

"Fie, Geordie, mon, it's nae the pair beastie's fault," said Robie, "its naething but a cabbage-leaf he was findin' whilst you sleepit; an' its aye mair harmless maybe, than what's found in some o' yon places;" and Robie glanced significantly at the taverns and saloons around, for he perceived that it was not fatigue alone which had made George's sleep so heavy.

George looked conscious. "I was very chilly loike, and 'twas only one glass a chap took," he began; but, just then, customers arriving, the attention of both the young gardeners was withdrawn from the painful subject.

It was only one glass, and George meant it should be only one glass; but, ere the day was over, a faint feeling made him have recourse to another. There were comfortable places where he might have procured a warm breakfast at a trifling cost more; but in the throng of business he gave that no thought, and the same ill-judged reason which influenced him in taking his stand at night in the market, that is, to save time, led him also to recruit his failing strength by the easiest and cheapest manner.

"Robie, I was somewhat faintish," he remarked apologetically; "those chaps drive a body to meak 'eseif comfortable with a drop o' summat. Dang it, it wadna be badish if them doors was nailed up."

"They 'll nae be nailed up till there are nae mair fules to gang into them. The door was ayont, an' you were here: it was nae the door that came to you."

The lesson implied in Robie's remark was lost upon George Harris, and he persisted in a course that has been ever a temptation to those of his calling, a temptation which has led many a clever and even scientific man to his ruin. Habit is second nature, and irregularity, whether in eating or drinking, is destructive of health and usefulness; and especially do taking strong drinks by morning drams to keep out the cold, and treats at any moment, lead to that fatal disease called drunkenness. The tavern may stand open like the jaws of death waiting for its victims; but the moral

this tale would impress, is, that those who enter there are responsible for the evil consequences to themselves, and also would it further impress upon them their responsibility to avoid customs, whether in the course of their business or otherwise, which raise habitually the desire to enter the inviting portals.

The beautiful summer passed away, and autumn was succeeded by the usual Arctic winter of Canada, to the east. Matters did not improve with George Harris, and the stimulant had now to be taken to keep the cold out. Nor did his wife make his home more attractive, and so affairs became worse; and as his unhappiness increased, so did his bitterness of feeling towards Bonnie Nellie.

Spring—fresh, delightful spring—at last superseded the weary-winter; and, on a fine morning early in the season, Bonnie Nellie, gay as a lark, and sweet as a newly blown rose, was lightly tripping her way towards the city. Her neat stuff dress did not impede her by its length; a well-made cloth jacket hung easily on her, and no tawdry feather or artificial flower disfigured her pretty small-brimmed straw-hat. On each arm she had a basket containing the perfection of butter and the freshest of eggs, while were strewed on the white cloths, bouquets of spring flowers, the price of which was to be her own peculiar perquisite. Customers, she knew, would be sure to be awaiting her at the market; so she hastened her steps, and at the toll-gate met George Harris driving home, and leading Robie McKeltie's horse and wagon. She turned pale, and asked if any accident had happened. A sinister look passed over George's face, and he replied:

"What thee'll think worse than that, my lass."

Nellie felt faint and was unable to command her voice to make further inquiries. George enjoyed her distress, and determined not to explain without being asked, until observing that she could not speak, he exclaimed:

"Tut, lass, 'e be only in the lock-up, t'police do 'ave 'e fast."