

the marine intelligence, and casually looked through the list of passengers outward bound. How I wished my name could have appeared amongst those who were sailing to the Old Country. Then I turned the sheet over. My eye immediately fell upon a paragraph that attracted my attention. It ran as follows:

**"SHOCKING DOUBLE MURDER IN QUEBEC.**

"Last night about twelve o'clock, a horrible tragedy was enacted on St.— Street, Quebec. It appears that at the hour mentioned, a constable observed a light shining through one of the windows of Messrs. Logan & Co.'s large jewelery and money exchange establishment, which, as our readers are aware, is situated on that street. Thinking this very unusual, he proceeded to investigate the premises. Upon reaching the main entrance of the building, he stumbled across the body of a man lying on the pavement. It was lifeless, and a quantity of blood which had flowed from a wound in the chest, stained the pavement. The officer at once raised an alarm, and when assistance arrived, the door, which the murderer had evidently slammed to upon his escape, was forced open. The officers were then horrified to find another dead body lying just within the building. The unfortunate victims were Messrs. Logan & Co.'s cashier and clerk. Both men had been stabbed. We are unable at this late hour to give many details of the crime, but plunder was certainly the motive, as a large sum of money, in notes and gold, and about £2000 worth of jewelery, are missing. The authorities are on the alert, and it is to be hoped that the assassin may be quickly arrested, and brought to justice. Both victims were men of irreproachable character, and much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved families. Further details of this atrocious crime will appear in our next issue."

I laid down the paper, and took out my pipe. "Umph," I said to myself, "what a sensation such a murder would create in England!"

Then I slowly wended my way homeward. Upon my arrival I found that Yorston had just risen.

"Well," I exclaimed; "what luck?"

"None at all," he replied; "I think we had better move on to Montreal; we shall have more chance of earning a living there. Quebec is too old a place for ambitious young men to thrive in;

besides, bah!" he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "it is so damp and cold. So let us pack up, and try our fortunes in a more modern city. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes," I answered; "and from the newspaper I see that an awful murder was committed in Quebec last night."

"Ah," he rejoined carelessly, "I should have imagined that Quebec was too slow for such occurrences."

Then he walked over to the looking-glass, brushed his raven-black hair, and sauntered forth. "Wait till I come back," he added, pausing in the doorway, "I am going to breakfast, and when I return we will talk over our future plans."

I then noticed that Yorston was not wearing his usual suit of clothes.

It is almost unnecessary for me to say that the Quebec tragedy caused no small excitement. At the coroner's inquest a very important piece of evidence was elicited. It seemed that both the victims of the murder had been stabbed; and that, in the case of the cashier, the blade that had pierced the heart had remained in the wound, having evidently snapped off in the murderer's hasty withdrawal of the weapon. Examination of the blade showed it to be of exquisite Indian workmanship, consequently many theories were advanced as to the author of the crime. The general opinion was, that it had been committed by a foreigner, who was thoroughly acquainted with the City of Quebec. Plunder was undoubtedly the object, since, as has already been stated, several thousand pounds worth of property was missing.

However, the whole matter interested me but little. I had my own affairs to attend to; and, being a stranger in the country with an almost empty pocket, I cared very little for what went on around me.

My companion seemed to take even less notice of the occurrence than I did. Still, I observed that he was more restless than usual, and appeared to be particularly anxious to leave Quebec as soon as possible.

Consequently, that same evening we started on our journey to Montreal.