

made him a call, and got them, and some more. First he wouldn't tell who owned them, but we threatened to skin him, so he was forced to let out, wasn't ye told, ye old chicken-faced ferriner? A nudge from a companion stopped the rest of the speech, and Elsie was thankful to bid the Station adieu, and leave the crafty celestial in the strong hands of the law.

During the drive home, she had time to meditate on the conduct of the unfaithful Pang. She remembered with pain how she had told of his saintly conduct, and all the time he was imposing on her ignorance.

After the first grief and disappointment passed, she found herself angry, so angry indeed that she called him a "hyprocritical wretch," when telling the story to her uncle.

To Helen she poured out her full vials of wrath, in one mighty stream.

"Why! exclaimed her friend admiringly, I had no idea you had so much spirit, it quite does me good to see you mad."

"Yes, I suppose it does, it does me good too. Just to think that I have been deceived, hoodwinked and duped, by that contemptible creature, it makes me fairly boil. One comfort, he will have plenty of time now to meditate on the error of his ways. Six whole months, think of it.

When the Rev. Arthur Kiddis heard of it, he shook his head gravely, said he had never expected anything better from that unprincipled son of Cathay. Hoped it would teach Miss Meredith how vain are the efforts of man, to say nothing of frail woman kind. But it must be said that even that reverend gentleman was surprised like every body else, when one morning the cell of Pang Chou was found empty. He had made his escape, how! no one ever exactly knew, but one of

the jailers was suspected. Yes the clever Pang Chou was gone, to be seen no more in those regions, and the only thing he left was a small tract found in his cell, called "The Conviction of a Sinner."

JESSIE B. PANTON, Stratford.

SWEET MARIE.

Every nation's heard the song, Sweet Marie,

Now sung in every tongue, love to thee.

But that lover staunch and true, in his tales of love to you,

Had but lover's ends in view, Sweet Marie,

But the singer here to-night has some questions that are trite,

Opinions he'll invite, Sweet Marie,

On a question up to date, that has puzzled him of late.

I'll explain it if you wait, Sweet Marie.

Come with me, Sweet Marie, let us think you and me

On this topic of the times, Sweet Marie,

And a true solution gain, of this subject in refrain,

May our search be not in vain, Sweet Marie.

I've no secret in my heart, Sweet Marie,

A tale I would impart Love to thee,

Everybody in this room knows the talent concert boom,

How Church ladies fuss and fume, Sweet Marie,

They make pies, buns, head cheese, Sweet Marie,

Give concerts at small fees, Love for thee,

They sell tea and sugar too, make of stockings, not a few,

Faith! I can't tell all they do, Sweet Marie.