A MISSING PRETTY GIRL.

Laura Puy, a Former Hamiltonian, Mysteriously Disappears.

Her Mother Fears She is Worse than Dead —She Started for Church, but Never Got There.

The Buffalo *News* of last (Thursday) night says: Detectives have been working for several days on a strange disappearance in this city. It is the story of a girl, pretty, vivacious, interesting, who suddenly dropped out of the routine of her daily life and left not a trace to show whether she is living or dead.

Laura Puy, two weeks ago last Sunday, started from her parents' home at 100 Swan street to go to Rev. P. G. Cook's church in the Fitch Institute, a block away. "Now, Laura," said her mother, at parting, "be sure to hurry back from church; won't you?"

"Yes, mamma, I will," replied the girl, and that was the last the mother saw of her child. Laura is a medium blonde, with luxuriant, curling, brown hair, which that day was clasped behind with a silver pin holding a white stone shaped like a rose. She has a good complexion, gray eyes, heavy dark brows and lashes, a small, straight nose, medium-sized mouth and full lips. She is straight, well-grown for her age and well-formed. She wore a blue polkadot print dress, blue jersey cap fitting tightly to the head, and a sash of the same material as the dress. A brown jacket, No. 3½ button shoes, black stockings and black mitts completed her costume. Her dress reached scarcely to her shoe tops. She was 13 last birthday, but looks older. The missing girl's dress and appearance are described thus carefully so that if she has been seen her parents may be communicated with.

When Laura did not return after church time her friends became uneasy and one of her younger sisters was sent to the rooms of Mrs. Westfall, on Seneca street, over Tiffany's picture store, to inquire if she had been there. Mrs. Westfall was Laura's most intimate friend. She was not at home, said her husband, a driver for Chas. W. Miller, and he said Laura had not been there. His little daughter corrected him, however, and said Laura had been there that morning. Mr. Westfall said he had got up late and did not know of her being at the house. At 4.15 Miss Grein, Laura's Sunday school teacher, called at Mrs. Puy's house to know why Laura had not been to school. On the previous Friday she had promised to be there. Then another messenger was sent to Westfall's. Mr. Westfall said that his wife was still absent, that she had gone to his cousins and that he had not seen Laura. Mr. Puy afterward called and was told by Mrs. Westfall that Laura was there about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning and had stayed but a few minutes. Mrs. Westfall was emphatic in saying she had not seen her since and that she knew nothing of the girl's whereabouts. Other friends in the city were sent to, but not a trace could be found. The last known of her was when after coming out of Mrs. Westfall's Laura stopped for a moment to speak to Mrs. Bryan, who lives near by. Mrs. Puy had sent Laura to a photographer's on Seneca street for some pictures about 10 that morning, and it was during this walk that she must have gone to Mrs. Westfall's. The next day detectives were put on the case, but so far have not found the girl.

"Laura was an affectionate child," said Mrs. Puy to a *News* reporter, "and I do not know of any reason why she should go away. I believe she is secreted somewhere in the city. I am sure Mrs. Westfall knows where she is. She has been Laura's evil genius."

Mrs. Puy has five children, all girls. Her husband works for the Benedict Paper Company. The family came here from Hamilton, Ont., ten months ago. The eldest daughter, Aida, has a good position as book-keeper with a Hamilton firm. She has come on to Buffalo to help her parents find her missing sister.

"We knew the Westfalls in Hamilton," went on Mrs. Puy, "and Laura and Mrs. Westfall were always great chums. They came here two years before we did and she persuaded us to let Laura go to live with her on Chestnut street. I believe now that Mrs. Westfall taught Laura to set my authority at defiance. I always had some misgivings, and when I went to take Laura home to send her to school Mrs. Westfall objected and Laura deliberately refused to come. I boxed Laura's ears, and since then Mrs. Westfall has said that I was a cruel mother, and that she had advised Laura to run away from me. I have been told since my child's disappearance that Mrs. Westfall on that Sunday was not at the place where she told her husband she was going. Mrs. Lann, an aunt of Westfall's, went to call on her that Sunday and Westfall said she was at his cousins. 'I will go there,' said Mrs. Lann, but returned shortly and reported that Mrs. Westfall had not been there. When her husband asked her about it that night she said she had gone there, found the cousin away and had spent the day with a dressmaker friend at 74 Seneca street.

"We have found that the cousin was at home all day, that Mrs. Westfall did not call and, what's more, we can't find that she spent the day at 74 Seneca street. It was during this time, when nobody knows where Mrs. Westfall was, that my child disappeared. If she is not trying to hide something, why does she make such statements?"

Mrs. Puy further stated that she had made inquiries of old neighbors of the Westfalls on Chestnut street, and gave some of their statements, adding that she feared her child had been led wrong. "My poor child!" she exclaimed, "I am almost afraid to find her alive."

"Do you know the whereabouts of Laura Puy?" the *News* man asked Mrs. Westfall.

"I do not."

"When did you see her last?"

"Two weeks ago last Sunday morning. She was at my house for a short time."

"You do not know where she went then?"

"No."

"Was there anybody with her that day?"

"No."

"Did she tell you she was going to run away?"

"No, but I wouldn't blame her if she did run away. Her mother abused her. Once in my house she knocked Laura down and stamped on her. Laura often told me she would run away, but I told her not to. She said she would marry the first one that asked her. Her mother took her home two months ago. When we lived on Chestnut street last winter Mrs. Hughson lived in the front of the house, and some fast young women stayed there. I went out with them once or twice at first, until I found what they were. One of them told Laura one day that she ran away from home when she was 13, and had a good time ever since. I know Laura was greatly taken with her fine clothes and sprightly ways, and she told me she would like to do the same thing."

"Where do you think Laura has gone?"

"I think she has run away and got married. She used to tell me of her lovers."

"Rather young to be a wife, wasn't she?"

"She was a well-grown child. From what she told me several times I think she was older than most girls are at 13."

Latest from the Northwest.

A Northwest farmers' association, similar to the agricultural associations of other provinces, has been organized at Regina. Mr. G. W. Brown, of Regina, was elected President.

The yacht Nettie, of Port Arthur, has been wrecked near Welcome Island, and there is little doubt that the six men who were on board have lost their lives. Among those lost are Mr. Murray, from London, England, and Mr. McKinnon and Mr. Fox and his son, of Fort William.

Concerted action is being taken to secure the taking up of the $300,000 of the bonds issued by the Provincial Government. The proposition is for the City Council to take up $150,000 and the citizens the remainder. Some of the most substantial moneyed men in the city are in this new movement. The bonds will be taken up only on the express understanding that the road will be completed this fall.

Foley Bros., the contractors who have just completed a contract on the Duluth & Manitoba Road, are in the city and have made a proposition to the Government to complete the road and take the Provincial bonds in payment.

Chief Justice Wallbridge is seriously ill of kidney disease and is not expected to live.

Reports received from all portions of the Province show that the wheat crop is scarcely more than started. The weather is only now taking a cold turn, and as soon as ploughing operations are suspended a blockade may be looked for.

The American Government has established a customs office at Pembina and placed an officer in charge to facilitate the transportation of goods to and from Manitoba on the Duluth & Manitoba Railroad.

The *Manitoba Gazette* contains the proclamation of disallowance by the Governor-General of certain Acts of the Local Legislature passed several years ago, but which were not properly proclaimed at the time. In fact, all disallowance Acts have been proclaimed a second time.

Prairie fires have been prevailing in the district between Lesalle and Boyne. The settlers, however, have escaped pretty well, excepting James Sutherland, who lost almost everything.

The total arrival of immigrants to date this year is 15,000.

A syndicate of New York capitalists intend to engage in slaughtering cattle from the Canadian Northwest, and a representative will shortly visit the country for the purpose of making preparations. It is the intention to slaughter the cattle at some point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, probably Medicine Hat or Maple Creek, and ship the dressed meat to New York.

They Told Each Other All.

"Why, Mame, is it really you?" "Yes, indeed, Sadie; when did you get home?" "Only yesterday, and——" "Where were you?" "Oh, every place—Newport, Bar Harbor, Long Branch and—but where were you?" "Oh, we went to——" "Did you have a good time?" "Perfectly lovely; did——" "Oh, perfectly lovely; I declare, Mame, I——" "So did I, and ——" "I had the best——" "So did I, and oh, Mame——" "Do tell me all about it, for I——" "I will, some time; I just had a perfectly splendid time every minute, and——" "So did I; but isn't it lovely to be at home again?" "Perfectly lovely." "I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it, but then——" "So have I, but, as you say——" "There's no place like home, after all." "No, indeed; do come soon and tell me all about your season, and I——" "I will, for I have had the loveliest——" "So have I—perfectly splendid!" They separate.—*Tid-Bits.*

How to Make a Man Your Enemy.

I have often thought that people hadn't got borrowing down to an exact science when Solomon wrote, and that when Poor Richard said, "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," he must have meant that one fellow did the borrowing and the lender did the sorrowing. I am older now, my children, than I was when I was younger, and I have learned that there is nothing in the world that will make a man hate you so bitterly as to owe you borrowed money that he cannot pay.

"But why should that make him mad at you?"

I do not know, children; I do not know. —*Burdette.*

Rev. Adirondack Murray, whose specialty is fish stories, crossed the line into Canada the other day and came back crestfallen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canadian he says: "There is a childish enthusiasm about it that captivates you. He smiles as he lies. He lays his hands on his heart; he lifts his eyes upward; he embellishes his little lie with saintly allusions; he lies as if he believed his own lie."

Hidemaro Namboo, of Japan, was graduated at Princeton in 1878. He is now Court astronomer at Tokio. When he accepted the court appointment his name was changed to Hidemaro Okenna. Seeing stars reminds him of the old college days when he took part in cane rushes.

The annual convention of University College, Toronto, took place yesterday afternoon in Convocation Hall. President Wilson in his address dealt with the needs of the college, and urged that the Government should act expeditiously in conferring the benefits which the recent legislation authorized.

A SKETCH

Of a Little Child, an August Rose and an Answered Prayer

The following literary sunbeam is from the pen of Carrie McAyval in *Good Cheer*:

Flirting with the girls, sir? No, indeed! That's something I never do; and as to that lily of a girl just throwing kisses to me, why, bless you, that's my daughter May. And she's the dearest thing on earth to me.

Something special about her makes me have a different feeling toward her from anybody else I ever knew, and if you'd like, sir, I'll tell you about something that happened when she was a wee baby, twelve years ago.

It happened right along this very road between Newburyport and Byfield, and I was then the engineer instead of conductor, and was younger looking than I am now with this white head of mine.

Only 36 years old, sir, and you see I haven't a black hair in my head. That belongs to my story, too, as you will find. You remember that hill with the cottage at the foot of it, and golden rod and wild clematis growing along the stone wall? That's where I've lived ever since I was married, and it was on that embankment around the bend that the most terrible event of my life occurred.

It was one day in August, in the first of the month, and I will never forget how the sky looked, as deep and blue as my baby's eyes, nor how sweet and still the air was that morning as I walked over to the station. The golden rod and ferns hung heavy with dew, and there were clusters of purple grapes on the vines along the hedge. The roses were unusually late that year, and as the fall came on they were deep crimson instead of pink, as they are earlier in the season. I had one in my buttonhole that morning.

Baby had put it there when she kissed me good-by.

"Pitty 'ose, papa, for 'oo. Dod made it, mamma tell me so. Dod live up in 'ky." My wife was a Christian, and although I did not believe in her religion then, I have learned to put my trust in God since baby lisped to me about the rose that morning.

Every pleasant day when I made my down run at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my wife and baby used to be sitting out there on the hill and they would wave their hands at me, and the baby would look so sweet and innocent, waving her little fat arm, I used to have a great longing in my heart that no harm should ever come to her; and I was such a strong healthy young fellow I felt that I should be able to protect and guard her always.

Almost 3 o'clock and the old forty-nine was puffing and steaming fit to burst as we neared the bend. I was already looking toward the hill and sure enough there was the baby's white dress; no, I was mistaken; it was only a piece of newspaper. They were not there. Why, I wondered. Perhaps they would be there before I turned the curve. Somehow it seemed to me I never so longed to have them there as I did that day, and I kept anxiously looking until away in the distance on the track I saw something that made every pulse in my body give a great leap and then stand still.

There, just ahead of me, toddling along, with her yellow hair flying and her little arms stretched out to balance herself, was my baby! A moment more and the wheels would be grinding her body and her precious blood would stain the track. I lived ages in that moment of agony. I waved my arms, shouted, rang the bell like a madman, and as I was pulling the rope the rose fell from my buttonhole on to the seat, and baby's words, "Dod made it. Dod live up in 'ky," came to me. For the first time in my life I poured out my soul in prayer. "God save my child." At that moment she stumbled and fell down the grassy embankment. As soon as I could I ran back to find her, and there she sat in the grass, lifting her blue eyes and dimpled mouth to me, and as I hugged her to my heart she lisped:

"I tied to climb on cars, papa, but somebody pushed me over and I fell down here. Don't ky, papa!"

For I was crying and thanking God at the same time, and when I came alongside of the train, carrying baby on my shoulder, all the men threw up their hats and cheered and most of the women were sobbing. That rose is in the locket with one of her baby curls, and I have never failed to pray for her safety and happiness, as well as for many other things since that day. Isn't she a beauty, too? And you can't blame me for liking this time of year best, and for always wearing an August rose whenever my darling girl pins one in my buttonhole, as she did this one two hours ago.

A Forgetful Boy.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

All the big hotels in this city are run under the strictest discipline. The regulations require that the help shall be attended by a physician employed by the hotel. Under this system Dr. Sargent, for the Windsor Hotel, yesterday vaccinated the 287 employees of that house. It was an all day's job.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Joseph Clark, a boy sent from Kingston to Penetanguishene some years ago, escaped and arrived at his home yesterday, having footed it all the way.

A steam launch has been chartered by the Dominion Government as a cruiser to protect the Bay of Fundy fisheries during the winter.

When Benjamin Disraeli married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis she was his senior by 16 years. Yet five years after his marriage he gave her this character: "The most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

Adam Darling's sudden disappearance from Montreal last year caused a sensation. He is said to be a citizen of Kansas City, and to have made a heap of money since he went West.

A friendly suit, to settle the question of the right of the Dominion or British Columbia to jurisdiction in regard to minerals in the railway belt in the latter Province, has been agreed upon, and a judgment finally settling the dispute is expected in a few days.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Spurgeon's Orthodoxy—The Pope's Jubilee —A Little Mormon's Hymn.

Though Mr. Spurgeon has denied the story of his probable withdrawal if the Baptist Union failed to punish certain heterodox ministers, the *Scotsman* returns to the charge with the accusation that Mr. Spurgeon changed his mind. It justifies its statement by quotations from Mr. Spurgeon's magazine. The address of the President of the Union was a reply to Mr. Spurgeon. Though no direct notice was taken of Mr. Spurgeon's attitude, his recent writings are the main topics of conversation among ministers.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council meets in June next. The American Executive Committee has been called to meet on Wednesday, 26th inst., at New York. At the meeting will be representatives from all parts of North America. Among the delegates will be Rev. Principal Caven, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. McVicar, of Montreal; Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, and others.

A Sunday school hymn book recently issued at Salt Lake City, "to fill a long felt want" (as the preface declares) in the instruction of good little Mormon children, contains the following edifying stanza:

With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide,
And Joseph's wise example,
What can I need beside?
I'll strive from every evil
To keep my heart and tongue,
I'll be a little Mormon
And follow Brigham Young.

The Pope has intrusted all arrangements in connection with his jubilee celebration to a commission of four cardinals. The Empress of Austria's commemorative gift is a magnificent tiara valued at 70,000 francs. A pilgrimage of French workmen, to the number of 1,200, will shortly set out for Rome for the purpose of offering homage to the Pope.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for the Northwest, is expected to return to Ontario during the winter months and will visit any congregations desiring his services at missionary meetings or otherwise. Those desiring his services should correspond with the convener of the committee, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford.

Folks often excuse themselves saying they can't afford to give; but if they saw things in a truer light they'd say that they couldn't afford to keep.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

The annual meeting of the Methodist General Conference Sabbath School Board will be held in the parlor of the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, October 18th, at 2 p. m.

Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, preached at Balmoral on a recent Sunday morning, and had the honor, along with the Empress Eugenie, of dining with the Queen in the evening.

Dr. Alexander Paterson, who has been appointed medical missionary to South Arabia, is grandson of Dr. Chalmers' "Missionary of Kilmany" and son of the Church's first medical missionary to Madras.

Old Truths Newly Told.

How many readers of the *Canada Presbyterian* see the *Standard*, the new organ of Henry George? Those who do not miss a good deal, whether they sympathize with Henry George's theories or not. In an age, when many shrewd practical men seem drifting away from Christianity altogether, and when the gulf between the rich and the poor seems to be growing more and more impassable, it is refreshing to read such addresses as are weekly reported in that paper—addresses spoken to crowded audiences of workingmen in the city of New York, by such speakers as Dr. Pentecost and the great-hearted Dr. McGlynn—an American Pere Hyacinthe—who has sacrificed his ecclesiastical prospects that he might preach, according to his conscience, the old truths of the Sermon on the Mount. It is this and no wild socialism that he and others are preaching to the crowds Sunday after Sunday, and that the crowds, too, listen to, even as the common people did long ago, when the "Galilean Gospel" was first preached. It is an instance also of the uniting power of the great practical verities of Christianity that Dr. McGlynn has been listened to with earnest and sympathetic attention by an assembly of Methodist ministers, as he explained the platform of the Anti-Poverty Society. Has not the Church allowed questions theoretical too much to interfere with her practical unity? and has she been as fathful to her "message to men of wealth" as she should have been?—*Canada Presbyterian.*

An Accommodating Miller.

"You complain of having to pay your pastor's salary," said an old miller. "I will pay it for you and you shall not feel it." At the end of the year he brought in a receipt in full for the salary from the pastor, and then he explained: "I did it by taking a little toll when you sent your grain to my mill, and I took so little that none of you felt it. You see how easily the pastor can be paid."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

A Toronto Divorce Case.

Messrs. Foster, Clarke & Bowes, solicitors, of Toronto, give notice that application will be made to Parliament next session on behalf of Andrew Maxwell Irving, of Toronto, clerk, for a bill of divorce from his wife, Marie Louise Irving, formerly of Toronto, now of Buffalo, on the ground of adultery. This is the fourth divorce case which the Senate will have to deal with next session.

The name of Sir William Meredith, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Lower Canada, is now mentioned in connection with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec. It is also reported that a new Governor for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories will be appointed within a few days.

At a meeting last night of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League a committee was appointed to telegraph to Arthur O'Connor, M. P., and Sir Thomas Esmonde, asking when it would be convenient for them to visit Toronto. The treasurer was instructed to send $200 to the treasurer of the American League.

A by-law to invest $32,000 in a Holly waterworks system was carried at Welland yesterday by a vote of 155 to 45.

AMONG THE IRISH TENANTS.

A Traveller's Description of Scenes Amid the Starving Poor.

William Hennessy was the only Irish peasant I had met who had no humor in him—or at any rate did not show any. He was horribly in earnest from beginning to end. "Look where he sleeps," he almost screamed; "a place more fit for a brute baste than for a man; there it is, and he and two gossoons (their mother is dead) share it between them." "Gossoons" means "boys," and, striding up to the dark corner where the bed lay, he pulled it roughly about, dragging out the coarse sacks which served as blanket and coverlet, then tossing up the moldy, stale, broken straw. It did not appear to occur to him that in tossing about the things in that manner he was making work for Jas. Walsh when Jas. Walsh returned home at night from the Gombeen man's to his cold-as-death praties. He was, as I have said, horribly in earnest; he was too completely possessed by the idea of the human misery he was depicting in a wild stormy way. "You see that big stone," he said, in a quieter tone, when we went outside. The stone was an enormous boulder, weighing I don't know how many tons, and he told me a story about it. Under that boulder, he said, a noise of hammering had been heard many a time at midnight during a period of forty years. The wise folk about the place said that treasure must be concealed beneath the stone, and that some ancient ghost was notifying the fact to living men; so five of the Corrigeen tenants —William Hennessy among them—resolved to remove the boulder. This they did in the dead of night with the help of a lever. Hennessy was deputed by his four associates to search the hole. He did so, and found a rusty kettle. All this was very superstitious of Hennessy and his friends, but men better educated believe in things as absurd as ghosts and hidden treasures; besides, Hennessy and his friends, in spite of their superstition, are perhaps pretty good judges of the Irish land question

Poor James Walsh's plat of potatoes looked very ragged and scraggy. "The accursed deer!" exclaimed Hennessy again; "the accursed deer!" and he described how they came up at night and in the morning from the beautiful glen opposite and enter the field and garden plats, and how the peasants sit up at night to watch for them, and how very often it seems as if the deer were not coming; the watchers retire to rest, only to find that the deer have committed more ravages in an hour than the sleepers can replace by the wages of a week's toil. All the tenants tell the same story. "Is no allowance made to you in your rent from all that damage?" I ask. "No," is the universal reply.—*London Daily News.*

Properly Rebuked.

I was told the richest thing about a Minneapolis girl. A certain Swedish baron of fine family and education came to this country and, the old story, found himself obliged to obtain any situation to keep from absolute want, so he entered the clothing store of M—— as clerk. Well, this young lady, hearing he was a noble, must have his autograph, so she came into the store one day and requested it, leaving her album. It puzzled him greatly. Why should she want his autograph, a complete stranger? Suddenly the truth struck him and he wrote his name, and beneath, "Clerk in M——'s store." "O," said he to me, you should have seen her face lengthen, and she said, 'I didn't want that. I wanted your name and your title.' 'There it is,' I answered; 'there's the name and clerk at M——'s is the only title I wear in this country.'"—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

He Stood and He Struck.

A Buffalo man who was recently in England tells the *Courier* of a remarkable experience he had at a fair in a small village on the outskirts of London. He was walking aimlessly about the grounds when a man walked up quickly and said: "Are you working, or will you stand?" "I'll stand," said the Buffalonian, and he remained where he was for probably fifteen minutes. During that period the stranger came to him three times and handed him money. At last he began to think he had enough of "standing," and struck out for his hotel. Soon after his arrival there he tumbled to the fact that he had been doing "stool-pigeon" work for a gang of pickpockets, who had evidently made a mistake as to his identity, but he cleared about $10 by the contract.

Very Liberally Rewarded!

The engineers of a heavy double-header train saw a child on the track near the village of Rock Glen, N. Y. They whistled for brakes, and when the train was almost upon the child one of the engineers leaped from his locomotive, and, running ahead, caught the infant from the track. As a reward, the mother has recorded the engineer's name in the family bible! Great Scott!

Obituary.

The death is announced of Sir William Miller, who was largely interested in Northwest land.

Rev. David R. Kerr, D.D., of Pittsburg, editor of the *United Presbyterian*, and one o the foremost preachers in his Church, died yesterday morning after a prolonged illness, aged 70 years.

At the opening of the fall assizes in Kingston, Tuesday, Sheriff Ferguson presented Judge O'Connor with a pair of white kids, according to the old custom when the sheriff has no prisoners for trial. The only criminal case at the assize is a charge of shooting with intent against Wm. Rowley, who is out on bail. His Lordship remarked on the absence of crime on the whole of his circuit thus far.

Evangelist Moody, who completed two weeks' work in Montreal last night, expresses himself as highly pleased with the success of his meetings. He will remain in Montreal until Thursday next, and will then go to Minneapolis to preside at the opening of a large Swedish Church in that city which will hold between 4,000 and 5,000 people. This, Mr. Moody says, is the first invitation he has received from the foreign population of America, or he would not think of going so far west at this time.

The money taken from the Pacific Express Company by Messenger Owen has all been recovered. The amount was $33,000.