Huron Signal.

VOL. 32. NO. 26. GODERICH, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1690.

His Way and Hers.

"Being use the measure of a nail," he said,
Yet signing, he smiled most blithely.
"So weight is for me in the scale of truth,
Or gravest fact that cannot its nor dream.
Proofs! for I will scrip my eyes to see.
Reveal! for I will strain my ears to hear.
And of my vision I will dare to say,
(If you will insist) that it is not dim.
—"And if I match you fact with fact," she said,
"What then, kind friend? Will you remember it,
Sometimes, perhaps, some faithless hour, and
think
That I, too, have my truths that do not lie?
(Alas, as you say, facts cannot). You will see
That I believe: the first of all my facts.
This is the fact: God answers to belief
Because He can. Matter to matter, you;
Soul unto soul, my I. Key know you, sir,
That there are sun and color in the room?
So know I there is God within my soul,
And as He liveth, and my soul lives! here
I set a soul's against a body's sense!
I set my faith against your doubt, content.
—A higher fact against a lower one,
A larger fact against a dearer one,
A glorious fact against a tyrant, at the best!
—I only ask you to remember it,
And that I broken, as we go our ways.
—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the Independent.*

THE INFLEXIBLE SELF-SETTING CAT EXTERMINATOR.

A Remarkable Invention.

It is the New Orleans *Times* which is entitled to the credit for bringing prominently into public notice the remarkable invention herein described. Topcliff's Cat Tenser must take rank as one of the steps in the progress of civilization, relegated to a past age. In its day it was a great embarrassment to cats, but a greater than it has come.

The journal referred to says—

Last April letters patent were issued to one J. Tomlinson Hathaway, of Elizabeth, N J., for the "Automatic, Inflexible, Self-Setting Exterminator"—a machine which was adapted to fill a want long felt in every family, and at the same time ruin the business of the chinaware and boot jack dealers. It is a combination of steel springs, barbed hooks, syringes, high-pressure air receivers and clockwork, constructed in the form of a diminutive cat and covered with the skin of one of those mathematical but obnoxious animals. Underneath the suppositious belly is a clamp so arranged that the "Inflexible" can be screwed on the top of a fence and look as naturally as a living cat. When properly wound up it is fit to run for twenty-four hours. Every five minutes during the silent watches a portion of the compressed air is let out in a growl of challenge which will not fail to arouse the ire and attention of any cat within earshot. At the same time a small Rhumkorf coil within sends a current of electricity through small Gassiot tubes in the eyes, making them gleam with greenish and bilious fire. This, together with the small size of the combined inflexible, is generally sufficient to draw the wandering felines of the neighborhood to the scene. Now, when one of them approaches sufficiently near to touch a small steel wire which projects from the Inflexible, the defiant yowl is repeated and two small sprays of diluted vitriol are spit out at the cat—calculated to arouse the deepest indignation the turbulent breast of a cat is capable of. At the same time the counterfeit tail will swell up and wave to and fro aggressively. The natural result is a closing in of a new excited cat upon the Inflexible, touching a hair trigger and releasing the machinery. The barbed claws now clutch the victim, the vitriol squirts, there is a wriggle, a yell and three yaups, and all is over. Then there is a faint click, the Inflexible's claws relax, the victim drops to the ground, and all is ready for another cat.

The Liberal and the Liberalist in Religion.

How curious is the effect of clear and clearly expressed thought in compelling mental confusions of all kinds to declare themselves may be seen from a letter which recently appeared in the London (Eng.) *Times*, the writer of which has been moved to combat Cardinal Newman's recent observations on "Liberalism in Religion." The point of his argument is that Cardinal Newman has confounded "Liberality" with "Liberalism," and "Liberals" with "Liberalists." Now, Liberalism and the Liberalist are, it seems, the caricature, the *pessima corruptio*, of the excellent thing and person, Liberality and the Liberal. It is not the Liberal, the genuine article, who holds, as Cardinal Newman said, "that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another;" it is the spurious article, the Liberalist, who holds this. The Liberal is "tolerant of other communions than his own from a deep sense of the hold which religious convictions, even if partially erroneous, have upon the whole nature of the man who sincerely entertains them. The analogous disposition of the Liberalist is an impartial intolerance of all religious opinion from a contempt of all religious opinion whatever." And so on through a series of contrasts which present a very neat and pretty appearance, and do not disclose their vacuity until the argument founded on them is applied to the proposition which it is meant to overthrow. We then find that there is nothing whatever in the distinctions drawn between him the motive of action of the Liberal and the Liberalist which in the least degree touches the assertion that Liberalism (or Liberality, call it which we will) is the doctrine that "there is no positive truth in religion, and that one creed is as good as another." One Liberal may hold tolerance of faiths opposed to their own is the one conclusive proof that they do hold the doctrine in common. To say that the Liberal is tolerant "from a deep sense of the hold which even partially erroneous religious convictions have upon the whole nature of the man who entertains them" is to offer us words instead of reasons. If he felt certain that the convictions he tolerates were erroneous and that one creed is not as good as another, their hold upon the whole nature of the man who entertains them would be the worst thing about them—a reason not for letting them alone, but for attempting to extirpate them. And to say that the Liberal tolerates them because "history shows that penal laws are in the highest degree inexpedient as well as unjust" is either an abuse of language or a perversion of fact. The truth is, that if history teached the inexpediency of persecution it teaches it only to those who have already learned the lesson without historical aid—to those, namely, who have previously arrived at the conclusion that positive religious truth is unattainable. To any one who holds the opposite view to this—to him, that is to say, who believes that his own creed, being *certainly* true, must be essential to the welfare of mankind—history teaches an exactly opposite lesson. It surely shows that persecution, since it has determined the religious creeds of entire nations and races in the direction desired by the prosecutor, having permanently Catholicized countries which would have become Protestant, and Moslemized races which would have remained Christian, is not "inexpedient," but in the highest degree expedient; at least, if the salvation of souls is an object worth attaining.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Christine Nilsson's Childhood.

(From London Truth, June 5)

I saw the other day in a newspaper a fancy sketch of the early life of Christine Nilsson. Here is the reality: On a remote estate in Sweden lived a Baron Leheusen, whose wife was very musical. On these Swedish estates the peasants were, until within a few years, practically serfs, and are called Bunde and Torpare. The Bunde have about thirty or forty acres, and have to perform certain obligations to their landlords, such as tilling his ground with their horses or oxen, etc. The Torpare are cottagers with a small plot of ground, for which they have to pay a certain amount of *dagswerks*, or day's work, each week. Their food is obtained from the vegetables on these plots, and from about two shillings per week for the labors of their free days. Nilsson's father was a Torpare of Baron Leheusen, and the little Christine used to run about barefooted, with a short petticoat on, full of holes, coming down to her knees. Baroness Leheusen one day heard her singing one of the old Swedish ditties, which have been handed down from generation to generation among the Bunde and the Torpare. The Baroness was struck with the sweetness of her voice, and ordered her to come up to the chateau; there she gave her some elementary lessons in singing, and then sent her to Paris, where she was placed under the tuition of a French professor. After several years of assiduous study, she made her *debut* before the Parisians at—if I remember rightly—the Theatre Lyrique. With the first money that she earned she built up the cottage of her old father, the Torpare, and made him comfortable, and he is now a well-to do peasant.

It is rumored in telegraph circles that after the agreement recently made between the American Union and Dominion Telegraph Companies had been executed and sealed by the directors of both companies, Mr. Swinyard, Managing Director of the Dominion Company, was invited to accept the position of Vice-President of the American Union Company, in addition to that of general representative of both companies in Canada, but that he declined to consider the proposition until the agreement shall have been ratified by the shareholders of his own company.

A "CLEAN" SHAVE.

A New Way of Collecting a Debt—Amusing Scene on John Street.

There resides on John street a grocer who possesses, or rather did possess, amongst other attractions, a splendid bushy beard which has ever been the envy and admiration alike of friends and customers. Opposite to this gentleman's store there lives a foreign shoemaker, who for the past three years or so has owed the grocer a sum of money which he has persistently refused to pay. Being of a—we should say—intensely humorous turn, the man of tees and sugars hit upon a plan wherewith to get at least part of his money and above all have the joke on the man of leather. For, be it understood, the latter had absolutely refused even to work out the liability. In pursuance of his object the grocer had his whole handsome beard shaved off so clean that even his most intimate friends did not recognize him.

In this guise he hied him to the shoemaker's shop wearing a pair of dilapidated shoes. The son of St. Crispin never hesitated a moment to take the job of mending, and his visitor sat down in the meantime to wait and chat affably. The job finished, and the shoes put on, Mr. Grocer rose to go. The other demanded the money.

"Oh," replied our beardless friend, "I'll give you credit for the amount," and of course gave himself away as the same time.

The shoemaker was very wrathy and a crowd was soon collected about the door. Finally a policeman appeared and peace was partially restored.

The shoemaker insisted on having his money, and his tormenter told him to come "across to the shop and get it." They both then went over and the dealer in groceries, opening a book, credited the other with the amount, and in the blandest tones requested him to leave the place, which he did very reluctantly indeed, after being informed that if he hesitated he would be lifted out with the toe of one of the boots he had just mended. The incident has created much amusement where the parties are known, and is too good to be kept quiet.

But was the game worth the candle? Our readers may decide.—*Hamilton Times.*

Sketch of the Amateur Detective, Balch

(Boston Correspondence N. Y. Herald.)

Mr. Balch is a very intelligent, keen-looking young man of twenty-seven years. He wears glasses and a full, black beard, rather artistically trimmed, and gives you the impression that he is a Frenchman. He is what the ladies would call a good looking and very modest man. He was born in 1852, in Leetown, Jefferson County, W. Va. His father was an Episcopal clergyman, who has been well known for a quarter of a century. He was settled over St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, for some years, and thence went to Montreal. William was educated in Canada. He came to New England in 1871, and began to set type in the office of the Concord (N. H) *Monitor*. In 1873 he was offered the position of office boy on the *Daily Advertiser*, which he accepted. He was ambitious and industrious and wanted to rise, so he did odd jobs of reporting and type sticking. When the big fire of November, 1872, was raging his services were called into requisition quite frequently, and it was here that his talents for rapid work and correct judgment first became recognized. He was placed on the local staff of the *Advertiser* and did some excellent work. In 1875 he left and started on a European tour. He stayed sometime in London and then visited the chief cities of Great Britain and the Continent. His object was study, and he spent the larger portion of his time in Germany, his friend and companion being Sylvester Baxter, the adapter of "Fatinitza." He never lost his newspaper connection. While abroad he wrote letters for the Boston *Herald* on general and political subjects.

When Ezra D. Winslow, the fallen minister who ran away from the *Post* with its money and securities in his pocket, reached Europe Mr. Balch was watching for him. He tracked him from Holland to London and shadowed him there until he had him arrested. He also discovered Caldwell, of the Little Rock & Fort Smith, and cabled his statement over in time to help Blaine out of a tight place and break Proctor Knott's bill on his throat. He reported the great Wagner festival at Bayreuth and the Paris Exhibition for the Boston *Herald* and one or two Western papers. He wrote some very clever sketches, too, for the Manchester *Guardian* and about half a dozen American journals. He came back last November and since then has devoted his time largely to special writing, chiefly for the Boston *Herald*. A series of "Celebrities at Home" written by him has attracted a good deal of attention.

DETAILS OF THE MURDERER'S ARREST.

"How did you get hold of this fellow?" I asked.

"Well, its a long story and a funny one in some respects. Of course I came into possession of the facts in the usual way. I got the descriptions from New York and went to work. I said to Mr. Wood that very day that I would know that man in any place I followed two or three colored men during the day, but abandoned the chase because they did not answer the description. I felt all the day that I would find the fellow. I don't know why it was, but I had the same feeling the day I sought Winslow. You know the story of my shadowing him, but you do not know that a corkscrew gave me the man."

"How a corkscrew?" I asked.

"Well, I had been looking for Superintendent Adams' house and got tired. I was thirsty and stepped into an apothecary's shop and called for a bottle of Appolanaris water. The bottle was produced, but the man had mislaid his corkscrew, and I was obliged to wait five or seven minutes while he searched for and found it. When I came out I set out to take a car, and, without knowing why, let one pass. Nor did I know why I turned down Waltham street, but I did, and there I saw my man. His gait struck me at once and I followed him. You know the sequel.

"But I tell you I was rather scared while the officers were around the church. Now, if it should be the wrong man, I thought, how the boys will laugh and how cheap I would feel, but I was in for it and there was no backing out. On the way to the station house I asked Jim Wood what he thought. 'It's a good thing, I think,' he said, 'I'd do it a hundred times without hesitation.' But when we got that match I tell you I did feel good. It was strange, too, that Cox did not suspect me. I met him or passed by him four times inside of half an hour and he saw me in the church. He said so in the station house. He was very pleasant about it, however, and seemed to regard it as a pretty good piece of detective work."

A "COOL" REQUEST.—It is quite refreshing during these sweltering days to find the baseball editor of the Buffalo *Express* asking an umpire to "run his legs off" after the following fashion: "Mr. Thomas Gilleas, of London, has the making of a splendid umpire, but before he reaches the top rounds he must exert himself more. McLean and Daniels, recognized as the best umpires in the League, always run to home when plays are being attempted, and thus they have the best opportunity of judging whether or not a man is out. We should like very much to see our Canadian friend skip about more." It is probably only necessary to state that in the game, which called forth this icy request, the Buffaloes were defeated by the Clevelands.

In making flower beds never have it piled up above the level of the lawn. It is the surest way of killing plants by drought. Keep the edge of the bed about an inch below the surface of the sod, sloping or elevating the bed slightly toward the centre.

The Archbishop of Lyons has ordered prayers for fine weather. Several French provincial papers attribute the prolonged winter to the Republic, but do not think it necessary to state why neighboring Monarchical countries have shared in the visitation.

The following rule in ploughing is recommended: "Never turn up over one or two inches of unfertile subsoil in one season; and, when so turned up, the land should receive a dressing of manure."

If you want to make a gun go off pretend that it is not loaded, and hold it close to somebody's head. It will shoot them if it never shot before.

It is hard to get ahead of time, but a musician often beats it.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

A WOMAN'S HEAD CHOPPED OFF!

GHASTLY AND SICKENING SIGHT.

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERESS.

(By Telegraph to the TIMES.)

At Montreal, on the night of June 28, about eleven o'clock information was received at Police headquarters of a murder at No. 242 William street, Griffintown. A reporter immediately proceeded to the spot and found that the house, as is usual in such cases, was besieged by a crowd anxious to obtain a glance at the victim. The reporter forced his way up the stairs, where he found an officer holding back a crowd of women. "Now, I'm sure it is not a sight for you women to see," observed the considerate officer. "Deary me, I would not look at it for the world," observed the foremost female as she forced herself past the policeman, and before she was aware of it she was in the presence of the murdered woman. The sight was too much for her, for with a slight scream she turned and ran downstairs and nothing more was heard of her. The scene of the murder is a third storey house of dilapidated appearance. It is gradually tumbling to pieces, the stairs and planks of the floors seem to be running away from each other at acute angles. The whole of the furniture in the house would not fetch five cents at a sheriff's auctioneer's hammer. The parties renting the house are named Jacobs, and both the husband and wife are notoriously dissipated characters. The woman is in the habit of conducting herself most outrageously when drunk, shouting and raving from her bedroom windows. Yesterday about noon a disturbance of the usual character took place. The cries and screams, however, attracted no notice, as in the past they have merely been regarded as evidence that a debauch was in progress. Mrs. Peters, about 6 o'clock in the evening got her head out of the window and cried "Murder!" several times. Not much importance was attached to the circumstance at first, but after some hesitation a young man decided to go up and see if anything was wrong. Upon arriving at the top of the stairs, he saw lying upon the floor the body of a woman. The head was completely severed from the body and was placed in a bucket close by. In the bucket also was the right hand of the unfortunate woman. He immediately gave information to the police, who at once took charge of the house. The murdered woman was lying upon her breast. The whole of the neck had been removed from the trunk, and the sight of the jagged wound, extending almost from shoulder to shoulder, was sufficient to have unstrung the strongest nerves. The irregularities in the surface of the wounded part were filled with clotted blood, and the large arteries leading to the head were also clogged with congealed blood. The maimed arm was underneath the body, which was attired in a slovenly-looking woolsey dress. The dress was disarranged and the limbs of the deceased, which were encased in dirty brown stockings, were uncovered. The head presented a ghastly sight. The face is hacked to pieces, evidently with an axe. One gash across the temple would alone have been sufficient to have deprived the poor creature of her life. Another gash upon the forehead and others in different parts of the face show that the murderer was drunk and very clumsy in the use of the axe. Owing to the unevenness of the floor the blood had run the some distance and has been collected in a pool. The blood, however, had been wiped up. The contents of the bucket constituted the horrible scene, the mutilated face, and the matted grey hair, which showed that the woman must have been advanced in years. The maimed and wounded hand seen3 those who looked at it away shuddering. When the police entered the house Mrs. Jacobs was in bed, and although not very drunk, she was not sober. She stated that a man called to see the deceased, whose name, as far as she could learn last night, is Conway, *alias* McCormack, *alias* Troy. She (Mrs. Jacobs) asked this man for some money, which he gave her. She asked him for the money because her man had been out of work for sometime, and she did not think there was any harm in it. This, according to her statement, was about the deceased's delight. Mrs. Jacobs left them and they were having high words. Before this the party had drank three bottles of whiskey, and when the altercation was taking place between the murdered woman and her visitor, Mrs. Jacobs went to bed. When she woke up about four o'clock she went into the next room and found the murdered woman lying in a pool of blood. Being afraid that the blood would go through to the floor beneath she wiped it up, then she returned to bed and again sleep. When she woke up the second time she was in better state to realize the danger of the situation, and she opened the window and screamed for help. As soon as the police arrived she was taken into custody. Peters cannot be found. His wife says he was afraid he would be charged with the murder and consequently cleared out. Jacobs is the man who at present is suspected of having committed the crime. He is not regarded as of sound mind and probably in a drunken quarrel committed the atrocious deed. The clumsy manner in which the murder was committed proves conclusively that the murderer was drunk. At present the police are at a loss to discover a motive for the murder. Detective Callen has the case in hand.

LATER.

The police searched for a long time for the axe and about one o'clock found it in the woman's trunk. The woman was then searched. She looked very clean externally, but had on a large quantity of clothes. The clothes nearest to the skin were completely saturated with blood. She resisted violently when she discovered that she was to be searched. The family living beneath the prisoner heard a heavy thud and the sound of chopping between twelve noon and one o'clock p.m. yesterday, at which time the murder must have been committed. When the prisoner went out to fetch water from a neighbor in the afternoon she had blood on her face. She has no abrasion of the skin now. She is evidently the murderess. An inquest will be held at eight o'clock this morning.

Your correspondent has this morning been busied in getting further particulars of the atrocious murder last night. The murdered woman is a dissolute character named McCormick, and the supposed murderess is Mrs. Myers, wife of Jacob Myers, a workman in Clendenning's foundry. Mrs. Myers is an abandoned character also, and it is intimated hints at the dispute arose about the man Flanigan, who had been there during the day. Mrs. Myers charges this man with the murder, and he has been arrested, as well as Myers. Some twenty blows must have been struck with the axe before the head was severed, and it, with the body and hand of the deceased were thrown in a tub. The inquest began this morning. The axe was produced, covered with hair and blood. It was found in a box in the house. Myers was the first of the witnesses called and reluctantly gave evidence, which fastened the guilt on his wife.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

MONTREAL, Quebec.—Constable McKinnon gives the following account: Last night, he said, a boy notified me that a woman was dead in the house of Susan Kennedy Myers, and in company with sub Constable St. Onge I went to the house. Meeting some policemen, we brought them along, and they watched the doors while I went upstairs. I found the body of the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Conolly, lying on her breast in the back room, and the head and hand cut off and thrown into a bucket. No axe was to be seen. I then went into the front room, and lying on the bed, pretending to be drunk, was Susie Myers, or Susan Kennedy Myers. There was a candle burning in the kitchen. I went in. I asked Susie, as she is called, for she is a well-known case, how the murder occurred. She said a man came into the house yesterday morning and gave her (Myers) some money, which aroused the jealousy of deceased. The latter and the man had a quarrel, and the man killed her. She said she saw the man wash the blood from his hands and clear out. Before going he warned her not to tell the police. She did not know the man's name, and was glad he had escaped, because he was a good-looking fellow. The police all came upstairs and they arrested the woman. Three dresses had been found on her all stained with blood. The outside, dress had but a few spots. Under this was an apron, over a second dress, both of which were much bespattered with blood, and under these again was a third dress, also bearing spots of blood. One of these dresses and some of the clothing, he had been told, belonged to the deceased woman. Susie Myers is a drunken character and becomes outrageous when under the influence of liquor. She is about twenty-four years of age, is tall and powerfully built and her countenance, although now defaced with drink, has from appearances not been altogether disglance at the victim. 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FURTHER PARTICULARS.

MONTREAL, Quebec.—Constable McKinnon gives the following account: Last night, he said, a boy notified me that a woman was dead in the house of Susan Kennedy Myers, and in company with sub Constable St. Onge I went to the house. Meeting some policemen, we brought them along, and they watched the doors while I went upstairs. I found the body of the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Conolly, lying on her breast in the back room, and the head and hand cut off and thrown into a bucket. No axe was to be seen. I then went into the front room, and lying on the bed, pretending to be drunk, was Susie Myers, or Susan Kennedy Myers. There was a candle burning in the kitchen. I went in. I asked Susie, as she is called, for she is a well-known case, how the murder occurred. She said a man came into the house yesterday morning and gave her (Myers) some money, which aroused the jealousy of deceased. The latter and the man had a quarrel, and the man killed her. She said she saw the man wash the blood from his hands and clear out. Before going he warned her not to tell the police. She did not know the man's name, and was glad he had escaped, because he was a good-looking fellow. The police all came upstairs and they arrested the woman. Three dresses had been found on her all stained with blood. The outside, dress had but a few spots. Under this was an apron, over a second dress, both of which were much bespattered with blood, and under these again was a third dress, also bearing spots of blood. One of these dresses and some of the clothing, he had been told, belonged to the deceased woman. Susie Myers is a drunken character and becomes outrageous when under the influence of liquor. She is about twenty-four years of age, is tall and powerfully built and her countenance, although now defaced with drink, has from appearances not been altogether disgusting of beauty. She is well known to the police and is feared by them. Some three years ago she was arrested for striking a woman over the head with a bottle, and was then sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The Coroner opened the inquest this morning, when Jacob Myers was examined. He stated that he has been 10 years in Montreal, and works in Clendenning's foundry, but has been idle lately; he married Susan Kennedy about 5 or 6 years ago, and has no family; his wife is 30 years old; his wife, he said, was frequently drunk; witness went out yesterday morning at seven o'clock, and on returning at 12 noon he found a strange man in bed with his wife, and on going into the room of Mrs. Conolly he saw her lifeless body on the floor; he then immediately left the house, being afraid of being accused of the murder; could not say who committed the crime, as he was not an eye-witness; he recognised Flanagan as the man he saw in bed with his own wife; he identified the axe found in the trunk as his own; he used it for chopping wood; the trunk it was found in belonged to him and was not used by his wife for holding her clothes.

James Conolly, husband of deceased, was next examined. He testified to having married Mary Gallagher, the deceased, in Kingston, about six years ago, and being compelled to leave her shortly after; he knew nothing of her habits lately.

The inquest was resumed on Monday evening, when

Mrs. Myers, who is accused of the murder, gave the following testimony—I knew the woman who was killed; she told me her husband was a coachman; I met her on the house in the morning about nine o'clock, and had a young man named Flannagan with her; the deceased was sober when she came, but had been drinking some; I did not know Flannagan at that time, but have since heard his name; I do not think he was drunk; he might have been drinking; they sent me for a bottle of whiskey; the three of us drank the whiskey; Jacob (the husband) did not drink any; he ran out when he saw the whiskey, but scolded me before going for letting them into the house; he went asleep and that the man killed her; I do not know the name of the man who killed her, although he was five times in our house; would know the man if I saw him; deceased brought the stranger to the house; the latter stayed with some company on the canal banks; it was not Flannagan who killed the deceased, for the poor fellow was asleep, and it was not my husband, for he was out all the time, and only came in twice, when he saw Mrs. Conley dead; I was fixing my hair with my hands, and I suppose that was the way the blood got on my face.

In answer to a juror, witness said her husband was at home the night previous to the murder; slept well that night. Afterwards she corrected herself, and said the night before the murder they did not sleep well, being awake until daylight. Only drank one glass of liquor before going to sleep on Friday morning; may have told Detective Cullen that deceased was killed with a white-handled penknife; all the clothing I had on was my own; the murderer was Irish or English, can't say which.

After a number of unimportant questions by jurymen, the enquiry was adjourned until to-morrow.

Flannagan will be the next witness.

Mrs. Myers was not in the least nervous during her examination. She acted with a good deal of levity, and made a bad impression upon all present.

The Butt testimonial fund has now reached above £1,000.

It is better to improve by other people's errors than to find fault with them.

In Maine there is a new industry for children—the picking of potato bugs at ten cents a thousand.

James Henry Morgan Smith was sentenced at Montreal to two years in the Penitentiary for neglecting to provide for his wife and family.

Many persons from London and district who went to Manitoba in hopes of bettering their prospects by labor, are returning greatly discouraged. They report Winnipeg full of unemployed emigrants.

There was a terrific rain storm on the night of the 20th at Fort Griffin, Texas. Over eight inches of water fell, flooding the town. Collins' Creek overflowed, and seven people were drowned. Immense damage was done to property.

Banished.

If only mothers knew, he said,
How hungry children are for love,
Above each little virgin bed
A mother's lips would prove
How sweet are kisses that are given
Between a rose mouth and heaven.

If only my mamma would kneel
As your dear mother, every night,
Beside her little girl, to feel
If all the wraps are tucked tight,
And hold my hands, her elbow fair
Between my cheek and her soft hair.

And looking in my dreaming eyes
As if she saw some lovely thing,
And smiling in such fond surprise
On all my hopes of life that spring
Like flowers beneath her tender grace,
I could not stay in evil ways.

I would not wound the gentle breast
That held me warm within its fold;
My mother's love would still be best,
However sad, or plain, or old;
And, even though she were fortunate,
I'd love her for her love's own sake.

PRETTY MRS. OGILVIE.

All the women are jealous of her; there is no doubt about that. The first time she appears in church with crisp manve muslins floating about her, and a dainty manve erection on her head, which presumably she calls a bonnet, I know at once how it will be. And of course the other sex will range themselves on one side to a man; that is also beyond question. As she rises from her knees and takes her little lavender-gloved hands from her face and looks about her for a moment with a sweet, shy glance, she is simply bewitching; and I doubt if any male creature but one could resist her little church prayer attention to the responses for ten minutes afterward. A new face is a great rarity with us, and such a new face one might not see more than once in a decade, so let us hope we may be forgiven.

As I gaze at the delicate profile before me, the coils of golden hair, the complexion like the inside of a sea shell, the slender, milk-white throat, and the long, dark eyelashes, which droop modestly over the glorious grey eyes, shall I own that I steal a glance of disapproval at Mary Anne—my Mary Anne—the husband of whose youth I have spent twenty years, and the mother of my six children? Mary Anne's figure is somewhat overblown, her hair is tinged with grey and the complexion of her good natured face is slightly ruddy. But she has been a good wife to me, and I feel with a tinge of compunction that I have no right to be critical, as I think of a shining spot on the top of my own head, and of a little box I received from the dentist only a month ago, carefully secured from observation. But as we emerge from church I draw myself up and try to look my best as we pass the trailing manve robes. Jack, one of our six, stumbles over the train, which gives me an opportunity of raising my hat and apologizing for the brat's awkwardness; and I am rewarded with a sweet smile and an upward glance out of the great grey eyes, which is simply intoxicating.

"We must call on Mrs. Ogilvie at once," I observe to Mary Anne as we proceed across the fields on our homeward walk. "It is my duty as her landlord to find out if she is comfortable. She is a lady-like person," I continue, diplomatically, for bearing to allude to the obvious beauty; "and I dare say, my dear, you will find her an agreeable neighbor."

"Lady-like!" cries my wife, with a ring of indignation in her voice. "I don't call it lady-like to come to a quiet country church dressed as if she were going to a flower show. Besides, she is painted. A color like that can't be natural. But you men are all alike—always taken with a little outside show and glitter."

"But, my dear," I remonstrated, "perhaps she did not know how very uncritical and bucolic our congregation is; and I really do think it will be very unneighborly if we don't call. It must be very dull for her to know no one." I ignore the remark about the paint, but in my heart I give the assertion an emphatic contradiction.

Mrs. Ogilvie has rented a small cottage which I own in the west country village, in which I am the principal doctor. She is the wife of a naval officer who is away in a flying squadron, and has settled in our sleepy little hamlet to live quietly during his absence. All her references have been found quite unexceptionable, and, indeed, she is slightly known to the squire, through her absent husband. "A splendid fellow he is," Mr. Dillon tells me; "stands six feet in his stockings, and is as handsome as Apollo. Indeed, I don't believe that, for good looks you could find such another couple in England."

The following day Mary Anne, with but little persuasion, agrees to accompany me to the cottage and call on Mrs. Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat maid servant. She is at home, and we are ushered into the drawing-room, which we almost fail to recognise, so changed it is.

Presently Mrs. Ogilvie comes in, looking, if possible, even lovelier than she did the day before. She is in a simple white dress, with here and there a knot of blue ribbon about it; and she has a bit of blue also in her golden hair. Her manner is as charming as her looks, and as she thanks my wife with pleasant, cordial words for being the first of her neighbors to take compassion on her loneliness, I can see that my Mary Anne, whose heart is as large as her figure, basely deserts the female faction and goes over to the enemy. Mrs. Ogilvie is very young, still quite a girl, though she has been married three years, she tells us.

"It is dreadful that Frank should have to go away," she says, and the tears swell up in her large, gray eyes: "that is the worst of the service. See, here is his photograph," lifting a case from the table and handing it to Mary Anne. "Is he not handsome?"

He is most undoubtedly so, if the likeness speaks truth, and we both say so; Mary Anne with the privilege of her sex and age, adding a word as to the beauty of the pair.

"O, yes," replies Mrs. Ogilvie, without the smallest embarrassment; "we are always called the handsome couple."

I suppose something of my astonishment expressed itself in my countenance, for she smiles, and says: "I am afraid you think me very vain; but I cannot help knowing that I am good-looking, any more than I can help being aware that my eyes are gray, not black, and that my hair is golden. It is a gift from God like my talent, a valuable one, too, I think it, and I own that I am proud of it for my dear Frank's sake, who admires it so much."

Yes, this is Mrs. Ogilvie's peculiarity, as we afterward discover—an intense and quite open admiration of her own beauty.

At first every one is astonished at this idiosyncracy of hers, but in a little while all come to laugh at it; there is something original and amusing about it; and in all other ways she is so charming.

My wife, with whom she speedily becomes intimate, tells me that she is sure she loses her beauty more for her husband's sake than her own. "She evidently adores him," says Mary Anne; "and he seems to think so much of her sweet looks. She says he fell in love with her at first sight, before he ever spoke to her."

But Mrs. Ogilvie has many more attractions than are to be found in her face. She is a highly-educated woman, a first-rate musician and a pleasant and intelligent companion, and, more than all, she has a sweet, loving disposition, and a true heart at the core of all her little vanities. She is very good to the poor in our village, and often when I am on my rounds I meet her coming out of some cottage with an empty basket in her hand, which was full when she entered it.

In a quiet little neighborhood like ours such a woman cannot fail to be an acquisition, and everyone hastens to call on her, and many are the dinners and croquet parties which are inaugurated in her honor. To the former she will not go; she does not wish to go out in the evening during her husband's absence—much to my wife's satisfaction, who approves of women being "keepers at home"—and it is only seldom that she can be induced to grace one of the croquet parties with her presence.

But when she does she eclipses every one else. She always dresses in the most exquisite taste, as if anxious that the setting should be worthy of the jewel—the beauty which she prizes so highly.

She has been settled at the cottage rather more than two years, and is beginning to count the weeks of her husband's return. We do not number them quite so eagerly, for when he comes he will take her away from us and we will miss her sorely. It is summer again—a hot, dazzy summer; and it has been a very sickly summer, and my hands are full.

"I shall have to get a partner, my dear," I say to my wife as I prepare to go out. "If this goes on I shall have more to do than I can manage. There is a nasty fever about which I don't like the look of; and, if we don't have a change for the better in this muggy weather, there is no saying what it may turn to."

"I am glad the boys are all at school," observes Mary Anne, "and I think I will let the girls accept their aunt's invitation and go to her for a month."

"It would be a very good plan, and I should be glad if you could go, too. A little change would do you good."

"And, pray, who is to look after you?" asks my wife, reproachfully. "Who is to see that you take your meals properly, and don't run off to see your patients, leaving your dinner untasted on the table?"

Mentally I confess that I should probably be poorly off without my Mary Anne; but it is a place to encourage vanity in one's wife, so I say, "Oh, I should be very well by myself;" and with a parting nod betake myself to my daily duty.

In the village I meet Mrs. Ogilvie, basket in hand. She doesn't look well, and I say so.

"You have no business out in the heat of the day,"