

Contest... RG, OTHER... NIOME... Family Night... Philosophy... Longway... Special Drive... SALE... OFFICE... At Shaw's Meat Market... Better Than... Kon Route... Canadian... Yukon... Freight... Ltd. Telephone Syn.

After many, many years... The wandering sailor returned to his home... The idol so long and anxiously awaited was shattered - death claimed its victim... "He'll come today, my lass - he may... Who knows?"

Charlie was "the finest fellow that ever broke a sailor's biscuit" One day he would return - a great man, a famous man - And then his fellow villagers would see his worth, and, seeing, would admire.



THE MINTO ROADHOUSE.

make towards him; and put him joyfully on the shoulder, and laugh, and shout, and cry, and call him "Charlie! My Charlie! Our Charlie! Good Charlie!" Know him? Of course! The idol has come at last! Mary, who had risen when the door had been so rudely flung open, now stood watching the two men with staring eyes and whitened cheeks. Surely her grandfather must be mistaken! Surely, the miserable object that he is caressing is not Charlie! Charlie, the man she has heard always so praisured, the man she has learnt to admire and to love! "Tall he is; and were he but clean handed some he is. But drunk - her Charlie drunk! Oh, the shame of it!" "He's come, my lass!" shouted old Peter, with wild delight. "He's come back! Our Charlie's come back! I always said he would! The sea couldn't take him. You'll find he's a bit strange - after being away so long. But it'll soon pass off. He's only been goin' in for a little merrymakin' - with his shipmates - on account of his comin' back you know my lass - on account of his comin' back. Charlie's all right, I tell you Charlie's all right."

"Twas Only a Dream." The young man boarded the green car at the corner of Sixth street and the avenue. He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and there was a queer, wild light in his eye. He addressed the man on his left, a stout, comfortable looking individual smoking a cigar. "Well I've got a bird of a place to board in the country this summer," he began. "You don't say so," replied the stout man. "They advertised forty acres of grounds, you know, with golf links and tennis courts and all that sort of thing, and say, they've got 'em all. And they advertised fresh milk and vegetables raised right on the place, and, b'ing, what d'ye think, they have fresh milk on the table real milky milk with cream on the top, three times a day, and vegetables with the dew still on 'em three times a day too!" "Well, well!" mildly ejaculated the stout man. "You don't say so!" said the stout man, looking interestedly in the other direction. "That's right and they advertised that all of the rooms were big and airy and that folks had to sleep under blankets every night on account of the coolness - and I found 'it to be a fact, b'ye?" "I want to know," breathed the stout man. "And the ad insisted upon the fact that mosquitoes were absolutely unknown around the place, and I found that out to be true too?" "Tush, how you converse!" "And the ad wound up by stating that it all could be had for the moderate sum of \$5 per week, and that's all I've been paying," said the young man with almost a wail of joy. Just then a cab driven at full speed dashed up alongside the car. Two big men jumped and reached for the wild-eyed young man who had discovered the wonderful country board-

ing place. They tucked him, non resisting, into the cab, saying to the conductor, "A b'ghouse, you know. We're taking him to a sanitarium, and he left us for a minute at the station and we thought we'd lost him!" Washington Star.

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stout man. "And they advertised a fine swimming lake on the premises, stocked with choice specimens of the finny tribe, and if I haven't been swimming in that fine sandy-bottomed lake every day and catching a boatload of fish every day, too, I'm a goat!"

Smitten old Peter bore the agony of his loss fairly well till the funeral. But when, standing beside the grave, he heard the clods of clay striking on the coffin-lid, the full consciousness of what had happened came strong upon him. Then he broke down. He was led home, whimpering like a child - a child that has been deprived of a cherished possession. Afterwards his memory, as far as concerned Charlie's strange and brief reappearance, became a blank. Forgetting that his grandson was lying quietly in the churchyard beneath the waving grass, he persisted in watching beside the rolling sea, as in the years ago. Then, for him, began again all the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing. And to everyone who he chanced to meet he told the story - as he knew it - of his lost man.

While he was speaking, there came from outside a shuffling sound of footsteps, followed by a quiet, third upon the door - as if a body lurching heavily against it. "Was this someone being carried?" Was this the dead returned? Was this a drowned man's feet thrusting stiffly at the door? "Come in!" faltered Mary. Following several ineffectual attempts, the latch was lifted and the door flung open. In the centre of the room staggered, rather than walked, a young man. He was hollow-checked, apparently through privation. His clothes were old and torn, and soaked with rain; his boots were burst at the seams and covered with mud. His hair was uncombed; his face and hands were unclean. His whole aspect was that of a man who had tramped for miles with little food and less shelter. But if he had not had much food, he had had much drink - too much drink. And strong drink at that. He appeared to know it; for he tried to steady himself by clutching at the table. In so doing, he swept on to the floor some of the tea things. Standing, or rather swaying, among the fragments, he eyed the expectant onlookers with a drunken leer. Then he muttered - "Well, old, old man (hic), don't you know me?" "Know him? Of course! Or why

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