

RIGHTED HIS WRONG.

It was in the country, near the forest, not far from the Seine, in the modest villa where I hoped to spend my old age, that I saw Jean de Thommeray for the first time. He was scarcely twenty-two. Some pages signed with my name had won his heart to me, and he presented himself with no other recommendation than his good appearance and his desire to know me. The sympathy of the young has an irresistible attraction. It is very sweet to be able to draw them when one is approaching the autumn of life. I was the more willing to give him a welcome that I could do so without any effort, for he was really charming. I see him now as he stood at my gate, a slender, noble-looking fellow, his face shadowed with the dawn of youth.

It was a clear April day; we walked together in the woods of Meudon. Though many years divided us, we conversed like two friends. He had generous impulses, holy illusions, and all the happy and ardent feelings of his age. He believed in the good, he admired the beautiful, he dreamed of love and glory. Where did he come from? In what latitude was he born? What star had shone over his cradle? Who and what was this Jean de Thommeray, who at the end of an hour's conversation had spoken neither of women, nor of horses, nor yet of his friend's incomes?

Thanks to the confidences he gave me without my asking, I soon found out all about him. His father, who came of a good old Breton family, had studied in Paris in the days when patriotism and liberty ranked as high as letters and arts among the young men of modern ideas. The Breton gentleman felt the influence of this awakening in the flood of thought, and, without giving up the traditions of honor in his family, he set sail with the current.

He loved, with a pure, delicate, romantic love, a poor young girl of good family, of Irish descent, and married her. When his studies ended he went back to Brittany. The hereditary domain that sheltered their tenderness was in one of the wild and quiet valleys of Old America. It consisted of a farm and manor castle, which was protected by an old grove from the winds that swept across the valley from the mountains.

Here Monsieur de Thommeray lived, like his forefathers, the life of a country gentleman, hunting, riding horseback, visiting neighbors, improving his land; while his wife "la belle Irlandaise," as they called her, gave herself up to domestic affairs, and governed her household with grace and authority. Though he had taken root in this primitive life, he was faithful to the tastes and inclinations of his youthful days. He never went beyond the circle of his remembrances, and for him nothing beyond them seemed to exist. Time, which never stops, seemed to have forgotten him on the way. It was a happy family—he, his wife, and his three sons. The elder and the second son showed no taste for study or literature, but Jean, the little one, more delicate than his brothers, grew up under his mother's gentle wing with a strong sense of the beauties and harmonies of creation and a love of books. While his brothers walked and rode over the farm, and led a hardy, rustic life, Jean read, dreamed, or composed little Breton poems that his mother proudly compared to "Moore's Irish Melodies," and that excited the admiration of his father. His brothers, too, were proud of his gifts and his charming ways, and even of his weakness when a little fellow, for that seemed to claim their protection. But one morning, not long before the time I first met him, Jean embraced them all, and set out for Paris, filled with the same illusions that his father had had before him.

Two or three years passed. I did not know what had become of Jean. I supposed that he must have left Paris, and that he was living peacefully in his father's home. He had evidently forgotten me. I was not surprised at that. As for me, I thought of him from time to time. A journey I made in a Brittany revived in my heart the memory of my young friend, when I learned one day that I was only a few leagues from the Manor of Thommeray. I arrived at nightfall at the house I loved to think of as the asylum of happiness. I found the family assembled, and, not seeing Jean, naturally I asked for him. M. de Thommeray answered me briefly.

"Monsieur," he said, "we have only two sons now—these whom you see. We never speak of the one we have lost."

Was Jean dead? No: the attitude of M. de Thommeray, his voice, his language and his gesture were not those of a father who had buried his son. During my visit his mother found an opportunity of speaking to me alone. She told of her son and the sorrow he had brought upon them—how he had compromised himself, falling lower and lower from day to day, in the wicked world of Paris, and how his family no longer looked upon him as their own. She made me promise to go to see him, to write to her and let her know how he lived, to hide nothing from her. Could this be the same Jean de Thommeray whom I had known? How could he have fallen so low from the heights where I had left him?

I went back to Paris. I found him living in richly furnished apartments, and he held out his hand to me with an easy grace, as if he had not a pang in the world—as if the luxury, in the midst of which I had surprised him, had been bought by the efforts of a glorious and honest labor, instead of the fruits of the gaming-table. He began to excuse himself for having so long neglected me.

"All that is excused," I said. "I have come from Brittany, where I saw your parents, and as you have always spoken of them with respect, I am fulfilling a duty when I came to tell you of the sad state in which I found them."

"Thanks, monsieur, you need not go on." He interrupted me calmly and with a tone of great urbanity. "It is nothing new that you tell me. My way of living is a subject of scandal and trouble to my family. My brothers disown me, my mother weeps in secret, my father no longer knows me. Well, sir, be my judge. I am not a saint. Not being able to reform the age as once I thought of doing, you remember, I have ended by adopting its ways and wearing its liveliness. It seems to me that, in a society where money is a god, not to be rich

would be an impiety. I have played, I do not deny it, and I have always won. By my skillful playing I keep up the state of the house and belongings I won by my luck. My parents lived according to the manners of their time. I live according to the ways of my own.

It was sad to hear this young man exult in his fall and glory in his ruin. All about him betrayed the habits of the life he now led. His very smile, once so sweet and clear, had a cold expression like the hard lustre of steel. He told me his story—how he had been basely deceived and robbed of his last centime by a woman whom he thought deserving of his heart's devotion, in spite of his mother's penetration, which had sounded the depths of his unworthiness in the character hidden beneath the charms of his youth.

"There are no longer any women!" he said.

"You are mistaken," I replied. "We have mothers, sisters, friends, wives, who every day and every hour, quietly accomplish miracles of goodness, devotion and charity. Society is not as bad as you think it, but you, you, sir, are much worse than I feared. Still, why not return to your family, who are grieving for you? Your youth is not dead, it is waiting for you there."

"It is too late! I must confess to you that since my sojourn at Baden the gambling fever has never left me. Let us live and enjoy ourselves—after us the deluge! It is now my hour for the bourse, and to my regret I am obliged to leave you."

"One word more," I said, rising. "Until now, you have been successful; but fortune will not always be on your side. What will you do when she betrays you? For that day will surely come."

"Let it come. I am ready," he said. "You will kill yourself," I said. He did not answer. "And God—and your mother?" After a moment's hesitation he held out his hand. I took it.

"You have fallen low indeed, my boy. This explains the sorrow of your family. I understand it, and I share it. But, even now, I do not give you up—" He smiled sadly and I left him.

A few days after this I wrote to Madame de Thommeray, and gave an account of my interview with Jean. I did not try to see him again. Other thoughts occupied me. War was declared. The enemy was already marching on Paris; the world was filled with the noise of our disasters.

Whoever did not see Paris during the last days of the siege cannot form an idea of the physiognomy of the city at that time. The confusion and flight brought on by the first news of our defeat gave way to many thoughts and noble resolves.

Every one was ready for great sacrifices. A current of heroism ran through all hearts. Men watched on the ramparts; citizens, transformed into soldiers, drilled in the squares and gardens with their muskets and rifles; all classes mingled and fused together, forming only one soul—the soul of their country. I lived in the streets during those feverish days, attracted by every noise, mingling in the crowd, gathering all the news. One morning on the Quai Voltaire, between the Pont-Royal and the Bridge des Saints Peres, I met Jean, face to face.

"At last!" I said, greeting him. "And you have stayed; I am glad."

"Yes, I have stayed here," he replied. "I was obliged to look after my fortune. Now it is all arranged. I have drawn out all my money, and I leave this evening to go and live in a foreign land."

"When are you going away?" I exclaimed.

"When your country is in agony you think of leaving her?"

"My country, monsieur! The wise man carries his country wherever he goes. You, yourself, what are you doing here?"

"I have not returned only to go away again. I am not worth much; but here I have known good and bad days. Paris has given me whatever good I have in me. I wish to share her dangers, if only by my presence. I will live in her emotions, I will help to bear her anguish, and if we must suffer hunger, I shall have the honor of suffering with her! But you! I knew you were changed for the worse, but I did not think you were fallen so low. The land is invaded—and you, a young man, instead of seizing a musket, catch hold of your pocketbook! The fortunes of France are on the verge of ruin, and you have no other than to realize your future. Tomorrow the enemy will beat our gates, and you strap up your valise and fly like a coward? It was not enough to have plunged your family into mourning and despair. You must inflict this shame, too upon them?"

A quick blush rose to his forehead. A light shone in his eyes.

"Pardon, monsieur, pardon. These are very grand words, it seems to me. You are too young and I am too old for us to understand each other. I am not running away. I am going away. There is nothing here to keep me. Paris does not interest me. It is only just that she should be punished. As for my family, they are safe enough from the dangers of war, and I do not see why I should be forbidden to seek for myself, in Brussels, or in London or Florence, the peace and security they enjoy in Brittany."

My heart was sick and disgusted. I turned away, when suddenly Jean started with surprise. "Listen!" he said. I listened, and heard a strange music, the tones of which, vague at first and indistinct, grew louder and seemed to be coming toward us. I looked, too, as I listened. I saw beyond the bridge of Solferino an immense crowd, who came on singing. It was a slow, grave chant, almost religious, and had nothing in common with the bursts of song to which we were accustomed. Jean leaned against the parapet. I saw that he was very pale. In the meantime, the confused mass approached nearer and nearer, and became less and less confused.

Now I recognized the chant de la Bretagne and the sound of the binia; the gardes mobiles of Finistère were entering Paris. The tuff of ermine in their military caps, the grey cloth uniforms, the knapsack strapped behind, tell all about them as they advance with a correct and firm step, marching by platoons and fill the whole width of the quai. At their head on horseback rides the chief of the battalion; behind him the chaplain and two lieutenants. The head of the column is now only a few steps from us. It is my turn to be startled. I look at Jean. His hand falls upon mine.

"My father! My two brothers!" he says in a low voice. And he sees passing before him, under their most striking forms, the eternal truth that he has so long disowned or forgotten—God, country, duty and family! The long pageant of his honest and noble days defiles before him singing as the troops go by. I gave him the last blow. On one of the balconies of the quai I have just seen his mother.

"You unfortunate fellow," I exclaim. "You said there were no longer any women. Look, there is one; do you recognize her?"

Madame de Thommeray waves her handkerchief, the Breton chant redoubles in fervor, and the chief of the battalion, with the courtesy of a knightly gentleman, bows in his saddle and salutes her with his sword. Mute and motionless with sad eyes and dry eyelids, Jean seems turned to stone. I leave him to the mercy of God.

The next day, in the courtyard of the Louvre, the Commandant de Thommeray called the roll of his battalion. The call finished, he passed down the ranks, when a soldier stepped out and said:

"Commandant, one of your men was forgotten."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Jean," answered the volunteer, lowering his eyes.

"Who are you?"

"A man who has lived badly."

"What do you wish?"

"To die well."

"Are you rich or poor?"

"Yesterday I possessed an ill-gotten fortune. I have resigned it voluntarily. I have only my musket and my knapsack."

"That is well,"—and with a gesture he ordered the young man to return to the ranks.

There was a long silence. The commandant had again taken his place in front of the battalion.

"Jean de Thommeray!" he called out. A manly voice answered, "Present!"

Two boys of eight years have just fought a duel with pistols at Ghent, in the presence of two other school boys, who acted as seconds. One of the boys is, sad to relate, reported to have been killed by a shot through the head.

BORN.

St. John, Dec. 20, to the wife of Joshua Ward, a son.

Truro, Dec. 15, to the wife of J. W. Kent, a daughter.

St. John, Dec. 19, to the wife of J. R. Currie, a daughter.

Windsor, Dec. 9, to the wife of Henry Parkey, a daughter.

Amherst, Dec. 17, to the wife of Morley Pike, a daughter.

Halifax, Dec. 19, to the wife of J. S. Clancy, a daughter.

Barlington, Dec. 16, to the wife of Capt. John Liswell, a son.

St. John, Dec. 18, to the wife of Thomas A. Crockett, a daughter.

River Herbert, Dec. 4, to the wife of Arthur Porter, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Dec. 17, to the wife of Arthur Young, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Dec. 18, to the wife of Walter Creaser, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Dec. 19, to the wife of Richard Williams, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Dec. 11, to the wife of L. Calvin Perry, a daughter.

Middle Sackville, Dec. 16, to the wife of Dominique, a son.

Centreville, N. S., Dec. 10, to the wife of Edward Eaton, a son.

Lunenburg, Dec. 18, to the wife of Captain James Young, a son.

Clarence, N. S., Dec. 7, to the wife of Samuel Witham, a daughter.

St. John, Dec. 21, to the wife of Solomon McConnell, a daughter.

Fort Lawrence, Dec. 18, to the wife of George Chapman, a daughter.

Auln, N. S., Dec. 8, to the wife of Rev. J. M. C. Wade, a daughter.

Upper Woods Harbor, Dec. 8, to the wife of Thomas Chetwynd, a son.

Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Dec. 15, to the wife of Herbert Bentley, a daughter.

Dalhousie, N. S., Dec. 17, to the wife of William B. Marshall, a daughter.

Halifax, Dec. 16, James D. Foote to Mary C. Chisholm.

St. John, Dec. 20, Hez. L. Lindsay to Lavinia C. Nobles.

Pictou, by Rev. W. G. Lane, John R. McCallum to Bessie N. McGill.

Digby, Dec. 21, by Rev. Mr. Prestos, Robert E. Baxter to George Theal.

Shag Harbor, Dec. 17, by Rev. W. Miller, James Atwood to Ida Atwood.

Windsor, Dec. 21, by Rev. A. P. McEwen, Otis McEwen to Annie Rhynard.

Liverpool, Dec. 21, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Thomas Hughes to Janie Rhynard.

Digby, Dec. 14, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, William Connell to Nettie Goodwin.

Campbell, Dec. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John A. Oatman to Maggie G. Carr.

Halifax, Dec. 22, by Rev. William E. Hall, Sathiel Harpell to Clara A. Bayers.

St. John, Dec. 20, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Peter F. Folskins to Alice A. Farley.

Amherst, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Amos B. Snowdon to Edith McKinnon.

Port Mulgrave, Dec. 13, by Rev. A. B. McLeod, R. Ferguson to Rachel McPhae.

Waterside, Dec. 13, by Rev. W. E. Johnson, Terah S. Ayer to Lavinia S. Barbour.

Shag Harbor, Dec. 14, by Rev. W. Miller, George Mason to Annie D. Nickerson.

Curryville, N. B., Dec. 16, by Rev. W. Camp, Jordan Steeves to Julia D. Hawkes.

Dalhousie, Dec. 20, by Rev. George Fisher, James McNeil to Isabella J. Macdonald.

Amherst, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Allan S. Brown to Margaret Esterbrook.

Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 15, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Frank Holman to Emily Butcher.

Halifax, Dec. 21, by Rev. T. B. Gregory, W. H. Bashford to Margaret Ellen Cook.

Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Howard W. Thomas to May Anderson.

Grand Manan, Dec. 10, by Rev. W. C. Cover, Caswell Wilcox to Nellie Scholfield.

Maitland, Dec. 12, by Rev. T. C. Jack, George McIntosh to Anne Laura Williams.

Rossway, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. Dr. Morse, Clifford F. Perkins to Annie L. Nichols.

St. Ann's, C. B., Dec. 7, by Rev. Mr. Fraser, Alexander Martin to Maggie E. McLeod.

Bridgewater, Dec. 16, by Rev. A. C. Swineburg, Amos D. Arunburg to Bertha May Conrad.

Newport, N. S., Dec. 18, by Rev. Thomas W. Johnston, Lionel Croster to Sarah Fletcher.

Lower Stewiacke, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, Robert E. Taylor to Alice B. Fisher.

Upper Musquodoboit, Dec. 19, by Rev. E. Smith, Charles F. Flemming to Esther D. Fainell.

Pictou, N. S., Dec. 19, by Rev. Andrew Arnott, Henry Howard Garvin to Anna L. McPhail.

Casco, C. B., Dec. 18, by Rev. A. C. Borden, Samuel Frederick Newman to A. Blanche Pithblado Young.

North Kingston, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. W. Brown, assisted by the Rev. J. E. Donkin, and the Rev. James Taylor, Archibald Foster, to Mary Lyndard.

DIED.

St. John, Dec. 18, John Duke, 53.
Harvey, Dec. 17, Irving Gains, 14.
Halifax, Dec. 23, Edward Foley, 62.
Cornwallis, Dec. 9, Daniel Taylor, 75.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Henry Clements, 62.
Sackville, Dec. 20, Michael Welsh, 23.
Chatham, Dec. 16, Lyman F. Flett, 50.
Halifax, Dec. 19, William Johnson, 67.
Carleton, Dec. 22, Thomas J. Smith, 67.
St. John, Dec. 22, James E. Morris, 60.
Chatham, Dec. 9, Mrs. Henry Kelly, 70.
Admiral Rock, Dec. 13, Eda O'Neill, 22.
Fredericton, Dec. 1, Christie Stewart, 16.
Salmon River, Dec. 15, Elisha McNutt, 34.
Tide Head, N. B., Dec. 6, Annie Hoar, 30.
Gibson, Dec. 21, Mrs. Benjamin Ryder, 55.
Charlottetown, Dec. 14, Laura Waitte, 25.
Bible Hill, N. S., Dec. 20, Charles Murphy.
Round Hill, Dec. 15, John L. Bancroft, 32.
Hopewell Hill, Dec. 12, Phoebe Doherty, 82.
Parrsboro, Dec. 17, William P. Robinson, 70.
Little Ridge, Dec. 8, Cornelius McCallum, 80.
Charlottetown, Dec. 18, Felix McGuigan, 95.
Glenagry Station, Dec. 7, Mary McArthur, 74.
Campbellton, Dec. 18, Miranda W. Doherty, 49.
Port La Tour, Dec. 1, Captain Henry Hilton, 50.
Tasley's Mills, N. B., Dec. 16, Frank Brown, 23.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary, wife of William Spahn, 57.
Sydney Mines, C. B., Dec. 14, Malcolm Morrison, 68.
Kingston, Dec. 16, of heart failure, Patrick Burke, 71.
Chatham, Dec. 20, Julia, wife of Daniel Crimmer, 45.
St. John, Dec. 19, Mary, wife of Moses Cunningham, 45.
St. John, Dec. 21, William P., son of Patrick Lynch, 27.
Lawrence Station, N. B., Dec. 10, Charles Drinkall, 72.
Clifton, Dec. 19, Amanda, wife of Capt. William Gigzy.
St. Martins, Dec. 7, Elizabeth M. Harvey, of Norton, 29.
Windsor, Dec. 16, of consumption, wife of George Singer.
Basswood Ridge, N. B., Dec. 10, Margaret Kilpatrick, 73.
Villageville, Dec. 12, of consumption, William H. Purdy, 37.
St. John, Dec. 18, Mrs. James Ketchum, a native of Pictou, 74.
Northfield, Dec. 3, Frank, son of John and Alice Reddall, 3.
St. John, Dec. 14, Ellen, widow of the late William McKee, 77.
Deep Brook, Dec. 18, Bethiah, wife of Jacob W. Dimars, 58.
Minneapolis, Dec. 3, Sarah C. Perkins, formerly of Fredericton.
St. Stephen, Dec. 20, William H., son of Richard Witherby, 10.
Milton, Dec. 12, Laleah, daughter of John S. and Laleah Hughes.
St. John, Dec. 12, Roy Victor, son of Rudwick and Ella J. Smith, 2.
St. John, Dec. 21, William, son of Patrick and Margaret Lynch, 27.
Lewisville, Dec. 21, of paralysis, Caroline, wife of John Murray, 68.
Salisbury, Dec. 19, Grace H., widow of the late Walter Henry, 34.
Shubenacadie, Dec. 10, Rachel, widow of the late William Nelson, 83.
Lakeville, Dec. 15, N. A. Crilla, daughter of Daniel and Emma Triles, 1.
St. John, Dec. 25, John E. McSherry, son of George and Bella McSherry.
Elgin, Dec. 1, Carrie I., daughter of George and Annie Kilam, 2.
St. John, Dec. 20, Thomas Leo, son of Thomas and Margaret Sharkey, 2.
Central Kingsclear, Dec. 23, Bridget, widow of the late William O'Leary.
Northfield, Dec. 9, Milton, son of Wilam and Mary J. Hennigar, 5.
Mount Pleasant, N. S., Sadie, daughter of Phillip and Catherine Roy, 16.
Gabus Lake, C. B., Margaret, widow of the late Angus McDonald, 104.
Milton, Dec. 12, Mary Anna, widow of the late James P. Freeman, 60.
Charlottetown, Dec. 17, John George Williston, son of A. L. Brown, 32.
Campbellton, Dec. 16, Helen Grace, daughter of H. F. McLaughlin, 11 months.
St. John, Dec. 18, John Frederick, son of Samuel and Jennie K. Rolston, 3.
Charlottetown, Dec. 11, Susanna J., widow of the late Douglas Hazard, 77.
St. John, Dec. 23, Bessie, daughter of John, and the late William Woodworth.
East Chertozook, Dec. 18, Julia Ann Conrad, daughter of the late John Gator.
Dartmouth, Dec. 21, Annie Maud, daughter of Frederick and Annie Keans, 10.
Lake Darling, Dec. 12, Catherine S., widow of the late Eleazar Churchill, Jr., 41.
Halifax, Dec. 23, Charles Greamer, son of the late Charles and Mary Tropieol, 35.
St. John, Dec. 18, Ida Mary, daughter of J. Harry and Mary A. Lahey, 3 months.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary Hilda, daughter of Richard and Mary Anderson, 5 months.
Dartmouth, Dec. 21, Margaret, daughter of William and Emily Duffus, 4 months.
Steeves Mountain, Dec. 20, of heart disease, Dickie son of the late Reuben Steeves, 76.
Flatlands, N. B., Dec. 2, Elizabeth Ida, daughter of James and Elizabeth McDavid, 23.
Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Anna, daughter of the late Hannah and Alexander Andrews, 49.
English Settlement, Dec. 15, Garth Mullin, son of Duncan and Lauretta L. Carmichael, 2.
Grand Harbor, Dec. 12, Mary Bertha, daughter of Phillip Newton, 25.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary M., wife of John A. O'Brien, and daughter of Samuel Corrigan.
Greywood, N. S., Dec. 8, of consumption, Mary, daughter of Moses and Elizabeth Dunn, 21.
St. John, Dec. 20, of bronchitis, Harold W., son of Samuel and Jennie K. Rolston, 7 months.
Boston, Mass., Dec. 14, Mary, widow of the late Patrick McLaughlin, formerly of Rochesay, N. B.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary A., daughter of the late Thomas and Ellen Connolly, and wife of Nicholas Meagher, 60.



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