

RE-UNITED.

Outside the wind blew shrilly, sending flakes of yesterday's snow with biting fierceness in the faces of pedestrians. Inside, the cold winter air was not felt by the tired girls behind the counters of one of our stores. Rather did the crowd of changing, thronging shoppers cause a heated atmosphere that gave a throbbing headache to more than one of the tired shop girls.

At last came the lull of early afternoon. The girls, in scattered groups, were making the best of an opportunity for a chat when the street door was flung open to admit a gentleman, who at once attracted their attention.

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 and mustache, clear-cut features and kindly dark blue eyes. He bore the marks of a man of wealth and refinement.

He halted at the glove counter, unfastened his great coat, took his hat in hand and then glanced up pleasantly into the face of the clerk—a young, slender girl, with a tired look in her eyes and a feverish flush on her cheek. He had opened his lips to speak, but suddenly he checked himself and his dark eyes dilated. Then, recovering his self-possession, he asked for ladies' gloves, for evening wear.

'I do not know the number, but—but I judge about the size you wear. If you will be so good as to show me them, perhaps I can judge,' he said, gazing first at the pretty, flushed face then at the slim, white hand, unadorned save for one strange little ring.

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 these long years since one so very like this girl had stood beside him in the happy days of youth? The gloves were brought, a spotless pair of white; but instead of taking them up, the man continued to gaze into the face of the girl, who flushed deeply. He was about to speak, when another young girl came up, and addressed the first.

The gloves fell. Margaret! It was the same sweet name! He felt that he could not leave, without some further information as to the girl's identity. This girl must be the child of that other Margaret. But would her child be here? Were they so reduced? Would that proud, stately woman of his youth have voluntarily returned to her native town, and allow her child to be thus employed? Perhaps she was a widow, poor and struggling, while he—the fire of the old love were kindling anew, and, half dreaming and with an excited flush on his face, he retained his seat.

'Will you take the gloves, sir?' a gentle voice asked. And again he started, with sudden shame at his odd manner. 'Yes! yes!' he answered quickly, 'and a pair of the same number for street wear, please. Any color the ladies like best. They are for a little niece who caught me at Philopena,' he added, smiling. The girl gave a responsive smile, wondering who the lucky girl was.

The gloves were wrapped up and handed to him. He could decently remain no longer.

What could he do? When calmly entering the store a little while ago, little he thought to find himself in such a state of unrest.

'Thank you,' he murmured, absently, and buttoning up the great coat and replacing his hat he reluctantly left.

At the door a daring thought struck him. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said to the floorwalker, 'I should like to know the young lady at the glove counter where I just made a purchase.'

'I presume you have good reason for your inquiry?' was the reply. 'Such questions are rather unusual. Her name is Margaret Russell—her address I cannot give you.'

The listener's face became pallid. He took a card from his pocket and handed it to the man.

'This, sir is my name,' he said. 'I think the young lady's mother was a dear friend of mine. There is a striking resemblance. Will you kindly hand her the card and tell her that if (his voice trembled slightly)—if her mother is living, I should like to meet her again? Ask her to take the card home and explain the incident. I shall come in tomorrow,' and with a bow he departed.

Mr. Jones, floorwalker, gazed upon the piece of cardboard and read engraved thereon, 'Mr. Philip J Hunter.' The address guaranteed wealth, and the name was one of which he had frequently heard in connection with philanthropic deeds and much that was good, so, to the vast amusement and universal interest of all

the girls 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 spoke of 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 t-spot 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 sat 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 the 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 gracefully 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 tears, too, she decided to let her mother think it was she 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 Magnetic Dyes for home uses.

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 Newrich—I know nothing about the world. Mrs. Chaperon—That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?

Tommy—Say, paw. Mr. Figg—Well? 'What is an upright piano?' 'One that doesn't play ragtime, I suppose.'

'What 10 books would you take if you had to pass 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! E. hel—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. Brokeleigh—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 of 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 very brave young man, 'and 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 kidnapers.' 'Yes, but I know of a better way to dispose of them.' 'How's that?' 'Let's turn them over to our colleges for bribing 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 spress wagon an' a some candy, an' that's all!

They were discussing gas bills, the subject being a common one at this season, it is 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 Hiland.

'Then why not use a great deal?' suggested Halket. 'Well, we tried that, and the bill was three times as much.'

Spanish Courtesy. 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 Dato visited Barcelona some time since, he was hooted and jeered 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

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

She Waited.

Even a Scotchman cannot always be humorous, if he would. Like other people, however, he is sometimes funny without meaning to be. The Scottish American thinks that the message sent by a young man in Pebbleshire 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 eventual 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 hear of 'my mother's cooking,' nor for the second wife to learn that her predecessor had all the excellent traits of Solomon's virtuous woman.

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 o'ten 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 ezactly what my age is, boss,' replied the colored man. 'But I kin tell you ez: I allus was old enough to know better den to try to vote.'

BORN.

- Windsor, Dec 18, to the wife of Robert Carr, a son. Moncton, Dec 27, to the wife of Allan McDonald, 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 Earle, a daughter. Lower Granville, Dec 20, to the wife of Mr. Muscillus, a son. Alma, A Co, Dec 14, to the wife of Rainford Butland, a son. Harrigan Cove, Halifax, Co, Dec 1, to the wife of Chas Beaver—a son. Port Dufferin, Halifax, Co, Dec 16, to the wife of H M Smiley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Hants, Dec. 24, John Conley to Mary Isenor. Halifax, Dec. 19, Daniel Bontler to Leah Fraser. Boston, Nov. 29, Agatha Grant to Geo. Lennox. 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, Emerson Pelton to Maggie Ralph. Windsor, Dec. 12, Stephen Baker to Jennie Cooper. Colchester, Dec. 17, David Reid to Grace Gammoun. Pictou, Dec. 5, Howard McDonald to Laura McDonald. Newport, Hants, Dec. 20, Lionel Canavan to Bertha Davis. Hartford, Dec. 26, Charles E. Cann to Mabel Roach. Yarmouth, Dec. 27, William Lawrence to Desire Murce. Canning, N. S., Dec. 25, Samuel Kerr to Julia McDonald. Groves' Point, Dec. 19, Hugh McKinnon to Isabel McKay. Bridgewater, Dec. 20, Morton Frazel to Elizabeth Meisner. Bridgetown, Dec. 12, Arthur J. Wagner to May Ramsey. 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 B. Jordan. Pictou, Dec. 18, Jas. D. McIntosh to Minnie McDonald. Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Mary Bowers to Israel Mc Cormack. Upper Port LaTour, Dec. 4, Dora Slatte to David Flemming. Pictou, Dec. 8, William Waters to Margaret Sutherland. Truro, Dec. 20, Fred T. Campbell to Margaret E. Windsor. Sydney, Dec. 18, Norman McAskill to Bessie Bottlemann. Louisburg, C. B., Dec. 12, William McKinnon to Mary Pope. Riversdale, N. S., Dec. 15, Allen Eisenhour to Isabel Foisy. Breton Cove C. B., Nov. 29, Arthur Buchanan to Edie McNelis. Petite Riviere, Dec. 24, Chas. Slaunwhite to Ellen Himmelman. Trout Brook, C. B., Dec. 12, Angus Matheson to Sarah McDonald. Lexington, Inverness, Dec. 12, James McKinnon to Annie McFayden. Lower Argyle, Dec. 19, Clayton D. Spinney to Agatha M. Goodwin. North River, St. Ann's, C. B., Nov. 27, M. J. McAskill to Annie McLeod. North Hampton, N. H., Dec. 12, Frank Horace Philbrick to Dora Belle Crowell.

DIED.

- Pictou, Dec 8, John Bain, 97. Digby, Dec 22, Mrs Bartley, 80. Mass., Dec 10, Isabel Pierce, 66. Ya mouth, Dec 20, John Karl, 81. Pictou, Dec 14, Mrs John E Hot, 81. Boston, Dec 10, Isabel Saunders, 66. Digby, Dec 55, Almas Turbull, 86. Coverdale, Dec 23, Bessie Clipitts 6. Truro Dec 24, Mrs J L Williams, 23. Halifax, Dec 27, Mrs John Hunt 47. New York, Dec 21, Newton Vail, 81. Carsonville, Dec 7, Wm Paterson, 19. Lissonville, Dec 19, Maggie Scott, 46. Tupperville, Dec 23, Louise Tupper 22. Kars, Kings Co, Dec 17, Isaac Vail, 72. East Freetown, Dec 19, Jennie Smith, 2. Wisconsin, Dec 12, Malcolm Sellers, 81. Attleboro, Mass, Dec 15, Mrs A J Grow. Ipswich, Mass Dec 8, Gilbert Sabeans, 37. Westville, Pictou, Dec 11, John Murray, 84. Cambridge, Mass, Catherine Jane MacLean. Kars, Kings Co, Dec 10, Mrs Isaac Vail, 47. Rogersville, Dec 19, Vincent O'Brien, 4 years. Pleasant Harbor, Dec 29, Jasper Gilmour, 81. Nicholas River, Dec 26, Isabella Jardine, 87. Fortiae, Kings Co, Dec 28, Mrs A Kinnear, 86. San Francisco, Cal, Dec 5, John Morehouse, 38. Halifax, Dec 27, Mrs Thomas Meedham, aged 80. Oakland, California, Dec 23, Sarah Ann Marr, 73. Westville, Pictou, Dec 7, Mrs Mary McQuarrie, 81. Alma, Colchester, Dec 25, Mrs Robert Gerard, 86. Westville, Pictou, Dec 11, John son of Gilbert Roy 3. Somerset, King, Dec 11, Hamilton Hazelwood, 34. Beaver Dam, Shelburne Co, Dec 22, Mrs James Ennor, 72. Richbucio Village, Dec 17, Mrs Rubin Maillet, 47. Hingham, New Hampshire, Dec 19, Wm Langille, 80. Riverside, Farnsboro, Dec 16, Mrs Henry Llewelyn 67. Big Glace Bay, C B, Dec 16, Mrs Duncan McDonald, 81. Lower Caledonia, Colchester, Dec 21, Christy MacDonald, 14. Sydney Mines, D B, Nov 19, infant son of Mr and Mrs James Gann, 9 days. Caledonia, Queens, Dec 19, Mildred, infant of Mr and Mrs L A Thompson, 11 mos.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

School and college vacation—Local excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 8 to 31, good for return until Jan. 31. Through tickets at single fare to Montreal added to one and one third fare beyond Montreal, good for return until Jan. 20. Commercial Travellers' tickets at single fare, issued Dec. 14 to Dec. 20, good for return until Jan. 4. General Public—Local excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 4. For through excursion tickets see posters.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., December 16th, 1900.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7:30 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....12:40 Express for Sussex.....12:15 Express for Buxux.....15:40 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17:05 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22:10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Sussex.....3:30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12:40 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16:00 Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19:15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal.....24:45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 28, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.