

A QUESTION OF FOUL PLAY.

(A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS).

By W. H. Higgins.

II.

(CONCLUDED.)

ON his way from the hotel bar to the stable, Ben, the hostler, was accosted by Lucy Connor, a domestic of the hotel, and a hurried whispered conversation was observed to take place between them. Lucy had been living at the Globe for more than a year, at this time. She was a very pretty girl, and more than ordinarily well educated and refined for her sphere in life. Her youthful form was exquisitely moulded, and the beauty of her oval features was enhanced by laughing dark eyes and a great abundance of long dark tresses. Hosts of admirers paid compliments to Lucy, and although she had kindly greetings and modest, kindly glances for all, one only, and that one Frenchy, the pedlar, held a warm place in the girl's heart. Frenchy, or to give him his proper name, Jean Baptiste Plamadon, was the son of a French Canadian of good family, who had while yet a youth, secretly married a beautiful Irish immigrant girl, just arrived at Quebec. The result of the clandestine marriage was disastrous to the future of the young couple. The Plamadon family disowned their son and refused to recognize his young wife. A few years of hard struggle ensued, in the course of the first of which Frenchy was born. The disowned father did not long survive the birth of his son. Hard

necessity compelled him to attend at the works where he was employed in all kinds of weather. A cold, aggravated by want of rest, and having to go out in an inclement season to attend to the business, brought on a galloping consumption to which the young husband and father early succumbed. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Plamadon made her way to the County of Prescott, where she had some relatives living; but, disappointed and heartbroken, she soon followed her husband to an early grave. Frenchy got some little experience of business in a country store, belonging to a relative of his mother, and from such small beginnings branched out "on his own hook" to carrying a pack, and subsequently, to becoming the owner of a pedlar's wagon and pair of horses. Lucy was a good-living Catholic girl, strict and pious in living up to the rules of the Church. She was never known to miss Mass of a Sunday since she had grown up, and often walked the distance from Brooklin to Oshawa or Whitby so as not to miss the ineffable blessing of being a participator in the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice. It was upon one of such occasions that she was overtaken on the road to Oshawa by Frenchy, who was driving his pedlar's wagon. She accepted