

"And do you know that it's not a decent play?"

"You're a regular prude, Dave; you don't suppose I would take Maggie to anything of that kind, do you?"

"Well, I may be a prude, but I think you'll admit that the reporters of the Bristol papers are not."

I drew from my desk a bundle of clippings and handed them to him. It used to be a little hobby of mine, to keep myself posted on theatrical news, and to do this I used to collect all the press notes of successful plays.

He glanced at them and returned them, saying.

"Oh, those fellows were paid by other managers to write her down, or they weren't paid to write her up, or something like that. I don't take any stock in what they say."

"Very well," I replied coldly, "I'm tired trying to turn you from the road to perdition. But," I was getting warm in spite of myself, "if you will ruin your own life, for Heaven's sake don't make a wreck of that poor girl's!"

I didn't wait to note the effect of my words, and saw Charley no more until next morning.

The change in his manner surprised me.

"I told Maggie I wouldn't go last night, and I am afraid I shall be in her black books for a week at least. But you were right, old man, as you always are."

Perhaps I wasn't overjoyed that he had at last made a stand in the downward path. And he did more than stand. From that day he began to climb the hill again. The end of the year was but little more than a month distant, but didn't Balmes and Liberatore, Ganot and Todhunter catch it during that time?

We worked together, Charley and I, as we had done from the day we entered College till the day the shadow fell upon him. It was our last month at St. Bruno's, and I do believe it was the happiest one we ever spent there. All too short it was, and sorry were we when the last day arrived. But everything else was in such spirits that we couldn't be very gloomy.

Twenty-five of us, the envied of our fellow-students, had succeeded in passing the London University examination.

Surely it was the 'biggest and best class St. Bruno's had ever sent out, and surely the valedictory address delivered by Charles Carbery was the best ever heard.

Not a care in the world had we, as we extended our hand to be shaken by our hosts of friends. In the midst of the confusion I saw an usher hand a note to Charley. He changed color and went hastily away.

It was some time before I could get out of the crush, and when I reached my room I found half a dozen fellows gathered for a final chat. It was midnight when we broke up and Charley had not returned.

I must have slept about three hours when I was awakened by the tramp of feet. At first I thought it must be the porters moving trunks, but it was too early for that. The door was shoved open and something fell heavily to the floor. Retreating footsteps were heard. I jumped up and struck a light—to find Charley lying there, insensible from drink, and with his face bruised and cut! I dragged him to his bed and walked the floor till daylight, when, exhausted, I threw myself on my bed and slept.

It was almost noon before I awoke. I looked about me—Charley was gone; his books, clothes, everything had been taken away, and not even a note left for me.

It was with a sad heart that I quitted the walls of St. Bruno's College never to return.

## II.

Ten years later, strange to say? I was a member of the Secret Service Police of Canada. I had been practicing law for about three years but these three years had been spent almost exclusively in dealing with the criminal classes. Some influential friends suggested that I should apply for the position I have mentioned, and, through their influence again, my application was accepted. I may say that the work is thoroughly to my taste, and that I would not now exchange it for any other.

At the time I speak of intelligence had been received of the presence of a gang of coiners in the village of Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior; and I was detailed to capture them. Accord-