

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT BOBCAYGEON J.J. HUNTER SHOTS WIFE IN HER SLEEP

THE BARRIER

Continued page 12.

Crazed Husband Committed Awful Crime at Four O'clock This Morning in Royal Hotel.

VICTIM IS THE MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN

Murderer Lodged in Lindsay Jail—Said to Have Been Drinking Heavily of Late, but Was Much Attached to His Wife.

From Saturday's Evening Post (Special to The Post.)

The residents of the village of Bobcaygeon received a terrible shock this morning when the news spread like wildfire through the streets that a terrible crime had been committed in the early hours of the morning and that Mrs. J. J. Hunter, wife of the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, was shot in her bed, the deed having been committed by her husband.

It was hard for the residents of this usually quiet place to believe the terrible announcement, and when the awful fact dawned upon them that the crime had actually taken place, the excitement and consternation can better be imagined than described. The village is to-day stagnant; a pall has overspread it, and nothing is talked of but the tragedy.

STORY OF THE CRIME

How the crime was actually committed, will, perhaps, never be known as the circumstances leading directly to it are concerned. The murderer, who is said to have been the victim for some weeks past of the besetting sin of intemperance, has been causing no end of trouble to his unfortunate wife as well as to the guests of the hotel. She, like many other women, unfortunately placed in the same position, endeavored to make the best of conditions, and submitted to them without a murmur.

THE SHOOTING.

This morning about four o'clock the husband entered his wife's room at the hotel, revolver in hand, and she was asleep emptied the contents of one chamber into the unfortunate woman's head, the bullet entering the temple. Death was undoubtedly instantaneous. The inmates of the house heard the sound and at once rushed to the room where a terrible scene presented itself. The poor woman was lying on the bed with a gaping wound in the forehead, and her little son cried piteously to the unconcerned father, "Oh, why did you do it." One of the inmates of the house, fearing the man would do more harm, immediately seized him in order to prevent him from dropping it to the floor.

MURDERER ARRESTED.

Constable Mullen was notified of the crime and was quickly on the scene. The murderer was arrested and taken to the village lock-up until the train left for Lindsay, where he was brought and placed in the jail.

AN INQUEST.

Blanchard, coroner, was notified of the crime and he left for Bobcaygeon at noon to-day. An inquest was held this afternoon.

THE VICTIM

The victim of the tragedy was a widow of the late Henry Coulter, 61 years of age. Her widowed mother

still lives in the village. She was married to Mr. Hunter about twenty five years and was a dutiful wife and a woman who was highly respected by the citizens of Bobcaygeon as well as those who were guests at the hotel.

THE MURDERER

Mr. J. J. Hunter, who committed the terrible crime, was the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, situated near the market square. He has been a resident of Bobcaygeon for twenty-five years and is about forty years of age. He formerly lived on a farm in Verulam and is a son of Mr. Gardiner Hunter, of Verulam township. He has been drinking heavily of late and has caused considerable trouble around the hotel. He had a pretty good record when he was sober, but once under the influence of drink he seemed to be very ugly and ungovernable in his actions. He is the father of two children, a boy and a girl.

Mr. Hunter is said to have been very much attached to his wife, and this fact lends strength to the supposition that he must have been crazed when he committed the terrible deed.

PRELIMINARY HEARING

The preliminary hearing in connection with the crime will probably take place next week.

PURELY PERSONAL

Mrs. R. Smythe, of Fenelon Falls, was in town this morning.
Mr. G. Wells, of Kinmount, was in town today.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Spence, of Toronto, are visiting friends in town.
Miss T. Meadows, of Hastings, was in town today.
Miss M. Maghar, of Burke's Falls, is visiting in town.
Mr. George Shanks is visiting in Coburg.
Mr. L. Larder, of Cobocok, was in town today.
Miss A. Langster, of Cobocok, was in town today.
Mr. J. C. Burke, of Port Burwell, is visiting friends in town.
Dr. L. Lawrason, of Beamsville, is spending a few days in town with friends.
Miss Margaret McCabe, of Peterboro, is visiting relatives and friends in town.
Mr. R. Dovey and his grandmother Bond-st., are visiting friends in Ops for several weeks.
The Rev. W. W. Jones, Victoria Road, called on his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Copp, Sussex-st.
Misses May and Kathleen Woods, returned yesterday from Omemea, where they spent the past week with friends.
Mr. J. J. Copeland, of Toronto, one of the oldest directors of the West End Y.M.C.A. called on the local branch today.
Mr. Thos. Cuff and bride, of Buffalo, are spending a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cuff, William-st.
Mrs. Ed. Henley of Toronto, re-

turned home last evening after visiting her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Henley, town.

Mr. John McDonald, Scotch Line, was in town for a few days this week, and called on his old friend, Mr. Cuff, North William street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cayley, of Lindsay, are having a visit with old friends in Bury's Green. Mr. Cayley is working on Arch. Lamb's new house, which is coming on fairly well. Miss Madge, Lamb, of Lindsay, is also renewing old acquaintances. Independent.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Howard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were in town today on their way to Fenelon Falls. The doctor is an annual visitor to the Falls.

Mr. M. H. McGeough, C.P.R. train despatcher, of Winnipeg, and Mrs. McGeough and child are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. McGeough, of town.

Mr. Lawrence Blackwell, formerly of Dundas & Flavelles Limited, left this morning for St. Thomas, where he has accepted a good position.

Mr. Geo. H. Boyce, of Waterford, Ont., spent to-day in town the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. R. MacDonald, Durham and Bay-sts., south ward. He is on his way to Ottawa to attend Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F.

Bravest Man Cowed Down

There were seven strange men from over the seas who sat on the lobby of the Hotel Seneca with Mr. Peter Rucker. The soiled advertising-lined register showed after several signatures such unfamiliar addresses as Pietermaritzburg and Bombay, and on every bronzed face was the light of tale after tale worth the telling. It was Cannon Adelaide who first began:

"Up in the Australian bush in '99 I ran into the bolomen—"

"Hugh!" interrupted Peter Rucker; "talking about bolomen, now I was chased 75 miles by 10 bolomen in North Australia in '93. I just dodged around and got rid of 'em one by one. Shot the last one with his own bow and arrow."

The company frowned at the little, peppery, red-faced man, and there was a general murmur of disapproval. Finally Daniels, the Hankow man, took a long pull at his meercaum and cleared his throat.

"I was on the Yang-tse-Kiang in the Taiping war. One night a bunch of howling pigtailed—"

"Pigtails!" broke in Peter Rucker, again. "Sakes alive! I fought a dozen of the heathens in Chefoo in the eighties. Stole a dirty yellow little god and they jumped me. But I laid them out."

The rest of the company moved their chairs back and eyed the interupter with strong disfavor. Peter Rucker reared back in his chair and half closed his eyes in unmindful reverie. The company smoked silently, voluminously. At last, Sumner, of Yucatan began to speak:

"In '76 I crossed the divide with a detachment of the Eighth cavalry. The Shoshones had been on a rampage."

Mr. Peter Rucker opened his pale gray eyes and bumped his chair forward. "Speaking of Indians," he remarked, "I just want to tell you of a real Indian adventure that happened to me in '80 up Montana way."

"Make it short," retorted Sumner of Yucatan angrily. "I'll make it short," said Peter Rucker. "I would have given my right arm to have made it short. Then, me and Apache Bill McGregor, the scout—"
"I knew old McGregor," put in Sumner with real interest.
"We were rounding cattle on the

upper Missouri," continued Peter Rucker. "The Sioux were raising Cain. Caught Bill and me in a trap in a big canyon neat as you please. Tied Bill to a stump!"

"I've heard of that—it was a close shave," said Sumner, while the others drew their chairs nearer and looked at Peter Rucker with intense interest.

"They set the stump afire," continued Mr. Rucker, "and commenced dancing around it—one of those tomtom yelping war dances. Had me tied to a tree. I worked loose while they were dancing around Bill. Skipped up the side of the canyon. Got a lot of big rocks; rolled 'em down on the redskins; set up a hurrah that echoed down the canyon and sounded like a thousand troopers charging, and rushed down on the red!"

Mr. Peter Rucker stopped suddenly and looked in awed silence toward the vestibule door.

"Go on," admonished the impatient listeners. "What happened to McGregor? What did the redskins do?" Mr. Rucker pulled a red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead. A little blonde woman came up to him and took him by the collar.

"You long-tongued idler! You cheap hotel babbler! You forgot to bring that ball of red yarn I sent you for!"

"I know, Mar'hy," whimpered Peter Rucker. "I forgot!"

"Of course you forgot, you lazy good for nothing," scolded the little blonde. "You come home with me and I'll teach you to forget. I'll dress you down. I'll make you think—"

The vestibule door closed upon Mr. Peter Rucker marching meekly in front of Mrs. Peter Rucker, who was still talking.

"A brave man," murmured Sumner, of Yucatan, with a twinkle in his eye.

"As I was saying, I was in the Australian bush in '99," resumed Cannon of Adelaide, and this time the tale had no interrupting.

Eat Plenty of Apples

You will find the apple such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkable efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before going to bed. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. That is not all; the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Love is blind, but self love is hopelessly so.
It is the after effect of experience that counts.
A dead beat always gets more credit than he deserves.
Many a man is the moving picture of an unpaid tailor bill.
Woman thinks she will be man's superior when she gets her rights.
And occasionally a man throws off trouble by putting on a bold front.
The votes he didn't get look like a basket of lemons to the defeated candidate.

Not weigh thirty pounds in all, select ing a new pair of water boots, he stuffed dry grass inside them, oiled up his six shooter, then slipped out the back way and in five minutes was hidden in the thickets. Half an hour later, having completed a detour of the town, he struck the trail to the interior, where he found Poleon Doret, equipped in a similar manner, resting beside a stream, singing the songs of his people.

When Burrell returned to his quarters he tried to mitigate the feeling of lonesomeness that oppressed him by tackling his neglected correspondence. Somehow today the sense of his isolation had come over him stronger than ever. His rank forbade any intimacy with his miserable handful of men, who had already fallen into the monotony of routine, while every friendly overture he made toward the citizens of Flambeau was met with distrust and coldness, his stripes of office seeming to erect a barrier and induce an ostracism stronger and more complete than if they had been emblems of the penitentiary. Even Doret and the trader seemed to share the general feeling; hence the thought of the long, lonesome winter approaching reduced the lieutenant to a state of black despondency, deepened by the knowledge that he now had an open enemy in camp in the person of Runnion. Then, too, he had taken a morbid dislike to the new man, Stark. So that all in all the youth felt he had good reason to be in the dumps this afternoon. There was nothing desirable in this place—everything undesirable—except Necla. Her presence in Flambeau went far toward making his humdrum existence bearable, but of late he had found himself dwelling with growing seriousness on the unhappy circumstances of her birth and had almost made up his mind that it would be wise not to see her any more. The tempting vision of her in the ball dress remained vividly in his imagination, causing him hours of sweet torment. There was a sparkle, a fineness, a gentleness, about her that seemed to make the few women he had known well dull and commonplace, and even his sister, whom till now he had held as the perfection of all things feminine, suffered by comparison with this maiden of the frontier.

He was steeped in this sweet, grave melancholy when a knock came at the door, and he arose to find Necla herself there, excited and radiant. She came in without sign of embarrassment or slightest consciousness of the possible impropriety of her act.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," she began at once when she found they were alone. "You'll faint for joy."

"What is it?" "Lee has made a strike—a wonderful strike—richer than the Klondike. I came as fast as I could, because tomorrow everybody will know about it, and it will be too late."

"Too late for what?" "For us to get in on it, of course. Oh, but won't there be a stampede! Why, all the people bound for Dawson on the next boat will pile off here. Then the news will go up river and down river, and thousands of others will come pouring in from everywhere, and this will be a city. Then we will stake our town lots and sell them for ever so much money and go around with our noses in the air."

"Hold on! Hold on!" said the soldier, stopping her breathless patter. "Tell me all about this."

"Well, 'No Creek' came in this morning to tell dad and Poleon. Then the boat arrived with an old friend of Lee's, a Mr. Stark, so Lee told him, too, and now they've all gone back to his creek to stake more claims. They slipped away quietly to prevent suspicion, but I knew there was something up from the way Poleon acted, so I made Alluna tell me all about it. They haven't more than two hours' start of us, and we can overtake them easily."

"We! Why, we are not going!" "Yes, we are," she insisted impatiently, "you and I. That's why I came, so you can get a mine for yourself and be a rich man, and so you can help me get one. I know the way. Hurry up!"

"No," said he in as firm a tone as he could command. "In the first place, these men don't like me, and they don't want me to share in this."

"What do you care?" "In the second place, I'm not a miner. I don't know how to proceed."

"Never mind. I do. I've heard nothing but mining all my life." "In the third place, I don't think I have the right, for I'm a soldier. I'm working for Uncle Sam, and I don't believe I ought to take up mining claims. I'm not sure there is anything to prevent it, but neither am I sure it would be quite the square thing. Are you?"

"Why, of course it's all right," said Necla, her eager face clouding with the look of a hurt child. "If you don't do it somebody else will." But the lieutenant shook his head. "Maybe I'm foolish, but I can't see my way clear, much as I would like to." "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she exclaimed brokenly. "I do so want to go. I want you to be rich, and I want to be rich myself. I want to be a fine lady and go outside and live like other girls. Why, it means heaven to a girl like me!" Her eyes were wet with the sudden dashing of her hopes, and her chin quivered in a sweet, girlish way that made the youth almost surrender on the instant.

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"We couldn't possibly overtake them if we tried," he said, as if willing to treat with his conscience.

"No, but we could beat them in. I know where Lee is working, for I went up last winter with Constantine and his dog team over a short cut by way of Black Bear creek. You see, his creek makes a great bend to the southward and heads back toward the river, so by crossing the divide at the source of Black Bear you drop into it a few miles above his cabin."

While she made this appeal Burrell fought with himself. There were reasons why he longed to take this trip more than he had longed for anything since boyhood. These men of Flambeau had disregarded him and insisted on treating him with contemptuous distrust despite his repeated friendly overtures, wherefore he was hungry to beat them at their own game, hungry to thrust himself ahead of them and compel them to reckon with him as an equal, preferring a state of open enmity if necessary to this condition of indifferent toleration. Moreover, he knew that Necla was coveted by half of them, and if he spent a night in the woods alone with her it would stir them up a bit, he fancied. By heaven, that would make them sit up and notice him! But, then, it might work a wrong upon her. And yet would it? He was not so sure that it would. She had come to him, she was old enough to know her mind, and she was but a half breed girl, after all, who doubtless was not so simple as she seemed. Other men had no such scruples in this or any other land, and yet the young man hesitated until, encouraged by his silence, the girl came forward and spoke again impulsively:

"Don't be silly, Mr. Burrell. Come! Please come with me, won't you?"

She took him by the edges of his coat and drew him to her coaxingly. It may have been partly the spirit of revolt that had been growing in him all day, or it may have been wholly the sense of her there beside him, warm and pleading, but something caused a great wave to surge up through his veins, caused him to take her in his arms, fiercely kissing her, upturned face again and again, crying softly, deep down in his throat:

"Yes, yes, yes! You little witch! I'll go anywhere with you! Anywhere! Anywhere!" The impulse was blind and ungovernable, and it grew as his lips met hers, while, strangely enough, she made no resistance, yielding herself quietly till he found her arms wound softly about his neck and her face nestling close to his. Neither of them knew how long they stood thus blended together, but soon he grew conscious of the beating of her heart against his breast as she lay there like a little fluttering bird and felt the throbbing of his own heart swaying him. Her arms, her lips and her whole body clung to his in a sweet surrender, and yet there was nothing immodest or unmaidenly about it, for his strength and ardor had lifted her and drawn her to him as on the sweep of a great wave.

She drew her face free and hid it against his neck, breathing softly and with shy timidity, as if the sound of the words she whispered half frightened her.

"I love you. I love you, Meade."

It may happen that a man will spend months in friendly and charming intimacy with a woman and never feel the violence or tenderness of passion till there comes a psychic moment or a physical touch that suddenly inwraps them like a flame. So it was with Burrell. The sweet burden of this girl in his arms, the sense of her yielding lips, the warmth of her caressing hands, momentarily unleashed a leaping pack of mad desires, and it was she who finally drew herself away to remind him smilingly that he was wasting time.

"My lips will be here when those mines are worked out," she said. "No, no!" And she held him off as he came toward her again, insisting that if they were going they must be off at once and that he could have no more kisses for the present. "But, of course, it is a long trip, and we will have to sit down now and then to rest," she added shyly, at which he vowed that he was far from strong and could not walk but a little way at a time, yet, even so, he declared, the trail would be too short, even though it led to Canada.

"Then get your pack made up," she ordered, "for we must be well up toward the head of Black Bear creek before it grows dark enough to camp." Swiftly he made his preparations. A madness was upon him now, and he took no pains to check or analyze the reasons for his decision. The thought of her loveliness in his arms once more far up among the perfumed wooded heights as the silent darkness stole upon them stirred in him such a fret to be gone that it was like a fever. He slipped away to the barracks with instructions for his corporal, but was

Continued next week.