

WHY THEY TIRE OF LIFE.

QUAINT REVELATIONS FROM THE PARIS MORGUE RECORDS.

While Death Has All Seasons for Its Own, Suicides Are Most Common in the Spring—Old Reasons Given for Taking Leave of the World—Queer Letters Left.

It is a curious fact, but not more curious than true, as published statistics sufficiently show, that there are more dead bodies exposed at the Morgue in Paris during the months of April, May, and June than at any other time of the year says an English paper. For these three months there is now an average of eighty bodies a month; and it is a noticeable fact that the hotter the weather is in spring, the greater is the number of corpses laid out on the marble slabs of this far-famed mortuary. The cases of suicide predominate.

Since 1870 the deaths registered at the Morgue have increased to an alarming extent. During that year they numbered 675; fifteen years later, in 1885, the register showed 858 deaths; in 1889 there were 906 deaths; and last year there were 1,007 deaths; and this notwithstanding the fact that there has been little or no increase in the population of Paris during these last few years. The arrangements have been considerably modernized, yet it appears that the refrigerating apparatus in use fails to meet the ever-increasing requirements. Previous to the adoption of this apparatus and other means of preservation, bodies were only allowed to remain exposed for seventy-two hours; but now they are retained so long as is required for the purpose of medical analysis, judicial inquiry, and identification. There is a dissecting room at the Morgue, where the officially appointed surgeons and analysts examine every dead body before it is exposed for public inspection. It is in this room that an alleged assassin is confronted with his supposed victim. Should the examining magistrate fail to extract any confession of crime from the accused, the authorized surgeons or the analysts endeavour by anatomical research to "faire parler le cadavre"—"induce the corpse to speak." Forty years ago quite two-thirds of the corpses were not claimed or even identified, but this is no longer the case. A good many identifications are due to photos taken and affixed to the register in proximity to the entries relative to each subject taken to the Morgue, and also by the labelling and warehousing of the clothes and effects belonging to them. The two sexes have each their own register, which remains open and can be examined on fete days and on Sundays—a great advantage to persons who cannot leave their work on other days.

Some quaint revelations have come to light from first to last, in connection with this mortuary. There is a story of a ring—an heirloom—which reappeared frequently at the Morgue on the finger of successive heirs who inherited it. It was always recognized and duly claimed. Whoever wore it died a violent death. It was known by the officials as the fatal ring. Here is another story, vouched for by the authority of M. Mace. A young married couple were in the habit of visiting the Morgue every morning regularly at the same hour, for no better reason possibly than morbid curiosity. These visits extended over a period of two years, when the young wife suddenly disappeared. The husband continued his visits until the day when he saw his dead wife laid out on one of the marble slabs. Previously to drowning herself in the Seine, she had cut off all her hair and dressed herself in men's clothes, thinking thereby no doubt to disguise her identity.

Among the written statements which have been found in the pockets of persons who have committed suicide are some absolutely mystical. "Having seen too much of the 'known,'" says one, "I am going to seek the unknown." Another says, "Having had my fill of the miseries of this world, I should like to taste the delights of the other."

Here is a singular letter written by an unsuccessful inventor, who committed suicide so that the newspapers should write about him and his invention. The letter is addressed "To every one," and says:—"My name is R—. I am a native of Lyons, and I kill myself voluntarily. I have never done harm to any one, and forgive those who have injured me. I have been 'on the spree'—*fait la noce*—up to the last hour of my life. As no valuables will be found on me it might be thought that I am the victim of foul play. Not a bit of it. I have made myself look as smart as possible and had my hair curled previous to taking my last bath in the Seine. I am the champion of sensational advertising, and in the name of my own country take the shine out of every other country; for, never since the world was created has there been an inventor who killed himself in order that his invention might be known. An idea strikes me just as I am about to commit suicide. I am giving points to the Americans as an advertiser, for who ever heard of one of them killing himself for the purpose of 'booming his invention'?"

How numerous have been the persons of mark who, dying suddenly in the street or other public place, have been at once transferred and exposed at the Morgue! Magistrates have now been instructed to avoid pursuing that course as much as possible; while M. Guillot, *Juge d'Instruction*, has been insisting for some time past that it is advisable, in certain cases, that *post-mortem* examinations should take place at the residences of the dead, and he also strongly advocates the building of a separate hall for the purpose of these examinations in general, and bearing a name different from the sinister one, "The Morgue."

Magna Charta Explained.

Magna Charta comprehended most of those features which are now recognized as constituting the safeguards of civil liberty, together with several tending to the welfare of the community at large. It provided for the enjoyment of town charters, restricted the arbitrary exercise of power by the crown officers, in the matter of seizing supplies for the army; directed courts of justice to be held four times a year; forbade any man to be condemned save after a fair trial on the evidence of witnesses, declared that justice must be equal to all

men, that no man should be outlawed by royal decree; that guardians must keep up the estates of their wards; that personal property must be taken for debt before real estate; that mechanics' tools and farmers' plows could not be taken for debt, and that weights and measures must be uniform. No "villain" or farmer was to be compelled to perform more service than his due; foreign merchants were to be allowed to trade with England; widows to remain such if they liked, and every man to be free to bequeath his personal property as he chose; though his realty must descend to his widow and children. Four clauses were added during the reign of Edward I. No taxes were to be levied without the consent of Parliament, no provisions to be taken for the King's army without the owner's consent; no duties to be levied on wool, and all liberties and customs up to that time enjoyed to remain in force.

IN THE QUARRIES OF PARIS.

Scenes that Recall Incidents in Modern Sensational Novels.

One of the most curious and deplorable sights in connection with pauperism during the winter in Paris is the influx of peripatetic beggars who invade at night the disused quarries of Argenteuil and Montmartre, where they huddle together, as close as they safely can, to the limekilns, in order to obtain a little warmth, says the Pall Mall Budget.

Along the suburban roads, in the direction of Paris, they can be seen in twos and threes bent double almost, and hungry, hurrying on, footsore, in hope of being in time to obtain a night's shelter in the asiles de nuit—night refuges—of the capital. But in those buildings there is not sufficient room to accommodate all applicants. Their hospitable doors are open only for a short time late at night, and when once they are closed all entreaties for admission are rigorously unheeded. In the disused quarries they can find plenty of room; a whole army of mendicants could easily obtain shelter in their long galleries—a warm corner to huddle up in, and a convenient stone for a pillow. Moreover, there are no awkward questions asked as to the asiles de nuit, such as, "Who art thou? From whence comest thou? What is thy calling?" And so from all directions leading towards Paris they come in large numbers at night, mud-bespattered, hollow cheeked, worn out with fatigue, and numbered by hundreds as they descend into the quarries where pressed pell-mell one against the other, they endeavour by contact to keep out the cold. The largest number and the deepest of these disused quarries are in the neighborhood of Argenteuil; and there it is that the police often made their raids when in search of some criminal who has escaped capture, and who, it is thought, may be hiding among the "malirats."

The writer of these lines was present at one of these irregular expeditions. A few days previously two rogues had broken into a house in the neighborhood of Argenteuil and had beaten the occupant, an elderly man, and compelled him to give them food and money. A descent into the quarries was decided on by the police, who thought it not unlikely that the malefactors might be hiding there. Towards midnight a party of gendarmes, led by a foreman employed at the limekilns, entered the galleries of the quarries of Argenteuil. By the light of the red glare of their flaming torches their shadows appeared giantlike on the sides of the galleries. At each one of these galleries a gendarme or a police agent stood sentry, revolver in hand, while the commissary walked through them accompanied by a party of agents and the foreman, to whom the regular habitues and most of the honest but needy poor who frequent the galleries are known. As they reach the first group of sleepers they wake them up somewhat roughly and throw into their eyes a ray of light from their bull's-eye lantern. "Do you know this man?" inquired the commissary, addressing the foreman. The answer is "yes" or "no," as the case may be; and possibly, while the first man of each group is permitted to turn on his side and go to sleep again, the second or third one has the handcuffs slipped on, and soon becomes the head of a chain of suspected individuals, which will lengthen until there are some forty or more of them in the custody of the representatives of the law. Escorted by the gendarmes they are marched into town, thrust into a corner of the sille de police, and separately interrogated. What revelations of sad histories are made! A disreputable priest, driven out of holy orders, tells the story of his iniquitous life with tears in his eyes; a fraudulent lawyer asks for pity at the hands of the interrogating magistrate; a broken-down artist speaks of blighted love. Then comes the turn of some sordid-looking ragged women, with the look of famished wolves in their eyes, who almost one and all beg as a mercy that they may be sent to prison, where, at all events, they will find food and shelter. From among this heterogeneous group of human beings one or two or more are generally kept in custody pending further inquiries, while the others are turned adrift, in spite of snow or rain, and told to make themselves scarce. For days and days they wander along the roads outside Paris, seeking the shelter of the quarries at night, where, in some instances, under the influence of stupefying *triois-six* (cheap brandy), taken on an empty stomach, they stagger too close to the furnaces, and are discovered in the morning actually roasted to death. These unfortunates are alluded to by their companions as *veau roti*.

The Dog Overheard It.

Mrs. Reed of Benton owns a old shepherd dog that has quite a reputation for sagacity. He happened one day to be in a neighbor's barn where two or three men were talking, when one of them remarked: "There's Mrs. Reed's sheep in my field." He did not think of the dog when he spoke and made no advance movement himself, but no sooner were the words out of his mouth than Rover dashed out of the barn, away to the field and drove Mrs. Reed's sheep home.—Lewiston Journal.

Why She Took Him.

This parrot I can recommend. He has only one fault: he makes a terrible row if he does not get his dinner promptly. Widow: I shall take him. He will remind me of my late husband.

A BRANTFORD MIRACLE.

MR. JOHN CONGDON TELLS OF HIS RECOVERY FROM TORTURE AND SUFFERING.

Almost Helpless and in Constant Agony for Eight Months—After Many Remedies Had Failed Health is Again Restored—What Prominent Druggists Have to Say.

(From the Brantford Courier.)

Some two years ago a startling article appeared in the papers telling of the recovery of a Mr. Marshall, of Hamilton, who had been pronounced incurable by many doctors, and so hopeless was his case that he was paid the total disability claim of the Royal Templars. The potent agency in his recovery was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Since then the whole country has rung with the praises of these marvellous Pink Pills. They have been prime health giving agents wherever conscientiously used and have done more good during the past two or three years than half the graduates of the medical colleges have accomplished in a life time. The citizens of Brantford who suffer from nervous diseases, and all the ills which they entail, have not been slow to seize upon the aid to health and happiness held out to them at such a small price, and the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this city and vicinity has been simply enormous and the good done has more than kept pace with the sale.

Recently The Courier has had called to its attention a remarkable recovery—only one, it is stated, of many that have occurred in this city. Incredulous as one may be, a story when of repeated certainly calls for consideration and investigation, and a Courier representative determined to ascertain what measure of truth was in this oft repeated story. Mr. John Congdon, whose recovery was announced, lives in a neat little cottage at 102 Queen street. When the newspaperman first called, Mr. Congdon was stated to be working on the Wellington street church. Thither the scribe repaired, but decided not to interview Mr. C. until a more convenient season, as he was then perched at a giddy height repairing the roof of the church. On a subsequent occasion Mr. Congdon was found at home, and in response to the reporter's enquiries told the following wonderful story.

"I am a miller by trade, and a year ago was exposed a great deal in an open building in Guelph, where I was running a chopping mill. I think it was the result of this exposure that laid the foundation of the terrible illness that was to follow. At any rate I began to suffer severe pain in my left hip which bothered me a great deal. Shortly after this I removed to Stratford and here my symptoms became alarmingly worse. I consulted a doctor, who thought it rheumatism, but afterwards pronounced me suffering from sciatica. Up to this time I had always been a robust man and hardly knew what sickness meant. But now my life was to be a misery to myself and those around me. I had to give up my trade and was glad to get a lighter job in a feed store. Getting worse and worse I had eventually to lay up altogether. All this time I was taking medicine of all descriptions. The doctor blistered me several times and punctured around the nerve with a needle, but instead of improving I was going down grade steadily. The pain I suffered was simply excruciating, and the only easy position I could get at all was by lying on the bare floor and stretching myself at full length. In this position I took my meals as best I could. If I did try to get some exercise by walking I would, perhaps, fall to the ground, my left leg giving way under me. I was losing in flesh and the subject of commiseration on the part of my friends, and alarm on the part of myself and wife, as I have a young family growing up. This went on for eight months, and although I did some work during this time I was never fit really to do a hand's turn; I was rapidly approaching the terrible state of a chronic cripple."

"Well," said the newspaper man, "what was the factor that brought about such an astonishing cure? You didn't look as though you had ever approached the chronic cripple stage when I saw you yesterday up those three flights of ladders at the church. It would take a pretty active and daring man to go up there."

"Yes," replied Mr. Congdon, "a few months ago I could not have gone up one rung of those ladders, I couldn't walk a step in fact without assistance. I will tell you what cured me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a nerve tonic and blood builder, to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, etc., and a friend urged me to take the pills. I was incredulous as some other people, but all that is now past, as I owe my present health and happiness to them. I bought a box of Pink Pills after a good deal of persuasion, and it was the best fifty cents I ever invested in my life. For awhile there was no noticeable result, then came a slight relaxation from the pain, and slight as it was I felt encouraged to get more of the pills. There was no instantaneous result, but every day added to my gradual but steady improvement, until I am as well as ever I was in my life. Fifty dollars a box wouldn't commence to represent the value of those pills to me, and I am only too glad, out of gratitude for what they have done for me, to recommend them whenever and wherever I can. They are deserving of every good thing that can be said in their favor."

Mrs. Congdon was present, and added her tribute to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which not only cure the diseases above mentioned, but eradicate all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as chronic erysipelas, scrofula, the after effects of la grippe, etc. They are also a specific for the ailments peculiar to women, correct irregularities, suppressions and all forms of weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow faces. In the case of men they effect a cure in troubles arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature, building up and stimulating the blood, thus driving disease from the system.

After leaving Mr. Congdon's the reporter made some inquiries among the local druggists as to the sale and general reputation of Pink Pills. "Do you sell many Pink Pills?" was asked of Mr. S. Tapscott, of Tapscott & Co.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "We order a hundred dollars' worth every month and can't keep a stock ahead even then. The demand for them is steady and seems to constantly increase. Pink Pills are a good

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remedy, there can be no question about that, and that accounts for the enormous demand."

Mr. Golding, of the opera house drug store, reported very large sales of the Pink Pills, and had no doubt of the great virtues contained in the ingredients.

Mr. J. A. Wallace said—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had the most remarkable sale of any medicine of late years. There can be no question about the wonderful good they are accomplishing."

Mr. Frank Merrill, of McGregor and Merrill, said—"We sell more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine. That they are a power for good I have no doubt, whatever."

The newspaper man was very much impressed with Mr. Congdon's story and what was said concerning Pink Pills by the druggists, and has come to the conclusion that they are the most valuable specific of the age.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific from all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminates diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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