

Colonial Railway.

On MONDAY the 22nd Inst. the trains of this Railway will be run as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Montreal, Quebec, and other locations.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: On from Sydney, Halifax and other locations.

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PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENT

HER DEATH IS AVENGED.

The place where stood the gallows was but a step from the prisoner's cell and was but a small room, about 8 by 10 feet, built under the jail porch.

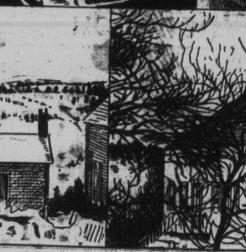
Wheeler on leaving his cell said: "I leave the chamber of death, I am going to my doom, I know that I have done wrong, what I have told in my confession is true, but if I am lying now, I am not lying unto man but unto God."



1, Peter Wheeler.

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2, Room in which he murdered Annie Kempton.

who had been living in the community for several years. His arrest and conviction followed: The many confessions and statements given out by the murderer from time to time have caused much comment.

This is not the least doubt but that the good people of Bear River would have made themselves amenable to the law if the hanging had been delayed till eight o'clock. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed that the gallows was not exposed.



3, Front view of Kempton House.

HIS INFINITE VARIETY.

The words "Mr. Ogle's brand" were made by the printer to read "Mr. Ogle's brand."

There is certainly something very wonderful about the tenacity of this professor of painless dentistry, and the rapidity of his movements almost takes one's breath away.

But the entertainment does not consist exclusively of dentistry and those amongst the audience who crave for a lighter vein of amusement are gratified by the graceful gambols of a colored gentleman who arrives on the scene each night and adds an element of comedy to the performance.

night and silently in knots of two, and three, they wended their way to the jail from which a soul was to be launched into eternity. It must have been a dreary two hours wait for these men, who sat for the most part conversing in almost whispers, with the lights burning dimly; it was a ghastly wait, there under the shadow of the scaffold; the experience must leave an indelible impression on their minds.

Wheeler was not alone during his last night on earth, he had as his companions in his gruesome cell Policeman Brooks and Captain Chas. Bowles of the Salvation Army. They had been with the murderer praying and pleading for the forgiveness of the lives which was soon to meet its maker; their voices could be heard faintly as they lifted them in prayer.



DIGBY JAIL.

Where Wheeler has been confined since the murder. The place under porch, marked X, is where he stood when being hanged.

more minutes to make his farewell to the world and to prepare himself for the life beyond. He received the news calmly, almost without a tremor. He donned the clothes of death and with Bowles and Allen he sat down to a light lunch, he appeared to relish his last meal on earth and upon getting up from the table he resumed writing.

At two o'clock Deputy Sheriff Wm Van Blarcom entered and asked Wheeler if he was prepared to pay the penalty of death; the doomed man asked for ten minutes grace to pen a letter, his last letter to Thilo Coman, and it was granted him. Then came the hour of execution 2:20; the solemn procession with its death like silence, headed by the deputy-sheriff, led the way to the prisoner's cell.

ly moved. A moment later and the black cap was drawn down and his eyes closed on this world forever. He stood there a man in the prime and vigor of life, lacking insight-but innocence and freedom. Was the murderer looking back to the time when the crime had been committed and his guilty soul forced to grasp the enormity of his own offence, or did he strive to search out the future and learn what the next minute held in store for him.

Those who were present and peering into that dim circle of life saw a picture they will never forget; it will be a life long reminder of a murderer's doom. The sombre cap was pulled down, the face which had been the recipient of God's light and love was shut out forever from the view of life; thickly yet audibly, came the words: "Lord, I am coming!" It was a sad, sad moment; men strong in life and health were moved to tears and wept like children; what must the wretched man have suffered, how his thoughts must have flown back to Annie Kempton and the fatal moment when he in a frenzied, devilish manner sent her soul before her Maker; but the time had come; the signal pull of the hangman's rope, the keen edged knife, laid across the hemp, the strands parted

to the public. This matter however was no doubt carefully considered and the arrangement can scarcely be found fault with. As to the report that an opiate had been administered to Wheeler those who witnessed the execution say that it was not true. He was perfectly conscious of what was going on around him and none took a deeper interest in the preparations for the last sad act in the tragedy than the condemned man himself.

IN A BAD POSITION.

Two Little Walls are Turned From Home by a Cruel Father.

While many children of the city were tucked comfortably away in their warm beds on Sunday night last, two scanty clad and hollowcheeked children whose ages were nine and eleven, paraded down City road at midnight in a down pour of rain, searching for a roof to shelter them and a place to lay their head.

The child of eleven years, is a bright little girl and told the following tale to the police: "Since mother's death our father has been in the habit of getting drunk and beating us. On Sunday night last he came in drunk with a man, and it was late, but he made us both get up so the man could have our bed. He then beat me and told me to get out. My sister got dressed and we went together to aunt; but could not stay there as her little girl had typhoid fever and we could not stop there."

Officer Amos who has a big heart kept the little ones by the hand until he found a shelter with another relative of the little outcasts on Main street north end.

It is certainly sad to think of a child of nine acting as housekeeper and cook to such a father, and a child of eleven working in the cotton factory earning a weekly salary of one dollar and fifty cents for the unnatural father to squander in liquor and then when thoroughly drunk to turn the girls from their home.

Correspondents are reminded that communications intended for publication must reach Progress not later than Thursday morning. Several special letters were received too late for this issue. L. S. T.

the poor little motherless and worse than fatherless children, were found by Officer Amos that night, not weeping nor loitering along, but bravely pushing on, wet to the skin, and shivering from the rawness of the midnight air, to some relatives in Westmorland road. Two tiny children, who were outcasts and their father whose name is McKenna was in the habit of getting drunk and ill using the children.

Dr. Ella V. Mack is young and charming and she possesses ability in no small degree evident from the fact that she was the first woman physician to make a success in one of the largest southern cities. Miss Alice C. Fletcher is president of the Anthropological and Archaeological dept of the American Association for Advancement of Science.

Very many other famous women are on the official list and each and every one brings to the association the unobscured experience of years of earnest work in her chosen calling. The A. A. W. is wielding a mighty influence for good all over the land and the Congress to be held next week cannot but be productive of wonderful results, bringing together as it will the

brightest, cleverest and most philanthropic women of two great countries. The members of the local council of women, need the support and encouragement of the citizens generally and it is most desirable that the visitors shall carry away with them a good impression and pleasant memories of a land that, to many of them, is practically unknown.

As a general thing a step mother coming into a family gets as cool a reception from the sons and daughters as the stereotyped mother-in-law receives from her new son or daughter-in-law, the former in particular. The mother-in-law is always paid off or described in standard jokes, as a most domineering and objectionable individual. Songs have been written about "My mother-in-law with plenty of jaw," and next to her comes the step mother's breath. There is one young man in this city, however, who has a different idea of a step-mother than that, for he not only loved his step-mother, but he wooed her, won her, and finally married her. This strange courtship and cool attachment began early this summer but the wedding ceremony was only performed last week.

The bride and groom now reside not a hundred miles from the foot of Mecklenburg street, and their neighbors have had their nine days wonder; calls have been made and congratulations extended to the happy groom who only a year ago mourned his father's death, and the bride who at the same period mourned the loss of a husband. It must have been that the lady looked better in widow's weeds than anything else, because 'tis said the son did not take kindly to his step-mother, but he did love the widow.

It was a touching scene for the neighbors to see the young widow and her son walking arm in arm to church on Sundays, but what an impressive sight must have been to see the mother and son plighting their troths. The nuptial knot was tied by a city clergyman at his residence in the presence of two witnesses.

THE OFFICER WENT TOO.

An Incident in Which a Halifax Society Lady Figured.

HALIFAX, Sept. 10.—On Saturday afternoon the remarkable sight was witnessed of an open barouche containing a well-known society lady resident on Victoria Road, proceeding towards the city hall, with Sergeant Lehan, of the police force, on the box beside the driver. The fair one had been sued by the Moss Photo Co. for \$14, judgment obtained and recorded. Mrs. — was ordered to come before a commissioner for examination, an order which she disinclined to obey. S. Fielding accordingly issued a warrant and Sergeant Lehan went to her house to serve it. Indignation was the order of the hour. The lady ordered an open barouche, intending to drive to the City hall to give Mr. Fielding a piece of her mind. She was sorry she did this, when she found Lehan insisting on getting into the team with her. The officer was firm and stuck to his prisoner, however, while everybody looked. The result of the examination before the magistrate was not the court's discomfiture, but that the lady agreed to pay the Moss people the \$14 demanded of her.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

H. G. Marr of Moncton (Opposite Millinery Parlors Here).

The ladies of St. John are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in having another new and up to date millinery store opened here. The new store is on Union street, centrally located, and where the ladies can select and choose headwear with the assistance of trained artists. Mr. Marr, the proprietor, has a branch store in Moncton and Halifax and it is determined that his St. John branch will be second to none in the Dominion.

All the latest London, New York and Paris styles and shaps will be kept in stock, as well as trimmings, ornaments, feathers and ribbons of the latest London and Paris designs.

Mr. Marr threw his doors open to the ladies of this city on Thursday afternoon last in a very auspicious manner. Harrison's orchestra was present and gave a choice program of music.

Thought the Goods Were His.

HALIFAX, Sept. 10.—A remarkable story comes from Göttingen street in the north end of this city. It is that a case of goods intended for one dry good dealer on that street was by mistake placed before the door of another dealer. The merchant who had no right to the goods nevertheless took the case into his shop and placed the goods on the shelves. Development followed development, till at last the shipper appeared on the scene, who started an investigation. The result was that the goods were taken off the shelves and handed over to the rightful owner, everything being returned, except one dollar. That article was not found, but probably the merchant will be glad to pay for it to avoid further trouble.

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