

A MIDNIGHT MURDER;

OR,
EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

BY STUBBS.

CHAP. I.

"It must be done. Ere to-morrow morning's sun tinges the hills of Leslieville with gold and casts its glimmering beams upon the pellucid waters of the Don, he dies! I swear—r it!"

The foregoing was the remark that J. Theophilus Rooney made to his bosom friend and companion, Fitzpatrick D. Jones, as they wended their way up Yonge-st. about the hour of six o'clock.

"My steel shall aid thee, an thou lackest help," replied the trusty Fitzpatrick D. "I know the wretch, and my tried revolver has ere now clicked for the dastard's blood."

"Then to-night," said J. Theophilus, as they parted, and he looked cautiously round to see that no peeler was nigh, "meet me, when the cathedral bell tolls twelve, hard by the corner of Bond-st. church, and when the last strokes quiver away and die upon the air, I'll join thee! The password, remember, is 'Revenge!'"

"And the countersign?"

"Death!"

CHAP. II.

A splendid mansion on Teraulay-st. A broad, beautifully-gravelled drive sweeps up to the main entrance, and encloses, amid magnolias and laburnums, statues and fountains in bewildering profusion. Evidently the home of some merchant prince or retired reporter. Inside, the wide, spacious corridors are covered and rendered noiseless to the tread by scalpskin rugs of the rarest kind, while all the rooms are thickly laid with soft, velvety carpets specially imported, and the product of the far-famed power looms of Persia. Golden candelabras hang from the gilded ceilings, and the backs of the chairs and lounges are profusely studded with diamonds and rubies. All is wealth and luxury. Upon a gorgeous sofa reclines a maiden of dazzling beauty, and some seventeen summers and eighteen or nineteen winters, toying with a Spitz dog, a very ordinary brute, except perhaps, that he was uglier, and apparently crosser than the average. The girl was Melinda May de Brackenbury, the heroine of our tale.

"Dear Spit," she sighed, as she fondled the dog in her arms, "I don't know which I love best, you or Theophy, you are such a little darling, um—um—" and she buried her dimpled face in his woolly coat.

Just then the door bell rang. She hurried to the entrance, followed by the canine, and found herself clasped in the strong arms of her lover, who kissed her ardently and tenderly. The dog, who looked upon this proceeding as an act of interference upon his jurisdiction, stood upon his provincial rights, and met his teeth in J. Theophilus' calf in a way that made that individual feel as if heaven was farther off than ever.

"Curse that dog," muttered J. Theophilus beneath his breath, as he aimed a fruitless kick at him behind Melinda's back, "you again, you brute! you're always at your tricks when I come here, nippin' my heels and bitin' my legs, and addin' insult to injury, for you come between me and my Melinda."

"Why so troubled, Theophy?" said the girl, as she lifted her dreamy blue eyes to his down-turned face, and cast on him the magic of her glance. "You seem disturbed."

"Tis naught, or at most 'tis but a passing spasm. I am better now, my heart's dearest," said her lover, and the blood ran down his calves and soaked into the bottoms of his shoes.

And so it was the whole evening. While lovers talked about the Boundary Award and the N. P. and the coming elections, the fiendish Spit played round, and whenever a favorable opportunity occurred, he sampled J. Theophilus' trousers, or made a new incision on some part of his limbs previously untouched, and after every successful attempt he would retire below the sofa and laugh softly a brutal, dog-like, diabolical laugh.

"Spit seems in uncommon good humor to-night, dear little dog, doesn't he, Theophy?" said Melinda.

"Oh yes, the little de—, I mean the little darling is enjoying himself immensely; he's having a big time, he is," said J. Theophilus, who knew that Melinda loved the dog as the crab-apple of her eye. "But," he muttered darkly, "wait, wait!"

Spit's crowning act that evening was when J. Theophilus was taking his leave and was just about to imprint a sweet loving kiss upon Melinda's ruby lips. From the banisters of the stair where he had gone to lie in wait, Spit at that moment jumped right into Melinda's arms and received on his own cold irresponsive nose the glowing salute meant for his mistress. "This is too, too much," shrieked J. Theophilus, as he fled into the darkness.

CHAP. III.

'Tis a dark and gloomy night, fit for deeds of blood. Behind a buttress of the Church of the Great Pyramid stands a figure wrapped in a long dark cloak, and surmounted with a high felt hat with sloping crown, and drooping feather. "Yes," says Fitzpatrick D. Jones (for 'tis he), "I think this is just about the toggery. Clad in such garb we cannot fail." Hark! 'Tis the cathedral chimes of old St. James' striking twelve, and as the last reverberations cease another cloak-enveloped, assassin-looking form steps out of the darkness and grasps Fitzpatrick D. by the hand.

"Hast thou thy dagger and thy pistol?" it says.

"Aye, and am prepared to use them!"

"Then follow me."

And with silent steps the two conspirators disappeared in a north-westerly direction. Half an hour later the policeman on the Yonge-street beat encountered two muffled forms striding towards the Bay, carrying between them some heavy object done up in a sack, and evidently anxious to escape observation. "Bo the powers, but I'd loike to give thin students a tashte of this same," he said, as he loosed his baton in its scabbard.

But the "students" passed unheeding on. They reach the Bay. They place their burden on the ground, open the sack, fill it full of stones and carefully re-tie it. Then with a splash they heave it into the lake, and the bubbling waters close o'er the spot, and hide from the world above the evidences of that night's awful crime.

"Revenge at last!" laughs J. Theophilus Rooney, wildly. "Ha! ha!"

CHAP. IV.

The next evening. Again the mansion on Teraulay-street. Again does J. Theophilus Rooney, this time with wild and laggard countenance, seek the side of the fair Melinda. But she repulses him with fierce indignation and anger.

"Poor dear darling Spit," she says, "has not been seen all day, and this letter contains the evidence of thy guilt. Base deceiver, henceforth thou art nothing to me!" And J. Theophilus recognized the note as one he had written to Fitzpatrick D., asking his help to get rid of Spit, but which, having seen his confederate in the meantime, he had not delivered and had forgotten all about. It had fallen from his overcoat pocket as he rushed down the front steps the previous evening.

"It's all up now," he mutters, "and I suppose I've got to go. But," he cries, "give me a chance to explain: 'twas all a joke—"

"Quit my sight," cried the incensed girl, "and never let me look upon thy form again!"

(Grashing his teeth and cursing his careless folly, J. Theophilus left the building, ruminating bitterly on the uncertainty of thngs. "But we've killed the dog, anyhow," he reflected grimly.)

What is that white object which rushes past him as he opens the front gate, and bounds up the doorsteps? Gracious Heavens! 'tis Spit! And J. Theophilus can hear the fond exclamations with which Melinda greets her favorite's return.

Oh! the irony of Fate! They had drowned the cat!



"EGYPTIAN DARKNESS."

ANOTHER DISALLOWANCE!!

It has come to Mr. GRIP's knowledge that the following draft of a Bill to be passed at next session of Parliament has been prepared by Sir John A. Macdonald:

BILL.

Victoria, etc., by and with, etc., enacts as follows:

Whereas the electors of Ontario have affirmed the doctrine that it is the right and duty of the Federal Government of the Dominion to judge of the wisdom or unwisdom of local acts, and to disallow all such as may be deemed unwise; And whereas, it is the duty of the Federal Government to use this prerogative strictly without party bias or influence;

Therefore the Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled enact as follows:

1. That the casting of ballots in Ontario on the 20th day of June was a local Act.
2. That said Act was unwise and had a political purpose, inasmuch as by its operation more Conservatives than Brits were returned to Parliament.
3. That said Act be and is hereby disallowed and repealed.

We hope the Conservative members of the new House will rise as one man against this new onslaught on our Provincial rights if the Premier really brings it before them.

ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, when acknowledging a debt makes an a-vowel of it thus—A. E., I. O. U.