

A MODERN JUDAS.

OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

The detective therefore seated himself once more, but Judas, foreseeing a fine opportunity of exercising his oratorical talents, remained standing, and waved his hand in a lofty theatrical manner.

'Monsieur,' he said, with apparent grief, 'you see before you a man of honor. It is all that I have, this honor of my forefathers, and I would not sell it, not for the wealth of the Monte-Cristo of our dear Dumas. But in this case it is one of justice. If I am silent I am suspected of a terrible crime; my name is in the dust. Can I let it lie there? But no, it is impossible; so to myself I say, 'You must forget your honor for once, and speak the name of that woman.'

'Woman!'

'Eh! monsieur, you are astonished. It is not strange! Listen to me! I will tell you what I know of my dear friend's death.'

'But you're not going to tell me a woman killed him?'

Guinaud placed his left hand inside his waistcoat, and waved the right solemnly.

'Monsieur! There are terrible things in this world. The heart of a man is not good, but the heart of a woman—ah! who can explore its depths? Not even our Balzac, of all the most profound—'

'Hang your preaching, get on with your story.'

M. Judas smiled, dropped his pompous manner, and told his little tale in a highly dramatic fashion.

'I speak then, monsieur, straight. It's a drama of the Porte St. Martin. In this way. On the night before my dear friend goes to Jarlesters he is in this room; with him, myself. We talk, we laugh, we weep adieu! At once there is a tap at the window there—the window that opens like a door on to the beautiful grass. We turn; I see the dress, the hood, the figure of a woman, but not the face. My friend Sebastian to me speaks: 'Go, my good friend, I have to speak with a charming angel. You are a man of honor. Disturb not our rendezvous.' What would you? I go, and my friend Sebastian locks the door. At this I am angry. He trusts me not, so I say: 'Very well, you think I am a spy. So be it, I will listen.' Conceive to yourself, monsieur, how I was judged. In anger, I went outside to that window. It is open but a little, and I hear all—all! Sebastian to the woman speaks. They talk, and talk, and fight and rage! Oh! it was terrible. She asks of him something, and he says, 'Yes, it is for you.' Then he goes out of this room by that door. She is left alone, this charming woman. She goes to the table, here; on it there is a box of pills—my friend's box of pills. She opens the box. My eye beholds her drop into it something, I know not what. Again she closes the box, and waits. I see my dear Melstane return. They talk, they kiss, they part. From the window I fly, and when I come into this room by the door, the woman is gone, Sebastian is gone, and the window is closed but not locked. I go to it, I open it, and on the grass there I see a handkerchief; it is now mine, and on it is the name of the woman that came—the woman that put the pills into the box—the woman that killed my friend.'

'And the name—the name!' cried Fanks, in a state of great excitement, springing to his feet; 'tell me her name.'

Rapid as thought Guinaud produced a white handkerchief from his breast-pocket and flung it to Fanks.

The detective seized it and looked at the name in the corner.

'Judith!'

EXTRACTS FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE BOOK.

'... I have seen Judas, and he made a strange confession. He actually saw the person who committed the crime put the pills into the box. The name was hardly a surprise to me. I thought Miss Varlins was guilty, but hardly thought my suspicions would be confirmed so soon. Poor Roger, it will be a terrible blow to him to learn that the woman he loves is guilty of such a terrible crime. I don't believe she ever loved Roger. All her passions were centered on Melstane. He must have been a wonderfully fascinating scamp. I don't know why I should pity Judith Varlins. She has treated Roger shamefully. She has treated Florry Marson shamefully. She pretended to love the one and killed the lover of the other. Her handkerchief has betrayed her. She will be a very clever woman if she can get out of that. The evidence of the handkerchief. The evidence of Judas are both dead against her.'

'Mem.—To write to Marson for an interview.'

'... I will take up Judas and Roger with me, so as to convict her of the crime

'... It will be a terrible ordeal for the poor boy, but anything is better than that he should marry a murderess. This was the reason she refused to let me see the letters. Some of her own were there, betraying her guilty passion. She has been playing a double game all through, but now she is brought to book at last. She must be a woman of iron nerve. Her adopted sister is lying dangerously ill from the consequences of Judith's crime. From the sudden intelligence that the man she loved is dead, and yet Judith can still wear her mask and play the part of a sick-nurse. She must be a perfect fiend. Lucretia Borgia fin de siècle. I expect to have a terrible scene to-morrow night. Poor Roger! ...'

'Judas is an incarnate devil. I wish he was the guilty one instead of Judith Varlins. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to put the irons on him.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HER.

Have you ever been in the tropics? If so, you must know how cruel the sun can be to the unhappy Europeans grilling under its ardent rays. It does not invigorate, nor tan the skin overmuch, nor make one think life is a good thing; but it enervates the system, it relaxes the muscles, it dulls the brain, until the body is nothing but a worn-out shell, that moves and rests, and lies down, and stands up in a mechanical fashion, like an automaton. It was like this that Judith felt after the terrible interview with Guinaud, and she went the round of her daily duties in a dull, listless manner, that showed how greatly her vital force had been exhausted by the ordeal she had undergone. With constant attendance on the invalid, and anxious thoughts about the position of affairs with regard to the French man, she was worn out mentally and physically.

At present it was difficult to come to any decision relative to Florry's illness as the crisis had not yet come, and youth, health, and love of life were all fighting desperately against the shadow of death. The shock sustained by Florry on hearing of the untimely end of her lover had quite unsettled her brain, and the balance was trembling between health and sickness, between sanity and insanity, between life and death. She needed constant watching, for at times, in the most unexpected manner, she would spring from her bed and try to leave the room, bound on some fantastic journey created by the excited state of her brain. At other times she lay languid and exhausted, with dim, unseeing eyes, raving madly about her lover and the unforeseen calamity of his death. Afraid to trust this fragile life to the care of a hired nurse, Judith herself sat by the bedside, and ministered to the wants of the sick girl, holding the cool drink to the fevered lips, bathing the feverish brow, and arranging with loving hand the disordered bed-clothes.

It was bad enough in the day to sit in the twilight of the sick-room, listening to the aimless chatter that came from the white lips, but it was worse at night. The somber shadows that hung over all, the faint glimmer of the shaded lamp, the uncanny stillness of the house, and nothing awake but the sick girl with her pathetic pleadings, her ceaseless laughter, and the incessant stream of disconnected wanderings. No wonder Judith was quite worn out with constant anxiety; much, however, as she needed rest, she never surrendered her weary post by the bed, but sat, watchful and tender, during the long hours, only calling in the nurse when the paroxysms seized the invalid. All through the endless night succeeding the interview she had sat like a stone image in the sick-room, going over in her own tortured mind all that Guinaud had said. The morning broke dull and gray, and the nurse insisted upon her resting a time. Rest! there was no such luxury for her; for even when lying down, her weary brain went mechanically over the old ground, imagining a thousand terrors, and agonizing itself with a thousand pangs.

At last she slept for a time, but it was no refreshing slumber such as would bring relief. No! nothing but dreams, strange, horrible dreams, in all of which Judas, cruel and merciless, was the central figure; so in despair of gaining quiet in any way, she arose in the afternoon, and returned to her post by the side of Florry.

At four o'clock a card was brought to her bearing the name of Roger Axton, and a few lines scribbled thereon asking her to see him at once. With a start of terror, she wondered whether Judas had been to Axton, and revealed anything; but remembering that silence was as necessary to Judas as to herself, she dismissed this fear as idle, and having called in the nurse, descended to the drawing-room.

Roger was there, pacing restlessly to and fro like a caged lion, but when she entered he stopped at once, and looked at her fixedly as she came toward him in her sweeping black dress. Worn and haggard both of them, anxious and apprehensive both of them, they looked like two criminals meeting for the first time after the commission of a secret crime.

On seeing Roger's altered face, Judith also paused and gazed at him with a terrified look in her dilated eyes. They stood silently looking at each other or a single moment, but in that moment the agony of a life-time was concentrated.

At last Roger spoke in a low, smothered tone, as if the words issued from his white lips against his will.

'No! no! I can not believe it.'

This speech broke the strange spell that held Judith motionless, and stealing forward she touched him lightly on the shoulder as he sunk into a chair, covering his wild face with his hands.

'Roger!'

No answer. Only the short quick breath of the man and the soft rustle of the woman's dress.

'Roger, what is the matter?'

He looked up suddenly, hollow-eyed and shrinking, with a wild, questioning look on his worn face.

'I—I have been told something.'

'By—by that Frenchman?'

'Yes!'

'My God!' she muttered to herself, falling nerveless into a chair, 'what has he told you?'

'He has told me all!'

'All?'

'He has told not only me but Fanks!'

'The detective?'

'Yes!'

She hid her face in her hands with a startled cry, at which he sprang quickly from his chair and flung himself on his knees beside her.

'Oh, my love—my love!' he cried, entreatingly, 'you are innocent; you are innocent. I know you are!'

'I innocent?'

She was looking down at him with an expression of amazement on her face, the beauty of which was marred by tears, by weariness, and by anxious thought.

'Yes! I'll swear you did not kill him!'

'Kill whom?'

'Sebastian Melstane!'

'I kill Sebastian Melstane?' she cried, rising quickly, and drawing herself up to her full height. 'Who dares to accuse me of such a thing?'

'Judas!'

'That wretch?'

'Yes; but you are innocent; I know you are innocent.'

'Why?'

'Because I love you!'

Judith looked down at the man kneeling at her feet with a look of infinite gratitude in her eyes, and passing her hand caressingly over his disheveled hair.

'Poor boy, how true you are! You are willing to believe in my innocence without my denial.'

'I am!'

She sat down again, caught his head between her two hands and kissed him softly on the forehead. As she did so, he felt a hot tear fall on his cheek, and when he looked at her she was crying.

'Judith!' he cried, with sudden terror, you are weeping.'

'Yes. May God always send mankind such true hearts as yours!'

'I would be unworthy of your love if I did not believe you before all the lying scoundrels in the world.'

'Alas, Don Quixote!'

'But you can explain everything, Judith. I feel certain you can.'

'I can explain when I hear your story. At present I know nothing beyond the fact Monsieur Guinaud has accused me of a vile crime. What does he say?'

Roger, still kneeling by her side, told the story as related to him by Fanks, and at the conclusion eagerly waited for her denial.

She said nothing, but sat in somber silence, with her eyes fixed beyond his head in a vague, unseeing manner.

'Judith!' he cried, desperately, 'do you hear what I say? This scoundrel says that you visited Melstane at night and put those two pills into the box with the intention of poisoning him.'

Still she said nothing, and Roger felt a feeling of horror arise in his breast as he watched her face, so cold, so frozen, so impassive in its fixed calm.

'He has your handkerchief to prove that you were there. Judith, speak!'

All at once the still figure became endowed with life, and with a choking cry she tore herself from his encircling arms, and sprang across the room.

'Judith!'

In a frenzy of dread he leaped up from his kneeling position, and went rapidly toward her with outstretched hands.

'Stop!' she cried, wildly, shrinking against the wall, 'stop!'

(To be Continued.)



LABOR DAY.

A MONSTER DEMONSTRATION IN ITS HONOR.

The Solid Ranks of Industry Make Merry.

Thousands of Workingmen March to Inspiring Music.

The Origin of the Day—The Parade—The Picnic—The Games—Prize Winners, Etc.

The annual fete of the working classes was celebrated in this city on Monday last amidst every evidence of rejoicing. A large number of factories closed down altogether to give their hands an opportunity to take part in the celebration, while of the number which opened up as usual the greater portion ran very short handed. The idea of having a holiday dedicated to the cause of labor has taken too firm a hold of the minds of workingmen to be easily set aside, and those employers who did not concede the day will ere long see that it is to their own interest to fall into line with popular will. It was very generally said that more people, outside of those taking part in the procession, were observing the day than in any former year, and any one must have been convinced of the truth of this who looked at the crowds which lined the streets through which the procession passed or gazed upon the vast number of people which gathered upon the slopes overlooking the Exhibition grounds during the progress of the games.

It is just ten years ago since the institution of Labor Day and yet in that short period it has come to be recognized as the leading holiday of the working classes throughout the continent of America. The idea of setting apart a day in honor of labor was first mooted by Secretary M. Maguire, of New York Central Trade Union, who obtained the sanction of that body to his proposition and issued the following proclamation on the eve of the day set apart for the celebration: 'The parade of the Trades Unions to-morrow will be a grand success. More than 20,000 men will be in line. See to it, that our expectations be surpassed. Let us show to the monopolists and their tools in both political parties a spectacle that will make them think more than anything else heretofore. Every one taking part in the parade thereby declares that he has abandoned the old political parties. We have taken up the fight, by which labor is to secure its rights. Our demonstration is to be a review before the battle. The larger our army appears on the streets the greater will be the demoralization of the enemy and the easier will be our victory.' That parade proved such a success, upwards of 25,000 men being in line, that it was resolved to make it a permanent institution and to urge upon other cities its adoption. The infection quickly spread to other cities and by the following year every manufacturing centre of importance was preparing to join in the demonstration till now it has become universal in every city and town, village and hamlet throughout Canada and the United States. The first body in this city to take hold of the invitation sent out by New York Central Labor Union was the Cigarmakers, on whom therefore rests the credit of initiating the holiday here. This was five years ago, but it was not until the Central Trades and Labor Council actively moved in the matter that the parade which now forms such an important feature of the celebration was generally participated in by the combined trades.

THE PROCESSION.

Favored with beautiful weather it was hardly to be wondered at that such a large number of people turned out bent on enjoying

themselves. As we have said, thousands of people lined the streets and their verdict was one of approval. Shortly after nine o'clock the solid platoons of industrious toilers were set in motion, and although greatly hampered by the crowds of spectators who hung around them, there was scarcely any confusion, such was the excellence of the arrangements made by the marshals-in-chief, Messrs. Thos. Fisher and Frank Dosti. At the head of the procession came a squad of twenty-five policemen marching abreast who both looked and marched well and very effectively kept the route clear. Following these came the Iroquois band of Caughnawaga Indians heading the Sons of Organized Labor who all wore neat little badges and carried a large number of banners bearing mottoes such as: 'Wipe out the Water Tax,' 'Free Education,' 'We Believe in Temperance,' 'The Earth is the Lord's but thieves have pre-empted His claim,' 'We all intend to be Union men,' 'Protect our fathers on the wharf,' 'Abolish property qualification for aldermen,' 'We want free libraries,' 'In ten years we will be voters,' 'Canada for Canadians,' 'We want honest government,' etc. They numbered about 500 strong and were a source of attraction all along the route. The number walking would probably have been much increased but for the fact that no holiday was observed by the public schools. As it was this feature of the procession was very favorably commented on and it will no doubt be extended in future. Undoubtedly one of the best sections of the parade was the Black Diamond Assembly of Coal Handlers, who turned out about 200 strong, all uniformed alike in soft felt hats, navy blue flannel negligé shirts, black pants and broad leather belts. They were all fine athletic looking men, kept the best of order throughout and stepped out to the music of their band as if they had been drilling for the occasion. Next in order was the freight handlers, about 150 strong, who also made a good showing. Then came a large number of Local Union No. 24 American Flint Glass Workers in carriages, each drawn by a span of grey horses and decorated with miniature flags. There were about twenty carriages in all, each containing four persons and the appearance they made was certainly creditable alike to themselves and to their Union. But what was the matter with the Green Glass Blowers that they did not show up as formerly? Have they forgotten that Labor Day only comes once a year and that it is the only opportunity they have of joining with other organized workingmen in a public display of their strength and showing how well they can look on parade? When the men of Finlay, Steubenville and Pittsburg come to hear that the green blowers of Montreal could not sacrifice a day in honor of labor's cause they will stand astonished at the spirit they have displayed. Another fine turnout was that of Phoenix Assembly of Brassworkers headed by their band and banner. They numbered about 200 and kept their formation exceedingly well. The Marble Workers though numerically small were a fine looking body of men. Maple Leaf, Progress, Unity and Dominion Assemblies made a creditable showing and were heartily cheered all along. The various French Assemblies mustered in full force and with their prettily worked banners and band were an imposing feature of the procession. Following the French Assemblies came the Pullman Car Porters Union, headed by the Detroit City Band. This contingent proved a great attraction in the parade and met with a most favorable reception everywhere, dividing with Black Diamond the honor of having the best appearance. They were heartily cheered as they marched along in excellent form. Amongst other Unions which attracted a good deal of attention was the Carpenters and Joiners, the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators, the Harness Makers, the Plasterers, the Builders' Laborers, French Typographical Union, (No. 176 was from some cause or other barely represented), and the Tailors and Cutters. The Bricklayers were another magnificent body of men. They turned out strong with band and banner, and were a most imposing feature of the procession. The Cigarmakers came very near being the banner organization of the parade. They always turn out strongly, and this year were no exception to the rule. They carried a fine lot of banners bearing appropriate mottoes amongst which were: 'Smoke Union Cigars,' 'Encourage Honest Labor,' 'See that the Blue Label is on every box,' etc., and were enthusiastically cheered by the spectators. Bringing up the rear of the procession came the Central Trades and Labor Council headed by the splendid City Band of forty instruments. Along with the Council walked several invited guests, and Messrs. John W. Davey and F. C. Cribben, of Toronto Trades and Labor Council, and Messrs. U. Lafontaine and Geo. T. Beales, President and Vice-President respectively of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress. On either side of the President of the Council, Mr. L. Z. Boudreau, walked Mayor McShane (decorated with his chain