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OAK HALL

ALFRED TAYLOR, MANAGER.

154 Dundas St.,
LONDON.

THE DEATH OF MARY CAVANAGH

Investigation of the Circumstances Surrounding the Tragedy.

Indications of a Quarrel Between the Prisoner and His Mother.

Five Witnesses Examined—Six More To Be Heard—Inquest Adjourned Till Tuesday Night.

The adjourned inquest regarding the circumstances surrounding the death of the late Mrs. Mary Cavanagh was resumed at the police station last night before Coroner Dr. Piper. The evidence presented was in the main against the accused, who sat in the dock, and appeared to take very little interest in the proceedings. Crown Attorney Magee is prosecuting, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. J. M. McEvoy. After the evidence of five witnesses had been taken, an adjournment was made until Tuesday evening next, when the testimony of six more witnesses will be heard.

Mrs. Elizabeth Throgmorton, the first witness, lives at No. 11 Matland street, a little to the south of the Cavanagh residence. When coming down the street about 7:30 p.m., she heard Mrs. Cavanagh's voice, crying, "Don't, Jack! Don't!" The voice sounded as if she was in distress. Witness went right on. She then went and called her neighbor, Mrs. Harris, and told her she thought Mrs. Cavanagh and her son, Jack, were quarrelling. Witness thought nothing serious of the matter, and a little later went down town with a friend, Mrs. Johnston. She arrived home about 10 o'clock. As she was passing the Cavanagh house

she saw the prisoner through a window, standing near his mother's bedroom door. She could not say whether he was looking in the room or not. She remarked to her companion, Mrs. Johnston: "It looks as though Jack was looking at his mother; guess she must be drunk again." Witness only stopped a minute, and passed on. She heard nothing further until the prisoner tapped on the window of her house and informed her husband that his mother had just died. Cavanagh said nothing further, and witness got ready to accompany him back to the house. Mr. Thomas Throgmorton, a cooper, testified to getting home about 9 o'clock on Saturday night. He saw the prisoner standing in front of Mr. Harris' place, talking to Mr. Harris. He had no words with them, beyond saying "Good-night." He knew nothing of Mrs. Cavanagh's death until the prisoner went over to the house, and, tapping on the window, asked him to go over to the house, as his mother was dead. His wife asked him when she died, and Cavanagh replied: "Just now." Witness put on his clothes and started for the Cavanagh home. The prisoner did not wait for him, but went on ahead. On the street witness met Mr. John Harris and a man named Brennan. The three of them proceeded to the Cavanagh house, and found the prisoner and Mr. James Harris there. In his opinion it was about 2 o'clock.

Mr. Magee—Did you hear any row previous to this at the Cavanagh home? Witness—No, sir; nothing whatever. Mr. Magee—What happened when you reached the house? Witness—John Harris took a lamp and looked in the bedroom, and said: "There has been some crooked work here," and then started out to alarm the neighbors. Cavanagh became very angry at this and called after Harris: "You never were any good. If I had a gun I'd blow your head off." Mr. Magee—Did you hear any row previous to this at the Cavanagh home? Witness—No, sir; nothing whatever. Mr. Magee—What happened when you reached the house? Witness—John Harris took a lamp and looked in the bedroom, and said: "There has been some crooked work here," and then started out to alarm the neighbors. Cavanagh became very angry at this and called after Harris: "You never were any good. If I had a gun I'd blow your head off."

prisoner on the street, and he remarked that he was going to let his sister Nellie know of his mother's death. Witness went into the house when the officers arrived, and saw bloody water on some of the chairs. Cross-examined, witness testified that he did not see the pan with the bloody water and rag in it, until after the officers arrived. He saw no blood on Cavanagh.

Mrs. Adeline Harris, who lives opposite the Cavanagh residence, heard no noise coming from the house. Mrs. Throgmorton, had tapped at her window at about 7 o'clock, and remarked that she thought that a row was taking place between the prisoner and his mother. Witness went outside, but could hear nothing. In about ten minutes and said, "Yes, it's right; Mrs. Cavanagh is dead." Witness heard no further remarks from the prisoner. James Harris, husband of the previous witness saw Cavanagh about 7 o'clock on Saturday night. The latter asked him if he was going down the street, and witness said he was going as far as the grocery store. Cavanagh said: "I am going over to the house to get some money; wait until I get back." Cavanagh was pretty full at the time, and did not return as he said he would. Witness never saw him again until about 1:30, when Cavanagh tapped on his window and said that he believed his mother was dead. On arriving at the house he put his hand to the deceased's forehead, and it was cold. Mrs. Cavanagh's clothes were torn, her nose was cut, and one eye black and swollen. Witness saw blood on the floor. There was a cloth in the basin. The bed looked as if somebody had slept in it. When witness arrived at the house Cavanagh met him, and exclaimed, "What will I do? What will I do?" Cavanagh was so intoxicated that he could hardly walk, while witness was there Cavanagh got a bottle of gin that was in the house, and drank a good quantity of it. Witness asked Cavanagh how it happened, and the latter said his mother had fallen out of bed. A little later Cavanagh left the house and walked up the street, saying he was going to tell the police. The body was in the same position when the officers arrived as when he first saw it.

Mr. Magee—Did you see anything that would cause the wound? Witness—No, sir. Mr. Magee—Was anything said to you by Cavanagh as to what caused the wound on the nose? Witness—No, sir. John Harris saw Cavanagh about 6 o'clock Saturday night, near Ward's liquor store. At about 7:30 he again saw the prisoner, and he had a bottle of ale in his pocket. Witness saw Mrs. Cavanagh in the street about 6 o'clock, but never saw her alive again. He was on his way home about 2 o'clock in the morning, when he saw Mr. Throgmorton standing on the corner. The latter said, "Mrs. Cavanagh is dead; come over to the house." Witness hesitated, saying they had better wake up the neighbors first. He gave as his reason for this that he was looked upon with suspicion by the police for other things, and he did not want to get mixed up in this affair. On reaching the house, and seeing the body and the blood on the floor, witness said, "There must be some crooked work done here; I'm going to telephone for the patrol." Witness saw a stain on the knees of Cavanagh's

pants, but not on his hands or face. Witness woke up six neighbors. Cross-examined, witness said he had no reason to be suspicious before he went into the house. He saw Cavanagh on the street, and the latter made some remark, but he did not catch it. Adjourned.

BENJAMIN GETS FIFTEEN MONTHS

For Assaulting Edward Grosvenor—He and Geary Also Sentenced for Stealing Turkeys.

Judge William Elliot yesterday found John Benjamin and William Geary, of Strathroy, guilty of stealing a number of turkeys from Edward Grosvenor, of Metcalfe, and sentenced them to a month in jail. Benjamin was also found guilty of assaulting Grosvenor, and on this charge was given fifteen months in the Central Prison. Grosvenor and his sons positively identified Geary, who claimed that he was not one of the trio that visited the farmer's poultry house. A man named Mitchell, the third party, has not been heard of by the county police since the stealing.

VICTIMS OF THE WEATHER.

Georgian Bay District Thankful for Doda's Kidney Pills.

Kincardine, Dec. 4.—This month has been the worst in years in the Lake Huron and Georgian Bay districts. Victims of rheumatism who probably keep a closer tab on the climatic variations than other people, are all loud in their assertions that this season being a record-breaker for dampness and raw biting winds. If these good people, instead of keeping tabs on the weather would follow the example of Herbert Brown, of Watson & Malcolm's furniture factory, Kincardine, they would be conferring a blessing upon themselves.

Mr. Brown says: "I had been feeling very bad with backache from my kidneys (Lumbago, a form of rheumatism). I have taken three boxes of Doda's Kidney Pills and the pain has left me."

The stairway leading to the tower of the Philadelphia city hall contains 598 steps, and is said to be the tallest continuous stairway in the world. A DINNER PILL—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healing nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions, and convey the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion.

A silver fox skin was sold in London recently for £350 at an auction. This is the highest price on record.

A Sure Cure for Consumption. There is no such thing. Scott's Emulsion comes the nearest to it, but even that will not cure advanced cases, but taken in time it will cure this disease.

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But the Stove—That's to blame for most of the ill-cooked meals.

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