

MAGAZINE

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For the Favorite.
 MUSIC.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

There is music in the air,
 As in zephyr breeze it blows,
 Telling of opening spring time
 And exulting the reign of snows.
 There is music in the blast,
 As in mighty wrath it breaks
 Over the lakes and oceans,
 Crusting with foamy flakes.

There is music in the brooklet
 As it trickles to the river;
 There is music in the noble stream
 Which floweth on for ever.
 There is music in the ocean
 When in thunder's tone it speaks,
 And raiseth up its haughty crest
 In foam-capped towering peaks.

There is music in a clump of trees
 In the still, calm twilight hour,
 When every happy little bird
 Is flitting to its bower.
 There is music in the forest
 When the wind with giant might
 Strides fiercely through and leaves
 Its pride, all shattered in a night.

There is music all around us,
 Above and underground,
 A solemn voice of warning
 In every form and sound,
 In every little pebble
 We kick away from sight
 There is Nature's music ringing
 If we only hear aright.

God's voice is always near,
 In every sound we hear,
 In the loudest roar or faintest sigh
 That falseth on the ear.
 Sometimes in mighty accents
 It tells us of His might,
 Sometimes in peaceful whispers
 It woos us to His sight.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY PHILLIPS,
 OF MONTREAL.

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

ACT IV.

ON THE TRACK.

SCENE III.

MR. MORTON GETS INFORMATION.

The trifling matter of providing bail for Mr. Fowler having been satisfactorily arranged by Mr. Farron, the two gentlemen left the Station, accompanied by Mr. Harway, and proceeded to the Jacques Cartier Hotel where Mr. Harway insisted that it was necessary to his peace of mind and happiness that he should have a little cold gin.

"What will you take, gentlemen," he said; "I always find a little cold gin, lies very warm on the stomach in the morning; it's a good thing for the digestion too, and helps the appetite wonderfully if you put a little bittern in it. Gin and bittern," he continued, to the bar-keeper, "I'll put in the gin."

He about half filled a tumbler with raw gin, added a few drops of bittern and swallowed the mixture without troubling the water jug. Mr. Fowler needed the cool and refreshing services of a "John Collins" to restore him, and Mr. Farron wisely contented himself with a cigar. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Harway, after the drinks had been disposed of, "I leave it to you to see your friend Mr. Morton righted. I'm



"CHARLIE, I HAVE SOMETHING VERY SERIOUS TO SAY TO YOU."

blessed if I wouldn't like to stay and see the game out myself; but, there's folks coming here on this morning train that I don't want to see, and so I'll have to leave; but I trust to you to fix the doctor all right. I told him I'd be even with him for that kick, and I like to keep my word; and, if the affair gets into the papers, perhaps you wouldn't mind sending me one, gentlemen, I'd esteem it a favor, and as I'm a perfect gentleman I am always willing to accept a favor from another gentleman. You see," he continued, "I shouldn't have minded anything so much as a kick; if he had knocked me down with his fist, I shouldn't have cared so much about it; I've had that done before. Even if he had fired at me with a revolver I should not have minded so long as didn't hit me; but a gentleman naturally has his feelings hurt when he gets kicked like a dog, and, as I'm a perfect gentleman I couldn't stand it. So blow his game, gentlemen, and let me know of it, if you can."

After delivering this speech Mr. Harway gave an address to Fowler, and then bowed himself out, and started for the depot to leave the city before the detectives from Battleboro arrived. Mr. Fowler retired to his boarding house and betook himself to bed where he endeavored to sleep off the effects of his last night's potations. It was afternoon before he felt sufficiently recovered to go out, and when he reached Mr. Morton's office he found that gentleman had gone for a drive around the mountain with some friends from the States; he was therefore,

compelled to postpone his intended disclosure until the evening when he was told Morton would be at home. He, however, utilized the afternoon by a trip to Longueuil where he discovered the house lately occupied by Mr. Griffith closed, and obtained particulars of her death from the neighbors.

Mr. Harway had carefully instilled into Mr. Fowler's mind his own theory that Mrs. Griffith was not dead at all, but, merely removed by the Doctor; he, therefore, paid but little attention to the account of the funeral, &c., which he heard from the people he questioned on the subject; and it was in a strong belief that Mamie was alive that he called out at Mr. Morton's in the evening.

Mr. Morton had only returned from his drive a few minutes when Mr. Fowler entered his room, and he was enjoying a quiet pipe and glass of ale when Mr. Fowler made his presence known by a loud rap on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Morton, and Mr. Fowler did as requested; he sat by the table where Mr. Morton was seated and said, in a confidential sort of way:

"Charlie, I have something very serious to say to you."

Charlie Morton smiled quietly, for he was accustomed to receive half-confidences from Mr. Fowler, who was always getting himself into some little scrape.

"What is it, Gus; anything I can manage for you?"

"No; it is something you must manage for

yourself. I got into difficulties last night, old fellow, and—well—you see, the fact is—I got into quod."

"Arrested?"

"Yes." It cost Mr. Fowler something to make this confession; for, Charlie Morton was one of the few men whose good opinion he valued; and he scarcely wanted to let him know where he had spent the night; still there was no way of explaining his story except by a full statement of the circumstances under which he had gained his information; so, Fowler "made a clean breast of it," and gave a full account of his meeting with Mr. Harway, and all that had been told him by that personage.

"I'll tell you what it is, Charlie," he said in conclusion, "it's my opinion that Harry Griffith is a rascal,"—I am rather afraid that Mr. Fowler used an adjective before the word rascal, but I don't like to record it without being very sure—"he is playing some double game, which I do not quite understand; but confound him, I want to see his game spoiled."

Mr. Fowler struck the table with his clenched hand as if exemplifying the way he would like to see the doctor spoiled; but unfortunately he was rather too excited, and struck the table so hard that he hurt his knuckles, and the back of his hand up to his mouth in the most inglorious and unheroic manner.

Charlie Morton did not say anything for some minutes; he was strongly and deeply excited, but he was thinking the matter over as quietly and calmly as he could.

"Gus," he said at last, "I think this man Harway has been trying to make a fool of you. Poor Mamie was drowned years ago, for if she had not been she would have written to me long before now. She knew I was in Montreal; and, it is not likely she would be in the same city with me and not try to find me. I have not a very high opinion of Harry Griffith's character; and, he might, very possibly, have tried to deceive me, but Mamie never would."

"But suppose she thought you were dead; suppose Griffith told her so?" said Mr. Fowler, half doubtfully. "He might have done it, you know."

Mr. Morton paused for sometime before replying; he was thinking over the strange intelligence he had heard, and, when he spoke it was in a hard unnatural voice, quite unlike his own.

"You may be right, Gus; perhaps you are; Mamie may be alive—oh, God grant that she is,—but I scarce'y think she can be. I don't feel it, somehow; I don't feel as if Harry Griffith could have played so mean a part towards me. Why man," he continued, "I was his old school-mate; we were boys together—of course, I objected to his marrying Mamie, because I always thought he would turn out bad; but such a devilish scheme as this I would not credit him with. And Annie too—," he stopped suddenly, and a hard cold look totally unlike his usual aspect seemed to come over his face.

"Gus," he said, after a while, "if Harry Griffith has done this thing to me; if he has stolen my sister; stolen my friendship; stolen my love; played me false every way, while I have played him true, I will hunt him down, I'll bound him to death—I could kill him now without one particle of remorse, and I'll do it, if your story proves true."

The man's whole nature seemed to have changed in the few seconds which had elapsed since Fowler told him the story he had heard from Mr. Harway. Morton had at first, listened quietly, and with a gentlemanly smile of disbelief on his lips. He had said nothing; and he had only regarded the tale as some idle fancy of Fowler's; or, a story which some designing person had told Fowler with the ultimate design of making money out of it; but as the possibility of the truth flashed on him, all the latent strength and force of his nature was called into life, and he rose to leave the room fully prepared to write the truth from the doctor, if it cost the life of one or both in doing so.

"Hold on, old fellow; where are you off to?" said Mr. Fowler, endeavoring to detain his companion. "You didn't put your hat on, you know, and you might catch cold in the nose or some such thing, don't you see?"

"Gus, I must see Harry at once; I can tell in one second after I ask him 'where is Mamie,' whether the story you have heard is true or not. Come with me; perhaps, it may be as well for both he and I that there should

(Continued on page 114)