

Massey's Illustrated

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 11.

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

Joe Broggs;

OR,

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

BY D. MCFADYEN.

PART II.

SIX months passed, and we forgot Broggs; but happening to be in Winnipeg, what was our surprise to see Joe foreman in an elevator. How changed he was. He now bore himself like a man determined to succeed.

"Good day, Joe, I am glad to see you."

"Not gladder than me," said Joe, shaking me warmly by the hand. "How are folks about the old place?"

After giving the news, I asked, "Joe, how are you doing?"

"Doing better than I deserve, sir. I am foreman here, getting good wages."

"Your wife; how is she?"

"Oh, she is strong again. You oughter see our little one; she learns like a terror."

"So she goes to school?"

"Yes, sir; every day. And Milly—you remember Milly that came near being burnt at the fire?"

"Yos, what is she doing?"

"Well, sir; yes, doing well. She is a milliner, and gets good wages. She saves near as much as me. And," said he, in a lower tone, "I think she is going to make a good marriage."

"I am glad of that," said I. "But who is the lucky man?"

"The owner of that store, sir," said he, pointing to a large building with "Alex. McKinnon, General Merchant," painted in large letters on the front. Broggs was proud, and indeed he had cause to be, if ever the young man became his son-in-law.

In the evening I went to his home. Alex was there, his kindly eyes lit up with the pleasure of being near his loved one. Mrs. Broggs was there—the same Mrs. Broggs who a year ago had no place of refuge.

Happy family! Many a mansion, with its sumptuous rooms, fine pictures and dainty fare had less true happiness in it than this re-united family in their cosy little cottage. The evening was spent in quiet happiness, and not a cloud appeared to darken their future horizon. When I left for my hotel Broggs came part of the way, and on parting, said, "You see, sir, I have kept my promise, and it is not likely Joe will drink or gamble any more."

But temptations will come, and they will come in unexpected forms. Winnipeg workmen had a holiday, and all was excitement about the races.

The two favorite horses were May Queen and

Roberval. Both had a good record, and the race promised to be a close one.

Broggs was on his way to pay for the cottage he lived in, for, between himself and Milly, they had saved eight hundred and fifty dollars, and so bought this little home. The money was in his pocket.

When passing the race course he thought it would be no harm to stop a while and look on. But his old gambling instincts returned with full force as he eyed the fine horses, pawing and prancing as if eager to win the race.

"Bet you two to one on Roberval," said a sport, approaching him.

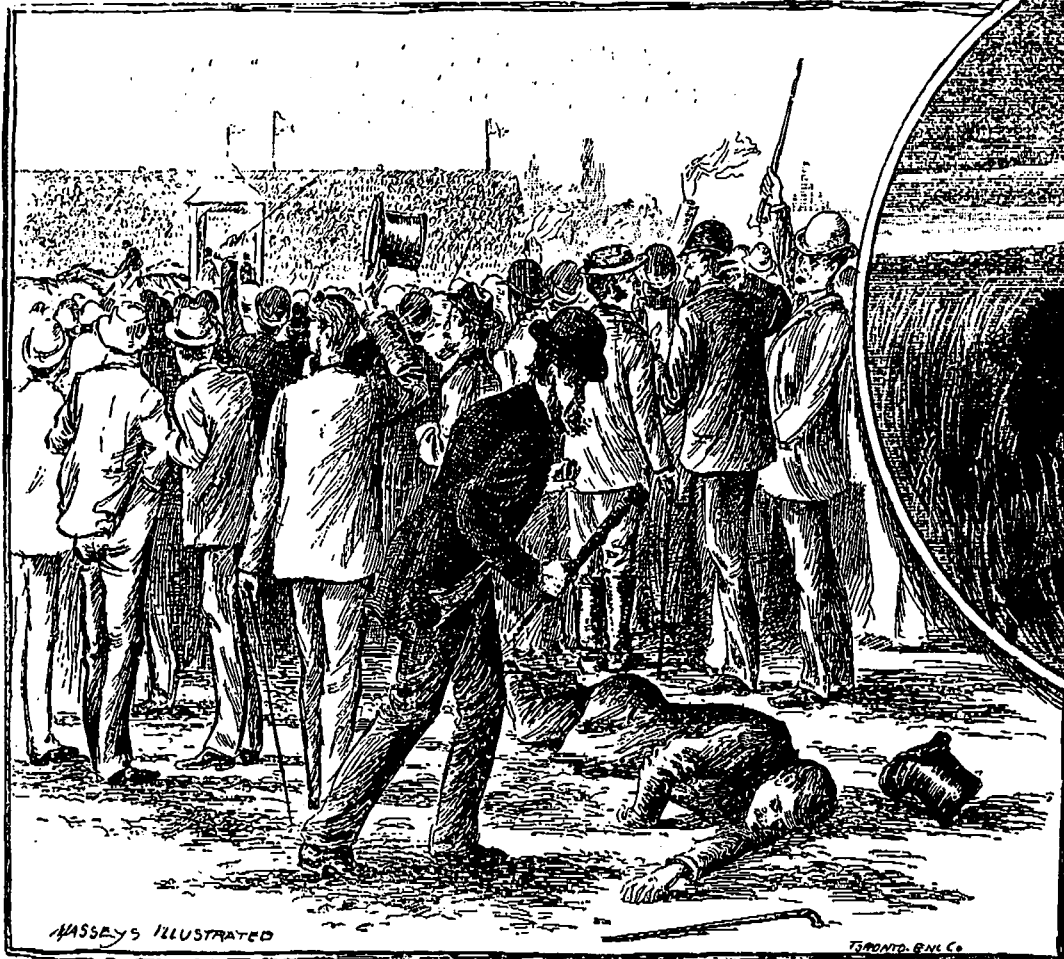
"I'll take you for five hundred," said Joe, forgetful of his promise of everything but the chance of winning.

"Done," said the sport, and immediately the money was handed over.

The crowd gathered close to the ropes, and soon the horses were in line.

Joe, Joe! where are your good resolutions? Think of your course—are you not going into the old path?

But Joe forgot the world he lived in—lost all knowledge of his surroundings. He could not tell you his name. One thought filled his now fevered mind—the chance of winning a thousand dollars. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkled. He watched his favorite horse come abreast of Roberval.



val and slowly gain ground—throws off his hat and cheers—then stands still as Roberval makes up the gap.

Yes, he is gaining—forward—nearer abreast—together the noble animals keep for a time. Who will win? See, May Queen breaks and gets a full length behind. Joe's face is blanched, a sickly

THE "SPORT" FALLS HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.