

## His Confession Throws no New Light Upon the Farful Tragedy at Bear River.

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der. Remember, friends, don't let Satan run away with you as he did with me, for he is very oute and ready to tempt us and to get us in trouble; he is very cowardly at the end and sure to leave us in the lurch.

churches and is the usual way of conducting a Congregationalist pastor "dismissing" him, which is the customary when the transfer of pastor is sanctioned. The church represented in this case was the

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway, heated by steam from the locomotive, those between Halifax and Montreal Lewis are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager.

Railway Office, 3rd September, 1896.

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Created a Great Interest in the People of Chatham.

N. B., Sept. 6.—The week has had some of the greatest religious revivals in the history of the skating rink) exceeding anything ever seen in Chatham. Large numbers have come to the religious tent, so that the heart. The interest has intense that the evangelists induced to remain for another. In additions to the meetings Ark, afternoon meetings held in Newcastle, so that has been very heavy, and very great, but the evangelists to be made of iron and the way of work wants they have been ably assisted by Morton T. particularly of whose sympathies and appeals to the hearts of and made a wonderful on the audience. The first absolutely speaks in his own language. Mr. Harrison will always be in Chatham. T. particularly in curling friends, who remain in the old days. The minister of Truro gave a telling, with marked effect of an orchestra, or Mr. Harrison, added much of the excellent of the excellent

PICTURE ROCKS.

The Curiosities of Colorado Canyon in Arizona.

Over Field and Farm.)

Ark Mountain, the jutting line the verge of the Grand the Colorado in Arizona, straight walls of the canyon tell the story of a world as they are the sunvas upon depicted some of the most beautiful photographs that have been discovered in this. Nearly every boulder is a gallery, and nearly every face is covered with weird figures. On Navajo these continue to the summits the crowning piece, a set of sandstone stands on the four sides presenting smooth faces, and on each face is a sun, with the figure of a warrior bowed, as to the earth. Beneath the warriors are oglyptic characters, probably to the sun god.

On the lower edge of the picture of a woman kneeling to the sun. On one of the walls, more than 100 feet high that could have suffered barbaric artist a foot or there is a woman passing a snake under her arm, sleeping. One little hand lies breast, while the other hangs sleekly by its side. A few of the sleeping babe a large, recently a rattlesnake, is coiled around the head of the sleeping scene two. The snake is away and the limbs of the drawn as though in the last days of death. The snake has made work.

On the canyon scene warrior, evidently the father dead, with one arm clasped the wall, with the other he holds a snake in his face the rude artist had a look of mortal agony. A snake lies dead in his arms probably the most beautiful ever executed by savage. One of the canyon's walls and a maiden are represented—tripping along, hand in hand, two men are circling their heads. Photographs of in one place a bear followed by the dog, the mountain catamount are found.

These are evidently of recent date, and are the work of the Navajos, but here and there a dim photograph is evidence of great age. On an apparently inaccessible is a picture undoubtedly to represent the mastodon. The artist has depicted here, and the long, shaggy of another than the modern. Close by these is a representation of a camel. The conception mastodon may have been obtained from the north, but that of the camel?

THE APPLE CROP.

Great Trade Bulletin, which noted an apple crop of 8,000,000 bushels, or more, says in Friday's issue from later information it may be at 3,750,000, as follows: Ontario, 1,500,000; Quebec, 1,000,000; New Brunswick, 600,000 bbls. Orchard acreage yielded 300 to 400 bbls. off this year from 1,000 to 2,000 bushels. The yield is enormous and of good quality. Prices must be high, as the average price of apples which Great Britain from the United States States is about 1,450,000 bbls., while these two countries can supply three times that quantity. It says buyers are not anxious to acquire this year's crop for best winter varieties—rough some 60,000 to 70,000 bbls. taken in Ontario at that time at 40c. The Bulletin

number of a lot of Duchesse from England has just received sales of same, which brought \$1.10 per bbl, and as the party who the information did not net proceeds, we did not make any inquiries on this point. Regarding prices in this market see the s. a. Alexandria docks at \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bbl. Lawrence, \$1 for Duchesse class —Cuverts brought 90c. per bbl. Inquiries on this market of fall apples in this market of the best varieties bring 90c. to \$1.15 per bbl. Since sales were made, a buyer has that he purchased a fine lot of apples at 90c. The above prices are the lowest that fruit ever before sold for in

THE WEEKLY SUN.

A vertical strip showing the binding of a book. On the left is a dark, textured spine. On the right is a lighter, off-white or cream-colored cover with a subtle, mottled texture. The two parts are joined at a central vertical crease, which is the spine of the book. There are some small, dark spots and slight variations in tone across the surface, suggesting age or wear.

# WHEELER'S NERVE

## Annie Kempton's Murderer Met Death Without a Tremor.

### Dressed Himself With the Great- est Care and Ate Some Breakfast.

#### Hanged by Lâmpin in the Early Morning Under the Portico of Digby Jail.

#### His Confession Throws no New Light Upon the Painful Tragedy at Bear River.

Digby, Sept. 8.—At a quarter to three this morning Peter Wheeler was declared dead by the jury empanelled for the occasion. The drop fell at twenty minutes past two.

If he were not a murderer it would be said he died heavily.

The last act scene in connection with the Bear River tragedy was enacted at the court house in the presence of the jury, three members of the medical profession, Officer Bowles, Captain Allen of the Salvation Army and the medical staff.

The time of the execution was somewhat of a surprise to many who had intended to be witnesses. At a late hour last evening word had been sent to those necessarily interested, that the execution would take place at a much earlier hour than was currently reported about the town, and so secretly and effectively were all the arrangements carried out that even the special police on guard in front of the goal had to be apprised of the fact from the main table.

The last spectators within the prison walls.

Between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock some fourteen men might have been seen wending their way to the death chamber. They were there in round about way, and at the latter hour Coroner Daley and his jurors were quietly seated in a room set apart for their reception, where the time was spent until Sheriff Van Blarcom announced that their presence was required.

During the time spent by the jury in the room on the main floor of the building, an occasional murmur of voices reached their ears from the cell below, caused by the earnest supplications of Captain Allen and Officer Bowles who spent the last few hours with the condemned man, and did much to strengthen and console him for the last trying ordeal.

At the hour of 1.30 a basket of delicacies and a cup of warm tea, the kind reserved for Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Allen, were handed Deputy Sheriff William Van Blarcom, who at once proceeded to the cell with them, where they were partaken of in a sparing manner by Wheeler. Though his appetite was not remarkably good, he was in the best of spirits, and he kept continually assuring his spiritual advisers that he was confident of pardon and salvation.

After finishing his meal his new clothing, consisting of a pair of black pants, white shirt, and a pair of patent leather shoes were handed to him by Officer Bowles, with the request that he change them for the old ones, who at the same time notified him that the time was now of brief duration, and that not more than an hour remained to be spent in this world. With the same unconcern and taste as a man would display in dressing for some special occasion did the prisoner accept of the change in his new garments, making the utmost care that each was properly adjusted, and when this had been completed he stepped before the looking glass, which hung on the east side of his cell, where he took particular pains in dressing his hair, which was never without curl, and that not more than an hour remained to be spent in this world. With the same unconcern and taste as a man would display in dressing for some special occasion did the prisoner accept of the change in his new garments, making the utmost care that each was properly adjusted, and when this had been completed he stepped before the looking glass, which hung on the east side of his cell, where he took particular pains in dressing his hair, which was never without curl, and that not more than an hour remained to be spent in this world.

After this Wheeler seated himself at the table, with his stationery before him, and in an incredibly short time made two or three letters, one of which was for Thillie Conner, and the other for a gentleman named Davis, who had befriended him in a pecuniary way.

Then followed short prayers by Capt. Allen and the condemned man, when a signal from below signified that he was to be taken to the gallows. He was escorted to the gallows by Sheriff Van Blarcom, who had arrived for the doomed man to suffer the penalty of the law. Immediately upon the last sounds of the tapping, Deputy Van Blarcom handed a long piece of scenery to a special policeman at the threshold of the cell, and a moment later, with a heavy mallet and chisel in hand, he opened the door leading on to the platform or portico in front of the goal, under which the fatal gallows had been constructed. It was in a few short moments would prove to the world at large whether that construction necessary to carry out the justice of the law without an accident had been successfully arranged, or whether the slightest sight would greet the vision of the spectators.

At this juncture Coroner Daley and his jury, consisting of C. Jamison, Gilbert Ellis, Thos. Farnsworth, W. McLaren, Arthur W. Cousins, A. D. Doley being satisfied that the arrangement of the gallows was satisfactory, proceeded to the ground floor of the prison, and in an entry-way directly west of and adjoining the death trap and in close proximity to the cell door of the culprit, awaited with much suspense the appearance of Annie Kempton's murderer, who might have been standing just opposite the wicket on the inner side of the cell door, looking more complacent than his two attendants, and apparently anxious to show to the world that his wretched death without the slightest hesitancy or trepidation. An instant later they

the squeaking hinges betokened that the cell door was swinging open, and in a quicker time than it can be penned Wheeler stepped strongly and boldly into the death chamber, his hands pinioned to his side.

"Come on, friends," he said, "let all forgive me; I have told you about the cow and Annie Morine is all true; the confession I gave to the Digby Courier is the only true confession I ever made. If I am lying it is not before men; it is before God. Lord, I am coming!"

His words were hastily passed over the head guard tightly down to the shoulders, the three-quarter inch rope which encircled the neck was carefully inspected, when two thumpings upon the floor of the portico, over which Sheriff VanBlarcom, ever responsive to the least alarm, stood. Wheeler shouting upward some two feet and eight inches, followed by slight rebound and the unmistakable snapping of the cord. The murder of Annie Kempton had been completed.

"Now, my friends," he said, "the attending physicians, the body was cut down and laid upon the couch which had been its resting place for the past six months, when Coroner Kempton took it in charge, all other spectators with the exception of the jury leaving the room.

"After the swearing in of the jury R. S. McCormick was chosen foreman and shortly afterwards handed to the coroner the following verdict: 'That the body of Annie Kempton was found hanging, at the hands of Sheriff VanBlarcom, high sheriff of the county of Digby, in the presence of the jury, on the eighth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, in the presence and substance of an order issued by the supreme court on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1896, for the murder of Annie Kempton, at Bear River, between the hours of 5 p. m. on the 27th and 4 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of January last.'

"Sheriff VanBlarcom is deserving of every praise for the very commendable skillfulness with which the execution was carried out. It could not have been more successful.

"There is nothing outside. As a much later morning hour was current, I named, many who intended to be witnesses did not come into town till daybreak. At that time carriages from the surrounding country poured in by the hundreds.

The gallows, which was a contrivance of the sheriffs, was a very simple but effective instrument of death. The rope, one end of which was the noose passed up from the death chamber to the front porch, where it was secured of the front porch, over a pulley across a few feet over another pulley through the floor again where about two feet below hung four big pieces of lump-lead, weighing 500 pounds each. The rope was brought up again through the floor and attached to this holding the weight. When the sheriff cut the rope, the drop-weight fell to the ground, the rope tightened over the pulleys and the body raised.

Through the night Wheeler sang one or two verses of a hymn. When told he had only an hour to live he said he was not afraid. It was plain, however, that there was somewhat of a struggle, but he controlled himself wonderfully.

**WHEELER'S CONFESSION.**

On the 27th of January I left home about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. I went up to hunt for some wood. When I was about a mile from the gate Annie came to the front porch and called me and asked me where Tilly was, and I told her that Tilly and Hattie were both to the hotel to work. She wanted to know if they were going to be away all the week and I said I did not know, no more than she. Then Annie said, "You tell Tilly, for as she is to be away all the week she needn't mind coming away up her nights. After working from home a day and coming home and looking at the children, she will be glad to go to this hill, she will be too the more I try to get it. If I understood her to say Grace Morine, because it will just be fun for her to come here and stand nights."

Then she asked me if I knew whether or the sleighing party was starting from Digby to Bear River the next noon or afternoon of the next day. I said I did not know which, but that it was some time in the day. Then she asked me in. I went and shortly afterwards I saw her at the house. She baked beans and asked me if I would have some with her, but I thanked her and refused taking any. After talking a while I went home, at about noon. I made a fire, got my dinner and had some bread of bread. Shortly after Annie passed by and asked if she had gone down to the village for some tissue paper.

At fifteen minutes after five I started and went up around by Mrs. One Rice's and around the Harris Hollow and around the hill and around the hill around to where Elmer Crabbe's mine, which is more like an hour's walk than twenty minutes; and across the Parker road down to the field, back of barn and under barn. While I was under the barn I heard a noise and I saw the cow and when she went in the house with the milk I started running down the road. I was not in the house till 8 o'clock. I met Herbert Comeau and staid and helped the milk I found where he was cutting it. I told him that I was going to start for home. When we got there Mattie and Hattie had just got back from the hotel. I told Tilly what Annie had said about getting the Morine girl to say with her and Tilly said she would say with her. I told her that Tilly, Walter, Hattie and myself started for the bridge. On our way Crabbe overtook us and went along almost to the bridge. Then Hattie and her mother and Walter went there. I told her that I was going to the Rice's shop and I went to the little things I needed to go in the wood next day.

When I left Mr. Rice's shop it was 25 minutes to 8 o'clock. I met Walter and while I was talking to him Ben Rice came along and I told him that I was going home. I was pretty soon. Then I started to go to

Tilly but turned back, and Benson said I started for the flat, Benson asked me if I had seen Annie that night and I said that I had seen her in the afternoon. Then he said that he had been looking for her around the Salty Army, and wanted to know whether she was home. I told him I did not know. Then I told him that Annie said she was going to try and get Grace Morine to stay with her for it was too much for Tilly to work all day from home and then trace up the river. We got on from the foot of Tilly's house Benson said, "I want to go to Kempton's to see if Annie was home and if she was coming out. So we started and went up. When we got to the Electric Light dam we saw the light at Kempton's and there was nothing said about 'Til stop and you go on.' So we went on and went on as far as the gate. I never went above of Benson. When we got to the gate Benson said, "Peter, you go in. I'll wait here, but don't let on to Annie that I am here and don't stay long. I'll wait and stand running round the porch (called the kitchen) and if she stood there and asked her if she was coming out to meeting that night, I asked why. I said some one was waiting. She asked me who and if it was Benson. I said, "Yes, but don't let on to her. I'll wait here. She went to the front door and looked out the side lights and saw him and came back and said she would get ready right away, and afterward said, "Til Herbert to come up and see me. I said, "Til Herbert to come up again. "Herbert need not come. I guess I can do." I said good night and started back running to where Benson was and put my arms around him. Then he asked me if I had asked Annie what he was doing. I said no and that I had not. He said, "I wish Annie was there. I said no, that she was alone and that she said she was coming right out. "Go in and wait for her," I said. He answered "No; don't let on to anyone we were up here." I asked why he said that. He said, "Don't let on to anyone that I come out here nights when Annie's alone." I said, "Til never tell you were there. Go in and wait for her," but he said no. I said that if I was going with a girl and looking for her to come out, I would wait for her. He said, "I'll wait other time." Friends, I wish Benson had have gone in and waited. She would have come out. Then I would not have known whether she had come out with him or not and I would not have gone back in the night. Anyway, we went down to Kempton's and went way down home. When we got to the Electric Light corner Benson said "I wait till we saw if her light was out, but it was then burning bright. We went down to Tilly Comeau's house and I saw her light was out. When we were there alone, for Tilly or Hattie or Walter had not returned from the bridge the second time. Benson and I came out and stood at the gate. Hattie and Walter came along shortly afterward and Benson started for home. Then Tilly came along with us and Benson stood a while minutes talking. They were about 20 or 40 rods from the Comeau gate, where I stood. I said to Tilly, "I've heard that of brown cows coming home one after another." Benson said, "I'll answer you." Hattie and Walter went in the house and Tilly, Benson and I came behind with the sled. Tilly said to Benson, "Have you seen Annie today, or do you know where she is?" Benson said, "I have seen her. I have seen her about 4 o'clock at the bridge, but did not know whether she was home or not." It was about a quarter after eight when Benson went home. I went out to the gate with him and said good night. He said, "I'll wait here. I'll wash some meat and put on to cook to take to the woods next day. I made my bed on the floor next to the stove, as I had been used to doing through the winter, for my room was far from the stove. I can't go to bed. I want to be here. I think I was lying on the quilts when I went to bed. About half an hour after Mr. Bent went home from the Electric Light station I heard people talking down towards the corner. I saw Hattie and Walter and Benson and looked down the road and saw quite a lot of people at the corner and at the foot of Indian Hill. The I went back to the Kitchen and got a big block of wood and put against the wall and saw Benson and Hattie and Walter and saw the door back and forth; and I went to the stair door and put a chair and a stand against it, for the wind was blowing quick that night. Then I went to the kitchen and raised the wind up a little at a time. I was quite a little while doing that, on account of not making too much noise, for Tilly was not a sound sleeper. After I got the wind raised I went to the stairs and I went back into the kitchen and dressed myself and started and went running. Lord forgive me for it. I saw no one and no one saw me but the Almighty. That's why I said that all the stories of Benson, Sherman, Lewis, Jones and Hardy Benson told about me never condemn me. God is the only witness that saw me or knows anything about it. I went to the door and knocked and heard no answer. I went back and saw Benson and called to Annie, and she answered and asked: "Who is it?" I said "Peter." Then she said: "Why didn't you stay at home? I was just asleep." I told her then that I had seen her in the afternoon and that there were a crowd of drunkards around and we were afraid, so I had started and come up. I asked her to open the door, and she said: "Til fight there in a minute." She opened the door and I went in and saw her how many bunches of flowers she had made and said she had not been to bed long. She started and went back to bed. We were then in the dark. I stood in the sitting room and talked with each other. Can't say what we were talking about. I remember telling her that I had heard and seen people down to the corner and to the foot of Indian Hill until after half past twelve o'clock. Then there had been no more said between Benson and me. It was that time until that monster Satan got to go in her room. There's where the first of the fracas took place. I tried to keep her in the room, but she was too quick and strong for me. She went to the room and got the sitting room, and she was in the

the table and upset it and everything on it. Another thing I noticed was on the table was a milk pan which was filled with the night's milk. There was broken on the floor, and Annie and I both fell, with her face on this broken milk pan, and she cut her forehead on the side of her head, and also her forehead. I then tried to light the lamp, and I pulled her away from it and she dropped the chimney. She tried also to get matches off the mantel place, and she wanted to get a candle in the pantry to find some saleratus to eat. I took her by the hand. That's how comes the blood on the chimney and matches. Then she went into the bedroom to try to raise the window, but I would not let her. She went to the window towards Bertha's, that is the window facing the electric dam. I then went to the window. She then started to go into the porch when the key was broken. She tried several times to light the lamp and to raise the windows, and could not. I will also explain to you how that happened. I took a piece of tissue paper. The first or second time she went to the window towards the electric dam she took the piece of tissue paper off the stand and wiped her face with it and threw it down, for she was then bleeding quite badly on the side of her head. I then took which she cut upon the broken milk pan. It was one of those earthen pans and the milk was spilt on the floor. I did not accomplish just, nor she had not been struck by me then. She tried to get up to light the lamp for the last time. Then she said: "Peter, will never tell on you if you will let me alone," and I felt then like stopping. Something says: "Don't you. Then we got into another tussle, and she tried to light the lamp, and a very hard blow when I heard the word. I said: "Why, Annie, do you want to die?" "Yes, kill me." And it was still harder for me when she took that stick and hit her, and the knife to finish the deed the way I did. I then took the stick and hit her. I think, and that was on the side near the back of the head. She then laid on the floor just where she was found, and I was on the opposite side of her when her throat was cut. It was a terrible thing, like a knife in your own heart. But it wasn't me alone. I would have never got up out of bed and done what I did. It was the dreadful Satan. He is the cause of a good many men's and women's ruin. If not in one way, in another.

Then I heard my sister Kempton's porch before leaving. This was just half-past one o'clock on the morning of January 28. I started then running for home. There was no light when I got to Kempton's nor while I was crawling along the wall. I was about five minutes going from there home. I crawled back into the window the same way I crawled out, and went into the kitchen where my bed was and lit the lamp. I waited twenty minutes before I called. I asked "Tilly, if she heard some one talking." She said yes. I shortly afterwards went into the room and put the window down and unrolled the curtains and placed things on the table as I heard her say before going up to Kempton's, and she said: "Tilly, come back to bed. No one saw me going coming and I saw no one. The Lord is the only witness and detective who knows anything about it and is a true God. I can't give a true confession before Him. I must tell you what I had done until after I came from Kempton's after the milk. Tilly said: "Will you go after the milk?" I said yes, and started, and when I came back I saw the state the room was in. It appeared as if I had been there. I still did not believe that she was dead until I put my hand on the side of her forehead; then it came back to me. "See, Peter, what you have done. Tell your friends, you might think that I am lying, but I tell you I have been my own mother or sister. I would not have felt any worse than I do when I saw poor Annie lying on the floor and knew that I could not speak for her nor she to me. I could have sworn I had twice the same thing done to me.

I understood that the people would believe that this accident took place in the middle of the night. What good would it be to me to sit down and write this lie? It would be a question as to whom I would believe. I say in Romans, xiv, 10: "I suppose you all remember that Tilly Compton said she thinks that I was lying with the quilts with my clothes on when she went to bed. That will give you more and more to think of. I will understand that it was done in the middle of the night. Remember I also said in my evidence that I lighted the lamp in the night, and it wanted twenty minutes to two o'clock. I was then from Kempton's and I was awake a fire; it was then that I examined my clothes and washed off with little blood was on them. The next morning I came and alarmed Tilly and from there I kept on going around telling the people. On my way back to the house I saw the blood tracks I had made in the night coming and going to Kempton's, and out of the little room window. I started to myself they will follow the tracks clean to the window and I was sure I was right. I then went back and looked after it. When I got home Tilly and the children had gone up to Kempton's. I started around the house and stepped in the same tracks as there was no blood in them. I was sure I was right, and I must have raised it, so if they could not know his name the tracks there I would then say I had come to go into the house and found Tilly and the children had gone out, and I had gone around to get in the window.

Friends, I am sure you will not again ask you to take warning. I have done evil all my life and ended in doing evil there is no need of any one else doing the same. The best and only cure for anyone in darkness is to turn to God, and let him get right with God, and his boundless love and mercy will keep you from trouble.

Young men, I pray you take warning from this same first temptation. Do not ever go to Kempton's. Remember, friends, do not let Satan lead you to do brutality and murder. Run away with you as he did with me, for he is very cute and ready to tempt us and get us in trouble; but if we turn to God, he will keep us sure to save us from the devil.

I don't wish to tell anything false about the poor girl, for I have done enough. I wish that I had not accomplished any of the temptation, by Satan, the dreadful brute, leads us from one thing to another, as he did me that night. A girl who was a friend to me! I can't forgive myself for what I have done. I was always treated well by the friends of the poor, and my sisters. Friends I can't explain why it had to be poor Annie. There are lots of girls and men and women in Beaver River who hated me; why couldn't have been some one else beside her? I can't understand. I don't need the time for Satan to tempt me, until it was too late. Beware of my friends; don't be blinded by him. Always try to remember poor Peter Wheeler and try to keep in the light and don't be in darkness, that is, I am blind. I don't know any one else but for the longer you are in sin, the blinder you are. I was warned lots of times in my own feelings to get right with God; and was also warned by others, but I rejected the warning. I am in darkness. Oh, my dear friends, don't be like me. I am sure there are ways of living, which leads us also to captivity and ruin. Be wise; when God knocks at your heart's door and offers you his light, which is salvation, freely, accept of it. If any one had to be like me, I think it is any one but me. We are too poor, but it is free to us without money or price.

PETER WHEELER.

NOTES.

Charles Trask, Digby's skilled to social artist, was Wheeler's barber during his last days on earth. Wheeler thought a great deal of Mr. Trask and wrote a letter thanking him for his kindness. This letter was not to be given to him until the morning, and Mr. Trask received it early the morning.

The Courier extra, containing a full account of the hanging and other interesting matter concerning Wheeler, sold like hot cakes, but it was rather late in the evening. Any one looking for amount of reading matter which has to be handled, or, in the words of the printer, "which had to be stoked," Words cannot express the feeling of disappointment to the hundreds who came to the execution, who had learned that the execution had taken place at such an early hour, and the expecting to get around in plenty of time.

The hotels, lively stables and restaurants all did a big business, especially the latter.

It was a day that never will be forgotten by the people of the "Bar Harbor of Nova Scotia."

Several arrivals were made late at night, all for drunkenness. The trains brought in a big crowd of people.

The sheriff allowed the public to view the remains, after which they were interred in the jail yard. Women were conspicuous by their presence at the execution. Many of the crowd of extra police-men under him and performed their duties to the entire satisfaction of all.

## FOUR KINGS

**Dr. Agnew's Four Great Cures Never Fail in their Mission—There is "Beyond Hope" Point With Them—They Cure and Physicians Prescribe—A Relief Comes in Thirty Minutes.**

Heart Disease—If the heart palpitate, flutters, throbs easily, it indicates disease—a day's neglect may mean death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart Disease is prescribed by physicians as the greatest known remedy for the disease. George Crites, customs house officer, Cornwall, says: "I had acute heart trouble for a number of years. I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion proved very fatiguing. My physician recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. To me it was as well as ever, and able to tend to business."

Catarrh—This disgusting membraneous inflammation affecting the throat, causes loss of use of the head, and at one time regarded as incurable, could only be checked in its extent by the use of red-hot irons and the strongest of acid sprays. The failure of such drastic treatment has been conclusively exposed in the application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrah Powder, which will cure the most stubborn cases absolutely painless, and is easily applied. H. W. Francis of the G. N. Telegraph Co., Brampton, says: "I was a martyr to catarrh in the head for years. I tried every remedy, but could procure with little result. At last I got a sample bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrah Powder. It gave great relief, and after using four or five bottles, I was completely cured."

Files—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves the pain of the ointment, and cures in three to six nights. Comfort in application, 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure constipation, biliousness and sick headache. Never grip. Easy and pleasant. For doses, 10 cents.

### COMING BACK TO NOVA SCOTIA

Dr. Agnew's Toronto Mail and Empire, Rev. Charles Duff, pastor of the Parkdale Congregational church, Brantford, for the past thirteen years, and for two years past editor of the "Toronto Mail and Empire," has left the church in this province, is about to leave Toronto, for a time at least, though this family will still reside here.

Rev. Mr. Duff lately received a call from an old pastor at the Liverpool Nova Scotia. In 1866 and for 12 years afterward he was in charge of the church at that place, and feels disposed to return, at least for a time, to this field of his younger days. The people of the Bras Avon congregation do not wish to lose him, and the matter was left in the hands of the Council of Neighboring Churches, which met last night in the Parkdale church.

The council from the adjoining churches considered that the pastor as one lay delegate from each of the churches and is the usual way of conducting a Congregationalist pastor "dismissing" him, which is the customary manner when the transfer of a pastor is desired. The church was represented in this

Northern, Bond street, Oliver, at Broadway. Congregational church. The many years of Mr. Duff's usefulness were referred to with length in a discussion of the matter.

It was in 1862 that he commenced his young preaching, at Meaford. In 1864 he went to Yarmouth, N. S., and besides attending to his pastorate was engaged in the public schools. In 1867 he was referred to the Congregational Union of the maritime provinces. From there he was transferred to Speedville Congregational church, near Guelph, in 1875, and in 1883 came to Toronto to take charge of the Brockton church, then an unorganized. Mr. Duff has been prominent in temperance work, and an active member of the Ontario Alliance. He retired from the editorship of the Congregationalist, lately. Mr. Duff is a native of Nottingham, England, and came to Canada 48 years ago, while in his early teens.

The council unanimously agreed to grant to Rev. Mr. Duff a dismission from the Partridge charge.

**Children Cry for  
Pitcher's Castoria**

Ministers to Hawaii obtain a distinction not accorded to ambassadors of the courts of Europe, as manifested in a card published "by authority," a Honolulu newspaper, and signed by the Hawaiian minister of foreign affairs, setting forth that Hon. Albert E. Willis has returned to his post and advising all persons "to pay him consideration to his person, his property, and his retainers."

**AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE**  
Bile Beans, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.  
S. J. P. A. N. S. TABLETS  
This medicine is sold in all drug stores. It follows the law. Sold in bulk by the manufacturer.  
Price 50 cents a box. Address  
J. H. H. CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

**SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS**  
85 PRINCESS STREET.  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Clothing  
CLEANSED or DYED  
at Short Notice.  
C. E. BRACKET, - - St. John N.  
H. H. PICKETT, B.C.L.  
ATTORNEY, NOTARY, ETC.  
Commissioner for Province of New Brunswick.  
Sarnhill's Building, - St. John, N.  
Accounts collected in any part of Maritime Provinces. Returns prompt.

**ROLLER AND STANDARD**  
**CHEAL**  
BBLs. AND HALF BBLs.  
Landing Today ex Sh. Flash  
W. F. HARRISON & CO.  
SMYTH STREET.

**NOTICE OF  
SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP**

The undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify that the name of the firm, in which the said partnership is to be conducted is J. B. Whitaker & Co.

(1) That the nature of the firm, in which the said partnership is to be conducted is to be conducted by the undersigned, who are, as usually bought and sold by dealers in such ware and goods.

(2) That the nature of the general special partnership entered into in the said partnership are as follows: James Ernest Whitaker, who resides at Hampton, in the County of Kings; is the general partner, Charles A. Palmer, who resides at the City of Saint John, is the Province of New Brunswick, is the special partner.

(3) That the said Charles A. Palmer has contributed the sum of Ten thousand dollars (\$10,000), as capital to the Company.

(4) That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-first day of June, A. D. 1900, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the thirty-first day of March, A. D. 1910.

Dated this Eleventh day of June, A. D. 1900.

J. B. HENRIE WHITAKER (G. L.)  
CHAS. A. PALMER (G. L.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of  
MARTIN G. B. HENDERSON, Notary Public,  
St. John, N.

992

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY**

On and after Monday, the 17th September 1899, the trains of this Railway will run as follows (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax.....  
Express for Halifax.....  
Express for Pictou.....  
Suburban Express for Rothesay.....

Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 10.10 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**

Express from Quebec.....  
Express from Montreal.....  
(Monday excepted).....  
Express from Montreal (daily).....  
Express from Pictou.....  
Express from Pictou, Pictou and Campbellton.....  
Suburban Express from Rothesay.....  
Accommodation from Moncton.....

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway, headed by steam from the locomotive, between Pictou and Montreal, will run by electricity.

All trains are run by British Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager

Railway Office, 3rd September, 1899.

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