

—FOR—
CRACKED OR CHAPPED HANDS
CHAPPED LIPS
ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN.
 Use HIGINBOTHAM'S
WHITE - ROSE - BALM.

The Lindsay Watchman.

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CHAPPED LIPS,
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WHITE - ROSE - BALM.

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1892.

50 Cents per Year in Advance.

Volume V. Number 6.

A CLEAN SHAVE.

Does not amount to much as a Christmas Present, neither does a box of Pills, but that does not alter the fact that **WHITE PINE BALSAM** is the **BEST** Remedy in use to-day for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, etc.—in fact my advice to you is when you get a cold or feel an attack of the Grippe strike a bee line for Higinbotham's Drug Store, for every person knows that self preservation is the first law of nature, and a stitch in time saves nine and time is money.

Lindsay, January 2nd, 1892.

Attractive Goods

JUST TO HAND, IN OAK FINISH.

ONE AND EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN

GENTS' GOLD-FILLED CASES.

EXTRA VALUE IN WEDDING RINGS.

REMEMBER WE ARE SOLE AGENT FOR

THE UNITED STATES WATCH CO'Y

OF WALTHAM, MASS.

LOWER IN PRICE,

and giving the best of satisfaction. Call and see the new specialties at

S. J. PETTY,

"The Jeweller."

HARDWARE.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty, &c.

Sporting Powder, Shells, Shot, Caps, Cartridges, and all necessary requisites.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS

J. P. RYLEY.

Remember the Stand—One door East of the Benson House.

WANTED!

Alsike and Red Clover SEED

for which Toronto prices will be paid at PETERBOROUGH.

John Armstrong,

Farmers' Cash Grocery Store, No. 370 Water St., Peterboro, Ont.

HURRAH FOR W. E. MURPHY BAKER AND CATERER.

Having secured the services of an excellent New York pastry baker, I am now ready to supply the citizens of Lindsay with a first-class line of

CAKES and PASTRY

of the latest American styles. Charlotte Russets and Jellies made to order. Parties and Suppers supplied on shortest notice. Wedding Cakes a specialty.

W. E. MURPHY, Baker and Caterer.

FRED FITZSIMMONS.

His remains may be interred at Brockville.

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Feb. 6.—Since Wednesday last the sole topic of conversation in this town has been the capture in New Orleans and subsequent suicide of Frederick C. Fitzsimmons, the young Brockvillian who escaped from the Pittsburgh jail while awaiting trial for the murder of Detective Gilkinson. The fact that the murderer was a well-known Brockville boy, and member of one of our best known and most respected families, naturally served to excite more interest here than perhaps at any other point in the country. The news of the arrest was soon made by large crowds.

Of course it is impossible to say just at present what disposition will be made of the body. One member of the family said he thought likely that the remains would be brought here. He will likely go to Pittsburgh at once to identify the remains, but no definite decision has as yet been made with reference to their final resting place.

The little girl, whose photograph was found in the hand of the dying suicide, was brought here soon after the Pittsburgh shooting, and is now residing with relatives of the deceased. She is a nice looking, winsome little body, full of childish vivacity, and has found a happy home.

The Details of one of the Most Dramatic Suicides on Record.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—Frederick C. Fitzsimmons did not attempt suicide in any sudden frenzy, but went about it as systematically as he robbed John Schmidt of his jewelry, and as boldly as he broke jail at Pittsburgh. With him the ruling passion was strong to the end, or to what he expected with cool confidence would be the end. It was characteristic of him. Like all his previous literary productions that have found their way into print, it is part true, part false, part grandiloquent, and the rest school boy.

It was just 10.10 o'clock Thursday morning that the discovery of Fitzsimmons' work was made. Detective Murphy had called at the prison to see the fugitive at his invitations of the evening previous. He had been placed in the hospital department by the jail officials because they considered that there of all places he could be more closely watched. Over his cot hung his coat and hat and it was by the latter article that Murphy located his man. The man was covered completely from head to foot with his blankets, to all appearances sound asleep.

Murphy caught him playfully by the foot. At this Fitzsimmons' leg twitched. Then Murphy went to the head of the cot and pulled down the blanket.

THE KNIFE AND HIS BABY'S PICTURE.

He rushed to the other side of the cot and drew the blanket down farther. The sight was appalling. In his left hand the murderer held tightly a small surge on's knife with a crooked blade an inch and a half long. It was as sharp and keen as a razor. In the other hand Fitzsimmons fondly clasped the photograph of his 5-year-old daughter, which Murphy had given him yesterday evening. The smiling face of the little one was lost to sight under a dark cot of the life blood of her own father, shed by his own hand. The dying man had apparently more than once pressed it to his heart for the whole car was smeared and bespattered with blood.

Doctors were at once summoned and the gaping wounds in Fitzsimmons' neck which had been made with a penknife were sewed up, but the doctor held out no hope of recovery.

After a time Fitzsimmons was able to talk and explained that he had brought the penknife into the jail with him and had secreted it where the officers could not find it.

After his wounds had been dressed he talked to the detective.

HE PLEADS TO BE ALLOWED TO DIE.

"Oh, Murphy, let me die," pleaded the man who but the day before had so jauntily chatted in the prison office.

"Don't send for a doctor; it's no use. He can do no good. My time has come. I have met my Waterloo and I am ready to die. Step closer, Murphy, so you can understand every word I say. I can scarcely speak. I am dying now, and I say before my Maker, whom I shall soon see face to face, that I am happier now than any time since I have learned of my wife's cruel conviction for a crime which she did not commit. I feel that with me dead it will be the easier for her to secure the pardon she deserves.

"Why did I kill myself?" Fitzsimmons went on, in gasps, "because I knew it was but a question of time before I should have to die. So I chose the time myself. The knife I used I had in my possession for months. They searched me but did not find it. I had it for the purpose to which I put it this morning. That was but half an hour ago.

HIS LOVE FOR HIS CHILD.

"Hold my hands, please, Murphy, and you, Mr. Reporter; they are getting cold," said Fitzsimmons, after a little pause. "It won't be long now until I shall have gone. Hand me my little girl's picture again. Good-bless her," and Fitzsimmons again kissed the face he loved better than all the world, and as he did so marked it again with blood stains that all time cannot efface, for his weak hands paused on the way to his lips and the little card fell sideways in the gaping wound upon the left of his throat.

HE PLEADS FOR HIS WIFE.

"Murphy, I forgive you and all the world," Fitzsimmons continued with his next breath. "I bear no malice toward any creature. But, Murphy, I want you to promise me something on your word of honor, and before your God. You have 50 years to live and I possibly not 50 minutes. Now, I want you to promise to me, a dying man, who can never harm you or ask another favor of you, that you will use your best efforts to secure a pardon for my wife. That is all I want. I say it with my dying breath. Now, won't you promise me?"

MURPHY MAKES A PROMISE.

That was more than Murphy could stand. There were tears of manly sympathy in his eyes, and there was a tremor in his voice as he took up the blood-covered right hand of the man who had deliberately killed the best friend Murphy had in the world, and had almost ended his career, too. "Fred," he said, "I'll do it, so help me God. You shouldn't have done this thing on me, but it's too late now to mend it, and you and I are square with each other. What I can do for your wife I will do. I can't say any man no in such a time as this."

Fitzsimmons did not say all this of his own volition, nor in a continuous stream of talk like he was wont to in health. Some of it came in gasps voluntarily and some in response to questions.

THE MURDERER'S WILL.

In the letter which Fitzsimmons wrote before cutting his throat he says:

My daughter, Lucy Frederica Fitzsimmons, 5 years of age, is now living with my sister at Brockville, Ont.

P.S.—My will at Brockville directs that my property and effects be inherited by my darling wife, and in case of her decease to my loving daughter. The central district police station of New Orleans has \$70 cash and two satchels, one containing jewelry and valuables to the value of \$200. These I wish handed over according to my order.

PAST HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

The most remarkable feature of the affair is the fortitude with which Fitzsimmons lay dying in awful agony under a blanket so heavy it shut out almost all air, but he never gave the persons going in and out of the ward any sign of what he had done. The iron nerve with which he planned and executed the throat cutting, and never showed the white feather, is past all understanding.

Fitzsimmons also left letters to his brother and other relatives at Brockville, Ont. The last named was in care of his New Orleans lawyer, F. Rivers, Richardson.

"He will have my body embalmed immediately and shipped to my home in Ontario," said the suicide unwittingly. These letters were sealed and stamped, and of course will go to their destination unopened.

FITZSIMMONS TOLD THE STORY OF HIS LIFE BEFORE HE DIED.

Fitzsimmons told to his lawyer the story of his life before he died. He is a Canadian by birth, the second youngest of a large number of brothers and sisters his father having been married four times. His father and mother are both dead, and the balance of his family are residing at Brockville, Canada. His father was a successful merchant, mayor of the city and school trustee for a number of years.

His uncle, William Fitzsimmons, was a member of Parliament for years for the constituency of Leeds and Grenville Ontario, and is at the present time a Past Master of the Masonic fraternity. He was always well supplied with money. At the death of his father he fell heir to \$10,000. He is now the owner of a valuable piece of property at Homestead, Pa.

Fitzsimmons says he followed the evocation of peddling "fake" jewelry for a number of years through the country parishes of Louisiana, and realized a good income from it. About three years ago he went to live at Pittsburgh and secured a country home for himself, his wife and 5-year-old child. He secured employment in a large mercantile house and finally started in business for himself, selling goods on the installment plan.

This business proved unsuccessful and he went into the brokerage business, which was also a failure, and he lost considerable money. He became disheartened with his misfortunes, fell from the path of rectitude and became a thief and a burglar. The murder of Detective Gilkinson while attempting to arrest him for a burglary, being the natural end of his career.

He was asked if his wife was a native of Louisiana. He said she was the daughter of an old-time planter, who had died since the war, but whose name he refused to divulge, as he thought it would not benefit him any just now.

She was a distant relative of Andrew Jackson. Mrs. Fitzsimmons is now in Pittsburgh jail serving a term for complicity in Gilkinson's murder. The fact of his suicide was communicated to her and she was physically and mentally in a bad physical condition and it is feared an epileptic fit may end her life.

St. Mary's Catholic Church Broken Into and Robbed.

On Thursday morning the caretaker at St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, was very much surprised on going inside the edifice to find that everything was turned upside down. At a glance it was evident that thieves had entered the building, and investigation showed that everything of any value had been stolen. All the silverware and even the golden chalice—

most sacred article on the Catholic altar—had been carried away. The candlestick, images and other articles which the thieves had found too cumbersome or valueless were broken, and their fragments were scattered about inside the parish indignant. Every one in the parish is indignant at this outrage and theft of such sacred articles, and every possible measure is being taken to bring the guilty parties to justice. Detectives Porter and McGrath have been working on the case for the past two days; but not the slightest clue has yet been found.

Alex. Renton, a Seven-Year-Old Peterboro' Boy, Accidentally Shot.

PETERBORO', Feb. 8.—A very sad accident occurred in the north part of the town yesterday by which Alex. Renton, a lad seven years of age, lost his life. He and his brother were playing in a room together. In one corner of the room stood a gun which had been loaded with a peace, by an older brother to drive away a dog. By some means, it is supposed by the two boys knocked the gun over. In falling the hammer of the gun struck the corner of a lounge and the weapon was discharged. A scream of anguish from the younger lad, who was sitting on the floor, told that he had received the charge, which struck him on the lower part of the jaw and neck, making a shocking wound. Calling for his mother the poor boy sank down and immediately died. He was a son of Mrs. W. Renton, a widow, and she was prostrated by the shock and is ill. The employees of the Auburn woolen mills, near which the accident happened, has made up a purse of \$72 for the afflicted mother to-day.

Princess Mary.

LONDON, Feb. 7.—An intimate friend of the Prince of Wales states that his Royal Highness desires to adopt the Princess Mary as his daughter. He is much attached to the young Princess, and the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence has seemed to create a strong bond of sympathy between the bereaved father and the late Duke's fiancée. The Princess wears the deepest possible mourning, and her grief has every mark of sincerity. Prince George is very attentive to Princess Mary, and is often in her company. The young Princess reciprocates his devotion by showing a sisterly solicitude for his health, which has not been good since his attack of fever. Prince George is troubled a good deal with insomnia. Princess Mary surprised him the other day by giving him a pillow of hemlock, which she had thoughtfully obtained from America. The cover was embroidered by her own hands. The possibility of Prince George and Princess Mary being married continues to be discussed. It is believed that if they desire to wed the Queen will absolve the Princess from a good part of the traditional five years' period of mourning and allow an early betrothal.

Kidnapper's Captured.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Two of the supposed kidnappers of Ward Waterbury, of Long Island Ridge, have been captured. They are John McCann, of Greenwich, Conn., and Samuel Sutherland. McCann made a confession. He said he and Waterbury had kidnapped the boy and had taken him to Waterbury's house. Sutherland was to have participated, but had been detained because his mother was ill. McCann said Waterbury had fully intended to meet his uncle on Tuesday night at the bridge and bargain about the ransom, but he (McCann) had been frightened by the strangers who were investigating the matter, and so this part of the programme had been abandoned. McCann said Waterbury had told him he was going to hide in a cave if any officers came.

GREENSWICH, Conn., Feb. 5.—Charles E. Waterbury, who abducted his cousin, Ward Waterbury, on Monday, has been arrested here. Waterbury was walking along the road near his house. He had a bundle of clothing in his arms and a big revolver which was cocked. He was looking suspiciously about him as he sneaked along. He evidently feared arrest and started nervously at every sound. When Selleck stepped in front of him Waterbury showed fight, but the deputy sheriff overpowered him and told him he had better be quiet, because there were officers near by. Waterbury said he was on his way to Greenwich to give himself up. There was no doubt, however, that he intended to leave town.

At 12 o'clock yesterday the three prisoners, Waterbury, Sutherland, and McCann, were arraigned before Judge Hoyt. Ward Waterbury and his father and mother were in court.

Ward Waterbury said one of the men who abducted him had a black beard on a false beard was found in the house of Charles E. Waterbury, where Ward was confined during his absence from home.

Ward Waterbury told the story of his abduction practically the same as has been published. The boy shuddered as he related the story of how he was stolen away. He seemed to stand in dread of McCann, and occasionally had to be reassured by his father. McCann was manifestly nervous while Ward was on the stand. Nothing could shake Ward's testimony.

Ward's father Charles P. Waterbury, also testified. He related how Charles E. Waterbury had brought him the note demanding \$6,000 ransom for Ward. He also told of his visiting Miller's Bridge to meet the kidnappers, and then described Ward's return home.

Before McCann's examination was concluded Ward Waterbury positively identified him as one of the men who had kidnapped him. The little fellow had been watching McCann steadfastly all the time. McCann sought to present only his full face to the child, but occasionally he forgot himself and turned his. Finally Ward exclaimed, "That's him; that's the man." Judge Hoyt questioned Ward, and Ward said he recognized McCann by marks on his face and side of his head. Ward said he was positive McCann was one of the men.

Charles E. Waterbury refused to plead. Sutherland's behaviour was in marked contrast to that of Waterbury. He asked for time to procure counsel. Judge Hoyt granted this and set down his hearing for to-morrow morning.

Charles E. Waterbury and McCann, were bound over for the Supreme Court, which will meet at Bridgeport Feb. 16. They were remanded to goal in default of \$85,000 bonds each.

MANY SCORE OF VICTIMS.

Another New York Hotel Holocaust.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—An appalling catastrophe paralleling in horror and perhaps exceeding in loss of life the Park Place disaster of last summer, occurred in the city at an early hour yesterday morning. The Hotel Royal at 6th-avenue and 40th-street, opposite Bryant Park, was completely destroyed by fire and a large number of people were burned and suffocated in the ruins.

The Hotel Royal was built more than 25 years ago. The house was the home of many persons in the theatrical profession and was patronized chiefly by transients for the night that class which keeps late hours in the upper part of the tenderloin district.

ALL MEANS OF ESCAPE CUT OFF.

The fire broke out shortly after three o'clock this morning and spread with fearful rapidity, the flames soon enveloping the entire building and cutting off all escape for the guests rooming in the upper stories of the building.

The origin of the fire is unknown. It started in the basement near the elevator shaft, which was located in the middle of the building.

The fire department arrived within a few minutes after the alarm was given by an engineer on the elevated railroad, but meanwhile the most heartrending and sickening scenes were being enacted.

The horror-stricken crowd that had quickly gathered in the streets about the doomed building, saw men and women clad only in their night clothes jump from the upper stories and fall upon the stone flagging of the sidewalks crushed to death or seriously injured.

Eye witnesses tell of the appearance at the upper windows of the terror-stricken men and women who, unable to find escape, fell back overcome by the smoke and flames. Every window of the building seemed filled with men, women and children, crying out piteously for those below to save them. Many of those were certainly burned to death.

The fire escapes in the rear of the building afforded a means of escape to some, whilst the fire ropes provided in all rooms were utilized by many male guests in reaching the street.

According to the most reliable reports there were about 150 people all told, sleeping in the hotel last night. How many of these were lost may not be ascertained for several days.

EVERY ROOM WAS OCCUPIED.

Nearly every room of the 124 rooms which the hotel had on its five floors was occupied last night by guests both permanent and transient, in fact all rooms save four had been taken at 1 o'clock in the morning when Richard Mears, the proprietor, went to bed.

At 3.05 o'clock Mears and his wife who occupied a room on the third floor 40 feet from the staircase, were aroused and found the staircase in flames. Mears groped his way to a window through blinding smoke and escaped, and his wife was subsequently rescued by firemen in an unconscious condition.

MANY LEAP TO DEATH.

Just as she reached the ground the body of an unknown man, who had jumped from a third-story window struck the pavement and his brains were dashed out.

A moment later another man leaped from a window on the 40th-street side and was instantly killed. Shortly afterward two women jumped from windows on the 6th-avenue side and were dead when picked up.

THE WALLS TUMBLE.

Suddenly the walls fell. At the time people could be observed at several windows on the top floor, crying for help, but they fell back and were soon burned in the ruins.

Five burned, crushed and disfigured bodies, two women and three men, were removed to the morgue.

It is feared, however, that a search of the vast smoking pile of debris in the cellar of the hotel will reveal many ghastly finds. It was reported at a late hour to-night that no less than 100 people are still unaccounted for.

A report comes from Chicago that the Supreme Court of Illinois has granted the application of the parties convicted of the murder of Dr. Cronin a new trial. Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke are serving life sentences in the Joliet penitentiary. States Attorney Longnecker claims to know nothing of the decision of the Supreme Court.

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weekly review of the trade situ-
 adstreet reports a slight improve-
 business in the Western States
 there is also a slight improve-
 trade, but farmers are unwilling
 their wheat at present prices. It
 reported this week in Canada a
 r, against fifty-nine for the
 ng week of last year.

DIED.
 RES—In Lindsay, on Monday
 t. Thomas Richards, aged 70