

Continued from page 2.

essentially unworthy of the love I bore him; but you did all the best."

"We are all liable to err," I said. "Will you see him?"

"Yes," she answered; "but all that you have told me of our ever meeting save as friends in vain. The dying have naught to do with earthly hopes. Possibly my memory may serve to strengthen the good in him when I have passed away from his sight forever. Oh, Laura, how can I ever be grateful enough to my Heavenly Father for having thus answered my last earthly prayer?"

I turned from her, and the tears well-ed in my eyes. Could it be that I was jealous of her love for Charles Donaldson?

He came upon the following day, and I ushered him into Nellie's presence, bidding him be cautious how he excited her, and then closed the door. I could not intrude upon such an interview. When he had remained so long as I thought prudent, I returned to bid him leave her.

"Not until you give you sanction to our marriage," he said.

"As well wed the dead," Nellie murmured.

"Do not repeat this, Nellie. Once you are mine, we will go abroad, and the influence of softer skies will again restore you to health, and make you my Nellie of old."

Seeing how agitated had become, I postponed all further discussion of the subject for the present.

Scarcely had three months passed away ere the bells poured forth a merry peal and nearly the whole village had assembled in the church to witness the marriage of my sister Nellie to Charles Donaldson.

She was still an invalid, but sufficiently improved to warrant the hope of her ultimate recovery. The evening before we went abroad, for I was to accompany them, we repaired to our mother's grave; and as I laid on it the wreath of flowers we had twined, I uttered a prayer of thanksgiving that I had been able to fulfil the trust she had reposed in me. I had now yielded it to another.

Years have rolled on since then; Nellie continues to be blessed in the love of her husband and her children, and I have ceased to be grateful for the strength given me to take my midnight ride with Charles Donaldson.

[THE END]

A Woman Deliberately Jumps Into the Mad Torrent of Waters.

Niagara Falls, Ont., June 14.—At about half-past three this afternoon the pleasure seekers in Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, N. Y., were horrified to see a well-dressed lady walk out on the raceway extending a few yards into the river above the Falls, and deliberately jump into the swift and seething water. Several individuals who saw the mad act rushed along the edge of the river, watching the woman, who was in a few brief minutes swept over the mighty American Falls into eternity. The park superintendent at once summoned assistance, and a search for the body was instituted. It was discovered about half an hour afterwards near the Canadian shore by Wm. Grassbrooks, who towed the corpse to the shore, and had it taken to the Coroner Morse, of Niagara South, where it has been properly cared for, and can be viewed at any time for identification.

The description of the suicide as obtained by the THE EMPIRE reporter is as follows: Very large, dark woman of about 45 years, weighing over 170 pounds, large features. All the clothing, except a pair of black corsets and dark stockings and shoes, had been stripped off the body, and on this account it is difficult to give a very accurate description. At the place where the woman jumped into the river the following articles were found: Black silk parasol with light wood handle, white handkerchief, woman's wrap of black material, embroidered with black silk, a small thin whiskey glass, and a half pint empty flask that had recently contained whiskey. The woman came from Buffalo on the 3.10 train this afternoon, and went direct to the park and took her own life as related above. One lady who saw the deed was so overcome that she fainted on the spot. It was thought at first that the unfortunate woman was the mother of Walker, one of the unfortunate men who went over the horse shoe falls in a boat on Sunday, but on enquiry this has been found to be untrue.

Tragic Occurrence in a San Francisco Lecture Room, Succeeded by a Law Suit.

One evening about two months ago, while Charles Dickens, Jr., was giving a reading in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, a tall, finely-formed lady, with patrician features and a dignified gait, entered by the left door and walked up the aisle. She was accompanied by her husband, whose military bearing added greatly to the aristocratic appearance of his better half.

On reaching a seat a few yards from the platform she gave a swing to her dress as she attempted to sit down gracefully. But her foot caught in the carpet, and she stumbled and fell heavily on the seat. As she did so a muffled report was heard, and the lady was observed to collapse with a lurch. Her face turned deathly pale, and then a carmine hue, and she sprang to her feet.

IN GREAT CONFUSION.

No one dreamed that this story would be the subject of a civil suit, but unhappily this has been the result. The lady brought suit against her dressmaker, who manufactured the unfortunate bustle, and the case was brought into court last week.

In the trial the dressmaker stated that her fair customer had ordered her to make a dress (with all the additions thereto appertaining) which should be a perfect fit and entirely satisfactory to the wearer.

Upon cross-examination the witness swore that to the best of her knowledge and belief her customer had varied in size from day to day and several bustles had to be especially manufactured before one could be found that was of the proper size. At last the dress was finished, and the

purchaser agreed, on behalf of the second part of the contract, not to sit down suddenly, and in all respects to observe the cautions set forth by the unfortunate dressmaker. This as it appeared from the evidence, she had neglected to do, and with

THE DISASTROUS RESULTS

above chronicled. The rubber bustle had collapsed, to the injury and disgrace of the plaintiff. The judge in giving his decision on the merits of the case, spoke as follows: "This is a most peculiar case; I have read of bustles being made of horse hair, muslin, newspapers, pillows, bird cages, and even quilts. I have heard alarm clocks striking the hour within the folds of a lady's dress. Smuggled cigars, jewelry, and brandy have also been brought to light, but I never heard before of an air-tight bustle exploding in church, and then being made the subject of a civil suit. Not being married yet, the situation is somewhat perplexing to me; but still, looking at the case from a legal standpoint, I think we can adjust matters satisfactorily. Were a non-explosive bustle used this suit might never have been brought."

His Honor then deducted \$8 50 from dressmaker's bill, as the defendant set up a claim for damages for the explosion trouble. He then rendered judgement in favor of the plaintiff for \$11 50.

Dropped Dead.

The Montreal Star of Thursday says:—The uncertainty of life was demonstrated last night in the Salvation Army barracks, by the dreadfully sudden death of Sergeant Major William Smith. It appears that after the march had been gone through the army returned to the barracks, the usual call for penitents was given, and on a young man stopping to the front, Sergeant Smith came down from the platform and pleaded very earnestly with him to give himself to Christ. The penitent expressed his willingness to accept the Saviour and lead a new life. On hearing this the Sergeant exclaimed "God bless you," and fell heavily to the floor. He was surrounded and a number of willing hands raised him up, but, to their horror, found that life had fled. Drs. Jas. Bell and Munroe were at once summoned but could render no assistance as they found life to be extinct. A coffin was at once brought and the body placed in it and removed to his late home on Champ de Mars street.

The deceased when quite a young man served for a number of years in the Imperial army. He joined the Salvation Army shortly after they came to this city, and was one of the most earnest workers and efficient officers they had. He was noted for his liberality and helpfulness of disposition. He never missed an opportunity of visiting the sick whether the disease was contagious or not. For twelve years he was a member of the East End Methodist Church, and was noted as a good, upright man, and greatly esteemed. He leaves a widow and four children, though not in a destitute condition. Both his wife and children are connected with the Salvation Army, one of the boys being a drum sergeant and the eldest girl War Cry sergeant. It is expected that he will be given a hallulujah funeral, the Army and band turning out in honor of his memory. For a number of years deceased has been in the employ of Mr. Jas. Duncan & Co., tea merchants, of St. Paul street, and was highly esteemed by them.

The Sensational Maybrick Poisoning Case.

LIVERPOOL, June 13.—The police proceedings in the Maybrick case were concluded this evening, with the result that the lady has to stand her trial before an assize jury.

Mrs. Maybrick was brought into the dock at ten this morning. The public part of the court was crowded with well-dressed people. Mrs. Maybrick resumed her former position in an arm chair, and sat provided for her convenience, and sat through the weary hours of examination and cross-examination with a rigidity that surprised everybody.

A few minutes after the hearing was resumed she scribbled a pencil note to Mr. Cleaver, her solicitor, and this she repeated several times during the day. Her face was still enveloped in an impenetrable crape veil.

The charwoman who cleaned Mr. Maybrick's office was the first witness of the day, she being followed by an office boy. Their evidence had reference to luncheons of beef tea prepared by the accused lady, and from which Mr. Maybrick suffered ill-effects.

Mr. Michael Maybrick was the next witness, and stated that Florence Elizabeth Maybrick was from 27 to thirty years of age, and her late husband died in his 50th year. Witness was summoned to Battle Crease by peremptory telegrams from his brother Edwin and Mrs. Briggs, the friend of the Maybricks, three days before the deceased gentleman died. He related how he was led to suspect Mrs. Maybrick was tampering with her husband's medicines and food; the measures he took to secure proper and reliable nursing, and the treatment, more especially after his suspicions had been intensified by receiving from the children's nurse Yapp a remarkable letter from Mrs. Maybrick to Mr. A. Brierley, her lover, and how he found certain incriminatory packages and deadly phials in the room used by Mrs. Maybrick. Other witnesses were the chemists from whom Mrs. Maybrick had bought fly papers similar to those found in the solution in her wash basin.

The chemist's assistant who made up two bottles of medicine for Mr. Maybrick from a prescription by Dr. Fuller, of London, a physician whom the deceased gentlemen consulted at the end of April, said the ingredients of which they were compounded were free from arsenic.

Nurses Gore, Gallery, and Wilson related beside episodes, including the suspicious handling of their patient's medicine and food by Mrs. Maybrick. The last-named repeated an exclamation made

three times by Mrs. Maybrick to his wife the night before he died:—"Oh, Florrie how could you do it; I did not think it of you," and the wife's rejoinder, "You silly old darling, don't bother your head about anything." Mrs. Maybrick, turning to Nurse Wilson, added, "I cannot tell what is the matter with him, or what has brought his illness on."

In cross-examination, Nurse Gore said that when she took charge of the patient the medicine bottles were kept in the lavatory, but she had then brought into the bedroom, but not beside the table. Mr. Maybrick was not strong enough then to leave his bed without assistance.

Mr. Edward Davies, analyst, produced a host of ominous-looking phials, jars, and packages, which were a portion of some scores of them handed to him by the police for analysis. There were many articles brought from Battle Crease in which he had found traces of arsenic. He also found traces of arsenic in a portion of the viscera of the deceased. He admitted, in cross-examination, that these traces were small in quantity, and that the largest amount found in the liver was exactly half of the least quantity the witness had found previously in any fatal case.

Superintendent Bryning next gave the final evidence, and this concluded the case for the prosecution.

Counsel for the prisoner asked the bench if there was a case to go before a jury, and the magistrates said they were agreed that there was. Thereupon he intimated that he should reserve the prisoner's defence.

Mrs. Maybrick was asked to stand whilst the usual caution before committal was read by the presiding magistrate, and she stood forward without evincing the slightest nervous tremour. She was then formally committed, and at a few minutes to seven o'clock she was removed from the dock and subsequently conveyed to Walton goal, where she will await her trial at the next Liverpool assizes, which open on July 26.

Lord A. P. Cecil Drowned near Adolphustown—Well Known in Toronto.

BATH, June 13.—Lord A. P. Cecil was drowned last night near Adolphustown. He was crossing in a sailboat from Adolphustown to an island opposite, where he had his camp. His sail becoming foul he stood up in the boat to free it, when a squall struck him and he fell overboard. He attempted to swim to his boat but having an overcoat on he failed. He was only fifty yards from shore when the squall struck him. His body was recovered this afternoon and taken to Napanee to be embalmed.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE DECEASED

Lord Albert Percy Cecil was the third son of the Marquis of Exeter and a cousin to the Marquis of Salisbury. He came to Canada about 1861. He was about 46 years of age unmarried and had no relatives in Canada.

His Lordship was well known in Toronto, and in fact throughout Canada and the United States. Relinquishing the aristocratic circles of the Old Country and what he regarded as "the pomps and vanities of the world" he devoted his fortune and talents to the work of evangelization. Religiously he belonged to what are known as the Plymouth Brethren, "but he preferred to be simply known as a Christian."

Many times has he visited Toronto and during last fall he preached several times in the Alexander-street meeting-room, also in that at the corner Queen and Dundas-streets and in Temperance Hall. He was deeply read in Scriptures and was an earnest expounder of the Word and a successful preacher of the Gospel. He totally eschewed politics and the worldly amusements of the professing churches. His favorite topic of discourse was the "Second Coming of Christ," in fact he was recognized as an able student of prophecy. Unostentatious in his character, plain to shabbiness in his attire, lowly in manner, he had a big heart for the service of God and souls. He will be missed in many circles in this city, and with deep regret his friends on both sides of the Atlantic will learn of his death.

Lord Cecil's first visit to Canada was early in the sixties, when he came here as lieutenant with a rifle regiment which was stationed at Hamilton in 1864. Shortly after that he took a deep religious turn.

Queen Victoria was his godmother.

A Great Globe.

The globe in the Paris Exhibition represents the earth on the scale of one-millionth, and is nearly 100 feet in diameter. Paris occupies about one third of an inch. All the great lines of communication are shown in detail. The earth's daily rotation will be precisely imitated by clockwork, a point on the globe's equator moving an eightieth of an inch per second.

Seizing an Opposite. Many laughable things have happened Sunday schools, but few superintendents or teachers can ever have been more completely taken aback than was Bishop Cheney on one occasion. He was to superintend his own school and as he entered the church he met a little group of street gamins—ragged, dirty and unattractive.

I stopped to speak to them pleasantly, and told them that I would put them in classes after I was through with the opening exercises. At this one of them thrust his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and pulled out an old rusty jack-knife.

"Mr. Cheney, I wish you would keep that until after the Sunday School is over." Why he wanted me to keep it I did not know then. I do not know now; but I took it, put it without thought into my pocket, took my place upon the platform, struck the bell that called the school to order, and was about to call out the opening hymn, when my attention was diverted by the patter of little feet coming up the broad aisle.

It is a long church, and a little girl was coming from the extreme opposite end. She came slowly, but with an expression in her face that showed she had an important message to communicate, and so all exercises were suspended.

Every eye was upon her and upon me as she climbed up the chancel steps. With a face and a voice expressive of intense eagerness, she said to me: "Say, Mr. Cheney, Johnnie wants his knife. He has got a chance to trade."

For preserving eggs the lime process is a very popular method. Take enough water out of 24 gallons to slake 12 pounds of lime. When slaked put in the remainder of the water and add 4 lbs. of salt. Let it stand a few days, stirring several times a day, after which let it settle and then dip off the liquor. Then add five ounces each of baking soda, cream of tartar, saltpetre and borax, and one ounce of alum dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, and pour into the lime water. Put the eggs into the liquor as collected, being sure they are all fresh. Anything which excludes the air will preserve eggs. Dry earth, ashes and oats are recommended. A very nice but tedious way is to melt one part of white wax and two parts spermaceti together. Rub each egg with pulverized starch and wrap it in tissue paper, giving the paper a twist to make a place to hold it by, and dip into the melted compound and then pack in sand, sawdust or anything that will do. As glycerine never gets rancid, I believe that if eggs were rubbed with it and then wrapped in tissue paper, and then the paper rubbed with the same, they would keep as long as by any known process. I have not tried it, but intend to. I am confident that it will prove to be the best egg preservative that can be invented.

The New York Herald, June 12, says:—The most remarkable railroad trip on record came to an end last evening with the arrival at Shelburne, Vt., of Dr. W. Seward Webb and his party over the Northern Pacific railroad from Vancouver. The party had lived and travelled for six weeks in the most complete and gorgeous railroad train ever put together. It was a special train and a special trip. It made the fastest time ever known in the history of railroading, and the party visited more places of interest and got over more ground than any similar company of excursionists ever did. They have crossed the continent, visited Canada, and gone as far north as Alaska. They travelled 20,000 miles, and the expense of the little jaunt to Dr. Webb, who is president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, came into a pot of money when he married the youngest daughter of William H. Vanderbilt. Months ago he began making preparations for a railroad tour of the United States and Canada which would be monumental in the history of railroading. Four magnificent palace cars made up the finest railroad train ever known, and in these Dr. Webb and his party of sixteen left New York on the 6th April for a journey of 20,000 miles.



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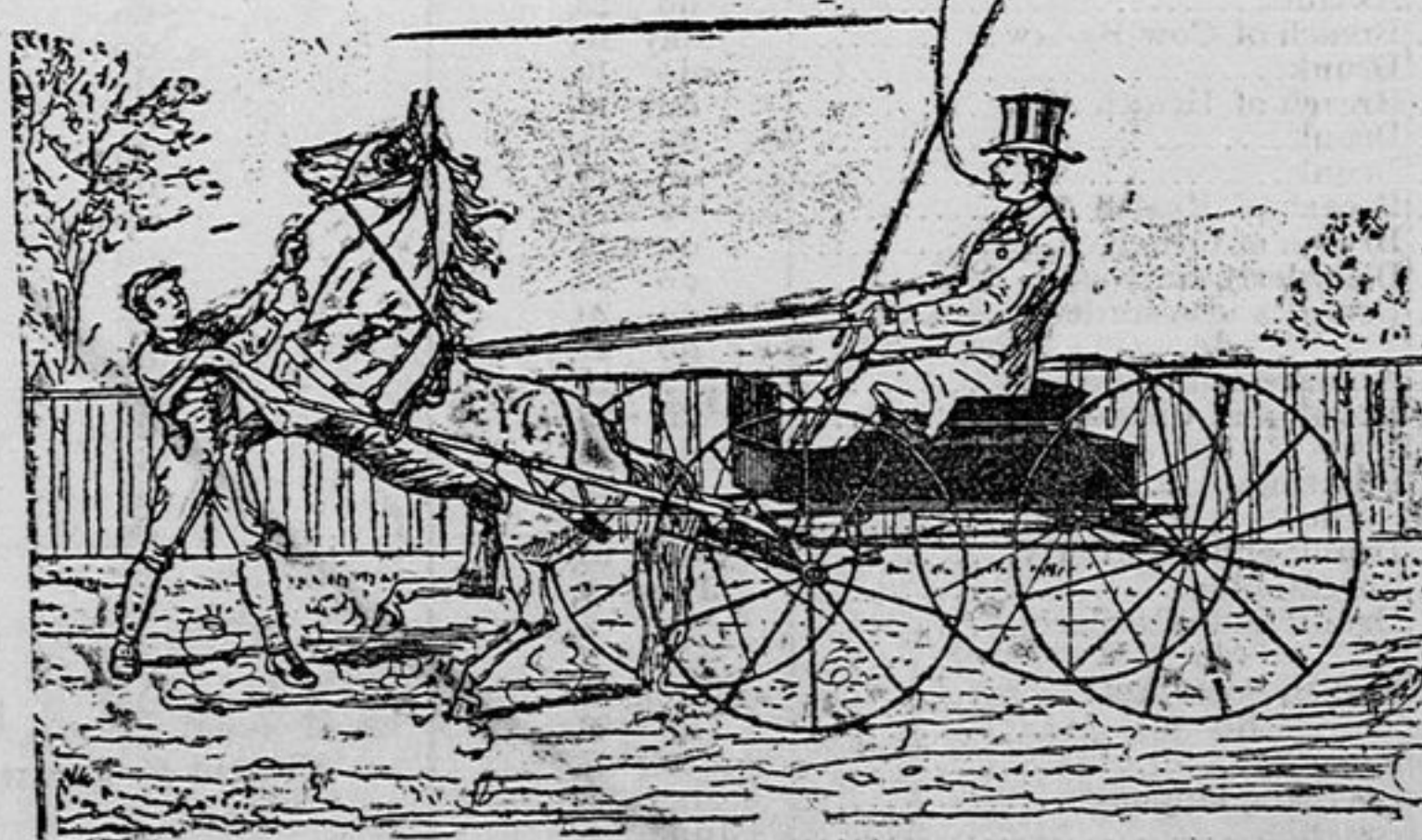
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