



THE JOURNAL HERALD

VOL XI RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1889. WHOLE NO 1,640 NO. 51.

IS THIS ALL GOSPEL?

A Modern Prophet's Eclogue Saves Him From Severe Punishment. A last (Friday) night's Waukesha, Wis., despatch says: The eloquence of Simon B. Needham, whose prediction of the second coming of Christ and the birth of a child on the date specified was incidentally connected with his arrest on a charge of illegitimate parentage preferred by Mrs. Clark, to-day saved the prophet from a long term in the penitentiary.

POISON, ROMANCE, MYSTERY.

The Extraordinary Family History of Mrs. Maybrick. A London cablegram says: There is now in the county jail at Liverpool Mrs. Florence Maybrick, aged 26, the widow of a wealthy Liverpool cotton broker, who was nearly twice her age. The whole affair is a mixture of poison, romance and mystery.

ACCUSED OF HUSBAND MURDER.

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WHAT CRONIN BELIEVED.

Evidence of Patrick McGarry at the Inquest. A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: In the Cronin inquest to-day Patrick McGarry, a friend of Dr. Cronin, testified as to what Cronin believed regarding the investigation by a committee of the Clan-na-Gael at Buffalo of charges that Alexander Sullivan appropriated funds of the Clan to his own use.

FIVE RAFTSMEN DROWNED.

An Overloaded Boat Capsizes in the Ottawa River. A Grenville (Que.) despatch says: A sad drowning accident took place here to-day, by which five men lost their lives. A gang of raftsmen, consisting of five men, under the charge of Elihu Cook, pilot, started to cross the river at the head of the Long Sault to join their raft, which was lying on the south shore of the river.

THE CZAR'S AMBITION.

He Gives More Than a Gentle Hint to the King—Big Dumb for a Princess. A St. Petersburg despatch says: Prince George, the Czar's favorite son, and probably his successor, in view of the weak brain power of the Czar, is about to depart on a tour of the world, starting from Paris, where his presence is intended to mark the Czar's accession to the French alliance.

PESTILENCE THREATENED.

Several Persons Taken Alive From the Ruins. DEATH ESTIMATE NOT LESSENED. But One-fifth of the Debris Yet Looked Over.

WARNINGS THAT WERE NOT HEEDDED.

The Very Latest This Afternoon. It was found yesterday that four and over six families were living in one single house, that as high as fifty slept in one room, that the doors and windows were left closed to shut out the stench and dampness, and that as a result pneumonia was gaining an alarming foothold.

SEENES AND INCIDENTS.

"This is my last message." This is the telegram which Mrs. H. M. Ogle, manager of the Johnstown telegraph office, sent just before the water broke. Long after the danger was imminent, and longer after death was almost certain, Mrs. Ogle sat in the Johnstown telegraph office, over which she had presided for nearly a quarter of a century, and sent warning telegrams down the wire.

ESTIMATING THE NUMBER OF VICTIMS.

Up to last night about 2,500 bodies had been counted, while 8,000, at the lowest calculation, are in the buried. The number of bodies is not in the unsearched sandbanks around the Cambria Iron Works. It is now said, will not exceed \$300,000.

AS A LADY SEES IT.

Courtesies That mean Something When They are Reciprocal—The Head of the Household is often too Exclusive in His Conduct—Why not be Sociable at Home?

One can seldom pick up a paper of miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husbands' love and admiration.

UNHEEDED WARNINGS.

Among the reports from Johnstown is one to the effect that Herbert Webber, employed as a sort of guard by the South Fork Club, had reported to the members of the club that he had repeatedly declared, called the attention of the members of the club to the various leakages at the dam, but he received the stereotyped reply that the masonry was all right.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and he is the stronger physically and gets plenty of air and exercise the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that he will be the survivor.

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THE DIFFERENCE.

Gentlemen—And what are you in for, my good friends?—For takin' pictures, sir.

THE YOUNG FLEET AGAIN.

"There is nothing sentimental about this, my good friends." "Eyes! I speak to you, Harry," as long as you are in the room.

to Johnstown and Cambria, and to other points on the way. The young girl at the instrument fainted when the news reached her and was carried away.

DR. GRAFF BELIEVES IN FIRE. Dr. Graff was given charge of the Sanitary Commission this morning. Dr. Graff talked at length on the different plans of sanitation for the flooded district, and finally said: "There is but one sure, safe plan—burn everything. I think the order will be issued this evening to burn everything all over this district."

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Rev. Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Johnstown for ten years. He declares that danger has been apprehended from the burning of the reservoir for twenty years. About twenty years ago an alarm was given in the middle of the night and the inhabitants were all ready to fly to the mountains at a moment's notice.

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wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look for hell pressed when at table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delicious pleasures his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the best cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?"—Mrs. Emerec in New York Star.

The Johnstown Flood. The rhythmic ring of a horse's feet Echoes along the city street. Below the bell the trampantant to see Whom can the reckless rider be.

The Song of the Advertiser. I am an advertiser great; In letters bold, and big and round, The printers of my wares I sound; Properly is my station great.

"Open wide the golden portals, Swing the gates of paradise wide; Heil her coming with glad music, Light up every twinkling star; Lo! the bright angel comesward— Cherubs wave your wings for joy— Star-eyed, white-robed Little Flow.

The Efflow Tower. The whole tower could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humbug; the thing is perfectly simple.

Ready to Take His Medicine. "Did I ever say all that?" he asked indignantly, as she replaced the phonograph on the corner of the mantelpiece.

Life's Real Pleasures. Jones—There are only two periods in a man's life when he is greatly interested in his personal appearance. Smith—When do they occur? Jones—One is at 20, when he watches the hair coming out of his upper lip, and the other is at 40, when he watches the hair coming out of the top of his head.