

A Gir Charged With the Murder of Her Offspring.

Foxworth, June 28.—A great sensation was caused here yesterday by a case of alleged child murder coming to light. The facts are as follows:—A girl named Rebecca McMinn was charged before Mr. F. Wilson, J. P., with concealment of birth, and the girl acknowledged the fact, and said the child would be found buried in a graveyard a few hundred yards from her father's house. A constable and an assistant, on making a search, discovered the body only eight inches below the surface, in a wooden box without a cover. Coroner McMichael at once empanelled a jury and an inquest was held in Baschet's hall. Dr. McElvey, after having made a post-mortem examination of the body, said in his opinion the child had been born alive. He found a ball of cloth in its mouth, which was sufficient to cause death by strangulation, also marks of violence upon the body. Some witnesses were examined, relatives of the girl, but no evidence of any moment was adduced, as all professed to know nothing of the matter, although living in the same house with the girl. The prisoner made a statement to the effect that the infant was born on the night of the 10th inst., that she was alone and that the infant was born alive—the plug of cloth was put into its mouth to keep the dirt out—and that the took the body out and buried it without any assistance. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the child came to its death by the hands of its mother, who was immensely placed under surveillance and removed to Goderich gaol in charge of a constable.

The American Guess.

It is well known that in England the non-use or the misuse of the letter *h* is not more certainly an English social test than is the use of the word *guess* (as the synonym of *think*, *reckon*, *conjecture*, or *fancy*) a distinction by which Americans are instantly recognized as such. An English man, you will be told, never guesses. But Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," though himself recognizing the so-called American use, uses the word precisely in the sense in which a cultivated American would use it. He says of a Scotch Miss Graham, who had lived some time in Philadelphia and then had returned to Scotland, that she was "one of the amiablest of old maids; kind, modestly polite to the very heart; and in such a curious style of politeness—Pennsylvania Yankee grafted on Amanda Scotch." Used to "expect, instead of 'suppose' would 'guess' now and then?" he says. But he says: "I forgot whether as farmer or as shepherd, let guess the former. Again: 'I forgot, or never knew, what time they had come to Templand, but guess it must have been in 1822, or shortly after.' In all these cases Carlyle used the word with entire correctness, but so does the cultivated American use the word correctly. He means that he is not entirely certain, but ventures a confident conjecture. There is not so good a word in the language for the purpose, and it has the authority of the oldest and best use. Nevertheless, in England, a man using this word in conversation, just as Carlyle used it, would be judged an American at once. "Ah, he is an American—he guesses." Even as far as the less correct and more general use of the word "guess," could be defended as preferable to the universal "I fancy," which one hears in England. "Guess" approximates the meaning intended, as "fancy" more rarely does. "Expect" for "suppose" is a vulgar error, not often on the lips of well-educated people in America.—New York Observer.

A DISTRESSING SUICIDE.—A few days ago Henry Lukas, of Grimsby township, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. It appears that Smith Lukas his son, had occasion to visit some friends in Taplyton, leaving his sister Alice and an adopted son to watch over the old man. Alice watched diligently over her father who was quite out of his mind nearly all the day. He had tried several times to precipitate himself over the mountain since he was brought home from the Hamilton lunatic asylum, but was prevented by his children. This time, however, he in some way secured a razor and stepped to the center of the room. Alice heard his footsteps and ran to the door, but was too late to prevent the deed. With the exclamation, "My God! I'll do this time!" he drew the razor across his throat from ear to ear. Alice sprang forward, caught her bleeding father in her arms, and sealed herself with him on a chair, holding one hand over the wound and wiping away her tears with the other. When her neighbors came in she was completely saturated with blood. Dr. Alway was called in, but could do nothing and Lukas died in an hour after committing the act. Erysipelas in the head is said to have been the cause of his insanity. Mr. Lukas was a wealthy farmer, and was highly respected by all with whom he was acquainted. He leaves a son and daughter.—Hamilton Spectator.

DROWNED IN MANITOBA.—A most deplorable accident happened at Boggy Creek, Big Plains, Manitoba, Thursday, 9th of June, whereby a young girl named Annie S. McDonald, daughter of John McDonald, formerly of Galt, lost her life by drowning, together with a companion named Aggie Kellett. It appears that the unfortunate girl had been away on a visit for about a week, and on returning home, on the evening of that day, attempted to cross the creek in an old boat, in company with a young man named Arthur King. The creek at this place is both wide and deep, and by some means the boat was upset. None of the party could swim, but King managed to get to the shore himself. The two poor girls, however, were both drowned, and were not being recovered for upwards of an hour. Miss Kellett made a terrible struggle for life, but, with the water for a long time before succumbing; but Miss McDonald got entangled in the mud and thus became an easy victim. The latter was aged only sixteen years and the former only seventeen. The funeral took place on Saturday, the 11th instant, there being an unusual attendance of the settlers in the neighborhood who took this means of expressing their sympathy with the bereaved families.—Reporter.

A Modern Sermon.

We extract from a Portsmouth contemporary the following satire on a certain class of sermons. We do so with little hesitation, for we are glad to think that sermons such as those alluded to, are now less frequently heard than formerly. The following is the sermon in extenso.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

"To get her poor dog a bone,

"But the cupboard had no bone, the cupboard was bars,

"And so the poor dog got none."

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyse their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, loyly as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

"To get her poor dog a bone,"

Mother Hubbard, you see was old;

there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone: a friendless old solitary Widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel or wring her hands? No! She went to the cupboard. And we observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard. We have seen that she was old and lonely, and now we further see that she was poor. For mark, the words are "The cupboard" not "one of the cupboards," "or the right hand cupboard," or "the left hand cupboard," or "the one above," or "the one below," or "the one under the floor," but just "the cupboard." The one humble cupboard, the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel or feasts or other attributes of wealth? It was "to get her poor dog a bone!" Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard, in hope, in expectation, to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open, or ajar,—to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she went there, the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none." And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depicted to the eyes, still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my brethren, we are not so permitted to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patrimony of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keep the recollection what we have learned this day: let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go like Hubbard to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keep the recollection what we have learned this day: let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go like Hubbard to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"And when she got there!"

You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no!

Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none."

And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depicted to the eyes, still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my brethren, we are not so permitted to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patrimony of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keep the recollection what we have learned this day: let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go like Hubbard to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keep the recollection what we have learned this day: let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go like Hubbard to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"And when she got there!"

You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no!

Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none."

And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depicted to the eyes, still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my brethren, we are not so permitted to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patrimony of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keep the recollection what we have learned this day: let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go like Hubbard to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"And when she got there!"

You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no!

Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none."

And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depicted to the eyes, still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my brethren, we are not so permitted to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patrimony of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"And when she got there!"

You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no!

Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none."

And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depicted to the eyes, still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my brethren, we are not so permitted to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patrimony of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"And when she got there!"

You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no!

Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none."

And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depicted to the eyes, still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my brethren, we are not so permitted to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patrimony of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"And when she got there!"

You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings no slippings and slidings, no leading to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there. And how was the noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There was to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheeses, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare." There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious hope of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, or a fillet of venison, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare," my brethren, bare as a bold head. Many of you will say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow no doubt went out and bought the dog a biscuit." Ah, no!

Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived, or I might even say, saw at once, the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barrel cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable. She did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog got none."

And at this point our information ceases; but do we know sufficient? Are we not ignorant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the inferior fate of Old Mother Hubbard? Her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door