

CHAPTER II.

— was no more fortunate in Montreal than I had been in Quebec. At the close of each day I would count my slender resources, and wonder what on earth I would do when my last penny was spent. Yorston's purse, on the contrary, resembled the never-failing cruse of oil, and I often marveled where he procured the money with which he was always supplied.

One evening, about a fortnight after my arrival in Montreal, I was sitting in our room, reading the paper, when my eye fell upon the following paragraph:—

we can find no thumb-mark on the reverse side of the note; if then, another note can be discovered having the blood-stained mark of a man's thumb on its reverse side, it is reasonable to assume that the note brought to light by Mr. Kittson lay at the top of a packet of bills—a valuable piece of evidence, inasmuch as all the notes lying on Messrs. Logan and Co.'s counter on the fatal night were tied up in this form. Moreover, Mr. Kittson declares that the customer who presented the paper money to him purchased some *alum*; and it is popularly believed that this agent *will remove blood stains*—another link in the chain of evidence. In addition to this, Mr. Kittson states that he received the money in question only the day before yesterday. If then,



DRAWING OF THE BILL SHOWING THE FINGER MARKS.

“THE QUEBEC TRAGEDY. IS THIS A CLUE?”

“Mr. Kittson, chemist and druggist, received from a customer, a few days ago, a five-pound Bank of England note, for which he gave change. The customer in question purchased a small quantity of alum. Unfortunately, Mr. Kittson is unable to recall the appearance of the purchaser. The note carries three distinct impressions—two being at the left-hand top corner, and the third at the lower edge about half-way across the bill.” These marks are on the face of the note. Careful chemical examination shows them to be *blood stains*—probably human. The impressions have evidently been made by the left hand; but what has become of the impression which we should naturally expect to find from the middle-finger? It is absent; we may, therefore, logically conclude that the person who handled the note had lost this member. Now, upon further examination,

this note is one of those belonging to Messrs. Logan and Co., the cold-blooded murderer of their cashier and clerk is, in all likelihood, in Montreal at the present moment.”

I read this paragraph half-a-dozen times over before I actually realized the purport of its contents. “What,” I cried, “the Quebec murderer is a man who has lost the middle finger of his left hand, and the weapon he used was one of Indian workmanship! Great Heavens!” and the paper containing this startling intelligence fluttered from my trembling hand and fell to the floor.

I did not move from my chair for more than half-an-hour: I felt stupefied and stunned at the astonishing revelation which I had just perused. I knew a man—he was a friend of mine—who