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One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER II-CONTINUED.

You have not read the papers-you cannot have read the case, says Mr. Nolan in suppressed strong 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—he starved her, he beat her, he slandered, 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, fires 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 Owenson responds, in a tone whose clear coldness con-trasts strikingly with the repressed, almost passionate earnestness of his, 'still a murderess. 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

Not even if taken in a moment of madness, unpremediated, regretted as seen as

· No : for once done it can never be undone No remorse, no repentance can give back life. I hold that no provocation-nonenone-can pardon or condone the crime of taking life.

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

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

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 murdered, what would all the remorse 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 mal dear me! save fincle Grif look

ing 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 Owenson 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 Grif!' says Katie patting the seedy brown coat affectionately, 'what a counsel for the defence you would make!'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Owenson,' 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 Owenson from a young lady's.'

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

'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 'Lewis'-she turns to the young lawyer with her most winning smile-'shall we see you at Mrs. Graham's conversazione to-night? Mrs. Graham's I know to be one of the few houses you frequent.'

'Yes, that is-no, 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 over-idleness. 'My brain will stand the pressure,' he answers, somewhat grimly. Thanks, all the same, for your friendly interest, Miss Mac-

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

Mr. Nolan escorts them to their carriage, and stands hat in hand, at the door until they drive off. Miss Macgregor is warmth and cordiality itself. Miss Owenson's final bow is slightly iced.

'Well, dear, and how do you like him? sweetly enquires Katie.

'Not at all,' Sydney responds. 'Pleading the case of a woman who shoots her busband in a fit of ill temper, and then patronizing me ! · I look at it from a man's point of view-Miss Owenson from a lady's. Impertinent! I wish my 'Sintram' did not resemble him. It will half spoil my pleasure in its posses-

'I foresee,' says Miss Macgregor, calmly, that when you have met Lewis Nolan a few times more, it will be a case of mutual and reciprocal adoration. He was white with anger, Sydney, when talking to you. And what did he turn so ghastly for, in the first instance, when I asked my innocent question if Sintram

threw the other man over the cliff? I don't presume to understand the various moods and changes of Mr. Nolan's ingenious countenance,' replies cousin Sydney, impatiently. 'Do drop the subject, Katie.'

'I sincerely hope he may put in an appear ance at Mrs. Graham's to-night,' is Cousin Katie's answer. An acquaintance so auspi- self, why immolate yourself in the flower of | time.

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

Miss Owenson 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 baronets 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 one of her letters, sooner or later, Alicia,' he said to me the other day. What are all my adventures and ambitlous 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 heart-whole she had gone through life-it seemed to her must ever go. She had her idea of the man she would 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, not write Come, and go back to 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 mooning there by yourself, and forget all about the conversazione, I beg. What! the Cornish post-mark again? From he baronet, I bet.'

For Miss Macgregor said 'I bet,' and 'I Luess,' 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 mon frere. 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 Macgr goes-more and more at a loss to understand

Miss Owenson. 'Her very dearest friend! Ah! but I don't believe in the very dearest masculine friends of handsome young hetresses. 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 Owenson. as has been said, did not wear colors, but black velvet and point lace can be made a very affective toilet when crowned by a pearl pale face, and feathery blonde hair. 'Too matronly,' Katherine Macgregor pronounces the velvet; but the rich sable folds falling about the tall, slight figure, the square, classic corsage, the white tuberoses and stephanotis. would have delighted the eye of an artist. Miss Macgregor herself shines in the azure resplendence 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 divine y tair."

quotes Dick Macgregor, as Miss Owenson 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 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 pro-

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 conversazione will echo Dick's cry-'only black and whitemodest simplicity itself-how economically and tastefully the heiress dresses, what an example these for gaudy, extravagant butterflies around her.' And all that time Miss Owenson'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 sigh of bitterest envy, , at Mrs. Graham's conersazione to night.

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.

Sitting ranged around the walls, a crowd of guys,' proceeds Dick, in a disgusted tone, tea handed round in Liliputian cups, and all the guys jawing in pairs, as a matter of duty. Talk and tea-that's what Mrs. Graham's conversazione comes to in plain English; and hang all such shams, I say again.'

'Then why come, my dear boy?' inquires Miss Owenson; why make a martyr of your-

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 matronized us, or even poor, dear Uncle Grif might have been reluctantly forced into the breach. Any-

thing to have spared you.' 'The cousin with whom I go will make even Mrs. Graham's talk and ten go down with relish,' 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 Brignoli.'

'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 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 bim to make fighting come naturally, I sup-

For be it known that Dick Macgregor-Captain Macgregor, to the world at large-is only in the bosom of his family for a two 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 one talent, leaving his forensic 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 haamonious chords intuitively, and rattle off street tunes by ear. As he grew older, Uncle Grif, exceedingly value of his boy's abilities, had him taught. Did I tell you that Uncle Grif 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. Ignatius' 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 taing is slow. Talk and tes 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' side. Mrs. Graham is a large, and cheerful looking lady, in a mauve silk—that refuge the destitute'—addicted to embouroint, 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 the Miss Owenson, the rich Miss Owenson just returned from Europe, Miss Owenson becomes the star of the assembly, and Miss Macgregor and Mrs. Graham are beseiged with pressing aspirants for introductions. It grows a bore in time, but Sydney shows no sign af 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, Syuney, and be a comfortable couple. Here is a book of eng-avings, 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.

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 Grif. His mother and sister are dressmakers, 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. Grahams 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 jirgle that had gone before. This was the touch of a musician, and the instrument seemed to know and respond. La ci Durem' 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 veiled sympathetic vibration, that undertone of pathos in its sweetness, that reaches the hourt.

'I don't care for Italian opera,' says Captain Macgregor; 'it's a deuce of a bore, as a rule; but I like that. Laci Darem 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 1 ever heard, and I have heard some good tenors-Sims Reeves 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 stingy -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 not meant to kill; without thought, hardly 'em all off capitally, I assure you. There, he knowing what she does do, she kills him. 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 dis-locating way in which he flings back his 'Hang Mrs. Graham's conversazione,' head, the inspired idiot style in which he growls brother Dick; 'hang all such shams' rolls his eyeballs up to the chandelier, the head, the inspired idiot style in which he frenzied manner in which elbows and fingers fly, are trying didoes to witness without a still small feeling of disgust. But Nolan doesn't contort, doesn't roll his eveballs, 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

sallad 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

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 cager face:

"My eye! how I love you. You sweet little dove, you: There's no one above you, soot beautiful Kitty.

"So glomy your helr is, Like a sylph or a fairy's, And your neck I declare, is Exquisitely pretty. "Quite Grecian you're nose is, And your cheeks are like roses, So delicious—oh, Moses! Surpassingly sweet!

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

And now, dear Kity,

It's not very protty.
Indeed it's a pity
To keep me in sorrow: "So, if you'll but chime in, We'll have done with our rhymin', Ewap Cupid for Hymen, 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, muttered Dick; "but no, our artless Katherine's heart will never run away with her head."

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

By no means. He certainly has an old ten.ireese, something more than a tendresse, and I doubt it he is quite over it yet for—'
Dick does not finish his seutence, for the subject of it arises from his seat, sees them and approaches. As he looks now, warmth in his dark fare, 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 tenor voices, or both, and be the centre of such a group of adoring angels as you are wherever you go? Miss Owenson 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 Owenson this afternoon,' says Mr. Nolan with that very genial smile of his. 'Apropos, Miss Owenson, you have been the means of making very happy one poor fellow who has not been used to over much happiness-Von Ettethe most excitable of living beings; he nearly expired with ectasy 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

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 he will ever value any more highly. Miss Owenson,' 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 ma.'

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

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

The dark gravity of the atternoon overspread his face again—the smile vanished. What a him, does duty for his sister. Isn't he? Very likely not. You see he strong, thoughful, 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 tair enslaver, and had reluctantly obeyed. Mr. Nolan and Miss Owenson 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 Sydney looks at him in surprise, Yes, Miss Owenson, troubled me; for if my convictions were not with Mrs. Harland, most assuredly 1 would not plead her case. I have conscientious notions about this sort of thing that are exceedingly unprofessional, I know-notions I will never outlive. But that Mrs. Harland is a murderess, 1 will not, cannot believe.'

Not with intent, perhaps-Not at all, Miss Owenson. See! for years her life with this man was a daily and hourly martyrdom. He starved her, he insulted her he was all the worst husband can be to the most helpless wife. She bore it patiently, submissively; she was friendless, poor, and alone-for years she endured it. One day he comes home half drunk, lays his revolver on the table, is more brutal than usual, offers her an insult, devilish in its atrocity. It mad-dens her. Hardly conscious of what she is doing-goaded beyond endurance-she lifts the pistol, fires, and he falls dead. She had Is this murder?

Sydney is silent; his suppressed vehemence almost frightens her. How interested he is in this Mrs. Harland! Does he mean to free her, and marry ber after?

'She is filled with a remorse, a despair, an anguish I never saw equalled, he goes on. How she lives or keeps her reason is more than I can understand. If she could give her life to restore his she would give it thanktully, joyfully. Is this woman then guilty? Does the crime of murder lie at her door?

'Oh! I don't know,' Sydney says with a look of distress. 'No, surely not. And yet it is an awful thing-whether by accident, by passion, or by intention-to take a human 'Awful! Great Heaven! yes,' he says in a

voice so thrilling that Sydney looks at him in ever increasing wonder? Surely he must love this Mrs. Harland, else why the passionate agony of that whis-

per? 'Poor fellow!' she thinks; 'it is hard on him. He deserves something better than to care for a woman whose hands are red with

her husband's blood. There is a pause. Sydney turns over the pictures without seeing them, conscious of a lawning and strong interest in this man. He rests his forehead on his hand, so dark a look in his face that she absolutely wonders if this be the same man who a few minutes !

Just one other-in English this time-a lago sang laughingly a comic song. That he should keep his levity for them, his carnestnote for her is a subtle flattery that conquets her as no other flattery could.

Burely my foolish opinions can have no weight with you, Mr. Nolan, no power to pain you, she says, very gently. 'If so I am in-deed sorry. It shall teach me to be less hasty and presumptions in profering 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 thoughtfulness of his face, 'I have not seen Mrs. Harland three times in my life; after the trial 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 feebly; but hold—I am sinning again while I apologize. 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 Owenson 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 exprets to see. And minutes fly, and hours, and to Sydney's horror-for she hates anything like a pronounced tere-a-tete-their conversation does not end until Katherine seeks her

side, 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 cousine.

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

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

"Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all," quotes 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 in-

terested in, were men without a sou. 'Ah! you are interested in Mr. Nolan?' 'Yes,' says Sydney, flinging 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

don't freeze into stateliness, Syd. I don't mean anything-I never do mean anything. Dick, at the foot of the stairs, looking de pressed, and unhappy, offers Sydney his arm.

for a cousin-in-law, after all. Now, then!

Mr. Nolan who stands talking cheerfully to '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 inauire. This is not an answer to my question. Why do you not come to see us as-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 Mac-

gregor?' retorts Mr. Nolan, looking down ino 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. 'On, by George! let us go on,' savs Dick, with a face of such utter disgust that Sydney laughs. She has been trying 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 Katies last is inaudible. Katie's cheeks are slightly flushed though, as she reaches 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 him-

spooning to Lewis Nolan, if he had been Old Vanderdnock might have heard, and

seli-deaf as an adder-might have heard you:

welcome, my gentle brother.'
And if you think Nolan's to be taken in in by your soft sawder, 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.

Dick growls, but obeys-Katherine is the ruling spirit of the household.

The city clocks are striking two when Sydney reaches her room. On the wall hangs "Sintram." She greets it with a smile of welcome, and the likeness to Mr. Nolan does not spoil her pleasure in looking at it, as she feared. On the table lies a letter with Canadian postmark, and in a stiff mercantile hand. She turns up the gas and tears it open eagerly, without waiting to remove her wraps. It is from Mr. McKelpin, in answer to one she had written him for news of her lost

tell her of her middle-aged Scottleh suitor.

terday, and contents duly noted. In reply, 1 have to my I know nothing of the present whereabouts of the late lamented Miss Dor. mer'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 Hoston 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 discription, from young lady answering the discription, from Montreal, was lying very ill under his charge; some mental strain, apparently, and physical exhaustion had prostrated her to such an ex-tent that it was doubtful if she would ever recover. I went to Boston; I saw and iden. tified her (herself unconscious), and ordered every care and attention. She recovered eventually, wrote me a brief note of acknow. ledgment, 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 temain, Respected Miss, yours to command.

DONALD MCKELPIN. To be Continued.

Clergymen, School Teachers and Religious Houses, during the present vacation, are respectfully invited to examine the extensive stock of Pianos and Organs now in the Warerooms of the N. Y. Piano Co., 226 & 228 St.
James street, which are sold to clergymen,
religious institutions at exceedingly law prices. George Woods' beautiful Vesper and school Organs, at \$75 to \$125. Fine rosewood Pianos at \$200 to \$300. The celebrated N. Y. Weber Piano is sold by this house to public institutions at wholesale prices. 48...

HON. MR. JUSTICE JOHN MAGUIRE.

One by one the pioneers of the Irisk 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-beareas, 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, Fermanagh, 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 entered upon the enjoyment of a large and lucrative practice, and in 1838 he married Frances Agnes Horan, daughter of the late Gordian Horan, Esq., of Quevec, and sister of the late Right Reverend E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston. In 1852 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 Champlain 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 Ganada, 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 late Mr. Methot as Reformers, against Mr. Stuart and Dubord, as Conservatives. The struggle, which showed the strength of the Irish Catholic element, resulted in the elec-tion, by a small majority, of Messrs. Methot and Stuart, but laid the foundation of the present system by which the Irish Catholic body are represented in both Legislatures. To the late Judge, for the expenditure of his time and means and to his ardent friends for their great struggle on that occasion, that satisfactory result is due; and, indeed, the illness that for the last few years had overpowered him and gradually and finally undermined his health, may be traced to the lengthened and earnest struggle he underweht for the attainment of the rights of his Irish Catholic fellowcitizens. When his last moments came, with the entire possession of his faculties, and with the fullest preparation for the impending instant, he had the satisfaction of being surrounded by spouse and children; especially was he pleased to gaze on two sons, one of them being already, the other soon to be, a

minister of his Redeemer. And, if anything could assuage the grief of his afflicted family, it is to be found in the earnest and sympathetic resolutions of condolence of the Quebec Bar, and the more important assurance that his soul has gone to a better—a happier home.

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills .- Autumnal Remedies .- Towards the fall of the year countless causes are at work to lower the tone of the nervous system, which will be followed by ill health unless proper means be employed to avert that evil. Holloway's far-famed preparations supply a faultless remedy for both external and internal complaints connected with change of season. All affections of the skin, roughness, blotches, pimples, superficial and deeper-seated inflammations, erysipelas, rheumatic pains and gouty pangs alike succumb to the exalted virtues of Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which will effect a happy revolution in the patient's condition, though the symptoms of his disorder are legion, and have obstinately withstood the best efforts of science to sub-

Montreal, Nov. 23rd, 18—.

"Respected Miss:"

Here Sydney smiles; the "Respected Miss" is so like what poor Cyrilla used to tell her of her middle-aged Scottish suitor.

'Yours of the 17th inst. came to hand yes-.