

The Chatham Daily Planet.

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NO. 241

Our Great Rebuilding

Like a gorgeous butterfly emergent from its chrysalis state, such will be the appearance of our interior before many weeks have passed. 'Tis true that amidst the noise of saw and hammer and surrounded with building materials, it is far from attractive. But when the last artisan shall have laid aside his tools, then more than ever will this store be known, not only as the most handsome but reliable and economical place to buy Dry Goods in this part of Canada.

Fifty Cases and Bales of European Goods Just Passed Into Stock

Dress Goods and Silks From England
Linoleums and Mantle Cloths From Scotland
Dress Goods and Mantles From Germany
Silks, Dress Goods and Laces From France
Millinery, Mantles and Tailor-made Suits From New York.

The choicest goods produced on two continents are here. You can come here and get them. We invite you to come and see them.

THOMAS STONE & SON



The Empress Shoe

FOR WOMEN

We have just received a large shipment of the

CELEBRATED EMPRESS SHOE

manufactured by The Walker Parker Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Empress Shoe cannot be excelled for Style, Durability and Comfort

And retails at popular prices

\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00

TURRILL'S
Sole Local Agents

JUST NOW YOU NEED THEM

Fruit Jars and Preserving Kettles

"THE ARK"

IS HEADQUARTERS IN THIS LINE.

PRESERVING KETTLES 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 750

McCLARY'S FAMOUS KETTLES ARE BEST.

FRUIT JARS (Owens Brand)

1 quart size per dozen \$9.00
2 quart size per dozen \$11.00
1 pint size per dozen \$7.00

RUBBER RINGS for jars, a special heavy kind, per dozen. . . \$6

H. MACAULAY, Agent for

McClary's Famous Ranges & Stoves

MONEY TO LEND

To pay off mortgages, To buy property, Very lowest rates, Pay when desired, Will also lend on notes and shares, J. W. WHITE, Barrister, King St. West, Chatham.

TEA and TEAS

Glen & Company, William Street Import direct from London, England, the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Teas. Try our English Breakfast Tea, 35c and 40c

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

We Show For Fall 1901

The most complete range of

Dress Goods

Ever shown in Chatham. It would be wise to see our stock before buying.

Thibodeau & Jacques

Jas. J. Couzens

MANUFACTURER OF Asbestos Building Stone

Granolithic Walks Laid on Short Notice.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT

Wm. McKinley Shot Down At The Buffalo Exposition.

FELL BY HAND OF MAN HE GREETED IN FRIENDSHIP.

President Was Holding Public Reception in Temple of Music When Assailant Made His Cowardly Attack Upon Him.

THE CULPRIT MAKES CONFESSION THAT HIS ONLY MOTIVE WAS TO CHANGE THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

Mrs. McKinley Bore up Bravely Under the Dread News—Profound Sorrow and Sympathy in England—Some Wild Scenes.

A profound sensation was created in the Maple City yesterday afternoon when at 5.30 The Planet issued the following brief extra, giving the first news in this city of the attempted assassination of William McKinley, President of the United States:—

Special To The Planet.
Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6. — President McKinley was shot on the Exhibition Grounds at 4.35 this afternoon. The shooting took place in the Temple of Music.
The wound is a serious one, and it is feared it may prove fatal. He has been removed to the hospital.

BULLETINS.

Sept. 6, 10.40 p. m.—The President is rallying satisfactorily and is resting comfortably.

10.50 p. m.—Temperature 100.4 degrees, pulse 124, respiration 24.

Sept. 7, 1 a. m.—The President is free from pain and resting well.

2 a. m.—Resting well, temperature 100.2, pulse 120, respiration 24.

3.30 a. m.—President resting well. His temperature is falling.

7 a. m.—President's condition unchanged.

Buffalo, September 6.—Just a brief twenty-four hours ago the newspapers of the city blazoned forth in all the pomp of headline type "The President's Day in Buffalo."

To-night, in sackcloth and ashes, in somber type, surrounded by gruesome borders of black, the same newspapers are telling in funeral tones to a horrified populace the deplorable details of "the blackest day in the history of Buffalo."

President McKinley, the idol of the American people, the nation's chief executive and the city's honored guest, lies prostrate, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullets of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance.

Out on Delaware avenue, at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American exposition, with tearful face and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, his faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation, weeps and prays for his recovery.

It was a few moments after 4 p. m. while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the

great Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell.

Standing in the midst of crowds numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motley throng of people, shrouded with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes all eager to clasp his hand, amid these surroundings and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an adoring army of sightseers ringing in his ears the blow of the assassin fell and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

To-night a surging, swaying, eager multitude thronged the city's main thoroughfares, ehoking the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning or cheering in turn each succeeding announcement as the nature of the message sinks or buoy's their hopes.

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquisitors of the law, sits a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his fixed gaze directed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, oburgations and admonitions while his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

It was just after the daily organ recital in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made.

Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the President survive only to divine providence can be attributed that beneficent result.

The President, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances, to gaze on their chief executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then fight their way out in the good natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress to the building.

The President was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood John G. Milburn, of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American exposition, chatting with the President and introducing to him especially persons of note who approached. Upon the President's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

SHOT AS HE EXTENDED HIS HAND

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium-sized man of ordinary appearance, and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the President. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Mil-

burn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. Reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the dais until within two feet of the President.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know when suddenly, the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and shrilling of myriad feet and vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The President stood still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment on his face. He retreated a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in surprise, bare necks were craned and eyes turned as one toward the rostrum where a great tragedy was being enacted.

THREE MEN SPRANG UPON THE ASSAILANT.

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger, three men threw themselves forward, as with one impulse, and sprang toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States secret service men, who were on the lookout, and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had befallen the President and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the President.

As one man, the trio hurled themselves upon the President's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon wrested from his grasp, and strong arms pinioned him.

Then the multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realizing sense of the awfulness of the scene to which they had been unwitting witnesses. A murmur arose, spread and swelled to a hum of confusion, then grew to a pandemonium of noises.

The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless, as in bewildered indignation at the enormity of the thing, now, with a single impulse surged forward toward the scene of the horrid drama, while a hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

For a moment the confusion was terrible. The crowd surged forward regardless of consequences. Men shouted and fought, women screamed and children cried. Some of those nearest the doors fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery of the congested interior of the edifice.

THE PRESIDENT ALONE WAS CALM.

Inside on the slightly raised dais was enacted within these few feverish moments a tragedy, so dramatic in character, so thrilling in its intensity that few who looked on will ever be able to give a succinct account of what really transpired. Even the actors who were playing the principal roles came out of it with blanched faces, trembling limbs and beating hearts, while their brains throbbled with a tumult of conflicting emotions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

But the multitude, which witnessed of bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence, there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, one hand which remained steady, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness, and one voice which retained its even tenor and faltered not at the most critical juncture.

They were the mind and the hand and the voice of President McKinley.

After the first shock of the assassin's shot, he retreated a step; then, as the detectives leaped upon him, he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands.

In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the President meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm and telling them not to be alarmed.

"But you are wounded," cried his secretary, "let me examine."

"I AM NOT BADLY HURT."

"No, I think not," answered the President. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless his outer garments were hastily loosened, and when a

trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its tell-tale stain over the white surface of the linen, their worst fears were confirmed.

A force of expedition guards were on the scene by this time, and an effort was made to clear the building. By this time the crush was terrific. Spectators crowded down the stairways from the galleries, the crowd on the floor surged forward toward the rostrum, while, despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards, the throng without struggled madly to obtain admission.

BROKE NEWS GENTLY.

Buffalo, September 6.—Immediately the President was cared for at the exposition grounds, Director-General W. L. Buchanan, started for the Milburn residence to forestall any information that might reach there by telephone or otherwise. Very luckily, he was first to arrive with the information. The Niagara Falls trip had tired Mrs. McKinley, and on returning to the Milburn residence she took leave of her nieces the Misses Barber, and the President's niece, Miss Duncan, as well as their hostess, Mrs. Milburn, and went to her room to rest.

Mr. Buchanan broke the news as gently as possible to the nieces, and consulted with them and Mrs. Milburn as to the best course to pursue in breaking the news to Mrs. McKinley. It was finally decided that on her awakening, or shortly thereafter, Mr. Buchanan should break the news to her, if in the meantime her physician, Dr. Rixey, had not arrived. Mrs. McKinley awoke from her sleep at about 5.30 o'clock. She was feeling splendidly, she said, and at once took up her crocheting, which is one of her favorite diversions.

On Mr. Buchanan's arrival at the Milburn home he had telephonic communication therewith cut off for already there had been several calls, and he decided on this as the wisest course to pursue, lest Mrs. McKinley, hearing the continued ringing of the phone bell, might inquire what it meant.

While the light of day remained, Mrs. McKinley continued with her crocheting, keeping to her room. When it became dusk and the President had not arrived, she began to feel anxious concerning him.

Continued on Eighth Page.

A Pair of Shoes —FOR— A Pair of Dollars

Our two dollar Shoes for ladies and men are certainly great value. They're made of the best Dongola Kid and Box Calf that it is possible to put into a \$2.00 Shoe. Solid leather inner and outer soles, and not only solid leather, but the best of hard wearing sole stock. They have a certain flexibility about them too that make them extra easy on feet. At the price they are very easy on the pocket.

Peace's
Cash Shoe Store
4th Door From Market