

asked him if he had decided to comply with my request. With wild words he assured me that he would do anything if I would but let him down. You may be sure I took my time about it, for I was none too pleased with his conduct, and the moment he reached the ground he commenced to spin off a long string of lies about privations and hardships which had tormented him occasionally to steal a fowl or a stray sheep.

"Tired and disgusted with the rogue's tricks, I cut his harangue short by again hoisting him up, and seizing a leather lash I let him have two or three good cuts. It worked like a charm. He instantly dropped his whining tone, and without waiting to be let down commenced a confession of his real doings. Once more and for the last time I lowered the wretch, and then listened to a category of the most horrible crimes imaginable; for he had evidently seen that I was not to be trifled with. The last murder he had committed, by his own account, struck me as being particularly revolting. He had killed in cold blood two helpless old women because they had not a piece of soap which he demanded. In my horror I forgot for a moment my promise to let him go. 'You wretch,' cried I, 'you shall be hanged for this.'

"Scarcely had I uttered these words when, with a terrific spring, he crashed into me, felling me to the ground. The cunning dog had in some way loosened the thongs with which his feet were tied. His wrists, however, were still tightly bound, so I was at some advantage. In a second I had risen to my knees, and, eluding his desperate clutches, I made a bolt for the door. Just as I thought I was out of his reach I felt his iron grasp once more, this time about my right ankle. I redoubled my struggles, but to no purpose. He held me like a vise, at the same time gnawing fiercely at his bonds. I was in a helpless position, for the Gorilla's enormous strength made resistance impossible. I called for help in the vain hope that I might be heard by those at the house. I paused for a second. There was no response, and I had almost given up hope when I heard the furious barking of my bloodhound not far away. Never was heard a more welcome noise! With renewed vigor I struggled for freedom, simultaneously calling 'Sambol! Sambol!' and whistling with all my might. But the Gorilla was not to be so easily foiled. He sprang upon me, endeavoring to choke me. I could feel his hot breath upon my cheek and hear his muttered curses as with his bound hands he endeavored to tear my protecting arms away from my throat. For only a moment could I hold out against his furious attack, and though I could tell by the barking that the dog was rapidly approaching, I feared that he could not reach me in time. Had it not been for the strong cord which bound the Gorilla's wrists I should have been a dead man. Already I felt his rough finger tips touching my throat, and had closed my eyes feeling that my last moments had come, when instead of feeling the iron grip tightening on my throat, as I had expected, his hands were removed.

"Were my senses deceiving me? I lay half stunned for a moment, vaguely sensible of a scuffle going on about me. Suddenly a terrific howl brought me to my senses. Opening my eyes, I saw in a moment what had saved my life. There in the corner stood the Gorilla repelling the furious attacks of the bloodhound with a heavy cudgel which he had picked up. I was then too weak to move, but I watched the battle with breathless excitement. All of a sudden the Gorilla made a spring, and, hitting the dog a terrific blow on the head, bolted out of the door. Plucky Sambol was, however, undaunted. In a moment he recovered himself and dashed in pursuit of his fleeing enemy. I struggled to my feet and stood in the doorway watching the chase, every phase of which was clearly visible in the bright moonlight. On they went straight for the palisade. No sooner was it reached than the Gorilla, with a tremendous bound, grasped the top bar and in a moment had vanished, leaving the frenzied dog behind. At last after much calling, Sambol returned to me, and as I fondly patted him upon the head, we walked together to the house.

"Now, gentlemen, my story is finished; but, I may add, from that day to this I have never seen the Gorilla, although he continues committing his depredations in other parts of the country."

Saying this our Canadian friend rose, and, bidding all present good night, left the room amid a volley of thanks.

Find It.

My first is something found in cages;
It comes to the front in all the ages;
It always has been out of sight;
But never has been seen in light;
Yet always has appeared in day.
Now guess this riddle, if you may.

My second's prized by little boys,
Who like it better than their toys.
'Tis always seen in bungalows,
At Edmonds', Lee's and shops like those.
'Tis cheap and may be used for lunches,
But mind, 'tis always found in bunches.

My third boys long have wanted here,
But never will it come I fear.
This one is a thing of gaiety
And seen in good society;
But even when on pleasure bent
You cannot have it during Lent.

My first, the second and the third
Joined together, make a word
That word, of course, I'll tell you not,
But, here's a tip, it means a lot. A. HILLS (V).

A Page from the Diary of Willy Green.

[Edited by F. W. Hore.]

Wednesday—Woke up with a headache and had to stay in bed. Mrs. Rothwell only brought me dry toast for breakfast, but after school had begun I finished up that tin of salmon and bottle of preserved pears. I felt much better at noon, so got up. Helped all afternoon to clean off rink, then went for a walk and was late for tea. Too tired to go down to study, so I am in bed at 8 p. m., writing this.

Thursday—Must have caught cold on rink yesterday, bad cough and pain in chest, also sprained ankle. Had to stay in bed. Got up about 3.30 and took some fresh air. Felt much better and played hockey from 5 to 6. Had to leave study with toothache.

Friday—Ankle worse, could not dress. Doctor put ankle in plaster. Received invitation to a dance this evening. Had one more try to stand, found ankle much better, so got up and went to party. Did not get in till 11.45. Have to see Mr. Miller to-morrow.

Saturday—Ankle felt tired so thought I would stay in and rest it. Felt better at recess, so got up at noon. Walked out to De Cew Falls in afternoon, fell down a well, and got back too late for tea. Miss Cleghorn bound up my ankle and I went to bed. Great feast at 11 in —'s room.

Sunday—Went to church twice.

Monday—Very cold night, water jug frozen. All my undershirts gone to laundry. Toothache all morning, went to dentist's in afternoon and didn't get back till after detention. Went down to canal after tea to flood rink, missed Prayers, got to Study at 9, bath 9.15.

Tuesday—Pain in my side, can hardly breathe. Read "The Crimson Handed Beauty of the Lonely Ranch" in the morning. Boys say I was scared of the Literature class to-day, but they don't know, nobody knows what I suffer.