

**SHOT IN HIS BEDROOM.**

**Mr. Wm. Weir, of Emily, is Found Dead—Supposed Accident.**

The news of a sad and tragic death in the township of Emily reached town late on Thursday last, the victim of which was one of the most industrious and quiet young men in the community where he resided. His name is Mr. William Weir, eldest son of Mr. Robert Weir, who lives in Emily, about five miles from Fowler's Corners. The report was that the young man had committed suicide, but his friends and those who knew him best cannot give this credence, but believe that it was the result of an accident.

Yesterday "Willie," as he was familiarly known, was working on the farm as usual, and in the evening was sitting on the verandah of his father's house with the rest of the family, which consists of father, mother, three daughters and another son, and was in his usual spirits and nothing unusual was noticed in his actions or manner. Mr. Robert Leary, a neighbor, was also present, and shortly after nine o'clock left for home. When he left Willie rose and went upstairs to his room and two minutes afterwards the

**SHARP REPORT OF A REVOLVER**

startled the rest of the family downstairs. The oldest daughter went upstairs and called her brother by name, but received no answer and upon entering his room was horrified to find him stretched on the floor dead, with a bullet wound just below the heart. Death must have been instantaneous. The family were about paralysed by the sudden and awful calamity which had fallen to their lot, and medical aid was summoned and the relatives of the family were sent for.

Mr. Valentine Best, of town, an uncle of the unfortunate man, went out last night and returned this morning. He says there is nothing that could possibly be assigned as a cause for the young man deliberately taking his own life, as his family relations were of the most happy, his prospects were good and he was always a teetotaler. The young man is spoken of in high terms by those who knew him in town, and it is quite possible that the revolver was discharged accidentally while the man was handling it. His friends will have sincere sympathy in their melancholy bereavement.

**A Mysterious Letter.**

**The Strange Missive Picked up by Two Young Men at the Falls.**

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., July 7.—Two young men named Wm. Dittick and Chas. Smith, were strolling upon the New York State reservation grounds this afternoon, came upon the following letter, which, after careful perusal, should explain itself:

Western Hotel, John Salt & Sons, proprietors, Niagara Falls N. Y., May 20, 1889.

DEAR BROTHER,—I know that what I am about to write will drive the blood from your heart. I am about to bring an end to all my trials and troubles. God knows that until recently life was as sweet to me as to anyone, but the strain of late has been too much for me. I cannot go into the presence of our holy father with my mind so stoned. I must ease my mind. Why are you not with me so that I can talk to you? You have been a true friend. I never had more to say to you than I have now. What a fearful tail I could tell, but dare not put it on paper. For all I know punishment will never be meted out in earth for the part I took in it. You cannot imagine how I have been tried since I left you. May God forgive it all. When I left you I went to Chicago, and you can guess from reading papers as to C being missing how all came out in ridding us of that devilish traitor and spy on our actions God only knows why such a fearful change has come over me sense last night. I left the city at once and hurried here to finish the part that had been given to me. My brain is on fire. O, I have waited so long for the trunk to come. Each day's delay has increased my frenzy to the highest pitch, and now I know the plans, for all they were so carefully laid, must have miscarried, and I dread the consequences. I cannot stand it any more. I am going to end it all. I want you to remember that I was true to Ireland's cause, but now I am sick an all broke up ever sense that night. My sleep has been filled with fearful dreams, and now, after removing from me everything by which they can identify me, I shall free myself from any more by suicide, which hear is so easy. Only one step into the swift current and it is done. My body instead of his shall be picked up and buried with the unknown dead if ever found. Good-bye. (Signed) Ed. 20.

Always be true to Ireland and—

**A COINCIDENCE.**

The spelling is decidedly poor, but the composition very fair. It was picked up on the third Sister Island. Readers of the *Empire* will probably remember seeing an article in its columns some two weeks ago about the body of a young man being found in the whirlpool. The corpse was taken to Drummondville and interred a few feet underground, so that in case enquiry was made the body could be easily exhumed for identification. The finding of this very mysterious letter leads to the belief that the writer of it was no other than the young man found in the whirlpool, and there cannot be the slightest doubt but that he was in some way connected with the murder of Dr. Cronin. The supposition is that it was the intention of the murderers of Cronin to ship the body on to Niagara Falls, where it would be received by the Whirlpool suicide, who would make way with it by sending it over the falls, hoping by this method to obliterate all chances of identification.

**THE PLANS MISARRIED.**

From the tone of the letter it would seem that the plans had miscarried and the terrible anxiety and strain which the young man was under while waiting for Cronin's body caused him to make way with his

life by jumping into the Niagara river and passing over the falls. The C. reverend is undoubtedly meant for Cronin, and it substantiates the theory that Cronin was actually murdered in Chicago. The writing of the letter at the beginning is very firm and good, but towards the end is very uneven and shaky, thus showing that the writer as he proceeded got the fearfully worked up and excited. The envelope in which the letter was enclosed was badly stained with muddy water and has the appearance of being exposed to the elements for a considerable time. There was no address, but a few marks with an indelible pencil had been made on the face as if the person was about to write the address, but on second thought decided not to do. It is quite probable that he intended throwing the letter, with his wearing apparel into the river, and while taking off his clothes the latter accidentally and unseen dropped to the ground. The figures 20 after the signature may be some number of the Clan-na-Gael organization. After the words, "Always be true to Ireland," there is a strange looking monogram, which it is impossible to decipher, but it is no doubt a symbol or sign of some order. This letter may possibly lead to some clue by which the murderer or murderers of Dr. Cronin may be traced.

**A Fatal Blow.**

**A West End Contractor Killed in a Bar-room Fight—The Assailant Surrenders.**

At half-past five Monday evening a dispute in a West end saloon terminated in blows, and a one time well-to-do contractor was killed. At that hour Hugh McKay, a bricklayer living at 52 Hubert street, and James Smith, a contractor living at 76 Beaconsfield avenue, were both in Matthew Ronan's saloon, at the corner of Queen street and Beaconsfield avenue. When Smith came in McKay demanded the payment of some money that he claimed Smith owed him. Smith denied the debt. They argued for some time, and a few of the regular bar-room oaths were wafted to the hearing of passers-by.

"I'll put it in Denison's hands, and we'll see if you will pay it," said McKay. "You can put it in whatever hands you like," retorted Smith.

McKay responded by hitting Smith in face with his fist.

The men clenched, and for a time they swayed backward and forward. One of the barkeepers heard the noise and came in and parted them. The bartender warned them to discontinue, and it was thought that the row was ended.

McKay, however, had only retired to a corner, and when Smith stepped up to the bar to order a glass of beer the former stealthily followed him. When he was in the act of lifting the glass to his lips McKay

STRUCK HIM ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD with his clenched fist. The glass dropped and the unfortunate man fell backwards to the floor. The bartender and several others rushed to his assistance, but he was unable to speak. He was carried out into one of the sitting rooms and Dr. J. O. Orr was summoned. But the man was beyond human aid, and died in less than half an hour after he had received the blow.

A reporter of the *Mail* was on the spot a few minutes after the occurrence and some of the bystanders were particularly anxious that the terrible death should be passed off as only a case of heart disease. "Oh, it's heart disease. Sure, how could a man be killed by a tap on the head or on the back of the neck?" Dr. Orr expressed himself as willing to certify that death was caused by paralysis of the heart, said paralysis being superinduced by undue excitement.

Coroner Johnston was at once notified, and he ordered the removal of the body to the house of the deceased on Beaconsfield avenue. The news spread like wild-fire, and soon there were gathered around the house of the deceased a number of relatives and near friends. Mrs. Smith was nearly distracted.

**McKAY SURRENDERS.**

In the meantime McKay walked down Queen street to Dundas street and gave himself up at No. 6 Police station, where P. C. Armstrong (102) was in charge. He was locked in the cells.

McKay is the same man who was paid by his boss \$100 in mistake for \$10, and was soon afterwards arrested for theft. Remand after remand was granted in order that he might have the opportunity of refunding the \$90 he had received in mistake. But the prisoner expended a large proportion of the money in securing counsel for the defence, and in the end he was made an object of leniency by the court and got off with a light sentence of two months in gaol. He is fifty one years of age and is married.

**AN INQUEST TO BE HELD.**

There are a number of public halls at a convenient distance from the house of the deceased, but the coroner, after issuing the warrant for an inquest to be held today, also gave an order to secure one of the meagre and close sitting-rooms in any hotel near by.

James Smith, the deceased man, is well known in the West end. He was at one time a contractor in good circumstances, but drink was taking a too noticeable share of his attentions. His wife and family have the deep sympathy of friends who would willingly bear a share of their sorrows.—*Mail*

**Awkward Predicament.**

BOSTON, Mass., June 28.—A Toronto man is in a sad predicament. Last Wednesday Michael Scully, a middle-aged man, accompanied by his wife, arrived here and stopped at an unknown cheap hotel in the north end. The man had with him the address of a friend residing in the Roxbury district, and started out early yesterday morning to visit him. He left all his money with his wife, and was put on a street car by an employee of the

hotel and found his friend all right. When, however, he started to return, he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to write down the name and address of the hotel, and even could not tell the horse car line he had come out in. He vainly searched for the lost hotel until night overtook him. Tired and nearly dead with hunger, he took a citizen into his confidence and was directed to the nearest police station. The latter failed utterly to get even a description of the hotel from him, and the police are now taking him to all the North-end hotels in rotation to see if he will recognize the right one. He is terribly distressed, and fears that his wife will think he has abandoned her, and that she will go back to Toronto without him. He spends most of his time in crying over his lost spouse and money.

**A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.**

**Robbery from the Seminary by a Thief Disguised as a Trappist.**

A most audacious robbery took place within the walls of the Montreal Seminary last week. A Frenchman, attired in the garments of the Trappist Order, and claiming to have just arrived from across the sea, entered the institution and asked for Mr. Gibbon, who at that time was ill and could not be seen. The members of the Trappist Order, being greatly respected by Catholics everywhere on account of their piety, self-denial and good works in the cause of Christianity, he was received with open arms and in course of time made acquaintance with Father Stewart of the Trappist establishment at Oka. The latter gentleman had come to town to see a lot of butter in the manufacture of which the reverend fathers are engaged at this season of the year, and succeeded in disposing of it for \$400. Having concluded his bargain he put the money in his room for safekeeping while he went to Mass, and while the devotional exercises were in progress the stranger quietly went up to the room, appropriated the money and disappeared. Strong efforts have been made to locate and capture him, but every trace of the pseudo Trappist monk has been lost. It is expected, however, that he may try to play a similar game somewhere else, and in that case he is pretty sure to be caught.—*Star*.

**A Raid on Cattle.**

KINGSTON, July 8.—Wolfe Islands are excited. Their farms have been invaded and fine Holstein and Jersey cattle have been seized by Customs officers. The farmers, during the winter, had secured the animals in the States and drove them across the ice. The action of the officers has thrown many into a panic, and they are ridding themselves of the cattle to save loss from seizure. Dozens of cattle have been piloted across the river behind skiffs to the American shore to prevent the Canadian authorities from capturing them.

The crops hereabouts are remarkably good. A local paper, in commenting on the fact says: "This is a year of nature's prodigality."

Mrs. Dolan, of Wolfe Island, an illiterate woman, who gave to R. S. Burns, deputy postmaster, \$900 to deposit for her, may lose \$600 of it. The department writes to her that not having receipts she is exposed to loss, and adds: "If you are of the opinion that you did make such a deposit, it will be necessary for you to state what evidence you have of your having done so, besides the entry in the pass book, which is no longer conclusive evidence of the fact."

**News Items.**

Four thousand weavers at Jaegerstadt, Austria, have struck.

The carpenters of two Peterborough firms are out on strike for the nine hours' system.

The Queen has donated £50 to the sufferers by the railway accident at Armagh, Ireland.

Switzerland has negotiated a loan of 25,000,000 francs, with which to purchase rifles for the army.

Ex-Premier John Norquay was buried at Winnipeg yesterday. The funeral was a very imposing one.

It is reported that 50 Russian officers and a quantity of war material have passed Brailia, Roumania, on their way to Servia.

Several meetings were held in Toronto on Monday for the furtherance of ward organization in connection with the Equal Rights Association.

Col. Woderhouse, commander of the Egyptian troops, is still pursuing the derisives, but he has not a sufficient force to again attack them.

A contractor named James Smith received a fatal blow in a fight in Toronto. McKay, his assailant, surrendered himself to the police.

Sir Andrew Clark, the well-known physician, visited Lord Tennyson on Sunday, and was surprised to find him much improved in health and mental activity.

**POISONS! POISONS!**

Cheap at **A. HIGINBOTHAM'S DRUG STORE.**

HELLEBORE, INSECT POWDER, PARIS GREEN, HELLEBORE, INSECT POWDER.

All Guaranteed Dead Shot, by

**A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist.**

A sneak thief in London, Ont., on Monday snatched a package of notes containing \$1,300 from the counter of the London Loan Bank, and has not so far been captured.

M. Goblet, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, declares that Boulangerism in no way endangers the Republic, which has only to pursue a progressive policy to destroy the movement.

Charles Carlson, son of the couple who own the cottage in Chicago where Cronin was murdered, has gone to Winnipeg to see if he can identify Burke as one of the Williams brothers.

Mr. Grant Powell, Under Secretary of State, has resigned, and much interest is felt in Ottawa political circles as to his successor. The names of Mr. Dansereau and Mr. Mr. Joseph Tasse, ex-M. P., are prominently mentioned.

The late Senator Ryan by his will bequeathed to St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, St. Bridget's Home, and the Grey Nuns in Montreal, \$2,500 each, to several charitable institutions \$1,000 each. The personal legacies to relatives, friends, and servants amounted to \$45,000. Mrs. Ryan is amply provided for.

A rumor has been circulated to the effect that unless more than circumstantial evidence is adduced against Burke, now held in custody in Winnipeg, the Minister of Justice will not sign the extradition warrant. This rumor the Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail* characterizes as perfect nonsense, as the Minister of Justice will be guided altogether by the finding of the Winnipeg judge.

John L. Sullivan easily regained the title of "champion of the world" by defeating Jake Kilrain on Monday at Ritchburg, Miss. The battle was under the London prize ring rules, and though it continued for over two hours Sullivan had the best of it, and punished his opponent so badly that Kilrain's seconds threw up the sponge at the end of the 75th round. The stakes were \$10,000 a side, the largest ever fought for, and thousands of dollars were wagered on the result. There was no interference as anticipated on the part of the Mississippi authorities.

**W. C. T. U.**

The monthly meeting of the Lindsay W. C. T. U. is held the first Monday of every month in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Kent street at 3:30 p. m.

The New York *Christian Advocate* says: In those States where the liquor-traffic has been prohibited effectually crime has decreased rapidly. There is no longer any question in honest minds concerning the intimate relation between the liquor-traffic and crime. The *Western Recorder* gives the following facts: "M Marambat examined 3,000 criminals to learn what proportion of them were drunkards. He found, of those sentenced for being vagabonds, 70 per cent were drunkards; while of those sentenced as thieves 71 per cent, and of those condemned for personal assault 87 per cent, were drunkards. In the face of such figures, which are but samples, respectable men will still oppose all efforts to suppress the drunkard factories which curse the land."

**Have You a Boy to Spare.**

The saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys," is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of maidens each year; but the minotaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

Ketchumaliveandholdemfast. at Higinbotham's Drug Store. 22-4

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Lindsay, Jan. 16, 1887. 1-1f.

**A FEW FACTS PROCLAIMED BY S. J. PETTY, THE JEWELER.**

**IT IS A FACT,**  
We carry one of the Largest, if not THE Largest Stock of SILVERWARE in Lindsay.

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We carry the Largest Assortment of JEWELRY in Lindsay.

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We have on hand the finest assortment of Walnut and other CLOCKS shown in Lindsay.

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That our assortment of Ladies' and Gents' GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, are second to none in Lindsay.

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The undersigned would respectfully ask all requiring anything in his line to call and inspect his stock and the materials of which they are composed.

**For Neatness of Design, Durability and Finish,**

He leaves the public to judge of, as they have, by their patronage hitherto bestowed, awarded him high commendation.

**NO FACTORY WORK USED,**

But all MADE BY HAND, and by experienced workmen.

**REPAIRING**

Of all kinds promptly attended to at the Lowest Prices.

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To the Ladies of Victoria County :

Having visited the Fashion Centres of Toronto, Buffalo, and New York, and made extensive purchases, I have a very Choice Stock of Latest Fashions in

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Shapes, Trimmings, Ribbons, Laces, Veilings, Feathers, Flowers, etc. These goods are now opened out, and ladies are cordially invited to call and inspect the stock before purchasing elsewhere.

**MISS O'BRIEN.**

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Cut, Wrought & Finishing Nails, Axes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Horse Pokes, Churns, Chains, Scythes, Snaths, Rakes and Handles, Tarboard, Dryboard and Felt Building Paper.

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White Lead, Oil and Turpentine, Peerless Best Machine Oil, Glass, Putty, Whiting, and Varnishes, Cutlery,

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