RESPITE OF MURDERERS.

Story of a Cold Blooded Murder in British Columbia.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Executive have had under consideration the cases of the three men, Peter Deroze, Robert Maxwell and J Connolly, sentenced to be hanged at New Westminster, B. C., on the 24th inst., for the murder of a man named William Dillman, a recent arrival from Minneapolis, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on or about the 10th of July.

From the evidence at the trial, which was mostly circumstantial, the murder appears to have been one of unusual barbarity. It was shown that Dillman had walked from Selkirk mountains down the railway track in company, part of the way, with Deroze, who learned of his having some money about him. The two separated, and shortly afterwards Deroze was joined by Maxwell and Connolly, two tramps, the three continuing on down the track. Turning off the line into a fruit ranch, they found Dillman asleep in an untenanted cabin. The following day his body was found outside the cabin, his skull smashed to pieces and an empty purse lying by his side. The three prisoners, who were the only persons in the vicinity, were seen coming out of the cabin. They were arrested on suspicion, tried at Lyton, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on November 24th. During their incarceration before the trial, Connolly was heard to say to Deroze that it was rough on Maxwell, as he was innocent anyway. As for himself he would never have a better chance to prepare for death, and would like to see a priest. Maxwell was heard to ask Connolly whether there was any evidence to convict them. Connolly made no reply, but Deroze said that he thought there was, but he would fight it right through, and if it came to the worst he would not squeal.

Peter Deroze was a native of Montreal, but left his home at the age of 15, and for 18 years his family heard nothing of him until he at last returned home a lunatic. He was confined in an asylum for a time, but was subsequently discharged as cured. It is now claimed that he is again insane, and the Government have granted a respite in his case until December 22nd, in order that a medical commission may it quire into his case. Connolly has been respited until the same date. The sentence of Maxwell has been commuted to imprisonment for life, as there is evidence that he was not an active participant in the crime.

ALARMING AMATEUR JUGGLERY.

A St. Louis Tailor Swallows a Table Knife and has to be Cut Open—Some Other Exploits.

A St. Louis despatch says: Joseph Hoffman, a tailor, 40 years of age, resides with his family on South Broadway. He is small in stature, but has always endeavored to impress upon his household that he was a wonderful man. A year ago he endeavored to rival the famous jugglers by swallowing a poker. He succeeded in getting it down his throat, but getting it out was a different thing. A young man who was in the room came to the rescue, and seizing the poker drew it out. Hoffman suffered severely afterward from inflammation of the stomach, but finally recovered. His experience did not cure him of his appetite for swallowing solids. Wednesday night, after partaking of supper, and while somewhat under the influence of liquor, he took a silver-plated table-knife, 9½ inches long, and horrified his family by announcing that he was going to swallow it. Throwing his head back to the angle assumed by professional jugglers, he took the knife by the point and inserted the handle in his mouth. He pressed it slowly inward until all but about an inch of the blade had disappeared from view. Hoffman then showed signs of alarm, but when finally the knife disappeared entirely from view he ran around the room in apparent agony and right. A neighbor, who happened to be in the room, attempted to pull the knife out, but could not obtain a sufficient hold on it, and it suddenly dropped down into the stomach. Hoffman's agony then became terrible and physicians were summoned. The first to arrive were at a loss what to do. An hour after the knife had been swallowed Dr. Bernays placed Hoffman under the influence of chloroform. Then throwing off his coat he commenced one of the most delicate surgical operations known to medical men. He made an incision in the abdomen, and after locating the knife in the stomach made a small incision opposite the place where it was found. The knife was removed and the cuts carefully sewed up. The whole operation was performed in less than twenty minutes. Yesterday Hoffman was resting quietly and the doctor says there is a good prospect for his recovery unless inflammation sets in.

A NAUSEATING DOSE.

Lord Colin Campbell and His Wife Accuse Each Other of Adultery.

A London cable says: Further and fruitless efforts have been made to prevent the Campbell divorce suits from coming into court. A United press representative has been favored with a perusal of the brief of one of the eminent barristers engaged in the case, and from it learns that Lady Campbell is charged with unnumbered acts of adultery with the Duke of Marlborough at her residence in Cadogan place, at Leigh Castle, Somerset; at the Hotel Windsor, Paris; at Purfleet, Essex, and numerous other places. With Capt. Shaw, of the London Fire Brigade, Lady Campbell is accused of criminal acts in her dining room at Cadogan place, where also she is charged with committing adultery with Col. Butler. Her Ladyship is also confronted with an accusation of improper conduct at Cadogan place, at a house in Brook street, at Leigh Castle and other places with Dr. Thos. Bird, and with maintaining criminal intimacy with an unknown man about April, 1883, she being at that time in a delicate condition. Dr. Bird is Lady Campbell's family physician, and is old enough to be her grandfather. The respondent, as well as all of the co-respondents, have filed a general denial of the charges. Lady Campbell's petition charges Lord Colin with acts of adultery with Mary Watson, her ladyship's maidservant. Scores of witnesses have been summoned by both sides, including the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorne and other members of the Campbell family, and Lady Miles, wife of Sir Wm. Miles, owner of Leigh Castle, who are chief witnesses against Lady Campbell. Sir Henry James has returned his brief and withdrawn from the case, giving as his reason that he is friendly to all the parties involved. The Attorney-General has also returned his brief, for reasons not stated, but presumably on the same grounds.

A Dress for a Pretty Woman.

I would permit a more coquettish type of pretty women to wear the following dinner gown, which we were shown on the same occasion. Pleats of ivory satin form the front of the skirt; a sash of black moire ribbon falls over them, tied in a knot, and the ends are gathered into jet tassels; a panel of black velvet borders the pleats on either side. These are edged with jet, and at the top of each a tiny panier of ivory satin is arranged, tied down with a jet crusheen. The short train is satin, with a breadth of moire silk in the centre. The bodice is of moire, the upper part and the sleeves being made of a trellis work in jet, through which the shoulders and arms of my imagined pretty woman shine radiantly.—*Cousin Madge in London Truth.*

The Jewish Almanack states that there are 5,400,000 Jews in Europe, 300,000 in Asia, 35,000 in Africa and 250,000 in America. The total Jewish population of the world is estimated at 6,300,000.

MID SKY AND SEA.

Perilous Voyage and Miraculous Escape of Aeronauts.

SOME AWFUL SENSATIONS.

The aeronaut Capaza, who, in his balloon, the Gabizos, accomplished on Sunday one of the most successful ariel voyages of this century, telegraphs the following account of his exciting journey:

"AJACCIO, Tuesday, Nov. 1?.—After waiting for several days for a northwesterly wind M. Fondere, a member of the De Brazza mission, and I started at 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon in my balloon, the Gabizos, from the Place St. Michel, Marseilles. Our intention was to reach Corsica. We took with us some carrier pigeons, and food, and water enough to last for three days.

"As soon as the balloon was released she went straight out to sea, almost skimming the surface of the water. Then she rose and taking a westerly direction passed over Toulon. As we passed over the city M. Foudere and I distinctly heard the report of a cannon, followed by the sound of steam whistles. I had arranged that these signals should be given us when we were sighted, so that in case we found it necessary to land we should know that boats were ready to take us ashore.

BEATEN DOWN BY A STORM.

"It was then 6 o'clock in the evening. It was almost dark, and the heavy black clouds which loomed up in the distance showed that a storm was coming upon us. However we decided to continue our route, and those three pigeons to let our friends on land know that we intended to pass the night mid sky and earth.

"As we were approaching Hyeres a sudden gale swept the balloon from the coast. It had become pitch dark and we were flying through the air at almost lightning speed. With the greatest difficulty we managed to strike a light, and then on reading our compass we found we were going out to sea toward the coast of Africa.

"Luckily at about half-past 7 the wind veered round to the west. Then the storm broke down upon us. Hail fell upon the ballon and sounded as if a hundred drummers were beating taps. It drove us down almost to the level of the sea again.

A MISERABLE HALF HOUR.

"The half hour that followed I shall not forget to my dying day. The sea was rough and wave after wave broke against the car of the balloon. One minute we were rising just above the foamy crests, the next we were being driven down into an abyss whose depth the darkness prevented us from seeing. The awful sensation of being in the presence of death without any chance of warding him off came over us. Then we took courage and decided that if our balloon was swamped we would at any rate swim for our lives. Off went our clothes; off flew our shoes. We threw everything overboard, except the compass, and in our desperate excitement forgot that the great storm was beating on our naked bodies.

SAFE AT LAST.

"A light! Thank God, a light!

"It must have been about 9 o'clock. The gale still blew high, and we had given up all hope when we caught sight of that light. There flashed its friendly rays, and our balloon was being driven in its direction. It turned out to be the lighthouse on the Island of Sanguinaire, which lies to the south of the Gulf of Ajaccio.

"An hour later we touched land in a field near Appieto, one of the suburbs of Ajaccio. We had some difficulty in landing, because of our want of ballast. The balloon bounced about, giving us a terrible shaking up as we were dragged over four miles of rough country.

"When we stood on *terra firma* we found we had reached our destination in six hours. Ajaccio is two hundred and fifty English miles from Marseilles as the crow flies, but the course we were forced to take must have been over four hundred miles."

THE MARY MORGAN MYSTERY.

A Verdict in the Case Which Implicates Somebody.

A Detroit despatch says: Wednesday Coroner Lansing and a jury investigated the strange death of Mary Morgan, the young woman from Kingston, Ont., who died in Harper Hospital on November 10th, and some sensational facts were brought to light. Among the audience were Susan Morgan, sister of the deceased, and Thomas Calladine, the betrayer of the dead girl. The former was dressed in deep mourning and kept her face concealed by a heavy veil. Calladine seemed nervous, and appeared not to appreciate the looks of curiosity bestowed upon him by the crowd in the court room. Several witnesses were examined, among them being Dr. Childs, who it is alleged performed a criminal operation on the unfortunate girl, and Susan Morgan, the deceased's sister. At the close of the latter's evidence Calladine stepped forward to make a statement, when a sensation was caused by Susan Morgan exclaiming excitedly, "You needn't say anything, as you are the murderer of my sister. It was all your fault."

At the conclusion of the testimony the jury returned the verdict, "That Mary Morgan came to her death from arsenious poison, by her own or unknown hands administered, hastened by mental and physical troubles brought on by usage from Thomas Calladine and an operation performed by Dr. L. B. Childs."

Not to be Shaken That Way.

"My visit to England was one round of cordiality and sympathy. On one occasion, after I had spoken, I got into my carriage and prepared to drive across one of the Thames bridges. You pay a half-penny to get across, you know, and a penny for carriages. Well, as I got into my carriage crowds shook hands with me. They thrust their hands through the window, and I was kept busily shaking them. As we were crossing the bridge a lank hand was thrust in at the window. I shook it. Again it was thrust in, and again I shook it. When I saw that hand for the third time I was astonished. But the owner had become impatient. 'A half-penny for your fare,' he said, and I saw my mistake."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Some Smart Young Men.

Klopstock began his "Messiah" at the age of 17.

Thomas Moore began to write poems at the age of 14.

Milton began to woo the muse when he was but 10 years old.

The poet Southey began to write verses before he was 11.

Schiller wrote and published a poem on Moses in his 14th year.

Henry Kirk White published a volume of poems at the age of 17.

Dickens had produced "Pickwick Papers" before he was 25.

Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was published before the writer had reached the age of 20

Shakspeare wrote "Hamlet"—if he did it write it—when he was only 36 years of age.

Bulwer Lytton, Bayard Taylor and the poet Keats were successful magazine writers at 18.

Fitz Green Halleck's best verses were penned when the author was betwen 14 and 17 years of age.

Poems by Chaucer were known and read before the writer had reached his 12th year, and Leigh Hunt made a stir at the age of 13.

'ENTIRELY THY RICHARD."

Curious Breach of Promise Case in England.

AMUSING LOVE LETTERS.

(From the London Times.)

PAPE VS FREUDENBERG.

This was an action to recover damages for an alleged breach of promise of marriage. The defendant, though he delivered a statement of defence denying the promise and alternatively pleading mutual recision and other pleas, was not represented in court.

Mr. Wedderburn, who appeared for the plaintiff, in opening her case, said that she was an unmarried German lady, residing at 31 Wellington street, Camden-town, and was now a daily governess. The defendant is also a German, and at the time of the engagement was a widower, residing and carrying on business in London as a marble agent, but now residing in Germany, where he had married a lady of reputed wealth. In February, 1880, the plaintiff occupied the position of governess in a gentleman's family in Hertfordshire, at a yearly salary of £100 and board and lodging. She had then held the position for four years, and would no doubt have continued to do so had she not met the defendant. This she did early in 1880, at a meeting in London for the purpose of forming an International Club for Teachers. Their acquaintance continued, and in July of that year the subject of their marriage was first broached by the defendant. She told him that before deciding she would like to consult her relations in Germany, where she was going for her summer holiday. On July 17th she was starting from Victoria Station for Germany, and the defendant met her and again pressed his suit, urging her to consent before she left England. The plaintiff yielded to his request, and accepted him as her future husband. In a letter dated the following day from the defendant to the plaintiff, the former thus alluded to the engagement: "In a waking dream our little corner in the waiting-room and our promenade up and down passed once more before me, and I tender thee my heartiest thanks for giving me that never-to-be-forgotten hour, and at the same time—thy dear self." The letter concluded "Entirely Thy Richard." Numerous others of a similar character followed, and in one he had mentioned that he kept all her letters so that in the future when perhaps their love had cooled he might be able to show them to his "grumbling love" and says "Look here, is it to day different than when thou wrotest these words?" (Laughter.) These letters, observed the learned counsel, all ended,

"ENTIRELY THY RICHARD."

The defendant took her to Germany, where he was received by all her relatives and friends as her affianced husband. Rings were duly exchanged between them according to the custom in Germany. This fact the defendant in a letter thus alluded to: "How is the ring getting on? Does it press, or does it fit smoothly and softly? It is the first link of the heavy chain under which thou will have to sigh in future." It was arranged that the marriage should take place in the autumn of 1881, and accordingly the plaintiff, at the defendant's request, gave the necessary three months' notice to terminate her engagement as governess in the Hertfordshire family. Having in due course so left her situation, the plaintiff joined her relatives in Germany and procured her trousseau preparatory to her marriage. In August, 1881, the defendant wrote her that owing to a business engagement in New York their wedding must be postponed, and so matters stood, the correspondence continuing. On December 10th, 1882, he wrote the following letter, the importance of which would appear later: "My dear Jenny,— . . . . As to my honorable age, etc. . . . I slipped into action early, and I was already a soldier with my 17th year, and at 18 became a reserve officer. Therefore thou canst be quiet, I am not by far 60 years yet, and as to my health, I would not change with any man," etc. In 1883 the marriage still had not taken place, and the plaintiff returned to England and took an engagement as governess in a nobleman's family. All this time the letters from the defendant arrived at the rate of about one every other day, signed as usual, "Entirely Thy Richard." (Laughter.) On New Year's Eve, 1883, the defendant wrote the plaintiff expressing the hope that the new year (1884) would see them united. The plaintiff had meantime left her situation and returned to Germany; and on August 13th, 1884, the defendant wrote her: "I already wrote to thee that two ladies announced themselves from Ostend to come and visit London—Miss R, of Wiesbaden, and Miss L., from Suchteln—both no fledglings. They claim me from early to late. . . . It is too hot for anything, and so we drive about. . . . Miss R. is very rich and does things splendidly, which is very comfortable. Miss L. is an old friend I have known since childhood. . . . Adieu my little princess of the heath on Scotland's woody heights. With many kisses,

Thy RICHARD."

That letter, gentlemen, said the learned counsel, is the clue to the whole case, for at the present moment the defendant is the husband of this Miss R.,

THE WEALTHY HEIRESS.

The marriage was again and again postponed, until on February 2nd, 1885, the defendant wrote to the plaintiff stating that he had consulted a doctor who told him that his health was such that total rest and quiet were necessary; and he (the defendant) concluded by saying that next year he would be 60 years old, etc., "and under these circumstances I am bound to come back to the conclusion I wrote to thee already two years ago—namely, that our engagement is perfectly hopeless," etc. The jury would remember what defendant had said on this head in his letter of December 14th, 1882, which had been previously read. The learned counsel continued: He also stated to the plaintiff at a subsequent interview that his health would not permit him to marry any woman, and yet at this very time he was actually engaged to the rich heiress, Miss R, whom he married on March 10th following. The plaintiff answered this cruel letter, expressed her continued trust and love for him, which he barely acknowledged, and so

ENDED THIS UNFORTUNATE ENGAGEMENT.

The plaintiff, Miss Pape, would be called and would confirm his opening. It only remained therefore to consider the damages. Miss Pape had given this man five years of her life. She was 30 at the time of the engagement; she was therefore not a young woman now. For him she had given up a lucrative and comfortable position worth some £200 a year; there was also her wasted trousseau. Then she was entitled to some solatium for all her misery and disappointment. These matters they would consider fairly. He would only mention, in conclusion that before commencing this action the plaintiff, anxious not to be compelled to come into court, had through her solicitor endeavored to come to terms with the defendant for what he (the learned counsel) considered a moderate sum—viz, £1 000—which was only what she had actually lost by the defendant's heartless, deceitful and self-seeking conduct.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £2 000

Kate Field at a recent banquet given by women thrilled her hearers by an eloquent speech when proposing the toast—"The Men. God Bless Them."

A SON'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

Charles McAuley Kicks His Father to Death.

THE OLD MAN'S DYING STATEMENT.

(Toronto World of Thursday.)

Yesterday afternoon Charles McAuley, aged 40, a tinsmith by trade, was arrested by Sergeant Hall and Constable Cooney on the charge of having murdered his father, John McAuley, also a tinsmith. The prisoner, with his wife and four children, has lived for some time at 86 Nassau street, and about six months ago his father and mother came from Ireland and made their home with him. The house, especially since the arrival of the old folks, was the scene of nightly fights, caused chiefly by whiskey.

On Tuesday night the old man and his wife left the son, taking with them their daughter-in-law. The three rented miserable and dirty rooms at 244 Borden street, a two-story, rough cast house, and it was in one of these rooms that the father met his death between 10 and 11 yesterday morning, when Charles McAuley visited the place and asked for his wife. He found her upstairs and made her go down, shoving her part of the way, after which he entered a room where his father was. That they quarrelled and that the son beat and kicked his father to death there is no doubt, although the two women assert that the injuries and consequent death of the old man, whom they say was drunk, were caused by falling over the stove. The discovery was made by an old pensioner named Williams, who lived next door, who entered the place at noon and found the old man lying on the floor suffering intense agony. McAuley's face and body bore the marks of kicks and cuts most brutal, his stomach being black and blue and greatly swollen. He told Williams that his son had kicked him and that he feared he would die. Dr. Simpson sent for the ambulance, intending to have him removed to the hospital, but before it arrived the unfortunate man was dead.

Sergeant Hall, Constable Coonsy and Detectives Burrows and Brown were detailed to arrest the son. While the two former were going along Borden street they saw a man dodge into a lane. His appearance tallied with the description they had of McAuley, and on being arrested he proved to be the man. His wife was found at the house on Borden street and she was arrested as a material witness. A neighbor stated that the dead man sent out for a bottle of whiskey a few hours before his death. An empty bottle was found beside him. Coroner Johnston will hold an inquest.

OUGHT TO BE A MAN.

How Mimie Lennox Helped to Save the Schooner Victor.

During a recent storm on Lake Erie the steam barge C. N. Pratt, when about 15 miles out, abreast of Fairport, disabled her wheel and was obliged to cut loose from her consort, the schooner Victor of Windsor. Left to herself in a raging sea which frequently swept over the deck, the condition of the Victor and her little crew of less than half a dozen was desperate. Capt. Lennox's daughter, Minnie, only 18 years of age, was the only woman aboard. Realizing the imminent danger of the vessel, she donned a tarpaulin suit against her father's commands, and for thirty six hours, until the storm subsided, worked with the crew. She helped to haul in the tow-line, took her turn at the wheel, and did the work of the hardiest sailor without flinching. The schooner finally reached port safely, and the heroic young girl, although exhausted from exposure, was no more so than the men.

Latest From the Northwest.

Thanksgiving Day was observed in the usual manner. The ground here is perfectly clear of snow, although there have been some heavy falls across the line. The principal event of the day was the unveiling of the monument at St. John's cemetery erected by the 90th Battalion in memory of their fallen comrades, in which General Middleton took part.

Prof. Saunders having visited Stonewall and other points about Winnipeg in search for a site for the experimental farm for this Province, will leave to-morrow for the West, and afterwards visit the Territories.

Mr. Jackson, the late member for Qu'Appelle District in the Northwest Council, has returned from Ottawa, where he went in connection with the Wood Mountain Railway. He says he got all he asked.

A man named Ingles has been sentenced at the assizes to two years' imprisonment for stealing a letter.

At the request of Prof. Saunders the Manitoba Board of Agriculture is sending to Ottawa some of the Red Fyfe wheat and six rowed barley which carried off the Hudson's Bay Land Commissioners' prize at the Provincial Exhibition. The wheat was grown by Mr. Andrew Dawson, of Headingly, and the barley by Mr. M. Young, V.S., of Manitou. It will be placed on the Central Experimental Farm near Ottawa.

Thomas Thomas, a Cree Indian, is being tried at the Assizes to-day for the murder of Harriett Gilmore at St. Peter's reserve.

Dr. Orton has left for Centre Wellington to look after his constituency.

Messrs. White and Kerr, of the C. P. R., have returned from British Columbia. Mr. White reports that satisfactory arrangements have been made to prevent injury from snow-slides. He found Manitoba flour rapidly crowding the Oregon article out of the western market, and says refrigerator cars for fruit, fish, etc., will soon be running between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast. Mr. Kerr says the company will next year put on a steamer to ply between Vancouver and Victoria, B.C. As regards transcontinental rates, Winnipeg has been placed upon the same footing as competitive points.

A Monster Rat's Fight for Life.

A rat was caught at the house of D. C. Neary, on Washington street, yesterday, which Mr. Neary alleges measures nearly two feet six inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. It was let loose in a room from which it could not escape, and a Faronite cat set upon it. It required but a short time for the rodent to make the cat feel small. Sympathy for the cat caused it to be withdrawn. Two dogs were then brought in. After almost an hour's labor on the part of both the citizen of the sewer succumbed. The fight was a desperate one. Both dogs bear marks of the rat's tenacious love of life.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Mixed Stem.

Professor Snore, of the University of Texas, is a man who is very apt, when he becomes excited, to transpose his words. Having occasion to rebuke his son, William, who is becoming rather fast, he said:

"You must thing this stop. Only yesterday I saw you parading Austin girl with an avenue of the opposite sex on your arm, a burning dog stuck in your mouth and a little cigar trotting along behind you."—*Texas Siftings.*

Sam Jones and His Income.

Rev. Dr. Joyce, of Cincinnati, said in an interview the other day: "I know there have been reports that these men, Small and Jones, have been loose in their expenditures, but I happen to know that Jones has expended $4,500 in charities; that he is now supporting four young men in college for the ministry, who otherwise would be unable to graduate, and that Jones gave the $1,500 which purchased the camp ground at Carteraville, Ga. So you see, his expenditures are in the right direction."

OMEEMEE:

A Romance of One Hundred Years Ago.

Arthur Seaton, from the deck of the Brighton, watched with a sorrowing heart the receding shores of England. Exiled by the unequal law which makes of the eldest son, unworthy though he be, the sole inheritor of the parent estate. By his side, leaning upon his arm, stood one who by recent sanction held the cherished right to call him husband.

Even as they gazed, the well-beloved shores sank out of sight, and as a silent tear dropped upon his cheek he addressed his weeping wife: "Courage, dear heart, courage. Though we bid adieu to the good old land, in the land we're going to bright recollections of our English home, whence surely I have borne a priceless souvenir, may beguile us of the cares that time may bring upon us. We journey to a country over whose vast unbroken fields and lovely lakes the flag of England waves, and there we shall find a spot where nature will invite our settlement."

And the good ship bounded over the sea and brought them to the shores of Canada. Whence journeying a long and weary way, their labor lightened by their mutual devotion, they reached the shores of a beautiful triangular bay separated by a long strip of sandy beach from the waters of a noble lake which extended away to the horizon. Another of the bay's shores was an irregular bluff, cleft by winding valleys—natural pathways to the water's edge—and declining till at its junction with the beach it became a level plane.

A broad plane, penetrated by inlets winding far inland like little rivers, spread itself for the whole width of the third shore backward sloping to the base of a precipitous hill—high, broad and regular.

Upon the shores and away off upon the hills the trees of a dense forest towered high, and from their midst wild inhabitants came rushing to slake their thirst or wallow in the water.

Here upon a summer's day, when the sun, glistening in the trees and sparkling upon the waters, aroused to sportive action full many a bright hued bird and butterfly, and while the wild fowl floated upon the surface of the bay or flew in flocks from spot to spot, Arthur and his accompaniers took rest and chose the spot as their abiding place.

Good fortune smiled upon them in their new abode and brought them in its train two happy children, towards whom the parent heart went out in love and admiration. The elder, Ralph, who had attained to man's estate, was absent across the lake attending college. The younger, a girl, bright and beautiful and active as the wind. Marion, her name had been discorded for "Omeemee" by the Indian maiden Wawanoshquay, a native of the place and since childhood Marion's companion. Marion's complexion, fairer than Wawanoshquay's, had taken the tint of the leaves as they appeared the autumn morning of her birth, save where the rose tint had struggled to the surface on her cheek. Her eyes were large and dark of expression, earnest and sincere, with a distant look, however, as if searching for an object far away; acquired, perhaps, as on her knees in the canoe her long, dark hair floating from her uncovered head, with fowling piece in hand, she gazed in quest of game across the water while Wawanoshquay paddled the canoe. But something there was besides which to her countenance added a look of tenderness. 'Twas love! 'twas surely love! for love could not exist and not hold habitation in a heart like hers.

Bright was the crisp October morn, and glad was the heart of Wawanoshquay as she bounded to the water's edge, startling in her course the tiny squirrels that scampered to the branches of the trees to chirp and gaze at her in safety. And soon she reached a nook wherein a birch-canoe was moored, and entering it she shoved it with her paddle from the shore. Out upon the water then she stood looking towards the spot whence she herself had come, and soon her brightening eyes and an approaching sound of a girl's voice, tuned to the morning music of the forest, told that one she was awaiting was at hand. And listening with responsive hears she heard

Here through the forest where the bright birds throng
I love to stray
And vent my happy heart in joyous song
As well as they;
Here in the forest glades with wild flowers spread
I never grieve,
While for my Wawanoshquay's dusky head
I garlands weave;
There o'er the rippling waters in my birch canoe
I love to glide,
With Wawanoshquay ever kind and true
Still by my side.

Ye forests! Ye waters
Still be my home,
Far from thy fragrant breezes
No'er let me roam.

"What makes Omeemee's voice," asked Wawanoshquay as Marion reached the shore and entered the canoe, "a voice as sweet as any in these tuneful woods, sound sad to-day? The day is beautiful, and the prospects of the chase are bright, and yet Omeemee wears a heavy countenance ill-sorting with the joyous song she's just been singing." And as they glided out upon the bay Marion replied: "I have a sort of secret, Wawanoshquay, I will not hold from you—a something I would like to speak about, and know not how to put it into words—a feeling that I do not understand, suggestive first of other joys, new joys I know not of. Then followed by a longing sense as if they never would arrive. And then the hills and woods and waters, and the chase, till now the only source of all my happiness, seem for the time to lack attraction."

"Indeed," said Wawanoshquay, "you seem careless of the chances of the chase of late. The other day you let a flock of geese, new visitors upon these waters, go cackling by unharmed within the range of your unerring aim, so close indeed that one would think the geese had sense and knew no danger threatened them."

"Wawanoshquay, do you remember, it is not long since, when we followed through the opening in the rushes a wounded duck and just as we turned into the little pond we met a hunterman in a light canoe?"

"I well remember it," said Wawanoshquay, "the duck seemed sorely wounded and flapped its wings along the water in its hurry to escape and at the man's approach we quit the chase and so the creature gained its liberty. But do you grieve about the duck?"

"Oh, no, poor thing, 'tis not of ducks I'd speak, dear Wawanoshquay, but of the stranger. Who say you is he? He was about my brother's age I think, and as he knelt in his canoe with hat in hand saluting us, his active form, fair flowing hair and eyes in hue like yonder cloudless sky I see him even now. He forms the subject of my dreams and in my waking moments still I see him moving off upon the waters."

"Twas he who roused the feeling that I spoke about."

"He's often hereabouts, Omeemee. I saw him close to your father's shores at times."

"Oh, so have I but what of that? He might as well be where my father came from—across the seas. I must not speak to him, I dare not look in that direction."

"'Tis strange indeed," said Wawanoshquay, "I cannot understand it, I——. Your brother might——

"My brother! I would not speak to any but yourself of my strange fascination."

"No! No! I was about to say your brother who returns to-day might learn who this disturbing stranger is."

"He might! He might. At sunset he returns after a long year's absence. Oh, Wawanoshquay! how fond I am of Ralph, my brother, and he of me. He calls me his wild sister. Says they'd cage me where he is and adds lest I should grieve, 'Not fearing Marion but to prevent the songster of the forest from escaping.' He brings a friend. I wonder if we'll please his civilized companion. Oh, I'll ask my brother, in a careless way of course, to gather news of the young huntsman."

Conversing thus, they neared a wood whence suddenly some distance back a sound as of a pistol shot came forth.

"Ha, ha," said Marion, "the small game meets an enemy to-day."

"But larger game," said her companion, "is breaking through yonder thicket. Now, it has cleared the thicket and hurries towards the inlet behind the hill. A bear! A monster bear."

"It seems in chase of something," said Marion, "perhaps it has been angered. Come quickly, see what it pursues."

Scarcely had she spoken when the report of a rifle broke upon their ears, raising a medley of noises in the woods. A moment later a canoe from the concealed inlet darted out upon the bay and in it Marion with a startled heart descried the stranger of her thoughts. He was reloading his gun while intently watching the ferocious beast now bounding towards him through the shallow water. A stalwart negro, evidently his servant, who was paddling as for his life, turned excitedly to glance at their pursuer and in the act upset the canoe, throwing himself and master out.

Quickly they gained a footing and while the white man grasped a hunting knife the negro held a gun upraised to use it as a club, and thus, at bay, they awaited the wounded bear's attack. On it came, now swimming, snorting and panting in its course, intent on vengeance for the hurt it had received. Meanwhile the girls bravely hurried to the rescue and soon they saw the combat had begun, that already the young huntsman had been wounded as the animal clawed and snapped savagely erect upon its hind feet. Speedily coming into range, Marion fired, hitting the animal upon the shoulder, which, perceiving the enemy reinforced, dropped, turned about and made a quick departure for the shore.

"Massa Harry," said the negro, "de good Lord delibered us dat time, deed he did."

"Yes, Jake, and yonder is the angel that He sent. Now, quickly, right the boat, and while I wade to shore, go you and thank our fair deliverers, I'm in too sad a plight myself to meet them."

"Perhaps you tink my color hides de blushes. But look; su's you bon, de gals are comin', Massa. I specs ya'd betta dive?"

"Nonsense, Jake," said the other, impatiently springing into the canoe, which now was righted. Then turning towards the girls he removed his hat as they drew near, saying with a countenance of gratitude.

"We are grateful to you ladies, as truly grateful as we love our lives which you so bravely protected."

"Pray, sir," said Marion with drooping eyes and in a quiet voice, her compassion conquering her trepidation, "for so slight a service do not speak of gratitude. You would have overcome the beast without our aid. What brought us hither is your bleeding hand. My father, whose house is on the hill, has skill in surgery, and could dress your wound. Besides, you must be chilled. There you could dry your dripping garments."

"Kind lady; hospitality is ever a jewel to be prized but never have I seen it in so fair a setting. I thank you from my soul."

"I cannot attend you thither," said Marion, "but you will be welcomed. We have our game to bag before returning. Always an important duty here, but especially to-day, as I expect an absent brother home."

Said the stranger, "My own abode is just around a turning in the inlet; there I may change my clothing. Besides, within an hour I meet a friend, a college mate some distance off, where yonder little creek connects these waters with the lake. See, where the Indian is spearing fish."

"I know the creek, sir."

"But might I not," continued he, "accept your hospitality to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, sir, should your wound require it," glancing at his hand, then with a smile and modest bow she turned away and as her companion paddled off Harry and the negro with uncovered heads watched their departure.

"Have you an eye for beauty, Jake?" asked Harry.

"I hab, sa; I was struck wid de shades ob colo' as you talked. Yes, sa, da was two shades in white, yours and de white gal's, sa, one in red and a lobly one in black; de effec' was gran', massa, gran'.

A little later and Harry, well mounted, rode around the shore towards the creek, which as he approached he espied a brisk and handsome young horseman near its banks and quickly recognized Ralph Seaton, his expected friend.

They galloped towards each other shouting greetings and met as only bosom friends long separated can.

"Well," began Ralph as they rode leisurely along the beach, "I received your request to meet you and here I am. But when we parted, old fellow, you seemed quite doubtful about visiting this place."

"Ralph, your description was alluring, and I quickly came down to test it."

"And found it accurate, I hope?"

"Accurate? I tell you it is as beautiful a spot as heaven has arranged on earth. I'll have my father, who, you know, is such a loyalist, make this his home, now that the revolution over yonder has placed him under a foreign flag. Ralph, there is a maiden hereabouts in whose bright eyes the beauties of these waters seem to centre. I have seen her often, but an adventure of an hour ago brought us in contact. I had a tussle with a huge bear (of which I'll speak again), receiving this little scratch upon the hand. The maiden being by with a companion, and thinking from the flow of blood my wound was serious, approached me with a modest look of pity and offered me her father's hospitality. Remembering our appointment, I asked leave to call to-morrow.

"'Oh, yes,' said she, most sweetly, and, as I thought, archly; 'Oh, yes, sir, if your wound requires it.' Great heavens, boy, I have no wound, but I will meet her, Ralph, if to accomplish it I have to make one."

"Who can she be?" reflected Ralph, "some new arrival since my absence surely. Harry, come home with me to-night, and to-morrow I'll have Marion, my sister, learn who the isolated character is. I am not expected till the evening, but we'll surprise them now."

Leisurely riding and gaily exchanging their experiences for an hour or more, they at length approached an open glade, in a remote corner of which a spacious and cosy log house nestled beneath the shadow of the forest trees. The glade and house top were yellow with the autumn leaves, and round about evidences of industry, comfort and refinement abounded.

"Here," said Ralph, halting, "is my beloved home, and I feel that to enter it is to end the rapture of a month's anticipation. Listen, do you not hear a girl's voice calling Wawanoshquay? My sister's voice, Harry; she is ascending yonder pathway from the bay."

"Ralph," asked Harry, excitedly, "do you mean the lady just appearing?"

"Yes, come along and meet her." And Ralph in his eagerness left his companion and hurried to where Marion now stood with a countenance of amazement. Quickly dismounting, he drew her to his bosom and showered kisses upon her face; then looking rapturously about for Harry, he beheld him dismounted and very busy with his saddle girth.

"Ralph, Ralph," said Marion, with a frightened look of inquiry, "dear Ralph, of course you know the gentleman with you comes to have a wound dressed?"

"I do not know that he does; but why do you shrink so, Marion?" asked Ralph, laughing.

"Dear Ralph, don't laugh. I was by when he received it, and it looked so dreadful at first sight that I felt it a duty to invite him. But how came you in his company?"

"Why, darling girl, that's Harry Lawrence, my best companion, whom I have mentioned in my letters a thousand times. He visits us a while. He told me all about this morning's adventure, but his description of the heroine was so beautiful that my imagination went away beyond the things of earth, and I never dreamt he was describing my charming little sister, who, thank Heaven! is not an angel yet. Come, let me introduce you."

Suffering herself to be led to where Harry stood awaiting their attention, Ralph introduced them and hurriedly ran off on the very plausible plea of a desire to meet his parents.

Left alone together, Marion in a pleasant voice began:

"I am pleased to welcome you, Mr. Lawrence. Ralph's friends are always visitors."

"Thank you, indeed," said Harry, earnestly. "To-day's adventure, Miss Seaton, is like a dream."

"Not an unpleasant one, I hope," said Marion, smiling.

"No! no!" returned Harry, with emotion, "such a dream, dear Miss Seaton, as I hope never to be roused from."

"What!" exclaimed Marion, "with your hand paining you so," and as Harry suddenly displayed an inclination to conceal his hand, she continued, "pray let me see it, Mr. Lawrence." Perceiving then that it was but a scratch he had received she laughed outright, saying, "Forgive me, but I thought before we parted on the water that, with care, your hand would possibly recover," and they both laughed heartily.

Well, they strolled together under the falling leaves and were happy. Two young hearts never beat with a more rapturous emotion.

Before Harry's visit terminated they had reached that stage of intimacy entitling them to kiss at parting, and eventually Marion became Mrs. Lawrence, and on many a festive occasion their decendants delight to tell the story of their ancestors' romance on Burlington Bay one hundred years ago.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Dr. Gustavius Griffin Does Duty for the "Great Royal Staff."

The Maritime Province papers contain the following in relation to a gentleman whose name has figured in the Montreal press:

About ten days ago advertisements were inserted in the Moncton newspapers announcing that "the great royal staff of English, French and German physicians, surgeons, professors and specialists" would visit Moncton about November 10th to remain for ten days. It was also stated that this was the first trip of the staff, and in order to build up a reputation they would treat patients free of charge. The names of the staff to visit Moncton were not given, but the head offices were stated to be Montreal, Dublin, Edinburgh and London and the names of the President and Vice-President were accompanied by a string of titles as long as one's arm. Some day's before the 10th there arrived on the scene a person, evidently with colored blood, accompanied by a white woman. This party described himself as Dr. G. H. (Gustavius Hamilton) Griffin, B. A., M. G. I., M. D., and to some parties stated that he was a literary man (engaged on the Montreal *Journal of Commerce*), and only indirectly connected with the great royal staff; also stated that he was on his wedding tour to England and the continent, stopping over at Moncton for a few days. The 10th came, but beyond Dr. Griffin there were no signs of the "great royal staff." Crowds of sick, consumptives and other incurables in the meantime began