

Thoroughly tired out, but well pleased with the reception extended by Halifax, at 3 a. m. "G" Company entrained for St. John.

Breakfast was served by the ladies of Sussex in their usual pleasing style. Albert nearly lost his hand in the crowd.

Since early morning the people had been congregating at the I. C. R. station, St. John, until now the crush was prodigious. Hour after hour the crowd waited, standing first on one foot, then on the other. But at last both feet came squarely down and everybody yelled. The small piping voice of the little girl and the small piping voice of the old man joined in the roar of "There she comes." And out they came. Cheer after cheer rent the air as this one and that one was recognized. Some were carried to their homes, some were driven, and some never could tell how they got there.

Till this day, "Long John" cannot tell whether he fell into her arms or she fell into his, but is inclined to think that they each fell half way. Anyway, he is positive that they drove to Golden Grove in triumph. And would you believe it! the "Kid" now steps around St. John, the admired of all admirers.

And you know all the rest. But after this don't say that loyalty is dead in Canada. I tell you that the Anglo-Boer war called forth the latent fire and crystalized the love which Canada bears to "Old England." If you doubt it, you are no Briton, and you have no part in Canada.

Loyalty has been taught in our schools during the past year in a most gratifying manner. I know of no school house where the Union Jack does not float from its staff on the grounds. But I do know of many and many a one where the room is bright with bunting, and