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One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

'You have not read the paper—you cannot have read the case,' says Mr. Nolan in suppressed stern excitement. 'The man was, as Miss Macgregor says, a brute, a devil incarnate. He maddened his wife in every way that a man can madden a woman—she starved her, he beat her, he stammered, he insulted her; her very life was not safe. In a moment of madness, goaded beyond human power of endurance, she snatches his revolver from the table, where he has just laid it, and kills him—by sheer chance, for she never fired a pistol before in her life. I tell you the man is guilty of his own death, not she. It was rightful retribution.'

'Retribution, perhaps,' Miss Owensson responds, in a tone whose clear coldness contrasts strikingly with the repressed, almost passionate earnestness of his, 'still a murderer. Her hand sends a human soul unprepared before its Judge. I hold it, palliate the circumstances as you will, the most horrible of earthly crimes. She may live, repent, be forgiven—so might he in time, had she not taken his life. It seems to me that no earthly remorse or repentance can ever atone for blood guiltiness. It seems incredible to me that any conscientious lawyer can plead for the man or the woman who has taken a life.'

'Not even if taken in a moment of madness, unpremeditated, regretted as soon as done?'

'No; for once done it can never be undone. No remorse, no repentance can give back life. I hold that no provocation—none—none—can pardon or condone the crime of taking life.'

'Miss Owensson you are merciless. These are very cruel words from a woman's gentle lips.'

'I think of the victim, Mr. Nolan, as well as of mercy. And justice is a virtue as well as mercy.'

'She is nearly as pale as Mr. Nolan herself, and both are paler than Miss Macgregor has ever seen them. Sydney is thinking of Bertie Vaughan as she speaks. If he were married, what would all the romance and repentance of a life time avail to atone for that death? Heaven's forgiveness it might obtain, since supreme mercy reigns there; but her forgiveness—could she ever give that?'

'Dear me! dear me!' says Uncle Griff, looking beseechingly from one to the other, don't excite yourself—now, don't. What's this Mrs. Harland to you, Lewis, my boy, that you should fight her battles? Miss Owensson, don't mind him; he doesn't mean a word he says, I'm sure. He wouldn't commit murder for the world.'

'Bless you, Uncle Griff!' says Katie patting the seedy brown coat affectionately, 'what a counsel for the defence you would make!'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Owensson,' Mr. Nolan says, but he says it with unconscious coldness; 'I have let my professional feelings carry me too far. I look at this case from a man's point of view—Miss Owensson from a young lady's.'

'It is I who should apologise,' retorts Miss Owensson in her steeled manner, while Katie turns aside to hide a satirical smile. 'I should not have expressed an opinion at all.'

'All the same, though, you adhere like wax to the opinion you have expressed,' says the sarcastic voice of cousin Kate.

'Decidedly,' still coldly, and turning for a last look at the picture.

'Mr. Nolan follows her glance gloomily and is silent.

Once again Katherine Macgregor throws herself manfully into the breach.

'Nearly five, Sydney, and nearly dark. We will barely have time to reach home before dinner. 'Lewis'—she turns to the young lawyer with her most winning smile—'shall we see you Mr. Graham's conversation to-night? Mrs. Graham's I know to be one of the few hours you frequent.'

'Yes, that is—I think not. I half promised, but we are busy at the office, and I am not sure I can get off.'

'Preparing for the great case, I understand. Still, come if you can. All work and no play—over-work is worse than idleness.'

'My brain will stand the pressure,' he answers, somewhat grimly. 'Thanks, all the same, for your friendly interest, Miss Macgregor.'

'She calls him Lewis,' Sydney thinks. 'They are older friends than I fancied. I don't think that I like Mr. Nolan.'

closely begun cannot fail to end happily. Here we are at home.'

Miss Owensson disdaining all reply, goes up to her own room. On the table a big English letter lies, and with an exclamation of pleasure she pounces upon it. It is from Cornwall. From the baronet's sister; and in Alicia Leonard's copious pages, she forgets her late annoyance, forgets there is such a being in the scheme of the universe as Mr. Lewis Nolan.

CHAPTER III.

TALK AND—AND A LETTER.

'HARRY has refused to go, at the last moment, with the Arctic expedition, although to go with that expedition has been the dream of his life for the past two years. Need I tell you the reason why, little friend? The word 'Come' may be in the mouth of letters, sooner or later, Alicia, he said to me the other day. 'What are all my adventures and ambitious dreams compared to that word from her? Poor fellow! you should see with what wistful eyes he watches your letters, and my face as I read them, for one sign of hope. And, my darling, he hardly longs for your return more than I do. All the sunshine seems to have gone with your sweet face from our old home.'

'That was one of the concluding paragraphs in Miss Alicia Leonard's letter, and very thoughtfully, a little sadly, Sydney folded it up, and sat musing long and deeply. Why should she not say that word 'Come' after all, and bring Sir Harry Leonard across the ocean to claim her as his wife. No one would ever love her better, no one would ever be more worthy of her love. And home, and two loyal hearts would be hers. Here she had no home; these relatives of hers could never be tried and trusty friends. Mrs. Macgregor, cold, hard, calculating, repelled her; Katherine, cynical, mercenary, old at five-and-twenty, at times she revolted from. Her heart was as untouched to-day as it had been five years ago when she was Bertie Vaughan's plighted bride—no man of all the men she had ever seen had ever awakened any stronger, deeper feeling, than cordial, sincere friendship. Frank and hearty-while she had gone through life—it seemed to her must ever be like to marry, if she ever married, which she was not at all certain of, but certainly none of the men she had yet met approached that ideal. No doubt she expected too much; more than she would ever find. Why, then, more than 'Come,' and go back with Harry Leonard to that bright English home where Alicia awaited her, and where she had spent nine such happy months? She did not love him—no; but she liked him well, and perhaps love might follow. Why not write 'Come' to Sir Harry Leonard?'

'Now, Sydney, my dear child,' says Katherine, putting in her head, and looking imploringly, 'don't sit musing there by yourself, and forget all about the conversation, I beg. What! the Cornish post-mark again? From the baronet, I bet.'

'For Miss Macgregor said 'I bet,' and 'I guess,' was well up in the expressive slang of the day, and could use it with killing effect at proper seasons, on her victims.

'My letter is from Miss Leonard,' says Sydney, folding it up.

'Ah! Miss Leonard—with an enclosure from Mrs. Leonard, Sydney, own up—don't be so dreadfully secretive. I am sure I tell you everything. You are engaged to Sir Harry Leonard?'

'Am I?'

'I am sure you are. Young, good-looking, rich, a baronet—how could you refuse him?'

'How indeed? I never said I refused him. I never said he asked me. Miss Leonard and her brother are two of my very dearest friends. Has the dinner bell rung? I never heard it. Tell Aunt Helen I will be down in three minutes.'

'Thus civilly dismissed, Miss Macgregor goes—more and more at a loss to understand Miss Owensson.

'My very dearest friend! Ah! but I don't believe in the very dearest masculine friends of handsome young gentlemen. But whether engaged to the baronet or not, Dick hasn't a chance, not the ghost of a chance—of that I am certain. Not that his poverty would stand in his way—she is just one of those foolish virgins who will fall in love with a beggar, and raise him to the dignity of prince consort, and consider herself and her money honored by his lordly acceptance. Such a man as Lewis Nolan, for instance.'

Katherine Macgregor's face darkened suddenly—perhaps as heiress of a million it was a folly even she might have been capable of. Dinner over, the young ladies dressed for Mrs. Graham's reception. Miss Owensson, as has been said, did not wear colors, but black velvet and point lace can be made a very effective toilet when crowned by a pearl face and feathery blonde hair. 'Too manly,' Katherine Macgregor pronounces the velvet; but the rich sable folds falling about the tall, slight figure, the square, classic corsage, the white turbos and stephanotis, would have deluged the eye of an artist. Miss Macgregor herself shines in the azure splendence of her silver blue silk and pearl; brunette as she is, some shades of blue, by gas light, she finds extremely becoming.

'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair.'

quotes Dick Macgregor, as Miss Owensson comes forward, her black velvet sweeping behind her. 'By George, Sydney, you look like a princess royal or something of that sort. Only black and white too. How do you do it? The other girls pile on the colors of the rainbow—Katie among 'em; but you have a look somehow, a general get-up—Dick waves his hands, vaguely hopeless of expressing his meaning in words. Sydney laughs and takes his arm—his sister cries out in indignant protest.

'Only black and white indeed. Only black velvet and point lace—a costume fit for a young duchess. That is how men are deceived. Every one at the conversation is shocked Dick's cry—only black and white—modest simplicity itself—how economically and tastefully the heiress dresses, what an example these for gaudy, extravagant butterflies around her. And all that time Miss Owensson's costume will be far and away the richest and most costly in the room. There will be nothing like that point,' says Katherine, with a sigh of bitterest envy, 'at Mrs. Graham's conversation to-night.'

'Hang Mrs. Graham's conversation,' growls brother Dick; 'hang all such shams with their fine French names. It is a cheap and nasty substitute for a decent party; instead of a German band, and a sit down supper, scandal and weak tea.'

'The tea need not be weak unless you wish it—the scandal I acknowledge; interposes his sister.

'Your youth and loveliness, a victim to brotherly duty? Why not express those natural sentiments of your manly heart at dinner, and Aunt Helen would have matrimonised us, or even poor, dear Uncle Griff might have been reluctantly forced into the breach. Anything to have spared you?'

'The cousin with whom I go will make even Mrs. Graham's talk and tea go down with relief,' says Dick gallantly; and if Nolan's there—as he is pretty sure to be—we will have some decent music, at least. I'd rather hear that fellow sing than Brignoll.'

'Mr Nolan is musical, then?' says Sydney. 'He has the face of a man who can sing.'

'And men who sing at evening tea parties, like Tom Moore, are flukes and a general thing,' answers Dick. Nolan's an exception, however. He never does sing, except at Mrs. Graham's, and whether he sings or is silent, he is as good a fellow as ever breathed. He was out with us the first year, and fought like a brick. He has just Irish blood enough in him to make fighting come naturally, I suppose.'

'For be it known that Dick Macgregor—Captain Macgregor, to the world at large—is only in the boom of his family for a few months' furlough, and his regiment awaits him down in Virginia. It is the second year of the 'Unpleasantness,' and Dick Macgregor went out with the first.'

'Mr Nolan's own talent, leaving his forcible abilities out of the question,' says Katherine, 'is a passion for music. As a boy, I remember, he would come in and sit down at the piano, play harmonious chords intuitively, and rattle off street tunes by ear. As he grew older, Uncle Griff, exceedingly vain of his boy's abilities, had him taught. Did I tell you that Uncle Griff adopted him, in a measure, when ten years old, and that to him Lewis Nolan owes it that he is a promising young lawyer to-day? He is also organist of St. Ignace's where you and I must go some Sunday, Syd, and hear one of the finest choirs in the city.'

'They have reached Mrs. Graham's, and enter with a flock of other guests. Most of them Miss Macgregor knew. Friendly greetings are exchanged, and introductions performed on the way up-stairs.

'I hope the evening won't drag,' Katherine remarks, as she adjusts her ribbons and laces. 'Dick is right; as a rule this sort of thing is slow. Talk and tea are not the most stimulating amusements on earth. If you feel bored Sydney, be sure you let me know, and we will leave early.'

'The guests had nearly all arrived, when they descend and make their way to their hostess's side. Mrs. Graham is a large, and cheerful looking lady, in a mauve silk—that refuge the desolate—addicted to *emboupoint*, good nature, and colors that 'swear,' as the French phrase it. Katherine Macgregor's face is known to every man and woman in the room, but who is the tall, regal-looking blonde, so lovely of face, so distinguished of manner. And when the whisper goes around that she is Miss Owensson, the rich Miss Owensson just returned from Europe, Miss Owensson becomes the star of the assembly, and Miss Macgregor and Mrs. Graham are besieged with pressing aspirants for introductions. It grows a bore in time, but Sydney shows no sign of boredom in her gracious face. Still it is something of a relief when she finds herself in a quiet corner, with Dick devotedly beside her, and free for a moment from her court.'

'Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms?' says Dick. 'Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where talk and tea are unknown. Let's sit down here, Sydney, and be a comfortable couple. Here is a book of engravings, they always turn over books of engravings in novels, if you notice. Let us live a chapter of a novel, and turn over the engravings.'

'He thinks, as he says it, that there is not a picture of them all as fair and sweet as Sydney herself—a slight flush on her clear, pale cheek, the golden hair flashing against the rich blackness of her robe.

'Your friend, Mr. Nolan, is not here,' she says, as Dick spread out his big portfolio, preparatory to examining the engravings.

'Isn't he? Very likely not. You see he is a young man of uncommonly high-toned notions—poor and proud, as they phrase it. As Katie says, he owes all he has to Uncle Griff. His mother and sister are dressmakers, I believe, and as yet, Nolan hasn't achieved any distinction worth speaking of. He never goes anywhere; his voice would open no end of doors, but he won't be asked for his voice. He makes an exception, somehow, in Mrs. Graham's favor. Ah! there he is now.'

'The piano in the back drawing-room had been going industriously since their entrance; but now a new hand, the hand of a master, touched the keys, and the grand, grateful notes were wondrously different from the young lady-like jingle that had gone before. This was the touch of a musician, and the strumming seemed to know and respond. 'The *Gloriosa*' was what Mr. Nolan sang and played; and the pictures were untouched, and Dick and Sydney sat absorbed listening. It was a powerful tenor, with that velled sympathetic vibration, that undertones of pathos in its sweetness, that reaches the heart.

'I don't care for Italian opera,' says Captain Macgregor; 'it's a device of a bore, as a rule; but I like that. *Laci Dorem la mano*, he is singing now. Niceish voice, isn't it?'

'Niceish is a new adjective to me,' responds Sydney, laughing, 'and one that hardly applies. Mr. Nolan is the fortunate possessor of one of the finest tenors I ever heard, and I have heard some good tenors—Sims Baevcs was one. There, he has finished; how sweet, how tender those lower notes were. Surely they will not let him stop.'

'Oh, he is not stinging—when he does sing he does sing; nothing niggardly about him. I have heard him rattle through a whole opera bouffe—sbrick like the soprano, growl like the bass father, shout like the chorus—take 'em all off capitally, I assure you. There, he is singing again; let's follow the crowd, and see him.'

'They leave the table and make their way to the other room, where Mr. Nolan, in regulation evening dress, sits at the piano, and where Katherine Macgregor leans gracefully against the instrument, fluttering her fan and listening with downcast eyes.

'As a rule,' observes Dick, in a profound tone, 'it's a painful spectacle—a very painful spectacle—to watch a music man. The contortions of his facial muscles, the hideous extent to which he opens his mouth, the dislocating way in which he flings back his head, the inspired idiot style in which he rolls his eyeballs up to the chandelier, the frenzied manner in which elbows and fingers fly, are trying diodes to witness without a still small feeling of disgust. But Nolan doesn't contort, doesn't roll his eyeballs, doesn't look like a moonstruck lunatic, and doesn't open his mouth even to any very disgusting extent. Bravo! Mr. Macgregor gently pats his kidded paws. 'Very good—very good indeed! We will take your whole stock at the same price.'

'Mr. Nolan concludes his second song, and makes an attempt to get away, but he is besieged by soft pleadings, and Katherine Macgregor gives him one of those long, tender glances from beneath her sable lashes that have done such telling execution in her time.'

'Just one other—in English this time—ballad for me.'

'For you?' repeats Mr. Nolan, a laugh in his dark eyes, but his lips grave. 'If I were hoarse as a raven, put in that way, refusal would be an impossibility. Something in English, something pathetic, of course. Will this do?'

'He plays a jaunty, tripping, waltz-like symphony, into which his voice blends in an air that exactly suits the words, a mischievous light in the eyes he keeps on the eager face:

'My eye! how I love you, You sweet little dove, you; It's not very pretty, There's no one above you. Most beautiful Kitty.'

'No gloomy or fairy's, Like a sylph or a fairy, And your neck declare, in meekly pretty.'

'Quite Grecian you're nose is, And your cheeks are like roses, So delicate—oh, Moses! Surprisingly sweet!'

'Not the beauty of tulips, Nor the taste of mini-julips, Can compare with your two lips. Most beautiful Kate.'

'And now, dear Kitty, It's not very pretty, Indeed it's a pity. To keep me in sorrow: 'So, if you'll but chime in, We'll have done with our rhyme. Swap Cupid for Hyacinth, And be married to-morrow.'

A low murmur of laughter and applause follows, and Katherine Macgregor actually flushes under his eyes.

'And if he really asked her it might go hard with the chances of Vanderdonck,' murmured Dick; 'but no, our artless Katherine's heart will never run away with her head.'

'Mr. Nolan has an old *tenoresse*, then, for Kate?' Sydney asks, carelessly. 'I half thought so this afternoon.'

'By no means. He certainly has an old *tenoresse*, something more than a *tenoresse*, and I doubt if he is quite over it yet for—'

Dick does not finish his sentence, for the subject of it arises from his seat, sees them and approaches. As he looks now, warmth in his dark face, animation in the large gray eyes, a smile on his grave lips, Sydney wonders to see that he is handsome.

'That was all very delightful indeed, old boy,' is Dick's greeting. 'Why weren't we all born with black eyelashes or wren voices, or both, and be the centre of such a group of adoring angels as you are wherever you go? Miss Owensson and I have been listening entranced in the background—you know my cousin, by the way, I think.'

'I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Owensson this afternoon,' says Mr. Nolan with that very genial smile of his. 'Appropos, Miss Owensson, you have been the means of making very happy one poor fellow who has not been used to over much happiness—Von Ette—the most excitable of living beings; he nearly expired with ecstasy when I told him of your admiration of 'Sintram,' and your intention of purchasing it. He flew to the studio on the instant, had it packed, and sent, and you will find it at home before you upon your return.'

'Then, I have been fortunate, indeed, Sydney responds, 'if in giving pleasure to myself I have given pleasure to another. Mr. Von Ette is destined to win far higher praise than any poor appreciation of mine. 'I doubt it will ever value any more highly. Miss Owensson, he says, abruptly, 'I am afraid my manner, my words, must have offended you. The thought that it may be so has troubled me more than I can tell. It is a subject upon which I feel deeply, and one which is likely to carry me away. Pray, forgive me.'

'Is he in love with this Mrs. Harland, I wonder?' thinks Miss Owensson. 'Was that what Dick meant?'

'The apology is needless,' she says cordially. 'There was no offence—how could there be? I never thought of it after.'

The dark gravity of the afternoon overspread his face again—the smile vanished. What a strong, thoughtful, intellectual face it was, the girl thought. 'What a good face, if she were any judge of physiognomy.'

This clever Mr. Nolan, with his charming voice, a thing that will make its way to a woman's foolish fancy sooner than more solid qualities, and his profound convictions, was beginning to interest her. Dick had been summoned by some fair enslaver, and had reluctantly obeyed. Mr. Nolan and Miss Owensson had slowly been making their way to the front drawing-room while they talked, and Sydney resumed her seat by the table and the engravings. Mr. Nolan took the vacant seat by her side, still wearing that earnest look.

'I am glad that my words did not trouble you. Yours most certainly have troubled me. Sydney looks at him in surprise. 'Yes, Miss Owensson, troubled me; for if my convictions were not with Mrs. Harland, Dick and Sydney sat absorbed listening. It was a powerful tenor, with that velled sympathetic vibration, that undertones of pathos in its sweetness, that reaches the heart.'

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ago sang laughingly a comic song. That he should keep his levity for them, his earnestness for her is a subtle flattery that occasions her as no other flattery could.

'Surely my foolish opinions can have no weight with you, Mr. Nolan, no power to pain you,' she says, very gently. 'If so I am indeed sorry. It is all too true to be less hasty and presumptuous in proffering opinions for the future. In the sight of Heaven I cannot believe your friend is guilty of this dreadful crime, and I sincerely hope you may get a verdict.'

'My friend,' he says, and he lifts his head, and a smile breaks up the dark thoughtful-ness of his face, 'I have not seen Mrs. Harland three times in my life; after the trial I shall probably never see her again while I live. I am interested in her as a woman who has suffered greatly; but it is whether or no the guilt of murder is upon her that centres my interest. This is what I would give worlds, if I possessed them, yes, worlds to know.'

'He is not in love with this unhappy Mrs. Harland,' Sydney thinks. 'I am glad of that, I like him. He deserves something better. He looks like a man.'

'To bear without rebuke The grand old name of gentleman.'

'I am afraid I have bored you mercilessly with this tragic affair,' he goes on, his face and tone changing; 'but it is uppermost in my thoughts; I feel; but hold—I am sinning again while I apologise. Let us look at the pictures; Mrs. Graham never affronts her guests' intellect by offering poor ones.'

'They look at the pictures accordingly, and talk of the pictures. Miss Owensson has seen many of the fine old paintings from which these engravings are taken, and Mr. Nolan has a cultivated eye and taste, and a keen love of art. They talk of Italy and Germany, and these classic foreign lands which she has seen and loved, which he longs but never expects to see. And minutes fly, and hours, and to Sydney's horror—for she hates conversation—like a pronounced *tere-ter-ter*—their conversation does not end until Katherine seeks her door, and they rise to disperse.'

'Really,' Miss Macgregor says, and if there is a fine shade of irony in her tone, Sydney does not detect it; for two people quarrelling fiercely at their first meeting, you seem to have got on well with Mr. Nolan. Were you quarrelling my dear, again, or making up, and was I not a true prophetess?'

'A true prophetess! What did you predict?' asks Sydney, with equal carelessness. Mr. Nolan and I neither quarrelled nor made up, and I have to thank him for spending a pleasant evening. If I have a weakness it is for men of intellect.'

'And you don't meet them every day. Poor Dick! laughs Dick's sister. So talk and tea are not so utterly flavorless after all, *belle cousin*.'

'If the talking is done by Mr. Nolan—no,' retorts Sydney, with spirit.

'Don't excite yourself,' says Miss Macgregor. 'I have heard before that Lewis Nolan improves on acquaintance. Does he not sing divinely? Has he not a thoroughbred look for one with so few opportunities? Ah! what a pity he is so poor.'

'Lord of himself, though not of funds, And having nothing, yet hath all, And quoting Sydney. 'What would you? Men cannot expect to have money, and brains, and divine voices. For my own part, all the men I ever found worth talking to, ever was interested in, were men without a penny.'

'Ah, you are interested in Mr. Nolan?'

'Yes,' says Sydney, frowning back her head, and accepting the challenge.

'And only in poor men!' Sir Harry, I have heard, is worth twenty thousand pounds a year. I am afraid I shall not have a baronet for a cousin-in-law, after all. Now, then! don't count on anything, Syd. I don't mean anything—I never do mean anything. Come.'

Dick, at the foot of the stairs, looking depressed, and unhappy, offers Sydney his arm. Mr. Nolan who stands talking cheerfully to him, does duty for his sister.

'You never come to see us now,' the couple in front heard Katherine say, in a plaintive voice. 'Have you vowed a vow to honor Mrs. Graham alone with your friendship?'

'I am not sure that Mrs. Graham looks upon my friendship in the light of an honor. It is a new idea, however, and I shall inquire.'

'This is not an answer to my question. Why do you not come to see us—as you used?'

'As I used? Mr. Nolan lifts his eyebrows. 'Used I ever? I have no time for dangerous delights. I have to work 'from early morn' til dewy eve' for my daily bread and butter.'

'Dangerous delights?' says Miss Macgregor, with an artless upward glance. 'What do you mean by that?'

'Do I really need to explain, Miss Macgregor?' retorts Mr. Nolan, looking down into the upturned dark eyes.

'Miss Macgregor?—It used to be Katie, says Katie, and in the low voice there is a tremor, either real or well assumed.

'Oh, by George! let us go,' says Dick, with a face of such utter disgust to get on herself, for the last two minutes, out of earshot of this conversation, and succeeded so well that Mr. Nolan's response to Katie's last is inaudible. Katie's cheeks are slightly flushed though, as she catches the carriage, and the smile on her lips shows it has been to order. 'I wish to Heaven, Katie,' growls Dick, 'when you make love to fellows, you wouldn't do it quite so loudly. Old Vanderdonck himself—deaf as an adder—might have heard you spooning to Lewis Nolan, if he had been there.'

'Old Vanderdonck might have heard, and welcome, my gentle brother.'

'And if you wish Nolan's to be taken in by your soft slander, you're a trifle out of reckoning, let me tell you. He isn't an old bird, Nolan isn't, but he's not going to be caught with chaff.'

'Dick,' says Miss Macgregor, 'it is patent to the dullest observer that the attentions of Miss Emma Winton have been painfully marked; also, that five cups of gunpowder tea do not agree with your digestive organs. Therefore we excuse the rudeness of your remarks, and prescribe total silence for the rest of the drive home.'

Monday, and contents duly noted. In reply, I have to say I know nothing of the present whereabouts of the late lamented Miss Dormer's niece. On the day before my return to this city, four years ago last May, she left by train direct for Boston. I made inquiries concerning her—advertised for her in the Boston papers, and placed a certain sum of money at her disposal. In the course of the following week I received, in reply to my advertisement, a letter from the head physician of one of the public hospitals of Boston. A young lady answering the description, from Montreal, was lying very ill under his charge; some mental strain, apparently, and physical exhaustion had prostrated her to such an extent that it was doubtful if she would ever recover. I went to Boston; I saw and identified her (herself unconscious), and ordered every care and attention. She recovered eventually, wrote me a brief note of acknowledgment, and at the earliest possible moment quitted the hospital. Since then I have neither seen nor heard from the late lamented Miss Dormer's niece. This is all I have to communicate, and I remain, Respected Miss, yours to command. DONALD MCKELPIN. To be Continued.

HON. MR. JUSTICE JOHN MAGUIRE.

One by one the pioneers of the Irish Catholic colony of Quebec are disappearing from the scene, called to receive, in a better world, the reward of their lively faith. On Thursday, the 15th inst., the tomb received all that was earthly of the late Honorable John Maguire, J.S.C. The funeral cortege consisted of, as pall-bearers, Hon. Sir N. F. Belleau, Hon. J. T. Taschereau, Hon. T. McCord, J.S.C., Hon. L. B. Caron, J.S.C., Hon. T. McGreevy, and Augustin Cote, Esq., of the *Journal de Quebec*, of a large number of mourning relatives, two of them priests, from Ontario, the Quebec Bar and a large concourse of friends.

Born of ancient Celtic lineage, of Matthew Maguire, Esq., and of Catherine O'Hara, daughter of a leading Sligo merchant in April, 1810, near Maguire's Bridge, Fermansham, he accompanied his parents to this country in 1823; having completed his classical studies in the Quebec Seminary, and his legal studies in the office of the late Judge Bowen, he was admitted to the Bar on the 12th September, 1830. He immediately engaged upon the enjoyment of a large and lucrative practice, and in 1838 he married Frances Agnes Horan, daughter of the late Gordon Horan, Esq., of Quebec, and sister of the late Right Reverend E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston. In 1832 he received the appointment of Judge of the Sessions of the Peace and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions; and, in August, 1868, he was elevated to the distinguished office of Judge of the Superior Court for this Province.

The esteem which he enjoyed in his long career found expression, in his election three successive times, to the City Council by Champain Ward, and the choice made of him in 1850, as their President, by the St. Patrick's Society, which, for the first time in its history, declared that faith and nationality should go hand in hand, and salute on their national march the Bishop of Quebec, and whose annual banquet and ball His Excellency Lord Elgin, Governor of Canada, honored by his presence.

In 1851 the Catholics of Quebec arose in their strength, and asserting their right to representation in the Parliament of Canada, chose Mr. Maguire as their champion and forced the Reform party to associate him with the