WEEKLY MONITOR

THE PENALTY PAID. Peter Wheeler Formally Executed

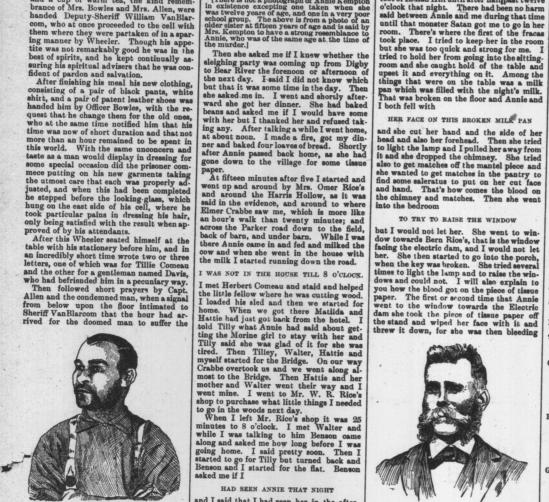
at 2.20 Yesterday Morning.

The Only Written Confession ever given by the Murderer.

At a quarter to three yesterday morning Peter Wheeler was declared dead by the Jury impanelled for the occasion. The drop fell at twenty minutes past two. If he were not a murderer it would be said he died bravely. The last sad scene in connection with the Bear River traced was enacted at the court.

If he were not a marderer it would be said he died bravely. The last sad scene in connection with the Bar River tragedy was enacted at the court-house in the presence of the Jury, three members of the medical profession, Officer lowles, Captain Allen of the Salvation Army and the gaol officials. 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 in-terested 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 gaol had to be apprised of the fact from those who were witnesses to the last sad spectacle within the prison walls. Between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock me fourteen men might have been seen wending their way to the death chamber in two and threes in a 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 apent till Sheriff VanBlarom announced that their presence was required. The few time spent by the con-strom below, caused by the earnest suppli-cations of Captain Allen and Officer Bowles, who apent the last few hours with the con-demned man, and did much to strengthen and console him for the last trying ordeal. At the hour of 1.30 a basket of delicacies af a cup of warm tea, the kind remem-brance of Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Allen, were handed Deputy-Sheriff William VanBlar-oom, who at once proceeded to the cell with them where they were partaken of in a spar-ing manner by Wheeler. Though his appe-

There is not a photograph of Annie Kempton in existence excepting one taken when she was twelve years of age, and one in a very poor school group. The above is from a photo of an older siter at fifteen years of age and is asid by Mrs. Kempton to have a strong resemblance to Annie, who was of the same age at the time of the murder.]



the floor again, where about two feet below hung four big pieces of lump lead, weighing 500 pounds. The end of the rope was bronght up again through the floor and fastened, thus holding the weight. When the Sheriff cut the rope, the drop-weights fell to the ground the rope tightened over the pulleys and the body raised with a fatal jerk. Through the night Wheeler sang one or two verses of a hymn. When told he had only one hour to live he said he was not afraid. It was plain however that there was somewhat of a dread of death, but he con-trolled himself wonderfully.

THE CONFESSION.

A LIKENESS OF ANNIE KEMPTON.

THE CONFESSION. In the 27th of January I left home about the 'clock in the forencon. I went up to hunt for some wood. When I got in front of Kempton's gate Annie came to the front the ware both to the hotel to work. She hen wanted to know if they were going to be away all the week and I said I did not how, only that they had said so. Then Annie said, "Y out ell Tilly that as she is to be away all the week and need't mind com-ing away up here nights. After working from home all day and coming home and hill, she will be too there. I will try to get (I understood her to say) Grace Mor-here and stay nights."





CRAIG.—At Bridgetown, on Thursday, Sept. 3rd, of typhoid fever, C. T. Forrester Craig, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Craig, aged 19 years

ked me if I

HAD SEEN ANNIE THAT NIGHT

replied: ⁵·I wish, dear friends, that you will all forgive me, What I have told about the pow and Apple Morine is all true; WISH BENSON HAD HAVE GONE IN and waited. She would have come out.

THE GONFESSION 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

not before men; it is before God. Lord, I am coming!" The black cap was hastily placed over the head, drawn tightly down to the shoulders, the three-quarter inch rope which encircled the neck was carefully inspected, when two thumps upon the floor of the portico, over which stood Sheriff VanBlarcom, were re-sponded to by the body of Peter Wheeler shooting upward some two feet and eight inches, followed by a light rebound and the unmistakable anapping of the cord. The murder of Annie Kempton had been avenged. At 2.45 o'clock, on the advice of the as-tending physicians, the body was cut down and laid upon the couch which had been its resting place for the past six months, when Coroner Daley took it in charge, all other speciators, with the exception of the jury, leaving the room.

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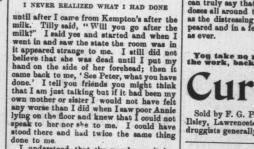
Students can enter at any time. ODD FELLOWS'

HALL

CRAWLED BACK INTO THE WINDOW the same way I crawled out and went into the kitchen where my bed was and lit the lamp. It wanted twenty minutes to two o'clock. I asked Tilly if she beard some one talking; she said yes. I shortly afterwards went into the room and put the window down and unrolled the cortains and placed things on the table as I had found them be-fore going up to Kempton's, and also the doors, and went back to bed. No one saw me going or coming and I saw no one. The Lord is the only witness and detective who knows anything about it and is a true wit-ness. I am also writing a true confession before him.

I NEVER REALIZED WHAT I HAD DONE

You take no risk. If it doesn't do the work, back goes your money. Cured.



-OF-CLOTHING -AND-

If You Wanta Nobby SuitOR A

give me a call and I will suit you both quality and price.

La few suits on hand which I will sell at cost to make root for new stock.

J. E. SCHAFFNER.



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