

acknowledgement of the sum Durand had left in his hands as banker and the momentous despatch which would produce such a change on the "Bourse." The dying man with closed eyes, was insensible to what was passing around him. Alone in the room, there was no one who could testify against him, and yielding to the diabolical impulse that lured him on, he dropped ten or twelve drops of the fatal liquid into the tisane and raising his friend's head placed the cup to his lips.

The sick man drank of it, and immediately fell back in a state of torpor.

Fixing an anxious look on that death-like countenance Lerouttier trembled in every limb with horror, whilst his blood seemed to curdle in his veins. For ten minutes he remained thus motionless, for ten minutes he suffered untold anguish. Suddenly the sick man started up, threw up his arms and gazed around seeming to see nothing; then a nervous tremor seemed to run through all his limbs, and writhing in a fearful convulsion, with one last groan he fell back dead on his pillows.

Lerouttier assured himself that the heart had ceased to beat, and then became entirely self-possessed. Ascertaining for certain that there was no one in the adjoining room, he carefully shut the door of communication and going straight to the desk, took out all the papers from the drawer already mentioned, selected those that would be useful to him and placing these in his pocket, closed and locked the drawer and replaced the key under the dead man's pillow.

Once more carefully assuring himself that no witness of his deed could be lurking in any corner he passed his left arm beneath the dead man's head and with his right hand violently rang the bell. When the servants crowded into the room he called out to give the drops quickly for Mons. Durand had had a terrible attack. The sick-nurse hastened to prepare the potion, rebuking Mons. Lerouttier for not having already done so, but on approaching the bed announced that her master was already dead. Falling back into an arm chair the wretched Lerouttier hid his face in his hands and crying out loudly for a doctor, became a prey apparently to paroxysms of grief.

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After having given his version of his friend's death to the doctor, to whom he confided that his friend had run through the whole of his fortune, Lerouttier undertook the sad mission of breaking the terrible news of their father's ruin and death to the son and daughter of his deceased friend, and leaving word that he might be sent for, were his presence required, he returned to his own house. He there shut himself up in his study and hiding away in his desk the papers he had stolen, threw himself into a chair where he long remained motionless, absorbed in thought. He knew himself to be a murderer and a robber, but he salved over his conscience by repeating to himself that he had only done what others would have done if they had really desired to get on in life. Unknown to the world, his own affairs were in so bad a state that he had been on the point of declaring himself bankrupt. The 230,000 francs would save him and the very next day he would double them by means of the "Bourse" speculation which his dead friend had planned. Not for the children of his dead friend but for himself would be the profits. As for the despatch, he would not deliver it at all, and when the embassy, which had forwarded it, received no acknowledgment of its reception, another despatch would be sent and nothing ever known of the former one. This, too, would give him more time to operate on the "Bourse." The despatch was therefore quickly thrown into the fire as were also all compromising papers. He well knew his own guilt and infamy, but little did he care. Prosperity would once more reign in his affairs and what thought did he give to the despoiled orphans whose portion he had so unscrupulously appropriated? That blazing fire had consumed every proof of his guilt, and a quarter of an hour later he had given his instructions as to the investments in which he placed the money he had won by his crimes.

(To be Continued.)

"Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Frederick Roberts of University College, London. First get rid of the kidney disease by using Warner's Safe Cure, then the effects of symptoms will be removed.

FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa, 9th April, 1880.

The recent Jesuit vote in the House would recall the lines of Lord Macaulay, in his "Lay of Horatius," descriptive of the harmony that reigned in the days of Ancient Rome, when

"None were for a party,
But all were for the state,
When the great man helped the poor man,
And the poor man loved the great."

Still, unfortunately, that day has gone, and, methinks, for ever. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," sang the Laird of Abbotsford; nor do we see great improvements in the manners and ways that have succeeded them. After peace and quiet had been restored and each one sought to forget the little shocks and petty bitternesses that arose from out the late debate, we find Mr. Charlton, (one of the "baker's dozen,") asking in the House last night, if it is the intention of the Government to introduce a bill for the incorporation of the Orange Order. Now, that worthy gentleman knew perfectly well that the answer would be "no;" yet he deemed it advisable to go the whole way, and since he has admitted that his stand on the Jesuit question may cost him his seat, he thinks it as well "to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," and consequently strives, in a very feeble manner, to fan into flame the smouldering and almost extinguished embers of religio-political controversy. However, Sir John's reply puts an end to any such attempt. He stated that the Government had no intention of bringing in any such bill, and if one came before the House it should emanate from a private member, and should such occur Mr. Charlton would have a chance of voting against it as he had done on two occasions before. This latter remark raised a laugh at the inquisitor's expense; but that laugh covers a great depth of seriousness. The waves on a river dance merrily and smile, sparkle, and glisten in the sun ray on the surface, but the great body of the water rolls onward in its giant strength and unbridled might. With a few more fire-brand preachers and bigoted legislators the country could easily be translated into a hot bed of civil strife, religious warfare and racial animosities. Far would be the day pictured by the Laureate.

• "When the war drums beat no more,
And the battle flags are fur'd,
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world."

Happily for us all; happily for the country; happily for our social, political and religious organizations, the number of those enemies of harmony is small. There has been much talk of late in the House about "the axe being placed at the root" of this, that, or the other evil. Well, if our political axe-men are anxious for work, let them attack this spirit of discord and religious bigotry and intolerance, for like the poison tree of Java, it spreads its branches to the sky, sinks its roots in the earth, and blasts and withers not only the soil whence it sprang, but all who seek the shelter of its shade. There are men whom no argument could convince, no reason persuade, no prayer soften, no law direct, no miracle convert, men whose natures perhaps not bad in themselves have become so saturated with the narcotic of intolerance, and so covered with the verdigris of hate, that all which comes not within the narrow focus of their views is to them unreasonable and to be crushed out by "hook or by crook." In Canada they are exotics, they do not naturalize in our climate, there is no more need of them here than is there of the earthquake or pestilence. Let them leave us in peace and stir not the waters of the caraminian lake, for the more they raise the muddy bottom the more the surface mirrors their own deformities.

It is news you want and not an essay on religious or political intolerance. Well "nemo dat quod non habet." News is scarce; all the reporters tear it to pieces and scatter it to the four winds, even in the hour of its birth, and as I am seldom in for the arrival of news on the scene, there is not a fragment left when I come to write. By the way the word "arrival" reminds me that great preparations are being made for Archbishop Duhamel's arrival to day, from Rome. More about this anon!

J. K. F.