

me out of Montreal? Ever since I came from the States you have tried to prevent my visiting the city, and have made me remain here as much as possible. What is the reason?"

"There is no reason," he answered, drawing her to him and pressing her forehead with his lips. "It is only your own imagination. I think it would be better for you to remain here until the baby is born; you are not strong, and the air here is purer than in a large city."

"But I want to be in Montreal; I want to be with you."

"And I say you shall stay here." His voice was cold and hard now, and there was no gentleness or tenderness in its tones.

She drew herself quite away from him and stood proudly regarding him for a moment; then she said, not hastily nor angrily, but slowly and with emphasis:

"I shall move over to Montreal on the first of next month, when our lease is up."

"What?"

"I mean what I say. You have some scheme or plot which I don't understand now, which requires my absence from Montreal; but I won't be made an innocent party to any of your schemes. Trust me, Harry, oh, trust me as you used to when we were children together—the woman's voice had grown soft and tender again, and there were tears in her eyes—and I will be true and loving to you, as I have always tried to be; but—and here her voice grew hard and firm again—"I am your wife, and as long as I live I will allow no woman to usurp my place. You might have ceased to love me, but you have no right to love any other woman while I am alive, and I won't permit it."

She stood boldly and defiantly before him now; and he lowered his eyes as he answered her, half scowlingly:

"Don't let us have a scene, Mamie; you shall not come to Montreal now; I do not please that you should. In the course of three or four weeks you will be well over your sickness, and then you can come."

"I will come next week," she answered obstinately, and then sat down exhausted on the sofa and burst into a passionate flood of tears. All the jealousy in the woman's nature was aroused; she feared that her husband loved another, and she was of too fiery a disposition to remain quiet under the insult. He might not love her, but he should love no one else while she lived.

SCENE III.

DR. GRIFFITH MAKES UP HIS MIND.

Dr. Griffith and Mr. Harway crossed on the same boat from Longueuil, but the latter, noticing the doctor, made himself scarce, and escaped observation. It was no part of the plan of systematic blackmail he proposed, that his victim should know too soon the information he had gained; in fact Mr. Harway was not very certain that he had gained any very important information yet, but he had no doubt that by quietly watching the doctor for a few days he could supply the links he needed to complete the chain of evidence as to the "game" the doctor was up to.

To put it in Mr. Harway's own thoughts to himself there was "a woman lost somewhere," but who the woman was, and just "where" she came in were points he intended to discover before he again visited the doctor. For this purpose he followed his intended victim home, and, having watched through the blinds and seen him seated at the supper table, retired to satisfy the cravings of his own inner nature, he being very forcibly reminded that he had had no breakfast or dinner, and that all the support he had received that day had been derived from the doubtful source of the black pipe, and an equally black bottle without which he never travelled.

But Mr. Harway did not desert his post long; having fortified himself with some bread and meat at the nearest restaurant, and replenished the black bottle, he returned to Beaver Hall Hill and took up his position opposite Doctor Griffith's office.

The doctor did not enjoy his supper. The scene with his wife had not tended to improve his appetite, and he soon rose from the table to return to his office. As he was leaving the room the servant girl handed him a small envelope which had been left for him during the day. On reaching his office he opened it and read the few lines traced on the scented note paper enclosed. This is what the note contained:

"I have not seen you for a week. Why don't you call?
ANNIE."

He read the lines several times, and pondered over them for a few minutes. In the humor he was then in it needed only some trifling incident to decide him as to the desperate step he had been contemplating for the past week.

"Annie Howson, and one hundred thousand dollars." That was the thought which filled his mind; and, terrible as was the course he was steering himself to pursue in order to attain his object, he had made up his mind to follow his evil inclination, ere he rose from his chair and donned his overcoat and hat to call on Miss Howson.

Mr. Harway, peeping through the blinds wondered at the stern, hard expression which gradually crept over the doctor's face as he sat and thought over the details of his cruel design; but Mr. Harway, bad as he was, would have wondered if he could have read the thoughts which were passing through the man's mind.

"Annie Howson, and one hundred thousand

dollars." The words seemed to have photographed themselves on his mind, and he thought them over again and again as he lowered the gas, and passed out into the street.

Mr. Harway slunk after him in the darkness and followed him until he reached Mr. Howson's residence in Sherbrooke street. He watched until the doctor had entered, and then approaching the door he read the name very plainly marked on the imposing brass plate, "James Howson."

Amongst the various scraps of knowledge which Mr. Harway had found very frequently useful to him was an acquaintance with the names of the richest men in any city where he may happen to temporarily reside, and when he read the name "James Howson" he recognized it as that of one of the "mercantile princes" of Montreal, and he rubbed his hands pleasantly together in a satisfied sort of manner.

"I'm blessed," he muttered softly, "if I don't see his game now. It's a big fish you're angling for, Doc, but I hope you'll land it and I'll come in for my share of the spoils. I'm a perfect gentleman, and I do like to earn an honest living without having to work for it."

(To be continued.)

MY INITIATION.

A western man having been "made" a Good Templar in one of the Ontario towns, gives the following amusing account of what he passed through:

Met a friend on the street; asked me to join the Good Templars, have a first-rate time, get acquainted with lots of pretty girls and go home with them; asked me if he should take my name. "Don't care if you do." Got a letter saying I had been elected; thought I'd join, thought I'd go into Bob's and took in glass, saw sugar in glass; went to Jim's, looked in glass to fix necktie; started to find hall, asked a fellow if he knew where it was, said he didn't, saw some girls going up stairs, I thought that must be the place; went up two pairs of stairs, knocked at the door, man inside put his ear to a hole, asked him what he wanted, said he wanted the password, told him I didn't want to pass any words with him, said I had come to join, he let me in a little room and told me to sit down. By and by a fellow came out and asked if there was any one to be initiated and went in; then two fellows with red collars on came out, one asked me if I'd be obedient to the rules of order, and take the pledge against the use (as a beverage) of all that would intoxicate, and a number of other questions; the other asked me for stamps, planked down the cash and they departed. Soon No. 1 returned, told me they were all ready and to follow him. He knocked at the door, fellow inside was a't going to let us in but changed his mind and opened the door; girls and boys all jumped up and commenced singing, soon done and sat down; walked me before an officer with a young lady on each side of him; next took me round and halted me before a young lady on the other side of the room, don't know what she said, was looking at her all the time. Marched me around again, heard the girls whispering and talking, "wonder if he is married—he is pretty good-looking—perfectly horrid—splendid, I'm just going for him," etc; halted before another officer who came down and shook hands with me. I said how do you do, how are all the folks? He kept on talking and told me to sign the constitution. Did so, and was marched up before the first officer, who gave me a lot of signs—don't know what they were, was looking at the girls on each side of him. Soon all the boys and girls jumped up and joined hands; one of the girls gave me a glass of water, it was not very bad, but pretty thin; the other girl put her arm around my neck and put a white collar on me—thought she was going to kiss me, but she didn't. Then they put me in the circle, joined hands with the girl who said I was "splendid," then they had intermission, all came up and shook hands with me—called me brother; didn't know I had so many brothers and sisters before. In the latter part of the evening, asked the girl who said she was "going for me," if I could see her home, she said I could if her husband was willing—didn't wait to see, but took my hat and left whistling:

Nor shall the pledge be ever forgot,
That so much bliss creates;
We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whatever intoxicates.

Some few years ago a gentleman who had been dining, "not wisely, but too well," in the course of the evening drew a cheque for a large amount, and, having signed it, poked it, by means of a stick, into a box placed at the gate of a charitable institution to receive the donations of passers-by. When he regained his sobriety the next morning he remembered with horror his liberality of the previous night, and addressed a moving appeal to the managers of the institution in question to restore to him the amount of the cheque, which he found had been cashed before he had time to dress himself and drink one bottle of soda-water. As it was found that the unfortunate man had absolutely left himself penniless, the managers, it is believed, kindly allowed him a small sum to carry him on until the next quarter, but the shock was too much for him, and after a few days of intense mental agony he fell into a state of total abstinence, from which he never rallied.

AT A PARTY.

"Yes, the music-to-night has been charming, that waits not 'e'en Schubert could mend; But when just to the pass we were warming, Alas! that its sweetness should end! In the *Vivier's Tale* Florise kneeling Tells Perdita—'When you do dance I'd have you dance ever! His feeling Was mine in that swiftly-whirled trance.'"

"Second only to waiting is walking
'Neath bright stars out here on the lawn,
Where the moonlight sleeps calmest, and talking
With you, I could talk until dawn!
We will stroll till they finish 'The Lancers,'
Pluck roses and gaze at the skies;
As I chat, if you're puzzled for answers,
Why, speak to me then with your eyes."

"Let me give you this bud, the plot's sweetest—
Don't kill it so close to your cheeks,
Rather hold it, and think as thou gorest
Its fragrance, that then my love speaks.
There! 'twill out! since I first saw you growing
Like summer's morn perfect in grace,
Dear, I've loved you and worshipped, not knowing
True bliss save when smiles decked your face!"

"In the far poorly west, there, love's planet
Breathes hope as I bow at your shrine,
Nerves my heart to the venture—how can it
Hold back when it beats but with thine?
Let the bar 'twixt our lives now be broken;
Sweet Lucy, forgive me I dound!
May I keep this dropped glove for a token
That with it is given your hand?"

"Many thanks for the kind words you've uttered—
How troublesome oft is the heart!
Shall I say I'm a little bit flattered?
Confess that I feel Cupid's dart?
Starlight, sentiment, love—sighs are fitter
For boys and girls—we think them slow;
You a Benedict!—hear the club titter!
I married and done for!—no, no!"

"Now, my glove, please you'll thank me to-morrow,
At present don't mope or complain;
For love-stricken hearts in real sorrow,
Best cure is a glass of Champagne.
You shall get me some chicken, and quickly
Forget one you now think so false;
There, be wiser—your rose-bud is prickly—
And then you shall have the next walk."

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND THE IRISH GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE DICTATOR."

It was in the old coaching-days, and, having taken an outside seat on the mail from York to Doncaster, I had fallen into conversation with my neighbor, a tall, stout, florid man, with a great good-humored face and a very bright twinkle in his eye. From what he said, there was little difficulty in guessing him to be a farmer somewhere near Doncaster, and, if his shrewdness in talk was any test of his business-powers, certainly a successful one. By and by our chat happened to turn on ghosts.

"Ah, sir, and so you don't believe in ghosts?" said my companion, laughing, and with his eye twinkling humorously; "well, but what do you say to a man like myself, that has seen and talked with one? Come, now, we shall be together for an hour yet; so if you like, I'll tell you the story."

I was only too glad to have the monotony of my journey relieved. Accordingly he began.

"I am a Yorkshireman born and bred, sir, and I've always lived in this county, and I think I always shall, for I'm a bit proud of it. Well, when I was thirty, I began to find that the old farm where my father lived was too little for both of us, after I had got a wife and some children of my own; so I determined to set up on my own account if I could get another farm pretty cheap. My father promised to stock it for me, as in fact was only right, for he was a man well-to-do. After some time, I heard of five hundred acres or so that were to be let a few miles north of Doncaster, and I went over to see them. Considering the quality, the land seemed to be dirt cheap, and, thinking I was in for a good thing, I called at once on the agent."

"Yes, that is the price," he said; "very cheap, I think. In fact, you would not get it at nearly that, only there is a silly story about the house belonging to the land being haunted, and—it is no use not telling you, for you will hear it at the first inn you go to—nobody will live in it. I wanted Mr. Robinson, the owner, to build another; it would be well worth his while; but he is an old man, with only a life interest in the property, so he is for all he can get out of the land without much outlay. Many people have been after the farm, but they could not live on it without a house, and were all afraid of the present one. I hope you are not afraid of a ghost or two, Mr. Crabtree?"—John Crabtree is my name, sir.

"Oh, I'm pretty much like other people in that way," I answered, not wishing to seem too eager, for fear he raised the price. "But I'll think the thing over, sir; and perhaps you'll give me the refusal."

"By the time I had been gone from his door five minutes I had made up my mind what to do. Here was a chance such as I might never have again, and it seemed absurd to throw it away for a cock-and-bull story of a ghost; but then I didn't know about such things, and there might be a thousand ghosts in Yorkshire for anything I could tell. It would never do to take the land if there was only such a house with it as one could not live in. I determined

therefore to settle about the house, by going there that very night, and seeing for myself."

"Grimstead House—that's the name—was a mile and a half out of the village, and I thought it best to have a right good dinner at the inn before I went up to it, because a man has always a better heart when he has something on his stomach. When I had done, I said now, waiter, said I, 'let us have a couple of bottles of your best whiskey in case of accident. I am going up to Grimstead House to sleep.'"

"He was a thin little chap, and he stared at me a bit; as if to see whether I were in earnest. Then he replied, 'Well, you must be a bold man, that's all I can say; but perhaps you don't know the stories about the house?'"

"No, I should like to hear them; but I am going all the same."

"Then he told me that it was supposed, by Irish peilars had been murdered there, some twelve years before, by the farmer who then lived at the place, and who had a very bad character. This farmer had soon afterwards gone abroad with all his family—frightened away, people said—and that the house got a bad name. Strange things were seen and heard—rattling of chains, plamming of doors, and other noises no one could make out, while sometimes a figure in white, dreadfully like the poor murdered pedlar, was seen in the passages or rooms, and sometimes there was a skeleton walking about. However, whether these things were true or not, none of the tenants afterwards had ever stayed in the house above a few weeks, and at last the owner had been obliged to let the land separate at a very low rent to a great farmer in the neighborhood, while Grimstead House was allowed to remain empty and go to ruin. The last person who lived in it was an old blind woman who had died there two or three years before, and, if I was really determined to stop the night in the house, the waiter thought I should find a few of her things there. They had never been fetched away, as they were worth scarcely anything, and nobody knew who they belonged to. According to the waiter, the blind woman 'walked' as well as the pedlar.

"I shall want you to go with me and sit things up a bit," I said, when he had done. "If one is to see these ghosts, one might as well see them comfortably as not, you know."

"At first he said he wouldn't; but when I told him I only wanted him to help me to get some wood and set a fire a-going, and then he might come back as soon as he liked, while I would give him five shillings if he did this and held his tongue about it, he agreed to go, bargaining however that we should start at once that he might get into the road again before it was dark.

"So off we went, carrying my bottles of whiskey, a couple of tumblers for our own use, was broken, and also a 'Racing Calendar,' the only book he could get for me at the inn. However, I thought I should get through the night very well with these, for like all Yorkshiremen I'm a bit interested in horses.

"The house was a rambling old place, gloomy enough at the best, and more so now with the damp and cobwebs and general go-to-ruin look it had got with not being lived in so long. We did not go over it all; but a big room upstairs, which he said the blind woman had used, seemed in the best repair, and I decided to stop in that. There was still her old truckle-bed at the farther side, besides a strong deal chair, a little table, and a rusted kettle, with a good many mouldy barrels in the corner. He brought a handful of dry straw for lighting from a truck we passed, and by breaking up one or two of the barrels we soon had a decent fire. Then we found an old washing-pot in the yard, which we pumped full of water and carried up to the room. After this, as it was getting dusk and he began to be fidgety, I gave him his five shillings and told him he might go.

"He was not long in making himself scarce, I can tell you. 'Well, sir,' were the last words he said, 'I wish you would go back with me yet; but as you won't, I hope you'll be none the worse for it in the morning.' Then I heard him go tramp, tramp, tramp, down the stairs, and, when he had slammed the front door to with noise enough to frighten half-a-dozen ghosts, set off running as hard as he could. And now I was left alone till morning, without a soul within a mile of me—or if there were souls, at any rate there were no living bodies."

"When he was fairly away, I thought it as well to go down and fasten the front door after him, which I did with difficulty, for the lock, and bolts were all rust. Then I came back, pulled up the table and chair to the fire, and filled the old kettle. Next I broke up some more of the barrels and put the bits near the grate to dry, mixed myself a glass of hot whiskey and water, lighted one of the candles I had brought with me, and, opening my 'Calendar,' lit my pipe and made myself as comfortable as I could.

"The nights closed in early then—it was January—so I was likely to have a good long bit of it before morning. However, I got on pretty well for some hours. Sometimes I read, and when I did not find my book as interesting as it might have been, I set looking into the fire, and thinking, over my pipe, how pleasant it would be to have the children and Ann (that's my dam) on the other side of the fireplace in a house of our own. Sometimes I think I dozed off a bit, and when I got tired of all this, I went to the window and opened it to see what kind of a night it was. Well, it was wild enough—wind and deep snow, so that you could only see a few yards. Many queer noises I heard, too;