

Particulars of Jack the Ripper's Latest Crime.

A Last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The body of the latest Whitechapel victim was taken to the mortuary. The examination developed an unusual feature—Jack has done his work with a dull knife. Heretofore the slashes were clean. Alice Mackenzie's body bore marks of Jack's terrible methods, but there was no execution. The clothes were drawn over the head after the knife had been driven into the neck. A cut of four inches long, running towards the head, had not served the abdominal wall. On both sides of this cut and along the lateral line below the breast bone there were twenty scratches, which would have been slashes had a keen knife been used. Every scratch was an attempt to rip the victim's body. She was evidently taken towards, as she was strongly built, and weighed 140 pounds. She could not have uttered a cry without being heard by the police. Jack adopted his old plan, except that in this case his right hand was placed over his victim's mouth, and the left hand drove the knife into the neck, instead of vice versa.

The murder threw Whitechapel into a condition of fearful excitement. Castle ally was crowded all day. People from all quarters flocked to the scene and stories of the crime were on every tongue. At 10 o'clock the woman was identified John McCormack, a porter, said he lived with the woman for six years. She was 40 years of age. She was born at Peterborough, and her family had three times removed to Whitechapel. The victim died during the night. She never got a living on the streets. Sometimes she drank too much. She left the house at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. They had a quarrel. He gave her a bottle of gin and asked her to spend it in drink. He was told that she returned to the house at 10 o'clock last night and took a blind boy, George Dixon, for a walk. McCormack knew no more. The woman and the boy went to the Cambridge Music Hall. There they met a man and she asked him to treat. She then went home to the lodging house, and left after saying she was going to meet a man at the Cambridge Hall. Whether or not she met him is not known, for the blind boy has means to identify him except by his voice.

Nothing could more clearly indicate the cunning of the murderer than the selection of the locality. The alley is 100 yards long, dark, and encumbered by a mass of wagons and barrels, which are piled up in the narrow street. The excavations were going on a few feet above. At the bottom of the alley, is a network of streets, courts and alleys. Castle ally has no residents likely to go through it at night, the bath being the only tenanted house on the upper part of it. The houses on the left side are small factories and workshops. On the right side is a high board fence, shutting off the back yards. A row of small houses, facing on New Castle street, runs parallel with Castle ally, and just below the fence is a narrow court. If he approached, therefore, from the Whitechapel road the murderer could escape down Castle ally into Old Castle street, through this to Wentworth street, and thence to Commercial street, or to Lane. If he approached from Old Castle street, he could escape through Castle ally court into Whitechapel road. This way he did escape. If he had been on both sides he could still escape through the connecting courts to New Castle street and thence to Whitechapel road or Wentworth street as he chose. There was further cunning and evidence of intimate knowledge of the locality in the fact that he was just on the boundary line of two police districts. Whitechapel road is patrolled by constables from Leman street station, and no constable comes from the road down the alley, because that is in the district belonging to another division. He must have known that an officer could come toward him only from the bottom of the alley, and intimate knowledge of the locality and police rules made his escape as easy as ever, when it is remembered that in all the eight murders committed he has never once been seen by anybody. The fear of him in Whitechapel can be understood, and the superstition in some parts of the country that he is invisible does not seem surprising.

A Thursday's London cable says: The inquest was resumed this morning at 10 and lasted till 1, when it was adjourned until August 14. The only witness who gave any information, was the coroner, who testified that Dr. Phillips, divisional surgeon. He said that as he was going to the scene of the murder it was raining hard, and he was struck with the fact of the unusual scarcity of the people on the streets. Several jurors smiled at the fact that he saw the body in the room already described. Her clothes were raised well up on the chest. They were all bloody on the side next the wall. He made a complete post-mortem examination to-day at the mortuary. In his examination he found the woman's left collar bone that there was a well-defined bruise about the size of a shilling, and on the other side was a larger well-defined recent bruise. Both bruises were the result of injury during life. Seven inches below the right nipple began a bruise which was about seven inches long and deepest at its middle part. It divided only the muscular structure undivided. Then there were seven smaller wounds, only dividing the skin, running from the middle of the large wound towards the navel, and from the middle of the larger wound were several small wounds reaching only through the skin, and running downward. The top of the right thumb had been cut off, but that was apparently a former injury. It was clear that the woman had suffered from an old disease. He thought the throat was cut from behind. The first incision seemed to have been interrupted by the prominence of the woman's lower jaw. It was the second incision, which was the first at its deepest part, which was immediately over the carotid vessels. These were entirely severed. He had not the slightest doubt that the cause of death was syncope arising from the loss of blood consequent upon the division of these vessels, and that a death was probably almost instantaneous. The air passage was not divided. At Dr. Phillips' request, he was permitted to defer testifying further pending the investigations of the police.

The Best Time to Bathe. It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into the tub, and then into the bath tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are those of the skin well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal, powdered and taken with water, is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—The London Lancet.

Preparing for a Reception. Young Coachman (to keeper of ivory stable)—I'd like to get kicked by a mule if you've got one. Stable-keeper—What for? "I'm going to ask the boss if I can marry his daughter, and I want to see if I'm in condition to receive his reply."

Gazzam—"So young Briggs has taken a partner for life, has he?" "Faggle"—No; not exactly for life. He married a Chicago girl."

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THE NEXT POPE.

Bishop Keen's Views on the Papal Succession—No Chance for an American. A Nashville despatch says: The American publishes an interview with Bishop Keen, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who is here in attendance on the National Education Association. Speaking of the health of the Pope, Bishop Keen said: So far as the health of Leo XIII. is concerned there is little likelihood of his dying very soon. I saw him the day before he left Rome, March 19th, and he was then the picture of health, stout, robust and active. It is true he is a very old man, 82 years old, but he does not stand alone as the only man of advanced age performing the active duties of a high and responsible position. Bismarck, Gladstone, Manning, as well as Leo XIII. are far advanced in life, and yet these men are moving the world. Cardinal Newman is 92 years old, and he has only just retired from the active performance of his duties. When Leo XIII. became the chief bishop of the Church, some 12 years ago, he himself regarded his health so poor that he said it was useless to make him Pope, for he had scarcely six months to live. His health now, however, is very good, and I assure you he has no notion of dying to please anyone. In the event of the death of the Pope where will his successor probably come from? I should say Italy beyond a doubt. Then all this talk about an American Cardinal succeeding is without any foundation at all. Entirely so. There are many reasons why an American will not be elevated to the Papacy. To begin with, an American, no matter how learned he may be, how well posted on European affairs, is thoroughly unfitted to fill the Papal See. The Pope must be a thorough cosmopolitan, conversant with the political and spiritual conditions of France, Germany and Spain, in fact the whole world. No American can grasp the situation in all its details. His educational surroundings and life are totally different from that of the man who is fitted to fill the Papacy. Europe is becoming Americanized, the people are gradually taking up our theories and systems of life and government, but it will be a hundred years before the conditions are such that an American might be elected American Cardinal to become the head of the Catholic Church.

A GREAT CLOUD BURST

Sweeps Away Many Lives and Destroys Much Property. A last (Friday) night's Parkersburg, W. Va., despatch says: The greatest disaster which has befallen this city since the valley came last night in the shape of a cloud burst, which has completely flooded the county, destroying many lives, carrying off thousands of dollars' worth of property and ruining crops for many miles. Mrs. Isaac H. Tipton, wife of a well-known farmer, and her husband were drowned in the lower part. Above the destruction is still greater. At Chesterville, a small town about ten miles above, half the residences were carried off bodily and left in the cornfield. The Tipton valley is completely ruined. In Chesterville a fine church and three dwellings were wrecked. The steamer Oasida is reported wrecked and sunk at Enterprise, and the steamer C. C. Martin is sunk at Burning Springs. Little Tygart valley is reported ruined, but no lives are reported lost there as yet. The worst story of all comes from Morristown, a small village near the head of Tucker Creek, where the cloud burst concentrated all its fury. It struck the village about midnight and completely destroyed it, with many people.

THE MISSING AIR SHIP.

Hogan May Be Safe Yet, But His Chances Are Poor. A New York despatch says: Prof. Hogan, the missing aeronaut, may be alive still. He was last seen by Capt. Cavell, who sighted the air ship yesterday at 2 p.m. out at sea, floating a short distance from the water. The Carll was about a mile distant from the airship. The pilots intended to pick up the balloon and stand toward the water, but the wind was so strong that they saw the man in the balloon as they were ballast overboard, waved a white flag, as if to say he was all right, and ascended again very quickly. The balloon remained in sight about an hour and was sailing well. It was then seen by signaling, and was being sailing east in the same direction as the air ship. When at 5.30 o'clock Capt. Phelan, of the pilot boat Caprice, saw the air ship dragging in the water there was no man in it. There were two large schooners in sight and it is thought Hogan may have been picked up by one of them.

Prof. Edward D. Hogan, the aeronaut supposed to have been lost near New York, was born at Moretown, Ont., a few miles below Barmia. He was 37 years of age. Hogan was a man without fear and made more successful balloon ascensions than any living man. He made his first trip to the clouds in 1866, and since that time has devoted his whole life to the profession and has taken over 600 upward journeys. He was among the first to dispense with the basket and ascend to heaven upon a frail trapez bar. Two years ago he began jumping from his balloon with a closed parachute.

Suffocated by Sewer Gas.

A Lincoln, Neb., despatch of Wednesday says: This afternoon a watch was dropped in a cesspool here and several men endeavored to recover it. They dug a large hole at the side of the pool. This hole was filled with water by the rain. One man stood on a ladder above the water and made an opening into the cesspool. The four air and gas rushed out and overcame him, and he fell into the water. A friend went to give aid and was likewise overcome. Others came to help, and by one by one seven men fell into the water, which by this time was full of muck and slime from the vault. Three were rescued by the men who afterwards perished in attempting to save the others.

Gazzam—"So young Briggs has taken a partner for life, has he?" "Faggle"—No; not exactly for life. He married a Chicago girl."

HAD A SENSITIVE NATURE.

Morgan Graves Killed Himself Because He Was Charged With Stealing a Small Sum.—The Fatherly Notes He Left Behind.

A Chicago despatch says: Out in the heart-house of the undergarment establishment at 628 North Wells street, on the cooling-board, lay the body of Morgan Graham Graves. He was only 28 years old when he shot himself. It is one of those tragedies which bubble to the surface of the river of life in Chicago. The bubble burst and the coroner's inquest this morning was the vanishing circle which told that it had been. Graves was his mother's support, his father having left the family. He was slightly deformed with that protruding chest known as a pigeon-breast. He worked for James A. & Co. Last Saturday, he told his mother when he came home so early yesterday afternoon, he had sent out a boy to collect \$5.00 on a suit of clothes. Graves forgot to ask the boy for the money when he had returned, and when Graves thought of it this morning, he messenger advised that the money had been paid to Graves. Mr. Reed, the manager, concluded, after hearing both sides, that the boy's story was true. Graves left the store, went home, told his mother about it, and said he was going out to the park for a walk. Then he wrote a letter to his mother and sent it to her by a neighbor. It is written in clerical script and is pathetic in its simplicity. Here it is:

July 15, 1889.—Dearest mother, I have telegraphed back and you will not have any trouble. I am now going to take my life, as I am in such trouble that I cannot try any longer to keep my life. My mother, I will break your heart. I did not send you any word, for I do not care for me or for you. I would never have written you. I have committed. Good-bye forever. MORGAN GRAVES.

Then the suicide wrote another note to his friend Eddie Schupp. This he left in his coat pocket: "Dearest friend, I realize, you will not doubt be much surprised to find this note. I have left you. I am sorry, but can't help it. I am in such trouble. You know I said to you the other night that I was going to take my life. I can't stand this charge so will try to do it. I am sorry to leave you. I am innocent of the last charge. I want you to always encourage my industry. I am so nervous now. You must remind me to all my many friends. I am, I cannot be with you again, so good-bye."

Then he started off to the park. Mention his mother had sent word to the captain of the park police, and he in turn had warned all the men to keep a sharp lookout for Morgan Graves. He was seen near the entrance and started toward him. Graves fired one shot in the air and then bending his head shot again, the ball gashing the flesh and entering the skull right in the middle of the forehead just above the root of the hair. The bullet struck the brain and the officer reached him he was dying. In four minutes he was no longer Morgan Graves, but a thing which must be put away out of the sight of man. Graves had pinned his card, on which he had written the name of the man who had shot him, in his pocket was 45 cents in money, a pocket-book and a bunch of keys.

THAT MISERABLE WAR.

Hippolyte and Legitimate Driving the People Delirious.—A Lively Time Expected. A letter to the New York Times dated Port Au Prince, July 17, says the city is in a state bordering on frenzy. Hippolyte has assaulted the outer works. Legitimate is impressing into the ranks every man of 17 and upwards. The people having been delirious with excitement, the Minister of War has executed some of the prisoners with his own hands. Hippolyte is burning farm houses and villages in sight of the city. All foreigners have been threatened with extermination. But the United States naval force here are prepared to take the city if necessary. The Keersarge and Ossipe are here. The British cruiser Forward has come in under a full head of steam. She left Jamaica on six hours' notice. The Spanish cruisers Gomez and Sanjurjo arrived yesterday and report a French man-of-war on the way. The combined forces of the foreign warships are prepared to effect a landing at a moment's notice. A system of signals has been established with the American Consul and the moment the danger flag is exhibited picked infantry companies from the Keersarge and Ossipe will jump for the boats. The captain of the British cruiser declares if one Englishman is touched he will open every gun in his battery. Hippolyte is within a mile of the city, and his force is reported to number 10,000 men. It is a question of but a few days before the end is at hand. Port au Prince knows it, and men, women and children are prepared to die with the English. The British and foreigners in the city are in a state of bitter hatred, and it needs but a spark to turn the whole native population into a frenzied mob.

A Fatal Runaway Accident.

An Adrian Mich., despatch of Thursday says: A heartrending accident occurred yesterday. While Mrs. Robert Moreland and Miss Louise Stephens were being driven through the city in a landau, the horse became frightened and ran, and fearing it would not be controlled by the driver, Miss Stephens jumped from the carriage and fell, striking her head upon a stone. Her head was bruised and death ensued in a few moments. She is the eldest daughter of Dr. Robert Stephens, and a young lady universally esteemed for her high character. Her father was at the lake at the time, but Dr. A. B. Stephenson, her brother, was present at her death. The city is in mourning over the sad event. Mrs. Moreland was not injured and the driver soon had the horse under control.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of Medical Tribune, author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," in speaking of advanced kidney disease and the effect of the use of Warner's Safe-Cure, says: "I find that in Bright's Disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris, which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine-bearing tubes), and to prevent the destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

—Bride in the Pullman car.—Do you think that every one knows we have just been married? Groom (coloring)—Oh, no, dear; they only think so.

JACK THE RIPPER.

Vivid Description of the Localities and People WHERE MURDER REIGNS.

Whitechapel Described in All its Squalor and Vice.

(New York Herald.)

How does the Whitechapel district appear to a stranger in London? That is what I went to see recently, says a reporter of the London edition of the Herald. In company with a member of the government and a special detective I took a "four wheel" and drove to Whitechapel. We passed the Park of England and on through Cornhill, where, turning to the left, we followed up Bishopsgate to the famous underground drinking dive known in history as "Dirty Dick's." The detective thought it would be interesting to begin the evening with a visit to this celebrated place. It dates back nearly a century, and seventy years ago Dirty Dick was one of the characters of London. Charles Dickens' "Household Words" devoted a sketch and a poem to Dirty Dick's life and peculiarities. The fact that governs his establishment were that no person is to be served twice. No person to be served if intoxicated. No error admitted or money exchanged after leaving the counter. No improper language permitted. No gambling allowed.

AT DIRTY DICK'S.

Into this historical cellar we entered. Every foot of space was occupied. Men, women and children were packed together like fish, all drinking, smoking and swearing, at intervals telling "loud" stories, while in the corners, sitting on benches or staggering against the walls, were women, old and young, who were waiting for their turn to be served. One woman, evidently in the last stages of sanity, grinned hideously as she leaned over the bar with a wee babe in her arms begging for another drink, as she had already spent her last penny. Along the walls above the bottles of the bar were the skeletons of rats and mice and other household vermin, including several cats and dogs. They were found in the hollow walls when the old building occupied by Dirty Dick was demolished several years ago to make room for the present structure. The place where the skeletons were found seemed a filthy den of vice and disease, but on our return from Whitechapel it seemed a very respectable place.

WHERE PRIZE FIGHTERS ARE TRAINED.

The next stop was made at the Blue Anchor tavern, further down toward Whitechapel. To sporting men it is one of the most celebrated places in England for the training of prize fighters. The school for the most noted pugilists of the world. It was here that Jim Smith and dozens of other celebrities took their first lessons in the many art of professional boxing. Jim Goode, another ex-champion, who fought in the London—sort of a second-rate prize fight—was trained here. The rooms are decorated with full length portraits of the principal prize fighters and sports of the world. A buxom young woman, with a motherly smile, stood behind the bar, and in the corner of the old-fashioned English style of fifty years ago. It was an interesting place for any one to visit—a sort of an appetizer for a stranger about to explore the mysteries of Whitechapel.

A COLONY OF THIEVES.

From Tom Symonds' Blue Anchor tavern it is but a short ride into the slums of Whitechapel. It should be explained for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the geography of London that the Whitechapel district is a colony of thieves situated nearly north of the Tower of London on the Thames. A few blocks farther down the river are the London Docks. Many of the lower classes of men employed along the river and the numerous water thieves of the wharves live up in Whitechapel. A hundred years ago, in the time of George III., Whitechapel Road was just outside the city walls of London. It is a suburb for the poorer classes, who had little money to pay for rent. Now it is in the centre of a vast and populous district, with well paved streets and alleys (thanks to modern improvements) cutting the district in every direction, with horse-drawn carriages and omnibuses following the principal streets, which in olden times were the King's highways. Vast warehouses, private and bonded, and manufacturing establishments rise darkly and silently in the night. The houses, hospitals, cemeteries, almshouses and other institutions of the neighborhood is that well lighted streets with tramways and bus lines are but a few squares away from where these murders were committed. The Whitechapel district may be likened to certain localities in the country where dark and gloomy swamps filled with pestiferous vapors lie between the great highways. A visitor walking up Whitechapel road would be struck by the dark and narrow streets, the stone's throw of the brilliantly lighted shops. Only the policemen on duty there recognize the flashily dressed men and women who hurry along the pavement as the worst types of London thieves and murderers. Their restless eyes and sneered faces long haunt one after he takes a second look into their villainous countenances.

PETTYCOTE LANE.

It was but a few minutes after the detective turned off the Algate Road that we found ourselves in a dark crevice like lane, with the darkest and most forbidding buildings of the slums rising on every side of us. The streets are as well paved as Broadway in New York, but some of them are not more than five feet wide, and when we entered this Pettycote lane of history, celebrated among thieves from Chyenne to Australia, all the world seemed to off. In speaking of advanced kidney disease and the effect of the use of Warner's Safe-Cure, says: "I find that in Bright's Disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris, which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine-bearing tubes), and to prevent the destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

long, black alley called Pettycote lane one of the Government officials said, "You see Dickens did not exaggerate." People unfamiliar with these districts think that Dickens drew his characters from his imagination. The man was right. The Smikes and Oliver Twist, the Fagins and the Dick Swivellers were as thick as flies. An ordinary American child would live about three days in such a place, yet there were hundreds of children hardly able to toddle that darted in and out of the passageways like rats. They were the little thieves, soon to become the big thieves of London. The atmosphere was thick and fetid, the fog hung over the alleys like lead, and the few scattering jets of gas burning along the lane were hardly visible ten steps away. After walking through the neighborhood for five minutes it seemed as if we had been in the place a month. The world and its green fields and beautiful cities seem blotted from creation. As we walked along heads were poked out of the side holes and the men and women, and then they flitted back again; children vanished through the walls. Dark faced, scowling men always planted themselves in our way just ahead, but disappeared like shadows at a sign from the detectives. Behind us came beggars and thieves.

SOMEbody's CHILDREN. Women with streaming hair and babies in their arms followed with piteous tales and cries for money. They, too, were thieves and beggars, and the detective said the worst of the lot. We made a quick turn round a corner, doubled on our course, and entered one of the thousands of log-cabin courts of the Whitechapel district. There sat the same women with somebody's babies, blaspheming and drinking spirits with the bullet headed infants hanging over their shoulders like bundles of rags. Others were singing ribald songs in hoarse, broken voices, while the men lauded and joined them in the night's chorus. There is a little spot in New York called the Five Points, and a few streets leading away from it inhabited by Italians and Chinamen. It is said that those Sixth ward tenement houses are inhabited at the rate of 200,000 to the square mile. But this Whitechapel district is a vast city of vice and poverty compared with that small plague spot. London, with its three millions of inhabitants and its colonies of criminals, representing the most vicious classes of Europe, is a monstrous problem for any government to solve. As I walked down those gloomy lanes and crawled through the dark underground passages among the depots of stolen goods, where fortunes disappear in a candle, I exclaimed aloud, "No wonder it requires 15,000 policemen in London."

criminal philosophers, court experts, newspaper men and experts on insanity. The theory that most generally prevails is that the murderer is a religious crank who imagines he has a mission to perform, and like the fanatic of Mahomed's time, the more atrocious the butcheries he performs the greater the saint he thinks himself. It is a fact that all the Whitechapel murders have occurred about the 8th of the month or on the very last days of each month, and it is claimed that every fresh outbreak has occurred with the change of the moon. This, it is thought, indicates that the murderer is a maniac and has periodical fits of insanity.

"Who is he?" and "What is he?" is a problem to be answered. Many officials in the detective service hold to the theory that the murderer is a gas butcher.

WHO IS HE?

The fact that the victims of this horrible fiend have been selected from the lowest class of women is considered proof by many that the murderer is a religious fanatic. Others are sure that the assassin is an escaped convict. At one time it was believed that he was a Russian maniac who had committed several murders in Paris and other parts of Europe. At still another time it was said that a certain American quack doctor was the culprit, and the detectives of England and America shadowed him for some time. In the autumn it was believed that a Malay outlaw was the man who was running amuck in Whitechapel. A careful investigation of the district certainly led a stranger to believe that no mere visitor or outside person could commit such a crime. The murderer must not only have been well acquainted with the locality and its inhabitants, but he was without doubt an old settler in the slums of that region and as familiar with its dark cellars and underground passages as the rat of the sewers. A person who has spent weeks in that locality in studying its geography would not venture to lose himself in the intricacies of its gloomy and dangerous labyrinth, especially when on a mission of murder. The assassin is probably a man of common profession, familiar with Whitechapel, and his motive is revenge or an insane desire to commit wanton butchery.

THE FUSE WAS BURNING.

Bravery of Captain Peel in the Grenade Once More Recalled. There occurred on this day—October 18th, 1854—one of those incidents of war which show how instantaneous in heroic nature is the process of both the thought and the resolve from which brave actions spring. The horses which were drawing an ammunition wagon, familiar with Whitechapel, having refused to face the fire some volunteers went to the wagon to clear it, and they succeeded in bringing in their loads; but before the powder could be stored away in the magazine a shell came into the middle of the line, and the volunteers were still gathered close to the heap. A voice cried out, "The fuse is burning!" Then, instantly, and as the narrator says, "with one spring," Captain Peel darted upon the live shell and cut it out by the middle of the line, burst about four yards from his hand without hurting anyone. The official list, in commemorating the services for which Captain Peel obtains the cross, adds to this fact: "On November 5, 1854, at the Battle of Inkerman, for joining the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and assisting in defending the colors of that regiment, when hard pressed at the Sandbag Battery. On the 18th of June, 1855, for volunteering to lead the Grenadier party at the assault on the Redan and carrying the flag under fire until wounded."—World of Adventure.

A Ghost Story.

The late Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell had frequent conversations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a man of a somewhat skeptical nature; the justice was somewhat superstitious. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject he had had several demonstrations which had convinced him of the existence of ghosts. The justice, in reply, replied the bishop: "give me the circumstances which produced it, with the particulars. Ocular demonstration, you say?" "Yes, my lord. As I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by a common noise, and heard something coming upstairs." "Go on, sir." "Fearfully alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain." "Proceed." "And saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber." "Of a blue color was it not?" interrogated the doctor. "Of a pale blue, and this pale blue light was followed by a tall meagre, stern figure who appeared as an old man of 70 years of age arrayed in a long light-colored gown bound with leather girdle; beard thick; hair scant; the straps of a black dark blue; upon his hand a large fur cap; and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame. I trembled till the bed verily shook, and cold drops hung upon every limb. The figure advanced with a slow step, and I began to speak to it? There was money hid or murder committed without a doubt," said the bishop. "My lord, I did speak to it; I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me whence, and for what purpose he thus appeared." "And in answer to my question was the reply?" "Before he deigned to reply he lifted up his staff three times, my lord, and smote the floor even so loudly that verily the stroke caused the room to reverberate the thundering sound. He then waved the pale blue light which he bore in what is called a lantern. He waved it even to my eyes; and he told me, my lord, he told me that he was—Yes, my lord, that he was no more nor less than—the watchman! who had come to give me notice that my street door was open, and that I might be robbed before morning." The justice had no sooner concluded than the bishop disappeared.

Dr. Wm. Roberts, Professor of Medicine in the Owens College, Manchester, Eng., in writing of Bright's Disease, says: "The blood becomes speedily deteriorated by the unnatural drain through the kidneys. It becomes more watery and poorer in albumen, while urea, uric acid and the extracts are unduly accumulated in it. Warner's Safe-Cure will restore the kidneys to a healthy condition and purify the blood."

One Thing Women Will Not Do.

"Shall women propose?" is a question lately heard in discussion. No, brethren; not marriage, certainly. Women will not propose. Metaphorically speaking, the pitcher's box is the one place that she does not aspire to fill. She will take her stand on the home plate as heretofore, and await the ball when her turn comes until caught out.

THEORIES OF THE MURDER.

Many theories regarding the Whitechapel murders have been advanced by detectives,

NORTHWEST NOTES.

The Northern Pacific & Manitoba Portage branch will be open for business on the 1st of August.

Two brothers named Western made a serious assault upon Geo. W. Robinson at Portage la Prairie. The Westerns rented rooms from Robinson and the quarrel resulted over the rent.

The contract for the new LaSalle College at Portage la Prairie has been let and permanent officers chosen.

Angus McNaughton, Calgary, livery stable keeper, was seriously injured by a horse falling on him, pinning him to the ground for several minutes.

A young French Canadian, nephew of a Mr. Licotte, was drowned to-day at Rat River. The name of the deceased is unknown.

Blood Indians recently interfered with Mounted Police officers in seeking the arrest of Colt Robe and Prairie Chicken, two of their number, for horse-stealing. Early next morning several Indians arrived at the barracks and reported that the police were intoxicated and drew their arms, and to prevent their firing they interfered. Supt. Steel then sent out Inspector Wood to investigate and bring in the district. He soon discovered that not a particle of truth in the charge of intoxication; that their men had not drawn their arms, notwithstanding provocation. After waiting a considerable time Red Crow handed over Prairie Chicken and Colt Robe to Inspector Wood, together with four other men who had obstructed the police. Prairie Chicken received a lecture for running away and was released. Colt Robe was held on a charge of levelling a rifle at Constable Simknot. He had his preliminary examination and was committed to the jail. The American school-teacher and Inspector Wood held a preliminary investigation on the four Indians who had obstructed the police, and they are to stand their trial. Indian Agent Pookington and Red Crow went security for their appearance.

The Pope has sent his Apostolic benediction to the Catholic Council at St. Boniface.

In the notice published in regard to the sale of the anthracite coal mining property, one named and several American stockholders who had received direct benefit from the sale are given. In addition to these a number of Canadians were heavy stockholders, and will receive equal benefit from the magnificent sale of the property for \$1,500,000. The Canadian investors were Mr. McLeod, Stewart, Major Jackson, Mr. Sandford Fleming, Mr. James O'Connor, of the Queen's, and Mr. W. B. Scarth, M.P. Mr. O'Connor will receive between \$50,000 and \$60,000 for his share, as he was a pretty heavy holder of stocks. Mr. Stewart will also get a good slice, as will also the others named. The old company was stocked for half a million, so that the stock sells for three times its face value. It is understood that Sir Charles Tupper assisted Mr. Stewart in England in making the deal.

A young man named Peters was drowned in Red River, near St. P. yesterday. He was swimming, and challenging his companions as to who could swim across the river the greatest number of times, at last becoming thoroughly exhausted and was drowned.

The Board of Trade have passed a resolution calling upon the Council not to proceed with the proposed by-law for the city undertaking the water-power scheme, the bill being that it should be done by a company.

An Englishman, calling himself Dr. Lucas put up at one of the city hotels for a few weeks, but has not been seen since the 9th of the present month. All his effects were left in his room, including a bottle of laudanum. It is believed he has committed suicide.

The sensation of the day at St. Boniface is a land sink which occurred in that village the night before last. The slide is the largest ever recorded in the city. It occurred immediately opposite St. Boniface, and the river bank above the slide was about twenty-five feet wide.

It is about half a mile long, and is about half a mile wide. The land does not appear to have slipped into the river; it seems just to have dropped straight down about fifteen feet as if to fill in a shrinkage in the bowels of the earth. The ground from which the fallen portion was removed presents a peculiar appearance, and is a high ledge about four feet above the level of the river. The phenomenon drew hundreds of curious people to examine the locality and speculate upon the cause.

James and Wm. Western, for assaulting Geo. W. Robinson at Portage la Prairie, were heavily fined.

A young Englishman named Fred Blair, at Morden, has been adjudged insane and taken to Selkirk.

There is a movement on foot among the friends of the late Hon. John Norquay to erect a monument over his grave.

The contract for the grading of the Winnipeg Transfer Railway along the banks of the Red River has been awarded to J. W. Buchanan.

Intelligence has been received here that Rev. A. M. Winchester, who left Winnipeg for mission work in China some months ago, is returning broken in health.

No application has yet been made for a writ of Habeas Corpus in the case of a man only a week removed in which it can be made. The difficulty in the way seems to be that Burke's lawyers have not yet been supplied with money.

Locating engineers are preparing to go out over the Regina and Long Lake Railway. The company has an agent here who will ship an outfit to Regina next week for the engineers.

A grain dealer who has been over a large part of the Province says the harvest will be two weeks earlier than it has been for years. He estimates that by August 10th wheat cutting will be going on all over the Province. He also says there is very little to complain of in the crops in the Red River district.

Among the Icebergs.

Reports by all the ocean steamers agree as to the continuing presence of icebergs in the Strait of Belle Isle, although the passage is getting gradually clearer and the bergs are being carried into the Atlantic. The Beaver liner Lake Huron, on her last outward trip from Montreal to Liverpool, appears to have fallen in with an immense field of icebergs, which were watched for two whole days with much interest by the passengers. No less than forty-two were counted at one time, all within a radius of ten miles. One of these, sighted 170 miles east of Belle Isle, was estimated by the captain and officers to be the largest they had ever seen. Its length was estimated at 1,000 feet, and it stood some 250 feet out of water. It was about two miles distant from the ship.

Married His First Wife Again.

A New York despatch says: Charles J. Turner, superintendent of the Cleveland Iron Works, has been divorced from his wife, whom he had married 20 years before in Danbury, Ct. His wife married the divorcee, and Mr. Turner married the woman who had won his affections from his first wife. Two weeks ago last Saturday he was married to his first wife. For ten years Mrs. Turner heard nothing from her divorced husband. A month or so ago she received a newspaper containing a marked death notice. This was followed by a letter from Mr. Turner. The letter was answered, and the marriage of the other night was the sequel.