

THE PARAVOIR

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PRICE { FIVE CENTS, OR SIX CENTS, U. S. C.

For the Favorite.

LOVE IN A DAIRY.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Of all the spots for making love,
Give me a shady dairy,
With crimson tiles and blushing smiles,
From its presiding fairy!
The jolly sunbeams peeping in
Thro' vine leaves all a-flutter,
Like greetings sent from Phœbus to
The Goddess of "Fresh Butter!"

The swallows twit'ring in the eaves,
The air of Summer blowing
Thro' open door from where a score
Of tall rose-trees are growing.
A distant file of hollyhocks,
A rugged bush of tansy,
And nearer yet beside the steps
A gorgeous purple pansy.

Suggestive scents of new-mown hay,
From lowland meadows coming;
The distant ripple of a stream,
And drowsy sounds of humming
From able-bodied bees that bery
About the morning-glory
Or dwaddle pleasantly round
The apple-blossoms hoary.

A rosy bloom pervades the spot;
And where the shadows darken,
In glit'ring rows the shining pansies
Show many a brilliant sparkle.
As snowy as my lady's throat,
Or classic marble urn,
In central floor there proudly stands
Th' scoured white-wood churn!

And she who reigns o'er churn and pan,
In truth my friend between us,
My dimpled Chloe is more fair
Than Milo's famous Venus.
Mark, mark those eyes so arch and dark,
Those lips like crimson clover,
And ask yourself, as well you may,
How I could prove a rover.

Talk not to me of moonlit groves,
Of Empress, Bolle or Fairy;
To me the fairest love of loves
Is Chloe of the Dairy!
Peterboro', Ont.

(For the Favorite.)

HARD TO BEAT

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—(Continued.)

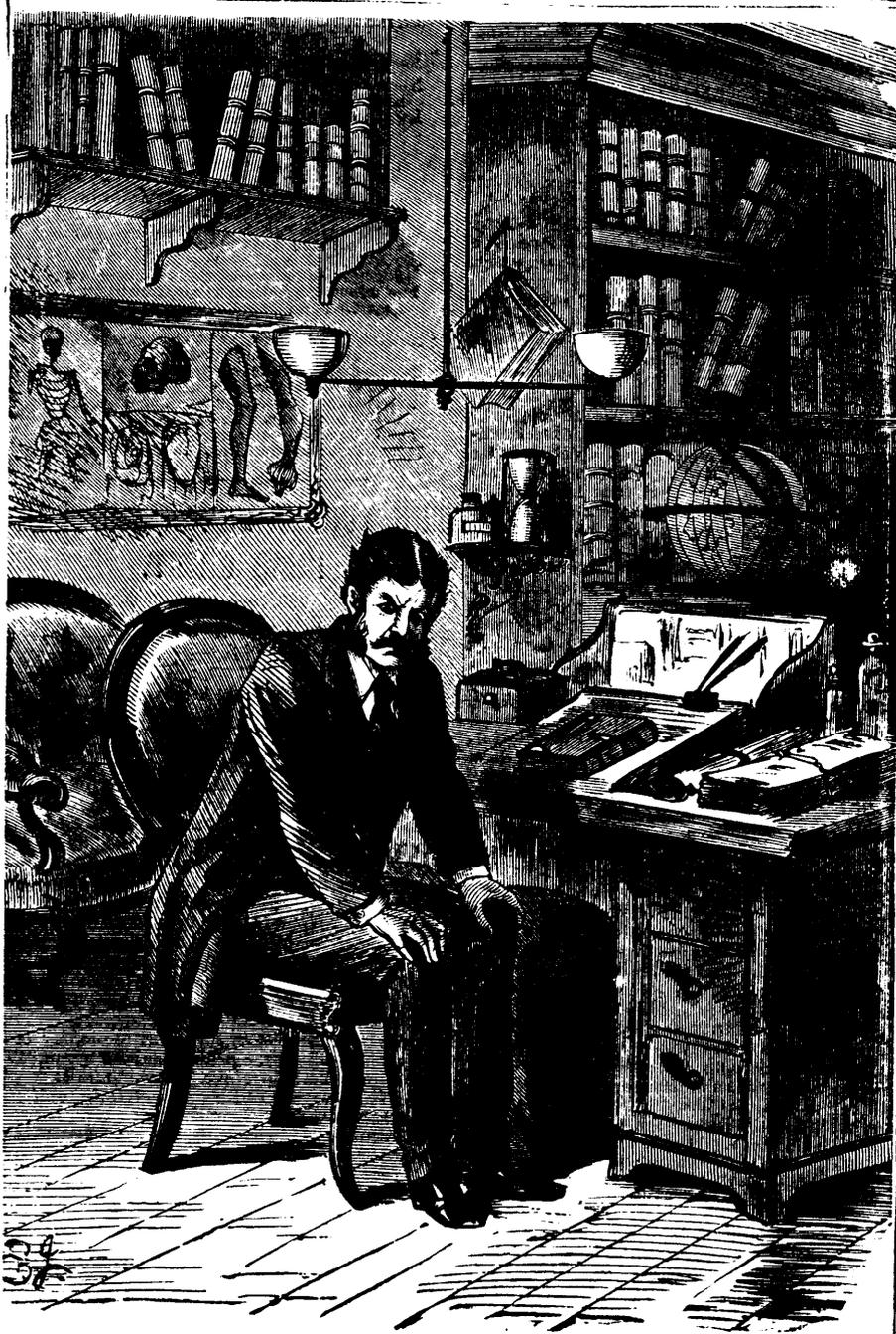
MR. HARWAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Mr. Harway remained behind the tree until Dr. Griffith and his companions had entered the cottage; then he produced the dirty handkerchief, polished his face a bit, and gave vent to the expression,

"I'm blessed!"
He really seemed to think he was "blessed" as he expressed it—and, sitting on the grass, he pulled up the skeleton of a collar which did duty with him as linen, and held sweet communion with himself.

"I'm blessed," soliloquised he, "if I ain't hit it right off. That must be the gal, and the little one is a responsibility incurred since the gal wasn't drowned. I suppose Bowles told the truth when he said he saw them married; that will give me a grip on the Doc. somehow. Can't see his game; but I can see how to make it pay me. There is something or other he wants to keep dark, but what his game is I can't see."

Mr. Harway stared very hard at the tree he was resting under as if he expected to find there an explanation of Dr. Griffith's conduct. Apparently, however, the explanation was not easy



DR. GRIFFITH MAKES UP HIS MIND.

to arrive at, for he sat for nearly half an hour before he seemed to have come to any conclusion which was satisfactory to him.

The explanation of Dr. Griffith's conduct in hiding Mamie's existence, and the fact of his marriage, from Charlie Morton, seemed to flash on Mr. Harway all of a sudden, for he sprang up from the grass and, waving the dirty handkerchief in triumph over his head exclaimed:

"I'm blessed! I see it now just as clear as a yard of pump water. It's another woman." Then Mr. Harway sat down to think about it.

The minutes stretched themselves into hours, and the sun began to sink in the west, but still Dr. Griffith did not leave the house, and Mr. Harway maintained his position behind the tree. Mr. Harway was hungry, he had eaten nothing all day; and Mr. Harway was thirsty, but still he kept his post and watched the little cottage. He had quite made up his mind now as to what course of action he should pursue, and only wanted to be quite sure that the lady he had seen with Dr. Griffith was his wife; once that was ascertained he felt assured he could blackmail the doctor as much as he pleased.

It was nearly six o'clock when Dr. Griffith left the house and proceeded towards the ferry, and Mr. Harway carefully kept himself concealed until he had passed; he then approached the house and boldly rung the bell.

A smart little girl came to the door and inquired his business.

"Does Dr. Griffith live here?"

"Yes, sir; but he has just gone over to Montreal."

"Is Mrs. Griffith in?"

"Yes; do you wish to see her?"

"No; I only wanted to know if Dr. Griffith left a parcel here for me. He promised he would leave some medicine here and I was to call for it; will you see if he left anything for Mr. Thompson—my name is Thompson."

The girl made the requested inquiry, and, of course answered as Mr. Harway expected that nothing had been left for him.

He then drew the girl into a little casual conversation and learned that the family had only lately arrived from New York, and had been at the cottage a few weeks.

Fully satisfied with his day's work, Mr. Harway wended his way towards the ferry thinking over his future plan of action.

"I sha'n't tackle him just yet," he thought. "I will let a few days elapse and meantime I can watch him, and, maybe, find out something more as will be useful."

He had recourse to the dirty handkerchief and black pipe as he reached the ferry-boat, and when seated on the upper deck, he again expressed himself, half aloud,

"I'm blessed!"

SCENE II.

MRS. GRIFFITH MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

The scene which had transpired in the little cottage had not been a peaceful one. Doctor Griffith had visited his wife with the idea of securing her consent to remain in Longueuil for the next two weeks, but his mission had not been so successful as he had anticipated.

Mamie was taking a walk with her little girl when the doctor landed from the ferryboat and met them, and they strolled up together towards the cottage.

The doctor did not feel in a particularly amiable mood, and Mamie was far from being pleased at the way she had been treated since her arrival in Montreal, the walk to the cottage was, therefore, almost a silent one. The little girl ran ahead for most of the way, and from time to time endeavored to attract the attention of her father with some casual, childish remark, but with only partial success.

Arrived at the cottage Dr. Griffith prepared to urge his reasons for Mamie's remaining in Longueuil until after the birth of her baby; but, before he could do so she took the initiative by remarking,

"Harry, I want to go over to Montreal to live; it seems so strange for you to be living there, and Fan"—that was the little girl—"and I over here. Besides, you come to see me so seldom, and I am getting nervous about my sickness, and I should like to have you with me when I am ill."

Her husband drew her towards him and tried hard to show a semblance of the love he did not feel; but the kiss he imprinted on her forehead was very cold, and she half turned from him with a sigh.

"Don't get foolish fancies in your head," he said, playfully smoothing her hair, "you will get through all right, and, of course, I will be with you; but, I don't see what good can be done by your going to Montreal to live. You have a nice, comfortable house here, and it would be better for you and Fan to remain here until the winter sets in, then, of course, you must move over to Montreal."

She remained silent for a few moments, her head drooped on his shoulder, and a few tears forced themselves into her eyes as she answered,

"Harry, you used to love me once—oh! how long ago it seems—don't keep away from me now, it won't be for long. I feel that I shall never live through the next few weeks, let me die with you. I have no one but you and Fan, let me be with both of you to the last."

Her head rested on his shoulder, and she sobbed convulsively as she clung to him. He held her tenderly in his arms, but there was no love in his heart as he tried to sooth her, and drive away her fears. He remembered how, years ago, he had loved this woman, and hung on her lightest word; how he had sinned to win her, and how he had gloried in the fact of having won her, and he wondered at himself that he could now be so cold and insensible to her caresses; but another love had entered his heart and it was dead to the one who loved him so well, even after she knew he no longer cared for her.

Woman's love is a curious anomaly; pure and holy in itself, it so often becomes attached to some impure and unworthy object, but, like the limpet to the rock, it clings on till death; and, although conscious of the unworthiness of the object of its adoration, still it cannot change its devotion, but remains constant in its affection to the last.

Mamie Griffith knew her husband well and thoroughly. She knew him as a bold, bad, unscrupulous man, and was only too well assured that he had ceased to love her; but at this moment all the old tenderness for him came back, and she almost persuaded herself that she might yet re-ignite the affection of the past within his breast, and win him back to her.

She cried softly and quietly on his shoulder for a few seconds, and he continued to smooth her hair and try to calm her excited feelings.

"Come, come, Mamie," he said, "you are exciting yourself unnecessarily; there is no danger; you will be all right in a few weeks, and, meanwhile, you can be very nice and comfortable here. I will come over every day to see you, and soon you will laugh at your own foolish fears."

His tone was soft and gentle, and he continued to caress her; but she drew slightly away from him, and looked up at him in partial distrust.

"Harry," she said, "why do you want to keep