

Under his father's skilful treatment, Peter was drawn out into quite lengthy descriptions of his friends Alice and Edith, and deluding himself with the idea that it was to please his father, he stuck to the subject throughout his meal. Had Lizzie been present, she were more than human had she not felt a twinge of jealousy, and certainly would have known why she had been asked to wear her hair in curls, which, by the bye, she had done, to the no small wonder of her parents and friends, and to the detriment of her appearance, for few there are who look well in curls.

The holidays passed quickly, and Peter found himself at last on the eve of his return to Montreal. Hal Tilton, who had not dared to reopen the money question with his brother, and who had almost ceased to hope for aid from Bolton, was going to accompany Peter to the city, *en route* for the States, where he hoped to float his company. Bolton and Lizzie attended in the morning to see them off, and while Lizzie and Peter were taking an affectionate farewell Bolton drew Hal to one side, and taking a document from his pocket, handed it to his uncle with the remark—

"Here's your two thousand dollars, uncle; but you mustn't say a word about it to anyone for a few days, as father's afraid mother will scold him if it gets to her ears."

Hal seized the document eagerly, exclaiming—"Thank you, Bolton; you have done both your father and me a favor I will never forget. However did you manage to win him over?"

"Hist," said Bolton, "here's Lizzie; put it in your pocket."

The train came in a few moments afterwards, and Peter, standing upon the rear-most platform, saw his sweetheart fade away in the distance as the train swept him on to the metropolis.

## CHAPTER V.

"The evil a man does lives after him;  
The good is oft interred with his bones."

We are loth to leave Prankville just yet; and not having lectures to attend in the classic halls of McGill, will remain by the warm firesides of our friends the villagers, and see how things get along in the absence of our hopeful enthusiast and our youthful collegian. There is not much difference, apparently. Lizzie was silent at her work for a few mornings after Peter's departure, but soon began singing again, while her father and Mr. Forbes played checkers and smoked every evening, as they had done for some time past, and did not seem to grieve for any absent one. Mr. Forbes had been remarkably regular in his visits to the Tiltons recently, and always interested himself in Lizzie when he came. One evening he went so far as to suggest private lessons.

"I'll teach you more at home than he'll learn at your big college, Miss Lizzie, if you like, and we'll surprise him finely when he comes back."

Lizzie eagerly agreed to undertake extra studies, and every evening, after his game with Mr. Tilton, Mr. Forbes spent an hour with Lizzie and her books, and called all his recognized genius into play to impart knowledge to her in the most interesting way. Of course, her studies lay in a different direction from those of Peter; they were a woman's studies, and she mastered them with a woman's quickness and grace. If Peter had not, all along, looked upon Mr. Forbes as an old and somewhat crotchety man, he might have been jealous had he known how Lizzie spent her evenings, but as he was visiting the home of Mr. Nealeton Brown with greater frequency than ever, after all he could not have conscientiously objected very strongly.

Mr. Forbes had another object in view when he proposed studies to Lizzie; he desired to protect her from the attentions of Jim, who, encouraged by Bolton, had begun to pay very frequent visits to the house. Before the studies had been begun, Lizzie had little excuse for avoiding him, but once in the clutches of Mr. Forbes, she was safe. The schoolmaster peered over his spectacles at Jim, if he approached, and transfixed him with the same glance that used to destroy his courage when he attended Mr. Forbes' school, until he shrank away.

Mr. Tilton received a letter from Hal about the end of January, giving a glowing account of his invention. The company had been formed, and a little more work would make the drill act perfectly, when the fortune that lay in it would be seized. "And I have done all this through the kindness of one whom I need not name, particularly in a letter to you, dear brother," the letter ended.

Peter, on his return to the city, visited his friends on Sherbrooke street, and regaled them with an account of how he had spent his vacation. It must be confessed that he thought fit to ridicule many of the customs and manners of his country friends, and that his hearers were often convulsed with laughter over his droll descriptions. Edith laughed with the rest, but was filled also with the old vague dislike for Peter. She distrusted him, as one might well distrust the man who ridicules his friends, and she found herself wondering if she and hers had been ridiculed by Peter to his country friends. Influenced by these thoughts, she subjected Peter to such treatment that he was bewildered, and fled to her sister for protection from the storm of sarcasm that was overwhelming him. He was in a good school, for Edith, though a Monarchist in politics, was a Republican in action, and would tolerate no self-conceit. Under her management Peter would, assuredly, have become a first-class man, with just enough self-confidence to carry him through the world, but not enough conceit to be wasted in revelations of it.

From this evening onward Peter could never feel sure as to how he would be treated by Edith. At times she was all graciousness and mirth, then a word, a look, would change her, and she would just avoid being rude by her inability to be so—as her father had said. Like most men, he felt himself her superior, and was galled by her treatment of him, but like most men, he proved her his superior by