

HOME AGAIN.

Address by General Gamble, in his capacity of Chairman at an amateur concert on board the SS. *Peruvian*, 23rd September. Given for the benefit of the Sailor's Home, Montreal.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we greet you to-night To the hall of refreshment and social delight. For me make allowance—at least those who are resident In the West, where they know what is meant by a President:

For this my high station, I've no qualification, And throw myself wholly on your consideration.

You know the good object that brings us together, In comfort and peace, after rather rough weather— Not only amusement, but to help those that save The child of the sailor who lies 'neath the wave. Good cause have we all to acknowledge, with thanks, What the mercantile navy has done for all ranks. For example, in Egypt, what good work they have done, In transporting our troops to that land of the sun, Where our soldiers and sailors have shown them anew, What an Englishman tries, he will certainly do. You've heard, too, of the war in the far distant West, Where the Chilians, we know, always got the best, Though with either belligerent we've little to do. We have naturally leaned to the side of Peru, Our sympathies all are with the "Peruvian," Whether he be poet or antediluvian. In this warm saloon ought else would be silly, 'Tis outsiders alone whose feelings are chilly.

But to speak now at once of the subject in hand, 'Tis no common concert you'll quite understand, The treat that's before you (See our rich bill of fare.) With music and beauty, the rarest of rare, The names of the various performers you know Undisputed celebrities and nothing "so-so!" Without too much precision or wish to be rude, To some in particular I should like to allude.

A pianist accomplished (you'll seldom hear such) Of bright execution and exquisite touch, Whatever she plays she is sure to inspire, Don't ask me to name her. I simply add "Meyer." A German young lady will sing "Non e ver," And I fancy you'll say that you cannot tell where You are standing, or whether on head or on heels, Her trill sympathetic makes you feel as she feels.

Next, a talented doctor, who comes not with pills, Nor rhubarb, nor strychnine, nor syrup of squills; No, something far sweeter than any prescription He'll distil from his fiddle, defying description. On the ancient Cremona he'll play a solo, And never have more than one string to his bow, A gentle musician not easy to match, Ever ready and willing to come to the scratch. To our programme he kindly has given much time, And thus justly earned a large share of our rhyme.

Mr. Hughes then will give you "The Young Midship-mate," A song that is quite apropos here to-night; Mr. Green then will read us a pleasant bright story, The longer he reads, I've no doubt that the more he Will assure you, fair ladies, 'tis the vilest of tales, And that he confines his attention to males (males.)

Next, Miss Scott will delight you with her power of song, A pleasure, unequalled, we're glad to prolong Till the Down-hill of Life, when she, too, must give o'er To her father who has promised to give us some more.

Part II., you'll observe, if not wholly superior To Part No. I. is in no way inferior, With singing so high and playing so low, Again comes the doctor to draw his long bow. Then, not only you've German, Italian and such, There's a Hollander also who'll give us some Dutch. Mr. Ingram, we're sure, you'll be ready to thank, (I don't know his song—perhaps "I Know a Bank.") The remaining performers deep blushes will spare, But of hearty applause they'll be sure of their share.

Time presses: of this tedious and doggerel stuff, You've already had plenty and more than enough. A word to wind up, with heart, hand and lip, A tribute we'll pay to this excellent ship, Rough weather we've had, a sea rolling and flechy, But, thanks to the skill of our skipper, stout Ritchie, No more of sea-sickness, other trouble or check, We're now steaming smoothly to port of Quebec. We thank all the officers, stewards and crew, The Stewardess, also, who's had much to do.

In enjoying once more the great blessings of land, In thanking to God let us stretch out the hand, Give double the sum you intended to-night, The poorest may even give two for one mite, Whatever you give you'll not miss or regret, The "Cup of Cold Water," He will never forget.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

BROTHER AND SISTER.

What does it matter to me, good sister?" with a careless shrug of his shoulders. "Why should they not see me? I'm as honest as any of them. But, in truth, I came down here to find you. I was going over to the Hall to-night, when I happened to see you coming into this place. I followed you, but I couldn't get a chance of attracting your attention until just now, as you know. And now, who was that man with— with her?"

"With Amy?"—turning her flushed face aside. "Oh, he's only some friend of the family; no one you need trouble about. Amy would never care for him!"

"How do you know? Why do you turn away?" he demands almost fiercely. "Why should she not care for him?"

"Because it's impossible!—he's married already."

"Married already! That alters the case, Olive!" He smiles more easily. "And my darling—is she the same to me? She doesn't doubt me? Can I see her?"

"She loves you and believes in you as much as ever!" returns Olive, smiling in turn. "About seeing her, I'm afraid—Oh, Mr. Warde is away at the banquet to-night! Perhaps it could be arranged,"—thinking.

"To night! My good Olive—my guardian angel, do try, if only for five minutes!"

"Well, Sidney, if you promise to be quiet, and rational, and—"

"Rational! Ah, Miss Iceberg, you've never known what love is! Rational, when in love!"

"At any rate, you must do your best. Come to the library at the Hall—you know it!—to-night. If there is no light in the room, and one of the casements stands open, you will know all is safe. Amy and I will be waiting for you."

"At what time?"

"You must wait till it's dark; say nine o'clock. And don't be too impatient!"—playfully.

"You're a saint, Olive!"—bending over her rapturously.

"Sidney! We shall be seen!"

"And what does it matter who sees—?"

He stops short.

They have been seen.

From the screening shelter of a stand of choice exotics someone steps out and approaches them—someone with pale, set handsome features and threatening eyes.

"Do you know, sir, who this woman is?" he demands, thickly and hotly, through his clenched teeth.

The two men glare at each other, and Olive sits like one under a spell. Then she springs up, and is between them in a moment.

"Sidney," she whispers, "don't speak! I beseech—I command you, not a word! Leave us now, and to-night you shall know everything!"

"Stay," grimly interposes the other; "I require some explanation before—"

"You shall have it, Wilfred," she says feverishly. "Upon my honor I will give you one, but not at this moment! Sidney, go!"

Half-defiant, half-mystified, he obeys her.

When he has disappeared, she turns, with a sigh of relief, to Wilfred, who is watching her with pained, grave eyes.

"This is hardly a fit place for what I have to say, Mr. Garthorne," she says, recovering somewhat her old calm manner. "When we get home, if you don't mind, I will keep my word."

He bows silently, and offering his arm, leads her back to the main avenue of the conservatory.

Close to the entrance they meet Amy and the others.

Mr. Warde bends his lowering brows on Olive with displeasure.

"I'm surprised to see you, Miss Rayne!" he says. "Garthorne, we've been looking for you. Are you ready to go?"

They return to where the carriages are drawn up in line at the park gates.

As Mr. Warde is staying in Pennerstow for the banquet, it is arranged that Olive shall go back with the children in the carriage that brought him, and Wilfred is to drive Amy in the phaeton.

The carriage has gone on, and while Wilfred is busy for a moment shortening the reins, Amy is left standing on the path.

"My darling!" murmurs in her ear a voice, deep and tender with passion.

She starts, looks an instant, then crimson up, only so turn paler than before. A brief, quivering hand-pressure, and the deep voice says, "To-night, in the library. Ask Olive."

And then, like one in a dream, she is being handed into her seat by Wilfred. But her father leans over her, and whispers, "Who was it speaking to you? Has that villain, Sidney Rayne, come back?"

She cannot reply, but as the phaeton drives off, her agitation is sufficient answer.

Fortunately, Wilfred seems thoughtful and inclined to silence, and this gave her time to recover.

They do not speak until they arrive within sight of the Hall, and then both utter an exclamation of horror.

In front of them is the carriage, an open one, turned over on its side, while the horses are kicking and plunging furiously.

"Oh, my darling is hurt!" is wrung from Wilfred unconsciously, as he sees a pale, inanimate face upheld by the footman.

He is out of the phaeton in an instant, and down by her side. He takes her tenderly in his arms, and sends to a cottage for water.

The coachman has managed to quiet the frightened horses by this time.

As luck would have it, the carriage was turned over on a grassy mound, so the occupants sustained less injury than otherwise they might have done. The two children seem more shaken and terrified than hurt.

After bathing the white brow for a minute or two, Wilfred is relieved by perceiving the blood returning to Olive's wan cheeks.

When she opens her eyes first, there is a strange, wild light in them as she sees who it is that is bending over her.

But she represses her emotion, and sits up trembling and silent.

She complains of her arm being painful as they assist her into the phaeton. Otherwise, she declares she is none the worse for the accident.

On arriving at the Hall, Wilfred sees a man lounging in the portico, and desires him to go for the nearest doctor.

"I am not a servant in this establishment, sir," returns the man, with a curious smile, to Wilfred's surprise. "But your order shall be attended to."

And a footman appearing just at that moment, he is despatched by the strange man.

The doctor sees Olive, and it is found that in stretching out her hand to protect herself, in

falling, her wrist has been put out of joint. That is soon set right, and then, by the doctor's instructions, she is left to rest for awhile on a sofa in her own room.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNWILLING AUDITOR.

Twilight is creeping in at the open casements of the library, and the shadows are gathering about its corners and recesses.

Seated in one of these, commanding a fine view of the park and its sombre masses of foliage, is Amy, watching, waiting, and thinking.

She is very happy. In a little while, when the darkness has descended, she will fetch Olive down. Then together they will wait until he comes—her own love! And every nerve thrills at the thought.

But the door opens, and her musings are rudely interrupted. She shrinks back into her recess as one, two people enter.

To her consternation, she hears her father's voice. Why has he returned? Does he suspect? She soon learns the reason.

"That fellow, Sidney Rayne, has come back!" he is saying. "I have seen him. I understand he has appealed to the bank authorities, and they are going to take the matter up. They intend to prove his innocence or his guilt. I needn't warn you, Jarwin, for your own sake to keep to the statements you made."

Amy recognizes the housekeeper's voice in reply, but it is so low and husky she cannot catch the words.

"I don't make it worth your while, don't I?" She next hears, "Now, look here, Martha Jarwin!"

There is a rattling of keys, and a drawer is opened.

"Yes, you may start! You know those pearls? I thought as much. You stole them, and you aren't deny it! Shall I tell you what you've done?"

There is an ominous pause. Amy sits breathless, with a terrible numbness and fear at her heart. She can hear the woman's heavy panting, but no answer.

"You took those pearls the night before they were missed," continues Mr. Warde.

And there flashes across Amy now the suspicious sounds which Olive fancied she heard in the bedroom.

"The next day you asked me for leave to go into Granboro'. You broke the necklace up, and got a young woman to sell the pearls, a few at a time, to different jewellers in the town. You told her to give the name Rayne, if asked—a very clumsy contrivance. What in goodness you've done with the money, except drink it, I don't know. Part of this I've learnt from a detective, and through him I've had to buy them back. Now, what do you say to this?"

"It's true enough," returns the woman, doggedly, in a hoarse whisper. "You don't deal fair, and give me enough money to spend, so I take it. You drive me to it. And you aren't tell on me, you aren't, or I'd make it hot for you!"—with a low guttural chuckle, that makes Amy shudder.

"Bah!" exclaims Mr. Warde, irritably. "It's lucky the detective's on the wrong scent, and thinks it's the governess, or it might be the worse for you."

"He thought it was she, did he? How did you come upon me then, Mr. Warde?"

"I know you and your tricks, Jarwin; and made a pretty good guess," he says more calmly. "But now, if I consent to overlook this, you will follow my directions, and—"

Then the conversation is carried on in low, muttered tones that Amy cannot hear. And, indeed, she would rather close her ears than know more. Oh, if she could only leave the room unnoticed—for she is sick and faint with this strange horror and dread hanging over her.

"Go to your room, Jarwin, and don't let me see any more of you to-night. You've been drinking. And mark my words, if I find you robbing me in this barefaced way again, I'll—"

Amy puts her hands to her ears; she will hear no more. In a minute or two she is aware the woman has gone, and she is alone with her father.

He is approaching the recess. What shall she do? He will see her. Then she springs up and confronts him, white-faced, scared and trembling.

"You here, girl!"—with a muttered oath between his clenched teeth.

"Oh, papa, I didn't mean to hear! You spoke before I—I could think what to do," she gasps.

"Then you have heard! Enough! You must give me your promise never to breathe a word of this to anyone."

"But, dear papa, if—that bad woman stole the pearls, why don't you let it be known?" falters Amy. "It's a shame to allow poor Olive to be thought the guilty one."

"Then I am to be disobeyed?" he says in a threatening voice.

She buries her face in her hands, and only sobs by way of answer.

The night-shades are closing in and all within the library is growing dim and indistinct. Mr. Warde paces up and down thoughtfully, before speaking.

"Now, listen to me, Amy," he says, deliberately. "You compel me to tell you, that if ever you disclose what you've just heard about Jarwin, you will bring a trouble on me, on us

all, that you will regret during the remainder of your life."

"But what has Jarwin to do with you, papa?" she persists, raising her head.

"This much, girl. I am in that woman's power."

She cannot see him, standing as she is at the farther side of the room, but his voice comes to her cruelly stern through the gloom.

"Papa,"—she speaks low and nervously,— "is it anything to do with the forgeries and— and Sidney Rayne?"

"It is,"—curtly.

Again silence for a minute; then something seems to occur to her.

"If the forgeries are investigated, as I heard you say,"—hesitating—"will there be anything against you, papa—anything to do with Jarwin?"

"That's no concern of yours, Amy."

"But she is such a bad woman. Olive says Mrs. Jarwin must know who's the real forger."

"Confound that girl Rayne!" he mutters to himself. "I knew she was playing the spy here. She shall go!"

"If Jarwin would only confess," continues Amy.

"What then?"

"Poor Sidney might be proved innocent, and—"

"Fool! Haven't you got over that silly romance yet?"—bitterly.

"No, papa, and I never shall," she returns, with her heart in her mouth. "I love him more than ever, and Olive and I are pledged to do all we can to help him."

"Choose between me and him, girl!" he says, in a voice tremulous with rage and desperation. "I told you I was in Jarwin's power. Drive her to use that power by betraying what you've heard to-night, and it is your father who will stand in a felon's dock—not your lover! You're right!"—with a bitter laugh. "Jarwin knows the real forger. It is I!"

She is alone. Her father has left her after those last awful words, as if dreading to witness their effect.

Poor Amy! Her half-defined apprehensions are true, then; they face her now in their grim reality, as she leans back in her seat, with low, choking sobs, and strives to think.

Her father—her own father, whom she has always looked up to as a good and honorable man, if a rather harsh one—he to have done this thing, and be amenable to law for it! "No, no, it must not be!"—with a dismal shudder.

But then Sidney, her dear love—he will suffer. Even if not convicted, he will go all his life with a stain on his character—a guilty man in all eyes but hers!

"Oh, what can I do—what can I do!" she moans, with her face between her hands.

There comes a low tap at the casement. It is closed. All is dark, but she springs up to open it with a wild throbbing at her heart.

She knows who it is.

"My darling!"—in the deep voice she loves so well.

She lets him clasp her in his strong arms one moment, and rain down kisses on her sweet lips and brow. Then she disengages herself hurriedly.

"Why, Amy! tears!—and still wet on your cheeks!"

"Oh, Sidney, you must go! My father saw you to-day! He is here! If he finds me with you it will be terrible! Go, love, now, and I will see you again—to-morrow, if you like!"

"If I like, darling?" he says, with the fond ardor of the young lover. "To-morrow, and the next day, and every day to come, I should like. But where is Olive?"

"She was thrown out of the carriage coming home, and has sprained her wrist. Don't be alarmed, Sidney; it is nothing serious. But do go now. I dare not permit you to stay longer!"

"I will go, love," he says, seeing how excited and anxious she is. "But to-morrow—where will you meet me?"

"In the park, by the Elm Lodge, Sidney. I will be there with Olive, at noon, or as soon after as we can."

"I will wait till you come, darling. I shall put up to-night at the 'Herne Arms,' just outside the Park. It will please me to think I am near you."

"Good-bye, dear Sidney."

"One moment, Amy. Let me hear you say once that you love me? I don't doubt you, sweet, but I've been so long away from you, and you don't know how I've longed to hear it from your lips."

"I love you very, very dearly, Sidney; more than anyone else in the wide world! I can't say more than that, can I?"—with a swift, shy glance like a stray gleam of sunshine, that he can even catch in the darkness.

"It is the best I can wish for, darling," he whispers tenderly.

A last kiss, and he has vanished into the obscurity of the night.

She steps out upon the lawn-terrace.

Glancing down the vista of windows which look out on to it, she sees a light streaming forth from the school-room. She is surprised, because only Olive uses this room, and Olive is upstairs. On approaching the spot, the sound of angry voices is borne to her ears through the open casements.

She stands for a minute listening, spell-bound, concealed from those within by the dark night-shadows.