

Wedding Bells.

On the 15th ult., at Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev. Dr. Norton, M.A., D.D., George F. O'Halloran, of Cowansville, to Miss Maud Monica Tait, daughter of Mr. Justice Tait. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white corded silk, trimmed with Irish lace. Her tulle veil covered a tiara of orange blossoms, and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Carrie Tait, sister of the bride; Miss Ramsay, Miss White, of Ottawa, and Miss Magee, of Newport, R. I. They wore simple but charming white gowns, trimmed with valenciennes lace and relieved by leaf green sashes, large picture hats of Leghorn trimmed with lilacs. They carried bouquets of choice white exotics. The best man was Mr. Alex. Leslie, of Toronto, and the ushers were Messrs. Harold Hampson, D. J. Giroux, jr., and E. Bartlett. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, 994 Sherbrooks street, after which the happy pair left for Lake George, where the honeymoon will be spent. The wedding presents were numerous, and of an exceptionally valuable and useful character.

This announcement was unavoidably crowded out of our first issue.

At St. George's Church, on the 22nd inst., the Rev. J. A. Newnham, of Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay, was married to Miss Lettie Henderson, daughter of the Rev. Canon Henderson, His Lordship Bishop Bond performing the ceremony. The chancel of the church was prettily decorated with flowers, and a large party of relations and friends were present. This happy couple also proceeded to Lake George for their marriage trip, having been previously congratulated at the Diocesan College, of which the bride's father is the principal.

Society Notes.

D. Macmaster and family are spending the summer months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bond will, as usual, summer it at Ste. Ann de Bellevue.

Mr. W. C. Van Horne is nearly settled in his new mansion on Sherbrooke street.

Mr. Clouston, manager of the Bank of Montreal, intends passing the summer at Dorval.

Mr. James Reed Wilson has returned from his two months' sojourn among his friends in Scotland.

Some of the recent paintings from the pencil of Mr. John McArthur are far more than amateurish.

Senator Drummond's sun-dial clock is a great boon to the people along Sherbrooke street—in fine weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote and Miss G. Scott sailed by the Parisian this week. Both ladies are daughters of Mr. Hugh Scott, Toronto.

A number of our fashionable young men who went on a fishing excursion up the river last week report any number of bites from fish and mosquitoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Holcroft, of Toronto, visited Montreal this week on their wedding journey to the seaside. The bride is a daughter of Captain Maule, deputy sheriff in the Queen City.

J. C. Hatton, Q. C., and Mrs. Hatton have sailed for England, where they intend joining a party on Mr. Durrant's yacht, the "Etta-wanee," and proceeding on a trip to Norway.

Mrs. J. C. Holden, of Belmont Park, has gone to Paris to meet her daughter, Miss Holden, who has been abroad for several years completing her studies in painting. She is an artiste of great merit.

"Talk about all the lies told about fish and fishing," said a friend of mine who knows what he is talking about, "the biggest fish liar in the kodak." If you get a picture of the fisherman and his fish you've got the combination. Just lie down with your feet towards the camera and have a photograph taken of yourself and you will understand. Your feet will appear bigger and larger than your body. When the first liar wants corroboration—and he always does want it—he hangs up his fish a little to one side and in front of him. The kodak does the rest."

He Could not Lie.

THERE was an old man with a wooden leg seated on a pile of rope down on the wharf, and as I took a seat beside him I said: "There is probably a good story connected with the loss of that leg. I take it that you are an old sailor." "Yes, sir, I used to be a deep water sailor, but since the loss of that leg I have had to remain ashore and act as ship-keeper." "But what about the leg, how did you lose it?" "Do you want a truthful story, sir, or one of those fancy yarns they put in the papers?" "Just as you like." "Well, I couldn't tell you a lie. I have been a hard man in my day, but lying was not one of my sins. It must be the solid truth or nothing." "Go ahead." "Well, sir, I lost that leg in the Indian Ocean by a shark. The ship I was in was becalmed, and I crawled out on [the bowsprit to catch a curious bird which had settled down and gone to sleep. I was nearly up to it when I feel a sudden numbness in that leg. I thought it might be rheumatics, but just then the second mate sings out: "Lay in, Tom, before he comes after your other one! we wants no man aboard on this ship without at least one leg!" "What's the blooming row, Mr. Martin?" I asks of him as I looks back. "Why, a shark has bit that right leg of yours off at the knee, and he's now got his weather eye on your left! Lay in, I say!" "Well, sir, I laid in to find that he was telling the truth. The leg was gone. A shark had leaped up and bitten it off." "How high did he have to leap?" "Say 14 feet, sir." "And you didn't hear a splash?" "Not a one." "Nor feel the bite?" "No, sir. There was just a sort of numbness like I told you. If it hadn't been for the bloomin' mate a tellin' of me and my ship—mates' pointing at it I should'n't have known it was off" "Tom, what is the usual charge down this way for telling the truth?" "Well, sir, some beats you down to the price of a glass of beer, while others are quite willing to pay 10 or 15 or twenty cents. It's according to the man. I think 15 cents is a fair price." "Yes, that's reasonable. Would it have been any more if the shark had leaped higher, say to the topsail yard?" "No, sir." "Or if it had got both legs?" "No, sir." "Very well, here is your money which you truly deserve. I believe every word you have said, but I'd like to ask you one question." "Go ahead, sir." "Where is the Indian ocean?" "Why out among the Indians, to be sure! Going? Well drop down and see me now and then. I'm full of sea stories, and I can warrant every one to be copper-bottomed."

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

1. Whether stone and dump carters can be indicted for a nuisance when they arouse one out of the "balmy" in the early hours of the morning?
2. Whether a man who chews tobacco and expectorates on the side walks should be entitled to vote on measures relating to the city's cleanliness?
3. How do ladies with long dresses feel regarding question No. 2?
4. Whether the pronoun "she" can be fairly applied to a "mail" steamer?
5. Whether it is more reprehensible to read on Sunday a paper which is printed on Saturday, or read one on Monday which is printed on Sunday?
6. Whether those who make the sweeping assertion "that Montreal is more under the influence of the liquor traffic than any other city on the Continent" have ever been in the States without having their eyes bandaged up?

While a Scotch regiment was on the march in India from one station to another, the doctor—as is usual at certain camps on the line of march—paraded the men for feet inspection, and on going his rounds made one man a prisoner for having dirty feet. On the officer of this man's company asking him the next day why he did not wash his feet, his excuse was: "Weel, sir, there was a dizen or mair o' us washin oor feet in yae bine (tub), an I ken this much, I washed a pair o' feet, bit whether they were mine or no I canna sweet."—*Dundee Weekly News*.