

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY, Under the Patronage of the REV. FATHER LABELLE. Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec...

LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Call Lady Castlemain," commanded the duke, as Sir Norman with the guards passed through the doorway leading to the Black chamber...

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

Notice of Application to Erect Municipalities. To detach from the city of Montreal all the territory bounded to the south by the Laohine Canal...

GEDÉON OULMET, Superintendent. 135-12. Application will be made to the Quebec Legislature at its next session...

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. DAME MARIE M. VALLIQUETTE, Plaintiff, vs. ALOYS M. HULEK, Defendant.

District of Montreal, Superior Court. DAME THIERRE LE PETIT DIT LAZU-MIÈRE, Plaintiff, vs. TOUSSAINT DESIRÉ ROY, Defendant.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. The Third day of December, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

NOTICE.—The testamentary executors and administrators of the estate left by the late Hon. Jean-Louis Séguin...

WE WISH TO EMPLOY A RELIABLE MAN IN your country. No experience required; permanent position for three years.

OVERSEERS.—Some or to travel. A reliable person in each country...

BURDOCK BILLS. A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

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OPIMUM. The only reliable remedy for cough, cold, and consumption.

"Down with the bars," he cried. "This is the one for him—the strongest and safest of them all. Now, my darling, you will give me your little friend provided for his favorites."

"If Sir Norman made any reply, it was drowned in the rattle and clank of massive bars, and it was hopelessly lost to posterity. The huge door swung back; but nothing was visible but a sort of black velvet ball, and a faint glow of light from a window.

"Good-bye for a little while, my dear young girl, and while the headman is sharpening his axe, I'll have you to think about your little friend. Let me see you should look amused, I'll leave you a light to contemplate your apartment; and for fear you may get lonely, some of these gentlemen will stand outside your door, with their swords drawn, till I come back. Good-bye, my dear young girl—good-bye!"

CHAPTER XXII. ESCAPED.

Probably not one of you, my dear friends, who glance anxiously over this, was ever what you call a dungeon andor expectation of bearing the unpleasant operation of despatching you into the next world.

In course of time morning would come—it was not likely the ordinary course of nature would be cut off because he was; and Leoline would get up and dress herself, and looking at a thousand times prettier than ever, stand at the window and wait for him.

He thought of Quess Miranda, and of the adage, "put no trust in princes," and sighed as he reflected what a bad sign of human nature it was to be particularly such human nature as that of the count, figuratively speaking, put him on the back of the moment, and kick him to the scaffold the next.

In the velvet ball of blackness before alluded to, its small, warm ray pored but a few inches and only made the darkness visible. But Sir Norman groped his way to the wall, which he found to be all over green and noisome slime, and broken out into a cold clammy perspiration, as though it were at its last gasp.

"Come forth, Sir Norman Kingsley!" shouted the dwarf, rushing in. "Come forth and meet your doom!"

dived and rushes at him, and bit at his jack-boots with fierce fury. These small quadrupeds reminded him forcibly of the dwarf, especially in the region of the eyes and the general expression of countenance; and he began to reflect that if the dwarf's soul (supposing him to possess such an article as that, which seemed open to debate) passed after death into the body of any other animal, it would certainly be into that of a rat.

There was no trouble about recognizing her, for she carried in her hand a small lamp, which she held up between them, that its rays might fall directly on both faces. Each was rather white, perhaps, and one heart beat faster than it had ever gone before, and that one was decidedly not the queen's. She was dressed exactly as he had seen her, in purple and ermine, in jewels and gold, in her splendid dress and splendid beauty, among the black beetles and rats.

"Madam," he stammered, scarcely knowing what he said, "you are kind." "Am I? Perhaps you forget I signed your death warrant."

"Probably it would have been at the risk of your own life to refuse." "Nothing of the kind! Not one of them would hurt a hair of my head if I refused to sign fifty death warrants! Now, am I kind?"

"You are mistaken! They would not kill you; at least, not to night, if I had not signed it. They would have let you live until their next meeting, which will be this night week; and I would have incurred neither risk nor danger by refusing."

"Then you forgive me for what I have done?" "Your majesty, I have nothing to forgive." "Bah!" she said, scornfully. "Do not mock me here. My majesty, forsooth you have but fifteen minutes to live in this world, Sir Norman; and if you have no better way of spending them, I will tell you, a strange story—my own, and all about this place."

"Now for our other prisoner!" exclaimed the dwarf with sprightly animation; "and while I go to the cell, you, fair ladies, and you, my lord, will attend the black chamber and await our coming there."

The interim between Miranda setting down her lamp on the dungeon floor among the rats and the beetles, and the dwarf's finding her bleeding and senseless, was not more than twenty minutes; but a great deal may be done in twenty minutes judiciously expended, and most decidedly it was so in the present case. Both rats and beetles paused to contemplate the flickering lamp, and Miranda paused to contemplate her, and Sir Norman paused to contemplate her, for an instant or so in silence.

Verbal Snarers.—The popularity of "Peter Piper's celebrated pack of pickled peppers" will probably never wane as an ensue to catch the tongue that would fain be agile; but that feat has formidable rivals. The following short sentences, as their author maintains, do wonders in baffling the ordinary power of speech: Gaze on the gay gray brigade. The sea ceases, and it suffices us. Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show? Strange strategic statistic. Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip. Scorch in a shawl shovelled soft snow softly. She sells sea shells. A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-pot. Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

A LUCKY ESCAPE. "For six years I suffered with my throat and enlarged tonsils. I was very weak; I doctored four years and had advice from three doctors; they said I would have to undergo an operation. I tried B. B. B. instead. One bottle cured me. M. A. Squelco, Ragan, Ont.

Concluded to Remain.—A very green couple from the country attended the theatre the other night, and after they had taken their seats the young man began to look over the programme. "Thunderation, Mary!" he exclaimed with a sudden start, "we can't see this play out!" "Why, John, what's the matter?" asked the girl in disappointed tones. "Why look at here, this bill says three weeks elapse between the first and second acts, and I've got to get home by to-morrow night to tend to cutting that corn in the field."

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster, of Uniferville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

DEAFNESS CURED. A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. Nicholson, 30, St John Street, Montreal. 8-6

A Welsh man thus showed the depth of his love for home: "Paris is a grand place, its Poly Rooyler, its Roo de Rivolye, its Tooleerees and its Change Elizas are fine, sir, very fine, sir; but for real grandeur, give me Wales."

GLEANINGS. Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.—(St. Francis de Sales). If the way of heaven be narrow it is not long, and if the gate be straight it opens into endless life.—[Bishop Beveridge].

"Are you the brakeman?" asked an old lady of a seemingly individual on a train. "No'm, I'm the broke-man," he answered sadly. Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self; yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.—[Farfar].

What the Bible brings to you will depend, in a large measure, on what you bring to it. You may have a crumb, or a loaf, or a granary full to bursting, just as you choose.—[Dr. Behrend]. God is immutable in all things: and it is among his immutabilities that he will always, in dealings with men, have regard to their desires, humbly and trustfully presented before him.—[Hallam].

A SEVERE ATTACK. "I never felt better in my life than I have since taking Burdock Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack; I could not eat for several days, and was unable to work. One bottle cured me." John M. Richards, Sr., Tara, Ont. For all bilious troubles of B. B. B.

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