EVENING EDITION

London Advertiser.

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VOL. XXVII., NO. 293---WHOLE NO. 8785. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, 1890. PRICE--ONE CENT PER COPY.

THE END!

Closing Scene in the Blenheim Swamp Tragedy.

John Reginald Birchall Hanged at Woodstock Jail

For the Murder of Frederick C. Benwell.

How the Doomed Man Spent His Last Hours of Life.

The Midnight Interview with Mrs. Birchall.

The Hangman Does His Dreadful Work with Stoical Coolness and Deadly Precision—The Crime for Which Birchall Died—Sketch of His Life and that of His Victim—Scenes at the Execution.

THE CRIME.

On the morning of Friday, Feb. 21, the body of a young man was found in what was known as the Blenheim swamp. From the appearance of the body it was evident that the man had been murdered. There were two bullet wounds in the back of the head, which, from their position, demonstrated that it was impossible for the deceased to have made them himself. The body was removed to Princeton, and after a post-mortem, was buried in that quiet little hamlet. Electrotypes of the murdered man were printed in many of the leading journals of the country, and in nearly every place of any importance people were found who professed to have known the victim, but their stories had nothing in common and were one after another dismissed as without foundation. On the day following that upon which the body was discovered, a more minute search was made in the vicinity where the body lay, and the searchers were rewarded by the finding of a cigar-case, upon which was written the name of "F. C. Benwell," and from that moment the case began to unravel piece by piece until on March 2 the authorities felt it their duty to place John Reginald Birchall under arrest. When the cigar-case had been found the news was published in the press, and Birchall no doubt resolved that it would be better to set the minds of the authorities at rest with regard to the identity of the murdered man, rather than have them commence work from the clue which meant certain exposure for him. Accordingly he went to Princeton and identified the body as that of his companion, but in the conversations following the identification he betrayed a greater knowledge of the crime than a man not directly implicated would be expected to possess, and in the great trial following, which is still fresh in the memories of all, he was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to be hanged. Every effort was made to secure a reprieve, his wife personally presenting to the Governor-General-in-Council a petition with many thousand signatures, but it was decided that the law must take its course.

The Murderer.

J. R. BIRCHALL.

John Reginald Birchall was born on May 25, 1866, and was consequently only 24 years of age at the time of his death. He was the son of Rev. Joseph Birchall, M.A., late rector of the Church-Kirk, near Acrington, Lancashire, England, a clergyman of prominence. In 1878 Birchall entered Rossall School, near Blackpool, the well-known seaside resort in Lancashire, his father dying in the same year and leaving the family in affluent circumstances. In this institution he carried off high honors, and in 1831 became a pupil of the college at Reading, Berkshire, from which, in 1885 he passed a creditable examination to Lincoln College, Oxford, where his riotous career is still fresh in the memories of his contemporary students and teachers. During his vacation of 1887 his love for theatricals led to his appointment as acting manager for Mr. Edward Colona, a popular tragedian. His first association with this country commenced in the following year, when he left England for Woodstock on Nov. 21 in order to experience farm life, and it was there that he and his wife figured as the sensational Lord and Lady Somerset. Birchall left Woodstock in May, 1889, returning to England where he resided with his father-in-law, Mr. David Stevenson, general traffic superintendent of the London and Northwestern Railway Company. He subsequently became the advertising agent of a fashionable firm of photographers in London—Mayell & Co.—his contract ending in November of the same year. After the severance of his connection with that firm he entered upon the fraudulent speculating scheme by which Benwell was induced to come to Canada in his company in February, 1890.

The Murdered Man

was Frederick Cornwallis Benwell, about 24 years old, and the oldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Benwell, a retired British Navy officer, who lives in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. He was entrapped into a plot of Birchall's as a result of which he came to Canada, as he thought to purchase an interest in and to assist in the management of a farm which was to be illuminated with electricity, and in consideration of which Col. Benwell was to pay Birchall the sum of £500. The photograph of the young man reproduced below was taken and presented to his friends just before he left for America. After several postponements of the voyage across the Atlantic young Benwell, accompanied by Birchall and his wife under the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Bushell," sailed on

FREDERICK C. BENWELL.

the steamer Britannic on Feb. 5. Arriving at New York in due time, the entire party took the train for Buffalo, N. Y., which was reached on Sunday, Feb. 16.

The Fatal Journey.

On the Monday following Birchall took his dupe to inspect the farm, as the latter supposed. It was located, as Birchall stated, a short distance from the hamlet of Eastwood. The two traveled as far as Hamilton on the express, when they changed cars, taking a local train from Hamilton to Eastwood. The train arrived at the latter point at 11:14 the same morning, and from this spot the men walked to the Blenheim swamp, a distance of about four and a half miles. In this swamp Benwell was murdered, being shot in the back of the head twice. The clothes of the dead man were minutely scrutinized after the deed was committed, and every mark which might be expected to lead to identification was carefully cut out with a pair of scissors.

After the Murder.

Leaving the body of his victim in the swamp Birchall retraced his steps to the Eastwood station and caught a returning train to Hamilton which left at about 3:38 o'clock. He arrived in Buffalo shortly after 9 o'clock that evening and reported that Benwell had become sulky and left him at Niagara Falls, going to London. The next day Birchall and his wife removed to Suspension Bridge, accompanied by D. R. Pelly, who had also been duped by Birchall. From this point Birchall on Feb. 19 wrote to Col. Benwell saying that his son was well satisfied with his condition in Canada and said he was sure that young Benwell would never regret his settlement in the farming business. From the time of the finding of the tell-tale cigar case Birchall endeavored to cover up his tracks and resorted to all manner of means, but without avail, as from the time that he identified the body on Feb. 28 he was suspected and shadowed.

Behavior Since Arrest.

After his arrest Birchall kept up an air of stoicism, which some regarded as a sign of innocence and others as proof positive of his guilt. He amused himself in drawing pen and ink sketches, in entertaining reporters, and in writing his autobiography, and took but a passing interest in religious matters. He denied, almost as often as the occasion presented itself, that he had killed Benwell, but admitted that he was an accessory both before and after the fact. He resorted to almost every manner of fiction to create a doubt as to his guilt, but seemingly without success. The greatest concern shown by him since his arrest was occasioned by the fear that his wife would be credited with a share of his misdeeds, and from the time of his confinement he avowed over and over again that she was innocent.

HIS LAST HOURS.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 14.—The last hours of Birchall were spent much as he has passed the long months of his imprisonment. He smokes a good deal, being supplied with cigars by compassionate men outside the jail. Yesterday he finished putting up a number of souvenirs for friends, to be delivered after his death. Bouquets of flowers were received by him, and he received a number of letters, telegrams and cablegrams. They were nearly all the ravings of persons who appealed to the officials to avert the execution in language that has at this late hour of their hero's life become hysterical and extravagantly threatening, or they were protestations sent to Birchall of an anonymous character, but asserting undying confidence in his innocence. A few were from friends, and signed. One of these, a cablegram, signed "Edward and Johnny,' Oxford friends who have written to Birchall often, reads: "Confidence unabated. Could not write." One of these singular messages reads: "You are to be hanged on my birthday; be a brave actor." It is signed "G. F. Leonard, New York." When this message was taken to the jail the telegraph messenger asked to have Birchall sign his book, and the boy's longing for an autograph was satisfied.

Birchall's demeanor remained unchanged yesterday. The scaffold was put up in the northeast corner of the west yard almost directly under his cell window, and while he could not see the operations he could hear the sound of the hammer. Unable to see the men at work, he grew curious and asked his day guard, George Perry, to draw him a design of the structure and explain its working. This Perry did, and Birchall's simple remark was, "My, but it is crude." Mrs. West-Jones called to see him and cried a good deal while with him. This display of feeling drew from him the remark that it seemed as if he had to be the consoler instead of the consoled. Here is another instance of the style of his references to his execution. He was talking to his guard of death by hanging, and said: "It is painless, and I will never know what struck me." When the cook took supper to him he was traversing his corridor with long and stealthy steps, showing his guard the way he stalked game.

His Clothes.

Birchall was always natty in his dress, and when masquerading about Woodstock as Lord Somerset was always as neat and tidy as if he had just emerged from the proverbial bandbox. He gave his wife a list of articles he required, and these were purchased at McKay & Huggart's. Birchall wanted a fine flannel shirt, open in front with turn-down collar, for the final leap into eternity. There was nothing to be had in Woodstock that would answer the purpose, so Mr. Huggart kindly secured one in London. He sent for a pair of black cashmere socks and a fashionable stand-up collar and tie. In speaking of the flannel shirt yesterday, he remarked jokingly to one of the officers: "You should call in an auctioneer to-morrow and see what this will bring. The reporters will make the bidding rather brisk." Birchall laughed heartily at this sally, and all afternoon kept his attendants in the best of spirits by his jokes.

He wanted to wear a white flannel shirt, because, as he explained to the guard, he did not want a stiff linen collar to interfere with the noose. He cleared up the remainder of his effects in his cell, and they were given into the custody of Mr. Leetham, one of his executors. Wednesday afternoon the sheriff ordered Birchall's cell changed, to guard against his using any secreted poison. Birchall expressed a wish that his executors, Turnkey Forbes and Mr. Leetham, should attend the execution.

His Last Day.

Inquiry from the various officials elicited the following details of Birchall's manner of spending his last day on earth. The first incident after the change of guard was the sending up of Birchall's breakfast a few minutes after the hour named. This consisted of chicken, toast and tea, which, however, had to be laid by, the doomed man being sound asleep. At 8:20 he began to get restless and tossed from side to side of his bed, finally half-waking and then trying again to drown in sleep the remembrance of the day that was virtually to close his earthly account. At 9:20 o'clock Messrs. Craib and Stewart, the carpenters having on hand the erection of the scaffold, came to begin their task, Birchall being still in bed, but no longer sleeping or trying to do so. At this point the guard went into the cell and asked the convict how he felt, to which Birchall replied "very well," and that his sleep had done him good. At 10:25 Deputy Sheriff Perry arrived with a plan of the scaffold, which he handed to the guard to look at. Five minutes later Birchall was asked by the guard if he wanted any breakfast, the food brought up before 8 o'clock having remained within his reach, hitherto untouched and untasted. He replied in the negative, but a minute later asked for breakfast, adding that he could not eat it then. A few minutes later and Birchall was back asleep again, though his slumbers were uneasy and feverish. He dreamed a good deal and muttered much in his sleep, though the words were confused and meaningless. Only the word "wife" was now and then distinguished among the ejaculations that escaped him showing that even in sleep he was thinking of the woman who has certainly in his last days shown herself all that a wife could be. Once, too, the words "scaffold" and "Oxford" dropped from him, showing that in his dreams possibly he was connecting his brief and unfortunate university career with the dreadful doom which was now almost upon him. At 11:30 the hangman arrived at the jail with his apparatus and proceeded to boss the job of erecting the scaffold, which was now well under way in the jail yard. Before passing out into the yard, though, he came into the jail and went up to Birchall's cell to have a look at the wretched man whom he was to send into eternity. His look was not one of curiosity but of business. He looked long and closely, and was apparently sizing him up, and appeared no more concerned than if he had been measuring him for a suit of clothes. Birchall meantime was of course unconscious of the examination.

At last at noon Birchall awoke and asked the time. On hearing it he said he would now get up, but looked drowsy and heavy, and as a matter of fact on lying down to collect himself he dropped into a dose. When, at a quarter past 12 the jail surgeon, Dr. Rice, arrived at the jail and asked to see him, the guard awoke him and delivered the doctor's message, but Birchall grumbled out that he did not want to be bothered with him just then, and off he dozed again.

About 1 p.m. he awoke again. A few minutes later the guard told him dinner was ready, though his breakfast remained yet untouched, save for what Birchall had between his dozes allowed his pet black cat to eat. The cat had been lying at his head while he slept. Birchall said when dinner was announced that he would now get up. Ten minutes later, however, found him once more dozing and muttering to himself. This continued for half an hour or more, and then finally at 10 minutes before 2 he rose.

A few minutes after he saw the hangman in the yard, and his attention was attracted to the man's corduroy coat. He discussed the man's appearance and the operation of the gallows with Deputy-Sheriff Perry. As the officer was about to leave Birchall grasped him warmly by the hand and said, "Good-bye, old man. I will see you in the morning, but before you go let me present you with this memento," and the murderer drew from his pocket a photo of himself, on which he wrote in one corner, "To John Perry, Esq., deputy-sheriff Oxford county." On the opposite corner were the words "From Reginald Birchall, Nov. 13, 1890."

His Spiritual Advisers.

Rev. Rural Dean Wade and the Bishop of Huron visited Birchall at 3 o'clock, and remained three-quarters of an hour. About 4 o'clock Dr. Rice, the jail surgeon, called and had a long talk with the prisoner. Later in the afternoon, when the men had almost finished the scaffold, he remarked to his guard, "What would Craib and Stewart say if I were to raise the window and ask them how much they get for the job?" At 6:20 Henry Whitehead, the special cook engaged to prepare his meals, brought his supper up to him and passed it into the cell. The meal consisted of a bowl of oysters, a large steak of venison, potatoes, bread and two cups of [illegible]

LINSEED AND TAR

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life to each other; of their first meeting, their many pleasant interviews, and the supreme crowning moment of happiness when they became man and wife; their troubles and many trials and pleasant hours spent together, and ended with mutual tears and messages from the doomed man to his friends in England—to his heart-broken mother and his sorrowing sister and brother. Then one long, lingering look, and Mrs. Birchall, her frail form shaken by a storm of tears, was led down the dark, winding stairway and driven to the hotel, where she spent the night in hysterics. Birchall returned to his cell, and sat for a long time meditating upon the terrible death that awaited him, and apparently very downcast. In a short time Rev. Dean Wade entered the jail and spent several hours with him in talking over spiritual matters. The doomed man's spirits rose again, and he did considerable writing to friends, and was somewhat surprised when the clock struck only a single rap on its gong. When Birchall finally decided to retire, it occupied only a few moments of his time to disrobe, and when he had pulled the bed clothes down he snugly wrapped himself in them, and was soon in dreamland.

A Visit from the Hangman.

His wife having gone, Birchall was left with Turnkey Forbes and Rural Dean Wade. While Mrs. West-Jones was in the jail, the hangman came knocking at the door, followed by a dozen reporters. He was admitted after he had succeeded in satisfying Guard Midgeley of his identity by bringing the deputy sheriff. But this was not before the public executioner had grown so angry at being kept out of the jail that he threatened to return to Toronto and leave the job to an amateur. "I would not have let him in at all," Guard Midgley remarked a couple of hours afterwards, "if it had not been that I did not want to see the job botched and I told him," he continued as he pointed to the hangman sleeping on the sofa in the office beside him, "that if he botched this job I would knock him down." While Rev. Mr. Wade was with Birchall in his cell the turnkey took a nap. During the night Mr. Wade came out of the cell, and Mr. Forbes, who is one of Birchall's executors, went in and spent some time with him, talking about his temporal affairs. Birchall had

Little to Leave

except a legacy which he expects to fall to him next spring. The extent of his property was the $1,500 he received from the autobiography, and $150 he received by his agent from the proprietors of a Toronto museum for the clothes he wore on the 17th February, and also authority solely to exhibit a cast of his head, bust and figure. Birchall gave Midgeley a gold pencil for his son, and said he had left instructions to have a sword sent out from England for the old soldier himself. Midgeley said good-bye to the prisoner, for, although he was going to remain to see the execution at Birchall's request he would not again have the opportunity to speak with him. Birchall had, early in the evening, asked the cook to take him up a supper at 12 o'clock, but it was not afterwards asked for and he ate nothing during the night. He preserved his usual demeanor all through the night. Amid the otherwise deathlike quiet prevailing, the broad tones of the executioner's Devonshire tongue sounded as much out of place as they would in the chamber of death. The guards were glad when he stretched himself on the sofa at 2 o'clock and fell asleep with his unfinished cigar in his hand. Jailer Cameron visited the jail about 3 o'clock and then returned to his house.

When Midgeley came down from Birchall's cell at a quarter to 5 o'clock, he said that the prisoner was bearing up well, and that there was no question he would make a big effort to die game.

No Confession.

Birchall had begun to fear that by some means a faked confession might be worked off on the public after his death, and to guard against this he made out this document:

WOODSTOCK JAIL, Nov. 10, 1890.

If after my death there shall appear in the press or in any other manner whatsoever any confession that I had any hand in the murder of Mr. F. C. Benwell or any personal knowledge of said murder, with intent or malice aforethought, or any personal connection with the murder on Feb. 17, or other day, or any knowledge that any such murder was likely to be committed or any statement further than any that I may have made public previous to this date. I hand this statement to the care of Mr. Geo. Perry, of Woodstock, Ont., that he may know that any confession or partial confessions are entirely fictitious and in no way were ever written by me; neither emanated from me in any way whatsoever to any person, and the whole are fictitious and without a word of truth. This likewise applies to my story in the Mail, in which I have made no such confession or partial confession. This holds good throughout.

(Signed) REG. BIRCHALL.

Birchall's Last Breakfast.

At 5:30 o'clock, the cook began to prepare Birchall's breakfast, which had been ordered for 6 o'clock. It consisted of poached eggs, toast, peaches, canned raspberries and coffee. Breakfast was brought into the prisoner's cell by the cook at 6 o'clock promptly. Birchall looked at it and said he did not feel like eating anything. The cook left the food, however, and withdrew, and on second thought Birchall started to eat a little. He disposed of a couple of eggs and then pushed the tray from him. Then he began to prepare himself for the final terrible ordeal. He put on a white flannel shirt, with coat and vest over it, but had previously asked Turnkey Forbes to see that this was replaced after execution by an ordinary white shirt, with starched collar and tie.

THE FINAL ACT.

At 6 o'clock the prisoners were started at their work by Guard Midgeley, an hour earlier than usual, thus to get them out of the way during the execution. They swept down the corridors, cleaned out their cells and made their beds.

At about 7:30 Deputy Sheriff Perry showed up and the doors of the jail were opened and the crowd of writing men admitted and passed straight through to the yard in which the scaffold was erected.

About 100 were admitted, but the number was subsequently increased by about 50. The executioner appeared on the scene at 25 minutes before 8, rope in hand, and began immediately to put things in order.

The executioner was dressed in his drab corduroy coat and soft black hat, and he was smoking a pipe. He placed a ladder against the wall, and with deliberation ascended to put the noose rope through the pulleys and to attach the chain to the staple. A couple of telegraph instruments were put into the yard and another had been put in the jail kitchen.

The door-keeper who stood taking tickets was kept busy until after 8 o'clock, and then a crowd of curious ones stood about the door and crowded against the bars, not able to see anything and not knowing what they were there for.

For half an hour a couple of hundred people in the yard stood about kicking their toes to keep away the frost that was still glistened on the grass. The trees outside the west wall were occupied with boys, and a platform and partly constructed wall at the new county buildings was crowded with a throng of men.

Desiring to elevate the weight the executioner called on County Constable Ward, of London, to assist him, but met with a refusal. Others were found, however, and the ominous iron was swung into position.

This done, the chatting, as if by mutual understanding, died away and a death-like silence prevailed, broken only by the clear, ticking of the telegraphic instruments, which had been introduced to the jail yard.

The Procession

formed in the corridor of the jail at about a quarter past 8, and after the reporters had been cautioned not to speak to the condemned man under any consideration, the long expected cortege made its appearance, headed by Rev. Rural Dean Wade repeating the text from Revelations, beginning "I am the resurrection and the life." Following him came Sheriff Perry in his cocked hat and a drawn sword; Deputy Sheriff John Perry; the prisoner with his arms pinioned, supported by Mr. Leetham and Guard John Perry, and Guards Tisdale, Anderson, Magee, Lyons and Long. With marked exactness the procession halted in front of the ghastly gibbet, and with the condemned facing it, the funeral service of the English Church was repeated with faltering voice by the clergyman. Birchall

Was Calm and Composed

and wore a sad and piteous smile on his pale but handsome face. His nerves were firm and in his dark eyes there was an expression of resignation. He was neatly attired in a suit of dark tweed with a white flannel shirt and a small black bow tie. He stepped firmly to the place assigned him by the executioner, close to the left upright of the scaffold and stood as straight as an arrow. His calm, unnerved demeanor completely melted the hearts of the spectators, and many turned their heads away to conceal their emotions, while expressions of "Poor fellow!" were heard on every side. His legs were then tightly strapped together, and just previous to the putting on of the black cap he extended his hand to his friend, Mr. Leetham, and then affectionately

Kissed Him Farewell.

He bade the clergyman good-bye in a similar manner, and extending his hand to the executioner, he said in a low voice: "Good-bye; for God's sake make a good job of it." The black cap was then put on, hiding from view Birchall's dying smile. The heavy weight was released at 8:29 o'clock. Instantly the body gave a sudden leap upwards about 8 feet. As the rope tightened after the side jerk, the body swung completely around and settled down. For over a minute and a half it was convulsed, the chest heaving, and the legs and arms drawing up at regular intervals. The pulses beat for exactly six minutes after the weight was released and then John Reginald Birchall was

Pronounced Dead.

The body was cut down at 9:16 o'clock, when it was found that the neck had been dislocated. The front teeth were forced through the tongue and the head was greatly swollen and discolored.

Mrs. Birchall's Condition.

When Mrs. Birchall returned to her apartments at the Commercial Hotel last night after her last long interview with her husband she was given an opiate and passed into widowhood in a state of unconsciousness. She was aroused after the execution, and the tidings were conveyed to her by Mr. Leetham. She was greatly affected, but took the sorrowful tidings more calmly than was expected. Mrs. West-Jones was even less affected.

The Gallows.

The scaffold is built of three pieces of 6x6 inch timber—two upright seven feet apart, and the third across the top of them and extending six feet out over one of the uprights. The crosspiece is fourteen feet from the ground, and the structure is about four feet from the wall of the yard. The rope goes up through a hole and over a pulley in the top piece midway between the uprights. The rope then runs out along the extension of the top piece, and four or five feet from the upright runs through a pulley and a hole to have the weight attached. The weight is almost a cube, weighing 350 pounds, with a ring in one side to which the rope is attached. It came from Toronto for the purpose, and had done duty before. The weight is raised aloft to within a couple of feet of the beam by means of a block and tackle. It is suspended by a chain, which is kept in place by an iron pin. When the pin is withdrawn by a jerk of a small rope, the weight falling draws on the noose rope which is attached to it. The slack of three or four feet in the noose rope gives the body attached to the other end of it a jerk that breaks the neck. The doomed man is placed alongside one of the uprights, so that the jerk of the rope, which comes down midway, is in an oblique direction. The hangman says he prefers this sort of gallows to the drop for this reason: "In a scaffold the condemned man must climb steps almost as high as the top of my scaffold out there," pointing to the yard outside. "That is terribly trying, and their knees get very weak before they get to the top. With this style they just have to walk out on the grass and stand on a certain spot."

During the building of the scaffold the workmen were watched by prisoner McCabe, an old man who is serving a sentence for arson, and has himself been twice tried on murder charges.

The Executioner.

The hangman arrived yesterday morning from Toronto. His name is J. R. Ratley, and for several weeks he has been steward of the Sunnyside Boating Club at Parkdale. He went down town during the day and again in the evening, and, dressed in corduroy coat, was a conspicuous figure on the streets in the evening. The victim saw the executioner in the yard, and asked the guard if that was "the professor."

Notes.

It is stated that the hangman's real name is Redcliffe.

The executioner left for Toronto on the evening train.

The hangman, James Ratley, spent two or three hours in the evening with a group of reporters.

It is expected that Mrs. Birchall and her sister will leave Woodstock as soon as their affairs are settled.

Chief Young, of Niagara Falls, the officer who first placed Birchall under arrest, witnessed his execution.

When questioned by an official as to whether he would make a confession or not, Birchall said: "I have said all I am going to say on that matter."

Sheriff Smith, of Welland, was among the visitors. He was interested in the execution, as it is probable that he will have to arrange for the execution of Murderer Day.

Pielhall, it is reported, was accommodated at the Windsor Police Station the other evening, and left for Woodstock with a view to saying good-bye to Birchall. He did not put in an appearance, however.

Turnkey Forbes could hardly keep back his tears as the preliminaries were gone through with. Sheriff Perry was also visibly affected and retired within the doorway when the executioner started the dread machine on its mission.

The post-mortem examination was under the direction of Coroner McLay, conducted by Drs. Odlum and Mearns. Among the other medical men present were Drs. Rice, McLurg, Karn, Ivey, Kitchen, Brown and Dr. Wallace, of Hamilton.

Dr. T. F. Chamberlain, inspector of prisons, was present, and appeared quite satisfied with the way in which the execution was conducted. He will recommend to the Attorney-General that Ratley be appointed public executioner.

The following gentlemen composed the coroner's jury: John Virtue (foreman), James Baird, John Baird, John McKay, Peter Irwin, Thos. C. Grant, Angus Dent, M. Virtue, Geo. A. Fraser, Matthew Symes, Geo. Pascoe, Wm. McDonald, Wm. Baldwin, A. P. Brown, Jas. Lyons. They returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Relic hunters were greatly disappointed in their efforts to secure mementoes of the execution. The executioner was careful that none of his property was stolen, but several spoons and other small articles of jail furniture, supposed to have been used by Birchall during his confinement, were carried off.

Birchall's body will be buried in the jail yard, according to the requirement of the law. The Government decided that there were not sufficient reasons for making a departure from the custom. The Attorney-General is reported to have said that unless there was some valid reason for a departure from the usual custom, the law in this respect had to be carried out. The country had heard too much of this gentleman murderer, who ought to be treated the same as others.

A receipt for a revolver bought by Birchall a few days before he sailed from England was found in Birchall's clothes. The receipt is from Th. Hartmann, 31 A King William street, London, dated Feb. 4, 1890, and is for several articles, as follows: One box of type, 7s 6d; one holder, 1s 2d; one ink and pad, 6d; one revolver, etc., £1 0s 6d. Total, £1 9s 8d.

The East Zorra Shooting.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 14.—The attempted murder of George D. Damm, the East Zorra school teacher, turns out to be a rather sensational matter. There was a woman in the case. The first thing that suggested jealousy as a motive was the action of a young lady residing where Mr. Damm formerly taught school. On learning of the shooting she hurried to the scene and left no doubt as to the tender relations existing between her and the wounded man. It subsequently transpired that Mr. Damm had a rival. The lady in question is a Miss Waggester. From her and others it was learned that Mr. Damm's rival on Tuesday met him at a funeral. The Crown Attorney has given instruction to have an information laid against the suspected party, charging him with shooting with intent to kill.

Steamers Arrived.

Nov. 13.	At.	From.
Corean	Father Point	Liverpool

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