

office. It meant almost incessant copying, varied by an errand to the bank or some place of business. He did not, for the first few months, find his path one of roses. He saw that his master's wife scarcely tolerated him, that Theo lost no opportunity of shewing his contempt of the country boy. The clerks in the office alternately teased and quarreled with him, until he wondered whether it would not have been better to have stayed on the farm.

After a month or two Theo took his departure for Montreal where he had secured a situation as clerk in the wholesale house of Campbell Bros. Gwennie was also at Mdme. Lamonte's, where she was to remain for four years. Leo and Joe became firm friends over their books. Joe was the stronger mind and helped his master's son over many a difficult place.

So the year passed and the next October found the two boys entered as freshmen in Toronto University. The lawyer had insisted on Joe going with his son.

"You will be company for him," he said, "you can board together and help each other."

"But I cannot borrow such a sum from you sir, I might not be able to pay you for years."

They were alone and his master said, "Joseph, I did a great wrong once to your family. Millions of pounds, nay, my life would not wipe out that wrong, but if you will let me do this little thing for you, let me be a father to you and fit you for an honorable career, my sin will not press me so sore."

He looked to Joe, not like the matter-of-fact, hard-headed lawyer, but as a sad worn man, over whose face had spread the memory of some great grief.

"I cannot think what you could have done sir," Joe said, "my father never spoke of anything, but if it will make you feel better, if it is best for you that I should go, I will, but some day I will pay you."

"No, no Joseph that would not help me, and don't get that idea that it will be a burden to me. I tell you it will lighten the burden. Some day I will tell you, but not now."

"Well sir," said Joe, "I am only too glad to get to College, and I hope you will not be ashamed of me."

In the midst of Joe's elation at the career that was opening before him, he could not but wonder concerning the great wrong his master had done his family. He knew it could not be a money transaction, or he would have set it right. It was something money could not set right, but he never thought of the gentle sister who had watched over him since his babyhood, and who had died. Good for his future, that he did not, or he would not have touched the roll of bills that his master put into his hand the day he started for Toronto. He would rather have toiled on his father's farm and died before his time. As it was he took his good fortune thankfully from his master's hand and blessed him for it.

The dead rest well, and it lightened the lawyer's burden.

(To be Continued.)

DR. LUDERITZ has recently made a number of observations on the destructive power of coffee upon various microbes. He found that the organisms all died in a longer or shorter period—*e. g.*, in one series of experiments anthrax bacilli were destroyed in three hours, anthrax spores in four weeks, cholera bacilli in four hours, and the streptococcus of erysipelas in one day. It was, however, remarkable that good coffee and bad coffee produced precisely similar effects. He believes that, as previous observers have suggested, the antiseptic effect of coffee does not depend on the caffeine it contains, but on the empyreumatic oils developed by roasting.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE WICKED MARCHIONESS.



HE writer has a theory that nothing but what is sweet, innocent and graceful should be brought to the notice of the female mind. It is enough that the distasteful and the horrible come in the way of the coarser sensibilities of men. Yet it is a fact that the desperately wicked exercises a kind of fascination on even the most delicate of the fairer sex. It is in vain to deny that the newspaper report of a sensational murder or other trial calls for the moment as much interest as the latest fashions. Fortunately most crimes are so vulgar that their only effect is to repel, and the more so if committed by a woman. Nevertheless great crimes have been committed by women, and, from their attendant circumstances, are not unfrequently referred to in books or conversation. Among the most awful of such criminals was the French Marquise of Brinvillier, whose name in all literatures has become synonymous with the dreadful art of the poisoner.

This woman offers a startling study. During the whole time of commission of the crimes that have rendered her name infamous, she was noted for her outward zealous devotion and observance of religious duties. Italian brigands are said to cross themselves and mutter an *ave* before committing murder, but the poor creatures are sunk in the utter brutishness of ignorance and superstition. Brinvillier, on the contrary, was well educated, witty and of good position, yet she could calmly divide her time between her devotions and lavishing attentions on the relatives she was slowly poisoning to their death. This seems incomprehensible. And still more singular is it that in her duplex character of devotee and murderess she should have prepared a written statement of her crimes for the confessional, which paper was afterward used against her. But the fact is, that no healthy mind can understand the inconsistencies of crime.

Her biography reads like a horrible romance. Marie-Marquise d'Aurbray, of good family, was married at an early age to a dissolute old man, the Marquis Brinvillier, of the type portrayed in French comedy. Of course the marriage was unhappy. Her tastes were extravagant and sensual. Her nature revengeful, her manner smooth and fawning. She is described as having been "of medium height, with regular features, her face full, and having a gracious expression, and her air marked by serenity and repose." After a time husband and wife agreed to a separation. Then the Marchioness took up with a man named St. Croix, who, during a year's imprisonment in the bastille, had there learned from an Italian physician some of the secrets of poisons. These he communicated to the Marchioness. Enchanted with this new knowledge, her depraved mind foresaw that it might be turned to malign uses, and she became her informant's accomplice. With the view of making herself thoroughly conversant with the action of the deadly power in her hands, she made a series of experiments by watching the effect of poisons of different strengths, introduced into the dishes of her guests,—one of whom died,—and by distributing poisoned bread to the poor. Then came a further horror! To fully learn the symptoms of death, she next gave poisons to patients in the hospitals, to which, as a charitable lady she had access. Having thus made herself quite familiar with the symptoms and the, *then*, unlikelihood of discovery, the first step in the sequence of crime was to poison her husband. And here came in another element of romance. St. Croix, afraid that he would be compelled to marry a woman of so heinous a character, secretly gave the Marquis antidotes that