

him; was often quite oblivious to the fact that he was in the toils of a den of robbers. Strange to say he had come to think less of the blood upon his own hands since hearing the history of Markham Swamp, and finding himself a prisoner among the terrible fiends.

Having caught five or six dozen speckled trout the party returned to the lair. That evening the chief and Joe returned, the face of each dark and threatening. There was no hilarity, and supper was eaten in silence. Then the robbers smoked for an hour, while the girls repaired torn garments. Nancy did not raise her eyes from her work; but there was in her face a new light, the light of Hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDERGROUND MYSTERIES OF THE SWAMP.

Now that the reader may feel himself upon sure ground as to the facts of this true story, I may state that Roland likewise learnt from Nancy that the gang had a rendezvous in a place of dense wood known as Brook's Bush, close to the mouth of the Den River. It is also a fact that when the den at Markham was broken up, finally, some of the surviving desperadoes took up their permanent abode at Brook's Bush, where they kept an illicit still. Down to fifteen years after the date of my story the community was every now and again startled by tidings of robbery, outrage or murder at the Den; and the last notable act of the gang was the murder of the Editor of the *Colonist*, one Hegan, a member of the legislature. His taking off was done by a woman who struck him upon the head with a stone which she carried in a stocking. The body was then thrown into the Den where it was picked up a short time afterwards."

As for the people of Markham they lived in constant terror of the miscreants lodged in the bush so near their doors; and they established an efficient staff of special constables for the protection of life and property.

Markham Township had been settled about forty-five years before principally by a number of Dutch families which moved thither from Pennsylvania; but to the rather picturesque little village of the same name, nestling among the pines that fringed the River Rouge, came straggling immigrants or persons grown tired of the solitude and the privations of backwoods life. But the distant portions of the Province this thriving village came to be known rather through the terrible reputation of the adjacent swamp than through the thrift, comfort and progress of the people. So much then for the "dry" but essential facts of this narrative.

On the following morning the chief and Murrey went away again; and in obedience to the command of the hag our hero, accompanied by The Lifter, who had instructions to shoot him if he attempted to escape, proceeded to a portion of the bush not far distant to cut firewood. Although he had "roughed it" for many a season in the woods, Roland was clumsy enough at the rough work of wood-cutting. But taking off his coat he began bravely; and The Lifter swung his axe with a will a short way distant. After they had cut what would make about a horse load, they carried the billets upon their shoulders and threw them into a hole about thirty paces distant from that by which they descended to the subterranean abode. The pieces struck with a dull sound a considerable distance down; and the Lifter informed Roland that "down there" was the woodshed.

Score of persons living in Toronto now remember the outrage, but anybody can verify the fact by turning to the style of the newspapers of those days.—THE AUTHOR.

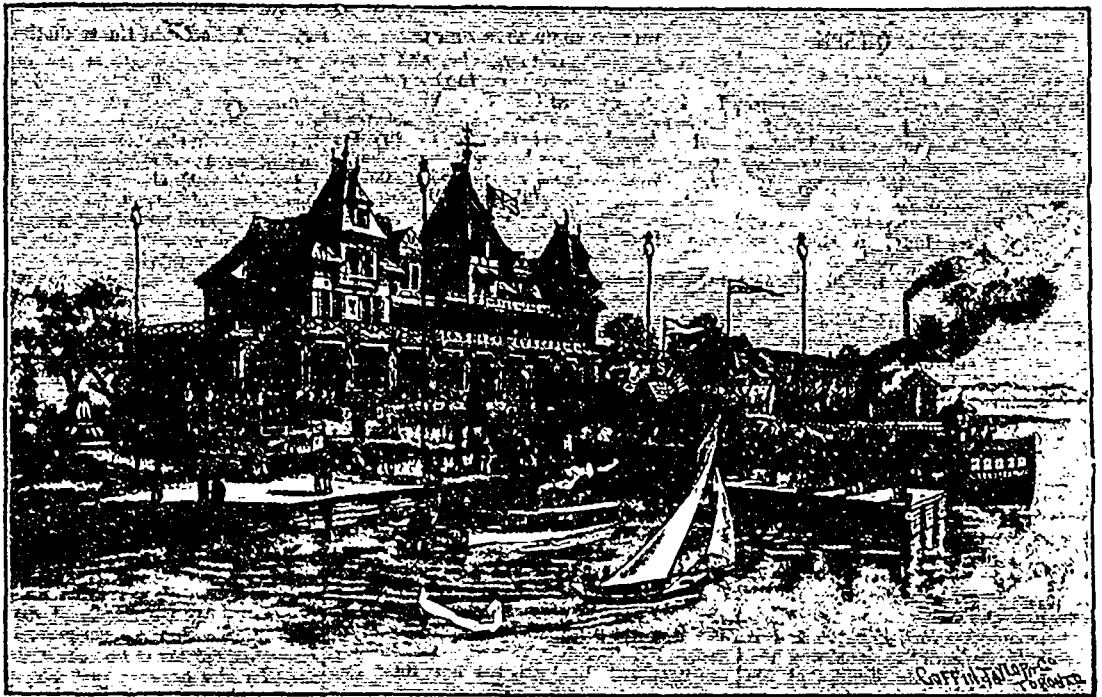
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advice from Fair Lips.

He (meditatively).—Miss Clara supposes I were to go to your father and ask for your hand. What do you suppose he would say? She.—No you seriously contemplate such a step?

He.—I do.

She.—Well, I may as well tell you right here that father has been asked that question so often, and the men have all backed out so, that he is very tenacious on that point. But ask me; she's only had four applicants.



TORONTO BAY.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Oh, lovely scene! of ever-changing hue,—
Dark ocean-green, or sky-bright azure blue;
Upon thy heaving bosom gaily fleets
The trim-built yacht, gay skiffs, and pleasure boats,
While here and there a light birch bark canoe
Lends a romance to the enchanting view.
Toronto Island in the distance seems
The happy fairyland of boyhood's dreams,
Where naught but pleasure dwells, and music fills
The balmy air with melody that thrills
Each bounding heart with ecstasy and joy,
And happiness the fleeting hours employ!
Toronto Bay! by morning, noon, or night,
Thy waters charm me with some new delight!

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Minnie Hawk intends this summer to visit Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, Richfield Springs, Colorado, and the Yellowstone Park. It is estimated that Mrs. Hawk has given away over \$10,000 in charities since beginning her career.

"Adonis" Dixey and his company are saving such hard luck in London that it is feared they may be compelled to walk home. It may afford them some satisfaction to know that according to the theory of a scientific sharp, the ocean will dry up inside of ten million years.

After much arranging of their itinerary, Professor Libby and Lieutenant Schwanks, have started on an exploring tour in the Mount St. Eila region of the Alaskan Alps. Their particular object is to obtain a complete series of photographs of the Thlinket Indians, and their way of life.

The Comte de Paris has declined the cordial invitation of a group of officers of the Army of the Potomac to reside in the United States. He regrets that he cannot consider a permanent residence here, and very truly says that it is too distant from European centers.

The Chinese merchants of Hong Kong are about to present the Prince of Wales with a silk robe in commemoration of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. It is described as a very handsome piece of embroidery about fifteen feet long.

The infant King of Spain has worn at his christening the dress used by his father on a similar occasion. It is of white lace, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and has been treasured by the ex Queen Isabella all these years. She has now given it to the Queen-Regent.

Speaker Peel, of the Imperial Parliament, will be remembered perhaps as the first British speaker who allowed members of Parliament to attend his official dinners in any but official Parliamentary garb, which

includes knee-breeches and black silk stockings. Mr. Peel allows ordinary evening dress at his regular Wednesday dinners.

Miss Nora Clench, a native of St. Mary's, Ont., and for some time a resident of Hamilton, Ont., is now studying music in Leipzig, Germany. The newspapers of that city all speak in high praise of the young Canadian's first performance in public there. Following is an extract from the *Leipziger Tageblatt*: "The choicest number of the evening was the performance of Bach's Chaconne for violin solo. Miss Leonora Clench, of St. Mary's, Canada, proved by her really glorious interpretation of that most difficult composition, that she has already reached such an advanced stage in the art of violin playing that she has it now in her power to go on and attain the highest limits of her art. Beautiful tone, noble phrasing, profound soulfulness characterized the playing of this fair young artist, who by her performance raised a storm of enthusiasm. Indeed, Herr Brodsky, the celebrated teacher of this young violinist, is truly to be congratulated on the possession of such a pupil. May there be no interruption to the final development of such a great talent."

A musical paper asserts that Grover Cleveland is as unmusical as the Emperor of Germany and the Queen of England, but that he pretended to choose the music for their wedding all the same. Grover may be unmusical but he can begin to take an interest in it now that his young wife will play to him, and it might be safely predicted that he will. As for Emperor William, he is by no means unmusical, and was in his younger years a great admirer of really good music; he is even now a patron of music and has done much to improve military music in Prussia. Queen Victoria is absolutely a fine musician, who never engaged a lady of honor that would not play a duet with her on the piano; she possessed a very fine voice, admirably trained by old Signor Lablache. MUSIC A FACT, in the royal

and it was a pleasure to hear Mendelssohn say, with his eyes all aglow, how delighted he was to hear the Queen play one of his "Lieder ohne Worte" better than he could do it himself. There is no amateur lady in New York that can measure herself with Queen Victoria as to musical knowledge. Where in the world was that information taken from? Not from reality.

Pretty Fair-Sized Hailstones.

Spic-dials from Elgin Manor, and Paige say that those places and the surrounding neighborhoods were visited the other evening by heavy storms, inflicting great damage. At Elgin there was a terrific thunder, rain, and hail storm, which deluged a part of the town. Nearly every building had windows broken and holes knocked in the roofs. Hail fell varying in size from a marble to a man's hand, and perforated iron and tin roofs. A piece of hailstone was plucked that weighed seven pounds. The dist church was blown from its base and demolished. The Baptist church moved slightly out of line and struck down by a hailstone, so injured.

At Maner the hail did great damage to crops, and as hen's eggs. The other buildings were not injured.

At Paige, the hail was a very heavy one, and did great damage to crops.

At Maner, the hail was a very heavy one, and did great damage to crops. The other buildings were not injured.

Mr. DeGarn, of the year you to graduate are passing your essays. Eugene, what is your Eugene, Palob...

come upon the windows of the Refreshment