

FEW CHANGES IN THE PRODUCE MARKET PRICES

Ontario Flour Takes a Drop and Butter Goes Up—The Week's Quotations.

Very few changes have taken place in the prices of produce in the provision and country markets during the past week.

Table with columns for produce items (Beef, Pork, Eggs, etc.) and their corresponding prices.

Table with columns for fruits (New walnuts, Almonds, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for provisions (Pork, Beef, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for flour (Standard roller, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for canned goods (Canned corn, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for groceries (Choice seed, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for sugars (Standard granulated, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for fish (Large dry cod, etc.) and their prices.

Table with columns for oils (Middlings, etc.) and their prices.

PATRICK O'NEILL'S BODY FOUND IN RIVER SUNDAY

Was Inmate of Provincial Hospital, and Committed Suicide Some Time Ago—Inquest to Be Held.

Monday, Sept. 19.

The body of Patrick O'Neill, the inmate of the provincial asylum who on June 25 last ended his life by jumping over the Suspension bridge into the river at the time of the floating in the river at a point opposite the Partington pulp and paper mills.

FARMERS COMPLAIN ABOUT PRODUCE PRICES

Complaints of the rapid fluctuations of the local market for produce and the small figures which farmers receive as compared with those obtained elsewhere, are frequent.

LOCAL NEWS

Registrar John B. Jones reports eleven marriages for the week and seven births, five males and two females.

The Kennebec Journal states that a game commissioner is authority for the statement that the Maine woods are full of brown-tail moths.

The weight of the large cake of soap which was in the Ascyto Mfg. Co. booth at the exhibition, is 1,007 1/2 pounds.

George Robertson, deputy receiver general, who was taken ill suddenly about a week ago, is rapidly recovering, and was able to be out on Saturday for the first time.

Arthur Olive, an employe of the Brayley Drug Company in Mill street, fell down the elevator shaft of the building on Saturday, a distance of four stories, and sustained painful though not serious injuries.

OBITUARY. Mrs. Mary E. Roach

Sussex, N. B., Sept. 18.—(Special)—Mrs. Mary E. Roach, widow of William Roach, died very suddenly this morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. A. McLeod, Main street.

Deceased was a highly respected resident of Sussex, and is survived by two daughters, Mrs. S. A. McLeod and Miss Gertrude Roach.

Robert Hutchinsos. Rexton, N. B., Sept. 17.—(Special)—Robert Hutchinsos, R. C. Cassady, who lives today at the home of his nephew, E. J. Hutchinsos.

At the time of his death, Mr. Hutchinsos held the office of clerk of the peace for Kent county, clerk of the circuits and registrar of births, marriages and deaths.

John W. Costello. Monday, Sept. 19. The death occurred in this city yesterday of John W. Costello, aged 22, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Costello, of 60 Erin street.

L. J. Munro. The death occurred early Sunday morning of Louis J. Munro, aged a lingering illness, at the residence of his brother-in-law, J. H. Prichard, 95 Elliott Row.

Mrs. J. H. Harding. The death occurred in this city Saturday of Mrs. Mary Spurr Harding, widow of George H. Harding, in the 89th year of her age.

Ronald Fowler. Monday, Sept. 19. The many friends of Josiah Fowler will be sorry to hear of the death of his youngest son, Ronald Rankine Fowler, which occurred at Newcastle (Ind.) on Saturday after an illness of only four weeks with typhoid fever.

George M. Emman. Sussex, N. B., Sept. 19.—(Special)—A telegram was received this morning from South Port (P. E. I.) of the sudden death of Geo. M. Emman, at that place last night.

Delaney Smith. Woodstock, Sept. 19.—(Special)—In the death of Delaney Smith which occurred on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock an old and respected citizen has been removed from this community.

Thomas Nobles, a painter, who lives at 175 Adelaide street, fell from a staging on Saturday morning while painting the machine shop of Fred Williamson, Indian town, and received injuries which may prove fatal.

John Carey. Suddenly before hospital is reached. Suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, and never rallied—Doctors Worked Hard.

Stricken with hemorrhage of the lungs John Carey, a well known resident of the North End, collapsed in Charlotte street yesterday afternoon, and in spite of medical assistance, died almost instantly.

WEDDINGS. Titus Thompson. A pretty wedding took place Thursday at 3 p. m. at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Thompson, 182 Rockland road, when his youngest daughter, Edith Graham, was married to Charles Titus of this city.

Robert Hutchinsos. The late Mr. Carey was well known here. For many years he was actively engaged in the hack business. Of late years, was probably the oldest practising barrister in Canada.

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KILLED BRIDE TO END HER AGONY

Terrible Story of Canadian Prospector—Shot Wife Who Had Fallen Over Cliff, at Her Request.

New York, Sept. 19.—Haunted by the memory of his wife whose sufferings he mercifully ended by sending a bullet through her head in the wilds of the Canadian Northwest, miles from help, James McDowell, a prospector and miner, is at the home of friends, at No. 2734 Bainbridge avenue, the Bronx, a nervous and physical wreck. He has been under treatment, but he is growing worse. He says of himself:

"How long I can stand it don't know." McDowell granted the plea of his mortally injured wife to end her agony. He was exonerated by a jury of his fellow men. The remembrance of that awful experience has shattered his nerves until he is now hardly more than the wreck of a man.

McDowell is fifty-eight years old, six feet tall and a gaunt reminder of what was once a physically perfect man. The thought that he killed his wife, despite the fact that that was the only course open to him, is with him constantly, and he has not slept for several days and sleepless nights. He is averse to talking of the experience, but last night he consented to tell his story.

"My wife was Fanny Crawford, a native of Alberta Province," he said. "Her father was John Crawford, who had been a miner, a prospector, in California and Canada for years. He and I had been close friends, and as yet, Fanny was only twenty-two when we were married. I had a rich claim near Castle Mountain, which is in the British Columbia extension of the Cascade range. As the mine was in the hands of a partner, I decided to visit it. I had been there some time before and had cut a rough trail to the claim.

"I begged my wife to take her with me. I demurred as it was no place for a woman; but she persisted, and I finally consented. We visited friends in Calgary for a few days, while I was purchasing supplies and then started for the mine, a five-day journey by mule. We had three mules, a pack animal, carrying provisions and tools for building a cabin, as I intended to do some work on the claim.

"The trails on Castle Mountain are very arduous and steep, so much so that it is difficult for even a mule to pass over them. One day we were going along one of these trails. My wife was some yards ahead of me, and I was lounging in the saddle, half asleep. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and we had been riding for three hours.

"Suddenly my wife's mule braved as if in pain, and I looked up to see him rearing on the very edge of the precipice. I have always thought my wife was stung by a hornet. I tried to reach my wife's side, but before she was breathing faintly, she had fallen over the precipice, carrying Fanny with her.

"I threw myself to the ground and peered over the edge. I could hear the mule's body crashing through the trees and among the rocks to the bottom, fully 2,000 feet. I nearly pitched over myself.

"It was almost twenty-four hours later before I found the carcass of the mule. I had eaten nothing for almost thirty hours and was nearly insensible from grief, hunger and thirst. My clothing and flesh were torn by the rocks over which I had crawled, my skin was almost blistered by the heat and my eyes smarted so that I could hardly see.

"I left the dead mule and crawled on. Fifty yards away I found a shapeless mass lying among the rocks. It was my wife, alive, but mercifully unconscious. I think every bone in her body must have been broken. There was a great gash in her forehead, but she was breathing faintly.

"I mixed some brandy with water from my canteen and forced it down her throat. When she revived a few minutes later her suffering was intense. She begged me to shoot her and end the agony.

"There was not a human being within a hundred miles, so far as I know. The nearest medical help was at Calgary, 120 miles away. It would have taken me ten days at least to go and return, and wolves would have devoured her before I had been gone one day.

"There was nothing else to do. I placed the muzzle of my revolver against her head and fired. Then I fainted. When I recovered consciousness, some time later, I found her body with her eyes closed, and her hands to keep away the wolves. Then I started for Calgary.

"I was in such condition that I was ten days making the trip. When I arrived I hunted up Sheriff Hamilton and told him my story. He gave me a certificate for me to the spot and they found things just as I had said. We buried my wife and returned to Calgary. An inquest was held and I was exonerated. Shortly after that I had a sunstroke and after my senses returned, but my nerves gave away and I am here now for treatment."

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HARCOURT NEWS

Harcourt, Sept. 17.—Rev. A. T. Lorr, who has been visiting Dr. Girvan, returned to his home in Port Daniel on Wednesday.

Miss Beatrice Sulliner left on Friday for Montreal, where she will attend the convent.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller, of Campbellton, who have been visiting friends in St. John, arrived here on Thursday to visit Mrs. A. McIntosh.

Miss Augusta Campbell, of Boston, is visiting her aunt, Miss Campbell, in St. John.

Miss Jennie Humphrey, of Elmington, visited Mrs. Girvan last week.

Miss Brown, of Vancouver, who has been spending the summer with Mrs. E. B. Buckler, left on Thursday for Westport via Boston.

Miss Jessie Dunn returned from visiting friends in Westfield on Thursday.

Mrs. Alfred Ward pleasantly entertained a number of friends in honor of Mrs. Maude McPherson on Thursday.

Mrs. McPherson returned to Boston on Friday.

Mrs. Jas. Brown, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. E. B. Buckler.

Mrs. Andrew Dunn is visiting friends in Westfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. King are being congratulated upon the arrival of a son and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bradley, a daughter.

To clean ostrich feathers, put them in a paper bag with a cupful of soda, half a cupful of flour, three teaspoonfuls of borax and shake.

Have you beautiful... referred to... scribes by... graph and... The most premium in the... vances.