

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

Disquieting rumors are current to-day concerning Sir John Macdonald. It is said that his disease is a serious one...

A HALF DOZEN IRISH CATHOLICS in the House voted against Landry's resolution. Of these, Mr. Thompson, Minister of Justice...

TOBY HATED OF HOME RULE. Tory subserviency to Orangism, and Tory treachery to Catholicity in Quebec...

A STORMY DEBATE took place in the Commons this afternoon. It arose from a question of privilege raised by Mr. Kirk...

NEW PERSONS OUTSIDE THE PARTIES interested will deny the impolicy of the system of assisted passages to immigrants carried on by the Department of Agriculture...

OTTAWA, April 11.—If I had my choice of an easy billet in the civil service I should choose to be a director of the geological survey...

on a bill which proposed to make a grant for a second railway to the town of Pictou, N.S., remain law till the road was completed...

PARTY FEELING is very bitter among them and they hit hard. For some reason the Opposition seems to take delight in badgering the new minister...

OTTAWA, April 15.—It is somewhat curious, if Mr. Coughlan has the earnest support and entire confidence of that portion of the Conservatives...

DR. BERGIN'S ambition was the same as when he first came to the city. No one can say it is not an honorable ambition...

MR. C. STIGAN HAS A RECORD of service which his heir presumptive has not. Otherwise there is nothing to choose between them...

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances...

NED RUSHEEN;

OR, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued. With a slight step she sprang to the window, which had not been entirely closed...

CHAPTER XX.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR. Colonel Everard, my lady. He says he wishes particularly to see your ladyship...

Lady Elmsdale tried to look resigned. She had hoped for a day's quiet before leaving the home where she had spent so many years...

Lady Elmsdale descended slowly to the apartment where Colonel Everard was waiting the interview which he had solicited with his usual self-possession...

"I have come to request your interposition—your interference, in fact." "Indeed, Colonel Everard, you must excuse me, my son has left Elmsdale—left Ireland, in fact, this morning...

"The Colonel smiled with the air of a man who has his enemy at an advantage, and who knows it. He intends to be benignant, and overlooks the superiority of his position."

"You are doubtless aware, Lady Elmsdale," he continued, with a self-confidence which would have been amusing if it had not been so entirely characteristic...

Colonel Everard interposed with courteous concession. "He would have been equally polite and equally dignified at the execution of half a dozen Indian rebels, or the hanging of Ned Rusheen, which he would have considered a holocaust due to the offended dignity of British law..."

"I quite understand, Lady Elmsdale," it never occurred to him for one instant that her hesitation could proceed from any indifference to himself personally, or that she could be indifferent to the importance of such a connection for her daughter...

(testing their pride, and reticence was the Colonel's fashion. He was too proud to proclaim himself the heir to a title while there was a life between him and his expectations—a frail, uncertain life, but still a life.)

"I am aware that the time may seem scarcely opportune, but you will kindly remember the circumstances. Had I intended to address you on this subject immediately after Miss Elmsdale's return from England..."

"What was she to do?" "I have done myself the honor, Lady Elmsdale, to wait upon you, even at the risk of causing you some inconvenience, on an important subject."

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girl she thought he could not see her to better advantage than in the very attire she then wore. "Well, perhaps it is best as it is; I can bring him to your own room..."

"What would you wish me to do, mamma?" "It was a strange question for a young girl under such circumstances, and the indifference with which it was asked seemed yet more strange..."

"The lessons of Holy Scripture might be intended for some people—for whom, she did not stop to inquire. Manifestly, as far as the opinion of those about her went, they were not intended for her; and she cannot wonder that she did not feel called upon to practice them..."

"But there was no question now of celibacy, or practice of poverty, but of marriage—a marriage which, by the law of Protestant nations, has been reduced to the level of a mere civil contract."

"I presume, Miss Elmsdale, that Lady Elmsdale has informed you why I have solicited the honor of an interview." "He paused; Mary Elmsdale made no reply."

"What would you wish me to do, mamma?" "Colonel Everard would have highly approved of the question if he had heard it. Such prudence, he would have said, was rare in one so young."

"No other word was said, but Mary looked very thoughtful. Poor girl! she had yet to learn that the duties were subject to sorrow like other people; that duties must die; that the grief and trials, and cross purposes, and family troubles which haunt the poor tradesman's family, are felt with equal keenness in the nobleman's household..."

"I suppose I may tell him to hope, Mary?" "observed Lady Elmsdale, with a smile, as she left the room. "You had better ring for Lucy to dress you. I will come for you presently."

"I think—that is, I believe—I mean—mamma—" "Remarkably clear, and most beautifully explicit! Hullo, Mary! what's up now? Why, your face is scarlet..."

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