

his invitation of a seat, and after he had put up his horses, he accompanied her to the church. The good-looking couple did not enter the sacred edifice unobserved. The good and lamented Father Proulx was the priest of the mission, and very little indeed took place inside the church doors that was not taken in at a glance by his keen and watchful eye. Lucy got a seat in a neighbor's wagon on her return home. And, if during the following week, her maiden meditations were not quite fancy free, perhaps the fact of the young pedlar being a very handsome young fellow, and the discovery that he must be a good Catholic, and that the priest knew him personally—for had she not seen him beckoned to come to the sacristy after Mass—and had not the young man "told his love," had something to do with the perturbed condition of her feelings. But she was also somewhat ill at ease in her mind because the good priest had passed her by with a nod, and without the usual kindly enquiries it was his habit to address to her, as he also took occasion to do personally to most members of his congregation, individually, as he did collectively, from the altar, on Sundays. Father Proulx was a devoted priest—beloved, appreciated, and still mourned—and the memory of whose many good deeds will long remain enshrined in the hearts of his old parishioners of Whitby and Oshawa, and their descendants. He was consulted by them, and took an interest in all their worldly, as well as spiritual affairs—nor did this communion of interest cease after his removal to the Archbishop's palace, Toronto. And when the news of the well deserved recognition of his good work, by his promotion to be one

of the household chaplains of the Holy Father, with the dignity of a Monsignor, was made known, none received it with greater satisfaction than his old parishioners.

But to resume the narrative of the mystery of the "murdered" horses:—The suspicion of "foul play" was universal, and that Frinchy and his horses and wagon had shared the fate of his predecessor, the pedlar spoken of by Josh Begosh, at the hands of the Markham gang and their accomplice the tavern-keepers, came to be accepted almost without question. Ben the hostler, had some lingering doubts on the subject, which he kept to himself, "for Lucy's sake." And Lucy! "He couldn't understand the gal's conduct nohow in this here predikamint." Then Ben would go on musing and soliloquizing: "Those hosses 'had the appearance of being there since the beginning of February'—had they?—I dessay they had, an' 'praps for sometime before that. I saw Frinchy leavin' the yard airy that Christmas eve with his cattle and wagon. But how came he to return here alone after midnight, the same night when I cotched Lucy an him together, an' she cryin' an all keart alike. 'Oh, no, dear Ben—dear Ben,' she said—when I axed if Frinchy had insulted her, an' I was preparin' to turn his jacket a bit; but he suddintly cut stick an disappeared. 'Oh, no, no,' sez she, sobbin' as if her heart would break, 'he's goin' away—he's gone now, an' will niver cum back agin.' An' 'twas then that I guv the promise that I'd niver tell mortal about seein' 'm together that night; and nuther have I. All the same, I think she told the priest about it herself, from the way that I've since seen her talkin' to 'm."