS, &c., in every Style.
WM. ROBERTSON HATTER and Furrier
AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
232 McGill St.

SEAL & MINK GOODS

In Sacques, Muffs, Boas, Caps, and Gloves.

Snow Shoes, Mocassins, and Toboggans.

We have the Largest and Finest Stock to be found anywhere in Montreal. See them before you buy.

SCHULTZE, REINHARDT & CO.,
HATTERS AND FURRIERS

231 Notre Dame St.
(OPPOSITE MERRILL'S.)

DOMINION METAL WORKS.

CHAS. CARTH & Co.,

536 to 542 Craig Street.

WARMING & VENTILATING

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS.

MANUFACTORIES, CONSERVATORIES, ETC.

HOT WATER OR STEAM.

Executed with the latest improvements, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Prices of any other information will be given on application.

(ESTABLISHED 1855.)

HENRY R. GRAY,

Dispensing and Family Chemist,

144 St. Lawrence Main St.

MONTREAL.

Dispensing of Physicians' Prescriptions a speciality. General practitioners supplied with Drugs and Chemicals, Hypodermic and Ophthalmic discs, Sulphate of Zinc and Sulphate of Copper pencils, Nitrate of Silver pencils of various strengths, Tabernault Leavick's Medical Novelties added to stock as soon as out.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT of CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of

"The Bank of the United Provinces"

by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes.

ROBERT ARMOUR.

SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS.
BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th, 1875. 12-21-9-216.

EXCHANGE BANK OF CANADA.

DIVIDEND No. 7.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of THREE PER CENT upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half-year, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank on and after

Monday, the Third Day of January next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
R. J. CAMPBELL,
Cashier.
Exchange Bank of Canada,
Montreal, Nov. 30, 1875. 12-21-5-255

Merchants Bank of Canada.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the CAPITAL STOCK of this Institution for the current half-year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after

Monday, the Third Day of January next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JACKSON RAE,
General Manager.
Montreal, 27th Nov., 1875. 12-21-3-953.

CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING STAR FOR THE Month Ending December 7, 1875.

	City.	Country.	Total.
November 2	8,473	1,919	10,392
" 3	8,413	1,957	10,370
" 4	8,393	2,069	10,462
" 5	8,297	2,172	10,469
" 6	8,333	2,161	10,494
" 7	10,341	2,161	12,502
" 8	8,400	2,255	10,655
" 9	8,548	2,281	10,829
" 10	8,295	2,392	10,687
" 11	8,619	2,327	10,946
" 12	8,461	2,394	10,855
" 13	8,374	2,374	10,748
" 14	8,392	2,374	10,766
" 15	8,248	2,315	10,563
" 16	8,217	2,361	10,578
" 17	8,374	2,363	10,737
December 1	8,317	2,391	10,708
" 2	7,589	2,391	9,980
" 3	7,569	2,396	9,965
" 4	7,561	2,401	9,962
" 5	7,728	2,453	10,181
" 6	8,193	2,398	10,591
" 7	8,193	2,398	10,591
Total	195,338	52,456	247,794

Average daily city circulation 8,492
Average daily country circulation 2,284
Total daily average 10,772
The Books, giving more minute details of circulation are always open for inspection by advertisers and the general public.

ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

RINGLAND & EVANS, General Agents,
251 ST. JAMES STREET. 12-21-3-254.
(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON.

Head Office for Canada: Montreal, 102 St. Francois Xavier St.
RINTOUL BROS., Agents.
Subscribed Capital, £1,600,000 Stg.
Paid-up Capital, £700,000 Stg.
ASSETS - £2,222,555 Stg.
12-20-3-254.

DOMINION PLATE GLASS INSURANCE OFFICE ALEXANDER RAMSAY,

37, 39 and 41 RUELLE STREET, MONTREAL.
Reference: Citizens' Insurance Co. 12-21-3-250.

STRATHY & STRATHY, STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS.

Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
No. 100 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL. 11-16-3-125.
\$100 PER WEEK selling our new popular Chromo, PERFORATED Scripture Motives, &c. Sells at sight. Send for new price lists. Address "Home Guest Publishing Co." 7522 Craig St., Montreal. 12-15-13-315.

GASALIERS

NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS
RICHARD PATTON.
11-10-3-145 745 Craig Street, Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
278 and 280, St. James Street, Montreal.
Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain, cheaply and neatly done.

R. C. JAMESON & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Varnishes & Japans,

IMPORTERS OF Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c.
3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., Montreal. 12-21-13-216

JAMES WRIGHT,
801 Craig Street,
Manufacturer of
WOOD CARPETING, CHURCH, Bank, Store and Office Fittings, Fancy Wainscots, Parquet Floors, Carving, Turning, Sawing, Planing, &c.
1st prize for Wood Carpeting at Toronto and Ottawa Exhibition of 1874 and 1875.
11-9-3-167.

JAMES MUIR, HOUSE AND LAND AGENT.

New Canada Life Buildings, No. 129 St. James Street, Montreal. 12-1-3-173

SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S ACADEMY DANCING AND DEPORTMENT NOW OPEN.

12-18-1-223.

The Travelers Life & Accident Insurance Co. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ESTABLISHED 1840.
BARNARD & LOVEJOY, DENTISTS,
646 Palace Street,
Opposite St. Andrew's Church, MONTREAL.
GEORGE W. LOVEJOY, M.D., L.D.S.,
Resides on the Premises.

DR. ROBERTS'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT CALLED THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND,

is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description; a certain cure for Ulcerated Sore Legs, even of twenty years' standing; Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions, and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Indurated Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, and Cancerous Humours, and is a Specific for those afflicting Eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination. Sold in Pots at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. each.

DR. ROBERTS'S PILULE ANTISCROPHULE, OR ALTERNATIVE PILLS,

confirmed by sixty years' experience to be one of the best medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting Nature in her operations. Hence they are useful in Scorbatic, Scorbatic Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the Neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, which may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 22s. each.

BEACH AND BARNICOTT, DISPENSARY, BRIDFORD, ENGLAND,

and by all respectable Medicine Vendors. 12-21-25-216
JOSEPH GOULD,
Importer of PIANOS, PORTES AND CABINET ORGANS,
211 St. James Street, Montreal.

LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,

DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE.

In consequence of Spurious Imitations of Lea & Perrins' Sauce, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted A New Label, bearing their Signature, thus—
Lea & Perrins

which will be placed on every bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, after this date, and without which none is genuine.
November 1874.

** This does not apply to shipments made prior to the date given.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL. 12-11-3-259

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,
365 Notre Dame Street,
11-7-3-96. MONTREAL.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, LONDON, has the EXCLUSIVE supply of this UNVALUED COCOA, having Comparison with any other Cocoa, for Purity, Fine Aroma, Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power. One trial will establish it as a favorite Beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The Globe says, "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and surpasses every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate Aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For consumers of Cocoa, especially Invalids and Dyspeptics, we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." For further favourable Opinions, see Standard, Morning Post, British Medical Journal, &c., &c.

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree, the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE

MADE IN ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING
THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest Manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets by Storekeepers and others all over the world.

MUSTARD.—TAYLOR BROTHERS'

celebrated "Challenge" brand is prepared from the Choicest Seed by a patent process which prevents fermentation, and at the same time retains the pungency and purity of flavour to a degree which no other process can accomplish. The double superfine quality is specially recommended. STEAM MILLS, BRICK LANE, LONDON. EXPORT CHOCOLY MILLS, BRUGES, BELGIUM. 11-20-5-145

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY,

(PATENTED 1872)
ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.

The Treatment and Mode of Cure.

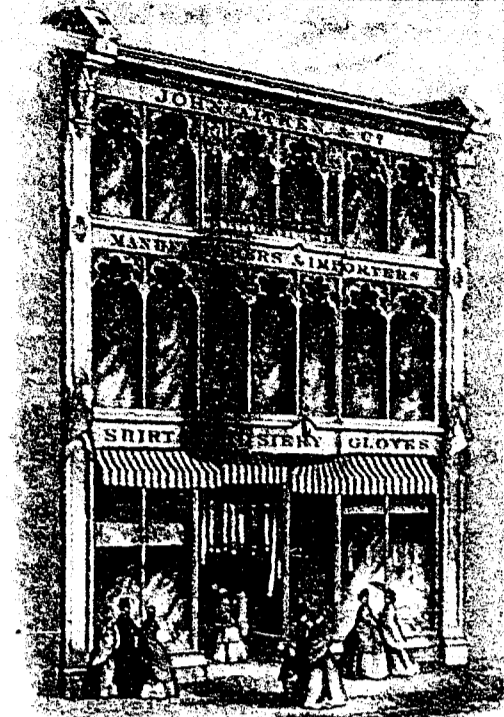
How to use it successfully,
With safety and certainty in all cases of Decay of the nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular debility, loss of strength, appetite, vomiting, and functional ailments from various excesses, &c., &c.

Without Medicine.

Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagram, for Invalids, post Free, 25 cents.

(FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)
DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W.
For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register." 11-10-3-111

THE latest and most improved "LITTLEFIELD'S" "NEW ENGLAND" Range, for novelty and beauty of design, perfection in every point, is unsurpassed. New combination of lines, securing a perfect oven, with ventilation, &c. Operation warranted. Any one will be satisfied after inspection.
MILLER & CO.,
11-4-3-87, 652 Craig, near Bleury Street



JOHN AITKEN & CO.,
377, NOTRE DAME STREET, 377
MONTREAL.

Dear Sir,
Knowing the Composition of FLEMING'S Baking Powder, and having used it for some time, I can testify to its purity and its being a most reliable powder for raising the bread and improving the health of the stomach and bowels. I shall be pleased to recommend it to any persons and all I can do is to increase its popularity.
James Ferris M.D.
55 B.R.M. Gals, Chemist, Montreal.



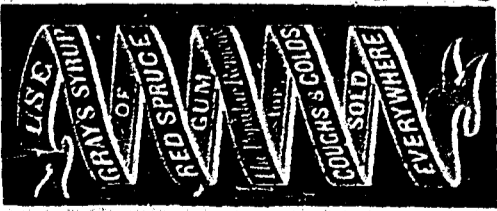
To My Patients and the Public,
I have analyzed the purest specimens of my Baking Powder in 1875, and find it to be a most reliable powder for raising the bread and improving the health of the stomach and bowels. I shall be pleased to recommend it to any persons and all I can do is to increase its popularity.
Wm. D. McLaren M.D.



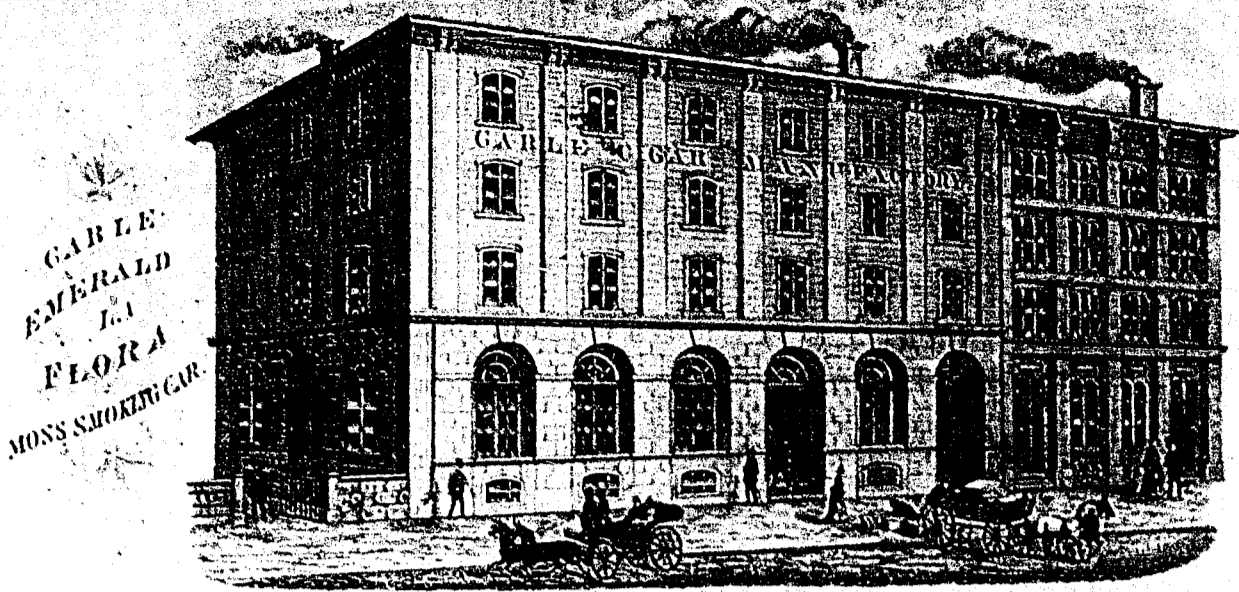
MADE TO ORDER
ON SHORT NOTICE
BY
KEMP & CO.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment
306, NOTRE DAME ST.,
MONTREAL.
12-14-13-210



ACME CLUB SKATE.
(FORBE'S PATENT.)
The most convenient and only reliable self-fastening Skate ever invented. Unrivalled in quality and finish. Preferred wherever known by all Skaters. For sale by all respectable dealers.
THE STAER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS
Address: 72 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.
Patent rights fully secured. 12-15-13-213



\$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young,
Male and Female, in their locality.
Terms and **OUTFIT FREE.** Address
P. O. VICKERY & CO. Augusta, Maine. 12-21-52-241



GABLE
EMERALD
FLORA
MOSS SMOKING

THE VERY FINE
THE MODERN
ALSO
IMPORTERS OF
HAWANA CIGARS

S. DAVIS & CO.
14, 16, 18 & 20, HOSPITAL STREET,
MONTREAL.



**THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**
PURE, HEALTHY, RELIABLE,
And is acknowledged to be the
"BEST IN USE."

**THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**
IS USED FOR RAISING
BREAD, ROLLS, PANCAKES,
JOHNNY CAKES, &c.
And is a profitable and healthy substitute for three fourths
of the usual shortening in
Pie Crust, Puddings, and Pastry in General.

**JOBBERS PREFER
THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**
BECAUSE
It sells rapidly, and in complaints as ever
wants of its quality.

**RETAILERS PREFER
THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**
BECAUSE THEIR CUSTOMERS ARE ALWAYS
SATISFIED WITH IT.

**HOUSEKEEPERS PREFER
THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**
BECAUSE IT
NEVER DISAPPOINTS THEM.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER**
IN MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
W. D. MCLAREN,
AT THE UNION MILLS,
55 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL.

PAPER HANGING
WINDOW SHADES, WIRE
SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC
BLINDS and SCENERY.
Geo. C. De Zouche,
351 NOTRE DAME STREET
12-20-13-233

**BOND BROS.,
STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,**
Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
NO. 7 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL.
11-16-52-194.



LAND O'CAKES.
CHAS. ALEXANDER & SONS.
(ESTABLISHED 1842)
Have on hand a full supply of all descriptions of
CONFECTIONERY
SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.
Crystallized Fruits, Bon-Bons, Horns of Plenty, Christmas De-
corations, Holly and Mistletoe Wreaths, Hanging Baskets, or
Also, Candles, &c.
CHAS. ALEXANDER & SONS respectfully request that orders
may be left or sent in as early as possible.
SHOW-ROOMS NOW OPEN.
357 and 359 NOTRE DAME STREET,
AND CATHEDRAL BLOCK, CORNER ST. CATHERINE AND UNION
CITY STREETS.



THOS. REEVES & CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
**GUNS, FISHING TACKLE,
SKATES, &c.,**
687 CRAIG STREET, 687
Near Bleury.
Orders by mail will receive our prompt
and careful attention.
12-26-1-264

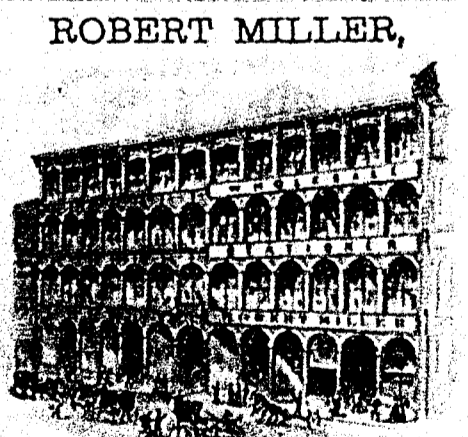


HOLIDAY GIFTS!
The Subscriber invites the inspection of
the Public to his extensive stock of
Fine GOLD Jewellery.
E. G. MELLOR,
285 NOTRE DAME ST.
CRYSTAL BLOCK.

EAGLE FOUNDRY,
24 to 34 King and Queen Streets,
MONTREAL.

GEORGE BRUSH,
Manufacturer of
**STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS,
STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES,
CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS, GEAR WHEELS, SHAPING,
PULVERS, HANOVERS, &c.**
IMPROVED HAND and POWER HOISTS.
Blake's Patent Stone and Ore Breaker.
WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR.
FOUNDERS' MATERIALS, FACINGS, &c. ON SALE.

I. L. BANCS & CO.,
783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.
Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel,
Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-52-94.



ROBERT MILLER,
Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
IMPORTER OF
Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,
397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
12-21-52

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published
by the HURLAND-DREBACH & CO. LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY
(LIMITED), at its office, Nos. 311 to 319, St. Antoine
Street, Montreal.