A MODERN BLUE BEARD.

An Awful Discovery in a Suburb of Liverpool.

A tragedy unparalleled in the history of British crime came to light last week through a most singular chain to circumstances. In July last Arthur Williams lived in the Denham villa in Rainhill, a fashionable suburb of Liverpool. Not much was known about his antecedents. He seems, however, to have been received in society and passed as a well-to-do bachelor. He courted Miss Mather, a young woman generally admired for her beauty and other attractions, and recognized as a local belle. They were married and went to Australia, where they were supposed to be living happily.

The people of Rainhill were shocked a few days ago by the news from Australia that Williams had been arrested there on a charge of murdering his wife, and that he had concealed the body of the murdered woman beneath the fireplace carefully covering the place again.

There the authorities had unearthed the remains. The people of Rainhill then remembered that one day a woman and two children had visited the villa to see Williams, and from the moment of their entering the place no one had seen them again. The affair caused some remark at the time but nobody thought of murder and the matter was dropped with the supposition that the woman and the two children had gone away without being observed. Now, however, the neighbors began to suspect that there might have been foul play, and they determined to give the facts to the police. The police concluded that no harm could be done by investigating and they proceeded to the Denham villa and began to dig up beneath the fireplace.

Shortly after they had removed the outer covering they came upon the bodies of two children. The body of one child indicated that the little one when killed was about 7 years old, and the other apparently about 5 years. Both bodies were wrapped in a damask table cloth, and both had their throats cut. The remains were in a fair state of preservation, and neighbors who had seen the woman and the two children at once concluded that these were the children. The digging then proceeded with greater energy than before, and the searchers soon came upon another body. This, upon being unearthed, was found to be that of a woman. The throat also was cut and the body wrapped up before interment. It is said to be that of the women who had accompanied the two children.

The police kept digging, while outside the news spread and the excitement grew, and thousands rushed to the scene of the tragedies. A new force of police was called upon and a cordon established around the villa. It was now waning toward evening and the digging proceeded rapidly, for rumor, grew on rumor, and other recollections suggested that there were more victims in the sepulcher beneath the fireplace.

The next body unearthed was that of a girl of 12 years. Unlike the former victims she evidently had been strangled, and it was evident also that her death probably antedated that of the women and two children. The girl's body was removed, and the search kept up.

A baby about one year old, and with its throat cut, was reached next. Even the hardened policemen could not restrain an exclamation of horror as the tiny and shrunken body was lifted into view.

The people in Rainhill believe that the woman and two children who disappeared upon visiting the villa, and whose bodies undoubtedly were among those discovered to-day, was a former wife of Williams, and their two children, and that Williams had induced them to come to the villa to get rid of them so that they might not be in the way of his marriage to Miss Mather. This, however, is only an impression based on the circumstances.

At the time of the murder of Miss Mather the wife with whom he went to Australia, Williams and his wife were in Melbourne, and it is there that he was under arrest.

IS HE JACK THE RIPPER?

A plausible theory has sprung up from the discoveries of the bodies in the house at Liverpool, and the further affair is in vestigated the stronger grows the belief that Williams is none other than the world known "Jack the Ripper." Williams, while a resident of Liverpool, made frequent visits to London. The police have traced his movements between the two places and it has been found that his visits to London corresponded with the times that the unfortunate women in the Whitechapel district were found with their throats and their bodies mutilated in the shocking manner that characterized the crime of the "Ripper."

It will be recalled that a description was given to the police of the appearance of the man who was seen in the company of several of the unfortunate women whose bodies were subsequently found lying in pools of blood in the streets of Whitechapel. This description tallies exactly with the appearance of Williams as given by people at Liverpool who were well acquainted with him. On his first appearance at Rainhill he stayed at a hotel, where he led a rollicking life, being a man of free manners with a general style of wealth. He drank plentifully, but not excessively, and always was ready for champagne treats. He was fond of society, a good story-teller, having travelled much and always willing to spin a yarn, but when asked about himself he immediately became taciturn. He never gave an inkling of his personal history. He took photographs from acquaintances but never had himself photographed.

A local newspaper on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Mather, whom he murdered in Melbourne tried to get a sketch of his career, but Williams refused to give any information regarding himself. He first met Miss Mather at her mother's while making inquiries as to the renting of a villa. Williams pretended to act for a mythical Col. Brooks, and obtained the tenancy of the villa, paying six months' rent in advance. He furnished only a single room in the house. Immediately after he had taken possession of the house an unknown woman with two children was seen about the house. Nobody saw them arrive or depart. At about the same time another woman visited him at a hotel and the two partook of a champagne luncheon. Williams told the landlord that his companion was his sister. This woman was also seen twice, when she also vanished.

After taking the villa Williams often left the hotel in the morning and would not return until the evening. His clothing and person used to be covered with dirt, and his hands were much blistered. He explained his untidy appearance by saying that he had been engaged in putting down new floors in a house. A laborer has been found who deposes that this statement was true. He says that Williams called upon him to assist in the work of taking up the floors of a kitchen and two other rooms and hired a plasterer to relay them in cement. These preparations had been completed when the victims came on the scene, and the murders must have been effected without delay. Williams left the hotel to occupy the villa, but in a few days he returned saying that he could not sleep there, that his sister and children had gone to Port Said and that his plans were unsettled. He afterwards returned to the villa, but finally came again back to the hotel. He hurried his marriage with Miss Mather. In fact he went to stay at her mother's three weeks prior to the ceremony. The mother was eager for the marriage, as Williams made lavish displays of the bank notes, nuggets of gold and diamond rings.

In appearance the man was not prepossessing. His age was entered in the marriage register as 31, but he looked 44. He had a sallow complexion and his gait was awkward. He did not take his bride to the villa. He caused a lot of heavy boxes to be left there which afterwards were to be removed to a place unknown. He left at the hotel two traveling bags. These are now being closely examined. They are blood stains inside. While the man was living at Rainhill he went to London. He returned dressed in foreign regimentals, including a gorgeous but faded coat much the worse for wear. Williams said this uniform was that of the Bengal cavalry, but evaded making answers to questions as to what regiment he had served in. He displayed poisoned daggers and knives, some of which he left at Rainhill.

The body of the woman found was fully dressed, except that a boot and stocking were missing. The clothes were of fine quality. The woman had a dark complexion and short, black hair, suggestive of a half-cast. She wore a wedding ring and a keeper. The rope with which she was strangled, was around the neck and the throat was cut besides. The eldest girl's skull was crushed in and the head was nearly severed from the body. The work of concealing the bodies was carried out carefully. After a deep hole had been dug the bodies of the woman and two of the children were thrown in and cement was poured upon them. Then the bodies of the two elder children were deposited and more cement was poured into the hole. Next the flagstones were laid over the top of the excavation, and finally over all was applied a layer of six inches of cement extending over the entire kitchen.

THE MAN IDENTIFIED.

It transpired that before settling at Rainhill, Williams lived at Sydney, N. S. W. Shortly after he left that city his wife and four children disappeared, and it was supposed that they had followed him to England. Rumors of his intended marriage to a young girl named Mather had reached Sydney, and it was naturally thought that Mrs. Williams and her children had left for Liverpool to prevent the crime. The police expect to prove that Williams killed them in order to marry Miss Mather without molestation. He did marry her, and took her to Melbourne, where he killed her in order to marry another girl. It was afterwards learned that Williams was an assumed name, and that the murderer's proper name is Deeming, the name under which he married his first wife. Deeming has a brother who lives in Birkenhead, across the river from Liverpool, and he was summoned to attend the coroner's inquest on the bodies of Mrs. Deeming and the four unfortunate children. He bears a most striking resemblance to his brother, and some of the people in the crowd thought it was the murderer himself. The news spread quickly that the murderer had returned, in the excitement no one recalling that he was safely in the custody of the police at Melbourne. The crowd hooted and yelled and finally made a threatening rush for Deeming. The latter thought that his life was in danger and wasted no time in trying to explain matters to the infuriated mob, but sought safety in flight, and rushed to a hotel in which he found shelter from the yelling crowd of men and boys who followed him to the very doors of the hostelry.

After the body of the woman and the four children had been taken to the morgue they were made as presentable as possible for purposes of identification. A gardener recognized one body as that of a woman he had seen in the back yard of Denham Villa on August 9th last. On August 10th he heard children screaming. He paid no attention, thinking perhaps some of the children had been hurt. He never saw the woman or children afterward. Another man recognized the body as that of Marie Deeming, who had been in the employ of a Liverpool fishmonger. Deeming at that time described himself as a mining engineer. Deeming and his wife, the man said, afterward went to Hull, where he was arrested and convicted of forgery. For this crime he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. On being discharged from prison after having served his sentence he married a young woman in Hull. He wished her to go abroad, but she refused to go with him, so Deeming deserted her and returned to Marie. Accompanied by Marie, he went to Cape Town, where they remained for a time. Then they returned to Birkenhead, where Marie had three brothers and two sisters. The man believed that Deeming was the same individual who married a young lady named Matheson, at Beverley, in 1890, at that time assuming the name of Harry Lawson. He then described himself as a large farmer in Australia. He gave a number of valuable presents to Miss Matheson, but after their marriage deserted her and absconded to South Africa. Miss Matheson swore out a warrant against him, charging him with the theft of the presents he had given her, and he was arrested in Uruguay, brought back to Hull and jail for nine months. During the time he was in prison it was ascertained that he had married and deserted a young woman in Birkenhead, in 1890.

INQUEST AND FUNERAL.

Albert Deeming was the first witness called at the coroner's inquest. When Albert was shown a photograph of his sister-in-law he sobbed piteously and almost fainted. It was some time before he was sufficiently recovered to proceed with his testimony. He said he knew when he was summoned what he was going to see at the villa, as he had seen his murdered sister-in-law and her children in dreams eight months ago. This testimony created a sensation. The witness also testified that he saw his sister-in-law just before she was murdered and that she had £100 in her possession. A letter was read from a lady who was on the vessel on which Deeming and his wife went to Australia. She said that Mrs. Deeming confided to her that her husband had turned out to be a villain, and that he treated her brutally. The wife discovered her husband's true character during the honeymoon. He so ill-treated her on the voyage to Australia that she determined to leave him as soon as the vessel arrived at its destination and return to England. The writer of the letter assisted Mrs. Deeming to buy her return passage, but after the latter had gone aboard the vessel to return to England her husband forced her to disembark. After another brother of the murderer and a number of policemen, who had taken part in the search for and discovery of the bodies had given their evidence the inquest was adjourned.

At the funeral an enormous crowd lined the entire road to the cemetery. So dense was the mass of persons who had gathered to catch a view of the procession that the large force of police detailed for duty in the vicinity of the cemetery only with the greatest difficulty succeeded in making a passage for the cortege. The five coffins containing the bodies of the victims were piled one on another on a single hearse. The wife of Walter Deeming placed a floral wreath in the form of a heart on top of the woman's coffin. The two brothers of Deeming walked beside the hearse all the way. When the funeral procession reached its destination the five coffins were lifted from the hearse and carried to the spot where one large grave had been prepared for the interment. The coffins were placed side by side close to the open grave and a brief funeral service was performed. The curate who conducted the religious exercise made a short address in which he spoke of the terrible fate which had befallen the five unfortunates. He denounced the fiendish acts of Deeming in the most scathing terms, and alluded to the murderer as the "most inhuman monster who ever breathed the breath of heaven." The immense crowd of spectators who were pushing and struggling about the yawning grave showed their detestation of Deeming by loudly applauding. The crowd only dispersed when the hearse and the mourners had left the place and nothing more remained to be seen.

The Vicar of Rainhill alluded to Deeming's crime in his sermon on Sunday. He said that after the departure of Williams or Deeming from the village it had been proposed to buy Denham villa, the scene of the murders, and make it the vicarage, but happily the project had been abandoned.

A telegram from Cape Town, South Africa, says that news of the Deeming case causes much excitement there. It states also that Deeming became notorious in Johannesburgh in 1889 in connection with extensive jewelry swindling and that some mysterious murders occurred there about that time.

THE VILLAIN ON TRIAL.

A Melbourne, Australian dispatch of Monday, says that Williams, who was brought from Perth, N.S.W., the day before under a strong guard, was arraigned and remanded. The detectives who hunted the prisoner down were interviewed after their arrival here. They said that when Deeming was arrested and was questioned about the terrible charges made against him, he affirmed his complete innocence of the crimes. He gave his name as Swanston, and declared that he had no knowledge of the man known as Williams. He said he was a resident of Windsor. The detectives also said that the prisoner had fainted twice during the journey, but that otherwise he appeared to be in a cheerful frame of mind. He was voluble and was very willing to talk about the murders attributed to him. He seemed to be confident that when the proper time came he would be able to prove his innocence. The police claim to possess proofs of the prisoner's identity. They seized some of his goods, and among the things which fell into their hands were a batch of letters and a basket containing female clothing. The prisoner bore himself jauntily in the dock but as the evidence against him proceeded he became nervous and fidgety. His luggage has been fully examined. Among the articles found were a card certifying to the membership of Emily Mather in the Rainhill Band of Hope, a time-table of trains between Rainhill and Liverpool, an autograph album belonging to Emily Mather, a book of addresses of persons in England, a pocketbook bearing the monogram "B F.D.," a Masonic apron similarly lettered, a silver card case and a prayer-book containing the name "Emily." Among the addresses noted are "McDonald, Birkenhead," "Marshall, New York," and others of persons in Hull, Liverpool and Hartlepool, proving the identity of Williams, Deeming, Lawson, etc.

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BLUNDER.

He Unwittingly Emphasizes one of the Perils of Home Rule.

The London Spectator although it is a Liberal-Unionist journal and is strongly opposed to Home Rule, lamenting Mr. Gladstone's descent from the Unionist platform, so strenuously maintained by him until after the result of the general election in 1885, invariably proclaims its admiration of his general character, and its repeated utterances to that effect, as well as the gentleness with which it combats his empire-disestablishing propositions, prove that it is sincere. In its combination of great ability, sterling honesty, and fairness towards opponents, it has no superior in the United Kingdom; and it would be difficult to find its equal among the high-class weeklies on this side of the Atlantic. Therefore when it severely condemns anyone whom, like Mr. Gladstone, it so greatly admires, its denunciation comes with double force.

Our readers are aware that especially during the last twelve years there have been many Irish tenants who have not only refused to pay rent, but who have also refused to give up possession. An Irish landowner cannot commence proceedings in ejectment until the rent is twelve months in arrear, and the method is practically so circuitous that it will often happen that by the time he has got possession there is an arrear of eighteen months; and as threats have always been levelled against any one proposing to rent the vacant property, it has often happened that the landlord has lost from two to three years' rent in addition to heavy legal expenses. A large proportion of these ejectments took place from 1880 to 1886, during the time that Mr. Gladstone was Premier, and he then upheld the rights of property-owners.

In order to commit Mr. Gladstone deeply upon the subject of Home Rule as understood by the Nationalist, and also to show the Irish Home Rulers what the proposed Irish Parliament would do in the case of Home Rule being granted, Mr. O'Kelly, one of the Irish members, recently introduced a bill—which he well knew could never be carried through the present House of Commons—to reinstate all those tenants who have been ejected for refusing to pay their rent, and to turn out the new tenants, thus practically confiscating their investments, for many of them had purchased their interests under the Land Act. In the forcible language of the Spectator, "the main object of the bill was to single out the class which contains within its ranks the idle and dishonest of the Irish tenants for the conferring of a special privilege, that of compulsory reinstatement in their holdings without compensation to the tenants who had succeeded them and invested capital in the farms; and without allowing the landlords to refuse. And yet for the second reading of the bill, which would have rewarded fraud and confiscated the legal right and earnings of industrious tenants Mr. Gladstone and all his colleagues voted. Mr. Gladstone, who in 1882 denounced Mr. Parnell for a policy much less flagrantly one of rapine voted for it. It is one of the most mournful transformations ever effected." There was a majority of fifty-five against the second reading. To adopt Fouche's well-known cynical phrase, "It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." Had Parnell lived and held the nationalist reins, he would never have compelled Mr. Gladstone to let English voters know the true inwardness of Home Rule, and the lengths he was prepared to go to obtain parliamentary support, for it is certain that many property-owners, both great and small, who have hitherto adhered to him, now that their eyes are opened, will at the next general election vote against confiscation like curses, confiscation comes home to roost. In this age of land nationalization schemes it may be their turn next. Mr. Gladstone has practically played into his opponents' hands. What would be said in Canada if a member introduced a bill to reinstate tenants who years ago had been ejected for refusing to pay their rent, and who had also put their landlords to vast expense? It is certain that none could be found to promote such a bill. What, apart from its immorality, emphasizes its unwisdom is the fact that Mr. Schnadhorst, who practically rules the Liberal local caucuses in England and Scotland, recently informed the Liberal leaders that after reckoning all contingencies he could only promise, including the Irish Home Rulers, that the next general election would give them a majority of thirty. We all know that such salaried professional politicians excel in over-reckoning their chickens before they are hatched. It is reasonably certain that on the morrow of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues voting for this proposed confiscation, Mr. Schnadhorst would have reduced his estimate of a Gladstonian majority of thirty. The Unionists on their side claim a majority for the next general election, but except that the majority either way will be but moderate, no one can pretend to prophesy the result with any certainty.

Taken altogether, and apart from the morality of the question, it shows very bad generalship, primarily on the part of the new Nationalist leaders, and also on the part of the Opposition leaders, in openly adopting such a measure so prematurely. They have united in ostentatiously proving to the English and Scotch voters that one of the principal objects of Home Rule—the persecution of property—which hitherto the Gladstonians have always denied, represents the exact truth.

The Short Girl.

The short girl has many advantages over the tall one. She has to go through life looking up, and nothing is so becoming to eyes as that. Her lashes show more, and so does her hair. There are curves of cheek, chin and throat that look their prettiest to a man who must glance down to them.

A small girl is more easily held and more easily kissed. It is nicer to have to lift her face up by the chin, and it is more epicurean and satisfactory to reach down to the upturned lips, says the Kansas City Star.

It is comfortable when you hold a girl on your knee to have her head just come to your shoulder, instead of having it sort of hang over—surplus, as it were.

Everything about a small girl is likely to be a provocation—the unexpectedly tiny hand, the distracting morsels of feet, the little head, the little nose.

A small girl can be fascinating even in a temper, she can be delicious when she cries, she can even be lovely when she pouts, and none of these moods set well on a big woman.

Then, too, the man in love is inclined to pet names, and he wants to call his girl "Birdy," whether she weighs 200 or not, yet he is not insensible to the appropriateness of the title when given to a real little thing.

A man likes to feel big, by comparison at least. A really large man does not object to seeming almost a giant beside the girl of his heart, and it is almost necessary to the short man's vanity that he shall seem big to the little creature he is going to marry. It is very fetching to have one's girl say: "Please, dear, my neck gets so tired—you're so tall." Don't you know what that means? Well, get a bit of a girl and you'll find out. On the whole, the small girl has the best of it.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—"Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. REARICK.

"Are you the master of this house?" asked a stranger, addressing the young married man. "No," said the young married man with a deep sigh, "my wife has just put the master in the cradle."

Voice (at the telepone)—"Major will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?" Servant Girl (replies back through telephone)—"Master and mistress are not in at present, but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out.

It Makes Pure Blood

And by so doing Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all other blood diseases, aids proper digestion, cures dyspepsia, gives strength to every organ of the body, and prevents attacks of that tired feeling or more serious affection. The fact that it has cured thousands of others is sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SEASONABLE FUN.

Startling Figures—Ghosts.

A painstaking man—A dentist.

A confidence game—Matrimony.

A happymedium—A wealthy clairvoyant.

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

'Tis bad to be cut by old friends, but it's worse to be dropped by the sheriff.

"Er—lemmy see. Who was it that was clothed in a little brief authority?" "Adam, I guess."

"Lost your house out West?" "Yes." "It must have been a great blow." "It was. I lost it in a hurricane."

You can't convince a girl by arguing that a man is not an angel. The only way to convince her is to let her marry him.

"There's a great art," says Mickey Lennon, "in knowing what not to know whin yez don't want to know it."

What is the difference between a boy and a very pretty bonnet? One becomes a man and the other becomes a woman.

Leary—"Still waiting for your ship to come in, eh?" Weary—"Oh, they've come. Whole fleet of 'em. All hardships."

She—"Since my return from the South of France I'm another woman." Sarcastic Friend—"How delighted your husband must be."

"Your bill," said the tailor, "is overdue." "That's bad English," replied the customer; "you should say over dun an' I'll believe you."

Judge—"If I let you off this time will you promise not to come back here again?" Prisoner—"Yes, sir. The fact is, I didn't come voluntarily this time."

Doctor—"My dear madame, there is nothing the matter with you—you only need rest." "But, doctor just look at my tongue!" "Needs rest, too, madame."

"Have you an opening in 'The Brass Monkey' Combination?" he inquired of the manager. "Not for live ones," replied the manager, without looking up.

Visitor—"I hear your new preacher, Dr. Bridgman, is a man of indomitable will, and wonderful energy." Hostess—"Indeed he is. He has started in to convert the choir."

Weary-Looking Man—"Doctor, can insomnia be cured?" Doctor—"Nothing easier. Any one can fall into a sound sleep by simply trying to count a thousand." "Yes, but our baby can't count."

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

"What did Miss Shortsleeve say when you asked her for her hand?" "She asked me how I made a living." "And you said—" "With my brains." "And what did she say?" "I hadn't capital enough."

Wife—"Dear, what does this mean in the paper, where it says 'the toast will be drunk standin'?" Husband (experienced)—"That means, darling, that that particular toast comes early in the evening."

Levi—"Mein sohn vas tet. How mooch you scharge for emparming de pody?" Undertaker—"We will do a very satisfactory job for fifty dollars." Levi—"Und how mooch you tiscount for a corpse mid a cork leg?"

Mother—"I don't see why you and your husband should have so much trouble. You don't belong to different churches do you?" Daughter—"No mother." Mother—"Then there is no excuse for fighting like cats and dogs."

A dress reform wail.
"Bifurcation" is vexation,
"Suspenders" are as bad;
"Trunks to the knee" discomfort me,
And "bloomers" drive me mad.

"Jennie," said the young woman fiercely, "I'm never going to have anything to do with another church fair." "Why not?" "All the young men are over at the dining-table betting on who will get the oyster. Isn't it scandalous?"

Jest as Mean as Life.

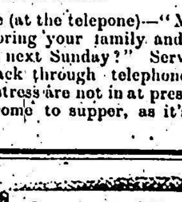
BY E. W. McGLASSON.

Senco Simpson went to hyvingly bliss,
The hours crawl slowly by,
An' every now an' then I ketch
A wetness in my eye,
I sence it's juty calls him thar,
An' yet—old fool I be—
I've hed him under foot so long
I miss him pogrfully.

I only hev to shet my eyes
To see him sittin' thar
Amongst 'em in the meetin' house,
Big-boned an' Fall an' spar,
I sight his freckled face, his head
All slick with do an comb;
I'm mighty proud o' him, and yit
I wish et he was home.

I know his voice is riz oh high,
A-shoutin' hymns o' praise;
I know his groans is deep an' loud
When preachers ask a raise.
I see his buzzum heave, I see
His clinchin' fistis lock;
But oh! I druther hev him here
A-growlin' at the stock.

A-squabblin' with the neighbor-men,
An' hangin' round the place,
A corncob pipe betwix' his lips,
A scowl across his face.
I pine to see the critter 'round
A-whittlin' with his knife,
A-sassin' back at me as big
An' jest as mean as life.



THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

YOUNG FOLKS.

Donald and Gladys.

One day Donald and Gladys had a quarrel. You see, while both were away gathering more stones for the high tower they were building, Gypsy, the dog, came up to smell of the new edifice, when—crash! it tumbled right down upon her meddlesome nose. So away she scampered, without waiting to make the call she had intended to make on Donald and Gladys.

Gladys saw the ruin first.

"Why, Donald", she exclaimed, wrathfully, "didn't you know any better'n to knock that down?"

"I didn't knock it down," said Don, stoutly.

"Yes, you did,' cause I didn't!"

"I didn't!" shouted Donald.

"But you did", persisted Gladys, giving him an angry push, and then, slap! slap! went two small pairs of hands, and "Oh! oh!" cried two distressed voices.

Gladys's mamma called, "Gladys, come! Come, Gladys!"

Donald hadn't any mamma, but Miss Little, his old kinnergartner, who was taking care of him while papa was in Europe, came down the steps to meet the little ones.

"Why, Donald, how did this happen?" she asked.

"She said I tumbled the tower down, an' I didn't," he answered, defiantly.

"Couldn't you have told her pleasantly that you didn't?"

"No, I couldn't possibly; she was too mean?"

"Then what did you do?"

"O, I just pushed her—she pushed me first—'n' then she slapped me, and I gave it to her back again?"

"Why, Donald!"

Donald wished Miss Little wouldn't look at him that way and make her voice sound so sorry; but he said, crossly, "Well, I don't care much!"

He was so hot, and cross he wished Miss Little would scold him, so he could say ugly things back to her, as he used to say to nurse. Somehow he never had the courage to say such naughty things to any one who wouldn't scold him, although he couldn't have told you why.

"Donald," said Miss Little, after dinner, "why are you not out playing?"

"Well, you see," he answered, gloomily, "I keep thinking how mean Gladys was this morning.

"Doesn't that remind you of how naughty a little boy was to slap her back!"

"No, sir, ma'am! She said I did when I didn't; and, Miss Little, I'm most sure I can't forgive her 's long 's I live 'n' breathe!"

"Donald! Donald!" called Gladys's mamma.

"Why, what do you s'pose she wants?" said Don, looking frightened. "I didn't slap Gladys very hard."

"No," said Miss Little, as she went out to meet Gladys and her mamma and Uncle Bert; "probably she wants to see you for something else; but, Donald, just think how badly you would feel if you had hurt her! We never know how hard we strike when we're angry. You must be thankful you did not hurt her so that perhaps she would never be well again."

"My!" exclaimed Donald, "I believe I'd be so thankful I'd forgive her quick 's a wink."

"O Don!" cried Gladys, running up. "You didn't knock it down! Truly, you didn't!"

"I know it," said Don, heartily. "And say, did I hurt you very much?"

"Hurt me? O, no! But you see, Don, Uncle Bert says it was Gypsy who knocked it down. I'm sorry I said 'twas you. I think I must be a naughty girl."

"No, you're not!" exclaimed Donald, gallantly. "Come on; let's build another tower!"—[Harper's Young People.

A Rogue of a Boy.

His name was Phil Deane. He had great, laughing, brown eyes, and little, prying, brown fingers. He had, too, a sad, sad habit of not obeying. You shall hear what came of this. The story is as a story can be.

Phil and his papa and mamma were staying at Mr. Drew's farmhouse by the seashore when it happened, and Phil was 6 years old. One day, after digging sand a while upon the beach, the little boy trudged off behind the house to pull clover for Bessie, the sleek red cow.

"That's right, Master Phil," called Mr. Drew from the barn, where he was painting a boat; "give my cow a good supper."

"She eats pretty fast, I think," said Phil, stroking Bessie, of whom he was very fond. Then he frisked into the barn to watch Mr. Drew at his work.

"Mustn't touch," cried Mr. Drew, dipping his brush into the can of blue paint beside him.

"Why mustn't I—" began Phil, but at that moment he spied something strange in the corner and ran to see what it could be.

It was a gun, left their by a neighbor who was coming back for it in a short time.

"Mustn't touch," said Mr. Drew, without looking up. He had forgotten he gun. He thought the child had gone for the pitch fork.

"Why can't I take it?" asked Phil, slyly laying hold of the gun.

"You're too little. You might hurt yourself," said Mr. Drew, still without raising his eyes; for now he heard Phil's father coming, and he thought Mr. Deane could take care of his own little son.

"Poh! I'm oceans bigger'n I used to be. Mr. Drew dosen't know," said Phil to himself, lifting the heavy gun with a great effort and pointing it at his father.

"Look out, papa; I'm going to shoot," he cried out merrily, with his chubby brown finger upon the trigger.

"Don't move, my son! don't move!" shouted his father, springing quickly aside.

But even as he spoke the trigger snapped, and with a flash and a bang the gun went off.

Phil saw something fall, and toppled over himself, shrieking:

"I didn't mean to! O, I didn't mean to shoot papa! O, I was only funning."

Strange to say Mr. Deane was not harmed in the least.

"You might have killed me, my son. It's a mercy that you did not," he cried, hastening to snatch up the smoking gun, "You haven't hurt me, but—think of it, my little boy—you have killed Mr. Drew's good old cow."

Phil nearly cried his eyes out over the cow, and his papa gave Mr. Drew $40 to buy another one, but that did not make dear old Bessie alive again.

No, that day's mischief could never be undone, but it taught little Phil a lesson he has never forgotten. It taught the little meddler never to touch what he had been told not to handle.—[Penn Shirley in Our Little Ones.

Bruin in Winter.

Bruin does not retire from the open till he is compelled to do so by frost and snow. He lives through the summer on berries, buds, insects of every kind, grass, mice, or any other small animal that he can get. I may say, for the benefit of the gentlemen that publish so many terrifying bear stories in the daily newspapers, that bruin is as harmless as a cow during the summer, and will take to his heels in fright on sight of a human being. It is only when he leaves his lair too early in the spring and he is not able to find anything to eat that he will attack man; but he prefers a calf or sheep, and the farmer's tale is often short at sundown.

But, as I have said, when the winter overtakes him, he sets about to find a winter home. He has very likely, during the summer, when poking his nose into hollow trees looking for the honey of wild bees, seen some place that will suit him, and to this he goes straightway. The tree must be a large one, and he will not select it unless there is a space with plenty of room where the snow or rain can not reach him. This secured, he bundles himself together, his head on his paws, closes his eyes, and remains in this posture till "those blind motions of the spring" tell that "the year has turned." Then he drags himself out and begins his struggle for an existence.

Sometimes, however, when lying in this stupor, loud sounds startle him, and his tree castle shakes; this is when the lumber men have found him and are assailing the tree with their axes. He seldom escapes, and if he does he will surely die in the snowy forest unless he can find another home.

Trying to Please Employers.

Mistress—"I am surprised. You say you were married six months ago, divorced three months ago, and remarried to your husband last night."

Domestic—"Yes'm. You see, at the first place he heard they wanted a married man, so we got married: but the next place they wanted a single man, so we got divorced, and I came here. Now he's found a place where they want a man for gardening and wife to cook, so we got married again, and I'm going there with him."

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We are fighting tremendous odds, and although assured of success, we want to know if the majority endorse our policy?

We will pay for this information, and invite everyone to send us their honest and candid opinion. We cannot expect the public to take up their time with our affairs without some incentive other than the honest desire to champion the dealer whose motto is "Unrestricted Trade," and, therefore, we have decided to offer an additional inducement as follows: We will send by registered mail, postpaid, a Gentleman's 14 Karat Gold Filed Vest Chain, guaranteed to wear equal to solid gold for 10 years; retail price $5 upon receipt of your answers to the above three questions and the nominal sum of $2.

15,000 of these chains will be given away to create an interest with the public in our great fight, Frank S. Taggart & Co. versus the Canadian Association of Jobbers in American Watches.

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89 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Be Merrie in God.

"Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing."—Psalms 2

"And at midnight, Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto the Lord and the prisoners heard them."—Acts, xvi. 25.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice."—Philipians, iv. 4.

Does it not seem strange that we should ever need exhortations to gladness? And is it not stranger still that men should so distort the whole worth of life, as to imply if not to teach that God can be pleased more by our groans than our songs! A thousand years before Christ came to teach men the true worth and joy of life, the Hebrew poet called the nations of the earth to serve God, not with misery and moaning but with gladness. When Paul and Silas were in the jail at Phillipi, they charmed the midnight hours with songs, notwithstanding that their feet were fast in the stocks, and when in later years Paul was thrust into the Mamertine Prison in Rome, instead of bewailing and bemoaning his estate, he had the courage to send this message to his old-time friends at Phillipi: "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice!" When Sir Thomas More was a prisoner in the Tower of London he wrote a letter to that noble daughter of his, who stands for all the years to come as a type of filial devotion, in which instead of troubling her with mournful dirges concerning his own bitter lot, he exhorted her not to be downcast, but to put her trust in God, and in that exhortation came the unusual but impressive phrase: "Be merrie in God"—and even in these Lenten days, it would be difficult to find a more fitting exhortation. God is not honored by our gloom and sighing. Through the long winter season we have been merry in the song and dance, merry at the festival, merry in the banqueting hall, and now that the lights are turned low and the banquet halls deserted, shall we retire into some quiet place and be miserable with God? This is too much the method men pursue. The moment religious questions are mooted, at the first hint of religious duty and obligation, the countenance is drawn down, the face that glows with interest becomes gloomy and sad. Is this worthy of us? Is it respectful to God? Did He ever ask us to be miserable in Him? If we are true to ourselves we shall be brave enough at least to say that any religion that brings with it gloom and misery is not worth the having and that we will have none of it whatever the issue be. Those teachers of religion who have taught that religion means restraints and repressions and nothing more, the teachers of Christ's gospel who have always "thou shalt not" on their lips, have learned their lessons badly. They should go to school again. They should learn of the Master himself; and not from the fathers and the makers of creeds and confessions—they should learn of Him; and He would teach them that our religion means a shining face and a joyful spirit. "Be merrie in God!" said Sir Thomas More, and he said it from a dreary cell with the shadow of impending doom falling already upon his path. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say unto you rejoice" said the Apostle Paul, and he said it from a dungeon so low and mean and foul, that we should be ashamed to make it the abiding place of our bitterest foe. If these ever could rejoice, if they could be "merrie in God," how much more ought we to rejoice? Our want of joy is our weakness, and our shame, and our folly too. We depend for our joy on that which cannot be depended upon. We turn away from God's boundless exhaustless reservoirs of joy, to be found in his word, in his house, in fellowship with him by the river side or on the mountain; and we hew out to ourselves cisterns, we make our plans, we form our schemes and lo! they prove empty, shallow, dry; they hold no water. We are like the poor wretch in the desert who goes on digging, digging—oh, for one drop of water to quench his burning thirst! Still he digs and digs, but he brings up nothing but dry, hot sand. "Be merrie in God." Most of our merriment is as "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but he who finds his joy in God has cast his anchor where it will hold. That joy will be abiding, growing strength.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combine to give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

Repeating watches were invented by Barlow in 1676.

Beagle is probably derived from the Celtic beag or biga, or the Welsh back, signifying little, they being in reality a small species of hound.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

Mar. 6	110
Mar. 8	112
Mar. 10	114
Mar. 12	116

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

De Jure and De Facto.

Mr. Topnody is no lawyer, but his wife is an able woman. He was stumbling in his reading the other evening and appealed to her. "Are you up in Latin, my dear?" he asked. "What do you want to know?" she enquired with proper caution. "I want to know the difference between de jure and de facto." Mrs. T. studied a moment. "Well," she said, "you are at the head of this family de jure." "Yes," he put in, "I understand that." "And," she concluded, with some vigour, "I am at the head of it de facto."

Genius is always impatient of its harness; its wild blood makes it hard to train.—O. W. Holmes.

He whom the gods favor dies young, while he is in his health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—Plautus.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.

'And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale.

And truly, "tis a tale of woe," of one who had Catarrh in the Head, for many years, and who really had been "rotting," from hour to hour, until Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy came to his notice. He used it at first with slight signs of relief, but he persisted until a permanent cure was effected, and the world was again pleasant to live in. From his awful suffering he was set free by the expenditure of a few dollars in that incomparable remedy.

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Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and tighter at one than to another. And he is more at ease who takes up than he who drags it.

Pensive and Expensive.

Many a woman shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangements and weakness, and prefers to suffer in silence. She is sad and pensive, and her neglect of her ailments will prove expensive. It may cost her her life. One of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and reconstructor of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that done all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers.

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all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that weigh life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and braces up the nerve and vital forces, is one of that mysterious life, sustaining fluids ... ed. The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbibed those only can tell who try it well.

Clemency is the surest proof of a true monarch.

Probably in March more than any other month in the year, are the throes of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Nasal Balm, a time-tried, healing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, post paid on receipt of price—50c and $1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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CATARRH

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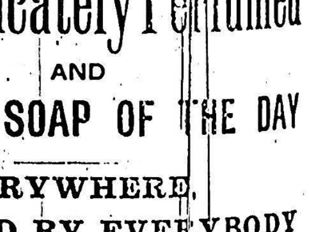
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THE FROZEN RIVER.

(CONCLUDED).

At once she paused as suddenly as she begun, and dashing the lute upon the ground, exclaimed: "And has the hunter forest no words in which to praise the Zingari's dance? Great nobles were not ... of their plaudits, and have offered ... gold to grace their revels."

"Olga," cried Ivan, recovering himself ... momentary bewilderment, "you ... always enchanting, but to-day you are ... everything. Why have you adopted this strange costume?"

As she spoke he drew closer to her, and, ... encircling her waist with his arm, endeavored to press his lips to hers.

Without withdrawing herself from his embrace the girl bent forward and withdrew her ripe, red mouth from the attempt.

"Not so fast; not so fast," exclaimed she, with a light laugh; "talking comes before kissing. You asked me how I knew that you were coming. Why, as I glided upon my skates down the river last night, the whole forest seemed to be whispering, 'He is coming—Ivan is coming.' Do you never hear strange noises in the forest—curious murmurs that seem to tell you what is going to happen? Have you never been waiting for the sights when you have been waiting for the wild beasts?"

Ivan shuddered, but shaking off a vague feeling of ... he answered, "And ... did you know of my coming, sweet Olga?"

[illegible]

Directly he emerged into the open air, he ...