

MURDEROUS DEPUTY MARSHAL

Daniel McInnis Shot by John Dalton.

The Former a Peaceable British Subject: The Latter an American Government Officer—McInnis' Friends May Demand Satisfaction.

An Antigonish, N.S., despatch says:—The details of the apparently cruel murder of Dan. McInnis, a native of Arisaig, this county, have been received. Young McInnis left home about five or six years ago for Astoria, Oregon, and had been in the employ of H. Murray & Co., of Astoria, at Chiltat, Alaska. McInnis at the time of his death was in charge of their store attached to the cannery, trading in furs, etc., with the Indians in the interest of his employers. As McInnis was a British subject and was murdered by a United States Government officer, John Dalton, the father of the murdered man, who, it is understood, depended on the earnings of his son for his support, may possibly demand through the proper channel, an indemnity from the United States for the loss he has sustained in the death of his son in the manner set forth.

The Daily Examiner, of Astoria, Oregon, which contains the account received here of the killing, prefaces the story with these remarks: "The full particulars of the killing of Dan McInnis, as near as could be obtained from the city of Juneau, have reached us by mail. When the quiet and offensive disposition of Dan McInnis is taken into consideration, the details here described prove that he was murdered by Jack Dalton in cold blood, and that it was one of the most horrible and fiendish crimes that one white man could commit on another. Dalton

IS A UNITED STATES MARSHAL

and while acting in this capacity went into the store where McInnis was employed and endeavored to pick a quarrel with him. He charged McInnis with circulating false reports about him, and without waiting a moment to allow McInnis to disprove the statements or prove his innocence, shot him down like a dog. Dalton has been arrested. If he gets his deserts he will be strung up to the nearest tree an outraged community can find."

The Examiner then quotes the story of the killing from the Mining Record of Juneau: "On Tuesday afternoon (March 7), a gloom was cast over the community by the arrival of a boat from Chiltat, bringing Daniel McInnis from that place (distant about 85 miles) in a dying condition, from the effects of pistol shot wounds, inflicted by Jack Dalton, a United States deputy marshal. The shooting, as near as can be ascertained, took place under the following circumstances: On Monday morning Dalton, accompanied by a half-breed by the name of Wm. Dickinson and several Indians, visited the store of the cannery, under Mr. Hugh Murray's management, and made some accusations against Daniel McInnis, to the effect that McInnis had circulated reports among the Indians that Dalton was going to start a trading post in the interior, and that it would injure the Indians. McInnis denied this; and Dalton told Dickinson to interpret for him, and the Indian made some statement which McInnis denied, when Dalton called him a liar. McInnis was sitting smoking and at this he learned over the chair to put his pipe on a desk, when Dalton struck him with his left hand and at the same time pulled his pistol and commenced hitting him over the head with it. McInnis started to get up, when Dalton fired, hitting him on the arm or shoulder and then swinging his arm he put the pistol to the lower part of the abdomen and fired twice more. The only person in the store at the time of Dalton's arrival and murderous assault was a man by the name of P. Woods, but the whole affair was so quickly done that he was unable to render any assistance to McInnis.

AFTER THE AFFAIR WAS OVER McInnis realized that his wounds were serious, and made a statement in writing and arranged his affairs as best he could. A boat was procured and leaving Chiltat early on the afternoon of Monday the party reached Juneau the following day. McInnis was conscious up to his arrival here but died before he could be taken out of the boat. On the way down he realized that he must die, but bore up manfully; but with tears in his eyes would speak of his aged mother, and wonder why Dalton wanted to shoot him. Daniel McInnis was a young man of about 29 years. He was well known to many of the citizens of Juneau, and was a steady, sober and industrious man. Those who knew him feel deeply grieved at his untimely death, and all citizens are greatly incensed over the fact that a peaceable citizen should be shot down by the hand of a paid officer of the United States Government without any apparent provocation. Dalton was appointed a deputy marshal at Chiltat by O. T. Porter, and was holding that position at the time of the shooting. The following was the verdict of the coroner's jury: "According to evidence given, Daniel McInnis came to his death by a pistol shot wounds committed by the hand of one John Dalton."

Domestic Tragedy in Paris.

A terrible tragedy occurred shortly before eleven o'clock on Monday morning in the Avenue Trudaine. M. Angelo Lucas, one of the minor professors of the College Rollin, who had only been married three months, cut his wife's throat and then flung her down from the balcony of the second floor on which they resided. Last week M. Lucas, who was suffering from jealous monomania, received an anonymous letter stating that his young wife was unfaithful to him. A violent scene took place on Saturday at the house of a friend, when M. Lucas went home alone. A reconciliation, however, took place afterwards. On Monday morning, after his first class, the professor left the college as usual, and meeting Madame Lucas at the door, forced her upstairs, where he cut her throat. The unfortunate woman, who clung to the balcony while her blood was literally streaming upon the passers-by, at last fell a lifeless heap. The husband then seemed to hesitate for a moment, but at last threw himself head first upon the pavement, fracturing his skull, and so causing instant death. Madame Lucas died at the Lariboisiere Hospital in the afternoon. The sad event has caused great excitement amongst the masters and pupils of the College Rollin, where M. Lucas, although of a pessimist turn of mind, and addicted to absinthe-drinking was very popular.

A ST. JOHN'S MIRACLE.

Eight Hundred and Twenty-Five Dollars Spent in Vain Efforts to Regain Health.

An Engineer's Painful Existence and Wonderful Rejuvenation—Hospitals and Doctors Failed to Cure Him—Health Restored by a Remedy Almost Forced Upon Him—A Story Worthy of a Careful Perusal.

The News, St. John's, Que.

It is now some fourteen months since The News commenced publishing reports of the wonderful results produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and every one must admit that many of the cures effected seemed little short of the miraculous. The names of the remedies which claim to cure all the ills flesh is heir to are to-day legion, and whatever the merits and demerits of these preparations may be, there is no question as to the great reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Some people no doubt laugh at these stories and believe them to be advertising dodges to catch the unwary and rope in some of their shekels. We have now printed and published The News for nearly half a century; it enjoys the reputation of being a high-toned weekly with a large circulation, and we naturally do business with the advertising men of the day, and from the reputation of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, we have never had any reason to doubt the perfect accuracy of the cures related; but it is only now that we are placed in a position to testify personally as to the wonderful curative powers of Pink Pills. The story we are about to relate though no less remarkable than others regarding the same medicine naturally impresses itself more upon our mind and upon the minds of others in the community because the party chiefly concerned is known to us, and we are enabled to bear personal testimony as to the correctness of his declarations.

The gentleman who was a short time ago so greatly afflicted is now almost as well as he ever was and cheerfully related his story to the representative of The News, in the hope that those who read it might be benefited thereby. Mr. Camille Dubuque is a man of fifty-three years of age and has been a mechanical engineer for twenty-five years, working on the steamer Reindeer which runs on Lake Champlain, and occasionally on the River Richelieu. "Four years ago," said Mr. Dubuque, "while our steamer had an excursion party on board for an evening run, I was rather tired after a long day's work, and went up on the upper deck to enjoy a smoke before retiring. At that time I felt myself to be in perfect health but, when I went to my room I was taken with chills and was unable to keep myself warm. Although that night I had but little sleep I felt comparatively well the next day. About a fortnight after I was taken with frightful pains in my back near my spine, and in my side. I went to the hospital in Burlington, Vt., and was treated there for three weeks and then feeling but little better I came to my home in Iverville county, five and a half miles from St. John's. I was then doctored by a medical man from Iverville. His treatment seemed to relieve me very little and I determined to visit Montreal and see another physician. This I did in March, (three years ago) and put myself in an eminent physician's care who treated me from March until July, and certainly did all he could for me. I did not stay in Montreal all the time but went backwards and forwards to see him. In July I got tired of this and was beginning to feel down-hearted. I then called in a medical man from Henryville, a village a few miles from where I live, and he prescribed for me over and over again, but by this time I was almost powerless to help myself and no one knows what frightful agony I suffered. For seven long months I sat in a chair with my feet on a lounge. I was unable to lie down day or night and often thought that death would be a happy relief. Last spring my wife read an account of a Saratoga miracle in The News and determined to get a box of Pink Pills for me. I remonstrated with her, telling her that it was useless spending more money, but she persisted and wrote to Wight & Co., druggists, of St. John's, and had a box sent by mail. I took them to please her, never thinking they would do me any good, but much to my surprise, after taking the box I felt slightly better. We then bought another box and by the time that was gone I felt that they were certainly helping me. I could now lie down, something I had been unable to do for seven long months previously. So I kept on taking the Pink Pills and am now on my tenth box, and to-day I am practically a new man. Last winter I had an attack of la grippe. I took Pink Pills and they cured me. We figured up to see the amount of money I had expended in trying to be cured before resorting to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the figures reached \$825. I willingly tell you my story and my wife corroborates every word I say, in the hope that any one who is as I have been attain relief by employing the same remedy. Put it in The News, some of my fellow-workmen will see it and it may benefit them as it has done me."

When The News representative drove up to Mr. Dubuque's pretty little farm house he beheld that gentleman chopping wood, and looking a strong robust man. A year ago his neighbors thought him a doomed man—to-day they consider his cure as little short of miraculous. Messrs. Wight & Co., old and reliable druggists of this town, assure us that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale which is additional proof that they really are what the manufacturers claim for them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear

in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Shutting Our Eyes.

Very miserable people are those who go through the world seeing too much. They plume themselves upon their ability, and proclaim everywhere the wonderful secrets their sharp-sightedness has discovered. They find out small delinquencies and trifling offences of friends, neighbors and servants. We are not at all obliged to them for what they reveal. On the contrary, we are continually trembling lest our own pet sin be brought to light, or our friend's little secret weakness exposed.

It is not hard to gain much peace of mind by studying the art of judiciously shutting our eyes. Let us refuse to see too much of other people's errors and mistakes. Nay, more, let us refuse to see anything except what we wish to see. The way is clear, the circumstances are fortunate, people are well meaning and industrious, happiness abounds and we ourselves are on the high road to fame and fortune.

A fool's paradise, you say? Perhaps. But I doubt if a fool's paradise is not better than the heaven of people who would carry their microscopes that they might discover its possible imperfections.—[Harper's Bazaar.

Finland's Railroad System.

Finland has a railroad system which includes ten different lines whose aggregate length is 1,166 miles, the longest line being 230 miles. Traffic is thin, the train service averaging in 1891 1.84 passenger trains and 1.15 freight trains each way daily over the whole system, and the traffic averaging one hundred passengers and 93½ tons of freight each way daily (104 passengers and 567 tons of freight here). The average number of passengers per passenger car was 7.81; of pounds per freight car, only 5,777. The line between the capital Helsingfors, and St. Petersburg, 163 miles, had nearly two-thirds of the whole passenger traffic. The net earnings of the whole system were \$933 per mile.

\$10 Worth for 30 Cents—Is something unusual, but it seems that is what every one gets, who purchases Mrs. E. M. Jones' famous book, "Dairying for Profit, or the Poor Man's Cow." A leading farmer writes, "I have —'s book on Dairying, price \$10; practically, Mrs. Jones' book is worth more!" Mrs. Jones is known all over the U.S. and Canada. Her Herd has made a magnificent success, winning 1st prize everywhere for years, also 26 large medals, gold silver and bronze; solid silver cup (value \$300) won at Kellogg's New York sale, beautiful Silver Tea Set, given by the Farmer's Advocate, for three best dairy cows of any breed, also hundreds of other prizes, diplomas, and sweepstakes. Her butter brings far the highest price in Canada for her whole output, 6,000 lbs a year. Any one can make the same profit if they read and follow her plain common sense methods. Her book tells the whole story, and can be got by sending 30 cents to Robert Brown, agent, box 324 Brookville, Ontario, Canada.

Mme. Patti possesses a queer fad, which she has kept quite a secret for many years from the public. It is only a few months since this peculiar fad or hobby became known. It is the passion she has for daggers and similar pointed weapons; they are very small in size, and many of them are quite historical. Some of the very smallest she uses for hairpins.



Clifford Blackman
A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes. I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla because of the wonderful good it did my son." ABRIE F. BLACKMAN, 2883 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

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And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? Not one in five hundred!

Here are two remedies—one the "Golden Medical Discovery," for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood; they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a positive guarantee, and not one in five hundred can say: "It was not the medicine for me!" And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are, what do you lose? Absolutely nothing!

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"German Syrup"

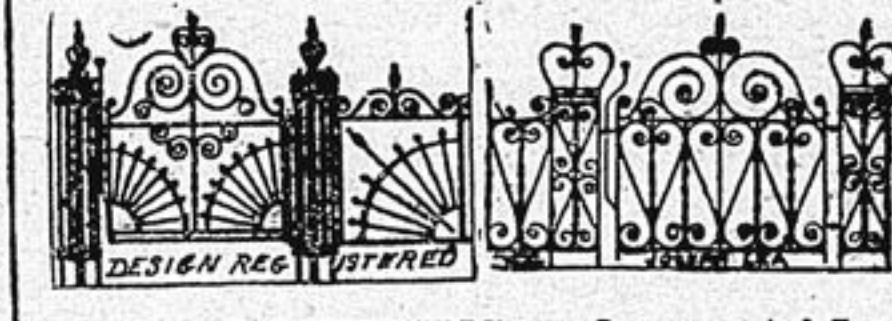
We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

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