

SHOT BY AN ANARCHIST.

Attempted Assassination of President McKinley.

BUFFALO, N. Y., 6.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American this afternoon.

It was a few moments after 4 p. m., that the cowardly attack was made just after the daily organ recitals in the Temple of Music.

The President, though well guarded by the United States secret service detectives was fully exposed to the attack. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the grand pipe organ at the east side of the structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to see the chief executive and, if possible, clasp his hand.

The good natured mob every minute swelled and multiplied. The President was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood John G. Milburn, of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American Exposition, chatting to the President and introducing to him especially persons of note who approached. Upon the President's left stood Mr. Cortelyou. A medium-sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the President.

Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. He worked his way amid the stress of people up to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the President.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling of feet and waves of applause.

The President stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment, on his face. Then he retreated a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in the silence of surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one toward the rostrum.

Then came a commotion. Three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse, and sprang towards the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States Secret Service men, whose duty it was to guard against such a calamity. The third was a by-stander, a negro. The trio hurled themselves upon the assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon wrenched from his grasp, and he was pinioned down before the vast multitude began to realize what had happened. A murmur arose, spread and swelled to pandemonium. For a moment the confusion was terrible.

After the first shock of the assassin's shot, the President retreated a step; then as the detectives leaped upon his assailant, he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands. In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the President meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm and telling them not to be alarmed.

"But you are wounded," cried his secretary. "let me examine."

"No I think not," answered the President. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless his outer garments were hastily loosened and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wend its way down his breast, spreading its telltale stain over the linen, the worst fears were confirmed. A force of exposition guards were on the scene by this time and an effort was made to clear the building. By this time the crush was terrific. Spectators crowded down the stairways from the galleries, the crowd on the floor surged forward toward the rostrum, while despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards the throng without struggled madly to obtain admission.

The President's assailant in the meantime had been hustled to the rear of the building by exposition guards, where he was turned over to Superintendent Bull, of the Buffalo police department, who took him to No. 13 police station, and later to police headquarters. As soon as the crowd in the Temple of Music had been dispersed sufficiently, the President was removed in the automobile ambulance and taken to the exposition hospital, where an examination was made. The best medical skill was summoned, and within a brief period several of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side.

The President retained the full exercise of faculties until placed on the operating table and subjected to an anaesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound.

The other took effect in the abdomen, four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel, and about on a level with it.

Upon arrival at the exposition hospital the

second bullet was probed for. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The incision was hastily closed, and after a brief and hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn. Arriving there, all persons outside the medical attendants, nurses and the officials immediately connected were excluded, and the task of probing for the bullet which had lodged in the abdomen was begun by Dr. Parke.

CONFESSES HIS AWFUL CRIME.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—A special to the Daily News from Buffalo says:

The statement of Leon Czolgosz, made to the police, transcribed and signed by the prisoner, is as follows:

"I was born in Detroit nearly 29 years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here 42 years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit and then went to Cleveland, where I got work. In Cleveland I received books on Socialism and met a great many Socialists. I was pretty well known as a Socialist in the west. After being in Cleveland for several years, I went to Chicago where I remained several months, after which I went to Newburg on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg wire mills.

"During the last five years I have had as friends Anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other western cities, and I suppose I became more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything and this preyed upon me. It made me morose and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She was in Cleveland and I and other Anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine, that all rulers should be exterminated, was what set me thinking, so that my head nearly split with the pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me, and when I left the lecture I had made up my mind that I would have to do something heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago paper of President McKinley's visit to the Pan American exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket for Buffalo and got here with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of shooting the president, but I had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Nowak, a Pole, a sort of politician who has led his people for years, owns it. I told Nowak that I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

"Not until Tuesday morning did the resolution to shoot the president take hold of me. It was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it, had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on Tuesday. I heard it was president's day. All those people seemed to be bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32 calibre revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the presidential party arrived. I tried to get near him, but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that the great ruler could pass. I was close to the president when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination because there were so many in the bodyguard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chance would be gone forever.

"Well, he went away that time and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the president, right under him, near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss and then the great crowd was always jostling and I was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited until Wednesday, but a lot of men were about him and formed a cordon. I was tossed about by the crowd and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Yesterday morning I went again to the exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the president, who was to board his special train from that gate, but the police allowed nobody but the president's party to pass out while the train waited. So I stayed on the grounds all day waiting.

"During yesterday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seized by the police. I got to the Temple of Music the first one and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then he came—the president—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got up to him, and then I shot him twice through my handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed and was surprised at the way they treated me."

Czolgosz ended his story in utter exhaustion. When he had about concluded he was asked: "Did you really mean to kill the president?"

"I did," was the cold-blooded reply.

"What was your motive; what good could it do?" he asked.

"I am an anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied with not the slightest tremor.

"I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time," he told District Attorney Penny.

"I don't regret my act, because I was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with the Paterson group, or with those anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no confidants; no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."

BUFFALO, Sept. 9.—Abner McKinley, brother of the president, arrived at the house of Mr. Milburn at 10.05 this morning and was immediately admitted. He had come all the way from Denver.

Aside from the pathological conditions of the case, circumstances to day were peculiarly favorable for the patient. It was an ideal September day with bracing air, moderate temperature and a light breeze blowing from the south. The sun shone brightly. The physicians were quick to note these external conditions for they contributed greatly to the comfort of the patient and gave assurance against the depression of extreme heat or inclement weather.

BADLY RUN DOWN.

SYMPTOMS THAT MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS RESULTS.

The Experience of Thomas Cada, of Essex Co.—Nerves Seemed Shattered, and He Felt Unfitted to Stand Hard Work.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Mr. Thomas Cada, of Pike Creek, a small village in Essex county, is known to almost everyone in that section. He is a son of Mr. John Cada, mill owner, and a prominent politician in his locality. A representative of the Windsor Review, who had known that some time previously Mr. Cada was in poor health, recently met him looking anything but an invalid, and naturally asked what had restored him to health. "Dr. Williams Pink Pills," promptly replied Mr. Cada. When asked if he would give the particulars for publication, Mr. Cada said "certainly, if you think it worth while; but there is nothing very wonderful about my case. I was simply badly run down; my nerves seemed to be all shattered, and I was unable to stand hard work. In fact work of any kind left me badly used up. There did not seem to be any organic trouble, it was just a case of being run down and worn out. I felt myself gradually getting worse, however, and I began taking medicine. I tried several advertised remedies, but they did not help me, indeed some of them did me more harm than good. Just then I read of a case much like mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I purchased a few boxes. Very soon I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and in the course of a few weeks I was feeling my old-time self. I can now eat heartily, do a good day's work with no unusual fatigue, and in fact feel thoroughly renewed in health and strength. Naturally I think Dr. Williams Pink Pills a great medicine for those who are weak or ailing."

If you are feeling weak or run down, and easily tired, you need a tonic to put you right—to make you feel bright, active and strong, and the only always reliable tonic is Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People. Give these pills a fair trial and you will find that their curative powers have not been over-praised. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

BORN.

ANDERSON—On Sept. 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson, Golding street, St. John, a son.

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We can't compel you to buy, or even to look; we can only place the facts before you—but if you will look, if you will compare, you'll find our prices below those of other houses, then you'll be glad you came to us for your Fall Clothing. See our lines of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Suits and Overcoats.

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