

with jovial comrades became more frequent. The foaming glass sparkled brightly with fascination. Temptation unmasked itself. Again and again his companions of the evenings had recourse to expedients to induce him to drink with them. He was willing to pass an evening and smoke a cigar, but sternly refused to even moisten his lips with the poisonous liquid, which showed a manly independence in principle, a dignity of honor; and it would have been well for him had he always continued as invincible.

"I say, Fred, you must have something to drink with us to-night," said Billa Haveril one evening as Fred and a few of his comrades were walking along Craig Street. "Here's the '*Royal Arms*,' come in, boys—come in Fred, and I'll introduce you to Mr. Stone, a jolly good old Englishman. He knows how to warm up a fellow when the cold is 30 degrees below zero."

They entered, and became seated in a room adjoining the bar.

"Well, Fred, what's your choice," said Haveril.

"A glass of cold water," replied Fred.

"Horrible! horrible!" ejaculated Haveril.

"Are you really going to commit an arctic outrage upon your sensibilities? That will never do if you intend living in Canada."

"Perhaps he wants to convert himself into an ice-house," exclaimed Harry Jenkins.

"Gentlemen," said Fred, "I previously in-