

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

PART I.—OF LANE.

CHAPTER III. A RISKY DEED.

When Tom the fool had gone, the four people in the fisherman's cottage sat in the same order as before. There was much to talk over—the man's dead brother, the fishing on both the eastern and western coasts, the tackle employed, the kinds, qualities, and the value of the fish caught, the winds and currents, and the different sorts of boats used. On the east coast they fished in wooden boats and yaws; on the west they had curraochs of wicker, or alight l-t-r frames, covered with tarred canvas. All this conversation passed between the two men. In a while the subject could yield no more matter for conversation, the traveller was worn out, and volunteered nothing. After a long silence the woman looked at her husband, and said:

"'Twasn't for nothing the Spirit of Tears was at the Bishop's to-night. It must have been because that heathen, David Lane, has left it to find a wife like his mother, instead of staying where he is by himself, and letting his bad name and race die out."

"Hush!" returned the fisherman; "I'm not for you to judge. He may be better in the sight of heaven than any one on this island, and whid' grady him his few hand- lines from the rocks? Not I! I get my bread out of the sea, it isn't I fill the sea with fish, and every one is free to come and take."

This impartial speech of the man was uttered in a low voice, between whiffs of his pipe; but towards the end of it there was a twinkle in his blue-grey eyes, as though he were talking for a purpose. His eye appeared in the tone and purport of his wife's retort.

"As good as any of us! Well, I like that. It's yourself all out to say so. My idea is that any one who could say such a thing is no better than David Lane himself—not, young man, that the heathen has any right to a Christian name, for he never put his feet inside the door in all his days, and the blessed water never touched his head, and it's a wonder his head doesn't take fire, the black-hearted unbeliever."

"That's it," said the husband, in slow approval; "that's it. You see, Bridget, you yourself don't think me more than a bad likeness of him in the way of my talk (though for the matter of that he can't be half so bad, for he doesn't speak an ill word of any one, and never did), and unless you think there's no one worse than I am in the parish, I am, according to your own account, so very near him in business that you ought to keep your tongue off him, out of respect to his cousin-german in wickedness, that's your husband."

He concealed a smile with his horny hand, and winked solemnly through the fire-light at his daughter, who smiled back to him, and clasped her hands softly as they lay in her lap. Edward Martin saw the wink and the smile. She had not smiled before. He was very tired, but he shook himself up a little, and paid more attention to what was going on.

"Don't mind a word he says, young man," cried the woman excitedly; "he's just as hard on him as anyone else; he's only joking. It's no joking matter though."

The husband replied his throat bumbly. "I know," he cried, "keeping his eye fixed on the daughter of all I am not on him like some of us, because he's a landed gentleman, and owns the Bishop's Island. There's many a girl in the parish would be glad to leave her own people and go there to be lord and master of a whole island, and it isn't clear to me if some of us were widows to-morrow, that he wouldn't jump at David Lane, dumb as he is."

He winked again in the slow, solemn fashion at his daughter, and she smiled at the prediction of his humor.

"There's for you! there's for you!" cried the wife in exasperation, letting her knitting fall to her lap, and folding her arms. "I don't mind his making little of me and my state; but it'll become him to say to my face that I think as meanly of my husband as to put the thought of him and that Lane into one day, let alone anything like a regard for David Lane. It's too bad, after my love and anxiety, and my nights of prayers and dread while he was out in the gale's. It's too bad!"

"His tone had fallen to one of fearful reproach. The slow, grey eyes of her husband came back to her face and rested on it tenderly and somewhat proudly. He removed the pipe from his lips and coughed slightly.

"What's that?" said he, "what, Biddy?" She withdrew her glance from the face of Edward Martin, and for a little while the husband and wife gazed into one another's eyes. His looks were discomfited of what he had uttered, and an acknowledgment for all her love. Gradually her face lost its look of reproach, and instead showed penitence, for not having seen his joke, and behind the penitence, confidence and love.

When the eyes had done their work, as if by instinct, each looked down. Then the man said in his ordinary way:

"Bridget, tell the traveller about this David Lane, and I won't put it in my last will and testament that you're to marry him, if so be he is a widower. Tell the traveller; 'twill pass away the time."

The master of the house drew the turf together on the hearth, and refilled the pipe; the girl unclasped her hands, and placing one against the wall, rested her head on it. The young man leaned forward, with one hand on his knee.

Outside, the gale still raged and the waters belled. Now and then drops of rain fell in the fire, but notwithstanding exterior tumult, the listening at times of all, and the expression of mysterious interest on the countenance of the young man, made the place seem hushed. The fisherman's wife began her tale.

"The Bishop's Island is little more than an acre of land. There is nothing on it but a low stone hut. It is only two boats' lengths from the shore, and there is no way of getting to it from a boat. Well, long before I was born, this Lane's father used to live in this hut, without paying any rent to the old Lord Clonmore, who owns all herabouts. The father often came down to the village, and only that he never darkened the door of the chapel, there was nothing against him. You may think that was as bad as it could be, but wait until you hear about what he did later on."

to give him the chance of improving his health by seeing all his earnings. But he turned the laugh against the village by saying there was nothing in it that would suit him. So he put a stick over his shoulder and went inland."

"In a month he was back again with his wife. As you say, all the village went into old Pat Casey's (his name was the name) on one excursion or another, when they heard of the bride being there. I myself went and saw her. She was a tall, thin, pale-faced, sickly-looking poor creature, who seemed as though she never knew a whole summer day, and had got the Cal, and was making ready to go on her long journey. She had very bright, quick eyes. I noticed them most of all."

"My poor mother spoke to her; the bride smiled, made signs and shook her head. 'He may have got a wife to suit him,' thought I; 'but she is as ill-mannered in company as a sow at meals.' Just then in came her husband, and he said, 'Don't take offence, neighbors, at her not speaking to you; she can't—she's a dummy.'"

"With these words he made signs to her, and she got up, and the bride and bridegroom went out in the wind and rain, and walked across the downs to the Bishop's, he keeping in front to shelter her from the weather. Where he got her no one knew, and why he married a dumb wife no living man or woman ever since found out; but after this people shunned him, and there were queer stories told about the island, and fires were seen on it, and voices were heard, and the Spirit of Tears came there, as you saw her to-night; and the neighbors said that he sold himself into Darkness and had dealings with the Evil One."

"In course of time, he brought his wife back to the village, hired old Pat Casey's back room, and there a son was born to him, and there her young mother, after kissing her baby, put her hand on her poor deaf ears as though she heard at last, though no one had spoken in the room. It was the Cal, and she smiled, and then she died."

"I remember the day well. It was Monday. I take my token of it by the coming back on the Sunday before of Andy Blake from the wars in Spain, where he lost his right arm. He said he put his sword and his arm into one of his enemy, and broke off the arm in the wound to poison the foeman; but he was always talking queerly."

(To be continued.)

THE LICENSE LAWS.

Father McCallen's First Lecture

On the Proposed Amendments to the Provincial Laws Governing Liquor Licenses.

R. V. J. A. McCallen, S.S., president of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, delivered last evening in St. Patrick's hall the first of a series of lectures in explanation of the six proposed amendments, which the various temperance organizations in the city propose to the Quebec License Law. These lectures will be continued every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock till further notice.

Having first read and briefly explained each of the sixteen proposed amendments, the Rev. Father defended with solid arguments and at considerable length the first four amendments which are as follows:

- 1. That the city of Montreal be empowered to limit the number of licenses to be granted in the city limits.
2. That the liquor business be entirely separated from the grocery or other business.
3. That the right to oppose by a majority opposition all applications for licenses be continued as at present.
4. That signatures to applications and opposition be of municipal electors on the voters' lists for the current year, in the municipal electoral district where the license is applied for.

In explanation of the first amendment, the speaker asked why, in the whole province, the two cities of Montreal and Quebec should be deprived of the right to determine how many places should be licensed for the sale of liquor. The explanation usually given for these exceptions was that the Government needs to control the revenues derived from the granting of such licenses. The only law which could rob the Government of revenues from this source was prohibition. But prohibition, if we except some apparently inebriated districts, was not only opposed to a very general sentiment among the citizens of Montreal, but had

PROVED SO UTTERLY USELESS

as a promoter of temperance in any large city in which it had been tried, that it, most probably, would never be tried in Montreal. There were, indeed, well-meaning temperance advocates who looked on the revenues derived from licensing liquor saloons as the price of indemnity. To his mind, these advocates did not help but hurt the cause. As well might it be argued that the drugist pays the Government for the permission to poison some people occasionally, or the manufacturer of gunpowder to encourage suicides and murders, or electric companies to send a thousand volts through the body of the unfortunate man who imprudently touches a live wire.

HIGH LICENSE HAD FOR ITS OBJECT

not to encourage, but to discourage, intemperance, and till it was proved that the selling of liquor was in itself evil (which neither Scripture nor reason upheld), it would be better for the temperance cause to do without defenders who advanced arguments which do not convince. The men who will sign these proposed amendments understand that if a prohibitory law were enforced for the prevention of the sale of liquor in any and all circumstances, simply because it is abused, a way would be open for the suppression of the sale of many other articles which at times are also abused. What they as temperance men wanted was the limitation of the abuses of the liquor traffic, and his argument was this: "If Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, St. Paul and so many other cities had increased their revenues, yet doubled them, by the raising of the license tax, though the number of saloons was greatly reduced, Montreal could do the same, and therefore, neither government nor city need fear the loss of revenue from the passing of so just a law. He believed that 200 saloons with a very high license tax would

YIELD MORE REVENUE

than 1,000 with the small license tax now asked. As to the separation of the liquor from the grocery business, first of all, quite a number of grocers were willing to see the change effected; secondly, however great their profits from the sale of liquors, they must admit that such sales diminish necessarily a demand for food products, at least from such as drink to excess. Men who drink much often eat little—men who drink much lose many a day's labor, and consequently lose bills unpaid at grocers. And, lastly, women are exposed to temptation from which they will be saved if this amendment be passed by the Legislature. The right to oppose by a majority opposition all applications for licenses

to be well founded; and any effort to repeal so just a provision should be opposed. After all, we were living in a country where it was our boast that the will of the people is law. Quite a small minority in any district can obtain a nuisance which threatens the life or well-being of even the few who complain. If the majority in any electoral district wish to be freed from the nuisance of a saloon, should not the law in this, as in less weighty matters, respect their wishes? The taking out of licenses at and at all times was an open get to abuse. There was one sure way of knowing whether the signatures were genuine either for or against a liquor license, by an appeal to the list of voters for the current year in the municipal electoral district where the license is applied for or opposed. Neither party could complain of so just a provision.

The Rev. lecturer was listened to with great attention, and several gentlemen gave their signatures to the proposed amendment. Father McCallen announced that these amendments would be signed by all the clergy of St. Patrick's and, he had no doubt, by the clergy throughout the city. The gentlemen of St. Patrick's parish were invited to visit the parlor of the presbytery any evening from 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock, to give their signatures on the blanks which would be handed them by the pastor.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

THE FAR-OFF LAND.

BY SOPHIE S. HUNGERFORD.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his glory, they shall behold the land that is very far off."

Oh, tired feet and weary hand, And heart bowed down with care, Dream not of rest in earthly land, Thou wilt not find it there; For in that beautiful "far off land," Bathed in glory and peace, Thine eyes in all His glory Shall Zion's King behold.

'Tis not in Syria's storied land By Jordan's sacred stream, The "New Jerusalem" doth stand Of walled walls and of gleam; Or could we find fair Eden's site, By Great Euphrates' flood, It would not be that place of light, The city of our God.

Far, far away that city stands; A mighty river flows Across the shadowed valley Through which the pilgrim goes. A sad and solemn journey On which he goes alone To answer for his deeds on earth Before the "great white throne."

A Judge sits on that lofty throne, Before whom none could stand, But for His dear Son, Jesus, Who sits at His right hand, And who maketh intercession For all of mortal kind, Who, to the mercy of living things Showed mercy while on earth.

His blessed Mother near Him stands, St. Joseph by her side; Amid the saints and martyrs, Who on earth were tried By all our tribulations, Human faith could not withstand; But, through the help of Jesus, They reached that "far-off land."

Through the "valley of the shadow," Across the sombre tide, On I, who would the traveller To gain the heavenly side? Naught but the "rod and staff" of Him Who trod that way before, And then returned with cheering words, "Death's victory is o'er."

Without doubting heart and faltering step We follow where He trod, Along the narrow, thorny path, Which leads to the throne of God, And hear from Him the gracious words, "Oh! good and faithful one! Enter thou into thy Lord's joy, Thy task on earth is done."

But none may hope those words to hear, Nor that fair land to win, Without the help of Jesus, Who would save us from all sin. Swart Mosher, saints and martyrs, Pray for us, we entreat, That we may gain the blessed home, And rest at Jesus' feet.

—Catholic Mirror.

A Big Fire.

LONDON, November 12.—The Wellington barracks of the guards was destroyed by fire to-day. The fire originated on a staircase in the quarters of the married soldiers. The inmates were rescued by means of ladders. Children were in the barracks a number of children suffering from measles who were wrapped in blankets, carried out and put to bed in another building. Ten children, however, are missing, and it is feared they perished. On the breaking out of the fire the troops responded promptly to the bugle call for fire parade and worked the hand apparatus with a will, the officers cheering them on. Two children left in the flaming building were bravely rescued by a soldier.

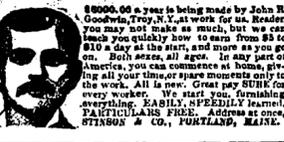
The Newfoundland Difficulty.

LONDON, November 12.—The St. James's Gazette says the negotiations between Great Britain and France for a settlement of the Newfoundland fishery question are progressing. The basis of the negotiations is that France shall surrender to Great Britain the French share of Newfoundland, and shall be compensated therefor by the cession of one of the British West African colonies, possibly Gambia. In addition Newfoundland will renounce the Bait act.

A Fight.

GALWAY, November 12.—Several fights took place here to-day between the police and military. A police sergeant was severely injured. The military finally routed the police and sent them to their barracks. The Constable Rogers, who took a prominent part in the disturbance, have been ordered away from Galway.

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Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and number of prizes. Includes 'LIST OF PRIZES' and 'Approximation Prizes'.

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