THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

1.1

Мавсн 6, 1889.

OHINA'S IMPERIAL FAMILY. TRACING THE GENEALOGY OF THE PRESENT:

EMPEROE BACK FOR CENTURIES.

EMPEROR BACK FOR CENTURIES. The generalogy of the Chinese Imperial family is made up every ten years, and has just been broaght up to date with much solemnity in reachings for the Emperor's approaching mar-been kept of the Ohinese noble families, and the present mperial generalogy shows that the reign-broaght up to date with much solemnity in risge. Since at least B. C. 100 registers have-been kept of the Ohinese noble families, and the present mperial generalogy shows that the reign-who ruled in Moukden over the Manatum Province before the Dynasty was established in 1644, says the London *Hittstrated News*. The Emperor humself, and is carried through the streets of Pekin with the utmost reversice to its and doors are shub, as in an Imperial progress, no one dare appear in the streets which are sprinkled with yellow earth, and perfect silence two books the yellow volume devoted to the Emperor's immediate family or decondents from the original founder of the present dynasty, the red volume for more distant relations— the foro wearing red girdles, who sprang from the orig-inal. Emperor's brother. Every year each into these records are than the street shut of births, marriages, and detables in bis family during the year, and as the end of the years these records are transferred to the great roll, and presented solemnly to the Emperor. The Sovereign himself gives the names to his broth-ers and cousins, and if any individual commits a crime his name is expunged from the register. The genealogy of the Chinese Imperial family ers and cousins, and if any individual commits a crime his name is expunged from the register, The present Emperor's name, "Tsai," is for-bidden to be written by his subjects.

THE DECAY OF LYING.

THE TELLING OF BEAUTIFUL, UNTEUE THINGS BAID TO BE DYING OUT.

EAID TO BE DYING OUT. The cleverest but of writing in recent magaz-ines is decidedly Mr. Oscar Wilde's easay in the December Ninteenth Century upon the "Decay of Lying." With much variety and wealth of illustration Mr. Wilde maintains that lying, the telling of beautiful, untrue things. is the proper aim of art, and that life imitates art far more than art imitates life. The first of these proporitions seems to life at the root of all the bighest inaginative and romantic work, whether highest inaginative and romantic work, whether with brush or pen, and need not detain us. Only it is well to know, when one is two grossly conscious of the painter's flattery, that his deviations from truth are in reality only a severe fidelity to the true principles of his craft. In support of the other canon we have the following examples: "The boy burglar is the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is fact; occupied as fact usually is, with trying to reresult of life's imitative instinct. He is fact; occupied as fact usually is, with trying to re-produce fiction, and what we see in him is re-peated on an extended scale through the whole of life. Schopenhauer has analyzed the pessim-ism that characterizes modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become and

Hennet invenieu ic. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy." What Mr. Wilde has to say of the Establish-ment will be accepted by many Anglicans as pretty near the truth : "In the English Church pretty near the truth : "In the English Church a man succeeds, not through his capacity for belief, but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only Church where the sceptic stands at the altar, and where St. Thomas is regarded as the ideal Apostle. Many a worthy clergy-man, who passes his life in good works of kindly charity, lives and dies unouticed, unknown; but it is sufficient for some shallow, uneducated passman out of either university to get up in his pastman out of either university to get up in his pulpits and express his doubts about Nosh's ark or Balaam's ass, or Jonah and the whale, for half of Londou to flock to bis church and to sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration at his superb intellect. The growth of common sense in the English Church is a thing year what he are Reglish Church is a thing very much to be re-gretted It is really a degrading concession to a low form of realism."- London Tablet.

RAVELLINGS.

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his choler begins to rise.

What is the shape of a kiss | Round, of course. Oh, no ! It is a lip-tickler.

Gait money--- A pedestrian's winnings. Motto for a young man starting a musiache-

Down in front." Before the wedding day she was dear and he was her treasure ; but afterwards she was dear er and he was treasurer, Pressing business-Running a cider-mill. The cost-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat tail bearing dusty toe marks means "I have seen your father."

little work of fiction. "But I have proofs, lad. The authenticity of these papers cannot be doubted.

115

COFAN.

il and the Times. sound the latest new

how that reckless journal's blatant charge

Like the hated falcon plumed before its fall.

п.

The eyes of patriotic Britons turn

By every means impure, truth away.

лı.

And bloody Balfour groans as he sees his

schemes laid bare, While the "Thunderer" milder grows when the

But will make determined stand for that brave

Π.

While the Welshman and the Scot, wait the

If those Tory tyrants upon them ture

٧.

And try to reconcile a nation's ire ;

¥1.

VII.

Their praise to the world let us sing ;

Of murders and rapinesin London's slums.

To falsehoods for its sake to be free ;

convicts will not swear

devoted band

isaue in suspense.

defence

ful scenes

their fisoks,

rupt stock.

shock

sbame.

mez,

his den ;

and noble deed.

Dismis

around

allure

is consumed.

With all my nears. 1 have no objections to be made a marquis of, and go back to is belle France, out of this land of plague and for. Won't some of my friends here be astonished when they hear it, particularly the Earl of Ro-chester, when he finds out that he has a marfall to ground, And all justice-loving people calmly see That "The Libeller" is doomed and his spirit quis for a page ? Ab, here comes George, hear-ing a summons from Count L'Estrange at last." George approached, and intimated that Sir

While the Land League and its cause thus grows stronger day by day, And all its members wait in firm assured array, In indignation sure, at the ways sought to

page shrough halls and ante-rooms, full of loiterers, coursiers, and their attendants. Once voice met his ear, and the Earl of Rochester

' Good morning, Sir Norman ; you are abroad How have you left your friend, the betimes.

"Your lordship has probably seen him since I have, and should be able to answer that question bes

yet-with both the count and yourself, and out-

Preparing similar plans for their own resolved "Permit me to differ from your lordship. Leoline would not touch you with a pair of Instead of taking means to prevent those fright-

peas in a pod. I shall dress him up in lace and silks, and gewgaws, and have a Leoline of my own already made to order." " Permit me to doubt that, too ! Hubert is

as much lost to you as Leoline !" But the Welshman will them spurn, and the Scots will from them turn, And the wrath of Erin burn high in flame, Leaving the volatile earl to put what con-struction pleased him best on this last sontentious remark, beresumed his march after George, and was ushered, at last, into an ante-room near the audience-chamber. Count L'Estrange still attired as Count L'Estrange, stood near a Then calumniating sheet count up your bank-

your hireling scribes before the coming and greeted Sir Norman with his suavest air. "The appointed hour is passed, Sir Norman Kingsley, but that is partly your own fault. Your guide hither tells me that you stopped for some time at the house of a fortune-teller, And show example meet to other frauds, For the day of wrath will come, if not to all, to

While the libellous tongue will dumb be in known as La Masque. Why was this ?" Then, hurrah ! for Parnell, and bold and valiant

Who are not afraid to beard the British Lion in Leoline."

Apropos, Kingsley, who is that mysterious woman, La Masque ?"

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY LEOLINE.

Brockville, Ont., Feb. 21st, 1889.

and so you felt no emotion whatever on

hearing it ?" "I don't know as I properly understand what

you mean by emotion," said Hubert, reflective-ly. "But, yee-s, I did feel somewhat pleased -she is so like, and so uncommonly handsome!" "Humph | there's a reason ! Did she tell you

how she discovered it herself ?" Let me see no -I think not-she sloply mentioned the face."

"She did not tell you either, 1 suppose, that you had more sisters than herself ?"

the directions that they were to be given to aisters at her death. Miranda being dead, secure they are all Leoline's now". Phis is a queer business altogether !" said Hubers musingly , " and I am greatly mistaken if King Louis will not regard it as a very pretty

"With all my heart. I have no objections to

was to follow him to the presence of Norman hie mester.

"Au revoir, then," said Hubbert. will find me bere when you come back." "You Sir Norman, with a slight tremor of the nerves at what was to come, followed the king's

stood beside him 1

Count L'Estrange ?

And that never-conquered land in their cells.

"And how does his suit progress with the pretty Leolue?" went on the gay earl. "In faith, Kingeley, I never saw such a charming little beauty ; and I shall do combat with you

wit the pair of you !"

"Ah ! she has better taste than you give her credit for ; but if I should fail, I know what to do to console myself."

" May I ask what ?" "Yes! There is Hubert, as like her as two

Lord Randolph and his spies, deserters and mountebaaks, Like Joseph Chamberlain, once more will turn

window overlooking the court-yard, and as the page salaamed and withdrew, he turned round.

"I was forced no stop on most important business," answered the knight, still resolved to treat him as the count, until it should please him to doff his incognito. "of which you shall hear anon. Just now our business is with

"True ! And as in a short time I start with yonder cavalcade, there is but little time to lose. We will help them in their need, in their bold And their cause for freedom plead, tall 'tis won.

"She is, or was (for she is dead now) a French lady, of noble birth, and the sister of Leoline !" "Her sister ! And have you then discovered

Leoline's history?" I have."

"And her name !" And her name. She is Leoline De Mont.

morenci 1 And with the proudest blood of France in her veins, living obscars and unknown —a stranger in a strange land since objidhood ; but, with God's grace and your help. I hope to see her restored to all she has lost before long." "You know me, then ?" said his companion, half smiling.

"Yes, your majesty," answered Sir Norman, bowing low before the king.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FINIS.

As the last glimpse of moonlight and of "Let me get no solution to be able of the fact and the fact." "She did not tell you sither, 1 suppose, that na had more sisters than herself?" More than berrelf! No. That would be a build be able of the fact and the fact a rapid and unprecede events; so changed had her whole life become within the last twelve hours, that when she "But there were two more, my food young , within the hast were two reals, into what we have a set of the source of with Sir Norman, and her promise ; the visit of La Masque; the appearance of the count; her abduction; her journey here; the coming of Hubert, and their suddenly-discovered relationship. It was enough to soun anyone ; and the ship. It was enough to solid Hubert effect his escape? Would they be able to free her? What place was this, and who was Count L'Estrange? It was a great deal easier to pro-pound this catechism to herself than to find answers to her own questions ; and so she walk-ed up and down, worrying her pretty little head with all corts of anxieties, until it was a perfect miracle that softening of the brain did not ensue. Her feet gave out sconer than her brain, though ; and she got so tired before long, that she dropped into a seat, with a long drawn, anxious sigh; and worn out with fatigue and watching, she, at last, fell asleep. And sheeping, she dreamed. It seemed to her that the count and Sir Norman were before her, in her chamber in the old house on London Bridge, torsing her heart between them like a sort of shuttlecock. By and by, with two things like two drumsticks, they began hammering away at the poor, little fluttering heart, as if it were an anvil and they were a pair of blacksmiths, while the loud knocks upon is resounded bhrough the room. For a time, she was so be-wildered that she could not comprehend what it meant ; but, at last, she became conscious that some one was rapping at the door. Pressing one hand over her startled heart, she called : 'Oome in !" and the door opened and George entered. "Count L'Estrange commands me to inform you, fair lady, that he will do himself the pleasure of visibing you immediately, with Sir Norman Kingeley, if you are prepared to receive them." "With Sir Norman Kingaley !" repeated Leoline, fainbly. "I-I am afraid I do not quite understand." "Then you will not be much longer in that deplorable state," said George, backing out, "for here they are." "Pardon this intrusion, fairest Leoline," began the count, "but Sir Norman and I are about to start on a journey, and before we go, there is a little difference of opinion between us that you are to settle." Leoline looked first at one, and then at the

he has been generous enough to grant this. Say, then, which of us you love best." "I de not love him at all," said Leoline, with a little disdain, "and he knows it." "Then it is I !" said Sir Norman, his whole face beaming with delight. "It is you !" Leoline held out both hands to the loved one.

and nesteled close to his side, as a child would to its protector. "Fairly rejoiced !" said the count, with

passion shade of mortification on his brow and, my word being pledged, I must submit. But, beautifal Leoline, you have yet to learn whom you have discarded."

Clinging to her lover's arm, the girl grew white underfined apprehension. Leisurely, the count removed false wig, false eyebrows, false beard ; and a face well-known to Leoline, from

graver, in sue serious dignity of pater familias; and Leoline, with the dark, beautiful eyes, the falling, shining bair, the sweet-smiling lips, and lovely, placid face of old. Between them, on three hassocks, sit three little boys; while pictures and description, turned full upon her. "Sir I" she oried, in terror, falling on her knees with clasped hands.

"Nay; rise, fair Leoline," said the king, bolding out his band to assist her. "It is my place to kneel to one so lovely, instead of having her kneel to me. Think again. Will you

reject the king as you did the count ?" "Pardon, your majesty !" said Leoline, "So be it! You are a perfect miracle of truth and constancy, and I think I can afford to be guarous for once. In fitteen mirutes

be generous for once. In fitteen minutes, we start for Oxford, and you must accompany us as Lady Kingeley. A tiring woman will wait on you to robe you for your bridal. We will leave you now, and let me enjoin expedition." And while she still stood too much astonished

by the sudden proposal to answer, both were gone, and in their place stood a smiling lady's maid, with a cloud of gossamer white in her arms. "Are those for me?" inquired Leoline, look-

at them, and trying to comprehend that it was all real. "They are for you-sent by Mistress Stuart.

herself, Please sit down and all will be ready in a trice.

And in a trice all was ready. The shining, jetty curls were smoothed, and fell in a glossy shower, trained with jewels-the pearls Leoline herself still wore. The rose satin was discarded for another of bridal white, perfect of fit, and splandid of texture. A great gossamer veil fell like a cloud of silver mist over, from head to foot ; and Leoline was shown herself in a mirror and in the suddeu transformation, could I have exclaimed, with the unfortunate lady in Mother Goose shorn of her tresses when in balmy slum ber : "As sure as I m a little woman, this i none of it !" But she it was, nevertheless, who stood listening like one in a trance, to the enthusiaastic praises of her waiting-maid. Again there was a tap at the door. This time

the attendant opened it, and George rappeared. Even he studd for a moment looking at the silver shining vision, and so lost in admiration that he almost forgot his message. But when Leoline turned the light of her beautiful eyes inquiringly upon him, he managed to remember it, and announced that he had been sent by the

king to usher her to the royal presence. With a fast throbbing heart, flushed cheeks, and brilliant eyes, the dazzling bird followed him, unconscious that she had never looked so emparably beautiful before in her life. It was but a few hours since she had dressed for another oridal : and what wonderful things had occurr ed since then-her whole destiny had changed in a night. Not quite sure yet but that she was still dreaming, she followed on-saw George throw open the great doors of the audiencechamber, and found herself suddenly in what seemed to her a vast concourse of people. At At the upper end of the appartment was a brilli-ant group of ladies, with the king's beautiful favorite in their midst, gossiping with knots of gentlemen. The king himself stood in the re-cess of a window, with his brother, the Duke of York, the Earl of Rochester, and Sir Norman Kingsley, and was laughing and sil Norman imatedly to the two peers the whole story. Lisoline noticed this, and noticed, too, that all wore travelling dresses-most of the ladies, in deed, being attired in riding habits.

The king himself advanced to her re scue and, drawing her arm within his, he led her up and presented her to the fair Mistress Stuart, who received her with smiling graciousness; though Leoline, all un-used to court ways, and aware of the lovely

themselves, but keep their husband in hot water. lady's questionable position, returned it with Prisoner (to his lawyer)-"Do you think I will have justice shown me?' Lawyer-"I'm almost cold hauteur. Charles being in an unusually gracious mood, only smiled as he noticed afraid you won't. You see I've managed to get it, and introduced her next to his brother of

CYCLORAMA Jerusalem ME Crucifixi

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DON'T WORRY YOURSELF.

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Worry is the cause of more trouble than any other one thing, not excepting alcohol; for it leads man to murder, suicide, embezzlement, insanity, drink, family estrangements, quarrels, and business difficulties. Worried people cannot make good bargains ; their judgments become warped and twisted throguh dwelling too long on the same subject ; with those subjects they are no clearer at the end of their thinking than they were at the beginning. There are multitudes of deaths every vear attributed to regular specific diseaser, as typhold fever, dyspepsia, consumption and heart disease, which have for their cause worry. Worry induces such a condition of body that it readily receives the gorms of disease. Occasionally we meet people who

at least, the author invested all her spare change can truly be called born fretters; they fret at everything, and seven days and seven nights scarcely give them time enough during the week to do all the worrying they are capable of doing—as for any one living with them, it is their worst punishment that they have to endure themselves. We daily meet faces that show the results of worry ; they are seamed and wrinkled and full of lines. They should be a warning to us. If the time and strength spent in worry could be used in self improvement and benefiting those near us there would be many chapges in every com-

THE HOT-WATER CURE.

munity.

Hot water is by all means a preferable drink for some persons suffering from dyspepsia, gastrie catarrh, infismed stomach, etc. And this is the condition represented by the great mass of invalids who have stomach derangements. Hot water is soothing to the mucous membrane. It cleanses It also, and promotes activity of the secreting vessels. Its influence upon the stomach is not, however, more beneficial than upon the general system. The stomach is the great organ of sympathy, and whenever it is warmed the whole body sympathises, and so by warming the stomach we promote circulation and nutrition, and the development of power. Cold water is contraindicated in all cases of invalidism, unless it be in acute fevers. In saying this we do not prohibit its use, but only give preference to warm water wherever there is a debilitated condition of the stomach without real fever. Invalids should be guidad, however, somewhat by their sensations. If the use of cold water warms and comforts them, there is no reason why it may not be used moderately. Iced water is always injurious and frequently dangerous. But drink ing at or soon after meals either of hot or cold water is had practice. We should do our drinking sometime before sating; but after digestion has begun, abstinence from drinks should be maintained for three or four hours. If patients will refrain from free use of common salt, water-drinking will not be so neces sary, and water is the only proper drink Whoever would have good health would do well to avoid all other forms of beverage. Milk is food, not drink, and may be eaten with other food, but should never be drunk. -[The Laws of Health.

HEAD-HEART-HAND.

Every boy should have his 'bead, his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth neve be forgotten. By the proper education of the head he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong. By the proper education of the heart, he will be taught to love what is good, when and right, and to hate what is evil, foolish and wrong. By the proper education of the hands, he will be enabled to apply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist others. The highest objects of a good education are, to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps in attaining these objests is of great value ; and everything that ninders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good; and if his executive ability be equal to his colight.

in a catalogue of the said Presidents, from George Washington to Chester A. Arthur, and, after a diligent and absorbing perual of that piece of liverature, could find no such name as Kingsley whatever; and has been forced to come to the conclusion that he must have applied to Congress to change his name on arriv-ing in the New World, or else that her in-formant was laboring under a falsehood when she told her so. As for the rest, " I know not how the truth may be; I say it as 'rwas said to mc."

States.

THE END.

TWO LUCKY DAYTON BOYS DREW \$15,000.

graver, in the serious dignity of pater familias ;

on three hassocks, all three little usys, the fourth, and youngest, a miniature little Sir the fourth and youngest, a mother's shoulder,

Norman, leans against his mother's shoulder, and looks thoughtfully in her sweet, calm face.

Of the fate of those four, the same ancient lore affirms: "That the eldest atterwards bore the

or the rate of those four, doe same albert for affirms: "That the eldest atterwards bore the title of Earl of Kingaley; that the second be-came a lord high admiral, or chancellor, or something equally hightin; and that the third (became an archbishop. But the highest honor of all was received for the fourth and youngest," continued the narrating voice, "who, after many days, sailed for America, and, in the course of time became President of the United

course of time, became President of the United

Determined to be fully satisfied on this point,

Two of the luckiest young men in the city of Dayton are Edmond O. and George C. Albert, who held the one-twentieth of ticket No 56 621, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the November drawing of the Louisania State Lottery. George is eighteen and works at the shop of the National Cash Register company, while Edmond is twenty and at stoddard's Machine shop. Both are honest and hard working. Their father, honest and hard working. Their father Casper Albert, a respectable barber, died seve ral years ago, and they have had hard and uphili work, assisting their widowed mother to support the family. They now own their orzy cottago home on Maple street, and the lift the prize they have won has given them places them in comfortable circumstances.-Dayton (Ohio) Democrat. Dao. 6th.

FIRESIDE SPARKS

"A parlour for ladies thirty-five feet high," is one of the advertised attractions of a Scotch hotel. Funnyman-" How do you like my jokes?' Friend-" First-rate; I like to renew my ac-quaintance with old friends."

homme nouveau-I am a-ireshman."

tor : " Vous avec raison, Monsieur."

Pupil (translating painfully): Je suis un

Scene-A barber's shop-Loquacious barber :

Kate Field confesses having used hot water

for five years. There are, however, many per-sons of Miss Field's sex who not only use it

"How shall I cut your hair, Colonel?" Custo-mer : "With your mouth shut."

Instruc-

little too much of a good thing ! One Sister quite enough for any reasonable mortal." But there were two more, my good young

Sir Norman paused one instent, combating a strong temptation to seize the phlegmatic page by the collar, and give him such another shaking as he would never get over for a week to come; but suddenly recollecting he was Leo-line's brother, and by the same token a marquis or thereabouts, he merely paused to cast a withering look upon him, and walked on. "Well," said ifubert, "I am waiting to be

"You may wait, then, " said Sir Norman, "You may wait, then, " said Sir Norman, with a smothered growl; " and I give you joy when I tell you. Such extra communicativeness

to one so stolid could do no good !" "But I am not stolid ! I am in a perfect

agony of auxiety,' said Hubert "You young jackanapes !" said Sir Norman, half-laughing, half incensed. " It were a wise deed and a godly one to take you by the hind-leg and the maps of the neck, and pitch you ever yonder wall ; bub for your sister's sake I

will desist." "Which of them ?" inquired Hubert, with

provoking gravity. "Is would be more to the point if you asked who the others were, I think." "So I have, and you merely abused me for

it. But I think I know one of them without being told. It is that other fac-simile of Leolue and myself who died in the robber's ruins !" "Exactly. You and she, and Leoline, were

triplets !" And who is the other ?"

" Her name is La Masque. Have you heard

ib?" "La Masque i Nonsense ?" exclaimed Hu bert, with some energy in his voice at last, "You but jest, Sir Norman Kingsley !"

"No such thing ! It is a positive fact She told me the whole story herself ?"

"And what is the whole story ; and why did she not tell is to me instead of you."

"She told it to Leoline, thinking, probably she had the most sense; and she told it to me av Leoline's fature husband. It is somewhat long to relate, but it will help to beguile the time while we are waiting for the royal anmmons.

And hereupon Sir Norman, without preface, launched into a rapid resume of La Masque's story, feeling the cold chill with which he had sed it creep over him as he marrated her fearful end.

her fearful end. "It struck me," concluded Sir Norman, "that it would be better to procure any papers she might possess at once, lest, by accident, they should fall into other hands; so I rode there directly, and, in spite of the cantankerous old porter, shearched diligently, until I found them. Here they are," said Sir Norman, drawing forth the roll.

And what do you intend doing with them?

"And what do you intend to by whot other" inquired Habert, glanning at the papers with an unmoved countenance. "Show them to the king, and through his mediation with Louis, obtain for you the re-storation of your rights." "And do you think his majesty will give himself so much trouble for the Earl of Roches-

"I think he will take the trouble to see jus-tice done, or at least he ought to. If he de-clines, we will take the matter in our own hands, my Hubert; and you said I will seek Louis ourselves. Please God, the Earl of Ro-chester's page will yeb wear the coronet of the D'Montmorencia!"

And the sister of a marguis will be no unworthy mate even for a Kingeley," sa'd Hubert.

"The in many of the normal for net i ""The year and the case of the the set of the interval brack of the interval brack degling from his belt;" well it is fall of jewels worth a king a ransom." I found them in a drawer of La Macque's house, found them in a drawer of La Macque's house,

other, utterly bewildered. "What is it?" she asked.

"A simple matter enough. Last evening, if you recollect, you were my promised bride." "It was against my will," said Leoline, boldly though her voice shook. "You and Prudence

made me. "Nay, Leoline, you wrong me. I, at least used no compulsion.'

"You know better. You haunted me con-tinually; you gave me no peace at all; and I would just have married you to get rid of you." "And you never loved me?" "I never did."

"A frank confession ! Did yon, then, love any one else ?"

wild gazelle.

wild gezelle. "Shall I answer for her, Sir County" ez-claimed Sir, Norman, bis own cheer fushed.

1.5

York, and her former short acquaintance, Rochester.

" There's no need. I presume, to make you acquainted with this other gentleman," said Oharles, with a laughing glance at Sir Norman. "Kingeley, stand forward and receive your bride. My Lord of Canterbury, we wait your good offices."

The blind bishop, surplice and stole, and book in hand, stepped from a distant group, and advanced. Sir Norman, with a flush on his cheek, and an exultant light in his eyes, took the hand of his beautiful bride who stood lovely, and blushing, and downcast, the envy and admiration of all. And.

"Before the bishop now they stand, The bridegroom and the bride; And who shall paint what lovers feel In this, their hour of pride ?

Who indeed? Like many other pleasant things in this world, it requires to be felt to be appreciated; and for that reason is a subject on which the unworthy chronicler is altoghter incompetent to spaak. The first words of the ceremony dropped The first words of the ceremony users in the prelate's urbane lips, and Sir Norman's from the prelate's within him. "Wilt thou ?" inquired the bishop, blandly, and slipped a plain gold ring on one pretty finger of Leoline's band, and all beard the old, old formula: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder !" And the whole mystic rite was

Leoline gave one earnest glance at the ring on her finger. Long ago slaves wore rings as a "ign of their bondage—is it for the same reason married women wear them now? While she yet locked half doubtingly at its she was sur-rounded, congratulated, and stunned with a sudden elamor of voices; and then, through it all, she heard the well-remembered voice of

and the sun is already half an hour high ! Off with you to the court-yard, and mount, while Lady Kingsley changes her wedding gear for robes more befitting travel, and joins us there."
With a low obeisance to the king, the lovely bride hastened away after one of the favorite's attendants, to do as he directed, and don a riding suit. In ten minutes after, when the riding suit. In ten minutes after, when the favorite's attended estarted, she turned from the fairest, where all he obhers had given it up. "Well, what?" An Eastern potentate once atked a group of the favor. "At first, he could he could be the c

dows, and the wind without roared like Bottom, the weaver, a pleasant voice whispered the foregoing tale. Here, as it paused abruptly, and seemed to have done with the whole thing I naturally began to ask questions. What hap pened the dwarf and his companious ? What became of Hubert? Did Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley go to Devonshire, and did either of them die of the plague? I felt, myzelf, when I said it, that the last suggestion was beneath ontempt, and so a withering look from the face opposite proved ; but the voice was obliging anongh to answer the rest of my queries. The dwarf and his cronies being put into his ma-jesty's jail at Newgate, where the plague was raging fearfully, they all died in a week, and so managed to cheat the executioner. Hubert went to France, and laid his claims before the royal Louis, who, not being able to do other wise, was graciously pleased to acknowledge them; and Hubert became the Marquis de Montmorenoi, and in the fullness of time took unto himself a wife, even of the daughters of

two men on the jury who are op punishment."

One point of superiority that the lower animals have over the higher is that usually the longer you know an animal the better you like it, and this is not often as true in ragard to our human friends.

"The diamonds in that bracelet, madam, said the jeweller, "were taken from an old cigrette." "Well, then, you needn't show 'em to me. I didn't want anything that was ever worn by one of them horrid actresses.'

"Whew !" sighed the umbrells, "how 1 suffer! I am worn to a skeleton, and have had four of my ribs broken for a week." "Go to !" retorted the hat. "You cuffer! Why, every night of my life is spent upon the rack."

"Pa," said Johnny Knowitall, "the paper says natural gas is offensive to the olfactories, what does that mean? "Olfactories is a mis-print. It should be oil factories. The oil facened sentiments, order and peace reign, and tories don't like it because natural gas is ruinfailure and suffering are almost unknown. ing their business."

A correspondent compisins : "In the poem A correspondent complaints: "In the poem which I sent you, the proof reader made measy 'hungering regret,' whereas I wrote 'lingering regret.'" That's all right. The proof reader understands that a poet is a good deal more apt to bunger than he is to linger.

A mediocre painter, who considered himself quite a distinguished artist, wiehed to fresco the ceiling of his hall. "I will white wash is first," be said, "and then pains it." One of his hear-ers remarked, "I think you would do better to paint it first and they whitewash it."

B — to M — "What for?" "I have got the hicough, and if you will frighten me it will make it go away at once." "Well then; here goes (shouting at the top of his voice): Lend me £5 !" "Ah I thanks; it is gone !"

No college student ever so far forgets himself

his courtiers which they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first, he could lict no reply to so dargerous a question. At last a wily old courtier said: "Your father, sir, for, though you are equal to your father in. all other respects, in this he is superior to you-that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

It very seldom happens that there is a moral in a conundrum. But there was one in that which Father MaaErlain propounded to an audi-ance the other evening. "What is the differwhich Fauler Hautrian proportion of a stat-ance the other evening. "What is the differ-ence between the man in the moon, and his terrestrial brother ?" asked Father MacErlain. "This," he replied, when his audiance gave it up; "the fuller the man in the moon is the brighter he becomes, but the fuller the man on earth is, the darker does he grow." There is a sermon as well as a joke in that,

Not long ago, a wag changed the notice "Wait until the train stops," in the car of the London underground railway, to "Wait until the rain stops," The next day which happened Montmorenoi, and in the fullness of time took unto himself a wife, even of the daughters of the land, and lived happy for ever after. And Sir Normau and Lady Kingeley did go the old manor in Devonhire, where-saith tradition and my informant-there is to be seen to the of the road. At every station he saked a tradition and my informant-there is to be seen to the old manor in Devonhire, where-saith tradition and my informant-there is to be seen to the is day, an old family picture, painted affirmative reply, went back to his seat. And is was mobulit, the is day sitting serenely in their tailing and the lady sitting serenely in their the English dimate.

SINGING AND HAPPINESS.

Cultivate singing in your family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sangbring them back to your memory and teach them to your little ones ; mix them altogether to the varying moods that in after life come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a times and oft in the very whirl of life some little thing will wake up the memories of early youth, and we almost see again the

ruddy checks, the smiling faces and the very eyes of the schoolmates, some gray-headed now, some mouldering in the grave, and anon "The Song my Mother Sang" springs unbid-ding to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all the memories.

A NEW WAY.

It was 11 o'clock, Thomas Sizgleman still Ingered in the tapestry lined parlor of the Hagamont mension. There was a slight noise up-stairs, when Charibells whispered: "Oh, Tom, I think it is papa, and he so ob-jects to you shaying so late."

Before Mr. Singleman could secure his hat the door opened, and Col. Hogamont entered

"Claribelle Jane, you may leave the room for a moment. I wish to speak privately with Mr. Singleman.

With beating heart she gladly left, then glued

her ear to the keyhole outside. "Mr. Singleman, I want to ask you a favor. As I go past the store I wish to settle a bill of \$10, and I forgot to call at the bank on my way home. Can you spare that much until tonorrow evening?"

Mr. Singleman was happy to perform the

tavor. "You need not be in a hurry to leave, Thomas; my daughter appreciates your com pany, and I have no objections.'

He left the room, and Thomas and Claribelle were radiant with happiness Next evening, about the same hour, the old gentleman entered and obtained a similar loan. It occurred also the avening following. The next evening a

the evening following. The next evaluate a slight noise was heard up stairs, and Mr. Single-man grasped his hat and left, saying: "Claribelle, if your paps should inquire of. my absence, tell him I took suddenly sick. Good-by sweet !" and befor the old gentleman was half way down the stairs Mr. Singleman was half way homeward through the murky night. The old man smiled and returned to his slamber.

The reason for having Monday washing day, the next after Sunday, is probably because cleanliness is next to godliness.

Epitaph for an actor-Played out.

The man who is behind the times has all the world before him.

A smart thing-A mustard plaster.

Inquirer-What is the extreme penalty of bigamy ? Two mothers in law.

Oatching a waiter's eye is good practice before joining a baseball nine.



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INFORMATION WANTED

of one Ellen Elliget, daughter of John Elligett, deceased, who lived in the Parish of Kilkon-nelly, County of Kerry, Ireland, Blacksmith, The party who desires this information is James Elligett, a brother of Ellen. The last known of Ellen Elligett was that she left Ireland for Canada about treastruity wars and for Canada about twenty-six years ago. Parties having any knowledge of the whereabouts of Ellen Elligett are requested to address JAMES ELLIGETT, Fremont, Ohio.

