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OUR IRISH LETTER.

The Effect of Churchill's Action—The Crisis—The Union of Whigs and Tories and so-called Radicals has received its death-blow and the days of the Salisbury Government are numbered. It would be quite impossible to describe the sensation which this event has caused in political circles here and in England. It was utterly unexpected. Even the most sanguine Gladstonian was looking forward to some years of Tory rule. The Union of the Unionist party seemed free from any immediate danger. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain were apparently prepared to support any Government so long as Mr. Gladstone was excluded from power, and in the ranks of the Tories the dangers of discussion were most remote. "The stupid party" were, to all appearances, quite resigned to be led by the nose by the daring young Tory Democrat, who was fast reviving the traditions of the young Disraeli, when suddenly without the slightest warning everything has been turned into chaos by the withdrawal of the one man by whom the Government may be said to live, move, and have its being. The situation now is completely changed. The very stars in their courses seem to be fighting for Ireland. We are now once more within measurable distance of Home Rule. It is difficult to say how the present crisis will end. Lord Hartington may possibly join the Government, in which case Lord Salisbury may perhaps keep his Cabinet together for a few months. Such a result would be a most useful one for Ireland. Lord Hartington stands high in the estimation of the Liberal party. He is regarded as a sound though not a very progressive Liberal, and an honest and consistent man. Once he joins a Tory Cabinet with the avowed object of preventing the return of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party to power, good-bye to his influence. Once on the Tory side of the House, he would remain there, and his power of mischief in dividing the Liberal party would be at an end. It seems likely that Lord Hartington will not fall into this trap. Should he refuse to join the Cabinet, Lord Salisbury will be forced to fill the vacancy by one or other of the dead-wood heads who sit at present on the Treasury benches in the House of Commons. Mr. W. H. Smith, a worthy retired tradesman of unimpeachable respectability and unsurpassed dulness, being perhaps the best amongst them. Lord Randolph used his brief spell of power not only to advance himself, but to remove all dangerous rivals from his path. Sir M. H. Beach is safe in the Irish office and cannot find time to lead the House of Commons. Sir Stafford Northcote was judiciously kicked up-stairs to the House of Lords, and the only remaining men of ability on the Government bench are friends of Lord Randolph, and will probably support him in the efforts he is sure to make to overthrow the ministry. The best informed politicians say that the Government will last until about White Sunday, when a dissolution will take place. I am informed that Mr. Gladstone regards the situation as most hopeful, and is sanguine of success if another appeal be made to the electors. "None of the reasons publicly assigned for the abrupt resignation of Lord Randolph are correct. It was not the English Local Government Bill, nor the Closure, nor the increased Army and Navy Estimates—it was Ireland, Lord Randolph does not believe in coercion, and he clearly saw that the present Irish policy of the Government led directly and inevitably to the immediate introduction of a Coercion Bill. He disappeared of almost every step recently taken by Dublin Castle. Its proclamations, its petty larcenies, its assaults on members of parliament, its senseless revival of the old statute of Edward III, its prosecutions for conspiracy and all the rest of it, he clearly saw, tended to bring discredit and ridicule upon the administration of justice, and were quite ineffective to suppress the National movement. If coercion was right then it should be "thorough." The Irish members of Parliament, all personal liberty in Ireland should be suspended, the press should be silenced, public meetings stopped, the priests, and even some of the bishops imprisoned and martial law proclaimed. Anything less than this would be simply child's play; but for this he was not prepared, and so—he scuttled the ship. The Government proclaimed the "Plan of Campaign" and the "Plan of Campaign" has smashed the Government. Parliament which was to have met on January 13th will not now assemble until January 27th. All possibility of passing a coercion bill is at an end. With Churchill in opposition such a bill would wreck the Ministry in a week. The first business of the session will probably be the proposed new gagging rules, and upon them the Government will probably be defeated. At the first defeat they will dissolve, and once more the decision of the issue will rest with the masses of the English people. These repeated changes of Government, these ministerial crises every six months, these dissolutions of Parliament with each monotonous for Englishmen; and the question at issue always is the same, Ireland, Ireland, Ireland. I think the worthy Britishers have got quite enough of it, and that the verdict at the polls the next time will be "in God's name let the people go." It is more than likely that the prosecution of Mr. Dillon and the others will be allowed to fall through. It is nothing better than a farce to proceed with them, when, before the cases come for trial, the Government itself may have ceased to exist. This has been a Christmas full of high omen for Ireland, and the New Year finds our people united and enthusiastic as our enemies are confounded and divided. J. E. REDMOND, M. P.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

THE POSITION AS VIEWED BY A MILITARY AUTHORITY. NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The New York Herald contains a long and interesting cablegram giving a conversation between its correspondent at Berlin and an officer of high distinction, supposed to be Count Von Moltke himself. The interview was as follows:—"Do you think that war is imminent?" I asked. "If so, will it be a Franco-German war?" "The situation changes so often," was the reply: "we live in such a galloping age, that it is dangerous to prophesy about such matters. I can hardly believe it possible that the spring will pass without war, but I do not think there will be a Franco-German war this year. Sooner or later such a war must come." "The whole matter hinges on the Eastern question—in other words, on Bulgaria. I have never known a time, except, perhaps, last spring and last autumn, when we seemed nearer war or when the excitement and tension in the military circles of Europe were so great. My impression is that we are threatened with a Russo-German struggle, in which England, Italy and the Balkan States may join. Germany may also be dragged in, for she cannot afford to see Austria even seriously weakened, far less crushed. And if Germany intervenes France would be on her back in an instant." "What chance do you think Austria would have single handed against Russia?" I continued. "Standing single handed I think she would be beaten." "Has the Russian army improved so much then?" "The discipline in the Russian army is admirable. The soldiers are blindly obedient. The Russian artillery is numerically strong, if the Russian gunners are inferior to the German. The Russian cavalry is numerous and easily mobilized. For all that it is not so formidable as people make out." "Could Germany, in your opinion, sustain war alone with France and Russia?" "The German army is in magnificent condition and ready to cope successfully with any other Power. To expect it to hold its own single handed against its two most powerful neighbors is unfair, and if Europe—I mean Austria, England and Italy—ever allowed Germany to be crushed they would simply deserve to be crushed in turn, as assuredly they would be. Germany's strength is a necessity for peace-loving Europe." "Is it true that the German garrisons on the Polish frontiers are being strengthened?" "If they are not strengthened already they will certainly be when the Army bill passes. There is some apprehension here lest the Russian cavalry should invade Silesia and the adjoining provinces. They would, however, soon have their roads blocked by the German infantry, against which they would be powerless." "What of the French reports that the Germans are massing enormous forces in Alsace-Lorraine?" "They are exaggerated. The only forces on the French frontier available for immediate service are the Fifteenth army corps, which is on a peace footing, and about thirty thousand strong, and the Fourteenth Baden army corps, which numbers about twenty-four thousand." "Is not the French artillery superior to that of Germany?" "Yes, both in numbers and calibre. The Germans are quite alive to the fact and appreciate its seriousness. In the next war artillery will no doubt be a most important factor. On a peace footing the French have six batteries to Germany's four—a great advantage. It's all a question of money. Germany can't afford more, and I hear from German officers that even if the Army bill passes they will not increase the strength or number of their batteries. As a set off I think the German gunners are better trained, better marked and better disciplined. Discipline is the great strength of Germany; want of discipline the great weakness of the French. So long as their enemies lack discipline the Germans will not fear them." "But have not the French another advantage in this wonderful explosive they have discovered—melinite?" "Certainly, the Germans are quite alive to that; but, *entre nous*, it would not surprise me if they had discovered something very similar themselves." "Do you think Russia would venture a movement in Central Asia this spring?" "No; she will have her hands full with Bulgaria. There may be one hundred thousand Russian troops in Central Asia, but hardly fifty thousand would reach India when they had done with Afghanistan." "What do you suppose the 'Grand Turk' would do in the event of war?" "Oh, temporize as usual and go in when impelled to with any Power that slipped the proper amount of money into his hand." "If I am not mistaken," I said, "the feeling toward France here is less bitter than toward Russia." The Germans seem willing to let France alone if she does not worry them, but would be rather glad of a pretext for going for Russia?" "Yes, I think that is so." "And when do you suppose war would break out if it does break out?" "About May. The Russians could hardly move earlier."

LIBERAL-RADICAL HISSES

PREVENT THE PLAYING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. LONDON, Jan. 11.—The inaugural meeting of the London Liberal-Radical Union was held at St. James Hall this evening. The hall was crowded. The organist attempted to play "God Save the Queen," when a storm of hissing and hooting arose completely drowning the cheering. There were on the platform a number of members of Parliament and other Liberals, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Bradlaugh, rose and joined in the cheering. Bradlaugh's action was endorsed with terrific applause by the majority of the audience. Mr. Morley made a vigorous speech, in the course of which he praised Lord Hartington for having refused to assist Lord Salisbury in having the political infiquities of the Carlton Club. The defection of Mr. Goschen, he said, had not caused any great refrigeration of the Liberal atmosphere, while the mutiny of its clearest young member and its most respected old member would scarcely strengthen the Government. During the meeting every mention of Mr. Gladstone's name was the signal for enthusiastic cheering. A letter from Mr. Gladstone was read expressing hearty sympathy with the movement, and hoped it would aid in placing London in the foremost position as a Liberal stronghold. HEARTRENDING SCENES. DUBLIN, Jan. 14.—The eviction of tenants on the Winn estates at Glenburgh, county Kerry, continued to-day. In some cases the bailiffs were stoutly resisted. The occupants of one house barricaded the doors and windows and refused to allow the officers to enter. The bailiffs made several attempts to force their way into the dwelling, but its defenders received them with boiling water and showers of stones and forced them to retreat, a number of them with severe wounds. This siege lasted some hours. Finally the police loaded their weapons and threatened to fire if an immediate surrender was not made. At this the defenders yielded and submitted to arrest. They were twenty-five in number, and all were taken into custody. The wife of the tenant was carried out of the house by the officers in a fainting condition. She was afterwards left dying in the yard. The people are maddened at the brutality of the officers. Mr. Harrington, member of Parliament, exhorted them to avoid violence, and with difficulty prevented bloodshed. AID FOR EVICTED TENANTS. THE MONTREAL BRANCH OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE START AN ANTI-EVICTION FUND. The Montreal Branch of the Irish National League held a special meeting, Sunday afternoon, the President, Mr. H. J. Cloran, in the chair. The attendance was unusually large. The object of the meeting was to consider the following cablegram sent from the Executive of the League concerning the eviction crusade now carried on in Ireland. DUBLIN, Jan. 13.—Cruel eviction crusade now in progress in Kerry for several days past. Agents and bailiffs using paraffine oil and setting fire to houses as each family is evicted. Scores of families homeless. HARRINGTON, M. P., Sec. Irish National League. Mr. H. J. Cloran said that it was the duty of the League to take immediate action in the matter by censuring this inhuman policy, and by starting an anti-eviction fund in aid of the victims of landlordism. It was thereupon moved by Mr. Burns and seconded by Mr. O'Leary that the League enter a protest against the heartless cruelty practiced by the landlords against tenants, and encouraged by the agents of Lord Salisbury's Government. It was also resolved to start an anti-eviction fund to aid the tenants in battling for their lives against the barbarity of the landlords. The motion was taken up by several members in terms of strong condemnation. The Anti-Eviction fund was then opened and the following subscriptions to start with were handed in to the treasurer, Mr. B. Connaughton: James Scullion, \$5; H. J. Cloran, \$5; Wm. Scullion, \$5; B. Connaughton, \$5; Luke Murphy, \$1.25; L. Noonan, \$1; A. Sympathizer, \$2; Thomas Clune, \$3; A. Friend, \$1; John Collins, \$1; M. Kelly, \$2; Martin Hart, \$2. It was resolved to request the Irish national societies to co-operate. It was also decided to have subscription lists printed and left at the following places for the convenience of subscribers. Messrs. B. Connaughton, 84 Grand Trunk street; P. Wright, Notre Dame street east; James McEran, No. 2,090 Notre Dame street; Messrs. Fogarty Brothers, corner of St. Lawrence and St. Catherine roads; James Mullaly, (Papineau road); Timothy Murphy, corner of Craig and Shaw streets; John Sullivan, corner of St. James and Mountain streets; Williamson, corner of Selgneur and St. James streets; Loughman & O'Flaherty, Wellington street; Wm. Rafferty, corner Ottawa and Murray streets; and Mr. John Lynch, No. 170 Richardson street, St. Gabriel village. THE NEW CHURCH. The new Catholic church at Longueuil is now completed, and the erection of the pews has taken place, over \$4,000 being so far realized, half of which is payable in advance. The church is one of the finest in the Province. A PARISH PRIEST FOR ST. CANUTE. The Rev. Father Vital Dupuis has been appointed permanent pastor of St. Canute, where Mass is now regularly celebrated by a

COLONIZATION SOCIETY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

FATHER NOLIN'S REPORT FOR 1886—HIS APPOINTMENT TO PASTOR OF THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY IN THE OTTAWA ARCHDIOCESE ALSO. Rev. Father John B. Nolin, S.J., gave last Monday his yearly report of the Society's operations in presence of His Lordship the Archbishop of Montreal and the Board of Directors. Since February last Father Nolin has established the Colonization Society in 50 parishes and 150 houses of education of the Archdiocese of Montreal—that is, in about one third of the whole Archdiocese. He has found everywhere, among the English speaking as well as the French speaking people, a most kind welcome and an admirable zeal in behalf of the important work entrusted to him, as the favorable results obtained amply prove it. For, apart from the wholesome effects produced in the minds of the people, by drawing their attention to the great advantages of colonization in reference to the welfare of their country and the placing of their own families, and from the good effected in the hearts of the school pupils by inspiring them with zeal for good works and actually employing them in such useful pursuits; good money receipts have been secured, which will enable the directors of our colonization scheme to push on vigorously the opening of new townships in behalf of so many people who desire to settle there. Those 50 parishes have brought 71,455 new members into the society; each of those members having paid their yearly fee of ten cents \$7,145.50 have thus been handed to the society's treasurer. Father Nolin has then, at least, 7,145 enrolling officers, each of them having to enroll ten members into the society; 3,004 of those officers are adults, and 4,051 pupils of colleges, convents and academies. The average number of members in those 50 parishes is 1,429, and the average yearly subscription \$142.90 per parish. Out of this amount an average of \$35 per educational house was reached. A detailed account of the work done by each local branch will be published in May for the Feast of St. Isidore, patron of the work of colonization. Father Nolin is now having pretty colonization memorials prepared in Paris for every one of the school pupils who have been successful in enrolling ten members from March, 1886, till February 15th, 1887. He will begin to distribute those rewards in March. Father Nolin's field of operations will be considerably enlarged this year; for, His Grace Archbishop Dubauzel has kindly appointed him diocesan preacher of colonization for the Ottawa diocese, in behalf of the Ottawa Colonization Society. His Reverence will begin to preach to-morrow in the Ottawa Archdiocese, at Papineauville, then in some other parishes during the months of January and February. During the month of May he will organize the society in the city of Ottawa and its suburbs. One may, therefore, expect that not only will the yearly receipts in behalf of colonization increase considerably by the opening of so many new branches, but that hundreds, if not thousands, of families will go en masse and settle on colonization lands. Already many people, both French and English speaking, from Quebec, Ontario, the United States and France are in correspondence with Father Nolin with a view to secure colonization lots. A PRIEST'S FEAST. Sunday being the eve of the feast of St. Anthony, patron saint of Rev. Abbe Gibaud, P. P., and the 25th anniversary of his appointment as director of the Villa Marie congregation, the opportunity was taken by the congregation to celebrate the event in a remarkable manner. In the morning Mass was said at Notre Dame des Anges by the Rev. director, after which Mr. Eugene Demers, president of the congregation, read to the Rev. Abbe a beautiful address. The address was accompanied by a magnificent golden chalice, a golden ampulla for carrying the holy oils, a golden basin and cruets and a golden receptacle for the *vaticum*. The Rev. Abbe Gibaud briefly answered Mr. Demers' address, thanking the congregation for their generous gifts and blessing them. At the seminary, yesterday, the Rev. Abbe Gibaud was the recipient of many appropriate congratulations. AUSTRIAN WAR PREPARATIONS. THE ACTIVITY THAT PREVAILS IN ALL THE ARMY DEPARTMENTS. VIENNA, Jan. 17.—The Government continues to hasten its preparations for war. Orders have been issued instructing the Red Cross Society to raise the staffs of the hospitals under its management to their full strength and to quadruple the number of beds in those institutions. Large contracts have been made for provisions, delivered to the War Department in March. The railway officials who were recently summoned to Vienna to consult with the Government respecting the transportation of troops in the event of a mobilization of the army, have just reported that the preparations then decided upon have been complete. IGNORING THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE. LONDON, Jan. 18.—At a meeting at Oldham yesterday, the Mayor presiding, a motion to ignore the Queen's jubilee was carried, whereupon the Mayor said that there were enough present in favor of a celebration to warrant his going on with the preparations for the jubilee. A great uproar ensued, the Mayor being roundly hissed and hooted. POLICE PROTECTION FOR SHERIFFS. DUBLIN, Jan. 17.—A numerous contingent of constables has arrived at Letterkenny, County Donegal, to protect the sheriff in evicting fifty tenants.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S WEDDING.

A Charming Bride and a World-Renowned Groom. (From the San Francisco Examiner.) Nothing could have been more simple, more home-like, more unostentatious, than the ceremony and reception which linked the fortune of Miss Mary Yore, of Oakland, to that of Michael Davitt, the father of the Land League and Home Rule agitator, in Oakland, at 10.30 a.m. yesterday. His bride is possessed of many brilliant accomplishments, and her future Dublin home. No man is more loved by the Irish than Michael Davitt, and his fair young bride will share with him the devotion of his companions. A special Mass was celebrated for their benefit by the Rev. Father McSweeney in the Church of St. Francis de Sales, on San Pablo Avenue, prior to the wedding ceremony. At ten minutes to 7 o'clock Mrs. James Canning, accompanied by her niece, Miss Yore, entered the church. At seven o'clock Michael Davitt, accompanied by Wm. Yore, brother of Miss Mary Yore, arrived. Mr. Davitt went directly to Mrs. Canning's pew and took a seat by the side of the bride-elect. Among those noticed in the church besides Michael Davitt, Miss Mary Yore, Mrs. Canning and William Yore, were Mr. and Mrs. Monteith, Neil Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Driscoll, Bernard McEadden and his sisters-in-law. At 7.10 the Rev. Father McSweeney proceeded to celebrate the Mass. The church decorations for Christmas still remained in position, and appeared appropriate to the occasion. When the Holy Communion was reached Mr. Davitt was the first to proceed to the altar. William Yore occupied a position on his right, and Miss Mary Yore was at his left hand, and then came Mrs. Canning and Mrs. Monteith. The Rev. Father McSweeney then administered the Holy Communion and the party took their seats. After the Mass was over Mrs. Canning, Miss Yore and Mr. Davitt remained in their seats, and engaged in prayer for more than fifteen minutes. They were the last ones to leave the church. The party repaired to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Canning, the capitalist, at No. 954 Sixteenth street, to prepare for the nuptials. Busy fingers had put the house in order for the occasion, and had elaborately trimmed it with flowers. Ferns were the prevailing decorations in the hall and dining-room. Smilax trailed gracefully about the staircase and hung pendant from the chandeliers. Festoons of cypress, relieved by bright holly berries, depended from the walls, and over the entrance to the dining-hall the words "Welcome" in white flowers, rested against a background of ferns. Entering the front parlor under an arch of greenery and colored flowers, the interior was transformed into a bower of beauty, which breathed the fragrance of rare exotics, tulares, azaleas, and orange blossoms. Directly opposite the bay window hung a full-length portrait of Miss Yore. THE WEDDING. At 10.30 the Rev. Father McSweeney, wearing a surplice of Irish point lace, and an elaborately embroidered stole, took his place before the crucifix, standing on a Mexican onyx table in the bay window, and immediately after the best man, Mr. W. Monteith, followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Canning on his arm, walked into position. A momentary pause, a flutter of expectation, and the bride, leaning on the arm of her brother, William Yore, came down stairs and took her place beside the groom, directly under the marriage bell, and facing the officiating priest. A circle of friends stood back of them. Two handsome bridesmaids were provided, and as the couple knelt upon them, the brother stepped forward and gave the bride away. THE BREAKFAST. At the conclusion of the nuptials the whole party repaired to the dining-room and partook of refreshments prepared and served by a celebrated caterer. After breakfast there was a steady roll of costly equipages to the house during the hours of the reception, bringing and carrying away the invited guests, including almost all the leading Catholics of the city and many other distinguished people. The dresses of the ladies were very rich and beautiful. The bride, a graceful and statuesque woman, was attired in a beautiful costume of white satin, with full train and cascades of point lace. Her long white veil was caught in her hair by a spray of orange blossoms. Other sprays of these bridal blossoms at the front, held and on the train, were the only adornments. In her hand the bride carried a simple white fan. Mr. Davitt's tall, slender figure was attired in the conventional full-dress black, to which his dark beard and pale, emaciated face, formed a striking contrast, and which gave prominence to his empty sleeve. The wedding presents received by the distinguished couple were in harmony with the occasion, being few but elegant and valuable. CONGRATULATIONS. The ceremony had no more than been performed when congratulatory telegrams began to pour in from all parts of the United States and Canada. The following are among those received:— LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 30. MICHAEL DAVITT:—I congratulate yourself and Mrs. Davitt, and wish you both many happy days in a free and prosperous Ireland. JOHN FITZGERALD, President I.N.L. of America. CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 30. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan send their hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Davitt, and rejoice that his labors for his motherland shall be hereafter lightened by a wife's love. SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30. MR. AND MRS. JAMES CANNING:—I regret exceedingly that an unforeseen occurrence

decies me the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation.

Accept my best wishes for the young couple's future happiness and prosperity. J. J. O'BRIEN. SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 30. MRS. DAVITT:—Congratulations and best wishes for long life, health and happiness. SABINA DAVITT. SHARPSVILLE, Cal., Dec. 30. MR. AND MRS. DAVITT:—Accept the family's best wishes and sincere congratulations. Bon voyage. MRS. O'BRIEN. MONTREAL, Quebec, Dec. 29. MICHAEL DAVITT:—Heartly congratulations to yourself and bride, with best wishes for your happiness and prosperity. God save Ireland! H. J. CLORAN, President. J. B. CONNAUGHTON, Treasurer. J. B. LANE, Secretary, I.N.L., Montreal. THEIR ROMANCE. It is a very pretty little story, and is known only by a few intimate friends. But it is worthy the brave man and his lovely wife. About six years ago, when Michael Davitt first arrived in California and visited this city in the interests of the down-trodden and oppressed people of his native land, he was the guest of Mrs. James Canning. Her niece at that time was a warm-hearted, impulsive schoolgirl, just budding into womanhood, giving promise of the cultured and handsome lady she now is. During Mr. Davitt's short stay in Oakland he was pressed by Mrs. Canning to relate some of the exciting personal experiences through which he had passed, and to those Mrs. Yore listened with rapt attention. At the recital of Mr. Davitt's prison life experience her heart was touched with pity, and she wept freely at the wrongs that had been imposed upon the patriot. The heart of the man was touched by the expression of her sympathy, and when Michael Davitt left Oakland he left the love of his heart with the fair young girl, although unknown to her. Wherever he went, were the scenes ever so bright and the incidents ever so exciting, they failed to efface from his memory the vision of the fair-faced maiden in Oakland. Last summer occasion required the presence of Mr. Davitt again in California. Before intimating to the young lady the state of his feelings he craved and obtained an audience with her aunt, Mrs. James Canning. To that astonished lady the patriot unfolded the details of his heart, told his love for her niece and asked permission to offer to Mary Yore his hand and the life-long devotion of his heart. Mrs. Canning summoned the young lady and Mr. Davitt's wishes were made known to her. The sequel was that the meeting of Michael Davitt and Mary Yore six years ago was proved to have been a robust case of mutual love at first sight. She simply threw her arms around the patriot's neck and confessed that he was all the world to her. WARNING GERMANS TO BE READY TO RETURN FOR MILITARY DUTY. LONDON, Jan. 17.—Several Germans in England have received telegrams from the German consulate in London, requesting them to be prepared to return to Germany at twenty-four hours notice and report for duty. UNEXAMPLED CRUELTY. A TORONTO MAN AND HIS WIFE CHARGED WITH MOST BARBAROUSLY ILL-TREATING A THREE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER. TORONTO, Jan. 17.—John Hinton, 2925 dealer, of Bathurst street, and his wife were arraigned at the police court this morning on charges of cruelly ill-treating the nine-year-old child of the former by his first wife. The child is a girl, and the charges are of the most heinous nature. Amongst them are beating her hands and tongue on a red hot iron, beating her about the head till her eyes were closed up for days, tying her to a bed post so that she could neither sit nor lie down, locking her up in a room for nearly a week without bread or water, and locking her up in a stable all night. The prisoners admitted their guilt in regard to several of the charges and were remanded till Wednesday, when medical testimony will be taken as to the child's condition. Hinton piteously implored mercy from the court, but the stepmother remained stern and unmoved. She is a young woman about 25 years of age. The prisoners were admitted to bail. It is the most revolting case of cruelty that has been heard in court. Both Hinton and his wife are prominent members of Queen street West Methodist Church. HORRIBLE FATE OF FOUR TRAMPS. BURNED TO DEATH IN A BLAZING COTTON CAR AT PADUCAH, KY. LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 17.—At 2.15 a.m. to-day, as a special freight train or mine-teen cars, loaded with cotton, was pulling into Paducah, Ky., one of the cars was discovered to be on fire. It was the fifteenth car back from the engine and had been taken on, locked, at Memphis. The engine backed the train on to a side track, and the crew endeavored to extinguish the flames. All they succeeded in doing, however, was to prevent the fire from spreading to the other cars. While removing the debris of the burnt car, four dead bodies charred beyond recognition were discovered. They are supposed to have been tramps. Whether white or black it is impossible to say. The men must have entered to their horrible fate through a window in the end, which could have been opened from the outside. Jabez Beaumont, of Easttown, Pa., who has just celebrated his ninety-second birthday, thinks that he will never die. He says that when he was a young man a woman offered him a drink, saying: "That'll likely kill you. If you drink it and recover from the effects you will never die." He drank, was quite ill, but recovered, and now in his vigorous old age is firmly convinced that he will live forever.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL; Or, Agatha's Recompense.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"I have," said her niece. "I do not pretend to say which was which, but I am sure they were not equal. It is possible he may have been below her in station, or she may have been below him; but that there was some disparity I feel sure."

After two years' unwavering constancy, he felt that he was really entitled to some little reward, and if this brilliant young beauty could amuse, please and flatter him at the same time, why should she not? So it came to pass that the invitations were more frequent, and at last Valerie spent so much time with them they were almost like one family.

Sir Vane never dreamed of a flirtation with her; it was the last thing that occurred to him. But Valerie was queen of the whole scene, and it was impossible always to avoid the plots she laid for him. She had a peculiar faculty for finding out when he was alone; for meeting him in the garden and when Agatha was absent; and Sir Vane was never very strong at resisting the advances of a beautiful woman. He met smiles with smiles, remarks with remarks. If she gathered a flower for him, he one or twice kissed the white hand which held it. Yet, in justice to him, it must be said that he behaved in the same manner to her when Agatha was present as when she was absent. She had lost nothing of her charm for him. Insensibly they drifted into a half-sentimental kind of flirtation, which delighted Valerie, but was the most dangerous and fatal thing which could have happened to her. Agatha was too simple and unsuspecting to notice it, although one or two things did seem to her strange. They had arranged one morning to go on the lake; but when the appointed hour came, Agatha had a headache, and could not go. Sir Vane would at once have given up the idea, but Agatha begged of him not to disappoint Valerie. And Sir Vane turned to her with a look in his eyes.

It will be a terrible infringement of the law of etiquette, if I do persuade you to go, mademoiselle," he said.

"I am quite ready to infringe them," she replied, "indeed, I would enjoy it."

"Then we will go," he said.

And, to him, the idea of rowing this brilliant beauty on the lake was by no means displeasing.

Once on the clear blue waters, she turned to him.

"I love the lake," she said, "and I was afraid you were going to disappoint me after all."

"Why need you have thought that?" he asked.

"You seem to have such notions of etiquette and propriety. I do think English people are—"

"So what?" he asked, seeing that she paused and laughed.

"So rapid," she replied, "and so narrow in their ideas."

"I can bear that, and more, from you," he replied.

And then she became her most brilliant self; she talked to him and amused him, until he was really attracted by her ready wit and brilliancy. She took a sudden and pretty caprice for learning to row, and her little hands flashed so white and fair with their shining jewels, he could not help admiring them; and while giving her lessons in the art of rowing, what was more natural than that she should hold those pretty hands in his? She grew more beautiful and more brilliant as he grew more demonstrative in his attention.

"I have enjoyed that hour," she said. "I am almost sorry that we must go back. Will Mr. Heriot think you too long?"

"I hope not," he replied, suddenly growing serious. "I should be very sorry if she minded me."

"You spoil your wife, Mr. Heriot. She will expect the same amount of attention from you."

He looked at her in wonder.

"See how I always receive it," he said, smiling.

And Valerie laughed to hide her confusion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARKED HANDKERCHIEF.

There were times when Sir Vane looked at his young wife and wondered whether it was possible to excite the feeling of jealousy without her. Not that he wished to do so; it was merely curiosity to know whether one so perfect, so seemingly far above all other mortal kind, could feel as other people did. He would have been pleased to know that Agatha was just a little jealous; he would have liked those white, tender arms laid round his neck, and that gleam of reproach in the violet eyes, and a sweet voice to whisper, "Did he really love her best." That was the kind of thing that he understood and was accustomed to.

If Agatha had been inclined to jealousy she had plenty of cause. The time had been when Sir Vane had shrugged his shoulders at the mention of madame's niece, and lamented that their solitude was broken; but now it was quite a different matter; he seemed to look with eager longing for her.

"Ask Valerie to go with us," were the words constantly on his lips, and Agatha never once hesitated.

It was natural, she said to herself, that he should like some one who could talk to him about his own world, of which she knew nothing. Sir Vane never meant to hurt her. When they were all three out together, it often happened that Valerie laughing and jesting, walked with him, while Agatha went on alone. Then suddenly his heart would be touched, and hastening to her, he would say: "Darling, why are you alone? Come with me."

And it struck him with wonder that she always turned to him a face as sweet and bright as a loving face could be. It would have been better for them all had she looked just a little more keenly after her own interests; for Valerie, day by day, disliked her and liked her husband more and more.

There came a day, at the end of the beautiful summer, when the lovely air was faint with perfume, that they arranged to go to Lucerne together. Sir Vane was ready first, and waiting for the ladies in the drive. Madame could not go; she was only too well pleased to see her niece should have the opportunity offered to her. She seldom, if ever, accepted an invitation for herself.

Valerie, walking slowly down the drive, saw Sir Vane put his hand into the pocket of his coat—a coat that was either too small, or the pocket was too full, for a white handkerchief fell out and fluttered to the ground. She took it up and

her attention was at once attracted by a mark in the corner. She looked at it long and curiously. There was a crest, half worn away, and underneath the letters "V. H. C."

"She repeated them over and over again—"V. H. C."—they were not his initials, they would have been simply "V. H." Still it was strange that they should be identical with the same with the addition of another letter—"V. H. C." She tried to make out the crest, or mark, but could not, and a faint idea that she had been right in suspecting a mystery came to her.

"I will see what he says when I give it to him," she thought, and she arranged it in such a fashion that the letters were the first thing on which his eyes must fall.

"Mr. Heriot," she said, suddenly, holding it out to him, "is this yours?"

He looked to see what it was, and, as she anticipated, he saw the initials at once. She looked straight into his face, no passing expression could escape her, and she saw distinctly, when his eyes fell on the three letters, his color change.

"Is it yours?" she said, looking up at him with great innocent eyes.

"I hardly know," he replied, with some hesitation.

"The initials are right," she said, laughingly; "but there is a 'C' added to them which is not yours; yet I saw it fall from your hand."

"It has been put with my things by mistake," he said, but Valerie saw that all was not quite as it should be.

Sir Vane little dreamed, as he talked to her, and amused himself with her brilliancy, that she was trying to penetrate the nearest and dearest secrets of his heart. A few days afterward they were driving over to see some fine ruins, and as usual Sir Vane suggested to Agatha that Valerie should go with them, but she declined. She had quite made up her mind that the next time they went out she would look through their rooms, and try and find out if there was any repetition of these mysterious initials; so while madame took her usual siesta, and the servants were all busily engaged, she went quietly to the suite of rooms occupied by Sir Vane. She was a lady by birth, and had all the instincts of good breeding. Her face flushed hotly when she found herself in those rooms.

"All is fair in love and war, she said to herself. "I know that which I am doing is mean—false—but it is the only way in which I can discover the mystery, and I am quite justified in adopting it."

She did not remember that in no possible way could this mystery concern her. There was a lingering hope always in her heart that something or other—she cared not what—would arise that should part husband and wife, and that she herself should take Agatha's place.

"I am a thousand times better suited to him. He likes brilliancy as much as he likes beauty, and that fair piece of perfection has none," was her constant thought. She had hardly admitted even to herself that she should like to see so much love and devotion lavished on one, while there was none for her.

Since the arrival of the lodgers at the chateau, madame had never entered the part of the house reserved for them except once or twice by special invitation. A certain number of servants had been left in charge of it, and madame knew all was well. Valerie said to herself that even if all the servants came in a body it would not matter. She had but to say that madame had desired her to inspect the rooms—no one could offer any objection to that. There was no prying eye or curious lady's maid to interrupt her.

She was struck with the amount of luxury displayed in those dressing-rooms. No want of money here, she was quite sure.

The first thing that attracted her attention was a magnificent dressing-case mounted in silver; and here again on the richly chased bottles, on the ivory-backed hair-brushes, on almost every article of value belonging to him, she saw the same initials, "V. H. C."

She found many of his things marked with a crest; and she admired the great variety much—a crown supporting an olive branch.

"No modern crest, that," thought Valerie to herself.

Then on the toilet table lay a book that seemed to have been well used—"Kemble's Christian Year;" and here, to her great delight, she found the coat-of-arms—an eagle, surmounted on either side by lions rampant.

"A warlike house!" she thought. "And now, if I have any wit at all, I shall find out who he is. The initials are V. H. C., the crest a crown and olive branch, coat-of-arms an eagle supported by two lions; motto, as written here, 'Lutho Conquers—Vincit Veritas.' If, with all these landmarks I cannot make my way, I am dull of wit, and deserve to lose the game."

Sir Vane's drawers and boxes containing private papers were locked; the locks were patent, and he carried the keys with him, or Valerie would soon have found out who he was and all about him.

"I will send to London for 'Debreit's Peerage,'" she said to herself; "and then, if these initials and arms are his, I shall know all about him."

She went into Agatha's dressing-room. There was a magnificent dressing-case, far more costly than Sir Vane's; there were articles of luxury such as she had seldom seen—all presents given to Agatha by Sir Vane—the most exquisite and beautiful toilet appointments; but on no single thing were there either marks or initials.

"Just as I thought," she said to herself, with a triumphant smile. "No name, no crest, no coat-of-arms here. Ah, Mr. Heriot, you may be very fair, and you are very sweet, but why do you not share your husband's crest and motto? There is something to find out—ad, as sure as I live, I shall find it out."

She searched through everything. On one worn collar she found marked in red cotton, the two letters "A. B."

"I will remember them," she said to herself. "'A. B.'—it may be Agatha Blythe, or Berdoo; there are many names beginning with 'B.'"

She was better rewarded for her trouble when among some books she found a copy of the oratorio of Samson. A name had been carefully erased—so carefully that, with all the skill in the world she could not make it out; but she did make out the word "Whitecroft."

"Whitecroft!" she mused; "that is the very name for a country village—I shall remember it."

And long before Sir Vane and Agatha returned, she had collected information enough to help her in making out a far more intricate history than theirs.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN QUEST OF THE SECRET.

"What are you poring over there, mademoiselle? It looks like a large family Bible," said Sir Vane. He was walking through madame's garden to look at some wonderful flower of which La Baronne had spoken to him, and came quite unexpectedly upon Valerie reading busily. She looked very beautiful as she sat, in the most graceful of attitudes, over the huge book. Evidently she had not expected to see him; she looked startled and discomposed; her face flushed,

and she drew the folds of her dress over the book. "If I had unexpectedly found Mr. Heriot studying a Bible," he said, "I should not have been surprised; but you—well, it is rather unexpected."

She did not contradict him at first, but drew the folds of her dress more closely over the volume.

"I cannot help asking," laughed Sir Vane, "to what phase of your character this love for study belongs?"

She saw that he was inclined to laugh at her, and she said, "I am not reading a Bible, Mr. Heriot; perhaps all the more unfortunate for me. I have a profound respect both for the Bible and its readers. Any little criticism you may feel inclined to make on that score will be entirely lost on me."

"I beg your pardon indeed, mademoiselle; I had no intention of offending," she said, with a sudden change of manner, and laughing in her brightest fashion. "You will be amused when I tell you this is only a book of old family receipts. My aunt is very proud of it; it contains four hundred receipts for puddings, and a countless number for sauces."

"Why are you studying it? Neither pudding nor sauce are at all in your line," said Sir Vane.

"No, not at all," she said; "but madame thinks the cook does not give you variety enough, and I am searching for something quite new."

"There is no such thing under the sun," laughed Sir Vane; "everything is old, and very often the oldest is the best."

"I must not stop to listen to treason. Old wives' tales, old books, old friends are all right; but what about old maids and old women, Mr. Heriot? You need not answer me—I must go, or my aunt will wish to know something about my absence. Au revoir, mademoiselle."

"I wonder if it is a receipt book," he said to himself. "She looked very guilty and tears are certainly nothing wrong in receipts."

While Valerie, covering the precious volume entirely, hastened to her room.

"What an escape!" she sighed, as she laid "Debreit's Peerage" on the table. "If he had seen what I was reading, he might have suspected me, I am sure. What an escape! I will keep it here for the future."

She spent the whole of the bright, sunny morning in literally poring over the book. The only way in which she could be quite sure was by beginning at the first leaf and going straight through to the last; then if there was any truth in her suspicions, with what she knew already, she should soon know his secret. It was a tiresome task, from the table of contents and list of abbreviations to the word "finis" at the close of the volume. She saw a picture of earnest intent as she rested her white arms on the table, and bent her beautiful head over the puzzling pages. Her head was soon in a whirl—likes, earls, marquises; but among them all, nothing that answered to what she wanted. Ah, yes, here was an earl whose name was Victor Hay Carlington. The very initials, but according to the entry he must be quite sixty. Again she found the motto, *Vincit Veritas*, belonging to several families; the crest of the crown and olive branch she could not find. Still she was not discouraged; she could not waste a moment through a thick volume in a few hours, but she could return to it again and again.

At last she came to the end of this long list of peers. She had been through it carefully—she had not missed one single entry—and she was slightly disappointed; it would like to have found out that he was an earl at least. Then she went to the baronetage.

"I may have better fortune here," she said to herself.

It was night then; every one else in the household was asleep; she alone was awake, vigilant and active. The moon shone, as it does in that lovely land, bright as day. She could see perfectly well to read by it; and a very fair picture she made, leaning by the open window, the moonlight falling on her face and hair, and on the open pages of the book she held. She went through the letters A and B without any result. Her face clouded. What if it were all a myth? She came to the letter C, and her interest deepened. If she could find a name those initials filled. She must be right.

"Carlyon; creation 1633; of Silverdale." The name took her fancy. She read on. "Sir Vane Heriot Carlyon, sixth son of the baronet, born 18—, succeeded his father, Sir Arthur Carlyon, 18—; Baron of Silverdale; seat, Garwood and Silverdale Abbey; Lord of the Manor of Borkdale; Silverdale House, Mayfair. Arms: an eagle, supported by lions rampant. Crest: a crown and olive branch. Motto of the Carlyon family: 'Vincit Veritas—Truth Conquers.'"

As she read her eyes flashed, the breath came in hot gasps from her lips; her hands trembled so that the book almost fell.

"I have it," she cried. "I have found him at last!"

She was almost petrified with astonishment; she had felt quite sure that he was not what he seemed to be, a rich English commoner, of no great account; but she had hardly anticipated such perfect success. There could not be the least doubt of his identity.

Now, for what reason in the world had Sir Vane Heriot Carlyon laid aside his rank and title? Why did he choose to hide himself in the solitude of a Swiss chateau? Could he possibly have done anything which compelled him to leave his native land? No; that was not the reason she felt sure; she remembered the saying of the French king, that a woman was at the bottom of everything. Then it flashed across her suddenly that he must be in exile for Agatha's sake!

Her face suddenly grew pale, and a light came into her eyes that was not pleasant to see. She turned to her book again, and looked at the date. It was that same year, 18—, and there was no entry of his marriage; on the contrary, it said, "His presumptive, Arthur Blackbury, cousin." There was no entry of a marriage. Yet Agatha, speaking the other day to her, said it was nearly three years since they were married.

How could that be? Had the marriage been a private one? Was he below him or above him in position—or if it were possible such a dreadful thing could be—perhaps they were not married at all?

She laughed at the notion—this handsome, aristocratic man, who worshipped his wife with the fondest love that could be lavished on any creature—it was quite impossible that he could have stooped to such folly with that beautiful, angelic Agatha, who seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth. As she might believe that the stars could fall from heaven as that one so pure and perfect could have gone wrong, in her own mind Valerie had often thought that Agatha was a little too good for this worldly world. Of course the idea was utter nonsense, yet it grew upon her. She could not trust it from her mind. That fact would explain everything if it were true. There was no doubt; but that he loved Agatha with his whole heart—loved her well enough to live in exile his whole life long for her sake; that being the case, why had he not married her?

There was a flaw in her rank, title, position, and everything for her, why had he not married? Or was it possible that this was a private marriage—one that he would, perhaps, never acknowledge? She longed to know the truth; she would have given anything she had in the world to have found out at once and then. If they had been privately married, and he had dared not, for some reason or other, let his marriage be known, even then the knowledge of the secret might be of value to her. If there had been no marriage—and her thoughts inclined that way—how could she tell what might happen. She might, in all probability, be his wife herself!

A thousand plans and schemes rushed through her brains. She would find out—he would know whether they had been married or not, and then shape her plans accordingly. Not one word would she say to madame; it would be false; but she would watch and lay in wait. There were little signs and little words that must betray the truth. She laid the book aside.

"No one must see that," she said to herself, "or I shall lay myself open to suspicion at least. Can it be possible that that quiet, fair, fond girl is Lady Carlyon? I do not think it; but it lies with the hundreds of fates that I may sometime be Lady Carlyon myself. If she is not his wife, and I can win his heart—win him to betray ways—I shall do so. She can go back to her friends, and I shall be happy, for I am sure he is beginning to like me."

She was too agitated to sleep. Little did Sir Vane think that under the same roof there was one who had followed through his disguise, and whose heart was set upon finding out the truth about the girl whom he loved and honored with all his life. If he had known it, he would have left Bellefleur that same hour, never to return.

Valerie lay thinking how, without attracting attention, she could ask such questions as would at least disturb their self-command.

"I must ask more from her than from him," she thought, "and I will make my questions so general she shall suspect nothing."

She tried Sir Vane first. As they were all together the day following, she turned the conversation to English scenery.

"Sir Heriot," she said, "do you know Loamshire?"

Garwood was in the very heart of Loamshire; but Sir Vane had too much self-control.

"Loamshire, mademoiselle," he repeated. "Certainly, I know it well; it is one of the prettiest and most fertile counties in England."

"Is it?" she said. "The scene of the last English novel I read in Paris was laid there. I thought the scenery must be very fine."

"I do not think it is so fine or picturesque as either of the neighboring counties," said Sir Vane, coolly. "You should extend your travels still farther, and go to England, mademoiselle."

The words made her heart beat.

"I hope to do so some day," she said, but just then she felt a little doubtful.

If all she suspected was true, he was certainly able to keep his own counsel. Not a muscle of his face moved as he answered her. The next attack must be made on Agatha, whom she was better able to manage.

CHAPTER XX.

I HOLD HER DEATH WARRANT.

"Do you believe that May marriages are unhappy?" asked Valerie, suddenly. She was with Agatha in the music room, where the grand organ stood, and after sitting together for some time they stood talking at the open bay window, and Valerie thought it a fine opportunity for asking some of the most searching questions. Do you believe that May marriages are unhappy?"

"I never thought about it," said Agatha. "I should think not—it is the loveliest month in the year. Why should anything about it be unhappy?"

"I like weddings where there are plenty of flowers," said Valerie. "They seem very dull to me without. What month were you married in, Mrs. Heriot?"

Taken quite by surprise, and without time to reflect, she answered: "In June."

Suddenly there rose before her a vision of that scene in the wood, and her face flushed, not a common flush that came and went, but a scorching flame of fire that seemed to burn even to the roots of her hair, and which was noted with supreme satisfaction by Valerie.

In June, she repeated; "that is a more beautiful month than May. You are loved among the very grand church by a bishop, I suppose. I should like to see an English marriage very much." She spoke in a low, muscled tone, and was looking at the far-off waters of the lake. "Were you married by a bishop, Mrs. Heriot?"

"No," was the brief reply.

And for the first time it occurred to Agatha, what would any one say who knew how she had been married. Would they think it very curious? What, for instance, would this brilliant French girl think? She fully believed in her marriage herself, but she felt now that it might seem a little curious to others.

"I thought," said Valerie, "that all rich people were married by bishops."

"No, not all; indeed, I think very few, but I know very little about it—no one else. I like the form of an English wedding," repeated Valerie. "Of course you had a long train of bride-maids—young and beautifully dressed?"

It was a pointed question, and Valerie looked into the young face as she asked it. Again she deepened flush.

"No," replied Agatha, "I had no bride-maids. Do not talk about marriage, Valerie; I do not think them the most cheerful subject one can discuss."

"They seem very cheerful to me," laughed Valerie. "Where did you go for your honeymoon, Mrs. Heriot?"

"To Paris," replied Agatha.

And this time she spoke so frankly that Valerie saw if there had been a marriage, the honeymoon was a safe subject.

"What a curious expression it is—'a honeymoon,'" she said laughing. "Lune de miel (a month of honey), we say, but I like the English expression best; tell me about your wedding, Mrs. Heriot, and I must own to be a great weakling in the matter of weddings. I like to hear about them—who cried—why they cried—what they said—tell me all about it."

"No one cried at my wedding," replied Agatha.

Then she thought herself. How many years must have followed it—how her father and Joan, the women and the children must have wept over her—and her face grew pale.

"No one cried! Was there no one sorry to lose you?"

"Yes, many; but I saw no tears."

"She might have added that she saw no

smiles either, but she was growing nervous and confused. It was perfectly natural that one girl should talk to another about weddings; but she knew so little what to say. If she could have given even over so small an account—if she could have said, "I was married in such a place—in such a church"—there would have been a story to tell. How would it sound if she told Valerie that Sir Vane had knelt down by her side and had read the marriage service over with her, and had then solemnly assured her that she was his wife—how would that sound? Valerie, of course, would not understand it, even though it were all true.

"I have nothing to tell. My marriage was, I suppose, like others."

Valerie's heart beat high with triumph. To herself she said: "I do not believe there was any marriage at all, and if not, I will be Lady Carlyon after all."

The nervous confusion and agitation of Agatha convinced her that she was right. If she had been married legally, with all proper form and ceremony, she would, of course, be able to tell when and by whom. From that moment she gave her life to the finding out of that secret and the winning of Sir Vane's affections for herself.

Looking over one of the English daily papers, she came across the advertisement of a private inquiry office.

"The very thing for me," she said, and that same day she wrote to John Mickelvitich, asking for all information concerning Sir Vane Heriot Carlyon, of Garwood, whether he was married—whether he was supposed to be paying his addresses to any one, where he was, and if any man was mixed up with scandal of any kind. She arranged the terms herself, enclosing one-half of the sum she considered sufficient, and promising to send the other half when she had his reply. Then came a week of anxious suspense; the answer came saying that in three weeks he would be able to send every particular.

They were three weeks of great anxiety to her. She made the most of them by assiduously seeking Sir Vane, by doing her best to amuse him, to draw him into a sentimental flirtation, and she did not fail.

The answer came at last, and she vowed to herself that it was worth double the money she had spent upon it.

Sir Vane Carlyon, of Garwood, was immensely rich—twenty-eight years of age, exceedingly handsome, was not married, nor had there been any rumors of his engagement. He had had many *affaires de coeur*, and did not care the highest reputation—more than one ruined life lay at his door. He was now on the Continent—somewhere, it was believed in Switzerland, but the whereabouts was not certain, and he was not alone—a young and beautiful girl had left England with him, of whom nothing was known.

Valerie's face flushed and her heart beat with triumph, as she read this letter.

"I hold her death warrant in my hands," she said to herself, with a smile, "but I must take my time."

After a few days she wrote again, asking John Mickelvitich to find out a place called Whitecroft, where Sir Vane had been visiting, and to do his best to discover whether he had been privately married, or whether he had eloped with any one from that place. There was to be no question of expense, she said to herself. She would bring her whole fortune on the die. If she succeeded, she should be Lady Carlyon—if she failed, it would matter little enough what became of her. The answer was longer this time in coming, but when it did come, she was repaid for the waiting.

Mr. Mickelvitich, finding the inquiry to be an important one, and likely to be lucrative also, had gone down to Whitecroft himself, and made all his discoveries with his own hand. It would be useless to narrate all his disguises—how he went to the rectory as a footman—how he beguiled old Joan as a fortune teller, and, after confiding with her over the fathead butcher, won her to talk of Miss Agatha, who had disappeared so wonderfully.

He found his way to Croft Abbey disguised as a groom, and from other rooms there learned plenty of Sir Vane. He did still more—he searched the marriage registers of all the churches in the neighborhood; he found out the exact date on which Agatha had disappeared from Whitecroft; and he discovered the exact date on which they went to Paris; and he knew that (on English ground at least) there had been no time for a marriage.

He went on to say how Agatha Brooke was loved and worshipped as how her memory was shrined; how they associated her with the figure on the stained-glass window; and how she had been known among them as the "angel of the poor." There was no house he entered where she had not taken her comfort and relief; but there was no man or woman who spoke of her with dry eyes.

"Not a very likely person," he added, "to have run away with Sir Vane."

Nevertheless, the proofs that she had done so were incontestable. He added that among the villagers there was a certainty that she was married; that they had also a sure conviction that she would return to them some day, beautiful and good as ever, and better able to help them. But old Joan and the doctor never over her as one that was lost and would never return. Did mademoiselle wish to know any more?

It is still an open question whether the most good or the most harm is done by detectives. They may, at times, serve the most useful and honorable purposes; again, they may be used in the most disloyal fashion, and for the most dishonorable purposes. Certainly, Valerie Evers would never have found out Sir Vane's secret but for them. Now, at last, she held the secret in her own hands. She could stab her, slay her, do as she would with her; at one word from her the whole of the fabric would fall at once into ruins; at one word madame would rise in righteous wrath and expel them. But such words Valerie was not likely to speak. She would wield her power as she liked, and always with the same end in view—that she should be Lady Carlyon herself.

Knowing the real purity and goodness of Agatha's character, she felt quite certain that Sir Vane had deceived her in some way over the marriage. She was too keen a reader of character to believe for one instant that Agatha had willingly or wilfully gone wrong, or that she had been with him all this while without firmly believing herself to be his wife. She paid her that much respect quite unconsciously.

What a power it was to hold! She looked at the lovely, refined lady, clad in gorgeous dresses and costly gems by Sir Vane's desire, and thought to herself that by one word she could strip her of all this, and bring her down to the very dust; and by another word she could hurl her from this, the height of her social grandeur, to the very lowest depths of shame and disgrace. Yet she was woman enough to feel sorry that another, and so peerless a woman, should be soiled; she would have done anything to achieve her ends; she would have trampled the beauty

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, JAN. 18th.—Concerning dissolution, the home organ of the Government says...

THE "NATIONAL SITUATION," as far as the Tories are concerned, is what would be called a "black day" for them.

Without him it is a rope of sand, for he has long been its dictator; that it cannot hold together should be withdrawn.

MARKING EVERYTHING SURE for themselves and as difficult as possible for the successors.

PLEASURES THE COUNTRY TO ENRICH THEMSELVES. After the charges and exposures made in parliament...

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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voice near the Bohemians, as they coasted along the Lonia sea, exclaiming, "GREAT PAN IS DEAD!"

ON ALL SIDES I see signs of disintegration in the party led by Sir John Macdonald, and lately called Conservative.

MARKING EVERYTHING SURE for themselves and as difficult as possible for the successors.

PLEASURES THE COUNTRY TO ENRICH THEMSELVES. After the charges and exposures made in parliament...

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Catholics against us, without gaining a Grit vote. Blake's speeches have had a great effect; they may say what they like about them; but they cannot take away a cent in Ontario.

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Oranoe, necessitating against Blake, Liberalism and the Catholic Church and people. In a rather heated argument on the street to-day, I heard a local Orangeman declare that Conservatives must back up Sir John with all their might to put down...

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CHRISTIAN MARTYRS. CATHOLIC CONVERTS MASSACRED BY ORDER OF A CENTRAL AFRICAN SAVAGE. ROME, Jan. 12.—The Propaganda has received a letter from Catholic missionaries in Uganda, Africa, which relates the story of a massacre of active Christians there.

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old instinct, dulled by his great love for Agatha, woke within him. "Now you shall tell me all about it," he said—"why you avoid me. What is the price you pay for it?"

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NO DISCOUNT FROM THE REGULAR...

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1887

The Toronto World was not far out in...

SPEAKING at London, Ont., Sir John Mac-

While the chief Tory organ claims that...

THE sudden death of Lord Iddelcote,...

EVIDENCE is coming in every day of the...

"Six months ago a caucus of prominent...

THE N. P. NOT IN DANGER.

Agents and friends of the Government are...

clared intentions of Mr. Blake and his party...

"We have no longer a large surplus to dis-

There can be no mistaking the meaning of...

ONE RESULT OF PROTESTANTISM.

The recent revolutions in the English...

THE TENDENCY OF SOCIALISM.

It would have been better if Mr. Henry...

countrymen of power for twelve hundred...

MR. BLAKE ON THE TARIFF.

In the Ottawa Citizen of January 11th,...

"Manufacturers throughout the Dominion...

THE DISSOLUTION.

The official announcement of the dissolution...

With regard to the three electoral divisions...

THE MARITIME SHIPPING INTERESTS.

Replying to an article that appeared in...

Table with 2 columns: Year, Tonnage. Rows from 1875 to 1886.

It is understood that the report he brings...

We should judge by this that ministers had...

It is the duty of a party organ to alarm...

Speaking at Halifax, Oct. 25th, 1886, Mr....

To the farmers and workmen this is a...

On general grounds I think in the system...

These extracts very effectively dispose of...

POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

So far as we are able to judge from the...

that his speech on the army bill gave...

We know that Russia has pushed her out-

Of course we cannot say how far the Pro-

It may be presumed that the cry raised...

Apart from these considerations the people...

Considering all these things, it would cer-

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

Peace or war is the question trembling in...

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

Some additional light has been cast upon...

Why? Because the Russian government sees...

The power of England in Europe now is...

These are subjects for deep consideration...

These are subjects for deep consideration...

These are subjects for deep consideration...

These are subjects for deep consideration...









