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Wholesale News

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OLD KING CHRISTMAS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

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NOTICE.

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That you can make yourself, your family, relative or a friend, is a year's subscription to the

Canadian Illustrated News,
THE ONLY ENGLISH
Illustrated Weekly in the Dominion,
and the sole purely Literary
Journal.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, 23rd Dec., 1876.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

While every single number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS brings its editor in a species of actual contact with each one of his readers, there is one day in the year when that personal relation becomes more perceptible and tangible. It is at the Christmas-tide. With the ringing of the joy-bells, the gatherings at the altar, the festive declarations at the board, the editor has occasion to pause a moment in his labor, and while himself enjoying as he may the benisons of the season, his thought recurs to all his readers, who are also his friends, and to them, with a wave of his wearied pen, he sends a greeting—the wish of a happy Christmas and all the joy which it entails. To all the patrons of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, each and every, throughout the Dominion, we extend the felicitations of the holiday which renews our hearts, with the prayer that spiritual benedictions and earthly prosperity may be the lot of all.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lieutenant-Governor RENE EDUARD CARON has passed away from amongst us, in age and honors. The illustrious peasant of Montmorency, as the Hon. Attorney-General so eloquently styled the late representative of the Crown, under Confederation, in Quebec, having in mind, of course, that distant day when the first steps of a most honorable career were taken by the man we have lost, had been throughout his political life a statesman of thoughtful and conciliatory conduct. Elevated to the Bench, he stood for long upon the highest plane of that elevated order, becoming, to quote the Attorney-General, "one of the authors of that Civil Code of Lower Canada under which men of all creeds and nationalities found protection for themselves, their families and their property." In 1873, he was called to fill the distinguished position of Lt. Governor, an appointment which was received at the time with universal favor on account of the nominee's admitted talents, impartiality and virtues. Beloved and respected by the people he ruled over,

the second Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, under Confederation, will not easily be forgotten by the citizen or the student of history.

CANADIAN GAME.

In a communication to the *Montreal Gazette*, Mr. W. F. WHITCHER, of the Fisheries Department, Ottawa, than whom there is no higher authority in the Dominion, gives his views on the best means of fostering and increasing the game of our forests and fields. He expresses his firm conviction that it would be for the public benefit, and for the truest interests of sportsmen and others, to enact a uniform date, say the 1st of September, for the commencement of hunting for all the more valuable varieties of game; and that the open season should close, as nearly as possible, about the 1st January or February. There are remote regions in which circumstances may render it advisable to make exceptional provisions. But as the periods of incubation and of gestation in our feathered and furred game cover the chief parts of the spring, summer and late winter months, it follows that the fall season is the proper time to be left free. It also accords with our means of saving and marketing the produce of the chase. More game could be obtained, and in far finer condition, in these three or four months, if duly protected at other times, than in twelve months of indiscriminate hunting. Mr. WHITCHER also urges some Government organization to enforce game laws. Game, being an appurtenant of the soil, has, under Confederation, passed with the lands into the jurisdiction of the Provincial authorities. The Local Legislatures now make game laws, but the Local Governments do nothing towards enforcing them. Without some distinct and formal understanding between the Dominion and Provincial powers, there is no authority for us to interfere. Mr. WHITCHER, however, sees no difficulty in bringing about some joint action. It is a matter of public concern, and is urgent. The initiative devolves on the Provinces, because it would amount in part to a request that the Dominion should assume the game laws and instruct its Fishery staff to enforce them. If such an arrangement can be brought about, it would no doubt prove mutually advantageous. It would relieve the Local Governments of a small burden and great reproach, whilst promoting a valuable interest in which the inhabitants of the whole Dominion are directly concerned. Another point to which attention is requested is the awkward dissimilarity which exists between the provisions of the game laws in adjacent Provinces. "Take, for example, some of those for Ontario and Quebec. Look at them from the standpoint of one familiar with game in the Ottawa Valley or Central Canada, comprising most of the border counties of both these Provinces. On one side of an imaginary line deer are legally in season for two months longer on the north than on the south side. Ducks may be lawfully killed two weeks earlier and four months later on the south than on the north side of this boundary. Partridges and snipe present the same sort of anomaly. Woodcocks are defended on the north side from 1st March to 1st September, and on the south side from 1st January to 1st July. As there is not the slightest reason, geographical, climatic or natural, for these wide differences, men wonder how such absurdities are perpetrated; but it seems to be nobody's business to reconcile them and to bring our game laws into harmony with common sense and practical utility."

In our last number we referred to the Government Fish-breeding Establishment, of which we expect soon to give our readers an illustration. The parent institution is at Newcastle, Ontario, under Mr. WILMOT. There are six branch establishments at Sandwich, Tadoussac, Gaspé, Restigouche, Miramichi, and Bedford, N. S., besides a joint public and private one at Moisie River, on the Labrador coast.

THE LATE LIEUT. GOV. CARON.

At Spencer Wood, Québec, on Wednesday afternoon, the 13th inst., died Lieutenant-Governor Caron. We publish to-day the portrait of this eminent man. The Honourable René Edouard Caron was born in 1800, in the parish of St. Anne, Côte de Beaupré. He was the son of Augustin Caron, a farmer, who, for several parliaments, represented the old County of Northumberland in the ancient Province of Lower Canada. Mr. Caron was educated at the college of St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud, and afterwards entered the Québec Seminary. He commenced the study of law in 1821, with Mr. André Hamel, of Québec, and in 1826 was admitted to the Bar. In 1832 he was elected to the City Council, and in the succeeding year elevated to the office of Chief Magistrate, a post of honour that he held with but slight interruption until 1846. In 1834 Mr. Caron was elected by acclamation to represent the Upper Town of Québec in the Legislative Assembly, a trust which he shortly after resigned owing to a rupture which he had with Mr. Papineau. In 1838 he was nominated a Legislative Councillor by Lord Gosford, but the Union of the Provinces being accomplished shortly afterwards he did not take his seat. From June, 1841, he sat as Legislative Councillor until March, 1857, and he held the office of Speaker of the Council from November, 1843, to May, 1847, and again from March, 1848, until August, 1853, when he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court for Lower Canada. He was also appointed by Lord Sydenham Mayor of Québec for two years when the city was again incorporated, and he was subsequently elected each year to the same office until 1846. Before his legislative career terminated he was a member of the Lafontaine-Hincks administration. In January, 1855, Mr. Caron was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench, and remained a Judge of this Court until the 11th of February, 1873, when he was appointed to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Québec. During a considerable part of his judicial career he was engaged as a Commissioner in the codification of the civil law of the Province, conjointly with Messrs. Morin and Day. He also held at different times several offices of a minor and unprofessional character. He was a President of the *Institut Canadien*, of the Literary and Historical Society; and of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Québec. He was created a Q.C. in 1848; received the degree of LL. D. from Laval University, in 1865; created a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great in 1873; and a Knight Commander of the same Order in 1875. Mr. Caron was married on the 15th of September, 1828, to Josephine, daughter of the late Mr. Germain de Blois, of Québec, by whom he had a large family. In him the French Canadians lose one of the best types of their old statesmen, while all the country unite in paying a tribute to great abilities, eminent services, and unflinching fealty to British institutions, even in times of crises.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.—Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, we know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor our hearths; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

HUMILITY.—He that means to build lasting, must lay his foundation low; as in mossy grounds they erect their houses upon piles driven deep into the ground, so when we have to do with men that are insincere, our conversation would be unusual and tottering, if it were not founded upon the graces of humility; which, by reason of their slenderness, pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in colour, but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipped with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter-killing blasts, the muffled convulsions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which does appear so flourishing.

PERSISTENCE.—The secret of many an unhappy failure in life lies in the ease with which young men, having once started out in pursuit of a particular goal, are diverted from their purposes. A temptation is placed directly in their pathway; it is glittering, and their eyes once on it, they cannot take them off. Wealth is offered on wonderfully facile terms; a short cut to it has been discovered; will they not turn aside and reap a fortune?

Too many listen to the voice of the chatter. The short, bright, open path, diverging to the right or left, as it was made to appear to their vision, turns out to be a road with no turn to it, leading into brambles, thickest, and darkest.

In selecting a pursuit, consult your own natural tastes and inclinations; but once having made a choice, no matter how much you encounter what is difficult or disagreeable, do not be diverted from your purpose.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember in all things that, if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE FOR MOTHERS.—Consider it your religious duty to take out-door exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about Lucy's gown that "is not yet finished," and "Tommy's jacket," and even "his" coat thrown into your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say, up and out! Is it not more important that your children, in their tender years, should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every earthly blessing? Let buttons and strings go; you will take hold of them with more vigor and patience when you return bright and refreshed; and if every stitch be not finished at just such a moment (and it is discouraging not to be able to systematize in your labour, even with your best efforts,) still remember that "she who hath done what she could" is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly "the best of men," though there are some malicious people who might say that that is not saying much for him! Still he would never, to the end of time, dream what you were dying of; so accept my advice, and take the matter in hand yourself.

HABITUDES OF WOMEN.—The domestic simplicity and utilities of ancient times contrast strongly with the show and extravagance of the present day. The daughters of Philip, king of Macedonia, sisters of Alexander the Great, employed themselves in making clothes for their brothers—Augustus, who was sovereign of the world, declined to wear any clothes except those made for him by his wife and sister. But a few centuries have passed since any queen or princess in Europe would have been offended with the charge that she did not know how to cook. In those days before the coming of pianos and wet-nurses, the allotted sphere of woman was that of a helpful companionship, and she found employment for her time and energies in the maternal and domestic duties of the household, and contentment rendered such employment pleasant. For the discharge of those functions woman—and woman only—is fitted, and this is her mission into the world. The depravity of our age, however, has allowed to these customs, which are very nearly as old as creation itself, an idea of meanness and contempt, and has substituted in room thereof the fascination of the novel, devotion to fashion, a soft indolence, silly conversation, and a strong passion for show. As a penalty for this departure from the purposes of God and decree of nature, the women of to-day, found in the circles of wealth and fashion, are reaping a harvest of effluvia, disease, poverty of the heart and early death.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FITCHER keeps on playing, though the physicians tell him he will die if he doesn't quit the stage.

THE HONORABLE THOMAS has formed a singing society in Boston, capable of furnishing "the best chorus ever heard in this country."

THE Wagner nights have proved the most successful feature this season at the Covent Garden Theatre series of concerts in London.

AN English dramatic critic suggests that the Queen's words in "Hamlet"—"Our son is fat and wants of breath," were probably designed to describe the personal appearance of the actor who first personated the Prince of Denmark.

ROSE EYINGE is playing *Lady Macbeth* in the West, and her conception of the character, like that attempted by Clara Morris, is that of a woman actuated rather by love of her husband than by personal ambition and who guides him by gentleness rather than harshness.

THE new opera, based upon the old tale of "Paul and Virginia," is meeting with great success in Paris. The music is by Massé, and he introduces some exquisite little duets, more especially one between Paul and his mother. M. Capoul takes the tenor part and Mlle. Engoff, who takes the part of a negress, has a delicious contrast.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD sent to the Paris office of the London, Chatham and Dover Railroad a package containing a volume of MSS. of the "Life of Napoleon III.," being in large measure the result of an examination of MSS. of great importance. It cannot be found. Some surmise that the Parisian police are interested in the work.

THE grand old theatre of San Carlo, in Naples, has greatly declined in prestige during the past five or six years. But the sanguine Neapolitan still maintains that it has no peer in the universe. Its ingenious acoustic arrangements, the vastness of the platform, and its numerous and luxuriously furnished boxes are certainly unsurpassed in any theatre in northern Europe or America.

AN iron stage curtain, it seems, is not an entirely novel idea. At the opening of the new Federal Theatre in Boston, in 1798, a dedicatory address, written by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., was read which contained this verse—

How wise men differ! Water, some would think,
Would wash away the stain of tailor's ink.
But don't swoon, genius, another mode will try
To save our lives and keep our ruffles dry.
From fire or water your escape is certain;
Your shibboleth of safety is—our iron curtain!

NO PRAYERS TO-NIGHT.

No prayers to-night! No golden head
To lie in my lap with its glittering light,
But a broken heart, and a sigh instead.
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night.

No liping tongue, no dimpled hands
To sing and strike in keen delight;
No hair to plait in glistening strands.
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night.

No prayers to-night—no bright eyes shine—
No cradled head to catch my sight;
No rosy lips pressed close to mine.
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night.

No trusting love, no peary tears,
No smile, no laughter loud and bright,
No little voice to tell its fears.
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night.

No prayers to-night—no an'ning heart,
A life that is full of care and blight;
A life that has sorrow in every part.
Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night.

Toronto. A. D. STEWART.

MARGINALIA.

CLASSIC DRESS.—Those who wish to know how easy and becoming, how handsome and rich in colouring, were the ancient Greek robes, should note how the dresses of the Island King's daughters are worn at the Odéon this winter. The most minute attention to detail has been scrupulously observed, and each crown and bracelet, each earring and necklace, is a copy from some authentic original known to antiquarians. It is surprising, and to a certain extent humiliating, to think how little advance we have made in what perhaps may be called the philosophy of clothing. The ancient dress was much more commodious than ours; it might be made simpler or more splendid according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer. It was warmer in winter and cooler in summer than ours, and it was at all times more comfortable to wear as well as more wholesome, because it left the circulation free and the limbs unfettered. Indeed, if one recurs to the natural idea of costume, as set forth to view in *Deidamia*, and then reflects upon our modern stays, straps, braces, and multitude of buttons, one is at a loss to explain why perverse ingenuity should have contrived any clothes so complicated, so ungainly, and so troublesome as our own. The very hair-dressing of the Greek ladies in *M. de Banville's* play is a model for all womankind to follow; it is so winsome, yet so simple.

LOVERS' WOOTING.—“Probably there is no instance,” said Sir Arthur Helps, “in which any two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any two other lovers, since the world began.” True! Barkis insinuated, Vivien charmed Merlin. Alexander made a bonfire for Thais. Bassanio soft-soldered Portia with a *leaden* casket. The garrulous female in the *Arabian Nights* told her husband stories. Hippomenes had a close race for Atalanta, but he played the apple-game on her. In the Polynesian Islands they win their hearts by beating their heads with a shill-blagh. Harry the Eighth and Bluebeard were off with the head of the old love before they were on with the new. Newton poked down the tobacco in his pipe with his sweetheart's finger—a warm token of affection. Tristram did it mostly with a harp, and was likewise a good liar. His two boules were too many for him. Bathwell was inclined to Mary, and locked her up in his castle. Cobbett's wife caught him by the grace with which she used her wash-tub—she was never known to use it after the wedding. Sam Romilly, the famous lawyer, killed himself because his wife died, while a good many others kill themselves because they will not die. Nicholas of Russia wanted to “pop” at a dinner-table, but didn't like to be caught at it, so he imbedded a ring in a lump of bread and handed it to her. Charlemagne's secretary was caught by a snowstorm “sparkling” the emperor's daughter at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps shouldn't be traced. The Emperor heard of it, and saddled him on to her for the balance of her life.

TURNER'S DEATH.—Of the artist Turner's strange last illness and death, Walter Thornbury thus writes, and is quoted by Mr. M. D. Conway in the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—“Feeling himself to be dangerously ill, Turner sent for a well-known doctor from Margate, whom he had previously employed, and in whose skill he reposed implicit confidence. The sick man, who had once declared that he would give all his money if he could be twenty once again, watched the physician's face with eager anxiety. When he was told that death was near, ‘Go down stairs,’ he exclaimed; ‘take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again.’ The doctor did as he was bidden, but he could not alter his judgment. Turner, however, would not believe that the awful change was so nigh. He had no religious hope, I am afraid, to cheer him at that hour. On that final day—I believe within an hour of his death—his landlady wheeled his chair to the window to enable him to look upon the sunshine, in which he delighted so much, mantling the river and illuminating the sails of the passing boats. I am told that up to the period of his very last illness he would often rise at daybreak, and with blanket or dressing-gown carelessly thrown over him, go out upon the railed-in roof to see the sun rise and to observe the color flow, flushing back into the pale morning sky. He died with the winter-morning sun shining upon his face as he lay in bed. The attendant drew up the window blind, and the luminary shed its beams upon the dying artist—the sun he had been wont to regard with such love and veneration.

ROTTERDAM.—Every day, morning and evening, Hyde Park is a most magnificent scene of pomp and show—the handsomest turn-outs, the finest horsemen and horsewomen in the world—the prettiest girls, the rosiest children, the most resplendent, if not the most elegant, toilets. Almost every afternoon the Princess of Wales joins the throng for a half-hour's drive up and down “The Ladies' Mile.” Her equipage is a modest one, her coachman is less pompous, her footmen are less overpowering than those of many a rich American. A mounted policeman or two clear the way for her, but she has no guard, and though the most popular woman in Great Britain, her coming causes no excitement, only a courteous doffing of hats by the gentlemen, and welcoming smiles from the ladies whom she meets. She is in black just now—one of those light intermittent attacks of mourning to which royal folks are subject—and she looks a little pale and quite thin. But she sits perfectly erect, and bows and smiles with as sweet and cordial a graciousness as in that first season when she won the hearts of all the people, coming as she did in good faith to be not only a daughter to the Queen, but to Britain as well.

THE GLEANER.

NEWFOUNDLAND papers say there will be a sad tale of distress from the western shore of that colony before many months. At present many residents in Bonne Bay and the neighborhood are in a state of absolute destitution.

THE Princess Frederica has been the faithful companion of her father, ex King George of Hanover, ever since he sought refuge with his ally, the Emperor of Austria. Tall, and of blonde hair and complexion, she is said to be unquestionably more beautiful than any other European princess.

THE *Dundas Advertiser* announces the death of James Chapman, the last survivor of the crew of Nelson's famous ship, the *Victory*. He was born in 1784, and pressed into the navy in 1803. Put on board the flagship, he served two years under Lord Nelson and was present when the Admiral was mortally wounded on the quarter deck of the *Victory*.

SIR CURTIS LAMPSON is believed to be the only instance of an American accepting and bearing an English title since the independence of the colonies. Sir Curtis, a great friend of George Peabody's, who spent the last year of his life in his house, acquired a large fortune in the fur and iron trades, and took a leading part in the first Atlantic Cable Company.

IN Paris there are contractors who pay the city \$20,000 per annum for the privilege of keeping the streets clean. The work is done under the supervision of the municipal authorities, and the contractors are reimbursed by the sale of the mud and dust, which when manufactured into fertilizers, is said to yield \$600,000.

RICHARD CONGREVE, the representative in England of Comte, denies to America now or in the future any high place among nations, because the influence of the religious ideas of the past is so much greater here than in Europe. He claims the primacy of the nations for France, and characterizes the French as “the vanguard of civilization.”

LADIES will wear very long dresses of cardinal red and pearl white this year, with gold chate-laines and a chain holding a fan, a smelling bottle, and an eye glass. That is the latest novelty in costume, and a monstrous pretty one it is.

THE Roman populace believe that when a cardinal dies three other cardinals immediately fall ill and soon follow him to the grave. This superstition, which is of very old standing, was curiously verified on Nov. 5, the day on which Cardinal Antonelli succumbed to his painful malady. Almost simultaneously, Monsignor Patrizi, the Cardinal Vicar, and Cardinals Capalti and Bizarri had each a paralytic seizure, and at last accounts their lives were still despaired of.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Owing to great pressure on our space in the present Christmas number, we are obliged to omit this interesting column to-day. In our next we will publish several solutions to problems received from our young contributors, both boys and girls.

MR. GOULD'S PIANO WARE-ROOMS.

We give on another page a large illustration of the magnificent Music Rooms of Mr. Joseph Gould, a gentleman widely known throughout the entire Dominion as one of the most extensive importers of Pianos and Cabinet Organs in the country. Mr. Gould has occupied his present rooms for the past thirteen years, and the locality has become identified with the musical instrument business. These premises are doubtless among the finest of their kind on this continent. The front shop, used by Mr. De Zouche as a music store, leads through a large archway into the main piano room, a spacious hall 80 by 35 feet, with heavy oak floor laid in panels. In this room are the pianos of Gabler, Emerson, McCammon and others, and the Mason and Hamlin Cabinet Organs. On either side up a couple of steps, is a large room of the same length as the main apartment, but somewhat narrower, and set apart, the one exclusively for

the pianos of the celebrated makers Steinway & Sons, of New York, and Chickering & Sons, of Boston, and the other for the varied assortment of second-hand pianos always to be found at Mr. Gould's establishment. All the rooms are hung with handsome wall paper, and adorned with costly mirrors and engravings, statues, busts, etc., giving them an air of quiet elegance and refinement; while the magnificent display of instruments is imposing in the extreme.

Notwithstanding the great depression in trade we are glad to learn on inquiry that Mr. Gould's business is but slightly affected by it, and that his importations are considerably larger now than they were a year ago. We advise those of our readers who purpose buying a piano or organ to visit these ware-rooms, where they will not only find a great variety of instruments to choose from, at all prices from \$200 upward, but may have the fullest confidence in the stability and worth of any one they may select.

THIBAUT, LANTHIER & CO.'S EXHIBIT.

This model establishment has taken the very highest stand, in a short time, proving what energy and judgment can accomplish. The importations of this firm are from the farthest parts of Europe, while in our own unrivalled furs, they are well stocked. At the Centennial Exposition of Philadelphia, Messrs. Thibault, Lanthier & Co., carried off both American and Canadian Medals for made-up goods. We can confidently refer our readers to their store. We append a list of the magnificent goods which they exhibit in our illustration on another page.

- No. 1 Fine Silver Fox Skins.
- “ 2 Young Canadian Beavers.
- “ 3 Cross Fox Mat.
- “ 4 Gent's Shetland Seal Gaitlets.
- “ 5 Russian Velvet Bonnet, Russian Sable tail trimming.
- “ 6 Norman Velvet Bonnet, Canada Mink tail trimming.
- “ 7 Canada Otter Cap, Seal crown.
- “ 8 Sea-Otter Cap, Shetland Seal top.
- “ 9 Youth's Seal Cap with Basque.
- “ 10 Young Gent's Seal Cap with Basque.
- “ 11 Gent's Canada Mink Cap, Seal top.
- “ 12 Gent's Sorokomonsky Beaver Cap, Seal top.
- “ 13 Royal Russian Sable Boa.
- “ 14 Royal Ermine Boa.
- “ 15 Silver Fox Boa.
- “ 16 Canada Mink Boa.
- “ 17 Alaska Sable Boa.
- “ 18 Shetland Seal Boa.
- “ 19 Seal-Skin Muff, Alaska Sable trimming.
- “ 20 Silver Fox Muff.
- “ 21 Royal Russian Sable Muff.
- “ 22 Silk Muff, Silver Fox trimming.
- “ 23 Silk Muff, Royal Ermine trimming.
- “ 24 Royal Ermine Muff.
- “ 25 Silk Opera Cloak Fur-lined, Royal Ermine trimming.
- “ 26 Gents Canada Otter Coat, Sea-Otter Collar, Lapels and Cuffs.
- “ 27 Gents Shetland Seal Coat, Sea Otter Collar Lapels and Cuffs.
- “ 28 Gents Plain Shetland Seal Coat.
- “ 29 Lady's Silk Parisian Walking Cloak Silver Fox trimming.
- “ 30 Lady's New Style Seal Sacque 36 inch long trimmed.
- “ 31 Plucked and dyed Otter Sacque.
- “ 32 Shetland Seal Sacque, Chinchilla trimming.
- “ 33 Shetland Seal Sacque, Sea Otter trimming.
- “ 34 Miss's Silk Sacque New Style, Royal Ermine trimming.
- “ 35 Seal-Skin Sacque, Canada Otter trimming.
- “ 36 Plain South Sea Seal Cloak.
- “ 37 Canadian North Shore Mink Cloak tail trimming.
- “ 38 Shetland Seal Cloak Grebe trimming.
- “ 39 Shetland Seal Sacque, Russian Silvery Beaver Collar, Lapels and Cuffs.
- “ 40 Red Fox Mat.
- “ 41 Racoon Mat.
- “ 42 White Arctic Fox Mat.
- “ 43 Silver Fox Mat.
- “ 44 Black Beaf Saddle Pad.
- “ 45 Wolverine Mat.

OUR CHRISTMAS DIRECTORY.

ROBERTSON'S, 232 MCGILL STREET,
Is this season showing an excellent assortment in Seal and Mink Sacks, Seal, Lynx and Mink Sets. Fur trimming and furs of every description. Any article made to order on short notice. Special inducements are offered purchasers, and examination of stock is invited before going elsewhere.

PARKS' ART GALLERY, 195 1/2 ST. JAMES STREET.
Availing ourselves of journalistic privileges, and with an eye to the beautiful, we ramble into Parks' and admire the collection of portraits adorning his rooms, recognizing the countenances of many of our well-known business and society men, city belles, and infantile groups. Their truthful fidelity to nature is worthy of all praise.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 226 & 228 ST. JAMES STREET.
To every Montrealer of average intelligence the store of this firm is as well known as his own domicile. Established in 1818, they take rank as one of the institutions of the city. For

many years their handsome building and elegantly dressed windows have formed one of the most attractive sights on our fashionable promenade. The stock, comprising everything pertaining to a first class Jewelry House, is no doubt the largest in Canada and the preparations for the present holiday season are replete with novelties and on a scale of prices to accord with the times.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL CO., 303 NOTRE DAME ST.

What will we select and what is most appropriate to purchase in such an array as meets our gaze in the show cases at Goldsmith's Hall? We ask the prices and find that even with the glittering display of gold and silver watches, jewelry, chains, silver and plated ware, &c., there is such a wide range of choice, that anyone can consult his financial ability and buy many handsome articles without an extravagant outlay.

RONAYNE'S, 192 & 194 ST. JOSEPH STREET, CORNER OF CHABOLLEZ SQUARE.

Whatever the time of year, Summer or Winter, seed-time or harvest, Ronayne is equal to the occasion. Old or young, rich or poor, can here have their wants in Boots and Shoes supplied in quality and price to suit their needs. The polite attention shown customers, whether their purchases be large or small, accounts for the popularity of this firm with all classes of the community.

HICKS, 147 MCGILL STREET.

The triumphant success of Festivals, Receptions and Entertainments mainly depends on the emblematic mottoes and adornments suitable to the occasion. Who in this respect is more able than Hicks, whose ability and taste has been satisfactorily tested in many such happy gatherings?

FIELD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, CORNER OF CRAIG AND BLEURY STREETS.

“Secure the shadow ere the substance fades.” Do not let the golden moment pass without securing the picture of your loved ones. At this season it is specially appropriate and forms one of the most prized of gifts. No finer portraits can be found anywhere than at Field's. In their life-like expression and exquisite finish they show the true artist.

BROWN & CLAGGETT, “THE RECOLLET HOUSE,” CORNER OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN STREETS.

There is a treat in store for many of our fair leaders of fashion in the exhibit at the “Recollet House” of the elegant costumes shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition and for which both the American and Canadian Medals were awarded. In this Department as well as in every other branch that pertains to a first class Dry Goods establishment, this firm is pre-eminent for superiority in goods and popular prices.

CHAN. ALEXANDER & SONS, 357 & 359 NOTRE DAME STREET, AND CATHEDRAL BLOCK, ST. CATHERINE STREET.

The name of this firm is synonymous with every delicacy and variety of toothsome sweets, and their manufacture a standard for everything excellent in confectionery. The preparations for Christmas are exhaustive in all their respective branches—crystallized fruits, bonbons, horns of plenty, holly and mistletoe wreaths, &c. What more enticing to children, even of a larger growth, than the temptation of a candy store? It is simply irresistible and a visit to their establishment is a rare treat.

WALKER & LABELLE, 486 & 488 ST. PAUL ST.

The excellence of the Ball, Button, and Liquid washing Blues manufactured by this firm is fast driving inferior brands from the market. There is nothing more vexatious in household duties than frauds in laundry requisites. Those who consult their peace of mind will ask especially for this make and be put off with no other. Buy it, try it, and be convinced.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, 1 & 3 PLACE D'ARMES.

Among the controversies of the day is the “Sewing Machine Question.” While many rival makers seek to cover their inglorious defeat by a mere waste of words, the staunch “Wheeler & Wilson” comes to the front with distinctive claims for superiority over all competitors in beauty and excellence of stitch, strength and firmness of seam, speed and ease of management, with many other advantages well worthy of the consideration of intending purchasers.

SCOTT & FRASER, 368 NOTRE DAME STREET.

At the art repository of this firm is always on view a very superior collection of oil paintings and water color drawings, many of them being by well-known artists. English and French engravings, chromo-lithographs &c. In mantle and pier glasses, also portrait and picture frames, they have one of the finest stocks in the Province. For this season many new attractions are now added.

KENNEDY'S, 31, 33 & 35 ST. LAWRENCE MOUNTAIN STREET.

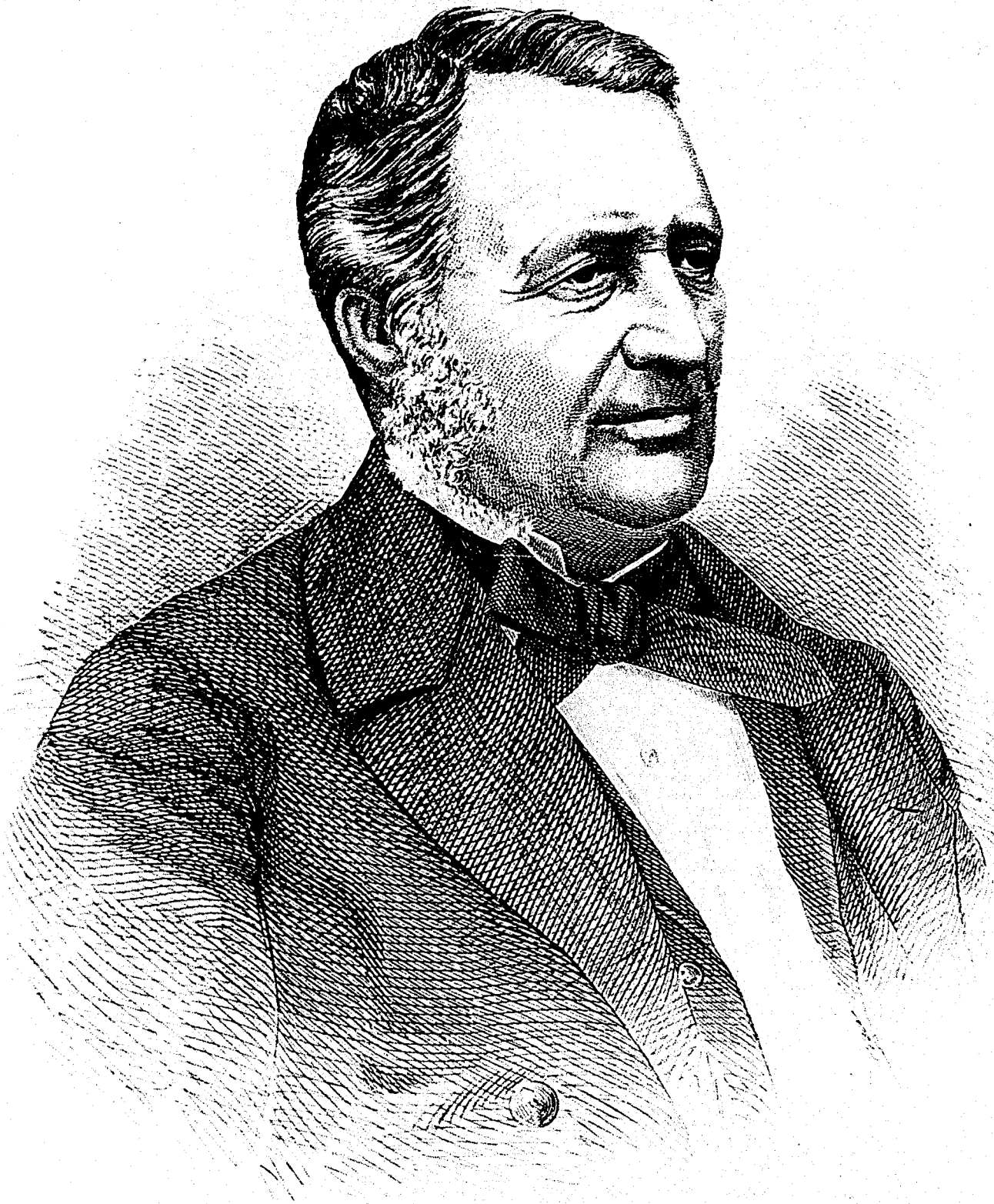
It is certain that the crowd of buyers at this clothing store knows of no diminution. Staple goods, stylish cut, and low prices will carry the day anywhere in trade. Fancy \$150,000 worth of Men's and Boys' clothing, from which to select! The order department is under the charge of experienced hands, and many of our best dressed men get their elegant outfits at Kennedy's.



CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.



CHRISTMAS OF THE HOMELESS.



HIS HONOR THE LATE EDOUARD RENE CARON,
LT. GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

KING CHRISTMAS!

Huzza! for old Merry King Christmas! All hail to the jovial King! In giving old Christmas a welcome, Let's lighten our bosoms and sing.

AN ADVENTURE AT CHRISTMAS.

Towards the close of December, 1867, the British corvette "Sirius," belonging to the squadron for the suppression of the African slave trade, lay anchored within a few fathoms of the coast of Congo, Lower Guinea.

The warning notes of a squall now resounding through the woods, our leader gave orders for us all to return at once to the vessel. We endeavoured to obey, but soon discovered we had lost our way.

upon them until the monster's head was within a few feet of him, when, fastening the rope to the branch, he descended the trunk of the tree. "Now, men! now is your time!" he shouted, as the angry serpent writhed and twisted to escape from the rope.

Chess is becoming every day, more and more, a home recreation, and its character is such, that two equal players, who may have but little knowledge of the "openings" and their analyses, will feel as much pleasure in a friendly contest, as two of the most accomplished professionals of the day.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Parvus Dominus et amabilis nimis. —St. Francisco d'Assisi.

Within the chapter of the cloister old— Monte Cassino is its name so fair— A curious tapestry on the wall unrolled Related, in devices quaint and rare, How that the Saviour in a manger lay, Naked and born upon wisps of hay.

Mary, the Mother, knelt upon the right, Upon the left knelt Joseph with rapt eye, And heliers twain, one russet and one white, Poured warmth from their pink nostrils standing by: While through the open roof, upon a cloud, Were troops of Angels seen that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on one Christmas night, St. Francis and his monks were come to pray, When sudden, quickened by an inner light, The holy man besought each one to say What was the burden of the Angels' song— Sounding the lily and the fox-grapes among.

Smiling, the choir of hooded Cordeliers In full accord intoned the canticle Which now for hued on twelve one thousand years, The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well:— "Glory to God unto the highest and Peace to good men upon the sea and land!"

Francisco's eyes with holy light were fired, An aureole beamed about his radiant head, And pointing to the Cross, as one inspired, In sweetest accents to the monks he said:— "Not so, to me 'tis this the Angels tell, "O little Lord, exceeding lovely!"

Eye off he thought me, musing on that scene— As even sinners will in happier mood— 'Tis best to pass the glory and the shoon, And fix our hearts upon the simple good, Believing that St. Francis found the key To all the grace of the Nativity.

So on this Christmas eve, when from above Strange loads of care are pressing on my soul, Severed from mine and seeking for a love That shall endure throughout these days of dole, I bow my head and murmur only this— Parvus Dominus et amabilis!"

JOHN LEFFRANCE.

WILLIE'S VISIT TO ELFIN GROTTO.

Willie Parkinson had been holding a richly-tinted, rose-lipped shell to his ear for a long time, with his black eyes fixed wistfully upon the grotesque, changing figures dancing amid the glowing coal in the grate before which he was sitting.

A great mystery was that beautiful shell; and always had been, from the time his father first gave it to him, on his return from an East India voyage, to that very winter's night, when he sat thus before the warm fire, alone in his mother's handsome parlour, all unconscious of the bitter cold and and fast-falling snow without.

What strange thing was the shell saying to him? At first, he had thought to find some little animal confined within the polished spiral, and had ruined his mother's worsted needle, trying to reach far enough within to find the murmuring creature who dwelt there. Then he held the shell with a sudden feeling of awe as well as admiration, while his eyes grew bright and wild with this new thought that darted through his mind. What if there should be within the shell such an elf as he had read about in the story books, brought far away from its splendid home in the deep green sea?

He went to the table, and selected, from a portfolio of engravings there, a favourite one of his, the story of which he did not yet comprehend, but the picture was his delight; the quaint figures of the attendants, and the gigantic form of the water-spirit, pleased him very much—more, indeed, than the sweet, pleading face of little Undine. The picture was called "Undine in the Forest," and represented a great waterfall and the mischievous sprites fabled to dwell therein, with their master, Kumbold, who was appearing to a little girl, a niece of his, who had left the water and gone to live on the land, and was then riding through the dismal forest with a friend.

Willie carried the picture to the soft rug before the fire, and with that and the shell, sat down again, looking from them to the weird figures dancing about in the glowing coal, till everything grew dreamy and misty. So it was not strange that, presently, he thought he heard a deeper roaring in the shell than ever before, until he caught some words plainly.

"Never more! never more!" sighed a sweet voice in Willie's ear.

He started nervously, and then listened again.

"Oh, never more! alas, never more! Shall the pebbly beach or coral floor Know of the fate of the roseate shell Comped on the dismal land to dwell."

"Oh, never more! alas, never more! Shall the loving waves enclasp me o'er; But far away from my own dear sea, Still will I whisper and talk of thee."

Wild with wonder and delight, Willie laid the shell down, and watched it eagerly. Again came the low, soft voice:—

"Oh, never more! alas, never more! To visit my own wave haunted shore! O mortal child, have pity on me, And bear me back to my native sea!"

Not a word could Willie speak for astonishment, when he saw a soft light, like a far-away taper, or the evening star trembling impatiently behind its veil of mist, waiting for the retiring sun, gathering about the rosy lip of the shell. Very slowly the light brightened, and rolled together into a single drop of diamond lustre, deepening the polished pink tinge of the shell into a vivid emerald. And then—will you believe it? Willie could hardly credit his own

eyesight—the solid coil of shell grew soft and pliant, and began to unroll; while, in a twinkling, down slid from it a tiny ladder, made of nice strong seaweed; and, descending upon it, forth from the shell where she had lain secreted,—but, according to the slander against her sex, unable to keep silence, even in her secrecy,—came the mysterious being whose murmurs had puzzled Willie so every time he held the shell to his ear.

A tiny, wee bit of a thing was this sea elf, with eyes as bright as southern stars reflected in tropic seas, and dressed in a sea-green robe, wavy and changeable as the yeasty billows that break away from the bows of a ship under full sail. In her golden tresses glistened many a milk-white pearl and coral, while a large branch of red coral was held in her hand, as a sort of wand.

She made a quick little bow to the half-frightened Willie, and shrank away in horror from the fire, as far as she could without removing her moist white foot from the shell, and sang again:—

"Oh, mortal child, have pity on me, And bear me back to my native sea!"

The pleading glance of her wave-blue eye dispersed Willie's alarm, so he said, boldly, "What do you want of me?"

"Oh, bear me back to my native sea!" said the murmuring voice, distinctly. And from the shell came a musical refrain, echoing her words; and the drop of light sparkled with a resplendent gleam, casting a new brightness over the tiny elf, over milky pearl, and bright-hued coral, and shimmering emerald robe, till little Willie's eyes were dazzled by the charming vision, and he cried out, earnestly, "Yes, I will carry you to the sea!"

Then the sprite bowed joyously, waved her hand gratefully, and the white twinkling feet glided up the ladder, and disappeared. The shell closed, and lay on the carpet quiet and still, as if nothing had happened.

Then Willie, without a word to his mother—he thought, excusingly, he would tell the strange story over to her, immediately on his return—wrapped himself in his warm overcoat, and with the shell in his hand, unmindful of the thick shower of stary snow, or the dimness of night, took his way towards the beach; for his mother's house was on the outskirts of the seaport from which his father's voyages were made, and but a short distance from the water. As he groped along, the clouds overhead seemed to break away, the snowflakes fell more slowly, and, presently, ceased altogether; while the misty darkness cleared away from the space of sky before him, and the moon's shining face looked out cheerfully, just as he reached the shore.

Noisily and carelessly, the great foam-capped waves came drifting in upon the beach, where the new-fallen snow lay in soft white ridges, soon melted away, as wave after wave came dashing over it. Behind him, the dark outlines of the trees and houses loomed up against the sky; and, a little beyond, sparkled through the clearing atmosphere the myriad lights of the town. A pretty scene it was; but Willie gave only a hasty glance around him, while he laid the shell carefully upon the sand, where the waves could break over it in airy bubbles.

Once again came the mysterious glow, and so brightly, that the town lights looked wan and dim. Again rose the low refrain of music. This time the words were changed; and as the ladder of seaweed touched the pebbly ground, the elfin lady bounded down like a bubble of the wave, singing, in gleeful delight:—

"Oh, ever more! oh, ever more! Leave I the cold and dismal shore, Home of my heart, the deep green sea, Thither I come to dwell with thee!"

"Mortal, say what the spell shall be, Elfin grotto from the deep green sea, To hands that bore the pebbly shell In native wave once more to dwell."

"Take me with you, to see your beautiful coral grottoes under the sea, a little while, and then bring me safely back to my mother," cried Willie, eagerly.

She nodded, smiling gaily, and waved her coral branch over the water, as it came bubbling about her, seeming to warm herself in it, as we do in the sunshine. And out from the foam came a tribe of tiny things, speeding along far more swiftly than the rarest Arabian steed. Willie could not tell whether wings or fins propelled them, so rapid were their movements; but they were harnessed together with what he, at first, thought to be gold, and purple and crimson ribbons; but soon discovered, on closer inspection, that they were delicate fibres of the exquisite sea-moss. These the elfin attached to her shell, which rolled out into the cunningest chariot imaginable; and, raising her sea-green scarf for a sail, she motioned Willie to take a seat beside her. He wondered how that would be possible, since his single self could hide chariot, driver, and all from view. Nevertheless,—with a strangeness belonging to dreams, where we often accomplish impossible things, knowing, through all our sleep, that we must be dreaming to succeed so,—he found himself very comfortably settled beside her, dashing along through the roaring, foaming waters, without the least inconvenience or feeling the moisture of a single drop.

Such wonderful sights as he saw! But most of his attention was absorbed by the wild little elf at his side, who could scarcely contain her joy at sailing once more upon the water. How she danced, and laughed, and sang! until,

growing more sedate, and remembering perhaps, her promise to Willie, she motioned her nimble steeds to go downwards; and, while Willie held his breath with fear and horror, they began to sink down—down—down—it seemed to him they would never stop, for the rushing noise in his ears deafened the gay shout of the little elfin driver, and frightened him exceedingly. But, at length, they gained the beautiful land beneath; and then Willie forgot everything else but his wondering admiration. Such a charming grotto as she had led him to! The arched walls were carved of the finest coral, set thickly with gleaming gems; and flowers, more delicate and rare than anything the earth ever produced, were garlanded here and there; while a whole company of just such pretty little creatures as his companion, were busy at work, brightening the crystal floor, and sweeping off the glittering, golden sands, and some skillfully weaving new wreaths of flowers before tiny mirrors that obedient genii held before them; while moored all around to quaint pillars of coral, by gay links of moss, were charming chariots of shell, waiting for their busy little owners.

When Elfin arrived, they crowded around her in delighted surprise.

"We feared you were lost, dear sister," said they; "and had engaged our friend Swordfish to take a voyage landward, and see what he could hear of you. Pray tell us your adventures!"

"By-and-by," answered she; "it makes me shiver now to remember the horrible place that dismal land was. I thought I must have perished for the cold and stillness. Why, there's not a single wave to rock you to sleep! But why are you all so busy? Is there any new festival?"

"Oh, we forgot," chimed in their silvery voices. "Great Neptune holds a levee to-night, and we are all commanded to be there. It seems his majesty was very angry with one of his subjects, Giant Whale, for demolishing a new grotto of crystal he had just completed, and called him to account. He pleaded, in extenuation, the cruel treatment he had received from those strange men that live in the flying, white-winged houses, which made him wild with pain, and unconscious of the injury he was doing, showed a fearful wound from their harpoon, as proof of the truth of his story. So the wrath of Neptune was turned against the white-winged house. He called up his servants; and such a terrific storm as there was up there at the surface! We felt the commotion down here. The winds roared and shrieked, the waves rose, and almost buried her white wings, and the great ship pitched and tumbled about like an egg-shell. But—will you believe it?—despite his majesty's powers, when morning dawned, there was the ship, floating safely along, as bravely as before. His majesty was very angry, and sent for his wisest oracle, to show him what power had prevented his spells from succeeding. To-night it is to be explained. So you have come just in time to witness it. You must hurry, for it is near the time. The moon shines down here upon us, which is the hour fixed upon for the spell of the oracle."

His elfin friend motioned to Willie to keep silence, and take a seat beside her, while she wove a wreath for her golden locks, and made a veil of moss to hide him in the chariot from her sharp-eyed kinsfolk. When all was ready, the shell chariots, and their tiny drivers, set out for the great reception hall of Neptune.

If Willie had thought Elfin Grotto charming, words would not describe his admiration for the great palace hall they entered. The dazzling lights, the crystal floors, the jewelled arches, and gorgeous flowers, quite amazed him; but he had only time to glance at them hastily, for his attention was entirely absorbed by the sight of Neptune, on his great throne of coral and ivory, his majestic trident in his mighty hand, and his piercing eye fixed earnestly upon the oracle, whose incantation had commenced when Willie and his friend arrived.

One spot in the hall, where stood a dark green archway, was dark and dim with a cloud of smoke. Before it stood the oracle, and thither every eye was turned. Presently, with a roaring noise, like the sound of the most tempestuous waves, the cloud rolled away like a scroll, leaving a picture to view, so lifelike, that Willie almost rushed towards it, in delight. There, on the calm, dark waters, with the magic light of the full moon shining down upon it, turning every snowy sail into silvery sheen, rode proudly and securely a noble ship. So perfect was it, every single rope and spar stood out distinct and lifelike; and on the deck, with his eyes fixed on the moon, Willie recognised his own dear father's gallant form, his speaking trumpet dropping idly from his hand, and on his face an expression that showed, better than words could have done, his thoughts were far away, at home with his wife and child.

"Yes," said Neptune, shortly and sternly; "that is the ship I would have brought hither to bleach on our coral reefs. Now show me the power that has been at work to thwart the efforts of my servants!"

The clouds gathered, and rolled before the picture; and again there was dimness and darkness about the weed-wreathed archway. Then came a low, sweet strain of music, such as the stars might sing in their silent watch above. Slowly, very slowly it seemed to all the eyes strained forward to catch the first glimpse of the coming picture, the cloud dispersed, and the clear voice of the oracle repeated:—"Behold, your majesty, the power that has frustrated your design."

Willie leaned forward, from behind his mossy screen, gazing as eagerly as the wondering elves. Ah! what a familiar scene came up before him. There, in her quiet chamber, beneath the mild light of her lamp, her snowy drapery falling around her, was his mother's kneeling figure. Never before had the sea elves seen such serene light, in eyes so pure and holy. Never such clasping hands so pearly and beautiful, contrasting with the loose waves of dark brown hair hanging around her graceful shoulders. Never so sweet and angelic a smile as wreathed those prayerful lips. No wonder a murmur of admiration ran round the hall of Neptune. Accustomed sight as it had been, never before had little Willie realized how precious and holy it was.

King Neptune's trident had fallen from his hand, and his sea-green locks were bowed upon his breast.

"It is enough," he murmured, hoarsely. "No power of mine can avail, where there is prayer like that to protect the ship. My fiercest storms are vain indeed!"

Very proud and happy, Willie bent forward to see more plainly, and, in doing so, down fell the mossy veil, exposing him to the view of the whole company. A cry of astonishment went up from the elves around him. He tried to hide himself within the chariot; but it shrivelled smaller and smaller, refusing to cover him. In the distress and perplexity of the moment, he uttered a cry of alarm, and, opening his eyes, where should he find himself, but lying stiff and bewildered before the parlour grate, a painful throbbing in his cheek, where it had lain upon the hard shell, with the pretty engraving of Undine crushed and crumpled in his damp, clenched hand! Turning around, in the bewildered manner of one just waking from so vivid a vision—it seems impossible to believe it only a dream—he saw his mother sitting at the table, with his father's likeness in her hand, and that weary wistful sadness he so often saw there, in her eyes.

He sprang to her side, and wound his arm around her neck, whispering, as his cheek laid lovingly against hers, "Don't grieve for father, mother dear. He is safe, and great Neptune says it is your prayers, my own good mother, that keeps him so."

Then he related his strange dream about the shell; and who wonders that she wiped away the tears, and kissed fondly the handsome, boyish face so like that of the gallant captain, who, that very moment, was pacing to and fro, upon his moonlit deck, afar on the distant ocean, dreaming as fondly of them!

A FREE RIDE TO TEXAS AND A VALUABLE BUILDING LOT FOR NOTHING.

No advertisement has ever appeared in this paper which deserves so much attention as the one in the present issue, by the Texas Land and Colonization Company. We hope no reader will allow himself to neglect reading it and profiting by it. The offer therein is bona fide and secures to all persons who apply in time one or more town lots in a portion of Texas which is already enjoying better advantages than some localities where the price of land is very high. We are assured by reliable gentlemen totally disconnected with the Company, that Oxford is situated on a railroad already built and in operation, and that no better tract of land can be found in any part of the State.

The object of the Company, in thus disposing of a portion of their town, is fully explained in the advertisement, and stamps the transaction as not only a shrewd business venture, but one the benefits of which will accrue to all who secure these lots as well as to the Company; besides, it secures to those in our midst who desire to make a trip to the Lone Star State an opportunity of doing so, free of traveling expenses, from the principal cities of the country, to Oxford, Texas, and return. This seems to us an opportunity so valuable that no sane man or woman can afford to neglect it. Even if the trip to Texas is not desired, the opportunity to thus secure property in this enterprising city cannot fail in a few years of proving highly profitable to those who secure these building lots.

LITERARY.

Mrs. LYNN LINTON is writing another novel. Its title is "The World Well Lost."

C. B. GAYLEY'S translation of the "Iliad," in quantitative hexameters, is now all in print, and may probably be published pretty soon.

WILLIAM BLACK'S American novel will appear with the new year, under the title of "Green Pasture and Piccadilly, a Sequel to 'The Adventures of a Phaeton.'"

BRET HARTE has arranged to visit Europe. He will remain in London in the first instance, but proceeds direct to Switzerland, and afterwards to Germany.

MR. MOTLEY, the historian, is busily occupied in London writing a historical novel which is to be published in the spring simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic.

A LONDON correspondent says that Mr. Gladstone wrote his last pamphlet in three days, and that his share of the profits was £10,000; also that the proprietors of the Contemporary Review paid him 250 guineas for his review of Schuyler's book on Turkestan.

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT, famed under his Persian disguise of Mirza Schaffy, has just completed his first dramatic poems, entitled "Emperor Paul," and "Transformations." They are looked forward to with much interest in Germany, where his Persian imitations have met with brilliant success.



GLAD TIDINGS.



HOME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MY GRAVE.

Days have come and gone, my darling, since we laid thee here forever,
Since back to dust the dust I loved I all despairing gave.
Then 'twas early spring time, now the autumn—tinted maples shiver,
Like rustling gold and crimson banners flaunting o'er thy grave.

Days and nights of bitter sorrow! Love, how was it in thy night?
Here, where the lilies of the valley ring their scented bells,
Dost thou hear their silver chimings in the holy hour of twilight
Summoning to vespers all the fairies of the dells?

Yes! it must be that thou hear'st me. If "the Gates of Death are broken,"
Yet thy love-tuned ear must hear my voice 'mong Eden's tranquil trees,
For there never was a Heaven that such grief as mine outspoke
Would not reach its gleaming portals, and turn its crystal keys.

I rave! My brain doth surging burn like fire, although my eyes are wet,
For Earth has washed thee out with months of cold and chilly tears,
And the eyes that shone so fondly are the soft hues on this violet,
And smiling lips the buds this rose-bush shy uprears.

I asked.—Heard'st thou the valley lilies in their loving evening duty,
When in their sweet carillon thou nightly takest part?
For I know, so fair and lowly in their pure and spotless beauty,
They spring from out the ashes of thy pure and spotless heart.

Yet they too soon will fade and perish! When the winter has o'er past thee
Will flowers still bloom—not thee—children of thine, but not of mine!
While strangers' hands may pluck thee and all unconscious cast thee
Along the wayside path, once more forgot, in dust to pine.

Shall I not pluck thee now, and sacred treasuring, wear forever
Thy withered leaves against my heart all my remaining hours?
No! thou art God's, not mine, and let him keep thee ever,
Since He has taken all my joy, let him too take my flowers.

Ah, lily, ring thy perfumed bells, and, violet, bloom thy fairest,
And, rosebud, pour thy petals fair for other lips to kiss,
Let winds of Heaven waft abroad the odors that thou bearest.
I have my grief for thee! Though God be God, e'en He must leave me this.

Oh! my lost love! Oh! broken heart! Oh! life of utter incompleteness—
A phantom chasing shadows out upon a sunless sea—
God has my love, my joy, and strange hands pluck thy flowery sweetness,
But thy grave is mine, my darling, and I leave my heart with thee.

Summerside, P. E. I. HUBERT H. DUVAL.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Haunted houses there are in plenty, if stories are to be believed. Therefore it may not surprise you to hear that in a certain part of Essex, which shall be nameless, there stood and still stands an old farm-house, which, according to the belief of the whole village, was positively haunted.

It belonged to a gentleman, who, though enormously wealthy, was reputed to be exceedingly careful, if not miserly, in pecuniary matters. His fondness for money was so great that he had disowned a spendthrift son, and a daughter who had married a poor man, lest they should claim assistance at his hands; and he now lived quite alone, melancholy and unhappy, as one might suppose, but as deeply attached as ever to his money-bags.

Amore rapacious landlord never lived. His rights were collected the very moment they came due, and nothing troubled him so much as to be requested to make repairs. And this particular house to which we have alluded being surrounded by several acres of land, and much the more valuable portion of his real estate, was naturally the object of his greatest affection.

It was a great joy to Moses Pocket to go to the bank with his rents on quarter-day—perhaps the very sweetest he had ever known.

To hear evil tales about your best and dearest friends, is not pleasant. You would not like to hear your children slandered, or your brother, or your wife. As you might feel should any one scandalize those relatives to you, old Moses Pocket felt when one quarter-day Mrs. Ruff, tenant of his best and dearest house, said, as she took his receipt, "I shall bear it no longer—I can't, Mr. Pocket; I must leave this awful house."

"Awful house!" cried Moses. "Why, what is the matter with it?"

"Matter?" cried Mrs. Ruff. "Oh, if you only could live here a night and a day! It isn't the repairs. The roof leaks, and we need plastering; but I don't wish to move for these reasons."

"What reasons have you, then?" cried old Pocket.

"Well," said Mrs. Ruff solemnly—"believe me or not—the place is haunted."

"You've gone crazy," said Moses.

"It's haunted, sir," said Mrs. Ruff.

And then came stories of noises heard at midnight—of loaves of bread and pitchers of milk vanishing as though by magic—of groans, and moans, and knockings—and, at last, of an awful object seen by Mrs. Ruff herself at midnight—a tall spectre, of which she could not speak without terror—a woman who carried a baby in her arms, both wailing wofully.

"And stay I can't, Mr. Pocket," said the lady; "so I'm going to-morrow, and shall sleep at my sister's to-night, for brave that ghost again I never will."

So rave as Moses Pocket might, and vow as he might that the woman was mad, and that no ghost ever crossed the threshold of one of his houses, away the Ruffs moved; and, moreover, the neighbourhood was on the *qui vive* in regard to the ghost story. No one perhaps really felt convinced that anything had been seen; but the house was under an evil ban from that day, and Moses Pocket found it hard to let it.

At last, however, a German, with a large family, arrived in the place, and without question hired the house of its owner. He knew no one, and had never heard the ghost story; and being a fat, rosy fellow with no imagination, was as safe a tenant for a house full of odd noises as could be imagined.

He paid a month's rent in advance, brought to the dwelling his wife and ten children, his chairs, tables, clothes-presses, trombone, and piano, and declared his intention "never to move no more so long as he never was."

Moses was happy. Alas! a week from the payment of the first advance the tenant arrived at his landlord's dwelling, with his rubicund face pallid with terror and with anger flashing in his eye, and standing before Moses, demanded that he should "give back de rent and let me go."

"You must be crazy," said Moses.

"Yah," said the German, "I makes crazy ven I lives mit a ghost! Vat for you never tell in dis house of yours bees a ghost?"

"Pshaw!" said Moses. "Those ignorant people have been telling you lies."

"Nobody tells me," said the German. "I goes in mine house, and I bees comfortable; I has mine good friends, and ve drinks beer, and smokes our meerschaum, and plays my trombone and sings, and goes to bed; and in de night, my friend comes to my door—'Mistar Spragenhausen,' he says mit me, 'you comes here—you mit Mrs. Spragenhausen.' Den me comes. 'What did happen?' me say.—'I see a ghost,' says he.—'You got little too much beer, my friend,' says I.—Says he, 'No. It was a ghost. I must go dis night.—Away he goes. Me laugh so as never vas. Me say 'Dis is de beer in his head.' But next night ve laughs not—comes de ghost again; a voman mit a child. Mrs. Spragenhausen sees it. She says she stay no more. Den she tell de neighbours. 'Vell, vell,' day say, 'Mr. Pocket know dis. Ho know dere is a ghost dere ven he let his house.' Give me bak my monies; you are one cheat!"

"You're only scared," said Mr. Pocket. "There ain't any such things as ghosts—in this country, anyhow."

But though the month's rent never was returned, the German moved the next day. And to cut a long story short, Mr. Pocket's house was thereafter occupied by no one longer than a week. Strangers would like it, and, witnessing the strange sight and hearing the strange sounds, depart in terror—persons ignorant about this, or tempted by the low rent to which the dwelling came through its reputation. At last, no one would approach the place; and old Pocket, at his wit's end, with his house profitless and his feelings deeply injured, went to a lawyer for advice.

How should he let his house—how gain for it its old comfortable reputation as a respectable dwelling, void of ghosts?

"Pay some one to sleep there," said the lawyer.

And Moses decided to act upon the advice. He offered ten shillings to any one or two who would sleep there without misadventure. No one appeared. He offered twenty. Still, he only advertised the fact that the house was too terrible a place to be occupied on any terms. He had done more harm than good, and in desperation he advanced from twenty shillings to five pounds. Then there marched into his room one morning three young fellows, strangers to the place, who stated that they had seen the advertisement, and were afraid of nothing; and overjoyed Moses gave them the keys and bid them do their best—even if the rats did squeak and rattle behind the wainscot, not to fancy ghosts about them. And that night it was known that three strangers were to sleep in Moses Pocket's haunted house, to prove that the ghost either had departed or never had been there at all.

They were young men, full of fun, and not in the least apprehensive of any supernatural visitation. To secure their comfort, they conveyed into the haunted house a large mattress and sundry blankets, and having eaten a hearty supper in the desolate kitchen, retired and slept. Their slumbers were deep, and the rats scampered and the shutters flapped, without awakening them for a long time.

But at last the soundest sleeper of the three was started from his slumbers by cries of terror from his two companions; and when sufficiently awakened to know what was passing around him, he found himself alone. Something had evidently alarmed his comrades, for they had flown, leaving him quite alone.

Starting to his feet, he followed them, overcome with a terror which he could not explain to himself, longing for human presence for relief, and not daring to remain alone in the empty room. He descended the stairs, calling upon his friends, but hearing no reply; and he stood at last in the empty kitchen. The moonlight lay across it, for the window and door were both wide open; and in the mellow beams stood an object which curdled the blood of the spectator. The spectral form of a woman, tall and gaunt,

holding a babe to her bosom, and looking at him with hollow eyes, which seemed to pierce him through and through!

The young man stood still.

"It is true, then," he thought, "such things are seen by mortal eyes. Will it speak to me?"—and even as these thoughts were in his mind, the spectre moved, coming towards him with a swift, gliding step, keeping her eyes upon his face, and then vanished in the darkness.

But the moment that it passed him, he stretched out his hand and caught at it. His fingers closed upon the substance—upon the rough fringe of a woollen shawl; and on the instant his courage returned. He followed the flying figure, and saw it descend the cellar stairs; then he secured the door and went to search for his companions, whom he found hidden in a hay-loft in a state of delirious terror.

At first, no explanation could induce them to face the ghost, whom they were fully persuaded was at their heels; but finally they withdrew their heads from the sheltering hay, and listened to the assertion that the ghost was a living woman, and was now imprisoned in the cellar. Descend thither, however, they wouldn't, until Moses Pocket, several persons of importance and authority, and a little throng of curious neighbours, had been summoned to the spot. Then, rendered courageous by numbers, the door was opened, and the little procession, provided with lamps and clubs, penetrated to the recesses of the cellar.

It was a damp, wretched hole, unused for years because of its condition, and extremely dark—a ghostly place enough; and, as their eyes descried a gaunt figure at the farther end, the bravest felt a strong disposition to retreat. But Moses Pocket, furious against the being who had been the cause of such great pecuniary loss to him, advanced and seized the shrinking form in an iron grasp, and held her—her babe wailing in her arms—as the rest gathered around.

"Who are you?" he cried, "and what are you doing here?"

And a faint voice answered:—

"Don't you know me, father? It is your daughter, Ann."

And Moses Pocket staggered back, with a groan.

So the ghost was laid, and the truth known at last. The miser's daughter, to whom, because of her marriage to a poor man, he had refused aid and shelter in her widowhood, driven to desperation, had concealed herself in this deserted cellar with a babe but a few days old. There, for a year, she had been hidden, subsisting on such food as she could purloin at night, and sleeping on a bundle of straw in the damp and unaired place, until bad air and starvation had made her ghastly enough to be indeed taken for a spectre. A helpless, useless sort of woman, she had never thought it possible to earn her own bread, and had, to the best of her ability, encouraged the terror of those who inhabited the house, hoping in the end to become its sole occupant.

She was worn to a skeleton, and seemed to have but little hold upon life; and her piteous tale excited such sympathy in the breasts of her listeners, that popular opinion grew too strong for even old Moses to resist. And so, of his large possessions, he made provision for his daughter and her child, and installed them comfortably in the house they had so long haunted, to which, with all the rest of his real estate, they became heirs at his death, which occurred shortly afterwards.

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Formerly the festivities of Christmas lasted twelve days, beginning the week before Christmas, and ending at New Year's Eve. George Wither, the poet, thus sung, upwards of two hundred years ago—

"The maidens with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing."

And that these girls with their wassail bowls did well, we have no doubt, for they determinedly kept up the superstition that to turn one away, without requesting her for her song, was to have "no luck that Christmas." The same poet also adds:—

"Hark! now the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling."

Of the latter there will be plenty, no doubt, this year; but the boys of old obtained their nuts and apples in a different way from our present lads. On the 21st, St. Thomas's Day, the old ladies commenced levying their contributions. This was termed "going a gooding," and in return for the charity-money, sprigs of evergreen were given to decorate the rooms of the donors, accompanied with "good wishes." Next followed the girls with their wassail bowls and, lastly, the boys had their turn. This was to give lusty blows at every door, and then a few verses of a carol; and woe to those who refused to give them nuts, apples, peas, cakes, plums, &c. They would be tormented during the whole of Christmas with "hobgoblins, black and grim-cankered witches," and other disagreeable visitors. We need scarce add that the boys were equally successful as the wassail girls, and these latter fared as well as the old ladies "going a gooding."

Were we to go back five hundred years, we should find the citizens of London dressed up as knights and esquires "in goodly array,"

headed by one dressed as an emperor, another as the pope, with twenty-four cardinals. These were accompanied with torches, cornets, sackbuts, trumpets, and other musical instruments, riding down the Cheape to the sound of Bow Bells, over the bridge, through Southwark to Kennington Palace. Here they engaged the young Prince Richard—son of Edward the Black Prince, who was there with his mother—in a game of dice. The stakes, says Stow, "were a boule of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold," and the dice they "so handled that the Prince did always winne when hee cast."

A great personage in these times was the Lord of Misrule. He was elected and crowned king with all due ceremony, and he then appointed his own body-guard. These were dressed in every description of fancy costume, rode hobby-horses, dragons, &c., wore bells, had their pipes and tabors, and during his majesty's very proper short reign, took care misrule should indeed be in the ascendant. They would enter churches while prayers were going on, dance round the altar "like devilles incarnate;" and the people "they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleece and mount upon formes and pewes to see these goodly pageantes solemnized in this sort."

The Lord of Misrule's principal attendant was his jester. He was selected for his comely person, merry and laughing eye, nimbleness, blended with strength, to enable him to go through his arduous functions. He was required to be always laughing, singing, eating, drinking, playing pranks, upsetting and striking every one, but must not be upset himself. He must kiss all the pretty girls, whether they like it or no, and without fear of the jealousy of their swains.

One of the good old customs in the north of England, on Christmas Eve, was the following. In the hall of a rare old family mansion, after supper, on a table was placed a brown loaf with twenty silver threepenny pieces stuck in it, and a tankard of ale, pipes, and tobacco. The oldest servants in the family took their stations at the head of the table, and then were brought in, one by one, escorted by the steward, the whole of the other domestics. Prior to being brought in, each one was covered with a large winnow sheet, and approaching the table, each in turn placed one hand upon the loaf. The fun consisted in the two old servants guessing who the hand belonged to—for buxom Mary would stoop to palm herself off as old Dame Margery; others would shuffle in and pretend to be lame. In fact, every attempt was made to disguise themselves, for if the guess happened to be wrong, the owner of the hand was entitled to one of the threepenny pieces. This has been gained, as our engraving will show, by as plump and merry a looking damsel as ever waited at a Christmas dinner table.

And now wishing our subscribers a merry Christmas, we finish with a strain of the old song alluded to above:

"So now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every one be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly."

ARTISTIC.

In the French Exhibition of 1876 there will be an Arctic Department in which all the relics of Arctic exploration will be collected, as well as all public documents relating to the subject.

An unknown hater of Louis Napoleon has badly mutilated a picture in the Paris Luxembourg, by the celebrated Meissonier. It represented the late Emperor at the head of his staff. His head was almost entirely cut out. The picture was similarly damaged three years ago.

An International Retrospective Exhibition of curiosities of all kinds, from instruments of prehistoric times to objects of art up to the year 1800, will be a specialty at the Paris Exposition of 1878. An Archaeological Committee has been instituted for that purpose, under the direction of M. de Longpérier, of the Institute. The collectors of the world are invited to participate in the interesting enterprise.

The main portion of the Babylonian antiquities just received at the British Museum as the result of the last expedition of Mr. Geo. Smith was found near Hillah, a town about three miles north from the site of Babylon. They are chiefly tablets, mortgage loans, promissory notes, records of the sale of lands, shares, and other commodities, representing, in fact, all the various commercial transactions of a Babylonian firm, who may be approximately described as Messrs. Tabi & Sons, bankers and financial agents. Many of the tablets represent the renewal of loans and mortgages, as the documents referring to the first and the last of continuing transactions bear the dates of several different reigns. The dates thus extend from the fall of the Assyrian Empire to the reign of Darius Hystaspes, including dates of the reigns of Nabopolassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar, Evil-Merodach, Cambyses, and the elder and the younger Cyrus. The dates of the tablets, therefore, furnish very important chronological landmarks, and they are in many respect subversive of the recent chronology. The date of interest current in Babylon on loans was generally ten per cent., and much light is thrown on the social life of the Babylonians from the circumstances that witnesses of the deeds are always described by their trade or profession. One of the tablets is dated in the reign of Belshazzar as king, being the first time his name has been found in connection with the royal dignity, previous inscriptions having had reference to the time when he was described as son of Nabonidus.

HAVE YOU A SICK CHILD?—Does your little one become paler and more emaciated every day? Has it a bad breath? Does it start and grind its teeth during sleep? If so the cause is WORMS, and the child will never be well till they are removed; but be careful, do not administer the dangerous vermifuges and worm compounds in ordinary use, they will produce worse than the worms. Use that safe and delicious remedy "DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES;" they are certain beyond any doubt to remove every kind of worm. Take no other offered you.

WHEN YOU'LL BE FAR FROM ME.

SONG.

I.
My heart will be forever and,
When you are gone away,
But one bright comfort can remain
To cheer me day by day:
For when you go, you take my heart
My faith, too, is with thee,
I know that you will cherish both
When you'll be far from me.

II.
Thro' the long years of absence's love,
I know you'll be true,
Your noble heart can never change
The old love for a new.
Tho' others try to win my hand
When you are o'er the sea,
I never will break my faith, dear one,
When you'll be far from me.

III.
And when you will come back again,
What joy to meet once more!
To find that time has bound our lives
Even closer than before.
In the music of the memory, love,
Will live the melody
That must sing within my own sad heart
When you'll be far from me.

Montreal, 1876. GEORGE T. BELLING.

Set to music by the author.

TIMKIN.

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED FELLOW.

There was once a little orphan boy, for whom nobody in particular cared, and who roamed about pretty much as he chose. He wore always somebody's ragged old coat and trousers, and never had owned shoes and stockings in his life. He used to go from house to house in search of dinner and a bed, and to in payment any errands or work that the good wife might find for him to do. And finally, his name was Timkin.

One day, it happened that Timkin went up into the church-tower, not having anything better to do; and when he had climbed halfway up the stairs, what should he spy sitting, but a queer, pale, withered, crooked little figure, only two or three steps above him, who called out: "Well, Timkin, are you coming to me for dinner? Very good; you shall have it, but afterwards you must do my work for a night and a day."

"And what is your work?" asked Timkin, half afraid of this goblin-looking creature, with its screeching voice.

"Only to ring the bell," said the other, showing Timkin the bell-rope. "Three times for the day, and once at night."

"If that is all," answered Timkin, "I am willing enough, only I want the dinner first."

"Come up here, then," said the goblin, pointing to the landing; and when Timkin got there, to a little table, set out with silver dishes, and on them trout, birds, and chicken, smoking hot, and a great long-necked bottle of sparkling wine, and dishes of fruit, and the white-bread Timkin had ever seen.

"Here's a queer dinner to find up in an old musty church-tower," said Timkin to himself. "The Squire himself won't dine as well as I to-day."

So he sat down at the table; and first he tried the trout, and then the chicken, and then the bird; and then he went back and took more trout and bird and chicken; and then he went at the bread and fruit, smacking his lips all the while with prodigious relish, and taking between two and three great glasses of wine; and, in short, he finished the entire dinner, while the goblin sat by and laughed to see him.

"Very good, Timkin," said the goblin, "you can take turn at ringing now; and if you do it half as well as you have performed at table, I shall have no reason to complain. When you have rung an hour by the clock here, you can rest till sunset, when you will ring again, for another meal will be served you, when you can sleep till midnight, when you must strike the hour. In the morning, you will find breakfast waiting here for you, and some six-pence in your pocket. Now, do all just as I have said, and you will have no reason to complain of the Goblin of the Tower."

"So it is a goblin," said Timkin to himself, a little frightened; but as it was time to ring, and the rope pulled hard, he had no leisure to think about it, and when the hour was up, he was so tired, that he was glad to go to sleep.

"No wonder the goblin hires with good dinners to do such work as that for him; it's a very hard job," said Timkin, as he curled on the floor for a nap.

Everything then fell out as the goblin had said. After Timkin had rung the hour at sunset, there stood a table, set out as it had been for his dinner, at which he ate just as he had done before, and immediately fell sound asleep.

At midnight, he struck the hour, and in the morning found breakfast waiting for him, as his dinner and supper had been; and being by this time well tired of the musty, dusty, old tower, he went downstairs as fast as he could, and hurried to get into the open air. Once there, however, he stopped short, bewildered. Nothing was where it used to be. The blacksmith's shop, that stood just across the road, was gone, and there was a fine new house in its place; so was the old tavern gone also, and a new one built, further up the street. The houses that Timkin used to think the most splendid in the world were grown with moss, weather-stained, and doleful-looking, while everywhere he saw other houses, that he was sure were not there the day before. More than that, he knew none of the

people whom he passed in the street, and all of them seemed to look at him as a stranger; and getting sight of himself in a glass that stood in a shop, he saw that he had grown to the size of a man, was dressed in a fine suit of green velvet, wore a cap with a plume in it, and had a beard on his chin.

"Good gracious! I am bewitched," thought Timkin. "How can all this have happened in a day and a night?"

But when he had done rubbing his eyes, there he saw himself yet in the glass as before. Remembering, then, what the Goblin had said about money in his pockets, he began to search them, and found them stuffed with diamonds and gold pieces, at which he was so astonished and delighted that he could hardly help turning a somersault, only he remembered that folks in green velvet clothes did not turn somersaults. So, instead he went to the keeper of a shop, and said, "Pray, sir can you tell me anything about Timkin, a little ragged boy, that used to hang about in the village here?"

The shopkeeper looked sharp at Timkin; and, seeing a gentleman with a splendid cap and plume, a beard on his chin, and a fine green velvet suit, he was very civil, and answered with one of his best bows.

"No, sir, I don't remember any Timkin; but then I have only lived in this village for the last ten years, but my wife was born and brought up here. Wife! wife! come here, and tell this gentleman if you know anything about Timkin, who used to live here."

"Oh, yes," said the wife. "I remember him very well; but he lived here a long time ago. It is twenty years since he wandered away and never came back. They searched high and low for him, but he could not be found; and at last we made up our minds that he had lost himself in the woods, and died there. That was twenty years ago, and he never came back."

Then Timkin knew that the goblin had played him a trick, and that day and night were each ten years. He was not sorry, however, since he found himself so well-dressed, with such a noble beard on his chin.

You know they say that fairy gold brings misfortune; but that is quite a mistake. There is nothing the matter with fairy gold, only that people are apt to spend money selfishly and foolishly that they get easily.

Timkin, who remembered how poor and forlorn he once was, resolved to give half of his money to take care of such poor little ragged urchins as he had once been himself. On the other half he lived very comfortably, and, in process of time, went to Court, where he was made—what do you think?—why, my Lord Timkin; and so lived the remainder of his life much respected.

FOOT NOTES.

THE oldest member of the English Royal Family, the Princess Caroline, Hereditary Princess of Denmark, has just completed her eighty-third year. This venerable lady is the granddaughter of the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda, sister to George III., who was married to the King of Denmark, Christian VII., but was subsequently divorced. The queen was exiled to the town of Celle, in Hanover, where she died very young.

EX-QUEEN Isabella of Spain is said to have the most valuable collection of laces in the world, one dress alone being valued at \$20,000. The speciality of Queen Victoria is a fondness for India shawls and sapphires; the Empress of Austria is said to have an unrivalled collection of emeralds, and the Empress of Russia to stand unsurpassed in turquoises and pearls, while the finest collection of rubies belongs to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.

A FRENCHMAN proposes to reach the North Pole by means of a balloon. All other methods of travelling in the Arctic regions having failed, recourse, he says, must be had to aërostation. By this means alone can the hitherto insurmountable difficulties experienced in attempting to traverse the mountains of ice which bar the way to the desired object be overcome. Capt. Nares, he maintains, might have reached the pole in a very few hours had he been provided with aërostatic appliances.

OF the many novelties of the season the Princess has won special favour. We can recommend the new Persian Princess as a great novelty and exceedingly stylish. It is very fashionable in silk, or cashmere trimmed with silk, the front being all in one, trimmed with a robed trimming down the front and buttoned over on to one side with three rows of small buttons, a large pocket being on the other side; the back extends to about twelve inches from the bottom of the skirt, which is finished with a full false flounce about twenty-four inches deep, put on in box pleats; a large sash-bow is on the left side. This dress is both handsome and stylish.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his last *Guepes*, allows himself to wonder why women should not vote. The advocates of these so-called "Woman's Rights" owe him thanks for this. This is his plea. Is not an intelligent woman superior to the idiots, cowards, and fools who now vote? The ancient Gauls, he continues, considered woman as being almost divine, and they believed she possessed the power or instinct of predicting the future. The truth is, that they guess everything. They are only mistaken, when they begin to reflect. They have but one fault, their immortal and incurable youth. "Incurable Youth." That is a very pretty sarcasm.

Alphonse, you had, however, better not show at a woman's rights meeting for a short time to come.

VARIETIES.

THE CHANCELLOR AND THE MADMAN.—Sir Thomas More once displayed remarkable presence of mind. "It happened one day," says Aubrey, "that a mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas, as he was contemplating, as was his custom, on the leads of the gate-house of his palace at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying, 'Leap, Tom, leap!' The Chancellor was in his gown, and, besides, ancient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. 'Now,' said he, 'let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be.' So the dog was thrown over. 'Is not this fine sport!' said his Lordship; 'let us fetch him up and try it again.' As the madman was going down, my lord fastened the door, and called for help."

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY.—Once at a public dinner, when the toast of "The Poets of Scotland," coupled with the name of Dugald Moore, was proposed, in terms which seemed to disparage the practical importance of their art, Dugald, rising in great indignation, determined to give the ignoramus a lesson on the grandeur of the offended Muse. "I will tell the gentlemen," he shouted, "what poetry is. Poetry is the language of the tempest when it roars through the crashing forest. The waves of the ocean tossing their foaming crests under the lash of the hurricane—they, sir, speak poetry. Poetry, sir! poetry was the voice in which the Almighty thundered through the awful peaks of Sinai; and I, myself, sir, have published five volumes of poetry; and the last, in its third edition, can be had for the price of five shillings and sixpence!"

BELLINI'S SKULL.—Having been charged by the Corporation of Catania with the task of examining Bellini's skull, Professor Cesare Friederici has published a letter containing the result of his investigation. In one part of the letter he says:—"The body was enveloped in thin silk and linen, about which were wound strips of plaster. The first part of the body uncovered was the head. The hair and beard were close shaven. The seams in the skin of the forehead had joined. They resulted from a post-mortem examination made at the express command of Louis Philippe, for the purpose of silencing certain reports propagated of Bellini having been poisoned. Despite this, the head and face retained their form, so that the family likeness, especially with the deceased's sister, was most striking. The other parts of the body were not in so good a state of preservation."

TAMBURINI.—The death is announced at Nice on the 9th ult., of Antonio Tamburini, the celebrated baritone, in his seventy-seventh year. He was the son of a bandmaster at Faenza, and at the age of nine years was engaged in an orchestra as a bugle player, but a serious illness having obliged him to discontinue playing, he turned his attention to singing. He made rapid progress, and at eighteen made a successful debut at Bologna. He appeared in succession at all the principal theatres at Turin, Rome, Naples, Milan, and in 1832, after having visited England, where he was warmly received, he appeared in Paris at the Italiens, in "Cenerentola." For more than twenty years he continued a favourite with the French public, and as late as 1854 he sang in "Don Juan." He had acquired a comfortable independence, and retired many years ago to Sévres, where he usually resided.

HELLENIC KING.—The present King of Greece is a young man of exceeding modesty and frankness. He talks good English, and with freedom and joyousness of a boy. The queen is famous for beauty and the sweetness of her manners; the whole nation seems to be in love with her, she is so gentle and good. The pair have four ruddy-cheeked children, who are always jumping about like squirrels in the royal carriage, so that the king says he has them fastened in with leather straps lest they should throw themselves overboard. The king likes America, and he seriously says that the chief revenue of Greece is derived from the plum-puddings of England and America, the currants of Corinth forming its principal article of export.

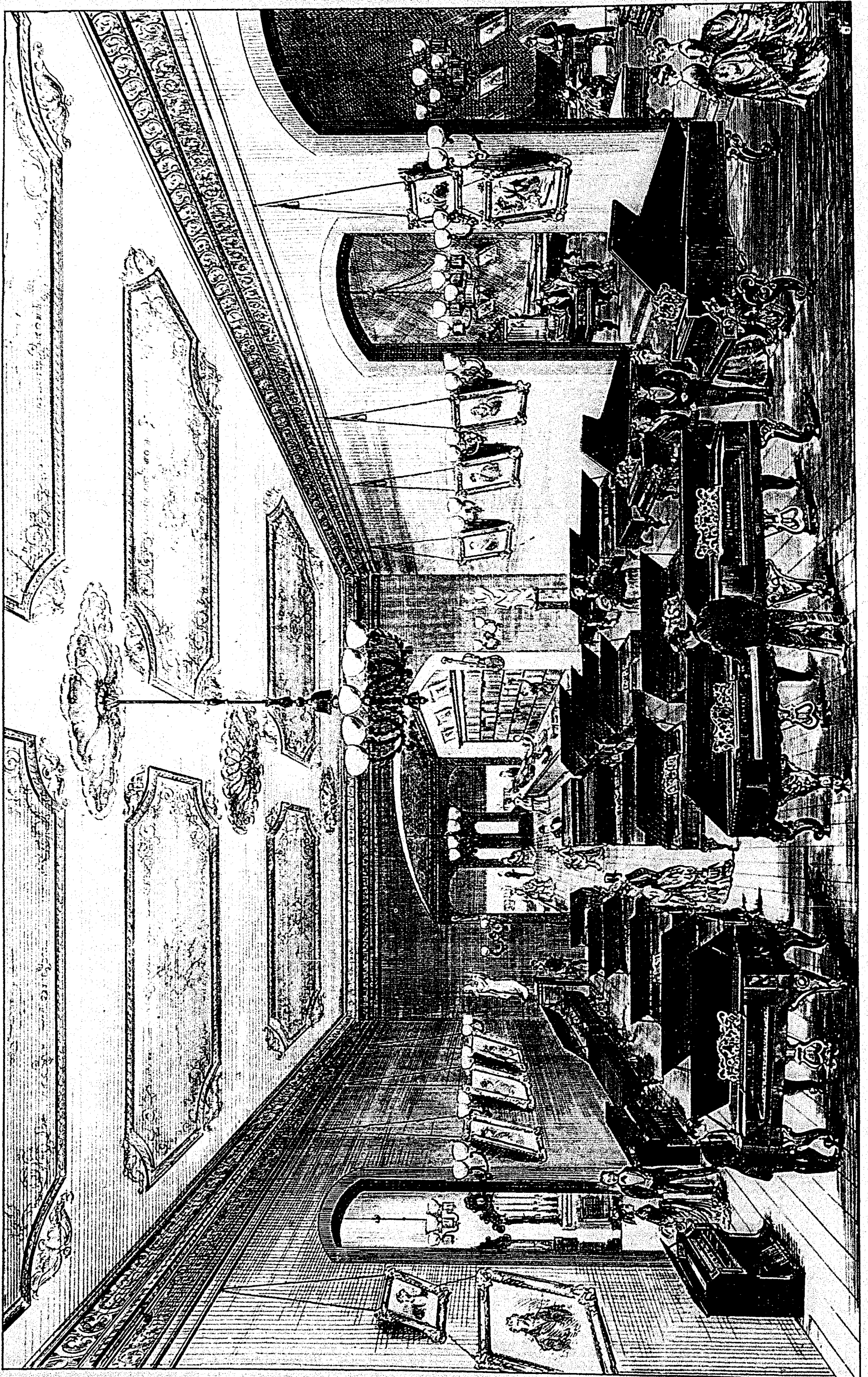
INEBRIETY CURABLE.—Dr. George M. Beard says that there is a widespread delusion that inebriety is incurable, and that the inebriate homes are failures. Some suppose that nearly all patients relapse as soon as they return to active life, but he seeks to refute that idea, and gives the following as to the Franklin Home, in Philadelphia: "In four years 582 sufferers, all males, have been admitted. Of these 271 are regarded as cured, 75 have been much benefited, 212 are put down as doubtful, while of the remaining 24 nothing is known. A person is called cured or reformed when he is known not to have drunk since leaving the Home. Of these 271 who are regarded as cured, 178 were periodical and 93 were constant drinkers. The average time of using strong drink before entering the Home was fifteen years and ten months; the average time of drinking to excess was six years and seven months; the average daily quantity of liquor used by each person was one and a half pints. The average time of stay in the Home was seven and a half weeks." Dr. Beard believes that a third of those in all the American institutions who submit to the rules

are cured; and he regards alcoholic appetite really a disease. He tells of a superintendent of a New England asylum who, after a patient attains a proper degree of improvement, gives him a bottle of rum to carry in his pocket, telling him to take it out as often as he wishes, but not to drink it. This, he thinks, a strengthening exercise of the will.

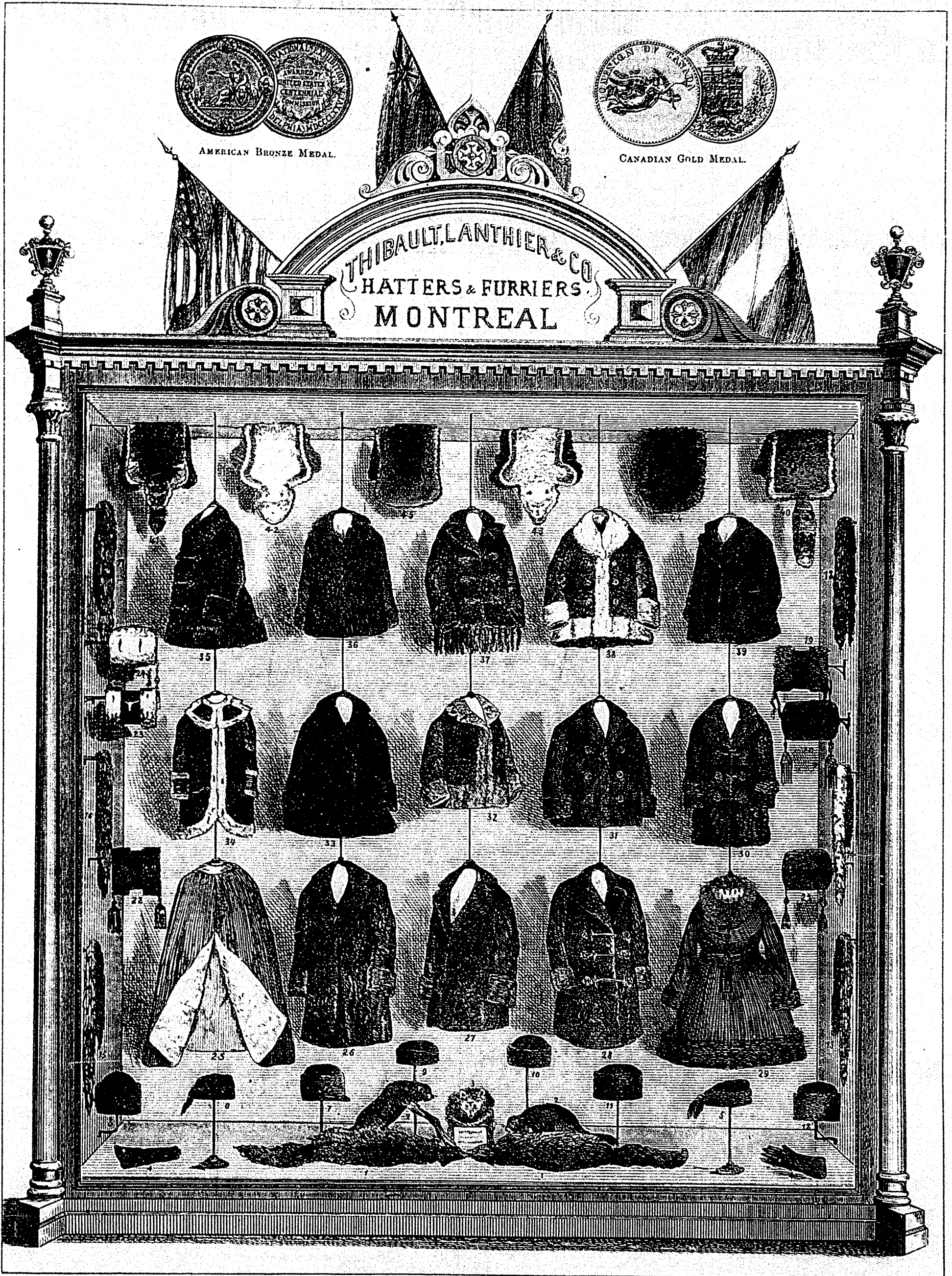
A VENERABLE PIPE.—It is stated by the Hungarian journals that Count Andrassy has just presented the Pesth Museum with a collection of arms and other interesting objects. Amongst them is a meerschaum of rude exterior, which claims to be the first of its race. It dates back to 1724, and was made by a shoemaker, named Karol Kovates, then living at Pesth, whose singular talent for wood carving had brought him under the notice of M. Andrassy, an ancestor of the present Austrian Prime Minister. The Count on returning from a mission in Turkey had brought back with him a lump of whitish clay, which had been given him as a curiosity on account of its extreme lightness. The idea crossed the shoemaker's mind on seeing it that, being porous, it would make excellent pipes, since it would absorb the nicotine. With the Count's consent, he cut roughly out of the block two pipes, one for his patron, one for himself. Chance brought about another discovery. In the exercise of his trade, Kovates naturally used wax, and an odd piece or two adhered to the pipe. The shoemaker remarking that where the meerschaum had been in contact with the wax it exchanged its dead white colour for a delicate shade of brown, immediately waxed the whole surface of the bowl with entire success. It is this same venerable pipe which is now to be seen at the Pesth Museum, surrounded by costlier objects. It frequently calls forth exclamations of surprise from visitors unacquainted with its history, who marvel to see the homely meerschaum in such good company.

FLOWERS FOR THE HOUSE.—For the decoration of our homes during the coming winter months there is nothing so beautiful as blossoming plants. They come within the means of the very poorest, and they will render the plainest house lovely. The old idea of their poisoning qualities has long been abandoned; on the contrary, their cultivation is health. A child may easily slip and root them; the pots best adapted for their growth may be had at sixty cents a dozen, and less than fifteen minutes a day will keep them in good condition. What is more beautiful than a window latticed with a Maderia-vine in full blossom? A second window may be draped about with a thrifty ivy. Other windows in the room may have a basket swinging from its hook, and brimming over with greenery, if not with blossoms; with great clusters of ground-myrtle hanging down like grape bunches; with German ivy and flaming nasturtiums, Wandering Jew, and matrimony—all of them the common flowers of the country. What can be finer than a pot calla? If you give this plant its native, Nile-like warmth and moisture by watering it with exceedingly warm water, it will reward your effort by blossom on blossom, in quick succession, the livelong winter, the plant only asking to be cut down and laid away on its side when summer comes, so as to rest till another season. In one corner, where the sunshine reaches, a wax-plant may lift its star-shaped flowers. In another corner a home-made bracket may be fastened holding a basket filled with oxalis. An oleander with its rosy blossoms, an aubtilon with its scarlet bells, may all be made to add their loveliness to the scene. Any beauty-loving girl can make a fernery with her mosses, hepaticas and maiden hair, planted in an earthen milk-pan and glassed with a clock-case, that will be a joy to her all winter. Its dew will be sufficient to itself, and it will require but little watering.

CANADA'S PROGRESS.—The London *Times*, in speaking of the Centennial Exposition, says the country which produced the strongest feeling of surprise by its display of machinery has been Canada. All were prepared to see a brilliant display by the United States, and none of the European nations did so much as might have been expected. The Canadian exhibition, when considered in relation to the number of its population, and to the comparatively short period that has elapsed since she gave herself resolutely to the engineering of her own resources, is noble. It contains many admirable specimens which would have done honor to any country. Canada was fortunate in having her position assigned at the chief entrance, where the majority of visitors had to pass through her products. For some unexplained reason no collection was more freely commented upon, or had any apparent fault pointed out so repeatedly, and it may be safely added that no nation has derived more benefit from the practical teaching of the Centennial Exhibition than that country. While evidently proud of what they have done, still her intelligent exhibitors in their modesty were only too eager to know the principle involved in any structural or other defeat that may have existed, which is a most healthy condition to be in and the forerunner of success. Canadian machinery has a character of its own, from the circumstance that her engineering knowledge and experience have not reached the smithy and the foundry through the Technological College or the class-room, but rather through the teaching and promptings of necessity, and from contact with the Mother Country and her immediate neighbors. Hence it is a mixture of British and American, but more of the latter than the former, combined with a considerable amount of original thinking.



MONTREAL:--JOSEPH GOULD'S PIANO-FORTE WAREHOUSES, 211 ST. JAMES STREET.



MONTREAL:—SAMPLE FURS EXHIBITED AT THE CENTENNIAL BY MESSRS. THIBAULT, LANTHIER & CO., MONTREAL.

WM. SCOTT,
MANUFACTURER OF
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Portrait & Picture Frames,
NEWEST STYLES, BEST OF WORKMANSHIP,
AND MODERATE CHARGES,
363 Notre Dame Street.

SCOTT & FRASER,
Importers and Dealers in
Oil Paintings, Water Color Drawings,
FINE ENGLISH AND FRENCH
Engravings and Chromo-Lithographs.

Now in stock a large stock of Choice Paintings in Oil and Water, by well-known Artists, selected in Europe by our Mr. FRASER.
363 NOTRE DAME STREET.

BOYS you should read the 'Gold Thread,' a story by **NORMAN McLEOD, D.D.,** to appear in the Evening Star on **FRIDAY, the 22nd INSTANT.**

PARKS'
Magnificent Gallery and Studio is the centre of attraction to those looking for exquisite things in PHOTOGRAPHIC ART for presents.
Nothing can be more durable or appropriate. Sittings by appointment.

195 1/2 St. James St.,
MONTREAL.

ASK YOUR GROCER for the **IMPROVED** Marseilles, Queen's, Sky and Ultramarine Balls, also Button and English Liquid and Parisian Square Washing Blues.
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APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.
DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES.
The most effective remedy for Worms in Children and Adults.
PASTILLES DE DEVINS CONTRE LES VERS.
APPROVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE.

A Box will be sent to any address in Canada (post paid) on receipt of 25 cents. **DEVINS & BOLTON** Druggists, Montreal.

XMAS MOTTOES FOR NEW YEAR HOLIDAY RECEPTIONS & FESTIVALS
AT HICK'S SHOW-CARD ROOMS
147 MCGILL STREET.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. **TRUE & CO.,** Augusta, Maine.

RONAYNE'S POPULAR SHOE STORE
192 & 194 St. Joseph Street
WHERE **BOOTS AND SHOES** ARE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
1876! HOLIDAYS! 1877!
SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,
226 and 228 ST. JAMES STREET,

Have received their supply of **HOLIDAY GOODS** which are offered at prices to suit the times. It is impossible to enumerate in an advertisement all the articles to be found in the Establishment. Among them are **FINE NARDIN WATCHES** in Gold and Silver Cases; **GOLD and SILVER JEWELLERY**, in every variety of Manufacture; **Solid SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATED WARE**, Bronzes, Clocks, Fans, Opera Glasses, Dressing Cases & Bags, and a large assortment of **FANCY GOODS.**

CHRISTMAS DINNER!

Just received an assortment of fine **ELECTROPLATEWARE** from Sheffield, of Dish Covers, Side Dishes and Covers, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Castors, Liquor-Stands, Center pieces, Assiettes-Montees Dessert-Stands, and a full supply of **RODGERS & SONS'** fine Table-Cutlery, Cases of Dessert Knives and Forks, &c.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,
226 and 228, St. James St.

DON'T READ poor news papers when you can procure the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" in clubs of five new subscribers at \$1.00 each. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" is the great family newspaper of the country. It has a national aim and scope, and is edited with the utmost care in every department. Its pages teem with interesting subjects for thought, study and conversation, and are an unending source of new and instructive information. Its editorial columns, under the management of powerful and vigorous writers, present able and strong arguments in favor of political economy, expose all manner of knavery and corruption, and point out the ways and means for the advancement of the industrial and agricultural interests of the country. The agricultural department of the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" is in charge of men of intelligence and practical experience in farming. The "Veterinary" and "Medical" departments, new features in newspaper press, are under the charge of gentlemen of eminent professional skill and enlarged experience. The monetary and commercial department gives the most complete reports of the financial affairs of the great monetary centres of the continent, the ruling prices and market value of all stock, produce and merchandise. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" is the only paper in the English language that agrees to refund the subscription money to any subscriber who is not thoroughly satisfied with the paper, price \$1.25 per annum, clubs of five new names \$5. A list of handsome cash prizes is published in the paper. Canvassers wanted everywhere. Sample copies free.

Maintaining Decorating.
In first-class Style.
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Imparts a thoroughly commercial education, and offers superior advantages for preparing young men for business pursuits. The course includes Book-keeping in all its forms, Commercial and Mental Arithmetic, Correspondence and Penmanship. The progress is rapid and the results beneficial and practical. Special instruction in French and Shorthand. For full information apply at the College or address
t-1-2-77 **TASKER & DAVIS.**

NO REDUCTION
IN THE RUSH OF CUSTOMERS TO
KENNEDY'S
BUT
Great Reduction
IN PRICES OF
BUSINESS SUITS
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OVERCOATS.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock for Boys and Children in the City,
31, 33 and 35
St. Lawrence Main St.,
MONTREAL.

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FARMERS who wish to improve their Farms and Stock, should subscribe for the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" published in Montreal. It will not cost anything to get sample papers. Drop a postal card to the publishers. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star" has been a wonderful success, having now at least 135,000 readers. It is a marvel in journalism. Handmade each printed to canvassers. Agents wanted everywhere.

LAWLOR'S
CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
365 Notre Dame Street,
3-10-52-91 **MONTREAL.**

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BAKING POWDER
Has become a **HOUSEHOLD WORD** in the land, and is a **HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY**
in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.
THE COOK'S FRIEND
SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY
For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.
W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,
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ADVERTISING AGENTS
186 W. FOURTH ST.
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DR. BULLER, M. R. C. S., ENGLAND,
(Late of Berlin, Prussia, and London, Eng.)
Oculist and Aurist
To the **MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.**
Office, Corner Craig St. and Place d'Armes Hill.
Hours, 1 to 5 P.M., except by special appointment. 13-9-52-90
50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 25 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stp. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-39-131

THE GOLD THREAD,
A STORY FOR BOYS BY
NORMAN McLEOD, D. D.
To be commenced in the Evening Star on **FRIDAY, the 22nd INSTANT.**

SHOPS TO LET.
Two fine, commodious Shops to let,
No. 9 and No. 11, BLEURY ST.
Both heated by steam—one of them well fitted up with shelves, drawers, &c., and very suitable for a Tailor or Milliner's Establishment.
Apply to **G. B. BURLAND.**
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\$54.50 Can be made in one week at home. Samples free. ADDRESS, **MONTREAL NOVELTY CO.** 14-14-52-161 236 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!
Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also **HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.**
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ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS,
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HUTCHISON & STEEL, ARCHITECTS,
Valuators of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 181 St James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEEL. 13-9-52-87

50 Bristol Visiting Cards, with your name finely printed, sent for 25c. 9 samples of **CHROMO. Snowflake, Damask, Glass, etc.,** with prices, sent for 3c. stamp. We have over 200 styles Agents wanted. **A. H. Fuller & Co.,** Brock ton, Mass. 14-6-52-143

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HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS.** 14-6-26-e2w.

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LARGE AND SMALL—FOR DEALERS, AGENTS AND TEA STORES.
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The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an unailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, After Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence.
The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail.
The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing
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Sold in Montreal by **R. S. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE, JAS. HAWKES, PICAULT & CO.,** and all responsible Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136

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CARPENTER and JOINER.
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JOBGING of all kinds promptly attended to.
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DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP
For **COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c.**
Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c.
Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood.
These valuable remedies are all prepared under the immediate direction of **J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,** of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by the Professors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery. For sale at all the principal Druggists. 13-17-52-109

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out of free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA. NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF THREE AND ONE-HALF 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

Tuesday, the Second 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 BAE
General Manager.

Montreal, 24th November, 1876.

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WINDOW SHADES, WIRE SCREENS, BANNERS, BUSTIC BLINDS AND SCENERY.
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W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,

ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING

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A NEW ROOM has been erected with Rustic Arrangements for SUMMER PORTRAITS. Also for WINTER COSTUMES, Walking, Skating, Snow-Shoes, Tubing, etc. Also an EQUESTRIAN COURT for Portraits on Horseback, or in Carriage, Sleigh, &c.

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LONDON, 1862. PARIS, 1867.

And the highest honors at the recent

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Viz. a MEDAL and DIPLOMA by the International Judges. A Special GOLD MEDAL awarded by the British Judges, the only

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

A large assortment of Albums, Velvet and other Frames, &c., suitable for Christmas Presents.

Portraits intended for Christmas should be ordered early.

Parties are invited to call and inspect our new styles whether they intend to order or not.
November 23rd, 1876.

Don't Fail

Before Purchasing your Furs, to call at

Robertson's, 232 McGill St.
LATEST STYLES. HARD TIME PRICES.

WATCHES DIAMONDS JEWELRY BRONZES. GOLDSMITHS HALL CO., SILVER WARE, Plated Ware, CLOCKS, Fancy Goods.

303, NOTRE DAME STREET, 303. We have decided to make such substantial reductions from our prices through our entire stock, as shall induce an early examination and selection

It is our intention to sell a better article for the same money than any other House in Montreal.

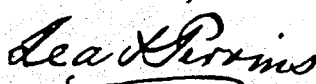
We Mean what we Say.

J. W. WILKINSON,
Manager

In consequence of spurious imitations of

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

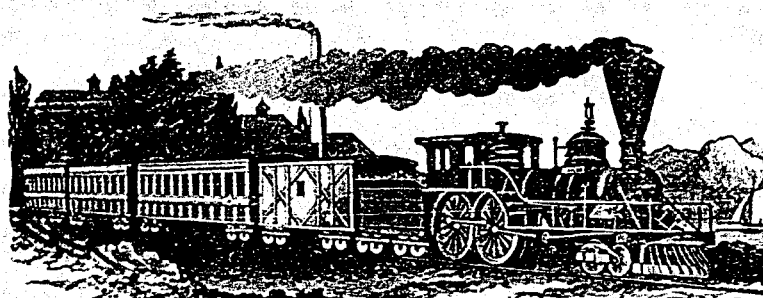


which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL. 14-14 52-165

3000 MILES FREE BY RAIL



Free Excursion to Texas. VALUABLE LANDS GIVEN AWAY.

On or about April 15, a Grand Free Excursion Train will leave the principal cities of the North to meet in Cincinnati, and thence proceed to Oxford, Milam Co., Texas, under the auspices of the Texas Land and Colonization Co. This excursion will be for the benefit of all who have purchased lots and lands of the Company, up to the date of the departure of the excursion. It is the desire of the Company to dispose of all its surplus lots in the platted City of Oxford, before the date specified, and in order to enhance the value of our remaining lands we have platted in their most beautiful city. The International and Great Northern Railroad IS ALREADY BUILT AND DOING A GOOD FREIGHT AND PASSENGER BUSINESS AND RUNS DIRECTLY THROUGH THE CITY OF OXFORD, and consequently brings all our lands into excellent market and shipping advantages.

To encourage emigration, and to render our remaining property valuable, we now propose to sell one half of our lots in the city of Oxford on the following terms:—This Land Company will dispose of only each two alternate lots, retaining each alternate two. Our price for these lots is not \$10, nor \$5, but One Dollar! In other words, we will give away good building lots in Oxford, Milam Co., Texas, and only require the recipient of the lot to pay cost of drawing and acknowledging the deed, and other necessary clerical work. In addition, each purchaser of two or more lots will be entitled to join the Grand Free Excursion to these lands, free of any railroad charge whatever. Unless we are greatly disappointed, all the available lots will be taken up very soon, and it is, therefore, earnestly advised that all who desire to take advantage of this extremely liberal offer, will do so at once. Our Reasons for thus disposing of our lands are very easily understood, when it is borne in mind that we retain one half of these lots, and depend upon the rapid growth of our beautiful city to reimburse us an hundred fold in the enhanced value our own lots will rapidly achieve. At the same time, the lots we sell will also be enhanced in value, and, therefore, the benefits of the rise in property will be mutual with our patrons and ourselves.

The cost of the excursion will be several thousand dollars; but the people who go and who can thus see for themselves the beautiful and productive lands which they and we own, will induce a large and rapid settlement; and every man who settles in Oxford, or on the lands adjoining, will add much more value to our lands than the cost to us of giving him a free ride there and back. A special train, or trains, as may be required, will proceed directly to Oxford, and return to starting points, without change, and it can be joined at any point on the route. We will not sell more than six lots to one person at the special rates above given, and it will save time and trouble if all applicants will bear this fact in mind. Each lot is 25x100 feet in size, and when six lots are taken, we will furnish them in three divisions, viz. two lots together, six in all, thus giving a frontage of 50 feet by 100 deep, for each two lots taken. The taxes on these lots are paid in full in January, 1878, and the title we give you we absolutely guarantee to be good and direct, so that there can never be any dispute. Parents—what would be a better Christmas or New Year present to your children than a few lots in the best located town in Texas? Oxford is 65 miles from Austin, the capital of the State, with railroad facilities direct to all parts of the State. We offer fine farming lands near Oxford, from ten to thirty dollars per acre.

INSTRUCTIONS.

We will send by return mail, to any one who paper one dollar with their names plainly written in full, a clear WARRANTY DEED to a 25x100 ft. lot in Oxford, Milam Co., Texas, clear of all taxes to January 1st, 1878. Your application for a town lot must in all cases be accompanied by ONE DOLLAR, to pay cost of drawing and acknowledging deed, printing, and postage. Your lot can then be sold or transferred at pleasure. Your deeds must be brought with you to the point where you join the excursion, to secure you free passage. What merchant, mechanic, or laboring man who would not be getting wisely in getting a lot? Parents, secure a few lots for your children. Deeds sent prepaid to any part of the United States of Canada. Address, General Northern Office TEXAS LAND AND COLONIZATION COMPANY, 208 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

<p>FIRE.</p> <p>CAPITAL, ASSETS, OVER</p> <p>Unlimited liability of Shareholders.</p> <p>W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser. JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.</p> <p>13-16-52-107</p>		<p>LIFE.</p> <p>\$10,000,000 \$16,000,000</p> <p>Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns.</p> <p>H. L. ROUTH, W. TATLEY, } Chief Agents.</p> <p>OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.</p>
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CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.
Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain cheaply and neatly done.

"Health the Crownning Blessing of Life."



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

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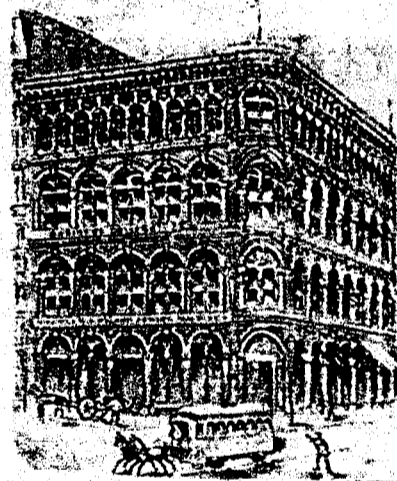
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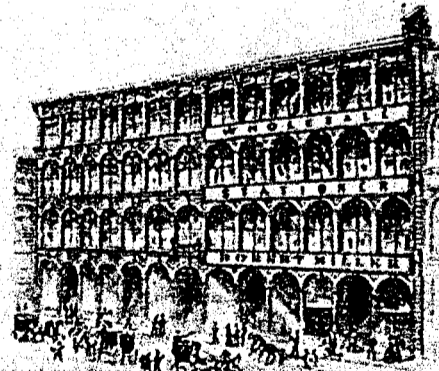
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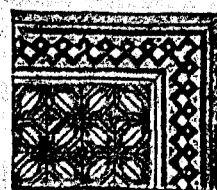


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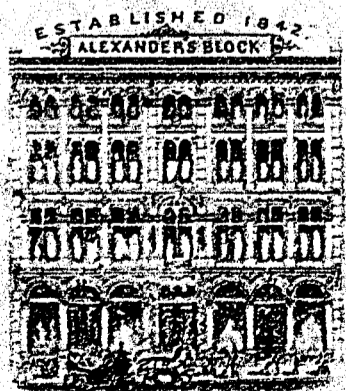
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