



A BY-PATH TO ROME.

I

IT was high noon in the Canadian city of N——, and two very hungry young men had just seated themselves at a table in a crowded restaurant.

"Phil," said one, "what are you going to order?"

The one addressed made a wry face and answered:

"Fish, I suppose; it is Friday."

"So it is; I'd nearly forgotten—Hello! here come the "Boss" and Flanagan, and they're heading for this table."

"Wish they'd go somewhere else;" muttered Phil Donovan, *solto voce*; "we've enough of them in the office—especially Flanagan."

"His companion laughed, and then drew a little aside to make room for the two men who had just come up. One of them was a portly florid gentleman of fifty one or two; the other about half that age, fair of hair and moustache, light of eye and smooth of manner. One did not need to look twice at James Flanagan to decide that he was just a little too nice to be quite wholesome.

"Ah ha! so here you are, eh?" exclaimed the elder man, looking good naturedly down at the two already seated. "Can you make room for us? Thanks, that will do nicely. Um, um, what's the bill-of-fare to-day?" and his voice trailed off as he glanced over the menu-card. Just then the waitress appeared with the first order and Donovan and