



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1873.

NO. 40

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. The Graces of Mary: or, Instructions and Devotions for the Month of Mary. With Examples, chiefly of graces recently obtained through Mary's Intercession. 32mo. cloth, 504 pages. \$0 45

duction when Roonan presented himself, and in terms of profound respect, and with a crafty assumption of sympathy and commiseration in his voice and manner, formally introduced Eileen to Marion as "her honor's new lady's maid."

gathered beneath a window in rear of the establishment, and awaited the signal. Bradley was to give the word as soon as Charles should have entered the passage leading from the public passage to Marion's chamber. Here his retreat would be cut off by the soldiery issuing from the taproom. There was but one means of flight, which was through the window of his wife's room; and were he able to force the stanchions which fastened this egress, it would be to find himself confronted by a fresh body of foes.

altercation in some neighbouring apartment of the Roost. She called Eileen to her, and both straining their ears, listened. They recognised the voice which had addressed to them but one gruff sentence that morning. It was Bradley. For the other they had no doubt—one of them at least. Marion had heard Richard Raymond speak too often not to know his accents now.

sounding like the tolling of death-bells upon the dismal and gusty twilight. Paralyzed with horror, the two females huddled at the door, glaring at each other with terrified faces. They were unable to exchange a whisper, or to move a limb.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR?

A STORY OF '98. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE FRIENDS. When we parted Eileen O'Hanlon upon the threshold of the Roost, she was going to fill the place of attendant upon the dearest female friend she had upon earth. It is needless to inform our readers that Roonan, when he engaged the girl whom he took to be a simple rustic, was wholly ignorant of the intimacy which existed between the two women.

But when Eileen detailed the villainous arrangements she had overheard, the horror and fear of the poor captive were extreme. She then remembered the plausible professions of pity and devotion by which Roonan had induced her to write to Charles, with whom he pretended to have established a communication.

Nobody else appeared throughout the day, and the young women would have been left to feel the pangs of hunger were not anxiety and suspense more powerful than food to take the edge off appetite. Even the remains of last night's supper, which had not been removed from the room, though they included some palatable morsels, were not touched by either of the friends.

"Smart fellow, Lieutenant Dick—now don't you think you are? You miserable idiot, you know you couldn't have stirred hand or foot without me. But now that your brother is walking into the snare, and the soldiers are on the march to seize him, you think you can cast me off, and that all will be ended in this lonely tenement. See, lieutenant," he continued in a tone of mingled contempt and malice, "perhaps I don't perceive how you intend to make things safe with your brother. Eh! Perhaps I don't understand the meaning of that pair of loaded pistols that are peeping from your pocket. No, indeed, by my soul! Our brother is not the boy to struggle, and we are not the man to take advantage of the contest and confusion to slip a bullet in him, eh? You murdering sneak!"

This latter sentence Bradley seemed to utter in soliloquy. Marion was about to reply she knew not what when there was a crash as if the bursting of a door, and Bradley, with a very roar of fright and despair, bounded out of the room. What his eyes beheld in the passage seemed to deprive him of all self-possession. He sprang into the apartment again, and rushing to the window, smote the sash with the ponderous instrument he carried. Two blows broke the woodwork to pieces, but there remained outside the stout, close-laid stanchions. He seized two of these, and made a desperate effort to shake them loose, but they resisted, and with a groan he turned away and stood like a statue beside the shattered casement, his eyes fixed on the door.

To be Continued.

Almanacs were first published in 1480. As you give yourself, so the world takes you. Vanity is a strong drink that makes all the virtues stagger. Some men of means are sometimes the meanest of men.