

ROGER LARQUEE.

Adapted and Translated from the French of Jules Mary.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Roger Larquee was tall, wore an air of... which was black and his face was expressive and sympathetic...

"How uneasy you must have felt last night, my dear, but I could not help it. I had very important business, which occupied me that I had no time to sleep."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

"What business?" "I had to go to the bank to see Mr. Brown. He had lent to his friend and Henriette had shrunk back with an instinctive movement of horror."

GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS. A match took place at Binbrook on Tuesday between M. McGinn's White Wings and G. F. Tremble's Lady Tremble, the latter winning.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Michael Hickey, a famous heel-and-toe walker, recently arrived from Newmarket on-Fergus, County Clare, Ireland, where he was the champion square heel-and-toe walker.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession and is thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

Canadian Directors: W. H. Hutton, Esq., Chairman (Jas. Hutton & Co.), Montreal. D. Girouard, Q. C., M. P., Montreal.

Solicitors: Smith, Rae & Green, Toronto. Giraudeau & Delorimier, Montreal.

AGENTS: FRONTENAC AND LENOX: A. H. Allison, Napanee. D. W. Ball, Bath.

Capital, \$1,500,000. Reserve, \$225,000. Annual Income, \$1,000,000. Canadian Income, \$300,000. Losses Paid, \$3,000,000.

Property Owners desiring Plain Contracts (so that all may understand), Equitable Rates, Prompt, Fair and Just Settlements, in case of Loss, should insure in the Glasgow & London Fire Insurance Company.

Rev. Father Lambert, Author of Notes on Ingersoll. Paper, 30 cents. Cloth, 40 cents.

Now is the Time. Before the rush comes send in GALLOWAY any FURS that may want to be looked over and get them done while there is plenty of time.

JOHN LINDSAY'S. One door below the Pantry Grocery, 126 Princess Street.

Peaches, Peaches! CRAWFORD PEACHES for preserving. Large quantities arriving daily.

Peaches, Peaches! CRAWFORD PEACHES for preserving. Large quantities arriving daily.



Capital, \$1,500,000. Reserve, \$225,000. Annual Income, \$1,000,000. Canadian Income, \$300,000. Losses Paid, \$3,000,000.

Property Owners desiring Plain Contracts (so that all may understand), Equitable Rates, Prompt, Fair and Just Settlements, in case of Loss, should insure in the Glasgow & London Fire Insurance Company.

Grand Trunk Railway Company. POPULAR TEN DAY EXCURSION To Detroit, Port Huron, Chicago, East Saginaw, Bay City, &c.

Thomas Hanley, Agent. WIGWAM SHOES. For Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, and Children.

D.F. ARMSTRONG. THE MOST COMFORTABLE FOOT WEAR FOR THIS HOT WEATHER.

D.F. ARMSTRONG. MORE BARGAINS THIS WEEK. At the Star Clothing House, 93 Princess Street.

D.F. ARMSTRONG. H. WOLF, Opposite Henderson's Bookstore.

Advertisement for 'ROYAL BAKING POWDER' with a logo and text: 'This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.'

DENTAL: I. R. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S., dentist, 111 Wellington Street, between Prince and Brock streets.

DR. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S., dentist, Office at Prince Street, between Montreal and Spadina streets.

DR. J. CURTIS, M.D., (successor to Dr. Jarvis), physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. ALICE MCGILLIVRAY, Diseases of women and children's specialties, Office at 111 Wellington Street, at Dr. Spence's, Telephone No. 106.

DR. E. MUNDELL, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. W. H. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. D. H. DICKSON & HETTER, physicians and surgeons, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCann's, No. 102 Montreal Street.

DR. J. W. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 111 Wellington Street, nearly opposite the post office.



'Have I distressed you without knowing it?' 'Miss Larquee, I place at your little feet my most profound respect. Dare I ask for news regarding your health? You are a little pale this morning. That is not a fault. You set up too late last night. Excuse me this time, honor, I beg, and I promise you to be more exact another time. But how serious you are! Has your naughty mamma been scolding you? Are you sick, then? Oh, I know. When young ladies reach the ripe age of 7 years they don't laugh any more. That is not it. Ah, well, it is because the young lady has doubtless learned a piece of French, and she has had a headache. If it is not too late, I should like to hear it now. I am listening.'

'I placed the little creature on the floor and sat down. She remained motionless. Henriette, behind Roger, made a sign and the poor child saw that she too must learn to dissemble, and in a feeble voice she began to cry. 'I have loved you seven years. I love you as much as I do my mother. I know that you sacrifice your life to prepare mine, and you weary yourself that I may be happy later. But, dear father, I am never so happy as when you care me. I know that you are good and indulgent and I love you better every day. If I have ever caused you pain, it was not on purpose. I am sorry. She stopped, suddenly, and putting her hand to her throat, looked for one moment at her father with an unexpressed fear, and with a hoarse cry fell in convulsions, her face scarlet and her eyes shut. Henriette rushed and while Roger sprinkled water in her face. 'Shall I go for the doctor? What is it? What can we do?' said Roger, frightened. 'Nothing. We do not need the doctor,' said Henriette, in a hoarse voice, as she feared that the doctor might find the cause of the attack. Larquee looked at both with a suspicious regard. Henriette thought: 'Unhappy man! if he does love us he must suffer horribly!'

CHAPTER II. The old housekeeper, Mother Doudaine, who she called, at her usual hour began her duties in the little cottage which had been inherited by Larquee. As she went about she discovered, somewhat to her surprise, that the windows were open, and when she had finished dusting and sweeping she went to arrange the curtains, and she found them perturbed on the threshold, with her eyes starting from her head, as she saw stretched upon the floor in the midst of the broken and disordered furniture, the secretary open and apparently rigid, her hands dead with a ball in his breast. Everything pointed to murder and not suicide. The first emotion passed, Mother Doudaine examined the form of Larquee and felt for signs of life, but saw at once that there was but a rigid corpse before her, and she ran as fast as her years would permit to the police station, telling every one she met on the way of her terrible discovery. An hour later M. Larquee, the commissary of police at Versailles, arrived with Dr. Martindale, of Ville d'Avray. The two men and the woman entered the house, while crowds gathered around it. M. Larquee questioned Mother Doudaine, but she could give no information. 'Do you know,' said he, 'whether M. Larquee had any important business on the day of his death?' 'I do not, sir. He was not a man to confide his business secrets to any one.' M. Larquee made a search of the premises, while the doctor examined the body. 'The victim defied bullets,' said he. 'Look here are traces of finger nails and other marks which prove that they have tried first to strangle him, and because he did not die the quick enough they finished him with a pistol shot, which proves that we are not in presence of the death of a vulgar assassin, but a man to be done to finish, and who must have had his head, for a detestation in the midst of the night is very rare. The house is not locked. The door is open. The victim was in bed two days from here. You must be in two days from here.'

CHAPTER III. M. Larquee questioned Mother Doudaine, but she could give no information. 'Do you know,' said he, 'whether M. Larquee had any important business on the day of his death?' 'I do not, sir. He was not a man to confide his business secrets to any one.' M. Larquee made a search of the premises, while the doctor examined the body. 'The victim defied bullets,' said he. 'Look here are traces of finger nails and other marks which prove that they have tried first to strangle him, and because he did not die the quick enough they finished him with a pistol shot, which proves that we are not in presence of the death of a vulgar assassin, but a man to be done to finish, and who must have had his head, for a detestation in the midst of the night is very rare. The house is not locked. The door is open. The victim was in bed two days from here. You must be in two days from here.'

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.