

# MONTREAL

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



"I'M A PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

MR. HARWAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

(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  
Snare," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT I.

FRIENDS, OR RIVALS?

SCENE III.

A PERFECT FIX.

Twelve o'clock on the same night; place, Mr. Morton's bed-room.  
The concert had not proved successful as far as Mr. Morton individually was concerned. Mr. Johnson, by a private arrangement with one of the ushers expressed in current coin, had managed to get his seats changed for two immediately behind Miss Howson and her aunt, and Miss Annie had kept up an animated flirtation with him all the evening, very much to Mr.

Morton's annoyance, and greatly to Miss Mexton's disgust.

Mr. Morton now sat in his own room indulging in a quiet smoke, and thinking over the events of the evening. He was trying to make up his mind whether he was jealous, and if so, whether he loved Annie Howson, and could trust her enough to ask her to be his wife.

He thought not only of the present, but of the past. His memory took him back to ten years ago, when he had left his island home to seek his fortune in a new country where there was a wider scope for him, and he pictured in his mind's eye the two loved ones he had left behind him, his mother and sister. Fancy recalled to him Mamie's tearful entreaty to be taken with him, and the thought added to the bitterness of the feeling that he could never see her smiling face, or hear her loving voice again.

On his arrival in Canada Mr. Howson had been one of his earliest and best friends, and it was to his business he had succeeded when that gentleman retired. He remembered Annie when she was a little girl in short frocks with a perpetual stickiness about the face, superinduced by the too liberal allowance of candles provided by himself, and before she had gone to New York to be "finished." He remembered how he had petted and learned to love the little girl, who used to impose on his good nature and tease him into letting her have her own way in everything, when he could gratify her wishes or influence her father to indulge her; and now it seemed to him that that love for the child, as a