

over me. What should I do if I left you...

"You would never let any one take you from me, would you, Agatha?"

"How could it be, when I am your wife, Vane? Nothing but death could part us."

"You would never let anything else, would you, Agatha? Promise me now that nothing in this world shall ever come between us."

"I promise," she said. "I shall return by six this evening, to meet me."

"Most assuredly I will," she replied. "Then good-by, Agatha; I must go or I shall be late."

Yet, before he had taken many a step he was back again.

"Agatha," he cried, in that loving, impetuous fashion of his, "are you quite sure that you are quite well?"

She smiled, and she was touched by his anxiety.

"I am perfectly well, Vane, and perfectly happy," she replied.

"I wonder," he said, "what gives me this strange feeling about you—a restlessness, craving anxiety that nothing can allay?"

"It is nothing but nervous anxiety, Vane," she said. "I often have it, but I never take any notice of it."

"I positively dread going away," said Sir Vane. "I think I will lose the money and let the matter pass; it is a mistake of my agents, I suppose."

"Indeed, you need not do that. But there is no need for anxiety; and I will not let you give way to it."

"You are right," he said. "It is all nonsense, after all. Now, put your arms around my neck and tell me that you love me."

"There is no need," she said. "You know that I love you."

Yet she kissed him, and did as he wished; and then, little dreaming of what lay before them, she watched him as he walked down the long terrace; he turned to salute her, and the sunlight fell full upon his handsome face. As she saw it then, she saw it never more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WITH MURDER IN HER HEART.

Agatha stood for a few moments watching the tall, fine figure of Sir Vane, wondering what sudden fits of anxiety and nervousness had overcome him, smiling to herself a tender, tremulous and happy smile, as she thought how dearly and how well he loved her—no wife in the world was so well loved as she.

There she went in search of Victor Hugo's last book, the one she wanted to finish. She had a great dislike to garden hats, but as Madame was always anxious when she saw an uncovered head, she took a scarf of fine white lace and twisted it round her head and neck. She took her book and went to the pretty terrace where Sir Vane liked best to sit.

As she went out of the pretty avenue, she little thought that she should ever enter it again. Slowly down the golden sunlight, she herself the fairest, sweetest flower in that beautiful park. She did not know that she was going to have her heart broken.

The shadows of the graceful trees fell on the terrace, the red-rose leaves came showering down, the birds were singing, the same white doves that she fed every morning came fluttering round her as she walked on to her door.

She was enjoying her book, the sun shining on her hand, the birds singing around her; one white dove had made the resting place on her shoulder. There could have been no fairer vision of youth and beauty—a picture that was never seen again.

Over the pages of the book, over the white terrace, fell a shade. She looked up and saw Valerie coming toward her; and the shadow over the open page was typical of the shadow over her life.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Jan. 18th.—The Dominion elections are fixed for the 22nd February; the Quebec legislature meets on the 27th inst., and the Ontario House has been called for business on the 10th of February. In arranging the date for the federal polling Sir John Macdonald took these circumstances into consideration. It is now quite plain that the Ross cabinet has hung on power since its defeat on October 14th in the hope of keeping a cabinet hostile to the Tory machine at Ottawa out of power during the federal general election.

THESE catch-penny tricks will only make the believers in honest methods of politics and government work all the harder to put an end to the reign of fraud and lumbury. The way this Dominion is sacrificed to Sir John Macdonald reminds me of "The Fly and the Bullock" in Moore's fables of the Holy Alliance. Let me quote—

"I saw a brick blue-bottle fly on an altar, Made much of and worshipped as something divine; While many a solemn hymn he there to a altar, Before it lay stabled at the foot of the shrine."

Surprised at such doings, I whispered my teacher— "If 'twere important, may I ask why should a bullock, that useful and powerful creature, be thus offered up to a blue-bottle fly?"

"No wonder," said I, "you stare at the sight, for the bullock is the bullock, and the fly is the fly. And the bullock the people that he sacrificed to."

I have changed a word or two to suit the altered time and place, but the truth of the application is only too evident.

THE COMING FIVE WEEKS will be the liveliest on record, although the Tories are going into the contest with fear of defeat in their hearts and dismay in their eyes. On the other side the Liberals have faces like the morning. The eagle of victory has perched on their banners so often of late that they feel they are bound to win.

Everything points to a complete Liberal victory. The cabinet which could hold its own in a single-handed combat, or wrest a seat from the Liberals with all its concentrated power and arrogance, going to maintain a successful contest all along the line throughout the whole Dominion? How can it hope to carry all the provinces in one full swoop when it is so weak in detail in every one of them? It is this sense of inability to cope with the tremendous odds against them that makes the Tories so despondent. Everybody admits that dissolution in the present state of popular feeling is an act that can only be accounted for by extreme despondency. They have no cry. The feeble cry of the Boodle organ here—

"UNION AND ADVANCEMENT"

sounds like the death rattle. It is a far away cry of a paper's old song, "Union and Progress"—Onions and Prog! We know what sort of union that has been which the Tories promoted in the past. Union that produced rebellion in the West, secession in the East, turbulence in Quebec, uneasiness in Ontario, general disgust and apprehension everywhere. We also know what Tory "advancement" means. It means advancement in debt, in deficits, in taxation, in the fortunes of ministers and of the Boodle Brigade. It also means advancement towards disruption, sectarian strife, civil war, collapse of public credit, disaster and ruin. From the record of the past we may predict the future. But the prospect is brightened by the moral certainty that—

MACDONALDISM HAS RUN ITS COURSE,

and will be buried beyond hope of resurrection on the 22nd of next month. It is manifestly impossible for the ministry to combat successfully the manifold and complex difficulties of the situation. Everywhere I hear admissions of the corruption, recklessness and incompetency of the Government. Sir John has lost his reputation for sagacity in management, and his cabinet is rightly regarded as far below mediocrity in talent and utterly without a shred of character for honesty. Senility, imbecility and dishonesty are not the qualities that command respect or confidence in preference to the manly vigor, robust intellectuality, and unswerving reputation of the leaders now in opposition.

THE WATERS OF POPULAR WRATH,

dammed back for five weeks longer, will burst with an overwhelming cataclysm, but when the flood has subsided, it will be hard to find a trace of the Boodle Brigade. The search then for the remaining fragments of the Macdonaldite party will be as futile as a search for Pharoah in the Red Sea would be now. Ministers seem to anticipate this, for they have prepared no estimates for the ensuing fiscal year, nor have they compiled their annual reports. In fact they have made no preparations whatever for the meeting of Parliament. The intention evidently is to leave everything connected with the public business in as much confusion as possible, in order to make the task before their successors so difficult that it will be impossible to detect the full enormity of the rascalities perpetrated during the saturnalia of Boodelism.

THE PROCLAMATION DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT

is dated to-day, writing being returnable April 7th, and Parliament is summoned for despatch of business. Nominations take place on the 15th, polling on the 22d February. Liberals here are jubilant. They expect a hard fight in the city, which has generally been strongly Conservative. But there are nine thousand new voters, the greater number of whom are in the lower wards, where the Liberal Irish are inclined to support the Liberal candidates. Government influences, however, is very strong. There is hardly a family but has one or more of its members depending on the Government for employment. Patronage is offset to some extent by

DISSATISFACTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

arising from the unsatisfactory manner in which salaries have been paid. Besides there is a feeling among the employes that a change of government is imminent, and they don't want to appear as a partisan class in the eyes of their new masters.

THE VAUDREUIL RAILWAY.

I observe that this scheme has been again resurrected to do service for local Tories. At every election for many years past this scheme has been used to help the Tory candidates in Russell, Prescott and Vaudreuil. The charter held by local Tories in the interests of a certain class whose object is not to have the road built. The line is projected from Ottawa to Vaudreuil, and could have been in running order years ago if the men who hold the charter desired its construction. It is now proposed to build it as far as Caledonia Springs—that is beginning nowhere and ending nowhere at the other end of the same place. It is an unmitigated humbug, and the people of the counties interested should let the projectors know that they see through their little game.

three from each polling division, of which there are fifty-one in the city. They have gone into the work of organization with a determination to win, and with good prospects of success. Of course, they are quite aware that the Government is thoroughly scared since the election of Mr. Bronson, and will stop at nothing to prevent the capital falling

INTO THE HANDS OF THE LIBERALS.

The Citizen, controlled by Mr. Mackintosh, continues to ignore Mr. Perley and Mr. H. Robillard, both of whom are pushing the canvass as the nominees of Sir John. It says a convention will be called to nominate two candidates in the ministerial interest. But Perley and Robillard say they are ill to feel to stay no matter what the Convention may do. This will give a fair idea of the sort of harmony that prevails among the Tories. I think, however, that the convention, if it should be held, will be but a formal gathering to satisfy the selection made by Sir John. Since the last convention was whipped into nominating Mr. Mackintosh, I am satisfied that any message he sends to the Tories for show than for use. But the fun of the late convention was that a large section of the party were not amenable to the party whip.

THE SAME THING MAY HAPPEN AGAIN.

This time, however, I fully expect to see one or more independent candidates in the field. The Orange Tories say, if we can believe them, that they will not vote for a Catholic or a Frenchman. A great many of them certainly will not, and without them it is impossible to elect a French Conservative. Such being an undoubted fact, the French would be extremely anxious to feel their strength by dividing this vote. Common sense should show them that by voting the Tory ticket they will merely swell the majority, which will go plump for Perley and some other Protestant, leaving the two Frenchmen far behind. On the other hand, by giving a united support to the two Liberal candidates, they are sure to elect their man for the Liberals, and to elect like the Tories on the record relief issue, and will poll their full strength for both the regular candidates of the party.

THE CITY WILL GO LIBERAL.

Certainly it would be a matter of no small accomplishment to see the French of the capital elect a Liberal to the polls, should he shoulder with the Orange Tories, who have let no opportunity since the hanging of Riel to insult and defy them. They should also remember that the attitude of the Tory party has not changed towards them. When The Mail was the acknowledged organ of the Tory party, before Chambliss and Halidrud made them pretend to part company, it spoke for the party in the manner quoted below, and it still speaks in the same strain. They should also remember that Sir John Macdonald has never sign or word repudiated what The Mail said when it was still his accredited mouthpiece. The Liberals should take proper means of letting the French know where they stand, and the chief Tory organ, taken from its editorial columns on the day's specified.

GREAT AND VALUABLE SERVICES

to the country. But when I reflect that he has built up a party and kept himself in power the greater part of his life by the "practice of corruption in all its protean forms," the conviction forces itself upon me never again to see the scene of Canadian politics, government by intrigue, methods would have obtained. Since he could only succeed by corruption, would it not have been better if he had failed? The present demoralization of public life and the deplorable condition of affairs are among the penalties the people of this country are paying for Sir John Macdonald and his services.

HE FIRST ATTRACTED PUBLIC ATTENTION

as counsel for the unfortunate Victor Schultz, who was hanged for participation in the rebellion of 1837. His defence of the gallant Pole, who devoted himself to the cause of liberty in Canada was an indication, however, of his political principles. Immediately on his election to parliament in 1844, he ranked himself on the side of the wrong, and he has ever since been endeavoring to govern the two Canadian provinces as if they were one. He took strong grounds against the introduction of the first principles of responsible government, and his subsequent career has developed without softening the despotic tendency of his mind. To gratify his ambition he never hesitated to sacrifice the dearest ties, and the sacredness of the treaty has been indicated by the saying that his path through life is marked with

THE TOMSTONES OF HIS FRIENDS.

He began by betraying John S. Cartwright. Then he conspired successfully against Sir Allan MacNab. He may imagine these things are forgotten, but there are men now living who neither forget nor forgive. With sublime disregard of the clergy, he has lately claimed to be a descendant of the old-time Reformers, Bolingbroke and Lafontaine, but a glance at the journals of those days will show that his opposition to them was constant, factious and frequently gross in its bitterness. It was while they were in power from 1848 to 1854 that he made a declaration which applies to his own country, and which will all the more impress a voice from the grave. "It is my earnest prayer," he said, "that the Government should occupy their places upon the strength of violated pledges and the grossest corruption, while they enriched themselves by speculations in 'public property.'"

THESE SENTIMENTS HAVE BEEN ECHOED

by the Conservative press in all parts of the country, and by the Hon. J. C. Abbott, then Attorney-General, Dalton McCarthy, Alfred Bouthier, and a host of smaller fry of Tory stumpers. Sir John has never repudiated them, nor have they ever expressed regret or contrition for what they said. I cannot conceive how any French-Canadian can vote for a Tory after this. If there are any who can, they will deserve to be kicked and trampled on as

CRATINGS ONLY FIT FOR SLAVERY.

The candidature of Mr. J. C. Abbott appears to have created considerable feeling in Montreal. His anxiety to secure the majority may be accounted for by the fact that his chances in Argenteuil for re-election to the House of Commons are getting gradually small and beautifully less since Mr. Mokke has been mentioned as a candidate for that country. Persons from there assure me that they should accept nomination for the seat Mr. Abbott or any other man who could be brought against him. I don't pretend to know what sort of a mayor Mr. Abbott would make, but it is difficult to believe that a man at his time of life, whose habits of thought and action are fixed, would suddenly become the pink of municipal perfection after a long career as chief legal adviser to the chiefs of the Boodle Brigade.

IN 1882

the Tories carried twenty-three seats by acclamation. They were principally in the Province of Quebec. The effect was very dispiriting to the Opposition and greatly helped the Ministerials throughout the country. The Liberals should take care that this does not occur in 1887. Certainly with the position of things all along the line, they should not be caught napping. Candidates ought to be put up in every constituency. The Government of Quebec, as well as that of the Dominion, is in the balance. The prize to be won is too great for there to be any dilatoriness in preparing for emergencies. Mr. Mercer and the Liberal-Nationalists ought to throw themselves into this contest all they are worth. It is now or never with them. The Government of every province in the Dominion should take part in this contest, for it really involves the great principle of Provincial Rights. Everyone knows that the manspreading of Sir John Macdonald's policy is destruction of the federation and the establishment of the legislative union. His enmity to the constitution has been persistent. Now is the time to destroy his power, and if he is beaten this time he is down forever and confederation will be preserved. Therefore, let Liberals

contend with a better cause. Yet they must not depend too much on that. They must organize and work as they never worked before.

MR. TASSE yesterday formally retired from all pretensions to a seat in parliament. A requisition had been got up asking him to stand with the understanding that he would decline, the requisition being intended to strengthen his candidature in Laurier or Clarendon. Mr. Mackintosh is reported as having said that he also was out of the race in this city. The Conservative Convention to name a candidate for Russell meets at Drummondville to-day. Mr. Mackintosh is seeking nomination there, but he has several strong local rivals. Where Mr. Cummings failed, it is hardly possible for any man at present available to succeed.

It is reported here that Cleaveland, Caron and Langevin were very strongly opposed to dissolution, and told Sir John plainly that they could not hope to carry Quebec in the present state of popular feeling. When the Premier showed them that nearly every member of the cabinet, including themselves, with some forty or fifty Conservative members of Parliament, would be impeached for certain high crimes and misdemeanors if a session was held, and that it would be suicidal to lay the financial condition of the Dominion before the people, they saw there was nothing for them but to face the music. Their parting with Sir John was, under the circumstances, a *parturient salutation*.

OTTAWA, Jan. 20.—Last week, January 13th, Sir John Macdonald completed his 72nd year; some people say his 74th. There appear some doubts on this point, as the date of his birth is variously given. Early sketches of his life give 1813 as the year of his entrance upon this world's stage, fixing the date in 1816. However, that may be a storm-stayed journalist will perhaps be forgiven for devoting an hour to a review of

A VERY REMARKABLE CAREER, especially at this its culminating epoch. No man ever stamped his individuality more strongly on the people of his time and country than Sir John Macdonald, but he must be a devoted friend and an able biographer who would venture to assert that his influence was not wholesome. By reason of the sentence passed upon the late Lord Bessborough his influence has been "demoralizing to the national character, and has lowered the standard and aims of (Canadian) politics." His warmest admirer will not claim for him the faintest particle of political morality. Love of country, devotion to principle, he has never shown.

LOVE OF POWER

has been his overmastering passion through life. His policy has been a constant succession of expedients. His chief characteristics are excessive vanity, profound egotism, demagogical vindictiveness, with boundless gratitude to those who flatter and serve him. For twenty years I have observed him closely under many different circumstances, and while I readily admit the captivation of his manner among the Tories, he wishes to influence, I find it impossible to imagine a more unlovable character. His admirers claim for him

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Brown asserted his greatness in moving for a committee to consider the very grave difficulties which then presented themselves in conducting the government of Canada, in such a manner as to show due regard to the wishes of its numerous populations. This was the beginning of the confederation movement. As usual Sir John Macdonald abandoned the principles for which he had contended all his life, and went in to win on lines for which he always expressed the utmost detestation. And he did win. The Dominion was established, and he became Premier.

HIS POSITION WAS A PROUD ONE.

With admirable astuteness he declared the abolition of all party divisions. He forgot his honor of coalitions and declared that coalition was the soundest of all principles, and he would govern upon them with honesty and economy. Those were the halcyon days of promises, but they ended in the Pacific Scandal. That famous exposure demonstrated the texture of Sir John Macdonald's honesty, as the construction of the Intercolonial railway exemplified his economy.

"DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN."

had appeared in the North-West. The rest of the story is all too recent for recollection. A time came in the career of the Artful Dodger and Blue together. He had to choose between them, and he chose the Orange. But that was not sufficient to keep him in power. He had to seek new allies. Then he hung his No Dopey banner to the breeze and became the champion of Loyalty, British justice and Protestantism. In this issue he is about to challenge the verities of the confederation movement, and the staunchest of Protestants, looking over the cord I have briefly sketched, turn with beating hearts to Sir John's Orange flag, while the French and the Catholics, whose subjugation is the promise of his new policy, are not to be separated than amazed at his

RELIGIOUS AND INMIGRATION.

This draws to its close one of the most curious of human lives of political adventure. But granting all his friends may urge in his behalf, it is plain to all eyes that the peace and welfare of the country require his retirement, that a new and better order of things be established and the fear of civil commotion and sectarian strife lifted from the hearts of the people.

A CORNWALL FLOOD.

THE INHABITANTS THROWN INTO A GREAT STATE OF EXCITEMENT OVER THE RISING WATERS.

CORNWALL, Ont., Jan. 18.—There have been several ice shows here this winter, and the water has been unusually high in consequence, but not sufficient to cause any uneasiness. Last night, about midnight, the ice jammed again, and the water rose very rapidly. Towards morning it flowed over the canal bank, running up the streets to Post street, a distance of about two hundred yards. The alarm was given, and about 6 a.m. the fire bells rang and hundreds of people were on their feet. The water was so high that the inmates of the buildings that were flooded. Boats were procured and shoved through the icy water, which was freezing quickly, the thermometer marking several degrees below zero and a terrible snow storm raging. The Stormont Cotton Mill, which is situated between the canal and the river, was completely submerged with water, the boiler being submerged and an immense amount of machinery and stock also. At the Canada Cotton Mill, the Woolton Mill, Mack's Flour Mill, which are at the extreme east end of the town, the rise of the water was a little later, and the hands had all got to work. The lower floors had to be left empty, and in the Canada Cotton mill two men were supposed to have been caught by water in the machinery room, Curtis Derucha and Frank Bergeron. They went back to look after their tools, and Derucha got cut after great exertions, but Bergeron was not hurt. He was never seen, he has been drowned. All the mills were submerged to a depth of fully 15 feet, the magnificent weaving room of the Canada Cotton Mills, the largest in America, being at least a foot deep with water. The quantity of stock in process of manufacture was very large.

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

If the system is properly cleaned by some medicine that acts upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, such as Boreo Blood Bitters, and the sufferer will enjoy Hagyard's Sarsaparilla according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

"In England pantaloons are called trousers, never pants; suspenders are braces; a sack-coat is a jacket, an undershirt, a jersey, and a vest; and a vest a waist-coat—pronounced, by-the-by, waistcut. Then crackers are biscuits, and biscuits rolls. Crackers in England are what are called sapping motes in America. Syrup and molasses are both known as treacle; a pie (of fruit) is a tart, a sugar-bowl is a sugar-basin, a stoop is a porch, and an entry a hall; a pitcher is a jug, and a bureau a chest of drawers; a cane is a walking-stick, an overcoat a great-coat, a neck-tie a bearing-necktie. Keats is never called Keats, and a coachman is never called a driver. Every store is a shop; a fruit store a fruiterer's, a hardware store an ironmonger's, a dry goods store a draper's or haberdasher's, a drug store a chemist's, and a vegetable store a green grocer's. Coal is invariably called coals; calico, print; cotton, thread; and a spool a reel. Mush is porridge. A balky horse is a jibbing horse, and to balk is to jib. A cigar store is a tobacconist's. Beets (cooked) are beet-root. The German dance is always called cotillon. A stem-winder is a keyless watch, and beer (at bars), bitter. Of course, in this, I except lager beer, which is now in such great vogue in England. The lingo of railways differs wonderfully. Railroad is railway; the track is the line, and the rails the metals; to switch is to shunt; a turn-out is a siding; a locomotive is always called cotillon. A stem-winder is a keyless watch, and beer (at bars), bitter. Of course, in this, I except lager beer, which is now in such great vogue in England. The lingo of railways differs wonderfully. Railroad is railway; the track is the line, and the rails the metals; to switch is to shunt; a turn-out is a siding; a locomotive is always called cotillon. A stem-winder is a keyless watch, and beer (at bars), bitter. 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