### THE DEVIL'S LEAD

A Thrilling Tale of the Australian Gold Diggings.

"You've left the window open," remarked Selina, looking at her mistress, "and if you are nervous it will not make you feel safe." Mme. Midas glanced at the window.

"It's so hot," she said, plaintively, "I will get no sleep. Can't you manage to fix it up,

so that I can leave it open?"
"I'll try," answered Selina, and she undressed her mistress and put her to bed, then proceeded to fix up a kind of burglar trap. Directly in front of the window, Selina set a small wood table, so that any one who tried to enter would throw it over, and thus put the sleeper on the alert. She prepared to retire, but madame stopped her. "You must stay all night with me, Selina," she said, irritably. I can't be eft alone."

"But, Miss Kitty," objected Selina, "she's expect to be waited for, coming home from "Well, she comes in here to go to her own room," said madame, impatiently; "you can leave the door unlocked."

"Well," observed Miss Sprotts, grimly, beginning to undress herself, "for a nervous

woman, you leave a great many windows and doors open." "I'm not afraid as long as you are with me," said madame, yawning; "it's by my-

self I get nervous. Miss Sprotts sniffed, and observed that "Prevention is better than cure," then went to bed, and then she and madame were soon fast asleep. Selina slept on the outside of the bed, and madame, having a sense of security from being with some one, slumbered

A sleepy servant admitted Kitty when she came home from the ball. Just near the door of Madame's room, to which she went noiselessly, was a long cheval-glass, and Kitty caught sight of herself in it, wan and spectral looking, in her white dress, and, as she let the heavy blue cloak fall from her shoulders, a perfect shower of apple-blossoms were shaken on to the floor.

Her hair had come undone from its sleek, smooth plaits, and now hung like a veil of gold on her shoulders. She looked closely at herself in the glass, and her face looked worn and haggard in the dim light. A pungent acrid odor permeated the room, and the heavy velvet curtains moved with subdued rustlings as the wind stole in through the window. On a table near her was a portrait of Vandeloup, which he had given to madame two days before, and though she could not see the face, she knew it was his. Stretching out her hand she took the photograph from its stand, and sunk into a low chair which stood at the end of the room some distance from the bed. So noiseless were her movements that the two sleepers never woke, and the girl sat in the chair with the portrait in her hand, dreaming of the man whom it represented. She knew his bandsome face was smiling up at her out of the glimmering gloom, and clinched her hands in anger as she thought how he had treated her. She let the portrait fall on her lap, and leaning back in the chair, with all her golden hair showering down loosely over

her shoulders, gave herself up to reflection. He was going to marry Mme. Midas-the man who had ruined her life; he would hold another woman in his arms and tell her all the false tales he had told her. He would look into her eyes with his own, and she would be unable to see the treachery and guile hidden in their depths. She could not stand it. False friend, false lover, he had been, but to see him married to another-no! it was too much. And yet what could she do? A coman in love believes no ill of the man she adores, and if she was to tell Mme Midas all, she would not be believed. Ah! it was useless to fight against fate, it was too strong for her, so she would have to suffer in silence and see them happy, That story of Hans Andersen's, which she had read, about the little mermaid who danced and felt that swords were wounding her feet while the prince smiled on his bride—yes, that was her case. She would have to stand by in silence and see him caressing another woman, while every caress would stab her like a sword. Was there no way of stopping it? Ah! what is that? The poison-no! no! anything but that. Madame had been kind to her, and she could not repay her trust with treachery. No, she was not weak enough for that, and yet, suppose madame died? no one could tell she had been poisoned, and then she could marry Vandeloup. Madame was sleeping in yonder bed, and on the table there was a glass with some liquid in it. She would only have to go to her room, fetch the poison, and put it in there—then retire to bed. Madame would surely drink during the night, and then—yes, there was only one way—the poison!

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* How still the house was: not a sound but the ticking of the clock in the hall and the rushing scamper of a rat or mouse. The dawn reddens faintly in the east, and the chill morning breezes come up from the south, salt with the odors of the ocean. Ah! what is that?—a scream—a woman's voice—then another, and the bell rings furiously. The frightened servants collect from all parts of the house, in all shapes of dress and undress. The bell sounds from the bedroom of Mrs. Villiers, and having ascertained this they all rush in. What a sight meets their eyes. Kitty Marchurst, still in her ball-dress, clinging convulsively to the chair; Mme Midas, pale but calm, ringing the bell; and on the bed, with one arm hanging over, lies Selina Sprotts-dead! The table near the bed was overturned on the floor, and the glass and the night-lamp both lie smashed to pieces on the carpet.

"Send for a doctor at once," cried madame, letting go the bell-rope and crossing to the window; "Selina has had a fit of some sort." Startled servants go out to the stables and wake up the grooms, one of whom is soon on horseback riding for dear life to Dr. Chinston. Clatter-clatter along in the keen morning air; a few workmen on their way to work gaze in surprise at this furious rider. Luckily the doctor lives in St. Kilda, and being awoke out of his sleep, dresses himself quickly, and, taking the groom's horse, rides back to Mrs. Villier's house. He enters the bed-room. Kitty, pale and wan, is seated in the low curtains are drawn, and the cold light of day pours into the room, while Mme. Midas is kneeling beside the corpse, with all the servants around her. Chinston lifts the arm; it falls limply down. The face is ghastly white, the eyes staring; there is a streak of foam on the tightly clinched mouth. The doctor puts his hand on the heart—not a throb; he closes the star-

ing woman and the frightened servants.

"She is dead," he says briefly, and orders them to leave the room. "When did this occur, Mrs. Villiers?" he asked, when the room had been cleared, and only himself, madame, and Kitty remained.

"I can't tell you," replied madame, weeping; "she was all right last night when we went to bed, and she stayed all night with me because I was nervous. I slept soundly, when I was awakened by a cry, and saw Kitty standing beside the bed, and Selina in convulsions; then she became quite still and lay like that till you came. What is the cause?"

He turned to Kitty, who was shivering in

the chair, and looked so pale that Mme. Midas went over to her to see what was the matter. The girl, however, shrunk away with a cry as the elder woman approached, and rising to her feet, moved unsteadily toward the dealer.

"You say she," pointing to the body, "died of apoplexy?"
"Yes," he answered, curtly, "all the symptoms of apoplexy are there. "You are wrong!" gasped Kitty, laying her hand on his arm; "it is poison!" "Poison!" echoed madame and the doctor

"Listen," said Kitty, quickly pulling her-self together by a great effort. "I came home from the ball between two and three, I entered the room to go to my own," pointing to the other door; "I did not know Selina

was with madame."

"No," said madame, quietly, "that is true;
I only asked her to stop at the last moment." "I was going quietly to bed," resumed Kitty, hurriedly, "in order not to awaken madame, when I saw the portrait of Monsieur Vandeloup on the table; I tock it up to

"How could you see without a light?" asked Dr. Chinston, sharply, looking at her. "There was a night-light burning," replied Kitty, pointing to the fragments on the floor; "and I could only guess it was Monsieur Vandeloup's portrait; but at all events," she said, quickly, "I sat down in the chair over

there and fell asleep. "You see, doctor, she had been to a ball, and was tired," interposed Mme. Midas; "but go on, Kitty, I want to know why you. say Selina was poisoned.'

"I don't know now long I was asleep," said Kitty, wetting her dry lips with her tongue, "but I was awakened by a noise at the window there," pointing toward the window, upon which both her listeners turned toward it, "and looking, I saw a hand coming out from behind the curtain with a bottle in it: it held the bottle over the glass on the table, and after pouring the contents in, then with

"And why did you not cry out for assis tance?" asked the doctor, quickly.
"I couldn't," she replied. "I was so afraid that I fainted. When I recovered my senses, Selina had drunk the poison, and when I got up on my feet and went to the bed she was in convulsions; I woke madame, and that's

"A strange story," said Chinston, musingly; "where is the glass?" "It's broken, doctor," replied Mme. Midas:
"In getting out of bed I knocked the table

down, and both the night-lamp and glass were smashed." "No one could have been concealed be hind the certain of the window?" said the doctor to Mme. Midas.

"No," she replied; "but the window wa open all night; so if it is as Kitty says, the man who gave the poison must have put his hand through the open window." Dr. Chinston went to the window and

looked out; there were no marks of feet on the flower-bed, where it was so soft that any one standing on it would have left a footmark behind. "Strange!" said the doctor; "it's a peculiar

story," looking at Kitty keenly.
"But a true one," she replied, boldly, the color coming back to her face; "I say she was

"By whom?" asked Mme. Midas, the memory of her husband coming back to her.
"I can't tell you," answered Kitty, "I only

"At all events," said Chinston, slowly, ner did not know that your was with you, so the poison was meant for Mrs. Villiers. "For me?" she echoed, ghastly pale; "I

knew it-my husband is alive, and this is his

CHATER XII. A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

LL news travels fast, and before noon the death of Selina Sprotts was known all over Melbourne. The ubiquitous reporter, of course, appeared on the scene, and the evening paper gave its own version of the affair, and a hint at foul play. There were no grounds for this statement, as Dr. Chin-ston told Kitty and Mme. Midas to say nothing about the poison, and it was generally understood that the deceased had died from apoplexy. A rumor, however, which originated none knew how, crept about among every one that poison was the cause of death; and this being added to by some and embellished in all its little details by others, there was soon a complete story made up about the affair. At the Bachelors' Club it was being warmly spoken about when Vandeloup came in at eight o'clock in the evening; and when he appeared he was immediately overwhelmed with inquiries. He looked cool and calm, as usual, and stood smil-

in an assertive tone, "so you must know all about the affair." "I don't see that," returned Gaston, pulling at his mustache, "knowing any one does not include a knowledge of all that goes on in the house. I assure you, beyond what there is in the papers, I am as ignorant as

ing quietly on the excited group before him.

"You know Mrs. Villiers," said Bellthorp,

or something—died from poison," said Barty Jasper, who had been all round the place col-

"Apoplexy, the doctor says," said Bellthorp lighting a cigarette; "she was in the same room with Mrs. Villiers and was found dead

"Miss Marchurst was also in the room," put in Barty, eagerly.
"Oh, indeed!" said Vandeloup, smoothly
turning to him; "do you think she had any-

thing to do with it?" "Of course not," said Rolleston, who had just entered; "she had no reason to kill the

"So logical you are," he murmured, "you

want a reason for everything."
"Naturally," retorted Felix, fixing in his
eye\_lass, "there is no effect without a cause.
"It couldn't have been Miss Marchurst," said Bellthorp, "they say that the poison was poured out of a bottle held by a hand which came through the window—it's quite true,"
defiantly looking at the disbelieving faces
around him; "one of Mrs. Villiers's servants
heard it in the house and told Mrs. Riller's

"From whence," said Vandeloup, politely, "it was transmitted to you—precisely." Bellthorp reddened slightly, and turned away as he saw the other smiling, for his as he saw the other smiling, for his ons with Mrs. Riller were well known. "That hand business is all bosh," observed Felix Rolleston, authoritatively; "it's in a play called 'The Hidden Hand."

"Perhaps the person who poisoned Miss Sprotts got the idea from it," suggested Jas-

"Pshaw, my dear fellow," said Vandeloup,

"Pshaw, my dear fellow," said Vandeloup, languidly; "people don't go to melodrama for ideas. Every one has got their own version of this story; the best thing to do is to await the result of the inquest."

"Is there to be an inquest!" cried all.

"So I've heard," replied the Frenchman, coolly; "sounds as if there was something wrong, doesn't it?"

"It's a curious poisoning case," observed

with her had resulted in the wrong person

Rolleston, sagely. "I expect we'll all be rather astonished when the inquest is held," and so the discussion closed.

The inquest was appointed to take place next day, and Calton had been asked by Mme. Midas to be present on her behalf. Kilsip, a detective officer, was also present, and, curled up like a cat in the corner, was listening to every word of the avidence. being killed.

Mme. Midas told Calton the whole story of her life and asserted positively that if the bison was meant for her Villiers must have stered it. This was all very well, but the question then arose, was Villiers alive?
The police were once more set to work, and once more their search resulted in nothing.
Altogether the whole affair was wrapped in mystery, as it could not even be told if a

and, curled up like a cat in the corner, was listening to every word of the evidence.

The first witness called was Mme. Midas, who deposed that the decased, Selina Jane Sprotts, was her servant. She had gone to bed in saccillent health, and next morning she had been found dead.

The coroner asked a few questions relative

Miss Marchurst awoke you I believe? And her room is off yours?

Had she to go through your room to A. She had. There was no other way of getting there.

Q. One of the windows of your room was

A. It was—all night.
Miss Kitty Marchurst was then called, and being sworn, gave her story of the hand coming through the window. This caused a great sensation in court, and Calton looked pazzled, while Kilsip, scenting a mystery, rubbed his hands together softly.
Q. You live with Mrs. Villiers, I believe, Miss Marchurst?

And you knew the deceased intimate-

I had known her all my life. Had she any one who would wish to Q. injure her? A. Not that I know of. She was a favor-

ite with every one.

Q. What time did you come home from the ball you were at? A. About half past two, I think. I went straight to Mrs. Villiers's room. Q. With the intention of going through it to reach your own?

Q. You say you fell asleep looking at a portrait. How long did you sleep?

A. I don't know. I was awakened by a noise at the window, and saw the hand ap-

Was it a man's hand or a woman's? I don't know. It was too indistinct for me to see clearly; and I was so afraid I Q. You saw it pour something from a bot-

tle into the glass on the table? A. Yes; but I did not see it withdraw. fainted right off. Q. When you recovered your senses, the deceased had drunk the contents of the glass?

A. Yes. She must have felt thirsty and drank it, not knowing it was poisoned. Q. How do you know it was poisoned? A. I only suppose so. I don't think any one would come to a window and pour anything into a glass without some evil purpose The coroner then asked why the glass with what remained of contents had not been put in evidence, but was informed that the glass

was broken. When Kitty had ended her evidence and was stepping down she caught the eye of Vandeloup, who was looking at her keenly. She met his gaze defiantly, and he smiled meaningly at her. At this moment, however, Kilsip bent forward and whispered something to the coroner, whereupon Kitty was

Q. You were an actress, Miss Marchurst? A. Yes. I was on tour with Mr. Theodore Q. Do you know a drama called 'The Hid-

den Hand'? A. Yes-I have played in it once or twice. Q. Is there not a strong resemblance between your story of this crime and the

A. Yes, it is very much the same. Kilsip then gave his evidence, and deposed that he had examined the ground between the window, where the hand was alleged to have appeared, and the garden wall. There were no foot-marks on the flower-bed under the window, which was the only place where foot-marks would show, as the lawn itself was hard and dry. He also examined the wall, but could find no evidence that any one had climbed over it, as it was defended by broken bottles, and the bushes at its foot were not crushed or disturbed in any way. Dr. Chinston was then called, and deposed that he had made a post-mortem ex-amination of the body of the deceased. The body was that of a woman of apparently fifty or fifty-five years of age, and of medium height; the body was well nourished. There were no ulcers or other signs of disease, and no marks of violence on the body. The brain was congested and soft, and there was an abnormal amount of fluid in the spaces known as the ventricles of the brain; the lungs were gorged with dark fluid blood; the heart appeared healthy, its left side was contracted and empty, but the right side was dilated and filled with dark fluid blood; the stomach was somewhat congested, and contained a little partially digested food; the intestines here and there were congest-

dark and fluid. Q. What, then, in your opinion, was the A. In my opinion, death resulted from serous effusion on the brain, commonly

ed, and throughout the body the blood was

known as serous apoplexy.

Q. Then you found no appearances in the stomach, or elsewhere, which would lead you to believe poison had been taken?

Q. From the post-mortem examination could you say the death of the deceased was not due to some narcotic poison?

A. No; the post-mortem appearances of the body are quite consistent with those of poisoning by certain poisons; but there is no reason to suppose that any poison has been administered in this case, as I, of course, go by what I see; and the presence of poisons especially vegetable poisons, can only be detected by chemical analysis.

Q. Did you analyze the contents of the

A. No; it was not my duty to do so; I handed over the stomach to the police, seeing that thore is a suspicion of poison, and thence it will go to the government analyst.

Q. It is stated that the deceased had convulsions before she died—is this not a symp-

tom of narcotic poisoning?

tom of narcotic poisoning?

A. In some cases, yes; but not commonly; aconite, for instance, always produces convulsions in animals, seldom in man.

Q. How do you account for the congested condition of the lungs?

A. I believe the serous effusion caused death by suspended respiration.

Q. Was there any odor perceptible?

A. No. none whatsoever.

Q. Was there any odor perceptible?

A. No, none whatsoever.

The inquest was then adjourned till next day, and there was great excitement over the affair. If Kitty Marchurst's statement was true, the deceased must have died from the administration of poison, but on the other hand Dr. Chinston asserted positively that there was no trace of poison, and that the deceased had clearly died from apoplexy. Public opinion was very much divided, some asserting that Kitty's story was true, while others said she had got the idea from "The Hidden Hand," and only told it in order to make herself notorious. There were plenty of letters written to the papers were plenty of letters written to the papers on the subject, each offering a new solution of the difficulty, but the fact remained the same; that Kitty said the deceased had been poisoned; the doctor that she had died of ap-

pecial to The Warder. THE trustees of the public school de

ceased had died from natural causes. The only chance of finding out the truth would be to have the stomach analyzed, and the ists and that the work will con matter could be gone on with, or dropped, according to the report of the analyst. If he said it was apoplexy. Kitty's story would necessarily have to be credited as an invention; but if, on the the other hand, the traces THE U.P.R. is very busy shipping grain of poison were found, search would have to be east. The mammoth wheat crop in Manitoba and North West is making made for the murderer. Matters were at a deadlock, and every one waited impatiently for the report of the analyst. Suddenly, however, a new interest was given to the case by the assertion that a Ballarat doctor, call-

Vandeloup saw the paragraph which gave this information, and it disturbed him very

ed Gollipeck, who was a noted toxicologist

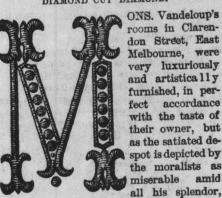
had come down to Melbourne to assist at the

which would throw light on the mysterious

analysis of the stomach, and knew somethin

"Curse that book of Prevol's," he said to himself, as he threw down the paper; "it will put them on the right track, and then—well," observed M. Vandeloup, sententiously, "they say danger sharpens a man's wit's; it's lucky for me if it does."

> CHAPTER XIII. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



fect accordance with the taste of their owner, but as the satiated despot is depicted by the moralists as miserable amid all his splendor, so M. Gaston Vandeloup, though not exactly miserable, was very ill at ease. The inquest had been adjourned until the governm

analyst, assisted by Dr. Gollipeck, had examined the stomach, and according to a paragraph in the evening paper, some strange statements, implicating various people, would be made next day. It was this that made Vandeloup so uneasy, for he knew that Dr. Gollipeck would trace a resemblance between the death of Selina Sprotts in Melbourne and Adele Blondet in Paris, and then the question would arise how the poison used in the one case came to be used in the other. If that question arose it would be all over with him, for he would not dare to face any

part of valor, Mr. Vandeloup decided to leave the country.

It was about eight o'clock at night, and Gaston was busy in his rooms packing up to go away next morning. He had disposed of his apartments to Bellthorp, as that young gentleman had lately come in for some money, and was dissatisfied with his paternal roof, where he was kept too strictly

examination, and as discretion is the better

Vandeloup, seated in his shirt sleeves in the midst of a chaos of articles of clothing, portmanteaus, and boxes, was, with the experience of an accomplished traveler, rapidly putting these all away in the most expeditious and neatest manner. He wanted to get finished before ten o'clock, so that he could go down to his club and show himself, in order to obviate any suspicion as to his going away. He did not intend to send cut any P.P.C. cards, as he was a modest young man and wanted to slip ostentatiously out of the country; besides, there was nothing like precaution, as the least intimation of his approaching departure would certainly put Dr. Gollipeck on the alert and cause trouble. The gas was lighted, there was a bright glare through all the room, and everything was in confusion, with M. Vandeloup seated in the centre, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. While thus engaged there came a ring at the outer door, and shortly afterward Gaston's land-

lady entered his room with a card. "A gentleman wants to see you, sir," she said, holding out the card. "I'm not at home," replied Vandeloup, coolly, removing the cigarette he was smoking from his mouth; "I can't see any one to-

"He says you'd like to see him, sir," answered the woman, standing at the door.
"The deuce he does," muttered Vandeloup, uneasily; "I wonder what this pertinacious gentleman's name is?" and he glanced at the card, whereon was written

Vandeloup felt a chill running through him as he rose to his feet. The battle was about to begin, and he knew he would need all his wit and skill to get himself out safely. Dr. Gollipeck had thrown down the gauntlet, and he would have to pick it up. Well, it was best to know the worst at once, so he told the landlady he would see Gollipeck up there, as he would see all the evidences of down-stairs. He did not want him to come

his intention to leave the country.

"I'll see him downstairs," he said, sharply, to the landlady; "ask the gentleman to

The landlady, however, was pushed roughly to one side, and Dr. Gollipeck, rusty and dingy looking as ever, entered the room.
"No need, my dear friend," he said, in his grating voice, blinking at the young manthrough his spectacles, "we can talk here."

Vandeloup signed to the landlady to leave the room, which she did, closing the door after her, and then, pulling himself together with a great effort, he advanced, smilingly on the doctor.

"Ah, my dear monsieur," he said, in his musical voice, holding out both hands, "how

pleased I am to see you." Dr. Gollipeck gurgled pleasantly in his throat at this, and laughed—that is, something apparently went wrong in his inside and a rasping noise came out of his mouth.

"You clever young man," he said affectionately, to Gaston, as he unwound a long crimson woollen scarf from his throat, and thereby caused a button to fly off his waist-coat with the exertion. Dr. Gollipeck, however, being used to these little eccentricities coat with the exertion. Dr. Golnpeck, however, being used to these little eccentricities of his toilet, pinned the waistcoat together, and then, sitting down, spread his red bandana handkerchief over his knees, and stared steadily at Vandeloup, who had put on a loose velvet smoking coat, and, with a cigarette in his mouth, was leaning against the mantel-piece. It was raining outside and the pleasant patter of the raindrops was quite audible in the stillness of the room, while every now and then a gust of wind would make the windows rattle, and shake the heavy green curtains. The two men eyed one another keenly, for they both knew they had an unpleasant quarter of an hour before them, and were like two clever fencers—both watching their opportunity to begin the combat. Gollipeck, with his greasy coat all rucked up behind his neck, and his frayed shirt cuffs coming down on his ungainly hands, sat sternly silent; so Vandeloup, after contemplating him for a few moments, had to begin the battle.

[To be continued.]

NORTH BAY.

ided to engage as headmaster a teacher holding a first-class cetificate. They advertised accordingly and as the result they have received some fifty applications from school teachers holding first class certificates. Our young town must be very popular with first class men.

It is said on good authority that the contract for the construction of the first fifty miles of the Nippising and James' Bay road has been let to Chicago capitalearly in the spring. It our American cousins see fit to be annexed to Canada in that way some of us at least will not forfeit the bonus.

business lively and that means plenty of money for the employees. WE bear of great depths of snow west, but we have about one inch, and delight-

ful weather. WE understand arrangements are being made to erect a custom smelter convenient to Sudbury on the main line of the C.P.R. If arrangements are carried out the smelter may be used by parties desiring to open up or develop mines, as they may continue to deliver their ore and deal with the company. This, it is said, will give parties with small capital an opportunity of deriving a revenue from their properties. The company may ask

the Ontario Government for aid. THE presbyterian and church of England have not as yet secured settled pastors for their churches. The methodists, however, have been very kind to have shown the spirit of brotherliness. Mr. Tippett, a methodist local preacher of rare ability, has officiated for the presbyterians a number of times, and the easter of the methodist church, Rev. J. Webster, preached for them last Sabbath evening. The church of England ser mons have been conducted largely by Mr. Newton Williams, son of Rev. Thomas Williams who formerly preached in Oakwood, who has became quite a churchman. The methodists need more church accomodation, especially for even ing services. The Sabbath school has also grown so large the teachers finds the church somewhat inconvenient.

THE Epworth League gave an excel-lent programme on Monday evening. The service began by Mrs. Rev. J. Webster leading a prayer meeting in connection with which she read an excellent essay on "Bread from Heaven."
This was followed by the literary part of
the entertainment which was executed in a very creditable manner. These meetings must be productive of much good. Already the good results are manifest.

MR. W. McKenzie, merchant, who has

served two years in the council, offers his service to the electors to fill the position of mayor. Mr. Bourke, we are informed, does not seek re-election. That sounds something like what we heard last year, when it was a contest between conservatives and reformers, that Mr. Mc. said that if the roman catholics would support him in '92, he would support Mr. Bourk's election for '91. It is emazing that with a majority protestant and conservative vote we cannot elect a different stamp of men. However, we hope for

One of the first things Christ tells a saved sinner is, that he must keep out of bad com-

Complaining about the hard times you are ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. having, does not make it easier for anybody



Hon. Jas. McShane, M.P.P., Mayor of Montreal.

RECOGNIZES HONESTY AND MERIT! CANADIANS MUST COMMEND HIM!

The Hon. Jas. McShane, Mayor of Montreal, is a man who possesses many strong characteristics which help to make the succharacteristics which help to make the successful ruler, politician and business man. Some of these characteristics are strongly developed in Mayor McShane's every-day life, and are worthy of our admiration. When the worthy Mayor knows he is following the great path of duty, honesty and truth, no human power can cause him to swerve from it. He is always opposed to charlatanry and deception but ever ready and willing to hold tensciously to that which bears the royal stamp of worsh and merit.

Last spring Mayor McShane, owing to overwork, was completely run down and pros-trated. He was confined to his house for a time, and was truly a sick man. At this critical period it was natural that the worthy Mayor should seek for the best means of recovery—the most effective recuperator, so recovery—the most effective recuperator, so as to once more fit him to carry on his manifold duties. He acted as many other wise men have done; he decided without hesitation to try the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound having heard so much of its wonderful results. Was he mistaken or disappointed? No! His experience with this great remedy was so astisfactory and gratifying that a iew weeks ago he sent the preprietors a strong testimonial which speaks volumes, and proves conclusively that of all the remedies now before the people of Canada, Paine's Celery Compound stands elevated far above all others in honest and great results.

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal.

Gentlemen:—It is with extreme pleasure that I give you a testimonial in favor of your great remedy, popularly known as Paine's Celery Compound.

I used it at a time when I was overworked and run-down. The use of the Compound has given me a good appetite, and made me much stronges than I was before I used it.

I cheerfully recommend it to all in need of a tonic and atrengthener.

Yours very truly,

J. McShane,

Mayor of Montreal.

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