

CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1873.

[No. 3.

(For the CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.)

THE DESERTER.

A TALE OF THE LATE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

ON a cloudy morning in the Fall of 186—, a young man might have been seen, valise in hand, making his way hurriedly into the station of the Grand Trunk, to catch the early train for Boston. He was in good time, as it happened, which is more than can be said of many travellers leaving the city either for business or pleasure. The young man had just procured his ticket, and was walking in the direction of the cars to select a favorable seat, when he was hailed from behind by a person that had just entered the station.

"Hallo, Ned! where are you bound for?"

Edward Cunningham—for that was his name—turned quickly round on hearing the voice.

"Why, Bob, what brings you here so early? I hadn't time to bid you good-by last night, for I decided quite suddenly on going."

"But you haven't told me, Ned, where you are going, nor why."

"Well, I've got a ticket for Boston, Bob. I'm going there first, to look for work."

"Why, what's up, Ned? You surely haven't left your place?"

"Yes; I had a bit of a row with my Boss, yesterday, and I left the shop in a heat,"