

to break asunder the newly-spun threads.

The countess began looking out again for the old Excellency, and she had not far to look, for he was always hovering about the ladies' circle.

"Will you be very much shocked if I show myself *mobile*, as most women have the right to be, Excellency?" she said with a sweet smile.

"If you are a little changeable, it will only make you more like other mortals," said the old Excellency gallantly.

"Constantinople is, after all, very far away—the climate is not healthy; make the necessary sign, and let him be sent somewhere else."

"*Toujours au service des dames*," answered he; "Count X. will certainly be pleased to send any other *attaché*."

What variety is there even in unity of thought! At the same moment in which the old Excellency spoke those words, Curt leapt reflectively back against his chair, his partner had just left him for a turn in the cotillon, and he began thinking of what he had heard about the director and his troop being in town. For the first time, he blessed his mother's consideration, in getting him sent away. He also thought of the old Excellency, and whether he could not manage, through

him, to hasten his departure. It was such an unpleasant idea to be in town with Karsten, and to hear him talked about continually. He made up his mind to inquire at once as to the time when the Circus would be opened, in order to take the necessary steps beforehand.

The day after the ball he rode out at an early hour in the direction of the Circus, where he found workmen employed fitting everything up for the coming representations. He went in at once, hoping to see the director himself. Instead of him, however, he only met the dark disagreeable-looking man he had seen once before at Karsten's. He seemed to fill the office of overseer, and immediately pressed his questions upon the count, whom he likewise recognised, and whose intercourse with the director evidently filled him with curiosity.

Curt thought to himself: "What an odious man that is!" In answer to his inquiries after the director, he ascertained from him that the latter had arrived, but that he had suddenly fallen ill. The man at once offered himself to accompany the count to the hotel in which the director was laid up. Curt refused the offer coldly and proudly, and as he did so, the man looked loweringly upon him. (To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

John Redmond did, indeed, quit the Convention Hall never to return. He had been suffering from an inward disease against which, in any case, he could not have struggled much longer. But if ever an Irish leader died of a broken heart (as, woful to confess, is the normal penalty attached to the distinction), it may with truth be said that John Redmond died of Mr. Lloyd George's "Irish Convention," composed in the main of his own partisans, and that the tragedy is the only practical result—so far as Ireland is concerned—for which that ill-omened body will be remembered. The ghastly attempt to prolong the sittings for some weeks after his death, and to juggle with the figures of the divisions so as to represent that something like a sub-majority vote of the majority had been engineered, fell absolutely flat in a country where the Convention only escaped aversion by perishing of contempt. "Ulster" stood precisely where she did, on the rock of a Partition sanctioned by Ireland's own "Nationalist" representatives, and these worthies, split up between those who would have clung to Mr. Redmond, and those who dismissed him to his deathbed, were united only in the destruction which overtook the entire body of 70 members of the Convention (with one solitary exception) as soon as their constituencies got the opportunity of settling accounts with them at the General Elections, Parliamentary and Local. Mr. Dillon, who had been all along the masked leader, now became the responsible leader of "The Party," but it was only to officiate as chief mourner at its funeral.

For Mr. Lloyd George the Convention was

not so barren of results. "Ireland might starve but great George weighed twenty stone." Ireland was duped, and John Redmond in his grave, but Great Britain was throbbing with the sight of the United States despatching her soldiers in millions to the rescue of England. The Prime Minister had one other memorable satisfaction. On April 9, 1918, the day on which the "Report" of the Convention was submitted to the cabinet, and without (as he confessed) doing the unfortunate document the courtesy of reading it, he announced that his word to Ireland was to be broken again, and that Conscription was to be imposed upon Ireland in violation of his solemn promise to the contrary.

CHAPTER XXIII—A TRUE "NATIONAL CABINET."

The resistance to Conscription led to the first and last occasion on which all descriptions of Nationalists—Parliamentary, Republican and Laborite—acted unitedly together. One of the bribes by which Mr. Lloyd George had secured the silence of the Hibernian Party, while "the Home Rule Government," with a sweeping "Home Rule" majority was being transformed into a Coalition dominated by Sir E. Carson, was the promise that Ireland would be exempted from Conscription. The promise was to be impudently broken now when the Hibernian Party had parted with its casting vote. By a grisly coincidence, on the day when the Report of the Irish Convention was submitted to the Cabinet, Mr. Lloyd George rose in the House of Commons to propose that the Conscription Act be extended to Ireland. His announcement wrung from me the exclamation:

"That is a declaration of war against Ireland!" It also wrought the rank and file of the Hibernian Party into an outburst of real indignation. Mr. Lloyd George had, however, his answer that put to silence the falsetto passion of their leaders. He was ready with quotations from the late Mr. Redmond, in which he said: "Let me state what is my personal view on the question of conscription. I am prepared to say I will stick at nothing—nothing which is necessary—in order to win this war," and from his successor, Mr. Dillon, who added: "Like Mr. Redmond I view the thing from the point of view of necessity and expediency. I would not hesitate to support Conscription to-morrow, if I thought it was necessary to maintain liberty, and if there was no Conscription we ran the risk of losing the war." The Prime Minister had no difficulty in satisfying the condition of "necessity" by appealing to the desperate emergency of the moment, when "with American aid we can save the war, but even with American help we cannot feel secure." After which he was able to give short shrift to the present blatant indignation of the Hibernian leaders and to the spluttering war-cries of their bemuddled followers.

The fit of hypocritical virtue which always accompanies a breach of faith with Ireland by a sanctified assurance of rewards to come was not missing on the present occasion. Conscription there must be, to be enforced within two or three weeks, but Mr. Lloyd George sweetly warbled, it was to be washed down with a new Home Rule Bill, which he only vaguely adumbrated as one to be founded on the Majority Report of the Irish Convention; but inasmuch as he casually mentioned that he had not yet read the Majority Report at all, and as the Majority Report turned out to be a make-believe, which was impartially despised on all sides, and was, in fact, never heard of more, the perfidy of breaking the promise Ireland understood to have been plainly given, was only aggravated by the accompanying dose of British hypocrisy. It was too late, however, for the Party who had parted with their Parliamentary power to make any impression in Parliament. Their wry faces made but little impression upon the serried ranks of the Coalition. It was in Ireland, not in Westminster, Conscription had to be encountered, and not with words. It was to gird Ireland up to the terrific trial to which the Conscription Act challenged her that my own protest was principally directed:

"Whether wisely or unwisely, all parties of politicians, both English and Irish, have done their worst to deprive my friends and myself of any effectual power of interfering in Irish affairs, but so long as I retain my seat in this House at all, I shall not shrink from the duty of making my protest, no matter how powerless it may be, against the mad and wicked crime which you are proposing to-night to perpetrate upon Ireland. For forty years now Ireland has been pleading and hungering for peace with England upon the most moderate terms. For the last eight years the representatives of the Irish people have had sovereign power of life and death over this Parliament under two successive Governments and the only fault of the Irish

J. E. Taylor & Sons

THE CATHOLIC UNDERTAKERS. Telephone (day or night)
CAMBRIDGE TERRACE and KARORI. 26073.

Wellington