

is great; but so mine— I am a proud woman. Then imagine, if you can, my shame and my humiliation. Your gifts, your carresses, your tenderness, can only sting me, now that I know treachery and fraud made them mine. I have said already, I say it again—I would gladly die to give you back your liberty.

Her pale face was very fine; and there was a light in her eyes, and a proud smile on her lips which went to her husband's very heart. The embers of love were there; still, and it would have taken very little—a few caresses, a few fond words—to kindle the old flame anew; and subdue him. But Dora was a proud woman, as she said—one whom suspicion wronged, and she could not do that. Not to secure an eternity of love could she now have thrown her arms around the neck of the man on whom she had been forced, and who so plainly thought her an accomplice in the fraud. Some questions are not questions of will merely, but also of power, and the power to do that was wanting. Her coldness was fatal to her cause. Mr. Templemore could reconcile all she said with guilt, and though the thought of that guilt wrung and tortured him, he could not dismiss it. Had not her aunt declared it?—had not her mother betrayed it?—had not Florence asserted it? and did not his own judgment confirm it? Was it possible that such a plot could be carried on under her eyes for her benefit, and that, though warned from the beginning, she should never suspect it? Oh! that he could believe her to be so simple and so guileless! But he could not, and his agony spoke in the very tones of his voice as he said:

"Oh! Dora, Dora, how could you allow it?—how could you die to your better self? I had such faith in you! It was you; you seemed to me so pure, so stainless. I could have placed my honor in your keeping, and placed it blindfold. And oh! that you should have come to this! Would to Heaven that all else had perished, and that I stood a ruined and penniless man, with Eva and you, so I still had that innocent wife, whom I looked at sleeping this morning!"

She could not bear this. Her pride melted before the sight of his grief. Looking up to heaven, she said, passionately, "I am innocent!—oh! believe that I am innocent!—only believe that, and love her, if you like. Look at me, Mr. Templemore, and believe that I am innocent."

He looked at her as she asked, but he only read love and despair in her face; he did not see innocence there, but with a deep, sad sigh, he made one desperate effort for belief.

"Dora," he said, "I do not wish to wound or offend you, but tell me this: Is it true that when you came here for the first time, Mrs. Luan promised that you should become my wife?"

Dora felt the blow, but she replied calmly; "she predicted—she did not promise it."

Her lips quivered as she uttered the words. He pitied her, and made no comment upon them.

"Is it true?" he continued, "that when Florence asked you what had taken me to you that night, you refused to reply?"

"It is true," she answered, and she smiled rather proudly.

"There was a pause, then he said, gently, "Good-by, Dora."

As he uttered the word, the smile passed from her face, as sunshine passes from the sky. Her eyes darkened in the intensity of their gaze; her lips turned white, and her features grew rigid as stone or death. From head to foot she shook like an aspen-leaf in a strong wind, but she looked bravely in his face. The storm that might rend her asunder should not, at least, conquer her.

"Then you are going?" she said—"on such testimony you condemn me! I am a schemer and a plotter in your eyes—a woman who will do anything to win a husband! Did I ever seek you, Mr. Templemore?—was I forward or alluring?"

"No," he said, with sudden energy. "If ever a girl was free from that vice, you were. If ever I saw modesty in woman, it was in you."

"That much justice you do me," she said, and her lip quivered a little as she spoke; "but perhaps you think me mercenary—perhaps you think that, being a poor girl, I must needs covet being a rich man's wife. Mr. Templemore?"

"Mr. Templemore," she said, the tears rushing to her eyes, and her voice broken by the weeping she could not check, "I know a poor girl who met a poor man, or one who seemed such, and who liked him though he looked a man of broken fortunes. I know a poor girl who thought that, if he liked her too, it would be pleasant to lead a life of toil and poverty with him, and whose heart ached sorely on the day that proved him wealthy. That girl—" She could not go on; she buried her face in her hands, and when she looked up, she was in her husband's arms, and his eyes were dim. "No, you must not kiss me," she said, turning her head away; "I will not be caressed if I cannot be loved, and I will not be loved if I am not honored. I am a proud woman, Mr. Templemore, and I warned you not to take me. I did not want to marry you—it frightened me—I ran away from you, and you followed, and persuaded me, and now I am your wife. If heaven and earth were to tell me that you had broken your honor, would I believe them? Then, as I trust you, so must you trust me—so must you think me incapable of a falsehood, implied or spoken. You must trust me even though every voice should condemn me—do you?"

She turned upon him suddenly, with a flush on her cheek and a light in her eyes, that made him feel both dazzled and bewitched. He had never loved her more than at that moment. He could not resist her—he felt subdued and won over. With tears and carresses he said he loved her—that he believed in her; in her his wife dear, honored, and beloved.

"And you will not go?" said Dora, smiling through her tears.

"Oh! he had forgotten all about going—all about doubt and estrangement. He was her lover once more—her fond, enamored lover, and what could part them? But there are many jealous recesses in a woman's heart. This sudden return of tenderness was not what Dora wanted—for this, perhaps, she had never loved. She gently moved away from Mr. Templemore's side; she put her two hands on his shoulders, and looked up in his face. Never had he seen that piercing glance in her soft bright eyes.

"Mr. Templemore," she said, "give me your word of honor that there is not a doubt left on your mind against me."

"Honor! there is something strangely solemn in the word. It is more than a mere appeal to truth, and sacred though that be, it is more than truth. Honor! it is the pure stream from which some of our noblest virtues spring—it is the grace of manhood. It is what neither man nor woman can sully nor stain in vain. We can sin, repent, and be forgiven; but upon earth at least, a lost honor can never be restored. Mr. Templemore would have given anything to be able to comply with his wife's request. Some of the words she had spoken had stirred the very depths of his heart. He would have given her anything—done anything to please her, but this—And this he could not—he could

not. He could not give his word of honor that no shadow of doubt remained on his mind against her.

"Dora," he said, "is not all this over?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is."

She had seen and read his troubled face and she could read, too, the very tones of his voice, so fond, and yet so hesitating.

"Dora," he said, "have pity on me. I believe in you; I know you are innocent and good."

"But you cannot give me your word of honor!" she said.

He took a few turns in the room. He felt dreadfully agitated.

"Have pity on me," he said again, coming back to her. "You would despise me if I could utter the shadow of a lie to please you."

"Yes I should," she replied calmly. She did not reproach him—she did not even look at him; but Mr. Templemore felt that a wall of ice had risen between him and his wife. He could better forgive the sin than she could forgive the doubt.

He looked at her moodily.

"I see I must go, after all," he said, bitterly.

"I suppose so," she replied, apathetically.

"I shall soon return," he continued, looking at her; but she did not answer.

And so they must part! These two, who, but a while back, had been clasped in so fond an embrace, must part. One had split on the rock of pride, and the other was lost in shoals of doubt, and the waves of life must, for a time at least, flow between them. The bond of love was strong still—strong and fervent; but the nobler bond of faith was broken.

"Yes, I must go," he said, desperately; "it is best."

Dora had not believed she could suffer so much. She had been married two weeks—not three—and he left her either because her presence was an infliction he could not bear, or because the conviction of her guilt was one he could not conquer. All wish of justification died within her. She felt turned to stone. He might go, he might stay; not another protest of innocence could now pass her lips.

"Good-by," he said again, and he kissed her; alas! how coldly now, and he left her.

"He will go soon," she thought; and, having locked herself in, she went to the window, and stood there waiting. She looked down the road. How often had she watched for his return when he had no thought of her! She remembered how he and Florence had once entered the house together. She remembered how her laughing face was raised to his, and how their two smiling figures dazzled her with their brightness. The jealous thrill that shot through her as she looked at them, the flush of pain which rose to her face as she turned away from the sight, and Eva's wondering, "Oh! how red you are, Cousin Dora!" She remembered them every one, and thinking of all she had suffered for the sake of that man, and how she was required, she passionately wished that she had never been born.

No one came near her. Solitary was her bitter hour. His keenest pang was soon over. She heard the carriage-wheels grinding on the gravel, she saw it going down the steep road. She sank on her knees and looked at it through blinding tears, and when it had vanished she remained there still weeping, how long she knew not.

When Dora rose, at length, her heart felt changed within her—a bitterness, a resentment was there which even his accusation had not wakened. "Deserted," she thought, "betrayed, wronged and cast away at the end of two weeks!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was thus Mrs. Luan kept her promise of making Dora Mr. Templemore's wife; but her boon had been fatal—like that of the evil spirit in the legend, it had turned into calamity, and only led to the deepest woe. Mr. Templemore was gone; he had left his wife. Whether in doubt or in weariness, in coldness of heart or in aversion, for howsoever short or how long a time, he had left her. It was best, no doubt, not to pass from such fervid affection to the desolation of coldness and doubt; it was best, but, oh! how dreary!

"And Miss Moore and Eva are gone too, and they have taken away Fido," indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Courtney.

Dora smiled bitterly. The dog too! And the child had not so much as bid her good-by. She was an outcast in her husband's house. But she did not complain. She felt wrecked on a shore which no joy could reach, and no murmur passed her lips. It was so useless to repine. "I suppose it is all right, after all," thought Mrs. Courtney, seeing her so calm; and when they met that evening in the garden, whether Dora had wandered to seek that peace which came not, Mrs. Courtney's mind was full of another theme.

"Dora," she said, mysteriously, "I met Mrs. Luan here awhile back. What talks her? How came she to leave John?"

"I don't know," apathetically replied Dora.

"What should she do?"

"Why did she creep along that avenue, Dora? And, when she saw me, why did she smile and look as cunning as a fox?"

Dora put her hand on her mother's arm and looked at her. Each saw what the other meant, and Dora at length said it in covered speech.

"If she be so," she said, "she has been so years."

"But surely—surely," gasped Mrs. Courtney, "Mr. Templemore would have seen it."

"Has John seen it? I gave him a hint once, and he received it with scorn. No, Mr. Templemore could not see it. She was never the same when he was by—never. Everything was against me—everything."

"But, Dora, what are we to do?" asked Mrs. Courtney, looking frightened. "What are we to do?"

"Nothing," said Dora.

"I wish Mr. Templemore were here," said Mrs. Courtney, looking wistfully at her daughter.

Dora could not answer this. Even her mother felt how desolate they were without him—how his presence would have brought security with it, how his absence meant uneasiness and dread.

"The first time he took me in his arms," thought Dora, "I felt, 'Now have I found a refuge against every ill man can inflict, now God's hand alone can reach me here! That was on our wedding-day—not a month back—and now where is he?—where am I?'"

"Dora!" cried Mrs. Courtney, for Dora's tears were flowing.

"I did not know I was crying," she said, trying to smile. "Do not mind it, mamma, it is so afraid it is not all right," began Mrs. Courtney, hesitatingly.

"Hush!" whispered Dora. "Look at that!"

She did not see them. She was going down an avenue, peeping first on one side than on the other, evidently seeking something or some one.

"Why has she left John?" asked Mrs. Courtney.

"I don't know," replied Dora, with a wistful sigh.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Since the outbreak of the yellow fever forty-one ministers of religion, including eighteen Roman Catholic priests, have died of the epidemic.

A Catholic church is shortly to be erected in Ridgeway, at a cost of between \$3,000 and \$10,000. Already considerable money has been subscribed, and it is thought a sufficient amount will have been raised to proceed with the work next spring.

Mr. Ward refers, through ill-health, from the editorship of the *Dublin Review*, and we understand that his chair will be filled by the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, O. S. B., whose literary powers give ample assurance that there will be no decline in the intellectual force of the periodical.

THE CATHOLIC PARTY IN AUSTRIA.—While Belgium has turned "Liberal," Austria has turned "Clerical." The elections in upper Austria, we learn, have resulted in a total defeat of the irreligious party. Yet this part of the Kaiser's dominions has always been said (by the Liberals) to be the most enlightened.

The Vicar-General of the Diocese of Orleans, France, has issued a work in which he shows that the great peril of the Church in that country is the difficulty of obtaining priests for the various missions. Almost every diocese in the country complains of the scarcity of clergy. The salaries paid by the Government to curates is ridiculously small.

Queenstown Cathedral is gradually developing into the noble proportions it will finally assume. The Lord Bishop (Right Rev. Dr. MacCarthy) has just performed the feat of ascending the scaffolding and affixing the final to the south-east turret of the south transept. The Bishop was accompanied in the ascent by several priests, and the height was about 140 feet. We may add that the main tower will be 300 ft high.

The last issue of the *Whitehall Review* contains the names of 600 converts to the Catholic Church in these kingdoms since Dr. Newman's change of faith. Our contemporary does not pretend to give more than the notable names; nevertheless the array is formidable and must startle those people who imagined that the stream was after all too thin and broken to be feared. Anyone who takes the trouble to go through the list will be surprised at the mass of wealth, talent, and probity it presents.

ARISTOCRATS TAKING THE VEIL.—Five noble and wealthy English girls are about to take the veil, all having considerable fortunes in their own rights. They are Lady Edith Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; the Hon. Constance Howard, sister of the Marchioness of Bute; "two daughters of the Hon. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquair, Peeblesshire, and the youngest daughter of Mr. Blount, of Maple-durham, the representative of the staunchest Catholic family among commoners in England.

TOLERATION RETURNS TO SWITZERLAND.—On Sept. 13, the Grand Council of Bern agreed with unanimity, 260 members being present, to the propositions of the Government to proclaim a complete amnesty in favor of the priests revoked in 1873, and leave to the Jura Communes the latitude of electing the priests they may wish. The Bernese Government, if the Communes adhere to this proposition, will ratify all the elections, even if, as will certainly occur, Catholic priests come to be chosen.

Mr. John O'Hart, of Dublin, has received a letter from Cardinal Manning acknowledging Irish descent. His Eminence says: "I thank you much for your kindness in sending me your book on the Irish Pedigrees, and I am rejoiced to see that I may claim kindred with your faithful race, if not descent from King Fiacha. Hitherto I have been afraid that you would count me among the Saxons of Henry II, for the name is a tribal name of the Frisians, and is settled in Sussex, Kent, and Norfolk. I am glad, however, to know that it is, like the name Catholic, a bond with Old Ireland."

CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKY TO BE TRIED AGAIN.—The Roman Correspondent of the *Pole*, writing on Sept. 10th, says: "I have just learned from an excellent source, that Cardinal Ledochowsky, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, has received a summons in the Vatican, where he lives, calling him to attend his trial which is about to take place in the German Ecclesiastical Courts. The trial must go on without him, and no doubt he will be condemned in contumacy. He has already had rather bitter experience of the results of Ecclesiastical Court sentences in the two years imprisonment he suffered. He is already condemned to various terms of imprisonment, which, if he would undergo them, would amount to 90 years, or as my informant put it, to three generations. It is furthermore said that Cardinal Nina, the new Secretary of State, has written to the German Chancellor, with the object of inducing him to forego the trials of the German Ecclesiastical Courts and let the question pass into oblivion."

HONORABLE MURDER OF A PRIEST IN FRANCE.—A correspondent writes:—"The Abbe Lerredde, Rector of Ardon, in the department of the Aisne, and previously Vicar of Saint-Ambroise, in Paris, was most brutally assassinated Sunday, Sept. 13th. His body was found at eight o'clock in the morning on the high road, which he had been passing to say Mass at Lentilly, a village a little remote from his principal church. A child happened from a distance to witness the deed of horror, and describes a man armed with a large lance, as suddenly rushing on the venerable priest and striking him several times on the head with the weapon, until he fell heavily on the road upon his face. His skull was broken in, but the assassin struck him when on the ground and apparently insensible. The wretch then coolly shouldered his basket, took a path at right angles to the main road, and walked quietly away. The assassin is believed to be a man named Alexander Pillois, aged forty, who had just come out of prison, and was begging his way to a distant part of the country. No motive beyond a general hatred of the priests, which he was in the habit of violently proclaiming, is as yet ascertained. But I have heard that the abbe had advanced money to bury a near relative of Pillois, and when he sent to ask repayment, the man answered, 'Tell him I'll pay him when I meet him, but not in cash!' The country around Ardon is in consternation. The good old man—was near seventy—was universally respected. His unceasing benevolence knew no distinction of creed or politics. He had inherited two or three small fortunes, and was always, soon after, as poor as ever, for he gave with a generous hand and a feeling heart to all who stood in need of his assistance. Never did the lines of Dr. Johnson better apply than in this case. Of the Abbe Lerredde as of Jovett, it might truly be said—

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pined,
And lonely wretches tried to die,
I have just heard that Pillois, the resumed murderer, is in custody, and that a batchel, which can be traced to him, has been found spotted with blood, and having some of the gray hairs of the venerable victim attached.

THE LACOLLE MURDER.

The trial of Cyprien Costafrolaz, alias de Mirabel, was commenced at St. Johns on the 12th instant. Judge Johnson presided, and the court was crowded. The prisoner was defended by Mr. E. Guillet.

WALTER PATRICK, farmer, of Lacolle, was the first witness. He deposed that on Thursday, 25th of July, he found the body of Mathewon floating in the River Richelieu about two o'clock in the afternoon, in front of his house; saw something like a lot of clothes in the water; went to examine it, but not being able to distinguish what it was, sent for a boat, and the object he first supposed to be clothes floating in the water he discovered was the body of a man; several of the neighbors arrived, and with their assistance he carried the body to his barn and covered it with a sheet; he recognised the body the moment he saw it as that of a man who, the night before, had taken his name as Mathewon, and who had given tea at his house; deceased, when he took supper at witness' house was accompanied by Costafrolaz, the prisoner. This was on Wednesday; after tea both the prisoner and deceased went away in their boat, saying they were going to Rouse's Point. Witness gave deceased some flowers which he had been admiring in the garden; he took the small bouquet which witness gave him and put it in the left breast of his vest; and when witness found the body the same flowers were still on his breast. Witness is positive the body was that of the man who had tea at his house on Wednesday night.

Examination resumed.—Watched the body in the barn until the arrival of the Coroner; on Friday, the 26th, the doctors came to make the post mortem examination; the body was in the same state then as when it was found in the river, except that there was more discoloration; witness never saw deceased before that Wednesday; deceased very much resembled the prisoner in stature; thought he was a little taller and heavier than prisoner; from what witness saw both men seemed to be on excellent terms; the body had the same clothes on that deceased wore at witness' house the night before; both men left the house together, prisoner rowing the boat; saw the men afterwards change places; did not know if they reached Rouse's Point that night; the next time he saw Mathewon was when he was floating dead on the water; did not see Costafrolaz afterwards until he was brought back to his house a prisoner.

Cross-examined by Mr. E. Guillet for the defence.—Ran fell on the evening the men were at the house and witness made a fire to dry their clothes, which were wet; Mathewon seemed glad to have a fire; he asked witness' wife if it would not be too much trouble to make some tea for them; witness' wife replied, "certainly not"; and both men took tea together; they seemed on good terms. Deceased was slightly stouter and taller than prisoner, and witness thought the former should have the advantage in a scuffle.

JAMES PETERS was the next witness, and corroborated the evidence of the preceding one (his father).

JAMES TREMBLAY, of Lacolle, was next sworn and deposed.—Know prisoner; had known him for 17 or 18 months; knew Mathewon; Mathewon; met both men on 22nd July; had known Mathewon for about two years and six months; prisoner came to witness' house and told him Mathewon was at Mr. Ennis' place, and witness went to meet him there; saw witness and prisoner there; before leaving, prisoner gave him a revolver which had been taken to pieces; witness returned the revolver to prisoner the same afternoon; after giving him the revolver prisoner told witness he was going to Mr. Charpentier's, where he had left Mathewon, and that they were going up the river Richelieu; saw prisoner again on the Thursday following at Ennis' at about three or four p. m.; he was alone; shook hands with him and asked how he and Mathewon had got to Rouse's Point; prisoner answered that they got there at a late hour, having called at Mr. Peters' house on the way; witness asked where he had left Mathewon; he replied that Mathewon had left for the West; witness observed that Mathewon had taken his departure suddenly; prisoner replied that he had very little business to transact at Rouse's Point; prisoner added that Mathewon had gone to sell his silks, &c., in the West; witness saw a valise when Mathewon was with prisoner; did not see the contents of this valise closely; from Ennis' he went to Mathewon's store, where prisoner bought a pair of boots; did not see the valise on this occasion; prisoner produced an American bill for \$10 to pay for the boots; and deposited it on the counter; he afterwards pulled out a roll of bills from his pocket, and gave one to the young girl who tended the shop; she observed that it was a \$1.00 bill, upon which he seemed to get excited, saying he did not know he had a bill of that denomination; witness immediately afterwards saw several \$1 bills in the roll he had in his hand; they then went to the hotel and had a glass together; witness said he was in a hurry to get to the railway station; saw Mathewon's body next on the 26th in Mr. Peters' barn; recognized the body as that of Mathewon's, whom he had seen with prisoner on the previous Monday. Being shown the revolver, witness identified it as the weapon he had repaired for prisoner; to the best of witness' knowledge the revolver was in a serviceable state when he returned it to prisoner; it was clean and free from rust.

ROBERT HOWARD, physician, deposed to the appearance of the body when found and ascribed death to fracture of the skull, produced by some hard instrument, any one of the blows he explained was sufficient to cause death.

DR. THOMAS S. HAYNES deposed to the same effect.

CHARLES W. LOVELL, of Rouse's Point, deposed.—Knew prisoner at the bar; saw him on Wednesday, 24th July, in a boat opposite witness' residence; it was about half-past six in the morning; there were two men in the boat; one was the prisoner, did not know the other man; both went away in the boat; witness would not be able to recognise the man who was with the prisoner if he had met him afterwards; witness attended the Coroner's inquest; did not see the body. Witness being shown a photograph of Mathewon said the likeness resembled the man he had seen in the boat with prisoner; did not notice if the men in the boat had a valise; the boat was painted white; it had a pointed bow and a square stern; the boat belonged to Mark Graham of Rouse's Point; did not notice if they had a boat-hook belonging to it; saw them go round the Point; did not see the prisoner any more that day; did not see him until the inquest; saw the boat the following evening in front of witness' residence, at the place where it is usually moored; did not see the boat return; Mark Graham was the first person who had seen Costafrolaz on the day the boat returned.

Cross-examined.—It was on Wednesday morning, the 24th July, that he saw the man opposite his residence; it was on the evening of Thursday, the 25th, that he saw the boat

her moorings; the reason he thought it was Thursday evening was because some parties had been enquiring for Costafrolaz; witness' residence was opposite the Government lands. did not see any other party visit the prisoner; At this stage of the proceedings the prisoner partially concealed his face, whereupon His Honor ordered the Sheriff to see that prisoner show himself fully to the jury.

The next witness was Mark Graham, who deposed to the hiring of a boat by prisoner after the murder.

UBAIA MANDIGO, deposed.—Knew prisoner; had known him for a couple of years; prisoner came on Wednesday the 24th July, to witness' house, to get witness to take him to Lacolle; it was about half-past twelve; Costafrolaz was alone; took him to Lacolle in Graham's boat; Costafrolaz had a hand valise; when they got to Sand Beach Point they stopped, and Costafrolaz told him that in the morning he had left a valise on shore, the wind being so strong that he could not row against it; witness did not know that the wind was strong that morning; it was not very strong when they were at Sand Beach Point then; as Costafrolaz was a long time looking for the trunk, and witness saw him taking a turn around the place; witness went ashore and met prisoner coming towards him; presently he stooped and picked up a valise out of the grass and returned to the boat. The small valise being produced, witness identified it as the one they had in the boat; and continued: They then went to Lacolle where Costafrolaz got on board the ferryboat, the water being too shallow to row ashore; witness returned to Rouse's Point then; prisoner had also a small striped satchel; he brought this satchel from Rouse's Point; witness identified the satchel shown him as the one they had in the boat; witness could not say if the wind was so strong on that occasion that Costafrolaz could not have rowed to Lacolle.

Constable P. Lunier, Louis St. Michel, Thomas Hawson and Virginie Montel were the next witnesses, who deposed and testified to the trade relations existing between Costafrolaz and the murdered man for the most part.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The Court opened at 10.30, Mr. Judge Johnson presiding, Mr. E. Z. Paradis for the Crown, and Mr. E. Guillet for the prisoner.

A large crowd had gathered, all eager to catch a glimpse of the prisoner, who during the whole day's proceedings sat the picture of despair and unconsciousness.

THE EVIDENCE CONTINUED.

Detective SPIERS, of Rouse's Point, gave his testimony to show that immediately after the murder, while he was looking up the case in Rouse's Point, he saw a letter addressed to Mrs. Costafrolaz; the superscription was in Costafrolaz's handwriting; got a man to deliver the letter to Mrs. Costafrolaz and immediately after she opened and read it; witness told her that he took possession of it; the letter was signed Henri Sauve, and pretended to be written by Sauve to his sister, but it was in Costafrolaz's handwriting; there was no date; witness has not the envelope.

The letter was read in Court:—

MY DEAR SISTER—I have nothing to do in Montreal; I have obtained some money to go to Toronto or London; I have recommendations; I will write to you later on. Nothing new; I have not dared to say all to-day. If any one asks for news, say I am absent and have sent no news.

Your brother,
HENRI SAUVE.

Cross-examined.—The letter was addressed in English to Mrs. Costafrolaz; would not swear it was addressed Mrs. or Miss; thought it was Mrs. Costafrolaz; it was addressed to her, and she opened it; she said at first it was written by her husband; witness told her he knew Costafrolaz's handwriting, and asked her why she denied it; she replied she did not know; witness believed her intention was to screen the prisoner; witness knew the prisoner's handwriting; had seen it before; knew it was his handwriting; did not know anything against Costafrolaz's character before this; had little to do with him; as witness did not speak French; witness identified one of the shirts produced as the same shown the witness at the inquest; witness picked this shirt off the floor in Costafrolaz's bedroom; told prisoner's wife that the sleeves had been recently washed in cold water; could not swear that they had been washed; perspiration could not make the sleeves clean from the wrist to the elbow; a man might wet the sleeves in a boat by dipping his arms in the water; the stains on the shirt looked like blood stains; could not swear positively that they were blood stains; knew that witness' own shirt looked like such stains; possibly acids might make such stains as these; could not swear that the stains on the coat produced were blood stains.

Pierre Dozois, Lacolle, Stephen Ennis, hotel keeper, Lacolle, and William Edmond, merchant, Lacolle, were then examined and gave testimony bearing on the subject.

HENRY DREIFUS, Sergeant of Police, Montreal, deposed: Witness knew Costafrolaz; had known him for two or three years; on the 26th July last a telegram was received at the Police Office in Montreal, from Rouse's Point, stating that a man suspected of having committed the murder was in the city; on the following day he left for Kingston with Detective Cullen, having heard that the prisoner had gone there by boat, and on arriving at Kingston they discovered on the steamer "Passport" the trunk now produced; witness showed prisoner's photograph to the captain of the "Passport," who recognised it as the portrait of one of the passengers who were on board; witness then saw prisoner coming from the city; the witness returned with prisoner and Cullen to the steamer where they found the trunk and portmanteau now produced; found also the gold watch and chain now produced on the person of the prisoner when they searched him in the police station at Kingston; prisoner did not wear the chain in the usual way so as to make it visible; the watch and chain were both in his pocket; the gold locket and the small gold medal now shown witness were also found on the person of the prisoner; when they arrested Mirabel he turned deadly pale; he was very much excited; did not inform him at the time why they arrested him; found a ticket by the Great Western Railway for Hamilton on his person; after examining the articles found on him, witness asked to whom did those articles in the trunk belong; prisoner replied that they were his, that Mathewon had given them to witness to sell for him, as he was in want of money; witness then told the prisoner that this was extraordinary seeing that Mathewon had \$3,000 in the bank. Prisoner made no reply. When told that Mathewon had been murdered he manifested no surprise but preserved the same expression of countenance. When told that he was accused of having committed this murder, he replied: "We shall see about that." Before leaving for Montreal, prisoner said he wanted to see Mr. Spiers; of Rouse's Point. All he said when they charged him with having committed the murder was: "We will see about that; I will tell you

something when we get to Montreal."—Witness had been told that the value of these articles, including the contents of the trunk and valise, was about five or six hundred dollars. The prisoner's wife had been married to him under the name of Dora Delima Sauve; witness understood she had remained in Ste. Genevieve, near Montreal; did not know if she had a brother called Henry Sauve.

Cross-examined.—Had known prisoner for three or four years; knew nothing against him, nor could he say anything in his favour.

ANDREW CULLEN, detective officer, Montreal, deposed: Witness with Sergeant Dreifus had arrested prisoner at Kingston; witness had learned that on the 26th of July the body of a man was found on the bank of the river at Lacolle, and that from the appearance of the body there was reason to believe that this man had been foully dealt with; was also informed that a jeweller at Rouse's Point was suspected of having committed this murder, and that he had come to Montreal on the 24th; witness made a search with his comrade for the prisoner; having obtained the photograph of the suspected party, witness learned that a man answering to the description had gone away on board one of the Upper Canada boats and that he had with him a trunk labelled "Henri Sauve"; witness left for Kingston with Sergeant Dreifus by the morning train and arrived in Kingston at about four o'clock in the afternoon; saw the trunk which had been described to him on board the boat, and learned that the prisoner had come up on the same boat; prisoner was not on board at that time, having gone on shore; but witness met him on the wharf returning towards the boat; witness asked prisoner his name and he replied that it was Sauve; Dreifus, coming up then, shook hands with prisoner, addressing him as Mirabel; they then arrested him, and took him to the police station, where, on searching him, they found on his person the articles now produced; the prisoner was afterwards taken to Montreal, and next to St. Johns, where he was given into the custody of Mr. Lunnier; witness, accompanied by Spiers, then searched the place where the trunk had been hidden on the island; the young man Mandigo brought them to the place; they searched for a cane that prisoner was said to have had in his possession at the time, but they did not find it; found the hat now produced; it is in the same state as when it was found; also found a stone with blood on it, which he did not take away then, as they had to get over creeks, &c.; witness then went to Peters' house and got St. Michel to go with them and point out the place where he had seen the man towing something in the river; St. Michel pointed out the place where he had seen the man rowing the boat, and it was opposite to this spot that the stone with blood on it was found on the shore.

Several other witnesses were examined by the Court, and at noon the Court took recess for half an hour.

AFTER RECESS.

Mr. GUILLOT called and examined the only witness for the defence, the Rev. F. X. Clagnum, Catholic priest, who testified as to the general good character of the accused.

THE VERDICT.

The jury, after hearing the eloquent addresses of both lawyers and his Honor, retired, and, after about twenty minutes' absence, returned a verdict of "Guilty."

The prisoner being asked by the clerk if he had anything to say against a sentence of death should not be passed upon him, answered slowly that he had nothing to say except that he was left without any defence. He had telegraphed to Montreal for papers having reference to his case—for four letters which were in possession of the lawyers that were to defend him—but these papers had not been sent to him, and he found himself unable to make any defence. The prisoner again repeated that he had telegraphed to Montreal for four letters, adding that these letters would have shown that he never tried to kill deceased. There were witnesses in the United States who could prove that he had left Mathewon in that country; he could not get these witnesses at the trial.

THE SENTENCE.

His Honor told the prisoner he had been found guilty by an intelligent jury and that the Court had only one duty to fulfil; it would be useless to make an exhortation, and he could do nothing but perform the duty imposed upon him. He could not change the law; but if by any possibility an error could exist, the Government would know how to do justice. Never in the domain of Her Majesty had an injustice been committed; but he held out no hope to the prisoner. Then, addressing the prisoner, His Honor pronounced sentence of death as follows: The sentence of the Court is that you, Cyprien Costafrolaz, alias de Mirabel, be taken back to the place of confinement from whence you came, and from thence, on Friday, the 13th December, next, you be sent to the place of execution and hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul.

The prisoner was apparently unconscious of his position, and was led from the Court as peacefully as a child. The Court then immediately after adjourned.

THE ST. ANNE DES PLAINES MURDER.

The result of the inquest in this case was the exonerating of Frederick Lovelle of shooting Damasse Depatie, but ordering him and others, for whom warrants were issued, to be ready for trial for creating an unlawful disturbance. The names of the other parties, who have been arrested are: Cesare Seriole, Trefle Jeclere, John Lovelle, Joseph Jordan, J. B. Grattan, Joseph Gagnon, Hormidas Gauvreaux, Edmond Magor, and Conrad Gagnon. They have all been sent to the jail at St. Scholastique to await trial on the 6th of January next.

The Grand Jury at Bridgeport, Conn., have found a true bill for murder in the first degree against Mrs. Alexander, the modern follower of Burke and Hare.

Belfast piety has declared war against the plying of trams on Sundays. The pulpits and the newspapers—non-Catholic, of course—were never so eloquent as in this crusade against a public convenience, and petitions are being signed at the request of canvassers to have the cars locked up for one day of the week. Why not go the whole way? Let the trains, and the ships, and the electric wires be stilled during the Sabbath? Nay, we do not see why the sun should shine, or the side flow, or the breeze play when Belfast sanctity proclaims that the Sunday should be a day of rest.

By a recent decree of the Spanish government, all machinery and implements, from whatever country exported, are to be admitted duty free, for one year, into Cuban ports. So also are all mules, horses, cows and oxen. The object of this departure from the ordinary policy of Spain, is to assist Cuba in recovering from the destruction and losses caused during the insurrection. The original period of one year will, in all probability, require to be at least doubled, and the concession seems to make a not unfavorable opening for Canadian enterprise.—*Ottawa Citizen.*