

RIGHTED HIS WRONG.

It was in the country, near the forest, not far from the Seine, in the modest villa which 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 man was an irresistible attraction. It was 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 saw him now as he stood at my gate, a slender, noble-looking fellow, his face shadowed by a pair of bushy eyebrows, his nose, blue eyes, fair forehead; his hair, fine and of an ashy blonde, waved above the temples. His ease of manner and language, the elegant simplicity that shined in his dress, everything, reflected credit on the freside by which he had grown up.

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 friends' 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 revivd 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—"

"Thank you, 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 liveries. It seems to me that in a society where money is a god, not to be rich

is an impiety. I have played, I do not deny it, and I have always done so. 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 unworthiness in the character hidden beneath the charms of her beauty. "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, 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."

BORN.

- St. John, Dec. 29, 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 Parkman, a daughter.
Amherst, Dec. 17, to the wife of Morley Pike, a daughter.
Hants, Dec. 19, to the wife of J. S. Cianey, a daughter.
Burlington, 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, 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 Crosser, 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.
Middlesex, Dec. 16, to the wife of Dominique Gould, a son.
Centerville, N. S., Dec. 10, to the wife of Edward Easton, a son.
Lunenburg, Dec. 18, to the wife of Captain James Young, a son.
Claremont, 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.
Antigonish, N. S., Dec. 18, to the wife of Rev. J. M. Wade, a daughter.
Upper Woods Harbor, Dec. 8, to the wife of Thomas Cheswold, a son.
Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Dec. 15, to the wife of Herbert Bentley, a daughter.
Dalhousie, Dec. 18, to the wife of William B. Marshall, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, Dec. 16, James D. Foote to Mary C. Chisholm.
St. John, Dec. 20, H. L. Laidlaw to Lavinia C. Noble.
Pictou, by Rev. W. G. Lane, John R. McCallum to Jessie N. Mulhig.
Digby, Dec. 21, by Rev. Mr. Preston, Robert E. Baxter to Annie D. Fisher.
Shag Harbor, Dec. 17, by Rev. W. Miller, James Atwood to Ida Atwood.
Windsor, Dec. 21, by Rev. A. P. McEwen, Ois McPhee to Annie Simpson.
Liverpool, Dec. 21, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Thomas Hughes to Thomas to Nellie Schofield.
Digby, Dec. 14, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, William Connell to Nellie Goodwin.
Campbellton, Dec. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John A. Oustan to Evelyn Jordani.
Halifax, Dec. 22, by Rev. William E. Hall, Sutherland to Julia D. Harkes.
St. John, Dec. 20, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Peter F. Fokins to Alice A. Parlee.
Amherst, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Amos B. Snowdon to Edith McLinnon.
Port Margrave, Dec. 13, by Rev. A. B. McLeod, R. Ferguson to Rose to J. Milton Foster.
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 Sheaves to Julia D. Harkes.
Dalhousie, Dec. 20, by Rev. George Fisher, James McNair to Isabella J. Malcolm.
Amherst, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Allan B. Brown to Margaret Esterbrooks.
Upper Stewiacke Village, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Frances to Thomas to J. Milton Foster.
Halifax, Dec. 21, by Rev. T. B. Gregory, W. H. Beshford to Margaret Ellen Cook.
Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Howard W. Toolson to J. Milton Foster.
Grand Manan, Dec. 10, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Coverly to Nellie Schofield.
Matland, Dec. 14, by Rev. T. C. Jack, George McIntosh to Anne Laura Williams.
Rosaway, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. Dr. Morse, Clifford F. Pettit to Annie L. Nichols.
St. Ann, C. B., Dec. 7, by Rev. Mr. Fraser, Alexander Martin to Annie L. Campbell.
Liverpool, Dec. 21, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, William Henderson to E. Margaret Hayward.
Greenwood, N. S., Dec. 12, by Rev. William Brown, Annie D. Barston to J. Milton Foster.
Joggins Mines, N. S., Dec. 11, by Rev. P. H. Robinson, James A. S. 204 to Cassie Henlan.
Morris, Dec. 18, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Samuel Macaulay to Belle Patterson.
Matland, Dec. 14, by Rev. T. Chalmers Jack, J. Norman Woolaver to Maggie R. McLaren.
Bridgewater, Dec. 16, by Rev. A. C. Swinburne, Amos D. Armburg to Bertha May Conroy.
Newport, Dec. 18, by Rev. Thomas W. Johnston, Lioel Crocker to Sarah Fletcher.
Lower Stewiacke, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, Robert E. Baxter to Annie D. Fisher.
Upper Marquodoch, Dec. 19, by Rev. E. Smith, Charles F. Flemming to Esther D. Falsell.
Pictou, N. S., Dec. 18, by Rev. Thomas W. Johnston, Henry Howard Garvin to Anna L. McPhail.
Canso, C. B., Dec. 15, by Rev. A. C. Borden, Samuel Frederick Newman to Blanche Fildes Young.
North Kingston, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. W. Brown, assisted by the Rev. J. S. Sutherland and the Rev. James Taylor, Archibald Foster to Mary Lyndell.

DIED.

- St. John, Dec. 18, John Deke, 83.
Harvey, Dec. 17, Irving Gates, 14.
Halifax, Dec. 23, Edward Foley, 62.
Cornwallis, Dec. 9, Daniel Taylor, 73.
Halifax, Dec. 23, Henry Clements, 62.
St. John, Dec. 20, Michael Walsh, 21.
Chatham, Dec. 16, Lyman F. Flett, 30.
Halifax, Dec. 19, William Johnson, 62.
Fredericton, Dec. 1, Christie Stewart, 16.
Salmon River, Dec. 15, Elisha McLean, 24.
The Head, N. B., Dec. 6, Annie Hear, 80.
Gibson, Dec. 21, Mrs. Benjamin Ryder, 55.
Charlottetown, Dec. 14, Laura Waitie, 23.
Bible Hill, N. S., Dec. 20, Charles Murphy.
Round Hill, Dec. 18, John L. Bancroft, 32.
Hopewell Hill, Dec. 12, Phoebe Doherty, 82.
Parrsboro, Dec. 17, William P. Robinson, 76.
Little Ridge, Dec. 8, Cornelius McCallum, 80.
Charlottetown, Dec. 18, Felix McGilgigan, 95.
Longway Station, Dec. 7, Mary McArthur, 74.
Campbellton, Dec. 18, Miranda W. Doherty, 49.
Port La Tour, Dec. 1, Captain Henry Hilton, 50.
Tappley's Mills, N. B., Dec. 16, Frank Brown, 53.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary, wife of William Spill, 57.
St. John, Dec. 18, Dec. 14, Malcolm Morrison, 62.
Kingston, Dec. 16, of heart failure, Patrick Burke, 71.
Chatham, Dec. 20, Julia, wife of Daniel Crimmer, 48.
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.
Clarendon, Dec. 19, Amanda, wife of Capt. William Giggly.
St. Martins, Dec. 7, Elizabeth M. Harvey, of Norton, 28.
Windsor, Dec. 10, of consumption, wife of George Sanger.
Barrington Ridge, N. B., Dec. 16, Margaret Kilpatrick, 73.
Villageside, Dec. 12, of consumption, William H. Ford, 53.
St. John, Dec. 18, Mrs. James Ketchum, a native of Pictou, 74.
Northville, Dec. 3, Frank, son of John and Alice Keddall, 3.
St. John, Dec. 14, Ellen, widow of the late William McKee, 77.
Deep Brook, Dec. 18, Bethiah, wife of Jacob W. Dimars, 68.
Minneapolis, Dec. 3, Sarah C. Perkins, formerly of Fredericton.
St. Stephen, Dec. 20, William H., son of Richard Wilberty, 10.
Milton, Dec. 12, Lelah, daughter of John S. and Lelah 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.
Levittie, Dec. 21, of paralysis, Caroline, wife of John Murray, 68.
Sableville, Dec. 19, Grace H., widow of the late Walter Henry, 74.
Shubenacadie, Dec. 19, Rachel, widow of the late William Nelson, 58.
Lakerville, Dec. 18, A. Crilla, daughter of Daniel and Emma Trivers, 1.
St. John, Dec. 25, John E. McSherry, son of George and Annie Kilian, 2.
Elgin, Dec. 1, Carrie I., daughter of George and Annie Kilian, 2.
St. John, Dec. 20, Thomas Leo, son of Thomas and Margaret Sharkey, 2.
Central Kingsclere, Dec. 23, Bridget, widow of the late William McKee, 77.
Northfield, Dec. 9, Milton, son of William and Mary J. Hemmarg, 5.
Moncton, Dec. 20, Sadie, daughter of Phillip and Catherine Woy, 16.
Gabusar Lake, C. B., Margaret, widow of the late James F. Freeman, 60.
Charlottetown, Dec. 17, John George Williston, son of A. L. Brown, 32.
Campbellton, Dec. 16, Helen Grace, daughter of H. P. McLachlan, 11 months.
St. John, Dec. 18, John Frederick, son of Samuel and Jennie K. Robinson, 3.
Charlottetown, Dec. 11, Susanna J., widow of the late Douglas Hazard, 77.
St. John, Dec. 23, Besse, daughter of Jane, and the late John Churchill, Jr., 41.
Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Ann, daughter of the late Hannah and Alexander Andrews, 49.
East Chezzetook, Dec. 18, Julia Ann Conrad, daughter of the late John G. Conrad, 49.
Dartmouth, Dec. 21, Annie Maud, daughter of Frederick and Annie Keenan, 10.
Lake Darling, Dec. 12, Catherine B., widow of the late John Churchill, Jr., 41.
Halifax, Dec. 23, Charles Creamer, son of the late Charles and Mary Trooplet, 95.
St. John, Dec. 18, Ida Mary, daughter of J. Henry and Mary A. Lehey, 3 months.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary Lilla, daughter of Richard and Mary Anderson, 8 months.
Dartmouth, Dec. 21, Margaret, daughter of William and Emily Duffus, 4 months.
Steatons Mountain, Dec. 20, of heart disease, Dickie son of the late Bethia Stevens, 76.
Ferland, N. B., Dec. 2, Elizabeth Ida, daughter of James and Elizabeth McDavid, 2.
Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Ann, daughter of the late Hannah and Alexander Andrews, 49.
English Settlement, Dec. 16, Garth Mullin, son of Dennis and Laurina, 4 months.
Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, Dec. 12, Mary Bertha, daughter of Phillip Newton, 26.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary M. wife of Maria A. O'Brien, and daughter of Samuel Corrigan.
Greywood, N. S., Dec. 8, of consumption, Mary, daughter of Moses and Elizabeth Dinn, 21.
St. John, Dec. 20, of bronchitis, Harold W., son of Samuel and Jennie K. Robinson, 1 month.
Boston, Mass., Dec. 14, Mary, widow of the late Patrick McLoughlan, formerly of Rochdale, N. B.
Halifax, Dec. 22, Mary A., daughter of the late Thomas and Ellen Connolly, and wife of Nicholas Meacher, 60.

LET US WHISPER, not because we are ashamed of it, but to avoid hurting anybody's feelings. There is really only one soap for the nursery and that is BABY'S OWN. There is nothing like it. It is delicately perfumed and is good for the skin, keeping it fresh and soft and smooth. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

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FANCY GOODS, Books, Toys, Dolls, Musical instruments, etc. Christmas goods for the coming festive season. Plush toilet sets; Shaving sets, Plush collar and cuff boxes. Ladies companions, Work boxes, Writing desks, Music rolls, Plush and Wool Cabinet frames, Leather card cases, Purposes, Pocket books, Cutlery. Books of every description. Toys of every kind and for everyone from baby up. Dolls in China, Wax, Bisque, Compo, Rubber and Wood, Dolls heads all sizes. Musical instruments all prices and qualities, Fire works, Fire crackers, Chinese lanterns. Christmas candles, Christmas tree ornaments, Flags. Games in the leading lines. Wooden goods in sleds, Framers, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Rocking horses, Hobby horses, Etc. Trumpets, Horns and Bugles in hundreds of styles, lots of very cheap toys, Etc., all goods Wholesale and Retail at WATSON & CO'S., Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. Saint John, N. B. S. Country orders solicited. Drop in and see our goods.

INFLUENZA, Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that I have seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine. W. H. WATSON, Grand City, S. D.