

A MAN TRAP.

CHAPTER I.

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RS. BERRYMAN was looking up and down James Street in Hâmlton, to see if she could perceive her husband returning home, for it was long past the time that he left off work.

“What could detain him !” she thought; she never remembered him being so late during the three years of their happy married life; for even if he had business out in the evening he never kept his wife waiting for him. As he had often said his home was such a cosy nest to come to, that he was always glad when the time came to return to it. It was already getting dark in the long summer evenings, and still he had not come.

No wonder that she became very anxious about him when she returned to her pleasant sitting-room where lay in a cradle her first-born, a noble-looking boy of two years of age, who was the very image of his father. William Berryman was a very handsome man, and a true type of a Canadian; he was tall with broad shoulders, high forehead, hazel eyes, and a wealth of