

GRANTLEY MANOR.

A TALE

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON, Author of "Lady Bird," "Ellen Middleton," &c

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

When Margaret left the parsonage, Mr. Thornton repeated, ten times a day, "What a plague it is that the child must go! What nonsense it is that she must go home at all!" And though Mr. Thornton repeatedly assured him that it was not in the nature of things that people should always stay in the same place, and that she would rather see Margaret dead at her feet and buried in the churchyard, than shut up for life in a poky house like theirs; or, at other times, ask, with a mild significant pliancy, "What's the girl to us, or we to the girl, that she should never leave us?" she still she, too, pined for the return of the "bonny lass," (as the old Scotch gardener called her), and twenty times a day she looked up from her work (that everlasting white cat on a blue ground) to see whether the green gate was not swinging on its hinges to admit the old black pony, who had, for so many years, carried the little lady of the manor through the copse-woods, the shady avenues, and the grassy glades of the fair valley of Grantley. All went well with Margaret during that dull month of November. Everybody smiled on her, and every eye that rested upon her, gladdened as it gazed. Walter, her very happy "alter," she was sure must, with his gentle mother to nurse him, and her little Margaret, to fetch him from the library those heavy, dull, wise books he was so fond of, and to carry his messages about the country, and many a sick-bed, was a cottage, and many a sick-bed, the comforts he was wont to bestow, day by day, on those who stood in need of them. Whether these sufferings, eyes, even though it left behind it substantial tokens of its presence, the kind pressure of Walter's hand, and the whispering words of support and of hope beyond what this world can give, that they were wont to receive from him, is doubtful; but she did her best, cheerful and happy child of prosperity, and it was not her fault if a bitter experience had not yet taught her those secrets of the heart by which we find our way to the hearts of others. Yea, and the poor blessed her, and Walter praised her, and his mother worshipped her, and all spoiled her. Was it strange that her eyes grew brighter every day, her step lighter, and her laugh more joyous than ever?

CHAPTER V.

ONE morning that Margaret was at work in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Thornton was sorting vegetables at her table, Edmund Neville, whose eyes had been fixed upon some shades of gray as intently as she, too, was about to shade the tail of a white cat, suddenly jumped up, and now riveted his eyes on the entrance-court, where Colonel Leslie was about to mount his horse. "Where is your father going so early?" he asked of Margaret. "To Lord Donnington's," she replied; "his place is fifteen miles off." Having lost sight of Colonel Leslie, who at a rapid pace had galloped down the avenue, Edmund now turned again to Margaret, and with a manner that was peculiar to himself, and which was at once as coaxing as a child's, and as despot as a young autocrat's, said, looking earnestly into her face—"I want to see the house. Come and show me all the house." "The kitchen and the cellars, I suppose?" asked Margaret, with a smile; "for you have seen all the rest." "No, indeed, I have not examined the pictures in the dining-room; and I never go into the inner library, nor into your father's study. Come with me." "What an old fancy!" persisted Margaret. "Not at all an odd fancy, my love," observed Mrs. Thornton; "and, phonologically speaking, I can perfectly account for it." Margaret, who knew that her grandmother had been studying Combe during the last two days, instinctively wished to escape the threatened solution, and another impatient "Come!" from Edmund was more effectual than the last, and both had reached the bottom of the stairs before Mrs. Thornton had recollecting the exact phrenological bump by which she had intended to account for Mr. Neville's wish to see the house. To describe Edmund Neville (not phrenologically, but in common plain language) is what must now be attempted, although it is a matter of some difficulty to find the exact terms in which to do so. He was rather short and very slight; but yet his muscular and perfectly symmetrical figure conveyed a notion of remarkable activity and strength. His head was small, and particularly grave and refined manliness about his attitudes which brings to mind the portraits of Vanduyke. His hair was very dark but not black, and his complexion at once pale and healthy. His eyes were very fine, but it would not have been easy to define their expression; eagerness was their chief characteristic, and this peculiarity contrasted strangely with the general languor and carelessness of his manner. His eyes were fine, they seemed to read into your soul, but they did not allow you to read into his. His manner combined a winning, childlike ease with a more than ordinary self-possession. His lips were thin, and the lines round his well-formed mouth indicated a fixity of purpose, scarcely consistent with the apparent indolence of his character. It was like his hand, which, soft and white as it was, had the strength of a steel spring, and could break at once a bough which Colonel Leslie and Mr. Thornton had vainly attempted to bend. In smallest occurrences of life he practiced a strength of volition which was very difficult to withstand. He obliged Mrs. Thornton to ground her cat in red instead of blue, Mrs. Dalton to give the village children an extra holiday, Margaret to wear heath instead of ivy in her hair, Walter to read out loud a pamphlet on the Corn-laws instead of an essay on Ecclesiology, and he was even known to carry a point with old Mr. Sydney about his plantation; a certain bank was wanted with beach instead of fir at his suggestion, although in the first instances the lord of Heron

Castle had treated the proposal with unqualified contempt. There was something nearly irresistible in the childlike earnestness with which he pursued his object; there was something so 'arressant' (no English word will do here) in his way of urging it: if the subject was a trifle, it seemed so ill-natured to oppose him; if it was a consequence, his whole heart seemed so set upon it; and thus he made his way, and had his way with every one, and every one liked him even better than they owned; and though Colonel Leslie sneered at the way in which others spoiled "that young Nevill," he too was always glad to see him, would turn out of his way to join him in his walks, and he put off a party which had long been projected to St. Wulstan's Abbey, because Edmund, poor fellow, had a headache, and could not go with them.

Margaret and Edmund were now examining the pictures in the dining-room with an interest that seemed equal on both sides, for she loved them almost as the companions of her childhood, as the objects of her day dreams in later years, as the familiar images which had wound themselves into all the memories of the past. As she used to enjoy them as one who could appreciate their merit as an artist, and he listened with interest to the family histories that were attached to some of them. They stopped some time before a portrait of Colonel Leslie, which had been painted for Margaret's mother, just before her marriage. It seemed to rivet Edmund's attention; he gazed on it as if his eyes would never take themselves off it; Margaret spoke to him twice without rousing him, and when for the third time she asked him if he thought like, he slowly answered, "Very like," and still gazed on with undiminished attention. At last he turned away, and said abruptly—"How old is your father?"

"About forty-two, I believe," she replied.

"And your?" said Edmund, with a smile.

"Not very far from nineteen," she answered.

"And your sister?" he continued.

Margaret started, turned her large, violet-coloured eyes upon him, with a troubled and inquiring expression. It had been a dream of her childhood that she had a sister; she had a vague recollection of having once heard her grandmother say to her governess, when they thought her out of hearing, "Only think of that little Italian papist being her sister!" With that strange reserve which exists so often even in the most open-hearted and guileless children, she had kept this in her mind, and pondered over it, without ever speaking about it to any one, till by degrees the impression faded away, and was lost among the busy thoughts of daily life. As time went on, it seemed so unnatural that if she indeed had a sister, no one should name or allude to her, that she came to reckon this remembrance among the wild fancies which in hours of solitude so often take a form in the musings of childhood. Edmund's question seemed, as if an electric shock, to wake a train of thought in her mind, and her heart beat very fast as she answered—

"Years ago I once imagined that I had a sister somewhere abroad, but as no one ever mentioned her to me, I have ceased to think it possible. What then do you know of any sister of mine?"

"I was told you had one," he carelessly replied; "but I dare say I make some mistake; now show me the copy of Guido's speranza, which you spoke of the other day."

Margaret opened the door of Colonel Leslie's study, and led the way to the picture, but her heart was full; and turning suddenly back, she said to Edmund in an earnest manner—"Will you please to tell me, Mr. Neville, when and where you heard that I had a sister? It would be such—"

"Such what?" cried Edmund eagerly.

"Such happiness!" she exclaimed, with a passionate burst of tears. "I want a sister," she continued, with great excitement; "they are all so good, so kind, so wise, those who love me, those I love; and Walter—dear Walter—I love him with all my heart. But they are too good, too wise, too patient with me. I want a sister to talk to, to laugh with, to quarrel with"—and she smiled through her tears. Edmund seized her hand, and kissed it. "Margaret—dear Margaret!" he began, "I have something to say to you—something which, day after day I have been longing to say to you. Will you listen to me now? Will you hear me, dearest Margaret?" "No, no!" cried Margaret, starting up from her chair, while a crimson blush spread over her brow, her cheeks, her neck. "I never intended this—you have quite misunderstood me—I never meant."

New Church of Immaculate Conception.

(Continued from page 1.)

I have chosen you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit shall remain." 16 verse 15 chapter St. John in the course of his remarks he said this was the commission that the apostles received from our Lord when he sent them forth to preach the gospel. Let them see whether that glorious saint, whose feast they were keeping that day, and whom they justly entitled the apostle of Ireland, received such a commission, and whether he brought forth fruit that should remain for ever. No true apostle could go forth unless he was sent, and with this point in mind they would endeavour to see whether they could justly call St. Patrick an apostle. After pointing out that the apostles were not confined to the twelve, and instancing St. Paul as one who came after them he named others who might be justly called apostles: St. Francis Xavier, the apostle to the Indies; St. Peter Claver the apostle to the negroes; St. Boniface the apostle to Germany. In first considering the words of the text, "I have chosen you," he recalled briefly the early history of St. Patrick and asked whether in those few details he had given they could recognize the truth of those words as applied to their saint. Most certainly they could. Why was Patrick allowed to go into captivity; to spend those long years on the mountainside tending cattle? An apostle must be an imitator of the master. The sufferings, and ignominies of their Lord led the way to His joys and His glories; the sufferings, the ignominies of Patrick led the way not only to his subsequent freedom but to his preaching of the gospel of liberty, the birthright of the children of God. St. Patrick remained six years in captivity. Why? That he might become perfectly cognizant of the manners, the habits, the customs, as well as the language of the people amongst whom he was afterwards to labor. And as the death of our Lord prepared for His glorious resurrection and our redemption so lastly the slavery of Patrick prepared for that day when he returned to Ireland to preach eternal life to those who would believe in Jesus Christ. The preacher pictured the joy of Patrick's parents on beholding him on his return after escaping from captivity. They thought to keep him, but he had been chosen and he must as an apostle, go. Continuing the preacher showed how Patrick realizing his mission prepared for it by study and by the companionship of saints. But in order to fulfil the right office and dignity of an apostle he must not only go when sent but he must bring forth fruit, and what fruit did Patrick not bring forth in Ireland. They had seen that he was chosen for a special work and he performed it to perfection. Father Fox recalled the early events of Patrick's mission in Ireland and passing on gave a summary of what he did in the way of bringing forth fruit. He founded 400 churches and 700 religious houses. He consecrated 100 bishops and ordained 3,000 priests. Here was work, one would think, not for ten but for twenty apostles, but in addition to that he went about all over the land baptizing thousands, so that it was related of him that his hand was weary with pouring the waters of regeneration on the heads of those who knelt before him. Then what a life of mortification he led; his days spent in preaching, converting, and baptizing; his nights in prayer and penance. There was the 4th part of the commission—not only should they bring forth fruit but their fruit should remain. Ireland had never lost the faith and she never shall. In spite of persecution and centuries of martyrdom Ireland had remained faithful; the children of Erin had persevered as they would persevere to the end. Truly therefore they saw that the glorious St. Patrick was not only an apostle, but one of the greatest of the apostles. The theme was a beautiful one and would detain them too long, and their venerable Archbishop who had come there in spite of indisposition to assist on that glorious occasion if he enlaged on it. He would only in closing therefore congratulate the pastor of that parish on the great work he had done. How his heart must be filled with joy on that day when he had brought that beautiful church to such a state of perfection, and they all rejoiced with him. But his labors were not yet over. Now the church was only dedicated, it could not be consecrated until clear of debt and he asked them to go on assisting their pastor as they had done in the past so that that day might be hastened. In conclusion he urged his hearers to pray to St. Patrick, Pray that the dear old land may soon be perfectly free, that she may obtain that Home Rule which was so necessary for her. They should always stand up for the faith they received from St. Patrick—never be ashamed of it—in a word let them do their best to imitate their national apostle.

A collection, which we are pleased to say was most liberally responded to, was taken up during the mass. The musical portion of the service was exceedingly well rendered.

The music sung was "Leonard's Mass," and the soloists were Mrs. Bernhart, Mrs. Buzzard, Mrs. Germain, Messrs. M. Cyr, Furstanberger and the Misses McNamara, F. Tobin, W. Tobin. The other singers were Messrs. Picard, Jean, Jean, Tellion, Belanger, Shaw, Lavallee, Bellevue, Fecteau, Markniski, Patneaud.

In concluding our report of the ceremony on this most interesting occasion we wish to express the delight with which we have heard that although there is still a debt remaining on the church it is, compared to the total cost, only a small sum, and there is every prospect that before very long the people of Winnipeg may have the pleasure of assisting at the consecration of the sacred edifice. The parishioners have done nobly in the past in providing the means for the erection of their church, and they have now the satisfaction of knowing that they worship in certainly the most beautiful and probably the most complete church in this portion of the Dominion. They are thus rewarded in this world for the many sacrifices they have made and the self-denial they must so often have practiced in bringing their work to so successful an issue, and they have the further consolation of knowing that such zeal in the service of God if persevered in must secure for them in the world to come a reward that shall be much greater and shall be eternal.

A Popular Competition.

The Publishers of the Ladies' Home Magazine presents its great Bible Competition to the public of America. This Competition closes on May 31st (15 days thereafter being allowed for letters to reach us from distant points).

QUESTIONS—1. Which is the longest book in the New Testament? 2. Which is the shortest? 3. The longest verse? 4. The shortest? How TO COMPLETE—Write the questions down, and follow with the answers. Mail this to us, together with \$1 to pay for six months subscription to the Ladies' Home Magazine—one of the best Home Magazines of the day, and if your answers are correct you will receive one of the following prizes: \$1000 in gold; \$500 in gold; \$250 in gold; \$100 in gold; 250 Elegant Silver Tea sets; Organs; Pianos, &c. Everything fair and square. Send postal card for list of prizes. Prizes awarded \$10,000 distributed during the past two years. Address: THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterboro, Canada.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on THURSDAY, 20th April, 1893, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1894, duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the supplies required, date of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg. This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment of any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. L. VAN KOUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, March, 1893.



TENDERS.

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Court House, &c., at Lethbridge, N.W.T.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 12th April, 1893, for the several works required in the erection of Court House, &c., at Lethbridge, N.W.T. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of the Director of Customs, Lethbridge, on and after Wednesday, 22nd March, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 18th March, 1893.



Tenders for a Permit to cut timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of Manitoba.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the envelope "Tender for a permit, to be opened on the 10th of April, 1893," will be received at this Department until noon on Monday, the 10th day of April next, for a permit to cut timber on the North-West quarter of Range 5, West of the 1st Meridian, in the said Province. The regulations under which a permit will be issued may be obtained at this Department at the office of the Crown Timber Agent at Winnipeg. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Bank in favour of the Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for the permit. It will be necessary for the person whose tender is accepted to obtain a permit within sixty days from the 10th of April next, and to pay twenty per cent of the dues on the timber to be cut under such permit, otherwise the berth will be cancelled. Not tender by telegraph will be entertained. JOHN R. HALL, Secretary, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 9th March, 1893.

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