

RE-UNITED.

Outside she went slow and steady, smiling... The girls, in scattered groups, were making the best of an opportunity for a chat...

At last came the full of early afternoon. The girls, in scattered groups, were making the best of an opportunity for a chat...

He was a man of middle age in full health and vigor, tall, well-formed, with a slight sprinkling of white in his brown hair...

He glanced at the glove counter, unfastened his great coat, took his hat in hand and then glanced up pleasantly into the face of the clerk...

"I do not know the number, but—but I judge about the size you wear. If you will be good as to show me them, perhaps I can judge," he said, going first at the party...

"That face—that hand—that ring! Was he dreaming, and would it vanish presently as something of the same vision had so often done during those long years since...

"The gloves fell. Margaret! It was the same sweet smile! He felt that he could not leave without some further information as to the girl's identity...

"You must always think before you speak," said the cautious philosopher. "You must not let the other fellow, who follows the popular plan, get in ahead of me and take all the interest out of what I say...

"I see they are talking of making a law to hang kidnappers." "Yes, but I know of a better way to dispose of them."

"Let's turn them over to our colleges for hazing purposes." "And you don't love me any more, Miss Clara?"

"Really, Mr. Blank, don't press me for an answer." "But you told Goldboy the other day you thought I was out of sight."

"Well, 'out of sight, out of mind,' you know." "I notice that a couple of Frenchmen think they have found a new explanation of the sense of smell. They claim that all odors are conveyed by ethereal undulations."

"Wonder if those knowing lads ever encountered a chunk of ethereal Limburger on a close night in a dark cellar?" "Isn't it ridiculous the way they celebrate weddings nowadays?" remarked the first cynic.

"Yes," said the other, "it's just like this jubilee the British had intended to hold upon Lord Roberts' return."

"I can't quite see the connection." "The idea of celebrating over a war that's practically just beginning."

Cousin Ethel—Did Santa bring you everything you wanted, Freddy? Freddy (in disappointed tones)—Naw; he only brought me a sled, an' a bicycle, an' a goat, an' a football, an' a gun, an' a sojer suit, an' some marbles, an' a horn, an' a pair o' skates, an' a whip, an' some books, an' a sprog wagon an' a some candy, an' that's all!

They were discussing gas bills, the subject being a common one at this season, if not a popular one.

"If you use only a little gas, and are as economical as you can be, the bill is just as big," said Ethel.

"Then why not use a great deal?" suggested Ethel.

"Well, we tried that, and the bill was three times as much."

Spanish Courtesy is traditional, but it is doubtful whether the extent to which it is carried, even by the papers, would be practicable in any other land.

When the Minister of the Interior Date visited Barcelona some time since, he was treated and fussed at by the crowd, and finally forced to leave his carriage to escape the storm of stones showered at him.

And yet the Spanish papers in referring to the

the girl near by, he fulfilled the odd request.

It was a pleasant little dining-room, bright and cozy, with a small table laid with a pretty white cloth, and places for two.

By a little side table holding a drop-light sat a woman, no longer young, but still pleasing to look upon, save that the cheeks were a trifle hollow and the face pale.

She was busily at work upon some fine embroidery. Other finished pieces lying about upon the work she did to assist the income brought in by her child.

A step sounded outside the door, and a moment later the young girl of the glove-counter episode entered. The woman looked up with a sweet smile, and arose, laying aside the work and greeting the girl with a caress.

When her hat and coat had been removed Margaret, with a mischievous look on her face, drew the card from her pocket-book, and stopping her mother as she placed the teapot upon the table, held it before her eyes.

"Did you know this person? Have you ever seen that name before?" she asked her, half playfully, half seriously.

"Philip?" the mother exclaimed, with a catch of the breath almost painful. "Why, why, Margaret, child, where did you get that card?" and, nervously putting out her hand for it, the mother suddenly set down.

Then, in a few words, the girl told all she knew of the incident, and described in glowing terms the handsome gentleman's appearance.

"And so, dear mamma, you do know him. Please tell me something about him—and if to-morrow when he comes I may permit him to call to see you, as he wishes?"

The bright blush which made the two look now so much alike slowly faded and came again.

"Yes! No! I hardly know what to say darling. I do not know if it were better or no that we meet again. It is a very commonplace story, dear, but I will tell you. We were once devoted to one another. Both were jealous and very proud. He said some unkind words which I resented and refused to forgive. Later I left B—for the West. There I met your father, whom I respected very much, and who very soon persuaded me to marry him. Then, of course, I dared not think of my earlier love, and soon rumors reached me of his marriage. After carrying out your father's dying request and burying him in his native city, I could not spare the little means I had to go back West. In Margaret Russell only a few dear friends recognized and sought the Margaret Young of earlier days. I knew that Philip had grown to wealth and position in his own town, but did not expect to meet him in our humble sphere. I know, too, that he never married. What do you say darling, should we be ashamed of our humble home—a simple flat, with a room which serves as a dining room, sitting room, and drawing room?" she concluded, glancing about her and contentedly smiling.

Margaret was silent. She had been so much to her mother and she to her, and if he came—only too well Margaret foresaw the inevitable. She recalled the emotion of the man, and now saw a new light in her mother's soft brown eyes. Could she be so selfish as to say one word to prevent the meeting. And if—well—her dear mother would be relieved of all further cares and trials and be restored to former position. It was characteristic of her sweet, unselfish little heart that she saw no future benefit just then for herself.

"Let him come, mamma, dearest. I am sure it will be best," she said, striving to keep down a sigh that would come. Little supper was eaten that night, and the talk was all of Mr. Hunter.

So, when the tall, handsome man sought the glove counter on the morrow, Margaret graciously offered him her hand, and told him how her mother remembered her old friend, and that she would be pleased to see him again at their home.

He responded with a look of intense satisfaction and a warm clasp, saying simply, "I will be there tonight."

Margaret was dreadfully upset all day, and undecided to her part in this pretty romance. Should she go home from the store, or go to a friend's first to leave them uninterrupted. After much pondering and some little heartache and stealthy fears, too, she decided to let her mother think it was the entering, when it would actually be her old friend and lover! It would perhaps, make it easier for both, and later Margaret's friend could see her home, when matters had been adjusted.

As she planned, so, indeed, it was, and upon entering the cozy room, she found two happy faces, looking years younger and handsomer in the blessing of being again reunited.

"If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnesia Dyes for home use."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"She married a millionaire, didn't she?" "You mean that he was a millionaire at the time she married him."

"Women," said the wise man, "are opposed to expansion."

"How do you prove that?" "They wear corsets."

"If I ask you once to marry me and you say 'No,' I'll never ask you again."

"You won't?" "Well, I see now why you didn't succeed as a book agent."

Miss Nourish—I know nothing about the world.

Mr. Gagneron—That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Egg—Well.

"What is an upright piano?" "One that doesn't play ragtime, I suppose."

"What 10 books would you take if you had to leave the rest of your life on a desert island?"

"Oh, I wouldn't take books at all; I'd take things to eat."

Edith—Our butler is dignified, enough to be the lord mayor of London!

Evel—Is that all? Why, our butler is dignified enough to be the lord mayor of London's butler.

"And was my present a surprise to your sister, Johnny?"

"You bet! She said she never suspected you'd give her anything so cheap."—London Tit-Bits.

"I'm sorry, John, but the moths have eaten a hole through the pocket of your winter coat."

"Through the pocket, eh?" returned the husband; "I'll bet they were female moths."

Deacon Goodleigh—Ah, Christmas teaches us every one a great lesson.

Mr. Brockleigh—You bet it does. It teaches us to begin saving right away for next Christmas, unless we want to be bankrupt again.

"What's the matter with the doll? Its got its clothes upside down and wrong side to the front."

"That's one o' them dolls that the Vassar girls made and gave away to the poor an' unfortunate."

Bacon—I saw a sign down the street today at a hand laundry.

Ebert—Well, what's strange about that?

"Why, isn't it funny that a man would go to a laundry to have his hands washed?"

"You must always think before you speak," said the cautious philosopher.

"Yes," answered the other, "I know a young man, who let the other fellow, who follows the popular plan, get in ahead of me and take all the interest out of what I say. You forget the value of time."

"I see they are talking of making a law to hang kidnappers."

"Yes, but I know of a better way to dispose of them."

"How's that?"

"Let's turn them over to our colleges for hazing purposes."

"And you don't love me any more, Miss Clara?"

"Really, Mr. Blank, don't press me for an answer."

"But you told Goldboy the other day you thought I was out of sight."

"Well, 'out of sight, out of mind,' you know."

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conference merely remarked that the minister met with a respectful though somewhat frosty reception.

Even a Scotchman cannot always be depended on, if he would. Like other people, however, he is sometimes fussy without meaning to be. The Scottish American thinks that the message sent by a young man in Philadelphia to his waiting bride may have kept her from worrying over his non-appearance, but that she must, after all, have received it with mixed feelings.

The bride-elect lived in a village some distance from the home of William the bridegroom. The wedding was to be at her home of William the bridegroom. The wedding was to be at her home. On the essential day the young man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that William missed his train.

Naturally he was in what is known as a "state of mind." Something must be done, and done at once. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come. William."

If the bride-elect knew her William, she probably knew how he felt when he sent the message, and forgave the mental confusion which resulted in what she must have looked upon as a needless request.

"She's Dead Now."

It is not uncommon for the first wife to bear of 'my mother's cooking,' per for the second wife to learn that her predecessor had all the excellent traits of Solomon's virtuous women.

The lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?"

There was a dead silence.

"Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?"

Then a patient looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the room and answered:

"There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

"Are you old enough to vote?" asked the tourist in North Carolina.

"I dunno exactly what my age is, boss," replied the colored man. "But I kin tell you dis: I alius 'was old enough to know better d'n to try to vote."

BORN.

Windsor, Dec 18, to the wife of Robert Cunn, a son.

Halifax, Nov 6, to the wife of George K. Butler, a son.

Alma, A. Co, Dec 19, to the wife of D. A. McQuaid, a son.

Yarmouth, Dec 24, to the wife of Alvin Eadie, a daughter.

Lower Granville, Dec 20, to the wife of Mr. Mus-tala, a son.

Alma, A. Co, Dec 14, to the wife of Ralston Eustland, a son.

Harrison Cove, Halifax, Co, Dec 1, to the wife of Chas. Weaver, a son.

Port Jervis, Halifax, Co, Dec 12, to the wife of H. M. Smiley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Hants, Dec 24, John Conley to Mary Lennon.

Halifax, Dec. 19, Daniel Boutler to Leah Fraser.

Boston, Nov. 29, Agatha Grant to Geo. Leason.

Truro, Dec. 12, John Cline to Abbie Reynolds.

New Glasgow, W. E. Brown to Maggie Forbes.

Lynn, Dec. 12, Wm. F. Moses to Bertha Martin.

Canso, Dec. 24, Borden Jones to Minnie Lumsden.

Pictou, Dec. 19, David H. Hoare to Janie M. Small.

Truro, Dec. 18, Stephen Fulton to Maggie Ralph.

Windsor, Dec. 12, Stephen Baker to Jennie Cooper.

Colchester, Dec. 17, David Reid to Grace Gammon.

Pictou, Dec. 6, Howard McDonald to Laura McClellan.

Newport, Hants, Dec. 20, Lionel Casavan to Bertha Melrose.

Halifax, Dec. 26, Charles E. Can to Mabel Roach.

Yarmouth, Dec. 27, William Lawrence to Dextra Bruce.

Canis, N. S., Dec. 26, Samuel Kerr to Julia McDonald.

Groves' Point, Dec. 16, Hugh McKinnon to Isabel McKay.

Bridgewater, Dec. 20, Morton Fraser to Elizabeth McLaren.

Bridgetown, Dec. 12, Arthur J. Wagner to May Ramsay.

Providence, R. I., John MacDonald to Mary McKinnon.

Amherst, Dec. 24, Sanford Thompson to Mary Wheaton.

Pictou, Dec. 12, John D. Chisholm to Jennet A. Doherty.

Amherst, Dec. 19, David A. Jewell to Edith E. Jordan.

Pictou, Dec. 18, Jas. D. McIntosh to Minnie McDonald.

Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Mary Sowter to Israel McDonald.

Upper Port LaTour, Dec. 4, Dora Slate to David Flemming.

Pictou, Dec. 8, William Wetters to Margaret Outhouse.

Truro, Dec. 20, Fred T. Campbell to Margaret E. Whidden.

Sydney, Dec. 19, Norman McSkill to Bessie Belliveau.

Louisbourg, C. B., Dec. 12, William McKinnon to Mary Pope.

Riverdale, N. S., Dec. 16, Allen Eismhar to Isabel Doherty.

Breton Cove, N. S., Nov. 20, Arthur Bushama to Edie McLean.

Pictou, Dec. 24, Chas. Glasgow to Ellen Hilderman.

Truro, Dec. 12, Angus Matheson to Sarah McDonald.

Lexington, Dec. 12, James McKinnon to Annie McFay.

Lower Argyle, Dec. 16, Clayton D. Spencey to Agnes A. Goodwin.

St. John's, N. S., Nov. 27, M. J. McSkill to Annie McLeod.

New Glasgow, R. I., Dec. 21, Frank Horner to Della Belle Crowell.

DIED.

Port, Dec. 2, John Sisk, 87.

Halifax, Dec. 2, Mrs. Bartley, 88.

Halifax, Dec. 2, Isabel Perry, 88.

Yarmouth, Dec. 2, John Sisk, 88.

Pictou, Dec. 1, Mrs. John E. Lee, 87.

Boston, Dec. 1, Isabel Goodwin, 87.

Digby, Dec. 2, Alvin Turnbull, 87.

Colchester, Dec. 2, Annie O'Brien, 87.

Truro, Dec. 2, Mrs. J. L. Williams, 87.

Halifax, Dec. 2, Mrs. John Grant, 87.

New York, Dec. 2, Mrs. James Vales, 87.

Colchester, Dec. 2, Wm. Patterson, 87.

Halifax, Dec. 2, George Scott, 87.

Dartmouth, Dec. 2, Lewis Tupper, 87.

Knox, Kings Co, Dec. 17, Isaac Vail, 87.

East Fortune, C. B., 25, Jessie Smith, 87.

Windsor, Dec. 2, Malvina Sellen, 87.

Antigonish, Dec. 2, Mrs. Miss A. J. Grant.

Halifax, Dec. 2, Gilbert Sellen, 87.

Westville, Pictou, Dec. 11, John Murray, 87.

Cambridge, Mass., Catherine Jane McClellan, 87.

Knox, Kings Co, Dec. 19, Mrs. Isaac Vail, 87.

Halifax, Dec. 2, William O'Brien, 87.

Colchester, Dec. 2, James O'Brien, 87.

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VOL. XIII.

SPEECH

The Lads in K

Those who thought that the "Soldiers' Home" was a mere place of entertainment in South Africa had reason to be disappointed. This week, the fellows from St. John's province arrived.

The greeting they met to turn any man's back. The volunteers have been so extraordinary that not seem to affect them. There might be some John was not considered the time of the arrival much easier to meet a than at one, two or morning and the author long in doubt as to the soldiers would arrive made up their minds to station so as to be sure.

Thursday morning at first arrivals put in a were only five or six received just by hearty Mayor Daniel, Warden other gentlemen of the together with Premier Attorney General senting the government there were a hundred or were tired and the good ferin Hotel, where they were quartered the may parted to get ready to volunteers in the alle.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure... P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Tourist Sleepers. MONTREAL TO PACIFIC COAST EVERY THURSDAY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.



J. HAWK. Who it is said will re-enlist Africa.

them did not wait until they express which connects a morning brought a few their turn had to stand cordial greeting.

In the afternoon when press arrived from Halifax large and the enthusiasm days when the lads went This must have been the line for at Moncton, where Markham and another K off the train to greet the crush was so great that to get on board again. wait for the next express.

All of the boys who do city were quartered at the and the manager, Mr. M no pains to make them scene in the office when the afternoon can hard. The crush was so great that impossible to move. M children thronged about volunteers and gave them come. The stalwart form Woodstock was surrounded group of ladies who listen answers to the major question quite, six feet in height looks small compared with from the same town, with taller and weighs over 200 little wonder that the people splendid physique and w