

FATAL OUTRAGE.

A Story of Fiendish Actions From St. Catharines.

SAD DEATH OF A HAMILTON GIRL.

St. CATHARINES, May 26.—An inquest was held at the General Marine Hospital on Wednesday evening to ascertain the cause of death of a young girl named Sarah Jane Potter, who had died in the hospital on the same day after terrible suffering, caused mainly by ill-treatment at the hands of her employer in Woodstock, exposure and neglect, and by being outraged by six fiends in human shape at Merriton while on her way from the railway station at Merriton to the home of her friends in that place. The story as told in the evidence reveals an amount of suffering and neglect almost too horrible for belief.

John Livingstone was sworn and testified: The deceased girl is between 14 and 15 years of age. She came to my place two weeks ago last Thursday. She was very sick, and arrived after 11 o'clock at night. She said she came from Woodstock, and had for a short time before that been staying at Dr. Thrall's, and was sick before going there. She was very sick and almost gasping for breath when she came to our house. Next morning I sent for Dr. Clark, but he could not come, and I sent for Dr. Downey. He attended her for a few days. I tried to get her into the hospital, but could not, owing to their being no room. A week ago last Sunday she called my wife into her room, and said she wanted to tell her something. She said she had been abused and outraged by some young men, first mentioning five, and then six. One of the men that deceased said had first ravished her came to my house the next Sunday after she came there and said he wanted something to eat. She did not speak of it until the following Sunday after the men had been there. I never saw the man before, and I don't know his name. I have not seen him since. He was a stout man, middling tall, full faced and about 22 or 23 years of age. While he was eating deceased called my wife, and while she got up to see what the girl wanted the stranger went out of another door. Deceased told us she had been living in Woodstock with a Mr. Carlisle before going to Dr. Thrall's. She said Mr. Carlisle had beaten her, and Mrs. Carlisle had told him to do so. I had no particular confidence in what she would say, as I believed her untruthful. I got her into the hospital on Sunday evening a week ago. I did not notify the police of what had taken place. I endeavored to find out who the parties were who had abused her. Deceased said she had been sick before going to Dr. Thrall's, and he was going to send her into the country. Deceased could read, and was as intelligent as most girls of her age. She was my wife's niece.

Dr. Mack testified that he had given permission for the admission of the deceased into the hospital. The previous witness brought the deceased to the hospital in the midst of a severe rainstorm, and in no state to be removed. The next day, on visiting her he was utterly horrified at the statements she made. It appeared her life had been one of continued misery from the time she left the Home in Hamilton to the time she saw her. She told him her sickness was caused by her having been whipped by a woman with whom she had lived in Woodstock. She was subsequently taken by Dr. Thrall, of Woodstock. She was suffering great agony.

After hearing the evidence of Drs. Greenwood, Downey and Comfort, and some of the hospital nurses, the inquest was adjourned until Monday evening next, at 7 p.m.

It is reported that six or seven men residing in Merriton suddenly left there on Wednesday afternoon, and it is supposed they are the parties who committed the outrage.

THE PORT COLBORNE VICTIM.

Being Testimony of the Victim, Mrs. Young, Repeated at the Inquest.

A despatch from Buffalo says the following was given by Lawyer Donnelly as Mrs. Young's dying testimony at Lockport. It will be remembered that Mrs. Young belonged to Port Colborne, and died lately from an attempt to procure abortion. Donnelly—Mrs. Young, what caused your sickness? Mrs. Young—Abortion. Donnelly—Was it done with medicine or with instruments? Mrs. Young—With instruments. Donnelly—Who did it? Mrs. Young—Dr. Fassett. Just before taking this statement Donnelly left the room, and returned to find Dr. Fassett there. Donnelly ordered him out of the chamber. The doctor refused to go, saying that he believed a conspiracy was being formed against him. Donnelly informed him that he would call a police officer, whereupon the doctor went out into the hallway and did not return to the room until Donnelly was gone. The inquest was adjourned until Monday. Dr. Fassett is one of the oldest practicing physicians in Lockport, and stands high professionally.

Preserving Fruits.

Few of the cookery books to be met with will give directions for the temperature and time required for boiling the various fruits to be preserved. An American contemporary gives the following table, which should be pasted into the day book of all who keep house, whether on a large or small scale: Boil cherries, moderately, 5 minutes; raspberries, moderately, 6; plums, moderately, 10; strawberries, moderately, 8; whortleberries, 5; pie plant, sliced, 10; small sour pears, whole, 30; Bartlett pears, in halves, 20; peaches, 3; peaches, whole, 15; pine apple, sliced half-inch thick, 15; Siberian crab apple, whole, 25; sour apples, quartered, 10; ripe currants, 6; wild grapes, 10; tomatoes, 20. The amount of sugar to a quart should be: For cherries, 6 ounces; raspberries, 4; Lawton blackberries, 6; field blackberries, 6; strawberries, 8; whortleberries, 4; quinces, 10; small sour pears, whole, 8; wild grapes, 9; peaches, 4; Bartlett pears, 6; pine apples, 6; crab apples, 8; plums, 8; pie plant, 10; sour apples, quartered, 6; ripe currants, 8.

Minneapolis thief stole the pans displayed in front of a tin shop and sold them to the proprietor inside.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Fatal Fire in Brantford and Much Loss of Property.

BRANTFORD, May 27.—At 5 o'clock this evening a fire broke out in W. & J. Harrison's planing and sash factory, in the East Ward. It was a frame building, a storey and a half high. A northwest wind was blowing at the time, and the whole building was in a blaze before any assistance arrived. The fire rapidly communicated to a frame building to the west, occupied by Acheson & Havill as a carpenter's shop, and to W. Harrison's dwelling house on the east. The three buildings are a total loss. Harrison's machinery, tools, etc., are a complete loss. Acheson & Havill saved a few things. W. Harrison's furniture is partly saved, but badly broken. Harrison's loss is probably about \$4,000. It is impossible at present to ascertain if there is any insurance. Acheson & Havill's loss is about \$750; no insurance. The fire originated in the engine-room, and was discovered by the engineer, who gave the alarm. James Harrison and A. Havill did all they could on the start to stop the fire, but while Havill was after water the fire made such headway they saw it was impossible to save the building. Havill went to his shop to save what tools, etc., he could, and James Harrison went up stairs to throw his tools out, but the fire spread so rapidly that before he could return he was so badly burned around the head and body that he died during the afternoon. His eyes were burnt so badly that he could not see his way out, and but for his brother seeing him at the upstairs door and pulling him out on the street he would have perished in the flames. Wm. Harrison is burned on the arm above the wrist. Dr. Griffin attended James Harrison and did the best he could for the sufferer. The Harrisons had sold out their factory to a person named Batchelor, and had only another week to keep the place. They had quite a lot of material in the shop to finish before leaving it.

AN UNLUCKY QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

Collapse of a Wharf at Belleville—One Hundred Excursionists Get a Ducking—No Lives Lost.

BELLEVILLE, May 25.—One of the most unpleasant events of the 24th occurred at about 6 p. m. yesterday at Massassaga Point, near Belleville. Some 300 picnickers had assembled on the small wharf at this point in anticipation of the arrival of the steamer Prince Edward, which was to carry them to the city, when suddenly the timbers which support the gangway that connects the piers began to crack, and with but a moment's warning upwards of 100 people were precipitated into the water, which, fortunately, is not more than from three to four feet in depth. The scene which ensued can be better imagined than described, but after a great deal of confusion all the unfortunates were safely landed.

How Disease May Enter Houses.

A recently published circular prepared under the direction of the National Board of Health indicates the means by which zymotic diseases may be introduced in houses that are well plumbed and apparently well situated as regards solidity and dryness of foundation. The statement is made, in brief, that no earth can eliminate the disease germs that may be held by the moisture of the soil. If, for instance, a cesspool, or a cemetery, or any other receptacle of decaying organic matter has infected the ground in its vicinity, and this soil becomes thoroughly saturated with moisture by heavy rains or otherwise, the bacterial infection may be carried directly to and through the cellar walls, and from thence through the house. There are very few countries anywhere that have not some underground receptacles of filth within easy "leaching" distance of the house, while the contents of the soil that underlies the pavements of our city streets may be imagined from the small that arises whenever it is laid bare and the general outbreak of disease along the line of a new excavation. There are two ways of avoiding the danger of infection through cellar walls. One is to remove the cause, which is not always possible; the other is to make the walls themselves impervious to moisture from the outside, either by backing them liberally with cement while building and laying the floor also in cement, or by applying the same material on the inside in the case of buildings already completed. Either course is more expensive than a first-class funeral in the family.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Among the personages who are said to have made a handsome margin is Gambetta. He has prospered wonderfully since 1870, when he was a poor deputy, with only an occasional suit in the courts to enable him to keep a very modest bachelor's apartment in the *Chausée d'Antin*. After the war he set up the *Republique Française*, which is now a journal of immense value. For a long time he kept his apartments in the same building with his journal, and lived in comparative frugality. But in 1875 he took on the state of a millionaire. His breakfasts became noted as the most delicate and well-cooked in Paris. He never appeared on the streets save in fine equipages. The Opposition press declared that the wherewithal came from corrupt contracts during his dictatorship at Tours, but there never was any creditable proof adduced.

BACON AND GREENS.—Don't cook the greens with the bacon, ham, pork, or what not. It makes no difference what kind of greens one has—whether spinach from the garden, or "cowslips," or dandelions from the streams or fields, don't cook either with fat meat. The fact that vegetable food tends to correct evils from the long continued use of salted meat has given rise to the notion that greens should be cooked with the meat. Cook the greens in a separate vessel, with only, if need be, a little salt. Thus treated, every variety of greens will not only be more acceptable to the taste, but vastly more digestible. Most kinds of greens, after they are boiled quite tender, should be thoroughly drained upon a colander; then turn them into a wooden bowl and chop very fine.

The other night some wretch chopped a heifer belonging to Ald. Chadwick, of Guelph, with an axe, and broke a number of the poor brute's ribs.

ROYALTY AT HOME.

How the Princess of Wales Sees to Bringing Up of Her Daughters—A Family Group.

Every morning at 9 o'clock the three daughters of the Princess of Wales take their music lesson. They have "mamma" waked up, who, a few moments later, appears in her dressing-gown, and remains with them till the lesson is over. Nothing interests the Princess more than the education of her daughters. In music she can fully appreciate their progress, being herself a consummate musician. Her delicate, dreamy, thoroughly Danish nature betrays itself in her touch. She dotes, above all, on the melodies of Chopin and Schumann, and she plays them with wonderful talent. The three young Princesses, Louise, Victoria and Maud, differ as greatly in character as in physiognomy. The eldest, Louise, has the fine features and the grace of her mother; she is gentle, gay and affable, in short the Parisienne of the three. Victoria, the second daughter, is the image of her father. She is proud, rather reserved, and attaches herself little to people. When she does grow fond of some one, however, her affection never wavers. She unites to a thorough consciousness of her own dignity a generous heart, easily moved. Her intellect, which is greatly developed, only renders her the more engaging. The youngest sister, Princess Maud, can still be called a baby. She is but ten years of age. In appearance she bears a great likeness to her grandmother, the Queen. She is good hearted, and at times even a little serious. The private apartments of the Princess of Wales, both at Sandringham and at Marlborough House, are fitted up completely in French style. One would believe oneself transported to a mansion in the Champs-Elysees. Scattered about everywhere on plush-covered tables are an infinity of knick-knacks, such as small porcelain dogs, bird cages with stuffed birds, figures in Dresden china, tiny flower stands of *faience* or Sevres, inkstands, knives and what not, just as in the shops of the Rue de la Paix. The Princess's writing paper always comes from Paris, as well as her dressing-tables and all the latest fashionable baubles. Her different pieces of furniture are surrounded by low screens, which in many cases she herself has embroidered. Many objects in ivory, enamel, silver and mother-of-pearl recall Prince "Bertie's" voyage to India.

Latest Scottish Notes.

The mysterious epidemic at Aberdeen continues, and is said to be owing to the water.

At many of the collieries a scarcity of men is being severely felt, and several firms could find employment for many more hands than they have at present.

The Beith mechanics are on strike, and demand an advance of 10 per cent. on piecework prices, and a reduction on "time work" from 57 to 51 hours per week.

The daughter of a miner at Dykehead, Lanarkshire, had a part of her head blown off by a dynamite detonator which she discovered near the ruins of a powder magazine.

Trade in Paisley has assumed a brighter aspect than it wore for some time back. The thread mills are busier, and in other branches of trade there is a decided change for the better.

The Earl of Dalhousie, in consideration of the great loss by turnips and the prevailing agricultural depression, will allow his tenants 20 per cent. off their rents for the past year. This will represent a return to the tenantry of about £12,000.

The Conservative party in the Free Church of Scotland are now summoned to rally against the new Hymnal prepared by direction of the General Assembly. Sir Henry Moncreiff, who has a keen nose for heresy, has raised the alarm. Some of the hymns in the book he finds absolutely ritualistic, and others latitudinarian. Another perturbed stickler for the old ways warns his brethren that, if the book is adopted, it will open the way for liturgies and organs.

The following is a description of a sculptured stone found in the churchyard at Papi in the Island of West Burra, Shetland: The stone is a sandstone slab, 6 feet 10 inches in height, sculptured on one side only. It bears at the top an equal-armed cross, formed by the intersection of arcs of circles, the inter-spaces being filled with interlaced work. Below are the figures of four ecclesiastics, with croziers, two on each side of the shaft of the cross, underneath them a lion-like animal; and lowest of all, a group of two figures, semi-human in character, but having bird-like heads and legs. Their long bills are inserted in the eyes of a human-like figure between them.

Perhaps no county in England has shared more richly in the memories of its great and interesting personages than Buckinghamshire, the place of residence and burial of Lord Beaconsfield. Milton completed "Paradise Lost" in one of its villages; Gray, in his "Elegy," celebrated Stoke Pogis, and Cowper wrote in Olney. Of eminent statesmen, Bucks was one way or other connected with John Hampden, Temple, George Grenville, Lord William Russell, of the Rye House plot, Lord John Russell, buried at Chenies, the burial place of the Bedford ducal house, and Edmund Burk, who lived at Beaconsfield. At Slough Herschel erected his telescope, and at Pitstone Abbey Queen Elizabeth spent a good deal of her youth. In the same county are Stowe, the splendid seat of the Duke of Buckingham, and the Abbey of High Wycombe, belonging to Lord Carrington, and close by where the Earl rests in Bron-denham House, his father's house farm, which he hated his election addresses.

The Mormon religion has been steadily extending itself. "For several years," says the *San Francisco Chronicle* "its members have been swarming in large numbers from the parent hive and establishing flourishing colonies in the adjacent States and Territories. They are pouring in steady streams into Colorado, Montana, Washington, and Wyoming. They are already sufficiently strong in Arizona and Idaho to hold the balance of political power, and wherever they go they act and vote in implicit obedience to their ecclesiastical authorities."

Caste is duly recognized among criminals. Forgers, bank robbers and murderers (when not of the vulgar type) form the "upper crust."

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—A crocus—a rooster.

—An enchanting smile—The mint julep.

—The man who invented the fifteen-puzzle is now making patterns for the latest styles of oilcloth.

— "How am I going to spend my summer holidays?" is now the momentous question with many.

—There is one perfectly safe rule to follow; it is contained in the words, "If you must, you'd better."

—Mons-trous.—Iceland is the only country which possesses a volcano, the eruptions of which go off with *Hecla* (*clat*).

—A great many persons are like the circus poster. It's only because they are stuck up that they attract attention.

—This has been a very healthy spring. Quite a number of western rivers that have been confined to their beds for years are now leaving them.

—An English judgment affirms that the law of England and of other civilized countries holds the practice of carrying cattle on deck to be illegal.

—When Oates predicted snow in June, didn't he mean the down from the silver polar? This is the nearest thing to "the beautiful" in summer that we know of.

—The Commissioner of Fisheries has notified Mr. Kerr, Local Fishery Inspector, to put a stop to seine fishing in the Humber and Don Rivers and Toronto Bay.

—Several exchanges complain that, contrary to law, many farmers allow black-knot to exist in their orchards. The disease is contagious, and is apparently rapidly spreading.

—The generous offer of Mr. Wiman, of New York, to provide two floating baths for the use of the citizens of Toronto was accepted with thanks by the Council of that city last night.

—Brooklyn has a club called "The Sons of Rest," who make it their boast that they "have never worked and never will." They would be a good club for a policeman to take possession of.

—An exchange remarks that "some people are wholly unable to appreciate delicate irony." We have observed this ourselves, particularly in the case of washerwomen and shirt-bosoms.

—Quite a number of transfers of property have been made at Petrolea. Mr. Joseph Huggard has purchased the Great Western Hotel property for \$3,500 and the Kemp farm for \$7,500.

"Gentle maid, why so dejected? Pray tell me why this great distress. Pray do!" sighed he. "Why, 'Tis said, when I meant yes; That I had no!" cried she.

—In view of the recent unravelling of a New York murder by a newspaper man, the *Express*, of that city, thinks it a pity a few newspaper reporters couldn't be surreptitiously introduced into the detective service.

—The proudest resident of Williamsburg is a German tailor, who used to make clothes for Bismarck. He still carries the footprints of that great statesman about his person. Evidently, Bismarck is literally the iron prince.

—The Boston *Transcript* advertises the wearing of cork hats as a preventive of sun-strokes. This is well, anything tending to raise the price of whiskey bottle-stoppers may be considered a triumph for the temperance cause.

—When a man tells you that his mocking-bird, which cost him \$40, sings thirteen different tunes you will need all the patience of an angel to discover the first tune. After you have done that perhaps you can guess at the other twelve.

—Down in the South American republic of Columbia the people think the end of all things has come because the land is overrun by locusts. If they were to have tramps for a few days they would change their minds.

—At 20 a man is sure that he knows everything; at 30 he begins to have grave doubts; at 40 he knows that there are some things he don't know; at 50 he is certain that he will never again know as much as he once knew.

—Musical criticism: He—"She is a remarkably sweet singer. I don't know when I have heard such a fine voice. Did you notice her bravura passages?" She—"No; but I noticed the lace on her dress. It's real Hamburg, and just lovely."

—The statement which is going the rounds, that Mrs. Bell, wife of the telephone inventor, is a deaf mute, as was the wife of Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, is intended as a notification to those seeking wives that they must marry deaf mutes if they want to become great inventors.

—Chicago took 20,000 copies of the revised edition of the New Testament. About 10,000 copies were sent to San Francisco. One of the largest dealers there had ordered all of his copies to be sent by mail, and the consignment, when ready, resembled a mail for a European steamer. From \$180 to \$200 worth of stamps were required to pay the postage.

Auf Wiedersehen.

Until we meet again! That is the meaning Of the familiar words that men repeat At parting in the street. Ah, yes, till then! but when death intervening Renders us asunder, with what ceaseless pain We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow Of parting as we feel it who must stay Lamenting day by day, And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow, We shall not find in its accustomed place The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed, Being released from earth, should still retain A sense of earthly pain; It were a double grief if the true hearted, Who loved us here, should on the further shore Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions, That death is a beginning, not an end, We cry to them, and send Farewells, that better might be called predictions, Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason, And it by faith, as in old times was said, Women received their dead Raised up to life, then only for a season Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain Until we meet again!

Before the passage of the English Employers' Liability Act, considerable hostility was manifested to it on the ground that the courts would be crowded with litigants under its provisions, and that it was too comprehensive, or, perhaps, not definite enough. The *Manchester Guardian*, in speaking of the operations of the law since its passage, finds reason for congratulation in that but little litigation has thus far arisen, and on account of the further fact that decisions rendered in the cases already tried have so construed the Act as to leave little room to doubt the wisdom and success of the enactment.

—Never cry over split milk. There is enough water in it already.

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