

ARRESTED

Her Majesty's Guard of Honor

The Chasseurs des Alpes—the sixth
Division of which formed the Queen
of England's guard of Honor during
Her Majesty's recent visit to Nice—

An unpropitious judge and jury
have, for the term of five years, de-
prived the world of the advantages it

As I am, however, only an old scien-
tist and not a doctor or man of sci-
ence, I will not venture to offer even

When last in Italy, spending some
months with my family in that quiet

Do you want a servant, sir?
Show me your papers, my lad.

Blindly he replied that they were at
Mentone with his clothes, de France,

When the instructions finally ar-
rived, through the medium of a ser-

My passport was examined and kept
at the Douane, and I was marched,

With mingled feelings of mirth and
enraged as to how all this would end,

What did you pay for those cigars
which you bought in the last village
we passed through?

Two sous each, sir. It will be seen
later on why I record this simple fact.

Now my temper, which hitherto had
been held under control, was on the
point of getting into an alarming state.

De G—, de G., do you know
him? he exclaimed.

Yes, I replied, and I think the
best horse he has in his stable is one

Oh, we have made a great mis-
take, and I must apologize to you for

What do you want it for? Where
did you get it?

Leon, having attended to the horse,
walked up and down, smoking a

With mingled feelings of mirth and
enraged as to how all this would end,

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No, I replied, I am not Robert
Arthur. Confusion, worse confounded! His
official dignity began to give way, and

This was a complete puzzle to him.
But I have a soft vein somewhere in
my hard heart, and taking compassion

San Dalmazzo di Tenda at last!
What a charming spot! What a
delightful, cool retreat, with its rushing,

The afternoon was passed in much-
needed mental and bodily rest—on
the morrow the gavelled bed again to

Back over the same road we travel-
led yesterday! At Fonton the "per-

Now for a bit of fun," thought I,
for I felt dangerously hilarious, per-

We, Robert Arthur Tabot Gas-
coyne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury,
Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne

No, I replied, that is not my
name. But here it is," he exclaimed, "look
at it!"