

Mr. Sydney Burton, Under Colonial Se-cretary, answered that the government must er that question. (Montreal 'Gazette.')

Paid For Their Silence.

WITH THE HYAMS CASE.

treal this morning to convey the prisoners to Toronto.

Count DeCastellane and Miss Anna Could, were married at the Mome of George J. Gould, Monday, 4th inst., by Bishop Corri-gan. The ceremony could not be held at the Cathedral, owing to the bride being a Pro-testant. The bride wore a gowg of heavy ivory white satin. The bridesmaids wore costumes of cream white cloth, trimmed with sable

A Stone Dairy House. CASH.

-Milk in every form may be properly fed

On and after the 1st of April I will be open for tenders for the balance of stock on hand, and will, if desired, let the store I now be open for tenders f hand, and will, if de T. A. FOSTER. Anæmic Women with pale or sallow complexions, relief in Scott's Emulsion. All



did not wish to see callers instructed the maid or footman to say "not at home," and he lie was called a white one, if any kind of a one, and excused on the ground that "not at home" was merely a formula for saying not at home to callers. This winter the attendant is bidden to say "Yes, Mrs. Blank is at home, but begs to be excused." Nobody but a pedler thinks of antly fashionable mistresses who To wear or not to wear the When we have shuffled off these untold A card is left, and the caller retires with no thought of a slight, understanding that the message is given in good faith for one of a great may prostile great the respect. That makes calamity of so long a custom, For who could hear the scoffs and jeers boys-The old maid's scandal-the young man's The old maid's scandal--the young man's laughter--The side-long jeers, and derision's mock, The insolent press, and all the spurns We bloomers of these boobies take. Who would the old dress wear, To groan and toil under the weary load. But that the dread of something after it--Of ankles large, of crooked leg, from which Not all eacape, puzzles the will, And makes us rather wear the dress we have Than turn out bloomers. How Time Will Fly. The hand of fate, operating through, the head-waiter, seated them at the spicuous place in the dining-room, "Don't stare at me'eo lovingly," he fierce ly hissed, "or you'll give it all away." The young girl blushed and looked very much confused

"Hum," coughed he, ostentationsly eyeing the men "Bring us some mock-turtle," he com-

manded, attempting a growl, but realizing only a tremolo gasp. "Den't call me any pet names here," he whispered from the side

