COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS

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# PROTECTION OF THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICE.

The Taus Wiress has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation; and it the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in ex-

istence. But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITHESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We wantactive intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at

\$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality. but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITNESS between this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of THE POST Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig street, Montreal, Canada

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

In cases of Chronic disease which doctors have failed to cure, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS has achieved its greatest triumph. All diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Scroiule, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Piles, Female Complaints and all forms of lost Vitality are promptly cured by this great renovating Tonic. Trial Bottles only cost 10 Cents.

## REST AND COMFORT TO THE

SUFFERING "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side. Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Tootbache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's "Household Panaces," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ST. THERESE COLLEGE.

The following letter is from Rev. Father Mantel, Superior of the St. Therese College: ST. THERESE SEMINARY,

ST. THERESE, Nov. 4, 1881. Several persons have expressed to us their recied time, 4h 45m 391s. desire to know the amount of the subscriptions made up to date for the reconstruction of the Seminary of St. Therese. The request is but too legitimate and therefore we hurry to satisfy it. The amount of subscriptions to day reaches \$19,345. Of this sum \$4,036.43 has been paid, the remainder is due at juture dates. We are happy, at the same time, to express to all our well-wishers our sincere gratitude. We would like to be able to express it in another manner, but God who knows our position will supply to it. We also thank beforehand for Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary, the promised subscriptions, because the lists granted Cetewayo leave to visit England.

remain open as our wants are most pressing, in view of the great expense which we have to indus, not only to raise our walls but to renew our furniture, all our material of education, our museums. libraries, to. Notwith-standing the goodwill and generality of all, a large debt still remains, and will long weigh on our institution. Some errors have appeared in newspapers relatively to our new college, the walls of which we are now laying. It will not be larger than the old one. The cost will not be \$150,000 but only \$70,000. It will be constructed on a model plan and in accordance with the limited resources at our disposition.

A. NANTEL, Ptre. Superior.

ALMOST YOUNG AGAIN.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicine did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family." A lady in Providence, R. 1 .- Journal.

THE EDITOR.

By E. E. Edwards, Boston Transcript. The editor, children, is a member of that race of animals called mankind. He is in-

variably a kind man. He is perfectly harmless. You may go into his den without fear. But he has peculiarities. The sight of a poet makes him wild. He is then very dangerous, and is apt to do bodily harm to all within reach. He is also much wrought up when a man comes

in with a little trifle he has just dashed off. There is one thing that must be said in the editor's dispraise. His mind is so bissed by long thinking in a certain direction, that he dislikes very much to look upon both sides of a question. Therefore, if you value your safety, never, never approach him with manuscript written on both sides of your

paper. The editor usually writes with a pen, but his most cutting articles are the product of

And let me say right here, children, that a good deal of sheer nonsense has been printed about the editor. He uses his shears only when composing an entirely original article. The editor would make a good public speaker, but for his propensity for clipping

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. His would be a monotonous life indeed, were it not for the kindness of the few hundred people who call upon him every day, to enliven his dull life with stories of their grievances, of their brand-new enterprises and with antediluvian anecdotes. When you grow up to be men and women, children, remember this, and spend all the time you can in the sanctum of the editor. He loves company so much, you know, and sometimes he has to sit silent and alone for a

whole half a minute. Is it not too bad? itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange fiends and other philanthropists. He gives his whole day to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.

The editor is never so happy as when he is writing complimentary notices. For ten cents' worth of presents he will gladly give ten dollars' worth of advertising-all on account of the pleasure it gives him to write,

you know, children. He loves also to write neat little speeches and bright witty poems for people without brains who wish to speak in public. It is so easy for him to do this, that he is sometimes quite miserable when an hour or two passes

The editor dines at all the hotels free, he travels free, theatres open wide their doors to him, his tailor clothes him gratis, his butcher and grocer turnishes him with food without money and without price. In short his every want is provided for. He spends his princely salary in building churches and school houses in foreign lands.

By all means, children, be editors. Of course it would be better if you could be hod-carriers or dray horses. But as that is impossible, by all means be editors.

## AQUATIC.

THE RACE BETWEEN THE "MISCHIEF," OF NEW YORK, AND THE CANADIAN "ATALANTA"-THE CANADIAN BOAT LOSES IN THE BACE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9 .- Sandy Hook, 12.30 p.m.—The yachts are coming down the bay with a south-westerly breeze of twenty miles, and "Mischief" about half a mile shead of the "Atalauta." They sail finely.

It was now apparent that the crew of the canvas in a hotly contested race. Outside the Hook there was plenty of wind and the sea was bad. A grey sky and indications of rain at every minute made the outlook anyswung dead fore and aft and spilled the wind entirely on her main sail. It was a free wind out and as the breeze was stronger astern, the "Atalanta" showed to some advantage, notwithstanding her serious drawbacks. boats luffed around the light ship as follows:

" Mischief." 1 h 25 m 25 secs. "Atalanta." 1 h 38 m 14 secs.

A difference of 13 m 49 secs, showing that the "Mischief" had only gained on the "Atslanta," from the buoy at the off-shore beacon, 34 secs. The "Atalanta" missed stays around the lightship and came near falling off the wrong way. When the "Mischief" was off the point of the Hook at 2 h 15 m, the "Atalanta" was only abreast of the Scotland Light Ship. Short tacks to the southward were made from the Hook to fetch the Spit Buoy, in which the "Mischief" beat the "Gracie," and these boats rounded that mark as follows:-

" Mischief," 2h 47m 45s.

"Gracie," 2h 49m 10s. With started sheet the "Mischief" bounded up the bay, beating the Canadian in corrected time 28m 30ls. The following is the official announcement :-

"Mischief," start 11h 14m 50s; finish, 3h 31m 58s; elapsed time, 4h 17m 09s; corrected time. 4h 17m 09s. "Atalanta," start 11h 15m 51s; finish, 4b

04m 154s; elapsed time, 4h 48m 244s; cor-The "Gracie" also sailed over the course and on corrected time beat the "Mischief." ing the time of the committee's steamer leaving New York for the outside race at 8

A consultation after the race resulted in fixo'clock to-morrow morning. A violent rain squall from the westward, and a race between two tugs up the bay, finished the day's proceedings. The Atalanta" people returned to dously." the city last night disappointed but wiser men.

Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary, has

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS. Colombia Billion Stephen Library

THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P

CHAPTER XVII. CONTINUED. Here the white bonnet turns slowly, very

slowly, until a charming, childish, debonnaire face makes itself known to the speakers be hind. Two large blue eyes look first at Dinmont and then fasten themselves upon Arthur Blunden with a deliberate stare. It is as though they sought to impress his features indelibly upon the memory of their owner. Blunden returns the glance willingly, and

thinks he has never seen such expressive eyes before, or any so hostile.

Then the face is again withdrawn, and the happy possessor of that unapproachable bonnet says something in a subdued voice to her companion, who is evidently shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Who is she?" asks Blunden, hurriedly, of the petrified Dandy.

"Mrs. Charteris," replies that youth, in an agonized whisper, whereupon Blunden gives way to a naughty expression, and, turning

"It is my turn next," says Mrs. Charteris, in a curious tone, gazing after him, with a sudden flash in her laughing eyes quite foreign to them.

"Why, Faucy, I do believe you are angry, says her cousin, in an amused tone, leaning forward, so as to examine her face more minutely. "I thought you always said you were above the world's opinion. My dear girl, 'what a falling off is here' Why, even Iwhom you despise as a person utterly devoid of pluck—should only laugh at such nonsense."

"Should you?"-in an impossible tone. "I confess I don't feel in the least like laughing. His manner was insolent—detestable—not to be borne. But I shall wait"-tapping her fan against her hand continuously-"I shall lay my plans, and when I can cry checkmate to

him then I shall laugh " "My dear, you terrify me. Poor, poor Mr. Blunden! I wouldn't be he for anything. Your tone is positively tragic."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Teach notify lip such scorp; for it was made For kissing, lady; not for such contempt." —Richard III.

It is half an hour later. A few people who have been born with a desire to do something, and who are always religiously trying to do it, have taken their departure, and have sought the happy working-grounds of their imaginations. The others still linger on, idly indulging in gossip, slightly impure and anything but simple.

The musicians hold on bravely. Just now a very young lady is enchanting the audience and is filling the room with her plaintive fresh young voice. She is a mediæval young lady, and is clad in a gown that clings to her and trails and almost weeps behind her, so sad it is, and so unhealthy its indescribable shade of The business of the editor is to entertain green. As one of Mr. Whistler's dismal arrangements, or symphonies, or harmonies, even he himself might well be proud of her.

She has plainly a hankering after high art. Her sleeves, tight almost to impossibility, are puffed largely at the shoulders; round her neck some silver chains are drawn, as though with a desire to strangle; and I am sure she would have been happy forever could she but have dared to appear before the British public in one of those tall peaked caps from which a veil descended, and which formed a prominent feature in the Dark Ages.

She is very earnest and almost pretty, and Gretchen at a distance is delighted with her large solemn eyes and thin pale, little face. the choice of music circumstances have been somewhat against her. No doubt she would have liked to chant the loves and woes of a Lord Rowland or a Sir Hildebrand; yet here she is entreating a frivolous people-with wide eyes and a very general sleeplessnessnot to wake her, as she wants to "dream again."

Kitty is pleased with her, too, but just a little supercilious; and every woman in the room is asking every other woman where on earth she got that awful gown-except, perhaps, Mrs. Charteris, who, in another room, is oblivious to all but the honeyed words of "a very foolish, fond young man" who is leaning over her chair

The young man is Brandy Tromaine, and he is evidently very far gone indeed. His whilom friend, his Damon-alias Dandy Dinmont -watching him from a distant door way, is devoured with jealousy, and, noting Mrs. Charteris' mild acceptance of his homage, asks himself bitterly how he could ever have felt a friendship for Tremaine.

Fancy, in a ravishing costume of pearl-gray and the white bonnet, is waving languidly "Atalanta" were not accustomed to handling from side to side a monstrous fan in her tiny pearl-gray hand, and has a charmingly absent air about her. A fan in her possession is a weapon; she generally does great execution with it. Now, one might almost believe she thing but pleasant. The "Atalanta" took is not listening to one word said by the dedown her topsail at 1h 6m. Occasionally on voted Brandy, who is talking to her in an emvoted Brandy, who is talking to her in an emthe bar, the "Atalanta's" boom and gaff presse undertone. Yet, she hears, and answers every one of his remarks without a fault.

As a rule there is always a young man leaning over Mrs. Charteris' chair, talking to her in an empresse undertone; and not always the same young man, either; she knows better than that! She adores boys, and evidently finds in them a fund of amusement. Whether the boys find the same amount of enjoyment in the game, who shall say? It is needless to state, however, that they adore her. one and all.

"I am of the greatest possible use to them. she is wont to say airily. "How they would get on without me I can't imagine. Their mothers owe me a debt of gratitude, which they never pay, though I think they ought to present me with a handsome testimonial every season. Those boys come to me rough and unshaped, and by the time they have tired of their little infatuation for me, or-or I have tired of them-it is quite the same thing-they are presentable young men, fit to go anywhere. I don't myself think them half as amusing then. But, you see, I am peculiar. I like them best just at first, they are so earnest and so deliciously naive. I must say I think it is very kind of me all the trouble I take about them. If only for this consideration alone, Mrs. Grundy ought to pardon me all my crimes and misdemeanors so-called."

Arthur Blunden since his defeat has been somewhat gloomy and taciturn. Sir John ly younger, in spite of the wonderful baby. seeing him leaning against a door way and looking decidedly bored, comes over to him | think." and slips his arm through his.

"You'll evaporate if you keep on looking so cloudy," he says. "Come with me, and l'Il introduce you to one of the prettiest women in town—amusing, too, and that's everything in this dull age. She'll suit you tremen-

"You excite my curiosity," says Arthur, in dreary tone that belies his word. "Where head,—"or men that always stay at home; it is your rara avis? I should like to see her." He accompanies Sir John in an indolent, ways. Don't you think Mr. Blunden, that listless fashion across the room, until brought travelling improves the mind?"

to a full stop before a lowiscat, when looking up he finds himself face to face with Mrs. Charteris

It is too late to recede ; so he pulls himself ogether and tries to look like somebody else, and fails ignominiously. He feels the tell

tale color mounting to his brow, and is presently comfortably aware he must resemble nothing so strongly as a full-blown peony? Mrs.

Charteris on the contrary, is delightfully unembarrassed, and perfectly free from mauvals honte of any description.

The introduction is gone through, and Mrs.

A month ago, if any trouble had visited

Charteris absolutely smiles and beams upon her new acquaintance. But the new acquaint ance tells himself, with a shudder, there is malice in the smile and meditated revenge in the beam, and secretly arms himself for war. Presently Sir John, moving away, takes Brandy with him, leaving Arthur and Mrs. Charteris alone. When "Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." At this moment

cold chill that penetrates his entire body. "You have only just returned to England, I think?" begins Fancy, politely. "Yes, I have been some time abroad-idling

Blunden for the second time is conscious of a

in the East, mostly. Coming home I spent a few days at Cyprus." "Ah! then you can tell me all about it," says Mrs Charteris, with suspicious geniality. " Is it a very charming place, or quite the reverse? There is no believing the newspaper reports. What principally strikes one on first

landing ?" "Soldiers, and fever and dirt," returns he. gloomily, feeling distrustful of the brilliant

of it; so let us change the conversation. That is Lady Fanny Falkiner over there. Do you her beautiful!" admire her?"

" She is pretty, but a degree too dark for my (" Mean and palpable flattery! It sha'n't

save him," says Mis. Charteris to her own heart.) "Yes? she would not suit you in other ways either, perhaps. You are a stranger in London just now, so you must let me tell you

some of the home gossip. I like Lady Fanny myself intensely—quite altogether, you know But they do say odd things of her. They call her fast, and you, I fancy, (though why I scarcely know), would not admire 'that sort of person." Blunden draws his mustache slowly

through his fingers and his breath somewhat hardly. Beauty insulted is no joke; and he tells himself, with an inward groan, that now indeed he is in for it! "It would entirely depend upon circum-

stances," he replies calmly-if without knowing in the very least what he means-and with such an amount of successful indifference as should have raised feelings of admiration in her breast. "What a politic answer," she says, with

short but amused smile. "I like politic people myself, they are so safe, so unlikely to form conclusions in a hurry or without sufficient knowledge. I dare say I shall like you immensely after a bit." ("Little hypocrite!" says Blunden, under

his breath.) "But to return to Lady Fanny," goes on Mrs. Charteris; "she has her enemies. But that is hardly to be wondered at in this mischievous world. Do you know"-with an aggrieved glance-"I have mine!"

"You can't expect me to believe that," says Blunden, feebly.
"I have indeed,"—shaking her blonde head

sorrowfully. "You know what Hamlet says; "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." I have not only enemies among my friends, but-would you credit it ?- I have actually heard people who have never exchanged one word with me, condemn me heartily behind my back! Yes," She is singing with all her might, though in | -maliciously-" literally behind my back! Is not that shameful? You see, it gives one no chance of defending one's self. I think it a little mean; don't you?"

sure." Blunden is silent. His eyes are on the ground. His face is rather red. He is still simlessly and unconsciously caressing his

mustache. "No wonder you are silent," goes on Mrs. Charteris mercilessly, always with the plaintive ring in her voice; "one finds a difficulty in understanding it. You would not condemn any one on hearsay, would you?"

Blunden gives in. The strain is too great. He succumbs, and lifts his head and meets her eyes. His own are full of mute pleading. "Mrs. Charteris." he says, in a low tone,

with every appearance of the deepest, the most flattering contrition, "have mercy on Mrs. Charteris smiles. It is altogether a different smile from her former one. It is (as

Blunden even at this critical moment assures

himself) one of the prettiest smiles he ever SAW. "I am the most merciful woman in the world," she says, and moves her skirts a little to one side and motions him to seat himself

near her. Arthur, with a very grateful glance, falls into line directly. "How like your cousin, Sir John, you are!" she says, presently, in her sweetest tones, turning to examine his features with gentle but gratifying interest. Blunden's ennui has all disappeared. He begins to think musical afternoons capital things, and Mrs. Charteris the most calumniated of her sex. Poor man! He little knows that all these blandishments,

and tender smiles are but first steps to the re

venge she has promised herself. "We are thought like," he replies, presently, "almost as like as brothers-more so than ordinary cousins, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes. Now, Cyclamen and I-do you know Cyclamen—Lady Cyclamen Browne?we are cousins, but nothing can be so dissimilar.'

"Cyclamen! What a curious name!" "Yes, is it not? Her mother, you see, was mad. No, by the bye, it wasn't that,"-putting two fingers to her brow with a pretty affectation of forgetfulness-"I am sure not that; but she was romantic, poor soul; and, after all "-airily-" it is just the same thing. She christened her first daughter Cyclamen. and the second Pansy. It was hard on the poor little things, wasn't it? and they didn't like it, either. The Pansy died while yet in the bud, and you may see how pale and fragile Cyclamen has grown up; quite like her she is a perfect pet, and I adore her." "You must point her out to me. Irrespect-

ive of being your cousin, I should like to see the person you adore." "You shall be gratified later on. There are the Carringtone; why, Phyllis looks positive-

You have seen nearly everybody to-day, I "It is quite a 'dream of fair women,' "says Blunden gallantly.

"'Brave women and fair men,' I call them nowadays," says Fancy, disdainfully. "The women are so strongminded, the men so very much the reverse. I don't think I quite like our Saxon-haired men either,"-with an appreciative glance at Blunden's brown sleek makes them so stupid, so wanting in many This is said so nalvely with such protein ed want of meaning that Blunden, said alond. And then she laughs too, and all gether they both appear so amused and pleased with each others, society that Danie Dinmont, who in the distance is watching. them, is consumed with with envy and jeal-

each other's presence and poured out without reservation the grievance, whatever it might be sure of receiving in return for their confidence instant generous sympathy. But now the old friendship is forgotten. They stand when untoward circumstances fling them in the same path; on the contrary, they are scrupulously—nay, painfully—polite, and would ished calm the enemy's approach, not for the world say or do anything not in "The foe—they come they come keeping with the strictest rules of etiquette. But each regards the other with suspicion as a probable supplanter in the good graces of Mrs.

"I suppose Blunden is the latest victim?" says Dandy, bitterly, addressing—of all peo-

ple.—Kitty, who happens to be near him.

"I hardly think so. Arthur is so different from other men, so self-constrained, and so discerning," replies Kitty, unsmilingly. "There are in his eyes qualities superior to mere beauty."

reception accorded him.

"How disappointing! I really couldn't discuss soldiers, and fever, and—and all the rest mally, yet unable to resist throwing a lance of it: so let us change the convergation. That in defense of his cruel divinity. "You think

"Very pretty indeed,"-calmly. A wise woman never abuses another woman to a man, whatever she may do when tete-a-tete with her own sex. Kitty is a wise woman. "She elvdently fancies Arthur; she would,

you know. He is so like Sir John," goes on this unhappy young man, almost soto voce. utterly unconscious of the fact that he is disat any moment. "What has that to do with her infatua-

tion ?" asks she, forcing a pale smile. "Oh, nothing—nothing to signify. Sir John was rather epris with her before her marriage. But of course that is all over. A fellow must be spooney on some one, you know, until he gets a wife himself." And was she too -- Did she like Sir

"Don't know, I'm sure,"-gloomily. don't suppose she could like any one honestly; I don't believe she has a heart at all.' says Mr. Dinmont, with increasing bitter-

ness. "So much the better for her," returns Kitty strangely. And then Launceston comes up to her, and she smiles upon him with sudden and unusual kindliness, and allows him to escort her to her carriage.

After dinner, when she and her husband are alone, she says, gently,-

"How many people one meets and visits without actually knowing anything about them! Who is Mrs. Charteris, Jack?" "One of the Lisles of Surrey, and the se

cond prettiest woman in town," replies Jack, concisely. "And who is the first?"

"You are,"—promptly.
"Nonsense,"—with a smile. "How absurd you are!—You have known her a long time, Jack?" He is not looking at his wife at the moment, or he might have noticed something peculiar about the expression of the eyes. "Fancy Charteris? Yes. Some time."

To Kitty's excited imagination there seems reservation in his way of answering. "I don't think I quite like her," she says, quietly. "From all I hear she seems rather

-rather----"Does she?" says Jack. "Can't say, I'm

"I mean, rather indifferent to the world's opinion,"—choosing her words carefully. "Fast, you would say! Don't believe half you hear, Kitty; it is all spite and envy on the part of the other women. She is pretty, you know, and clever, and very much admired -three unpardonable crimes. She rather cuts the rest of them out, thats the fact You are too pretty yourself, darling' to be illiberal on that score.'

"She was a great friend of yours once, Jack, wasn't she?"-very earnestly.

"She is a great triend of mine still, I hope," replies she carelessly.
"But not so great as she was then—before

her marriage?" pursues Kitty, a feeling of suffocation at her foolish heart, " How can I answer that?" says Sir John, who is the kindest-hearted and the most unobservant of men. " Nothing lasts, you know,

-not even friendship-not even love, they " Doesn't it?" says Kitty, wistfully, "That

seems sad. I can't believe that." "Oh, I dare say it's all talk, you know— poetry and rubbish," returns he, absently. He has an evening paper in his hand, and is engrossed with its contents. "Look here, Kitty; listen to this affair in Brighton. By Jove, I

"Wait one moment; I shall be back directly," says Kitty somewhat huskly, escaping from the room. His avoidance of the subject of Mrs. Charteris (as it seems to her) compels her to put credence in the foolish words dropped by Dandy in the afternoon. His praise of the woman she almost calls her rival is bitter to her: his refusal to give her his confidence (as she believes) is more bitter still.

> CAAPTER XIX. "Thou art a queen; fair Lesley; Thy subjects we before thee; Thou art divine, fair Lesley; The hearts o' men adore thee."

The concert for the conversion of the Zulus comes off to-night, and promises to be fashionably attended. It is such a delightful thing to know that, by spending a sovereign or two and listening to the best music the season can afford, one is behaving in a highly religious and moral manner. Every one tries to think his or her money is to be the chief means of changing the untamable barbarian little garden namesake, I always say. But to the mildness of the cooing dove. It is, perhaps, a pity the interesting blacks cannot themselves hear the solos and trios, and faultless glees arranged in their honor, as " music hath charms to soothe the savage breast:" and if a tall hat has had the effect of reducing Cetewayo to a sense of decency, what wonders might not be worked by one of our popular melodies!

The Duchess of Shropshire, who loves to succor impossible charities, heads the list of patronesses. Lady Tullamore, dear old thing, has been induced to give her drawing-rooms (because it is to be strictly select and the preparatory expenses are to cost as little as possible) for the occasion, in consideration for which she receives a ticket free and invita tions for all the Townleighs.

'Lhe most admired artists have been engaged; and the audience, though small, is singularly chic. The duchess-though of course none of the seats are actually reserved

has given it to be understood she and Lady Jane will expect two state to be kept for them in the front row as being principal promoters of this admirable scheme - And her graces powers of invective being fully acknowledged, powers or invective constitution and success to usurp these seats until Mrs. Charterls, entering in good timersees them, and guessing the situation at a glance, determines mischievously to possess, herself of one, and for once foil the duchess.

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Scrope the eldest son of the house of Shropshire, whose manner has been even unusually empresse during the past week-so either of them they would have rushed into much so as almost to drive his mother to the each other's presence and poured out without verge of despair instantly joins her, and, unconscious of coming storms, takes possession of the second seat. Some one who has the management of affairs attempts a faint argument with Mrs. Charteris on the subject; aloof, and barely recognize each other when but she is quite equal to this or any occasion, they meet. Not that they are openly uncivil and few people keep up a discussion with the willful beauty. Unfurling her fan, she gazes languidly around, and awaits with undimin-

"The foe-they come, they come." The duchese, followed by Lady Jane, sweeps slow. ly up the room, but, seeing, one of the coveted reats occupied by her bete noir, comes to a full stop just before her, and looks inquiringly, nay, expectantly, at the chair. But for dignity's sake, Fancy could have laughed aloud. She merely shuts her fan, however, with a little snap, and turns her own lovely innocent eyes sweetly up to the old lady. "This is my seat, I think," says the duchess, in an awful tone, disdaining to notice her son,

who shows signs of unmistakable fear. "I think not," replies Fancy, politely. "I believe there are no reserved seats here tonight."

"I desired two seats should be kept for me and my daughter. These are they. I specially marked them out. You have usurped them, I think."

The ancient dame, as is her wont, is growing rude and overbearing. "You forget to whom you are speaking." says Fancy, mildly, who is beginning to enjoy

herself tremendously.

"Forget! No. I wish I could. Your concharging a private bombshell that may burst duct is at all times such as it offends me to witness. But for your poor dead mother's sake, madam, I would know nothing of you." "Your memory is failing," said Mrs. Charteris, gravely, not to say reprovingly. "A moment since you forgot me; now (how much worse), you are forgetting yourself."

"You are insolent," murmurs the duchess, intemperately, preparing to march off with her 'ugly duckling."

"And very comfortable," replies Fancy, softly, stirring with cozy langor in the disputed chair. She shrugs her shoulders and smile a little; and the old lady, enraged and thoroughly discomfitted, retires. Fancy, turning her head, looks with curiosity, and some faint interest at the terrified Scrope. "Has your mother frightened you?" she

asks contemptuously. "It so, go and appease her wrath, and tell Mr. Tremaine or Mr. Dinmont I should like to see one of them. Don't send both at once. They always amuse me. Say there is a vacant seat near me. Yes, there is a vacant seat, because I desire you to go. I hate people who are afraid of people." And the spoiled beauty, leaning back, with a slight wave of her fan dismisses him. Scrope, not daring to disobey, quits the de-

sired seat, and even so far carries out her in-

structions as to send Brandy Tremsine to fill his place. Mrs. Charteris welcomes him with a maddening smile as sweet as "golden Hippocrene." "You sing?' she asks, presently, during a

pause in the entertainment. "Oh, no, never," says Brandy.

"What, never?', "Well. hardly ever." says Mr. Tremaine. making his little quotation with a seraphic smile. He is quite happy, blissfully content. Mrs. Charteris has singled him out to be the hero of the hour, and his dearest friend Dandy is scowling at the good fortune from an oppo site wall. What is left to be desired?

"I'm awfully fond of music, don't you know" says Brandy; "always know the right moment to applaud, and that, and on rare occasions have been known to break forth in song. But I can't say my efforts were ever received with enthusiasm; and, indeed, to tell you the truth," confesses Mr. Tremaine frankly. "I don't think my best friend could mistake me for a second Mario."

"I quite understand,"-kindly. "For my own part, I much prefer a moderate voice to a loud one, if it be sweet." She accompanies this speech with a charming smile, that plainly expresses ber belief in Mr. Tremaines voice being of the "dainty sweet"--if insignificant-order. Then she goes on, "I know your friend Mr. Dinmont can sing, because I

have been told so." "Have you?" says Brandy, ominously mild. "That is, of course, an all-sufficient reason. People tell the truth, don't they? He may; though I can't say I have ever heard

him.

"No? Not heard him? And he your fidus Achates. Why, how is that?" "Oh,"-maliciously-"I've seen him stand up beside a piano, and I've seen a girl play his accompaniment, and I've seen him turn the leaves of the music before him, and I've seen his lips move, but I've certainly never heard knew Warburton would get himself into a him. His is indeed a 'still small voice,' it scrape if he didn't look out, and now—."

might "—with a grimace—" please you. You

say you like moderate voices.' "I am surprised. Some one told me only yesterday he was very musical." "I dare say. Gretchen says he sings. You know my sister, Mrs. Dugdale?"

"Yes. I think her the very charmingest woman I ever met.' "Well, do you know, Gretchen is nice," says Brandy, thus gracefully, if with all the reluct ance of a near relation, admitting his sister's good points. "She likes Dinmont. She"-unpleasantly—"likes every one."

"I really think it was Mr. Dugdale told me of your friend's good tenor voice." She lays careful stress upon the word " friend." "Brandy laughs; but his merriment slightly sardonic. "You make me remember a line from Gray,

he says. "I never hear Dinmont's voice spoker of without thinking of it.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life. He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way." " What a wickedly severe little speech! You make me quite afraid of you." says Mrs Charteris, reprovingly; but she lets her eyes meet his at she says it, and laughs a low, amused laugh, that contains not a shadow of disapproxal: "Was it not King James or King Somebody who said, . Save me from my friends? L'hope you deal fairly by me, Mr. Tremaine, when I am out of your sight."

"That is so seldom," murmurs Mr. Tremaine. "From the time I rise until I have to go to bed, I do nothing but haunt the spots that may be forturate enough to hold you. "You shouldn't say things you don't mean," says Mrs. Charteris, with reproachful gravity that makes the foolish boy's heart beat loudly. And I don't quite like to hear you sneed a

Mr. Dinmont. He is very agreeable, is he not? And he really dresses a merveille. "He overdoes it," growls Brandy; "too much of a good thing, you know. I can't stand a fellow who uses scent. He reminds me of Horace's fellow, that slender youth be

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