POETRY.

Dead Kathleen.

(An Irish Lament, by Mary M. Shaw.)

The bright sun is shining, the sweet flowers are budding;
The young birds are warbling their music to all;
And spring with her garlands of beauty advances
All blushing to meet us at nature's loud call.
But Kathleen is lying so stately and silent;
She hears not the music, she heeds not the grace;
And she whose fair soul was divine in its beauty
Gives not one faint sign from the sweet marble face.

Awake, my beloved; awake, thou fair dreamer;
Ah, hearest thou not the one cry of my heart?
My passionate kisses but echo in silence
On marble, whose whiteness outrivals all art.
I see thee before me, mavourneen, mavourneen;
My own silent Kathleen, once joyous and free,
Thy roses are faded, thy lilies are frozen,
Thy beautiful form wrapped in dread mystery.

Awake, my be'oved, thou fairest of women;
Is all my fond pleading to thee nothing worth,
When heart strings are breaking and all nature sighing
For Kathleen, my Queen, and my love to come forth?
O blood of my heart enter into her bosom,
And warm the cold life of my Kathleen, asthore,
Strong pulse of my soul beat emotions within her,
And cause her still spirit to vibrate once more.

Can this be my Kathleen, so changed and so silent;
So cold that it seems she's but playing a part?
My whispers of love once could wake the swift blushes;
Love's pleadings now fail to arouse her dull heart.
Ah! sun hide thy brightness, and birds hush your music;
And flowers, her sweet emblems, bow each mournful head;
Thy glory and music and beauty's departed
And left me in darkness, for Kathleen is dead.

Mavourneen, I left thee in life's fairest morning,
As sweet as the rose in its fresh morning bloom;
I came but to find thee arrayed in thy beauty,
My Kathleen prepared as a bride for the tomb.
Sweet Kathleen, thine image shall live on for ever,
In mem'ry's green pastures through life's fateful years;
Thy roses and lilies shall bloom in their freshness,
Watched well by my love, watered oft with my tears.

Farewell, my beloved! farewell, my heart's dearest,
My fond, faithful dove flown so soon from her nest;
My heart's in the grave, and my thoughts are in heaven
With thee, whose sweet spirit can soothe them to rest.

A Futile Effort.

One might fancy indeed that the feminine muse
Could respond to no theme but of lovers and love;
I shall claim the reverse, and a subject will choose
That Zeno himself might select and approve

I shall speak of no tender-eyed youth, nor of maid,
With hair that is "puffy" and brilliant as day,
For if lovers, of course, there's no more to be said,
And if *not* in love, pray what is there to say?

I shall never allude to the moon or the night,
For even the stoic referred to above
Might succumb in these days at the ravishing sight
Of moonlighted bangs on a maiden in love.

I'll not even mention those sylvan recesses
Where waters are heard in a dreamy refrain,
They're quite too suggestive of lovers' caresses
For such a prosaic and rational strain.

"Magnetic emotions" discretion refuses,
(Though prized by the gushing and young) and to prove
My mission accomplished—O, bother the muses!
My song after all is of nothing but love.

Healthy Home Life.

Much of the ill-health so common in our day is the result of a partial or total disregard of the condition of health in our home life. Overwork is, of course, a prolific cause of disease and sudden death. But the more insidious foe is in our homes. Lack of suitable ventilation; damp cellars; confined and fetid atmosphere; the absence of sunshine or light; bad cooking; food irregularly and unwisely served, and other causes lead to disease. Among the more noticeable of these are the lack of ventilation, the absence of light, and indigestible food. Few houses are built with a view to proper ventilation. Windows are as a rule the only resource; and these are unskilfully managed. Draughts of air, or more generally too little fresh air, occasion either colds or the oppression from breathing a fetid atmosphere. Many adults will when heated place themselves in the way of a cold air current. Others do not ventilate rooms at all, but occupy them year after year with only the accidental ventilation that may happen to be given. Perhaps the greatest evil of our modern home life is the propensity for darkened rooms. The light of day is as much as possible excluded. Dark paper on the walls and the windows obscured make it like night in the brightest daylight. Many reasons are given for this, all centreing in the idea of cleanliness. But sunlight is not only cleanly, but invigorating. It dispels noxious vapors, and is a health-giving influence. Sun baths are recommended as contributive to health, and were more of sunlight admitted into homes, there would be fewer bleached children and weak and feeble women. There is need of reform in this particular. Fashion, to a large extent, controls the preparation of food; but in many cases the subject has not been intelligently considered at all. Much food in this country is fried in grease, or bread and cake are heavy and sodden, or the mixture of incongruous food impairs digestion. The true principle as regards food is to have it healthfully prepared, so that its nutriment shall be imparted in its most digestible form, and the several articles made use of graded with a view to healthful combination. Properly prepared, it should be cheerfully and deliberately eaten. At least one meal in the day should be regarded as the family assembling time for agreeable conversation and the quiet enjoyment of what has been partaken. Work, and even violent amusement, should not follow the principal meal of the day. Food is carelessly prepared and thoughtlessly selected, hurriedly eaten and followed, often, either by prolonged labor or violent amusement. It is all wrong.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The strength and safety of a community consists in the virtue and intelligence of its youth, especially of its young men.

Rev. Mr. Talmage doesn't believe that the finding of a horse shoe brings good luck. He found one recently, took it home and hung it up, and the very next week a comic weekly had a caricature of him with a mouth about six inches wider than usual.

A MAN OF MANY ALIASES.

Sir Everard Neivelle Turns out to be the Son of a Hamilton Butcher.

CHEQUERED CAREER IN CANADA AND OTHER STATES.

The coachman of Mr. C. J. Whitney, who, under the name of Sir Charles Everard Neivelle, won the heart of Miss Lillian Whitney and induced her to elope with him, has had a career in Canada and the United States for which few parallels can be found. It has already been discovered that he has masqueraded under at least half a dozen names, and that he has gone through the marriage ceremony at least eight times. Among the names under which he has practiced his arts upon the fair sex in various cities and towns on both sides of the line are Neivelle, Newbold, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Howard, Roberts and Percy. He has been arrested many times for bigamy, and has served several terms in penitentiary and States prison for his favorite offence. He was arrested some few years ago in Newark, N. J., on a charge of bigamy, but escaped from the police station by jumping through a window. He was wanted in Paterson, N. J., on another charge of bigamy, but crossed the lines into Canada. After residing in different parts of Ontario for several months he came on to Toronto. He was not long there before he began to angle for another wife. He secured one, and in 1877 was arrested there, convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Kingston penitentiary. After taking his vacation he went to Toronto again and married still another woman. This dupe also discovered his perfidy, and he was obliged to skip westwards, and for a time was lost sight of. When he thought the affair had blown over he again came to Toronto and solicited orders for books. While making serious inroads into the pockets of the feminine portion of the population he became master of the heart of another susceptible woman, proposed, was duly accepted, and was joined to her in the holy bonds of matrimony. Last summer he left Toronto for Detroit.

Mr. Hulme, a son-in law of C. J. Whitney, arrived in Toronto from Detroit last night to secure evidence against the man, and to-day will search the prison records to get the date of his conviction. He says that Sir Charles is now a prisoner in Detroit, and that Manager Whitney purposes pushing the case so that Neivelle, or whatever his name may be, will suffer for all his past sins as well as the present one.

THE BIGAMIST IN BELLEVILLE.

About five years ago "Sir Charles Everard" was in Belleville. He was accompanied thither by a woman purporting to be his wife (and no doubt she imagined that she was). He carried on operations in Belleville under the name of Dr. Howard. By his consummate address and brazen assurance he succeeded in getting credit at the leading dry goods house in the town and obtained house-furnishings to the value of over $1,000 and started housekeeping. Other merchants were also let in by him. At length certain rumors as to Howard's character reached the ears of his creditors and he was arrested and lodged in the Belleville jail on a charge of false pretences. After remaining in custody for several weeks he eloped with the jailer's wife, who had learned to love him during his confinement. The pair went to Brockville, but Howard soon tired of the woman who had sacrificed her honor for his sake, and deserted her.

HIS REAL NAME AND ANTECEDENTS.

The detectives are all astray in their pretended discoveries of the name and origin of the bigamist. His name is George R. Newbold, and he is the son of a Hamilton butcher of that name who, some twelve or thirteen years ago, kept a small shop on James street north. Both the father and son were English, and it is possible that there is ground for the alleged discovery of the detectives, that the father was at one time a servant on the estate of Earl Granville. Old Mr. Newbold was a respectable, industrious citizen, and will no doubt be remembered by many readers of the TIMES. The son (the hero of many marriages) was at one time a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal denomination, and was stationed at Stoney Creek. Divinity being an uncongenial pursuit, he went into business in Hamilton as a baker, and soon afterwards was arrested for obtaining flour under false pretences. After this little difficulty was adjusted he left Hamilton, and has not operated here since on an extensive scale. Newbold's middle name may be Roberts, so that in calling himself George Roberts (as it is discovered he has frequently done) he is giving his Christian names.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRISONER.

Whitney's daughter went to Toledo yesterday with Lawyer George W. Moore and Mrs. Fred. C. Whitney to see if something could not be learned from Neiveille, who thus far has stubbornly refused to tell anything of his past history. The meeting between Neiveille and Lillian is described as very sensational. The couple fell into each other's arms; then Neiveille pretended to faint away, and fell on the floor. Water was thrown into his face, and he revived, but soon keeled over again, and more water had to be thrown in his face. After considerable excitement all round, Lillian and Mr. Moore persuaded Neiveille to tell something of his history. Mr. Moore is not communicative, but the others who heard it say Neiveille

CLAIMS TO BE SIR ROGER TICHBORNE.

He said his mother was living in England and thinks him dead. He and the celebrated claimant were in the English army together; they were drummed out for tarring and feathering a comrade. He claims to be of Irish and English extraction, and says he gets his name from large estates in Great Britain which are bound up in chancery. He drew rent from his estate until 17 years of age, when he had a row with his mother and came to America in company with the claimant. They were together some years. Neiveille admitted having been

MARRIED TWICE IN THIS COUNTRY,

but said he had been divorced each time. He says he met Miss Shaw, the woman who came to Detroit with him, at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., but denies that he was married to her.

A telegram from Schenectady says Neiveille is probably the man who came there under the name of John H. Percy and married Miss Anna Henry. He was working the town as a book agent. He was arrested on the charge of false pretences, but his wife and mother-in-law settled matters. From there Percy went to Jersy City and married the daughter of a rich man, he then going by the name of Perry. The Schenectady woman says he got considerable money out of his mother-in-law, and the last time she heard of him he was in Canada.

MENTAL ABERRATION OF MISS WHITNEY.

That the genuine and spontaneous sympathy bestowed on Mr. Whitney, his unhappy daughter, and all the members of his family are well placed, has been demonstrated by evidences of mental aberration on the part of Miss Whitney. At a consultation of medical experts yesterday one of the physicians suggested that the young lady should be placed for a time in a private asylum, to which her parents demurred, and travel abroad was suggested. Miss Whitney firmly believes that her husband is an English nobleman. Miss Whitney has also expressed a wish that her husband should have a fair trial, and if he proves his innocence—that he is not a bigamist—she will return to him. If he does not, then she will renounce him.

Aid to the Injured.

1. Bites of all sorts are painful, and if not treated with expedition and skill they sometimes prove very dangerous. The most common kinds are those received from dogs, mosquitoes, and bears. The rarets kinds are trilobites and Jacobites.

2. One seldom if ever gets a bite when out fishing.

3. If about to be bitten by a dog, while serenading or foraging in a melon patch, immediately take some violent exercise in order to preserve a good circulation. For instance, run a mile or so without stopping.

4. Never stop running because there is a man with a club apparently chasing the dog—sometimes he is encouraging him.

5. If this does not accelerate the action of the heart, climb the nearest tree.

6. Do not get down for the purpose of rescuing the sample of your trousers. This is one of the dog's perquisites and he wants it for his scrap book.

7. When a mosquito begins to bite do not slap him. Some authorities insist that you should let him finish and then offer him a toothpick and an after-dinner cigar.

8. The above rule applies strictly to mosquitoes and must not be extended to include dogs or bears.

9. On suddenly entering a parlor where the mistletoe hangs, you may surprise a young man apparently in the act of biting a young lady on the cheek. The symptoms which follow this generally include blushing and a tendency to talk about the weather. The most popular remedy is a solitaire ring applied to the third finger of the young lady's left hand.—*New York Life.*

A Paralytic Who Can Use a Tricycle.

For 15 years the city weigher of Salem has suffered with paralysis in both legs, making it impossible for him to walk unaided or to lift his legs, and even with the aid of a crutch it was exceedingly hard to drag himself along. As an experiment, he was advised to try tricycling. Incredible as it may seem, he became a tricyclist and can propel his machine as well as many who have the perfect use of their legs. He has sufficient strength to push down upon the pedals, and as one pedal goes down, the other pedal lifts the other leg. He rides his Columbia tricycle to and from his office daily, and has ridden all over the city, attracting great attention, for he is one of the old pioneer ship captains of Salem, and is personally acquainted with almost everybody in the neighborhood. Recently he made a trip to Swampscott on his tricycle, a distance, out and back, of eight miles, but he was assisted by a bicyclist, who, connecting the bicycle and tricycle by a rope, towed him part of the distance. The city authorities contemplate erecting a little house for the machine near his office.—*Boston Herald.*

Attractive Girls.

Any girl, by baths and wholesome food, and by breathing pure air, can render her complexion clear and soft. With care her hair, teeth and nails can be daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap, can be fresh and becoming in color. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest. And if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth. It is of no use for a girl whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick muddy skin and sour expression will betray her.

Cool.

"Please, sir, can't you give me an old coat?" asked a mendicant of a wealthy merchant. As the mendicant had formerly been the servant of the merchant, the latter said:

"Go over to the clothing store and pick yourself out a $12 suit, and I'll come and pay for it."

The mendicant did as he was told. Taking the clothing store man to one side, he said to him:

"That old duffer sent me over to pick out a suit of clothes. Now I want you to let me have my commission, so I, too, will make something by this little trade."

One of Lord Beaconsfield's peacocks died at the same time as its master and its carcase was given to a hanger on about the place, who made a small fortune by selling feathers from the tail. It was marvellous how the poor peacock kept up the supply.

Kitchen girls are now termed "young laidies of the lower parlor." People who go about grinding knives, scissors and razors are termed "gentlemen of revolutions." Folks who dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

The last gibbet erected in England was for George Cook, a bookbinder, of Leicester, who was executed for the murder of Mr, Paas, a London commercial traveller. Cook's body was put on a gibbet 33 feet high on Saturday, August 11th, 1832, in Saffron Lane, Aylestone, near Leicester; but owing to great disturbances which arose among the crowds of people who thronged the place every Sunday it was afterwards taken down and buried on the spot where the gibbet stood.

DRYING OF THE DEEPS.

Queer Speculations by a Writer on the Great Lakes.

(Letter in Montreal Witness.)

These large bodies of water include twenty degrees of longitude west from Quebec to the head of Lake Superior, and cover in their course seven and a half degrees of latitude from Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie, to St. Ignace, on Lake Superior, not reckoning Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods, which extend two degrees further west, but still belong to the eastern drain.

In view of the gradual but certain diminishing of the waters of this section of country the following will show its effects on the great lakes:

	Average depth.	Above level Atlantic.	Bottom below Atlantic.
Superior.....	900	630	270
Huron.....	1,000	600	400
Michigan ...	900	600	300
Erie	120	500	— 380 above.
Ontario	270	200	70

Thus Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan and Ontario would have a fall to the ocean till reaching the "bottom below" depths as indicated above.

Lake Erie could be drained at any time if the supply was cut off and the outlet deepened, which is now in process of being accomplished by the Niagara river wearing a deep channel into the lake.

The depot of the waters is, therefore, the two great lakes Huron and Michigan, lying north and south, and uncertain whether to pour their waters by a northerly or southerly outlet.

In former ages a great river must have flowed from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, by way of the Illinois river, the wide bottom lands and high bluffs above and below Peoria show its bed, nor would it now be a difficult work to make an outlet in that direction. Once an opening made the waters would increase in volume, wearing away the soft standstone, the only obstacle. A few feet fall would dry up the outlet by the little St. Clair River; Lake Erie would then become a swamp, or dry up altogether. An independent communication would then be made between Huron and Ontario—say, from Georgian Bay to Toronto—a short cut to and from all the lakes west of Huron, prodigious facilities to the trade of Canada, for Huron is almost a Canadian lake as Michigan is exclusively United States.

In event of such changes being effected, Lake Ontario and tributary rivers would be the sole feeders of the St. Lawrence till the Ottawa joins in Lake St. Francis. Cut off from the supply by the Niagara, how would the St. Lawrence be affected? Much, no doubt, would depend on the magnitude of the supply from Lake Huron, and Canada would have an advantage over the United States with a better or more defined fall from the greater depression of the section of country between the lakes and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Warts Made for the Mahdi.

An Austrian dealer in wild animals, writing from Kassala to friends in Vienna, gives some information about the Mahdi whom he knows personally, and with whom he has frequently transacted business, the Mahdi himself having for years past dealt in wild beasts for the different zoological gardens. He is described by the writer as a very cunning impostor, and, as an instance, it is related that a short time ago he appeared with a number of warts on his right cheek, these having been artificially produced with the aid of a German called Schandorper, formerly a clown and afterward a hair-dresser, now in the service of the Mahdi. The reason was that the legends about the expected Mahdi speak of him as having such marks. Like the beasts he formerly dealt in, the Mahdi sleeps during the day and transacts business during the night.—*Vienna Correspondent London Telegraph.*

Corn Raising.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the corn crop has been immensely increased in Canada. No doubt the N. P. people will claim this as a product of protection; but PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone is entitled to all the credit. It raises more corn to the acre than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guaranteed. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kington.

There is no Judge on the English, Irish or Scotch bench who has attained the distinction won by Judge Daly, of New York, of having held the judicial office for forty years. The nearest to it is Lord Fitzgerald, from 1862 to 1882, a Judge of the Irish Queen's Bench, and since a Lord of Appeal. He is 67 years of age. Judge Daly is 68.

Have You Thought About It?

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The gnat plague in the recently inundated districts along the Mississippi is causing much suffering and loss. The gnats assail animals weakened by hunger, and, crawling into their mouths and nostrils, sting them to death. They have been known to kill men, even.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was first prepared in liquid form only; but now it can be sent in dry forms by mail to points where no druggist can readily be reached, and to-day the Compound in lozenges and pills finds its way even to the foreign climes of Furope and Asia.

A school not twenty miles from Lancaster is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out, "That boy I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately 27 lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

Mr. Julius C. Smith, of Greenville, S. C., has a cactus plant that contains fifty full-bloomed flowers.

Womankind.

One of the successful druggists of New Orleans is a woman.

New York city has twenty-five widows whose wealth is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 each.

It is said that among the wives of Utah there may be found women from nearly every nation except France.

What promised to be a pure love match was broken off the other day when a Philadelphia man discovered that his intended bride had used four eggs in making a pie when eggs were 45 cents a dozen. After worrying about it for a week he concluded that a woman so extravagant would bankrupt him in five years.

In 1848, John Hallock, of Monroe, N.Y., left his young wife. She never saw him nor heard from him again. Last week she saw in an Elmira paper a notice of the death of John Hallock, a wealthy citizen, whose death was a great loss to the community, as it was to his wife and children. She repaired straightway to Spencer, and found that the dead man was her husband. She now claims his estate.

There is a man who knows how to play on two cornets at once. The neighbors say they don't object to his knowing how, but he had better not try to do it.

A fashion exchange remarks that "raised figures have an excellent effect." If this refers to the figures on cheques and bank bills the editor of the *Fashion Plate* is as much out of his latitude as Mark Twain was when editing an agricultural journal. The effect of raised figures generally is to get the raiser retired from fashionable society.

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IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

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