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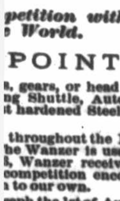

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The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1885. VOL. XIV—NO. 31

THE HERALD.

Published Every Wednesday.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

OFFICES:
Macdonald's Building, West Side Queen Street, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

THE HERALD

HAS NOW THE

Largest Circulation of any paper on this Island.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

Advertisements, without instructions to the contrary, will be continued until forbidden.

Items and general news of interest, in a condensed form, solicited.

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Address all letters and correspondence to the HERALD Office, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

RICHARD WALSH, Publisher.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 5th day, 7h. 52m., p. m., N.
New Moon 12th day, 6h. 30m., p. m., N. W.
First Quarter 19th day, 9h.. 36m., a. m., N.E.
Full Moon 27th day, 7h., 5m., a. m., N. W.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon Rises.	Moon Sets.
		h. m.	h. m.	after'n	morn
1	Mon	4 17	7 34	10 23	7 31
2	Tues	17	39	10 54	8 26
3	Wed	16	39	11 29	9 23
4	Thur	15	40	11 54	10 12
5	Fri	15	41	morn	11 23
6	Sat	15	42	0 26	aft 25
7	Sun	14	43	0 54	1 30
8	Mon	14	44	1 23	2 38
9	Tues	14	46	1 50	3 53
10	Wed	14	46	2 32	5 0
11	Thur	14	47	3 15	6 13
12	Fri	14	47	4 7	7 23
13	Sat	14	47	5 7	8 28
14	Sun	14	48	6 15	9 23
15	Mon	13	48	7 28	10 11
16	Tues	13	48	8 41	10 51
17	Wed	13	48	9 54	11 26
18	Thur	13	48	11 4	11 56
19	Fri	13	48	aft 12	morn
20	Sat	13	49	1 17	0 27
21	Sun	13	49	2 21	0 55
22	Mon	14	49	3 22	1 25
23	Tues	14	49	4 21	1 57
24	Wed	14	49	5 18	2 31
25	Thur	15	49	6 12	3 8
26	Fri	15	49	7 1	3 49
27	Sat	15	49	7 45	4 36
28	Sun	16	49	8 25	5 26
29	Mon	16	49	9 1	6 20
30	Tues	4 17	7 49	9 33	7 16

Norman's

Electric Belt Institution
(ESTABLISHED 1874),
4 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.
Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Lame Back,
and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using these
Belts, Bands and Insoles.
Circulars and Consultation Free.
April 2, 1883—1y

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES — O'Halloran's Building
Great George Street, Charlottetown.
☞ Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHAS. B. MACNEILL.
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M. HENNESSY,
Furniture Dealer,
No 35 Great George St., Charlottetown.
All kinds of Furniture made to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Undertaking attended to in all its branches, either in town or country, cheaper than ever. Caskets and Coffins, latest styles, always on hand.
Charlottetown, March 19, 1884—1y

DR. S. R. JENKINS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Residence of Dr. Jenkins,
PRINCE STREET.
Charlottetown, Jan. 28, 1885—1y

DR. P. CONROY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Great George Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
Feb. 13, 1884—1y

JAMES BROWN,
CIVIL ENGINEER & LAND SURVEYOR
Surveys and Plans Made.
CHARGES MODERATE.
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April 29, 1885—3m

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English, American and Canadian Dry Goods,

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Newest Millinery and Millinery Materials,
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Charlottetown, May 6, 1885.

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Are now showing, in their New Establishment, Market Square, a full stock of

Rich & Fashionable Dry Goods,

Embracing all the leading novelties for the season.

Ladies will find a very attractive stock of DRESS FABRICS, MILLINERY, HATS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLOWERS, SILK MANTLES AND DOLMANS, LACES, RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS, LONDON HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., &c., &c.

THE CARPET AND OILCLOTH ROOM

Is well worth a visit from those who contemplate a purchase in these Goods.

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Is also fully stocked with Newest Goods, and business will be continued there as usual.

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Grayline; the Great Hair Restorer and Renewer, changes *grey hair* to its natural color, gradually and permanent. Not a dye. A marvellous invention. Grayhaired persons, old men and old women, made to look young in three weeks. No more gray hair. Also grows hair rapidly and luxuriantly. Send for descriptive book, and testimonials and opinions of eminent chemists and doctors, etc., who recommend it highly. Address, J. H. NICHOLSON, 7 Murray St., New York. sep. 17 1y eow

Montague Carriage Factory.

THE Subscriber has on hand a large stock of

CARRIAGES,

which he will dispose of for Cash or approved credit. Farmers in need of anything in this line would consult their interests by giving him a call before purchasing elsewhere. Also on hand a number of

Carts and Cart Wheels,

which he is prepared to sell on as reasonable terms as can be had at any other factory on the Island.

JOHN McLEAN.
Montague, May 6, 1885—3m

WANTED by KENSINGTON ART CO., Ladies to work for us at their homes, it is light, pleasant, easily learnt and sent by mail, distance from Boston no objection, any industrious person can earn from $7 to $10 per week, no canvassing, for full information address KENSINGTON ART ROOMS, 19 Congress St., Boston, Mass. P.O. Box 5078—feb 18 3m

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North British & Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum of phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

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CUSTOM
SHOE SHOP,
P. C. Kelly's Old Stand, Upper Queen Street.

HAVING taken part of the above premises, I am prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK.

Also, REPAIRING at reasonable rates.

After 20 years experience in the employment of the late John Dorsey, those favoring with their patronage can rely on first-class style and workmanship.

PATRICK KELLY,
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April 29, 1885—3m

CONSUMPTION!

FRASER'S

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is now looked upon by the leading Physicians of Prince County as

A STANDARD REMEDY

IN THE TREATMENT OF

COUGHS,
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Wasting Diseases of Children, &c.

It contains 65 per cent. of Pure Cod Liver Oil, the taste and smell of which are so thoroughly disguised, that the youngest children not only take it readily, but look eagerly for more.

Cheaper than any other Emulsion made, only 80 cents per pint.

JAMES A. FRASER,
(Opposite Sinclair, Minto & Stewart's.)
Summerside, Jan. 7, 1885.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla,* with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia,* the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron,* and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
[Analytical Chemists.]
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

GROCERY & TEA HOUSE.
Monaghan's Brick Building,
WEST SIDE QUEEN ST.

THE Subscriber has always in stock choice brands of FLOUR, and the best quality of TEA, MEAL, MOLASSES, COFFEE, SUGAR.

Also, all first-class GROCERIES at the lowest possible prices.

P. MONAGHAN.
Charlottetown, July 2, 1884—1y

FOUL MURDER.

Tragic Scene at Sherwood.

Patrick Callaghan's Brains Dashed Out, His Throat Cut, and Body Bruised.

The Sight on Wednesday

Evidence at the Inquest.

Some Facts of the Murdered Man's Life.

CHARLOTTETOWN experienced a thrill of horror on Wednesday morning, the 27th May, when it became known that the old man who lived all alone at Sherwood, as the keeper of the quiet home of the dead, had been made the victim of murder most foul. It is seldom, indeed, that our Island Province is called on to deplore the existence of the unmitigated rascality of the spirit of murder in our midst. Even while gazing at the body of the murdered man as he lay prone upon the floor of his cheerless and comfortless looking home, it seemed hard to realize the fact that a crime of such terrible magnitude had been committed, but it was all too plain that the bloody work was accomplished by some fiend or fiends who had no regard for human life, and shuddered not at a deed of blood.

In the bedroom where the poor old man lay stark and dead, a serious throng had gathered on this memorable Wednesday afternoon. The coroner and his jurors were there. Visitors from the city and country had gathered. Representatives of the press were present. A lady flitted hither and thither among the hushed group of spectators, ready with the word of pity and deed of charity. The sight was a terrible one in its full details; strong men shuddered, and the eyes of some were dimmed with tears. All the appearances pointed to the opinion that Patrick Callaghan had made a hard fight for existence, but half of the wounds which his body bore seemed sufficient to cause death. His head was a mass of wounds,—a frightfully crushed and broken and torn mass of blood and bone and brain. As if this was not enough to satisfy the vindictive malice of the butchers who attacked him, the gash of a knife was across the old man's throat, his body was bruised and disfigured, his face was battered, and his arms twisted to dislocation.

Previous to our arrival upon the scene, the body had on the usual working clothes, which were deeply stained with blood, as the result of the murder. As we viewed the body it was undressed for examination and laid upon the floor of the bedroom; a horrid sight. There was blood on the floor, blood on the bedposts, blood on the walls, blood on the bedclothes, and the victim's head was broken and covered with matted hair and clotted blood and brains. It was death in one of its most horrid forms; death in cruelest shape; murder in most shocking degree!

Why this deed was accomplished it is hard to tell. The man was quiet and inoffensive. He lived alone, in a graveyard, with no immediate neighbors save the sleepers in their silent homes. All around was death, calm and still and sacred, and monuments told amid the ashes of loved ones, tales of fond remembrance. What a place to commit a murder! What devilish hearts must beat in the breasts of the murderers—for we believe there was more than one, and their object was robbery, for the old man was reported to be comparatively rich.

The *post mortem* was performed on Wednesday, and a search made for the instruments of death. A knife, such as is used by butchers, a heavy iron gate bolt, and a large wooden pounder were discovered, one and all bearing traces of blood. These were taken charge of by the City Marshal, as well as some other articles belonging to the murdered man.

A second visit to the locality, which is about four miles from the city, revealed somewhat further the state of the premises. All is sickening confusion. Even before the stain of blood was added to the scene, and a tale of murder to its history, the place seemed as if it had never borne a trace of comfort. No woman's hand had been there to bring neatness and cleanness and home happiness. First of all we entered the kitchen, where the furniture was scant and uncared for. It possessed a rickety stove, a chair, a shoemaker's bench, a table on which were placed cups and saucers, teapot, plates, tobacco, two or three razors, a prayer book, spectacles and case, a box of pills, and lots of other articles. A saucepan and frying pan, with some pots, were lying around or hanging up. A barrel and bag of oats stood upon the floor; in the barrel was also placed a small bag of oatmeal. A wash-boiler contained three loaves of bread, a few pounds of pork, and two or three herring. A kettle stood upon the stove filled with water. A book called "Ponsonby" was open on the table; also Hon. Donald Ferguson's lecture on "Love of Country." A lot of newspapers, chiefly *People's Advocates* (Monaghan), were lying around. A number of old hats and caps were visible, some on the floor, some hanging up, and others on bench or window sill. But all was miserable looking; the walls were black with smoke. It was but "home" in name.

In the bedroom—the scene of the murder—the same lack of comfort was visible. A firkin half full of butter stood upon the floor. Some more hats were there. A few bunches of matches were on the floor. Some notes of hand were visible. There was a bedstead, a table and two chairs as part of the furniture, and a trunk stood at the foot of the bed. The air of the room was stifling, and now the smell of human blood added its sickening stench—we turned away.

Upstairs consists of one large room, the full size of the house. This is unfinished, and perhaps from not being used was the cleanest part of the premises. Here, however, were some old clothes, two more fur caps, old boots, a travelling bag containing a receipt, and a showy bookmark, on which were worked in silk the words, "Do this in remembrance of Me;" immediately under the picture of a "Christ and Chalice." Looking up we discovered the roof open at the chimney, and the chimney itself cracked to almost falling.

The cellar was in keeping with the rest of the premises, in an almost useless condition. In the centre it contained water about three inches deep. Here the wooden pounder had been found, which was used to assist in accomplishing the crime. In one corner of the cellar we found a hole, bearing appearance of being recently dug, not large enough to contain the body of a man, it is true, but we thought the hole might have been commenced with the idea of putting the victim there; or could it be possible that the old man, like other eccentric men of his type, had buried some of his worldly treasure, and the murderers found the spot? Such things have happened before. The annals of crime have discovered them.

At eight o'clock on Wednesday evening an inquest was commenced in the Stipendiary Magistrate's Courtroom, in this city. The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the Coroner's Jury:

Dr. McLeod, Coroner;
Theo. L. Chappelle, Foreman;
James Byrne,
Francis P. McCarron,
Robert D. McLaren,
J. M. Auld,
Patrick Cullen,
Joseph A. McDonald.

The court was crowded, so much so that our reporter was unable to gain admission, and for the evidence taken on Wednesday evening we are indebted to the daily papers:

BRENTON F. LONGWORTH: I went out to the Cemetery for the first time to-day. I called to see the deceased keeper on business. I went into the house. The rear door was ajar. Entering, I passed through the kitchen and into the keeper's bedroom. I saw what appeared to be a lot of bed-clothing lying in a corner, and a black cat sitting on top of it. I carelessly kicked the straw bed, and happened to strike the man's leg. I pulled off two counterpanes on top of the straw bed, then the straw mattrass, and then a sheet which covered the body of the deceased. The deceased was lying face downwards. The only part of the body I noticed was the right hand; it was covered with blood and black. The left arm was round the leg of a small table. There appeared to be a pool of blood, as if running from the left hand. I also noticed blood on the wall. I did not remove anything but the clothes. I came to town immediately, and notified the police.

PATRICK BERRIGAN testified as follows:—I knew Patrick Callaghan well. I last saw him on Tuesday week, the 19th inst. I fell in with him at Mr Rackham's, near St. Peter's Road. I was at Sherwood Cemetery last Sunday, 24th inst. I went around the house. I was in his house on several occasions. I thought he was away to church on Sunday, and did not go in. It was noon when I was there. The doors of his house were shut. I did not notice anything more extraordinary than usual about the place, further than that the tools with which he was working in the garden were not put away as usual. They were left out of doors, and the old man usually locked them up. John Riley was with me at the time. I had business transactions with him on a couple occasions. I went security to him for a man that had borrowed money from him. That money is still due. I don't owe the deceased a cent, *i. e.* directly, except as above. I had no conversation with Callaghan about the money. The note will not fall due until the fall of this year. I owed the deceased a note due as late as 1st April last. I lifted that note. It amounted to $170.50. (Produced the note. It was a joint note signed by Patrick, Thomas and John Berrigan.) When I was there, on Sunday, I noticed a considerable number of footprints at the front door. It struck me as singular at the time as the deceased usualy went out the back door and seldom entered by the front door. It lookedlike more tramping than the old man was likely to do. The back door was closed by a sleeper being laid up against it—the usual way the deceased closed the door. I concluded from this tha the had left.

ISAAC HENDERSON.—I knew the deceased. I live quite near Sherwood Cemetery. Sometimes I saw deceased every day; other times I did not see him for a month. If I had no business with him I could not see him from my place. He used generally to get his milk from me in summer, but in winter we had none to spare. Could hardly say the very day I saw him last. It would be about three weeks or a month ago. I was quite friendly with deceased. Never had any quarrel with him. I think I asked him last winter if he was not lonesome. I think he made the answer that he was used to it, or something to that effect. He used to sit up pretty late at night in the winter time, when he had not much work to do. He told me that when he was robbed before, about two years ago, he did not keep any money in the house. He did not express any fear of being robbed. A bar of iron was then shown to to the witness. It appeared to be about 18 inches long—about 8 inches from one end a square piece of iron was attached. Witness said he helped deceased to put that bolt or one exactly like it, on one of the Cemetery gates. There were two of them used for the two gates. Did not notice them on this summer. They might have been on, but hardly think they were. Did not hear of his sad death until I saw him to-day at half-past twelve o'clock. He was not covered when I saw him lying face downwards exactly as described by Mr. Longworth. I heard on Monday that he had not been seen for some days. I thought he might be in town at his sister's sick. My little boy was with me when I saw him. Did not notice any blood until I went to turn him over, when I saw blood. I then left the house and told a man I saw in the Cemetery. I think it was Geo. King. I think it was Patrick Sherry that told me on Monday that he had not been seen. I think I said perhaps the man is sick and in town at his sister's. I heard same remark today. My little boy asked me if I was not going to see him. I went down at dinner time. Did not see many visiting the Cemetery. Did not see anyone on Sunday. I think I was home all day Sunday. I did not know Mr Longworth had seen him. Sent word to the police by Mr. King. I did not owe him any money. Do not owe him any now. I am not aware of anyone visiting him except on business, only someone like myself, who might go to his house once in six months or so. P. Sherry told me while I was at dinner or tea that deceased had not been seen for some days. Sherry was through the Cemetery. He was told by George King. I think Sherry told me it was King. I think it was George. I think Sherry told me he went down to the house and called him, but got no answer. He did not go in. I think he said the doors were shut.

DR. CONROY:—I visited the cottage at Sherwood Cemetery about three o'clock this afternoon and made a *post mortem* examination of the body of Patrick Callaghan, in the presence of the jury. I found him lying on his face on the floor, his head towards the corner between the bed and the wall. The face lay in a pool of clotted blood. On the back of the head I noticed a very large wound. The scalp separated over a space of three inches square. On examining more closely I found a bone of the skull more extensively shattered. The brain substance exuding from the wound. I found several pieces of the detached bone in the wound. I passed my two fingers through the skull into the brain. The whole back of the head was crushed. Turning the body over I found another wound above the forehead on the left side of the head, which exposed the bone of the skull, about an inch and a half in space. Over the right eye was a very extensive contusion. The eyes were much swollen from the effects of the contusion. Those wounds were evidently caused by a heavy, blunt instrument. (Produced a hardwood billet, like a potato pounder, with hair and blood visible on it, and a gate bar.) Witness proceeded:—The wounds could be produced by the billet, but I rather think it was the gate bar was the instrument most likely used to produce the wounds. I further found a wound over the region of the windpipe, about two and one-half or three inches long, severing the skin and tissues covering the larynx. It did not sever any larger vessel or the windpipe. On one of the fingers of the left hand I found a wound done by some sharp instrument, involving skin and peeling it off to the extent of an inch in length, and quarter of an inch in breadth. The right hand bore evidence of receiving a severe contusion on the back. There was no other marks of violence about the body. The wound on the throat was evidently produced by a dull knife. (Produced butcher knife found on kitchen table.) Witness proceeded: That knife would cause such a wound. There is blood on it. The cause of the death was injuries to the brain and head, and those were received, I am satisfied, before death. The body has been dead between two and five days. (Gate bar again produced.) Witness proceeded. This bar does not appear to have been long in water. It would be impossible for the deceased to self-inflict the wounds.

HARRISON RACKHAM: I am clerk in the branch store of Joseph Knight & Son, Euston Street. I last saw the deceased on Wednesday or Thursday last. He generally bought all his supplies from our store. He generally paid cash down. He carried his money loosely. I don't remember seeing him with a purse. I saw him one or two months ago in the store receiving $107.50 from Thomas and Patrick Berrigan. The deceased told me his custom was when he received any money to deposit it and carry no money with him. He stated that he had been robbed on one or two occasions, but did not specify parties.

After the above evidence was taken, the inquest was adjourned until Thursday evening, the 28th May, at 7 o'clock, when the following additional testimony was given:—

PATRICK SHERRY: Knew deceased. Saw him last about four weeks ago. I was at the Cemetery last Monday evening. Heard at the Cemetery that deceased was missing. Heard nothing of his being missing before that. Two men who were sodding a plot told me they heard he was missing for several days. I do not know their names. I went down to the house. I walked down to front door and tried the door—it was fast. There was a blind on the lower sash of each window. I looked over the blinds and I saw a pile of bedding. Could not see very plainly, but noticed pile of bedding all in a heap—that was the southeast window I looked in first. I saw no bedstead but the bedding. I could not see very plainly on account of stretching to look over—it was on the hall side of the room. Before I left that window I called pretty loud, so that he could hear me if he was inside—there was a cat answered me—I could not see the cat—I thought she was in another room. I left that window and looked in the kitchen or west window. I noticed the cooking stove and a chair, but nothing in particular. I did not notice whether there was any fire. I did not look to see if there was any smoke coming out of chimney. I then passed around house on east side, around to the wood-shed. I looked in there, the door was open. I noticed nothing in particular except some coal and a crowbar—nothing special. Then I opened door of water-closet and looked in there, was nothing there. I then passed around by porch door and found it shut from outside. The door opens out. There was an old railway sleeper shoved against bottom of the door. I did not try to open the door. I think I would have gone in if the sleeper had not been against the door, for seeing that I thought he was away. I thought it was none of my business to open the door when it was shut. It did not strike me as strange to see the bedding in disorder, that made me think he was away from home. I though he was in town sick, and I mentioned that to the men when I went up to the Cemetery again. I noticed some garden tools in the garden as I passed through. I left the house and walked up to where the men were and stayed a few minutes; there were several ladies in the Cemetery that p. m. One of the men asked me did I see the keeper. I said no. I told them that I saw some tools lying around as if he had been gardening. I can't remember whether I told them that I looked in and called him. I am not sure but I think I told them. I left the Cemetery and went over to Mr. Henderson's where my horse was. It was just tea-time, when we were at tea I mentioned to Isaac Henderson that I heard in the Cemetery that Callaghan was missing for four or five days. I can't remember what reply Henderson made. I think he remarked "he may be sick." I told Henderson what I had seen and done, and I think I made the remark "perhaps he is in town sick." I was at the Cemetery again Wednesday forenoon after I heard he was found. I made no enquiries in Charlottetown after I came back on Monday about him, in fact, I thought nothing more about it. The reason I went to the Cemetery on Monday was because it was a holiday and I had not been out for a week or so, and I thought I would drive out to Henderson's on business. I knew Callaghan very well. As far as I know he was strictly temperate and honest. I did not know much about his business. He had told me that he used to lend money. He told me once that Judge Young had money belonging to him on interest. He did not mention the amount. I think he told me Mr. Patrick Berrigan had some. He told me no amount. These two were all I recollect of. I never had any money transactions with him myself. He was a man who would not tell much to any one about his affairs. I have no interest in the Cemetery. I was surprised when I heard of his being found murdered in his house. I never thought of his being there. I neither saw nor heard of any suspicious characters in the neighborhood when I was there on Monday. I heard his house had been broken open once, but I never thought of foul play when I missed him. If I had I would have gone in.

JOHN A. LONGWORTH: Sunday afternoon I drove out to the Cemetery. I went in by the lower gate. On driving up I noticed a wheel-barrow and some tools in the front garden, also a basket and a line. The back-door was closed. I did not notice how. I had no business with him on Sunday and I went out to see if some sodding had been done and on Tuesday I went out again to hurry him up. On reaching the ground I found nothing had been done, I drove down to the house. The outside door was standing open, that is the outside porch-door at the back, the inner door was ajar. I knocked loudly and called out, but got no answer. I noticed inside the door half a bucket of potato sets, dried up and had evidently been cut some days before. This led me to believe the old man was sick, or something had happened to take him away. I went into the house and the appearance of the kitchen indicated that he had not been there for some days. Peas and beans had been tramped about the floor. I looked in his bedroom and noticed the bed-clothes and bed-tick on the floor, and nothing but the slats on the bedstead. I think I noticed the lid of the trunk raised, but will not be positive. I did not notice any blood. I knocked on the stair door and then looked up but saw nothing. I then went over to the coalshed, but there was no one there. I then went down in front of the house where the tools were. There was a basket with about a couple of quarts of potato sets, which were dried up. I then drove up to Prowse's and there was a blacksmith there who works at Wright's Bridge—he was in the yard. I asked him if he had seen Callahan. He said not for some days. He said Mr. Watson had sent out some trees and he had to take charge of them, and that King had been out working there and had not seen him. He said "perhaps he is away on a spree." I asked "is there any possibility of his having fallen into a well or in the cellar" I then asked him, "was he in the habit of taking a spree?" and he replied, "No." I said I had looked through the house and there was no signs of him, and that some of his neighbors had better search. Mr. Prowse said he would. I spoke of it when I came to town. I observed a watch on Callaghan's table in the kitchen, and two or three unbroken parcels. I did not open the watch and do not remember whether there was any chain attached to the watch. (Here a juryman said he had heard to-day that Callaghan of late had been wearing a valuable gold chain with coin attached.)

Michael McInnis, a young fellow who had been arrested on suspicion, was here brought into court and examined.

MICHAEL McINNIS.—Am from Tracadie Sandhills. I was sent from home—my brother got oats at Wm. Scott's. I was sent with the bags back to him. I did that, and he told me to call at Mr. McBeth's and I would get a chance to work—he had one man. I could get work only he had one man, and he wrote to another man. I kept my brother's company till late on Monday evening. Before that I was up in Freetown. Caleb Schurman sent me up to work with his brother; he had another man or I would have got work all summer. Coming back from Freetown I had another pair of pants, and could not carry them, and I left them alongside a road in a bush. After I came from Freetown I worked home till about Monday in that week. I then left home again. They sent me with bags. I called at McBeth's yesterday. I worked at Mr. Longworth's yesterday. Last week I worked home till Monday. That night I slept—I am stuck on that—I stayed till late with my brother at Crosby's. Being asked where he slept Tuesday night, he said: I think it was in Mr. Wright's barn. I was to do the three businesses—call with the bags, go to McBeth's and get my pants. Tuesday night and Wednesday night I slept in the barn, because I couldn't after working all day, it was raining heavy and dirty, and I thought I could remain all night. He said he had no place for me to sleep. I was not at the burying-ground this morning. I was anxious to get work. The first man I met was Easton and I asked him for work. He directed me to Geo. Clark's. I passed Clark's and went to furthest on house. I came back and had quite a dinner. I was pretty slack. Went with one of his sons who was taking his father's dinner to the field where he was working. I asked him did he want to hire a hand. He said he had a man just now but he was going to leave.

At this point the Coroner stopped McInnis, and cautioned him to go home and stop there, (McInnis replied, "Yes; I'll go, and stay all my life"), because if found loitering he would be imprisoned. McInnis is evidently "soft," and was considerably frightened, though he told a fairly probable story, had it been only a little better connected. The