

PHASES OF QUEBEC LAW.

By "VICTIM."

"Why, surely, that's Fitzherbert!" exclaimed Edward Markham, as he hailed one of the passengers disembarking from an Atlantic steamer at the Liverpool wharf one bright spring morning. "What brings you back? I thought you left us with the intention of remaining in Canada for the rest of your days, or at any rate until you had made your fortune, but somehow you don't exactly look as if you had succeeded in doing that."

"Well, it's a long story and a dismal one, Ned, and I have a good many things to attend to just now. Come and look me up at the Adelphi this evening and we can have a good talk."

"I will with pleasure," replied the other; "good-bye for the present."

On joining his friend again in the evening, Markham observed a care-worn and dejected air about him which confirmed his impression that Fitzherbert had not met with the success to which he had looked forward when he left England in the hope of improving his position.

"Well, old fellow," exclaimed Markham, after a little chat about old times and old friends, "now tell me your history since you left us, some eleven or twelve years ago, I think. I shall be greatly interested in hearing all about it, as I have had serious thoughts of following your example."

"*Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem*," returned Fitzherbert. "Excuse my quoting Latin. I know it's snobbish, but Aeneas' lament so exactly expresses my feelings that I couldn't help it. However, my stock of Latin is small, and I won't repeat the offence. Well, I will tell you all my adventures, or rather mis-adventures, if you care to hear them. I went to settle, as I think you know, in the Province of Quebec. The country is picturesque, and there is a great deal of excellent land there, and if one does not mind a somewhat long and severe winter, it is a pleasant enough place to live in, but the trouble with me is that I have been robbed and ruined by the law.