

THE SANDWICH MYSTERY.

Sudden Disappearance of a Colored Minister and His Wife.

MURDER AND ARSON SUSPECTED.

A despatch from Detroit says: The whole colored population of Essex County, just across the river, and not a few of the white people of that quiet locality, are excited over the recent mysterious disappearance and the burning down of the house of two inoffensive colored people named Archibald and Annie Mann, who lived in Sandwich East, about ten miles southeast of Windsor. Mann was a minister as well as a carpenter. He was a quiet old man of 60 years, his wife Annie being considerably his junior. After a while Mr. and Mrs. Mann asserted to the people of their own race that their lives had been threatened openly and by letter by some of the neighbors. On the 14th of June Mr. Mann about noon threw down the tools he was working with, and said to his fellow workers that he had a presentiment that something awful was going to happen to him and his wife, and that he could not work. After a while he was persuaded to keep on with his work, that it was silly to let his imagination run away with him. After working a short time he declared that it was no use for him to go on, as he felt it in him that something was wrong with his wife or was going to happen to himself and her. He said he would go home and if he got over his feeling he would return to work. He left his tools and everything where he was working and went towards home. That was the last time he was seen. His house stood apparently deserted for a few days, and when the neighborhood woke up on Monday morning, June 19th, the last of the logs of the old shanty were smouldering. On that morning bones were found in the ashes, but as quick as found they were stolen away, and no traces of them are left. The white people say they may have been beef bones, and the colored people declare they were human bones. The colored people seem to fear their white neighbors, from whom they say the threatening letters come. If there were anything in this belief it seems strange that such inoffensive persons as Mann and his wife should have been selected as sacrifices to sectional hatred. The sudden disappearance of the old couple is undoubted. However, there is some mystery about the affair which should be probed to the bottom.

SELLING A CHILD.

Six Blankets Buy a Vancouver Island Child.

Mr. W. H. Gilbert, master of the schooner Winifred, says while at New City, at the north end of this island, a native woman, two weeks since gave birth to a child, and when the infant was only three days old her parents came to her lodge for the purpose of killing it, because the child had no legitimate father. The native doctor, hearing of their murderous intentions, rushed into the lodge, and snatching the child from the hands of the would-be murderers, took it to his own clootchman to rear; but this woman being unable to give the poor little thing suitable nourishment, the doctor, fearing it would die on his hands, proceeded with it next day to Fort Rupert, and there sold it for six blankets. The child is still there, and the doctor has gone on his way, rejoicing at the knowledge that he has saved a human life and is now six blankets richer.—Victoria Evening Post.

A Canadian Regiment for Egypt.

The Halifax (N. S.) Evening Mail of yesterday says: "It is generally stated, and we believe correctly, that Colonel J. W. Laurie has again sent in an offer to raise a regiment in Nova Scotia for active service with the British in Egypt. The offer made by him in 1877 was very favorably received by the Imperial authorities, and the arrangements in anticipation of the organization were so far advanced that Col. Laurie was able to report that he could have his regiment at full strength in barracks at Halifax in thirty days from the date he would be actually allowed to commence enrolment. Everything points to a serious outbreak of war in the East, and our rough country lads have both the physical development and the self-reliance that will make grand soldiers. It is all-important that for such work they should be commanded by some one they know well and in whom they have thorough confidence, and although Col. Laurie's probable early promotion to Major-General might justify his seeking a higher position than that of commander of a regiment, still his long acquaintance with our militia has probably influenced him in desiring to exhibit their good qualities on the field of battle. He will have no lack of volunteers to join his regiment, and the trip across the Atlantic to England and the most attractive countries of the old world presents many inducements to which the chance of some heavy fighting merely adds increased zest. Col. Laurie seems determined to see some fighting, and, after his abortive trip to the Cape last year, if there is to be fighting we hope his wishes may be fulfilled."

On the night of the 20th inst. at Quebec, Alexis Lamarche, dit Bariteau, went home drunk and made an outrageous demand on his wife. She refused to comply and he kicked and beat her so severely that her life is despaired of. When she asked for water he poured a tumbler of whiskey down her throat. The magistrate took her ante mortem statement on Saturday night. Lamarche is still at large.

An accident occurred at Midland yesterday causing the death of a young man named Gott, brakeman on the Midland Railway. It appears that when in the discharge of his duty he fell between the cars, having both his legs run over, and although the best medical attendance was procured he only survived a few hours.

John Near, an old and respected farmer of the Township of Humberstone, died yesterday morning from injuries received last Monday evening. He was crossing the G. T. R., about five miles west of Ridgeway, with a horse and buggy, when he was run into by a mixed train going west. The horse was killed instantly. Mr. Near remained unconscious until death.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

A Joliette Blacksmith Leaves Suddenly on the Eve of His Marriage.

A Montreal despatch says: Mysterious disappearances are decidedly the order of the day. In two instances the missing ones have fortunately been recovered, and it is to be devoutly wished for that in the present case the whereabouts of the missing blacksmith of Joliette may soon be discovered and his distracted fiancée comforted thereby. The facts connected with the latest mystery are as follows: One Racine, a young and well-to-do blacksmith, of Joliette, some time ago fell in love with a fair young Canadian girl, Miss Payette, from Como, in the concession of Pinenige, about three miles from Joliette. His attentions were warmly reciprocated, and the wedding was fixed for last Tuesday morning. As is often the custom in the country districts, a grand ball was held on the evening preceding the day of the nuptial ceremonies, at which all the neighbors were present. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. Racine paid marked attention to his intended, danced with her the greater part of the evening, and about midnight he and some of his friends went outside of the house to enjoy a smoke. On returning the lovely bride was noticed to be the partner of an old flame of hers, and was evidently too much fascinated with the mazy waltz to pay much attention to her blacksmith lover. Whether this fact has anything to do with Racine's disappearance it is difficult to say, but at all events he was not many minutes in the room before he again retired outside, and since that time no trace has been found of him. It is asserted in some quarters that Racine was only too glad to get any excuse to get rid of his intended, on account of the bad repute of some of her relatives. Racine is well-to-do, has a good business, and leaves a large amount of money and property behind him.

A Curious Story About Abraham Lincoln.

In an obituary of Mrs. Lincoln we find the following curious story. Mrs. Lincoln had, before her marriage, prophesied that Lincoln would be President of the United States. Just after his election a singular circumstance occurred which once more brought out the gift of prophecy which Mrs. Lincoln possessed. Mr. Lincoln described it in the following language: "It was after my election, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys!' so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and looking in that glass I saw myself reflected nearly at full length, but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled. I got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time plainer if possible than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was paler than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite—for the thing would once in a while come up and give me a little pang as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I came home I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, where sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was 'a sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term." Mr. Lincoln regarded the vision as an optical delusion caused by nervousness. His wife's prophetic interpretation of the circumstance, viewed in the light of subsequent events, seems certainly most extraordinary.

New Post-Offices.

The following new post-offices have been established in Canada: Abercrombie, Pictou, N.S.; Basinestoke, Lincoln, Ont.; Branch la Have, Lunenburg, N.S.; Boileys Brook (reopened), Antigonish, N.S.; Camilla, Marquette, Man.; Chaudiere Curve, Levis, Que.; Clancricard, Peterboro', E.R., Ont.; Darling Road, Monck, Ont.; East Dover, Halifax, N.S.; east side of Margaree harbor, Inverness, N.S.; East Earlton, Colchester, N.S.; East Wentworth, Cumberland, N.S.; Falkland Ridge, Annapolis, N.S.; Fort Lawrence, Cumberland, N.S.; Halfway River, Cumberland, N.S.; Lapland, Lunenburg, N.S.; Lake St. Mary, Ottawa, Ont.; Little Cape, Westmoreland, N. B.; Lutherville, Brookville, Ont.; Mader's Cove, Lunenburg, N.S.; Middle Cape, Cape Breton, N. S.; North Intervale, Guysborough, N. S.; St. Gabriel Station, Port Neuf, Que.; St. Prosper de Dorchester, Dorchester, Que.; St. Rose de Watford, Dorchester, Que.; St. Lechaize, Beauce, Que.; St. Renon (re-opened), Berthier, Que.; Scarlet Hill, S. R., Ont.; South Middleton (re-opened), Norfolk, N. R., Ont.; South Merland, Guysborough, N. S.; Sterling Falls, Muskoka, Ont.; Viela Dale, Marquette, Man.; Wheatfield, Marquette, Man.; Waterloo, Lunenburg, N. S.

It Always Works Just This Result.

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Young Street Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishing Store, Toronto, tells a most remarkable story of the Great German Remedy. "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a bad case of neuralgia, of five years' standing when I had given up hopes of being cured and had tried fifty different so-called remedies. I now keep it all the time not only at home, but here in my place of business; it is an excellent thing and something nobody should be without."

Patrick McDonald, hostler at Fitzpatrick's hotel, Belleville, fell from a third storey window during the night. He was not dangerously hurt, his injuries consisting of the fracture of his arm, a severe blow on the head and some bruises on his face. He is supposed to have got up whilst half asleep to have a sit down on the window-sill to smoke, as was his habit, and to have fallen while in a semi-unconscious state.

The new wing of the Windsor Hotel Montreal, will cost \$25,500.

THE MAD STONE.

How Its Use Saved a Boy from Hydrophobia.

The Carrollton Democrat has the following: Some five weeks ago a mad dog made its appearance at Kingsville, Johnson County, Mo., on the premises of Mr. Rufus King and bit a 12-year-old son of Mr. King. The cattle and horse soon after developed violent cases of hydrophobia and died. No complaint, however, was made by the boy until about three weeks ago, when his head commenced aching him, which has continued since without intermission. Of course the parents of the little fellow felt great uneasiness about their child, and finally, hearing of the mad stone in possession of the Wilcoxson brothers, of this place, determined to come at once and test its virtue. They reached Carrollton on Wednesday, and immediately proceeded to Mr. Wilcoxson's residence, and the reporter of this paper was invited to be present and witness the test. The wound was scarified and the stone placed upon it. It immediately adhered with such firmness that the walking about the room and violent motions of the body failed to remove it. It thus continued to absorb the poison for about forty-five minutes on the first application, when the pores became filled and the stone was placed in milk to relieve the cells of the substance. Subsequently applications were made, each time the stone adhering for a shorter period until it refused to stay on at all. The little fellow told us that the drawing power of the stone was felt very sensibly by him and from the first application his head had ceased to trouble him. It is believed that whatever of poison was communicated by the rabid dog has been removed and that the child is safe from hydrophobia. The owners of this remarkable stone inherited it from their father, and he received it from James Mackley, of Howard County, nearly fifty years ago. It is of a greyish color, very porous, filled with peculiarly formed cells, is quite beautiful, and would attract attention in any cabinet of curiosities. It has been tried in a great many cases and has uniformly refused to adhere to any wound not made by a mad dog, and, on the contrary, as in the case above recited, clings closely and firmly to every one made by a rabid canine. The Messrs. Wilcoxson freely offer the use of this stone without charge to any one, and are anxious to have its efficacy tested whenever an unfortunate may offer occasion. They refuse, however, to let it go out of their possession.

A boy named William Alexander, aged about 14, and employed as bell boy at the Garner House, Chatham, accidentally walked off the creek bridge at the foot of Sixth street yesterday afternoon and was drowned. The bridge was swung to allow the Government dredge to pass through, and a report says it was unguarded. An inquest is not considered necessary.

The Sent Was Engaged.

"Are you travelling alone?" asked a tall, agricultural looking gentleman, approaching a lady who occupied two seats in a crowded car.

"No, sir," she replied.

"May I ask who's with you?" asked the man, looking around vainly for some other place to store himself.

"My husband," snapped the lady, with flashing eyes. "My husband is travelling with me."

"Oh! ah! excuse me," and the tall man straightened up and prepared to take a standing ride.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a dashing, well-dressed young fellow of the lady five minutes later.

"No, sir," she replied, and down he plumped.

"I say, ma'am!" protested the tall man, "is that your husband?"

"No, it isn't, and you needn't ask any more questions," retorted the woman.

"But you said you were travelling with him," persisted the tall man.

"So I am," snorted the lady.

"Where is he?" insisted the tall man.

"He's in the baggage car in a coffin," replied the lady.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the tall man, humbly; "I honestly beg pardon. I won't ask if he is dead, but you will excuse me for thinking that if you and he have been married long he's deuced smart to travel around screwed up in a box, if you are on the same trip and it's likely to last long."

He Couldn't Resist.

There was an accident up the road the other day, and when the Derrick reporter arrived at the scene of the wreck and desolation and profanity, and Italian expletives and kindling wood, and mad passengers, he was directed to the most solemn man on the spot for an explanation of the mishap.

"Was it a freight train?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said the solemn man, "I'm a freight it was."

Two of the passengers were carried away in a fainting condition, and the reporter was steadied up against the fence until he recovered.

The solemn man continued: "It was rail bad."

This knocked two Italians down and broke the guy rope.

"No," said he, "I can't tender you any more information, you can track it."

Then the baggageman hit him over the head with a wrench, but his last words were "look-a-motive for the accident up yourself."—Old City Derrick.

Moses Gantt's Marriage.

Moses Gantt went sailing on Chesapeake Bay in a pleasure boat. He anchored off Farmer Whitton's house, took three meals at the Whitton table, fell suddenly in love with May Whitton and sailed away with her. The father called upon the Sheriff for help, and that official, with ten deputies, cut across the country to the village where the nearest clergyman dwelt. The elopers were there, sure enough, but the marriage had already taken place.

—Any kind of motion is "poetry of motion," just as any kind of jingle is poetry. If you want something that will keep all winter, take prose.

—Eighteen women met together at Whitewater, Wis., and prayed for rain, and when the rain descended seventeen of them screamed because they had no umbrellas.

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

The History of a Wedding Recently Celebrated in Toronto.

A wedding which formed a chapter in a pleasant little romance was celebrated in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, last Tuesday. The parties were F. M. Reade, son of the late W. B. Reade, of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, and a nephew of Charles Reade, the celebrated novelist, and Miss Cecelia Colman, daughter of Lieut. Colonel George Colman, of Kensington, London, England. They had been engaged for two or three years. Mr. Reade had come out to Canada and settled on a farm in Manitoba, while the young lady remained in England. From time to time she received letters from him in which he gave glowing accounts of the great Northwest, told her of the cares and pleasures of his farm life, and hoped for the time when she would be able to join him in his prairie home. So great, however, were the demands of the work upon him that he found it impossible to go to England and bring out the young lady as his bride. So he proposed that she should come out to Canada and meet him at Toronto, where the marriage could take place. After consulting with her friends, she resolved to go, and a few weeks ago sailed by the Parisian, accompanied by her father and a relative of the family, Mr. Hugh Drummond, a grandson of the eighth Viscount Strathallan (an old Perthshire family). The Drummonds and Reades have held high positions in India for many years. The party arrived in Toronto, where the marriage took place, after which the couple left for their new home in the Turtle Mountain district.

Why It Pays.

A reporter dropped into one of our largest retail establishments on Wednesday and held a conversation with one of its proprietors.

"You have a great rush?" remarked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "partly because it is holiday season, but mainly on account of advertising."

"How can you tell whether advertising pays, and what papers are good mediums?"

"I can tell that advertising pays by stopping my advertisements. I've tried it. Trade drops, not at once, but the tide of purchasers flows some other way. The cash receipts tell the story."

"Is there any difference in the sharpness of the buyers—I mean, do they haggle much over prices?"

"Oh, no. We sell at one price and all the best stores in Boston do the same. They will sometimes say they can buy such and such an article cheaper elsewhere. When they mention the place we send and see if it's true, and if so we mark our stock down."

"Suppose you should give up advertising?"

"Well, I should save a big pile of money the first year, but I should lose a bigger pile the next two years. You must keep the boiler heated if you want steam. If you bank your fires too long it takes time to start up. Advertising is the steam which keeps the business moving. I've studied the matter."—Boston Journal.

—There is one very disagreeable class of man living in this world of ours. They are the cavillers, carpers, scoffers, mockers. They are sometimes morose, oftenest jocular, but in either mood can find nothing just right.

The Drum Major.

If mystery is not always, as it usually is, fearful, it is ever wonderful. If one is not capable of being a Bismarck or a Gladstone one would wish to be a drum major. He is more martial in air than the colonel; he is more vivacious than the vivandiere; his emblem of office is more elegant than the baton of the leader of an orchestra; it is hardly as superb as the mace on the table of the House of Commons; it is more than a staff and not quite equal to the sceptre. What its gyrations mean no ordinary mortal can comprehend, but on a "half wheel" its motions are as active and intricate as the action of a Jacquard loom. Had Alexander been a drum major he never would have sighed for more worlds to conquer, for there is apparently not an unsatisfied ambition in the man who wields the big walking stick with a brass ball on the end. It is pretended that the drum major in some occult manner directs the time of the music of the band, but this is evidently an erroneous theory, for he is, judging by his manner, utterly oblivious of all here below. If he is not communing with the angels then he is walking in a vain show and receiving applause under false pretences, for though his feet are on the earth his head is in the air, and as he strides at the head of his company his feeling is, as it seems, that of the conquering hero, to whom all the following train are as captives of the Roman victor.

Northwest Land Advertisement.

The following is a sample advertisement of Northwest land agents:

No Other Land, No Other Climate On Top of God's Green Earth, Where Land is Free as Church Bells' Chime, Save Manitoba Dirt. Here, For a Year of Honest Toil A Home You May Inure, And From the Black and Leamy Soil a Title in Fee Mature. No Money Needed Until the Day When the Earth Itself Provides: Until You Raise a Crop No Pay—What Can You Ask Besides?

Provisions in Manitoba at present are excessively high. Potatoes realize \$2 to \$2.50 per bushel; butter, 35c. per lb.; eggs, 35c. per doz.; beefsteak, mutton, lamb, veal, etc., 30c. per lb.; strawberries, 50c. per quart, and so on. Everything else in above proportion. Tamarac wood, by the cord, \$8.50; poplar, \$6 to \$7. An ordinary dwelling-house, with six to eight rooms, \$30 per month and upwards. The demand is great.

Mdme. Lamarche, nee Thorin, was murderously assaulted by her husband at Montreal. She lies in a very precarious condition. He is still at large.

The Khedive's wife, the Vice-Queen, as she is called, is a daughter of El Hamid Pasha, and granddaughter of the famous Abbas Pasha. She is a beautiful and cultivated woman, who tenderly loves her husband and her four children, and takes an active part in the education of the latter. The eldest boy, Abbas, and his brother are taught by a Swiss pedagogue, and the little girls are under the care of an English nurse.

GRACE CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

Disatisfaction in the Church Regarding the Action of Conference.

Mr. James Nixon, of Winnipeg, says, regarding the Grace Church difficulty: "The February meeting of the full Church Board, by a vote of 13 to 8, decided to request Dr. Rice to withdraw from the pastorate of the church, and by the same vote the Rev. S. J. Hunter, of Toronto, was invited to take its charge. The meeting was thoroughly a representative one, and the voice of the church was fully brought out. The Stationing Committee, though fully informed of the widespread dissatisfaction that prevailed in Winnipeg against the return of Dr. Rice (formerly of this city), consumed much, very much, valuable time over the matter, and at last the President suggested an entirely new procedure, viz., to ballot so as to know the minds of the brethren as to whether Dr. Rice should be removed or not. The proposition came before them also in the form of a most religious act, as the President said, 'Brethren, let us take a vote by ballot in the name of the Lord.' When the ballots were counted the vote stood: For the removal of Dr. Rice, 18; for his remaining, 16. Thus the Lord decided, by two majorities, that Dr. Rice was to be removed. Notwithstanding this matter was afterwards so manipulated by Drs. Sutherland and Young that Dr. Rice remains at Winnipeg in opposition to the wishes of a large majority of the people who attend the ministrations of the Methodist Church. It now only remains for me to impress upon the representatives to the General Conference the fact that unless lay delegation be extended so as to permit of the principle being applied to our annual conferences and the Stationing Committees of such conferences it will be almost impossible to get justice at the hands of the Stationing Committee, particularly when the members allow themselves to be ruled by the voice of a few interested individuals."

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Some of the most reliable Companies doing business in the Dominion.

The Very Rev. Dr. Smith, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, has been made by Pope Leo XIII. a Prolate of the Roman Court or a Monsignor. Dr. Smith is the first ecclesiastic in Scotland on whom this honor has been conferred by the Pope.

Yesterday a peculiar accident occurred at London to a horse owned by a farmer named Hay, of Lobo. He was being driven with a bit wide in the sections, and getting his tongue between two pieces of it, six inches of that member was cut off before the driver knew what was the matter.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

The small boy's idea of genuine comfort and happiness was first obtained into a portion of ice cream whose shores were made of sponge cake. His misery was the absence of these pleasant substances. That boy simply represents humanity. Comfort is appreciated by contrast—we enjoy a thing in proportion to our conception of the disadvantages of our deprivation thereof. This applies to material things as well as to immaterial considerations. The icicle, whose appearance in the wintry cold and bleakness sends the shiver of discomfort through the observer, would suggest notions of the coolest comfort in hot and sultry days of the summer season. And in both seasons—that in which the icicle flourishes best and in the one wherein its absence is conspicuous—the most uncomfortable and torturing disease, rheumatism, plentifully abounds, causing pain and agony to myriads of people. And yet it need not be thus if it suffers from the most comfortable remedy in the world for the eradication and cure of rheumatism and all painful ailments. The following from the Rochester (Ind.) Sentinel shows how some people attend to their rheumatism: "When a young husband had gone from home, and with fond solicitude telegraphed his little wife—'What have you for breakfast, and how's the baby?' he received the brief, practical and suggestive reply—'Buckwheat cakes and the messies.' We have the report of a case in our midst, not where messies was in the bill of fare, but where sciatic rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known Rochester druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: 'The senior member of this firm was attacked with sciatic rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding Feb. 10th, could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: 'We say, unprecipitated, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.' 'Edgar T. Paige, druggist, writes us from Chicope Falls, Mass., says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, 'that Mr. Albert Guenther, under the name of St. Jacobs Oil, for several years of rheumatism, and it cured him as if by magic.'

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