

**ELEGANT DESIGNS.
REASONABLE ADVICE.**

HOW TO—WHEN TO—AND WHERE TO
Buy the best Jewelry for Christmas and New Year's Presents for those we love and respect, is the great question of the day with many of our friends, and it is a question just now, and our opinion is asked. We unhesitatingly say, from a practical man—a manufacturing jeweller—who alone, in this age of bogus jewelry, is in a proper position to know just what he is buying and selling.

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that will weak'n your voice and spoil everything," said my friend. "You must take a long, brisk walk daily."

In compliance with this advice, I daily threaded the public streets with a free, light step. In all my life I had never been so happy and courageous. I seemed upheld on wings. I knew I should succeed in my undertaking, of which my uncle as yet knew nothing. His sad, patient face had a fascination for me, festering as I was on the thought of how glad and hopeful I would soon make it appear.

I was passing rapidly along a crowded square, one morning, when a hand touched my arm. It was that of one of two beggar children—Italians. A thrill went through me as I looked into the dark eyes, and heard her lip her position in softer Tuscan. I felt quickly for my purse; but I had left it behind me.

I would have at once drawn a jewel from my fingers, but I reflected that it would not be a wise gift.

What could I give this destitute child of my beloved Italy? Suddenly a thought came to me—I would give her a song.

Throwing back my veil, I put the children before me and began to sing. As if a magic spell had been dropped upon them, they all stood silent around me; only there was a little stir on the outside of the crowd which I felt pressed inward and widened—for I was intent only in giving of my sweetest and best in this happy charity. I knew no one in that crowded mart, and did not fear recognition; and in the musical Tuscan words I loved, I caroled loud and clearly.

Then I seized the child's brown wrist and lifted her thin palm; silver and even gold dropped into it. I caught a glimpse of many wild, delighted eyes; then, as they hustled around the children with a shower of precious coin, so that each joined her little hands to receive it, I slipped aside and ran home with a gay heart.

That night I was to sing. I had kept my health, and as my maid dressed me in the shimmering evening robes, she declared my beauty to be wonderful.

But, as I turned from the mirror, a sudden sickening realization of the strange concourse awaiting my coming filled my heart. The old forgotten dread returned and overwhelmed me. I began to tremble. A wild, shaking fear filled me. I felt for the first time the importance of the occasion. These five thousand people awaiting my singing were not my friends or my uncle's. They had cold, strange hearts for me. They would listen sharply and judge me rigorously. Oh, God, how frightened I was!

The manager was at the door. He bent to button my glove.

"Good heavens, what pale cheeks!" he cried in dismay. "Marie, rouge her."

But I motioned the girl away. I came forward, slowly. I seemed to see my old uncle's pathetic eyes, and braced myself accordingly. I moved unclassically upon the stage, feeling blindly for the first words of my song.

I had not lifted my white face, when peal after peal of welcome broke upon me. Kind! Did they mean encouragement? I raised my lashes, feeling a little color running into my pale lips, but the clapping of hands grew louder. A tumult of applause filled the building. The air rained flowers and fragrance. I heard enthusiastic words. Ladies kissed their hands to me, I felt my frozen face soften and brighten, until I met smile with smile.

Still the clapping of hands—still the rain of flowers. This was not merely kind encouragement. It was approval, enthusiasm, delight. I gazed upon the radiant faces wondering.

"Sing the ditty you sang this morning for the beggars!" they cried.

My heart's blood filled my cheeks. I trembled. For a moment I stood faltering like a shy child. Then, as they sympathetically hushed, awaiting the first words of my song, I softly syllabled the first strain, and caroled to the end the simple Tuscan ditty.

Ah, how pleased they were! how kind! how warm my heart! I feared no longer. I could have sung for them all night. When I retired, the old manager, my friend, embraced me.

"It is all right, my child. They know you—they love you!"

Ah! I lived years in that beautiful evening. Heaven only knows how my heart trembled with gratitude that it was a success. I flew home to my uncle; I knelt down by his pillow and kissed his cheek. He looked at my dress, my loose hair full of flowers, my burning cheeks and dancing eyes.

"Gabrielle!" he cried, "you have been in opera!"

And then I confessed, and told my glad tidings. Ah, success is sweet! I had been favored—my feet, so timid, were set in a flowery path. The way has ever been bright and fair. I love my vocation.

But when the success of my first night was quenched, I sped away as gayly to the bright home I have secured, and made it the resting place of a fond old heart. I have filled it with all the luxuries which money will buy, and many friends throng it; but though a triumphal crowd around me, none will ever, I think, be as sweet as my first success.

—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Seeing A Man Home.

I picked Simmons up pretty near drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit and said:

"Here you are."

"Right," said he, and gave a big bang at the door. Up went a window.

"Who's there?" screamed a woman.

"I have brought the old man home," said I.

"All right," she cried, and came to the door.

She immediately seized hold of Simmons, and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head.

"Who are you shaking of?" says he.

"Good gracious!" cried the woman; "that is not my husband's voice."

I struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man.

"There," said the woman ferociously, "I've been sitting up here and expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger!"

"Don't he live here?" said I.

"No," said the woman, "he don't."

"What made you knock?" said I to Simmons.

"Knock," said he; "you told me to."

"I thought you lived here," said I.

"Glad I don't," said he.

I suppose he was thinking of the slaking he'd had. At last I found where he did live, and got him home. Mrs. Simmons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked, she came.

"O!" says she, "you're the wretch as makes my poor husband drunk are you?" and she gave me a slap across the face.

I've never seen a drunken man home since.

"I am on the press," said John Henry, as he folded his girl in one sweet embrace. "Well, that's no reason why you should try to pi the form," she replied as she rearranged her tumbled collar and pinned up her hair, which had been undone.

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