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AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book 1, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at two o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 14878 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C." together with all and singular the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD,
Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and front on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the North west corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with German Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street, aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of land of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smith to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Office of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

T. B. HANINGTON,
Auctioneer.

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68 Prince Wm. street.

THE MYSTERY —OF A— HANSOM CAB.

By FERGUS W. HUME.

SYNOPSIS.

The Argus newspaper of Saturday, 28th July, 18—, contained the report of an extraordinary murder. A cabman, Malcom Boyston, had driven up to the police station early on the morning previous with the body of a murdered man. He had been employed, he said, by a gentleman in evening dress to drive the deceased, who was at the time under the influence of liquor, to his home St. Kilda. The gentleman, on placing the inebriate in his care left, but almost immediately returned, entered the cab and drove some distance. When he alighted he gave the driver directions to proceed further. Later the driver discovered that his passenger was dead; that a white silk handkerchief saturated with chloroform had been tied over his mouth. Then follows the inquest.

Samuel Gorby, detective, takes the case in hand. He comes to the conclusion that the man had been murdered for some unknown article he carried about with him. Notices advertisement in paper a week later for Oliver Whyte, who has failed to turn up at his lodging house. The detective calls at the house and discovers the murdered man to be Wyte. Learns also that Whyte was a stranger in the city; that he was engaged to an heiress; that he had a friend Mr. Morsland, with whom he had quarrelled on her account, and who answered the description of the man last seen with Whyte, and reasonably concludes that a woman has some connection with the affair.

Mr. Gorby pays another visit to the late lodging house of the murdered man. Mrs. Hableton's, and meets there Mr. Morsland, from whom he gets a description of Brian Fitzgerald. Learns also from Morsland that Fitzgerald was engaged to Miss. Prettiby, the heiress, who Whyte had professed himself in love with. Is favorably impressed with Morsland's manner. A description of Whyte's introduction into the Prettiby family follows.

Gorby watches Brian Fitzgerald during an evening gathering at the house of Mr. Prettiby. Fitzgerald becomes alarmed and his actions indicate that he has had something to do with the murder of Whyte. Gorby follows Fitzgerald to East Melbourne, where the latter's home is supposed to be situated.

After a long chase he tracks Fitzgerald to his lodging house, and on the following day, in the character of an insurance agent, interviews the landlady, Mrs. Sampson.

Learns that on the night of the murder Fitzgerald did not return home until 1.55 a. m.; and while the landlady is out he searches the premises and discovers in the pocket of a light overcoat the missing glove. Gorby prepares to arrest Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald, Mr. Prettelby and Madge Prettiby are supping together at Mrs. Sampson's table.

In the midst of their lunch the detective walks in and arrests Fitzgerald whom he takes to jail. Lawyer Calton is engaged to defend the prisoner and visits him in his cell.

By pointed enquiries the lawyer learns that on the night of the murder Fitzgerald had left his club at 1 o'clock ostensibly to keep an engagement with a woman whose name the latter refuses to divulge; that it was Fitzgerald who had summoned the hansom cab; that on recognizing Whyte he had immediately left him; that Fitzgerald knew the nature of the article stolen from Whyte, and concludes that he was not the murderer, but knows who the murderer is. Calton also visits the Prettiby mansion.

[CONTINUED.]

"Out of town," he answered, impatiently. "He will not be back for a week—but what do you mean that he won't save his own life?"

Calton leaned forward, and took her hand. "Do you want to save his life?" he asked.

"Save his life?" she reiterated, starting up out of her chair with a cry; "God knows, I would die to save him."

"Pish," murmured Calton to himself, as he looked at her glowing face and outstretched hands, "these women are always in extremes. The fact is," he said aloud, "Fitzgerald is able to prove an alibi, and he refuses to do so."

"But why?"

Calton shrugged his shoulders.

"That is best known to himself—some Quixotic idea of honor, I fancy. Now, he refuses to tell me where he was on that night; perhaps he won't refuse to tell you—so you must come up and see him with me, and perhaps he will recover his senses, and confess."

"But my father," she faltered.

"Did you not say he was out of town?" asked Calton.

"Yes," hesitated Madge. "But he told me not to go."

"In that case," said Calton, rising and taking up his hat and gloves, "I won't ask you."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Stop! will it do any good?"

"Stop! will it do any good?"

Calton hesitated a moment, for he thought that if the reason of Brian's silence was, as he surmised, an intrigue with a married woman, he would certainly not tell the girl he was engaged to about it—but, on the other hand, there might be some other reason, and Calton trusted to Madge to find it out. With these thoughts in his mind he turned round.

"Yes," he answered, boldly, "it may save his life."

"Then I will go," she answered, recklessly. "He is more to me than my father, and if I can save him, I will. Wait," and she ran out of the room.

"An uncommonly plucky girl," murmured the lawyer, as he looked out of the window. "If Fitzgerald is not a fool he will certainly tell her all—that is, of course, if he is able to—queer things these women are—I quite agree with Balzac's saying that no wonder man couldn't understand woman, seeing that God, who created her, failed to do so."

Madge came back dressed to go out, with a heavy veil over her face.

"Shall I order the carriage?" she asked, pulling on her gloves with trembling fingers.

"Hardly," answered Calton dryly, "unless you want to see a paragraph in the society papers to the effect that Miss Madge Fretlby visited Mr. Fitzgerald in jail, no—no—no—we'll get a cab. Come, my dear," and taking her arm he led her away.

They reached the station, and caught a train just as it started, yet notwithstanding Madge was in a fever of impatience.

"How slow it goes," she said, fretfully.

"Hush, my dear," said Calton, laying his hand on her arm. "You will betray yourself—we'll arrive soon—and save him."

"Oh, God grant we may," she said, with a low cry, clasping her hands tightly together, while Calton could see the tears falling from under her black veil.

"This is not the way to do," he said, almost roughly; "you'll go into hysterics soon—control yourself for his sake."

"For his sake," she muttered, and, with a powerful effort of will, calmed herself. They soon arrived in Melbourne, and, getting a hansom, drove up quickly to the jail. After going through the usual formula they entered the cell where Brian was, and, when the warder who accompanied them opened the door, found the young man seated on his bed, with his face buried in his hands. He looked up, and, on seeing Madge, rose and held out his hands with a cry of delight. She ran forward, and threw herself on his breast with a stifled sob. For a short time no one spoke—Calton being at the other end of the cell, busy with some notes which he had taken from his pocket, and the warder having retired.

"My poor darling," said Madge, stroking back the soft fair hair from his flushed forehead, "how ill you look."

"Yes!" answered Fitzgerald, with a hard laugh. "Prison does not improve a man—does it?"

"Don't speak in that tone, Brian," she said; "it is not like you—let us sit down and talk calmly over the matter."

"I don't see what good that will do," he answered, wearily, as they sat down hand in hand. "I have talked about it to Calton till my head aches, and it is no good."

"Of course not," retorted the lawyer, sharply, as he also sat down. "Nor will it be any good until you come to your senses, and tell us where you were on that night."

"I tell you I cannot."

"Brian, dear," said Madge, softly, taking his hand, "you must tell all—for my sake."

Fitzgerald sighed—this was the hardest temptation he had yet been subjected to—he felt half inclined to yield, and chance the result—but one look at Madge's pure face steeled him against doing so. What could his confession bring but sorrow and regret to one whom he loved better than his life?

"Madge!" he answered, gravely, taking her hand again, "you do not know what you ask."

"Yes, I do!" she replied, quickly. "I ask you to save yourself—to prove that you are not guilty of this terrible crime, and not to sacrifice your life for the sake of—"

Here she stopped, and looked helplessly at Calton, for she had no idea of the reason of Fitzgerald's refusal to speak.

"For the sake of a woman," finished Calton, bluntly.

"A woman!" she faltered, still holding her lover's hand. "Is—is—is that the reason?"

Brian averted his face.

"Yes!" he said, in a low, rough voice.

A sharp expression of anguish crossed her pale face, and sinking her head on her hands, she wept bitterly. Brian looked at her in a dogged kind of way, and Calton stared grimly at them both.

"Look here," said he at length, to Brian, in an angry voice; "if you want my opinion of your conduct, I think you're an infernal scoundrel—begging your pardon, my dear, for the expression. Here is this noble girl, who loves you with her whole heart, and is ready to sacrifice everything for your sake, comes to implore you to save your life, and you coolly turn round, and acknowledge that you love another woman."

Brian lifted his head haughtily, and his face flushed.

"You are wrong," he said, turning round sharply; "there is the woman for whose sake I keep silence;" and rising up from the bed, he pointed to Madge, as she sobbed bitterly on it.

She lifted up her haggard face with an air of surprise.

"For my sake!" she cried, in a startled voice.

"Oh, he's mad," said Calton, shrugging his shoulders; "I will put in a defence of insanity."

"No, I am not mad," cried Fitzgerald, wildly, as he caught Madge in his arms. "My darling! My darling! It is for your sake that I keep silence, and will do so though my life pays the penalty. I could tell you where I was on that night and save myself; but if I did, you would learn a secret which would curse your life, and I dare not speak—I dare not."

Madge looked up into his face with a pitiful smile as her tears fell fast.

"Dearest," she said, softly, "do not think of me, but only of yourself; better that I should endure misery than that you should die. I do not know what the secret can be, but if the telling of it will save your life, do not hesitate. "See," she cried, falling on her knees, "I am at your feet—I implore you by all the love you ever had for me, save yourself, whatever the consequences may be to me."

"Madge," said Fitzgerald, as he raised her in his arms, "at one time I might have done so, but now it is too late. There is another and stronger reason for my silence, which I have only found out since my arrest. I know that I am closing up the one way of escape from this charge of murder, of which I am innocent; but as there is a God in heaven I swear that I will not speak."

There was a silence in the cell, only broken by Madge's convulsive sobs, and even Calton, cynical man of the world though he was, was moved to pity for poor Madge over to him, and placed her in his arms,

"Take her away," he said, in a broken voice, "or I shall forget I am a man;" and turning away he threw himself on his bed, and covered his face with his hands. Calton did not answer him, but summoned the warder, and tried to lead Madge away. But just as they reached the door she broke away from him, and, running back, flung herself on her lover's breast.

"My darling! My darling!" she sobbed, kissing him, "you shall not die. I will save you in spite of yourself;" and, as if afraid to trust herself any longer, she ran out of the cell, followed by the barrister.

CHAPTER XIII.

MADGE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Madge stepped into the cab, and Calton paused a moment to tell the cabman to drive to the railway station, when she stopped him.

"Tell him to drive to Brian's lodgings in Powlett street," she said, laying her hand on Calton's arm.

"What for?" asked the lawyer, in astonishment.

"And also to go past the Melbourne club, as I want to stop there."

"What the deuce does she mean?" muttered Calton, as he gave the necessary orders and stepped into the cab.

"And now," he asked, looking at his companion, who had let down her veil, while the cab rattled quickly down the street, "what do you intend to do?"

She threw back her veil, and he was astonished to see the sudden change which had come over her. There were no tears now, and her eyes were hard and glittering, while her mouth was firmly closed. She looked like a woman who had determined to do a certain thing, and would carry out her intentions at whatever cost.

"I am going to save Brian in spite of himself," she said very distinctly.

"But how?"

"Simply this," she answered. "In the first place, I may tell you that I do not understand Brian's statement that he keeps silence for my sake, as there are no secrets in my life that can justify him saying so, but the facts of the case are simply these: Brian, on the night in question, left our place, at St. Kilda, at 11 o'clock. He told me he would call at the club to see if there were any letters for him, and then go straight home."

"But he might have said that merely as a blind."

Madge shook her head.

"No, I don't think so. I never asked him where he was going, and he told me quite spontaneously. I know Brian's character, and he would not go and tell a deliberate lie, especially when there was no necessity for it. I am quite certain that he intended to do as he said, and go straight home. When he got to the club he found a letter there, which caused him to alter his mind."

"But who did he receive the letter from?"

"Can't you guess?" she said, impatiently. "From the person, man or woman, who wanted to see him and reveal this secret about me, whatever it is. He got the letter at his club and went down Collins street to meet the writer. At the corner of the Scotch church he found Mr. Whyte, and on recognizing him left in disgust and walked down Russell street to keep his appointment."

"Then you don't think he came back?"

"I am certain he did not, for, as Brian told you, there are plenty of young men who wear the same kind of coat and hat as he does. Who the second man who got into the cab was I do not know, but I will swear that it was not Brian."

"And you are going to look for that letter?"

"Yes, in Brian's lodgings."

"He might have burnt it."

"He might have done a thousand things, but he did not," she answered. "Brian is the most careless man in the world; he would put the letter into his pocket, or throw it into the waste paper basket and never think of it again."

"In this case he did, however."

"Yes, he thought of the conversation he had with the writer, but not of the letter itself. Depend upon it, we will find it in his desk, or in one of the pockets of the clothes he wore that night."

"Then there's another thing," said Calton, thoughtfully. "The letter might have been delivered to him between the Elizabeth street railway station and the club."

"We can soon find out about that," answered Madge; "for Mr. Rolleston was with him at that time."

"So he was," answered Calton; "and here is Rolleston coming down the street. We'll ask him now."

The cab was just passing the Burke and Wills monument, and Calton's quick eye had caught a glimpse of Rolleston coming down the street on the left hand side. The cab drove up to the curbing, and Rolleston stopped short, as Calton sprang out directly in front of him. Madge lay back in the cab and pulled down her veil, not wishing to be recognized by Felix, as she knew that if he did it would soon be all over town.

"Hallo! old chap," said Rolleston, in considerable astonishment. "Where did you spring from?"

"From the cab, of course," answered Calton, with a laugh.

"A kind of Deus ex machina," replied Rolleston, attempting a bad pun.

"Exactly," said Calton. "Look here, Rolleston, do you remember the night of Whyte's murder—you met Fitzgerald at the railway station?"

"In the train," corrected Felix.

"Well, well; no matter, you came up with him to the club."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ROSINA VOKES ON CORSETS.

The Pretty Actress Says that Every Woman Needs the Support of Corsets.

"I couldn't dream of not wearing corsets,' said the pretty actress in a recent interview, "I should not be able to dance, or sing, or anything. I should be tired to death in no time. Injurious! Fudge! Don't you pin your faith to loose-seeming dresses. I know a lot of these Greek-draped actresses who lace tight—tight underneath the flowing draperies. Forgive me if I'm positive—that is my way—but I believe in corsets pure and simple.

I believe corsets are just as essential for a woman as suspenders are for a man, and one must wear them if one doesn't want one's things all slipping around and off. And then the support. Every decently formed woman needs support, of course. Oh! women who are excessively thin could go without stays, I fancy; but they look all up and down, you know. When to put on corsets? As soon as the figure gives the merest hint of development. It is on the same principle as planning a hand tightly round a baby's dear little body so that its precious back will not get broken. Every woman needs the support of corsets."

Just then Mr. Clay, who had been sitting with closed eyes during this conversation opened them and directed an aside to his wife.

"Tight? Gracious, no. I should not want you to suppose I advocated such a thing for a moment. I honestly don't believe in that. Don't tell, though, but I used to be horribly vain. I once wore seventeens, just fancy!—seventeen corset—laced tight. I was off the stage then, and one day was at the Newmarket races. I was fancying myself, I assure you, when I heard an old English lord remark, apropos of me, 'Good gawd! she'll come in half.' It wasn't pleasant, so now I wear my stays loose—quite."

Patti thinks corsets are the correct thing; she invariably wears them. When asked by a Chicago Tribune reporter if she found them injurious, she replied, "Not in the slightest. But, then, my stays are always very loose. Interfere with singing? Why, people don't sing with their stomachs do they? It must be an oddly formed person who would. As long as one doesn't wear stays about one's throat there can be no interference. Now, I cannot sing with as much as a ribbon confining my throat."

'Our Mary" doesn't approve of corsets. She never wears them under any circumstances, as she does not consider them artistic.

"Corsets? Of course I wear them. who does not? Think of me as 'Nadjy' with nothing to tie these black spangles to. I'd drop to pieces," said Miss Jansen.

"Are they an inconvenience? Look!" She got behind a door of the hotel, and, after a furtive glance down the corridor, daintily kicked the palm of her outstretched hand, executing a juronette after it.

"I'm all right, and my stays are as taut as a sail in high wind. Sometimes I have wondered what would happen if the strings should break. Pauline Hall wears them too, and all the chorus girls. Some of them would be sad figures if they didn't. Of course anyone who sings must wear them loose. I have one now, but look." She took, a deep breath, which distended the region just above her fluttering heart, that is nightly clasped in a jet-black vice, and trilled airily "Listen to the Tale of Woe," and had plenty of breath to spare after the effort.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A deputation from the Quebec Board of Trade will soon start for Ottawa to ask government to cancel debentures on the old North Shore railway, and enable the C. P. R. to meliorate its line between Montreal and Quebec.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-chief of the British army, will resign that position in October next and will be succeeded by the Duke of Connaught.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

A Mrs. Deliar, married in Montreal after twenty-five years has established her late husband's claim to a pension from the United States and has received $12,637.37.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

The Columbus, Hocking valley and Toledo railway company has entered suit against Winslow Laurier and Company of New York for $8,000,000, the proceeds of bonds negotiated by defendants when the roads consolidated.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

Commissioner Sherwood of the Dominion police, denies that American crooks are flooding Canada with counterfeit American notes.

After Dangers of the "Grip."
Boston papers facetiously remark that "La Grippe is seldom fatal unless you use all the remedies recommended for it." They are correct. The worst feature of the disease is the fact that every "grip" victim, if he tried all the patent medicines that have adorned (?) the pages of our leading newspapers as "sure cures for La Grippe," would be like Mark Twain, who for his famous cold tried every remedy advised by friends, until his stomach became so weak he began to vomit and continued until, as he avers, "he was like to throw up his immortal soul." We notice one of the leading advertisers of the day has been conspicuous at this opportune time by the absence of any claim to cure the "grip." They certainly deserve a "chromo" and we feel like giving them a free "ad" for their compassion upon our readers. The more so for the reason that probably more have used their remedy, that good old family medicine Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for this foreign influenza, than all others combined. And why not? Certainly no other will relieve catarrhal colds, coughs, bronchial troubles, or neuralgic pains, as promptly as that same old Anodyne Liniment, and the above are all symptoms or results of La Grippe. Herein lies the real after dangers from this epidemic of influenza: it leaves the mucous membrane linings of the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes tender and very susceptable to the catarrh, bronchial troubles and pneumonia, which come with February and March in our northern climate. We shall still pin our faith to a remedy for this after danger which acts promptly to allay inflammation; for therein lies the chief dangers from throat and lung troubles. And surely a remedy that has the friends that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has, after eighty years' trial by a critical public, and has been used for the "grip" more extensively than all the advertised remedies, deserves, as we said, a medal, and has before it we hope a prosperous year. As an octogenarian, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., the manufacturers, will send a valuable pamphlet free.

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GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN,
TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialt.

MURDERERS OF SELF.

Strange and Unaccountable Reason Assigned by Some for Taking Their Own Lives.—Curiosities of Suicide.

Some medical men tell us that only insane people kill themselves. But oftentimes the preparations for death are made in such a rational and matter of fact way, that one is forced to believe the suicide is perfectly sane. A resident of Chicago, who killed himself not long ago, left a letter to his wife, in which he gave the following reason for wishing to leave this world.

"Sickly and suffering, my death will be a relief and a blessing to all I love. Life has been nothing but torment to me since long ago." And so through the whole letter. He had suffered so much in this world that it was easy for him to part with life.

There are thousands of men and women in Canada who suffer almost unbearable pain and agony. Victims of nervous diseases, they bear life's burden bravely, patiently, and without complaint. Death would be welcome, but suicide is cowardly. And they exist with it suffering.

When the head aches, the brain feels heavy and confused, the mind is filled with sad thought, the eyes are weak, the ears buzz, the face is pale and sallow, the tongue is coated, the mouth has a foul taste, the heart beats violently at times, the limbs tremble, the muscles twitch and there are flushes of heat, heart-burn, pressure in the stomach as from stone weakness, and debility;—when any of these symptoms are present, use Paine's Celery Compound. It is the only cure for nervous diseases. The providential discovery of a famous physician, there is nothing like it. Thousands of men and women, who could not have welcomed death, are now happy and healthy. They used Paine's Celery Compound and were saved.

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1 Carload Labrador Herring.
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Requires no brush to polish, gives a brilliant polish, Protects and Preserves all kinds of leather. It is the dressing for Men, Women, and Children. Sheds water or snow with a dressing once a week. For sale by
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Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.
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"IT'S AWFU' GUID."
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