

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENT

HER DEATH IS AVENGED.

THE MURDERER OF ANNIE KEMPTON IS EXECUTED.

The Ghastly Scene Enacted in the Early Morning Hours—Fear of Trouble from a Mob Causes the Sheriff to Change the hour of Wheeler's Execution.

Ere Tuesday's sun had risen Peter Wheeler had paid the penalty of his crime at Digby, N. S. The hour for the execution had been announced as 8 o'clock, but the sheriff exercised his prerogative and made the hour 2 30 a. m. instead. The jury were called together at mid-

The place where stood the gallows was but a step from the prisoner's cell and was but a small room, about 8 by 10 feet, built under the jail porch.

Wheeler on leaving his cell said: "I leave the chamber of death, I am going to my doom, I know that I have done wrong, what I have told in my confession is true, but if I am lying now, I am not lying unto man but unto God." His feet were tied together, the deadly noose adjusted and drawn tight with the knot behind the left ear. Then the victim, he who had taken a life and was about to pay in just measure with his own, turned and kissed officer Bowles and Capt. Allen, both of whom were dep-

who had been living in the community for several years.

His arrest and conviction followed. The many confessions and statements given out by the murderer from time to time have caused much comment. The truth of many of his assertions has been disproved and in the execution of the sentence of the law justice has been meted out to one who richly deserved it.

This is not the least doubt but that the good people of Bear River would have made themselves amenable to the law if the hanging had been delayed till eight o'clock. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed that the gallows was not exposed

HIS INFINITE VARIETY.

A ST. JOHN DENTIST CAPTURES THE MONCTON TRADE.

His Entertainment Attract Audiences and Customers—His Method are Free of Pain and Free of Charge—His Arrest and Its Interesting Results.

Moncton people have been enjoying a free entertainment lately, and if it is not of a very hilarious nature, it at least possesses all the fascinating elements of the bargain counter which must be so dear to human nature, judging by the crowds that flock each night to the scene of action, a vacant lot on the corner of Lanes and Main street where, from a temporary wooden platform and beneath a cluster of torches that brilliantly illuminate the scene, a very good-looking and well-dressed young man in a silk hat and immaculate linen, delivers a lecture and draws teeth free—free of charge and free of pain. You must buy 50 cents worth of his goods, before you are entitled to have a tooth out, but that trifling outlay, for which you get full value—entitles you to have as many teeth out as you can spare, or, as you consider will give you the worth of your money.

There is certainly something very wonderful about the methods of this professor of painless dentistry, and the rapidity of his movements almost takes one's breath away. The patient simply seats himself well under the light, and the operator makes a brief examination of the suffering molars or incisors gives them a rapid treatment with some patent preparation and twitches them out with as much apparent ease as one would pull the stalk out of a ripe pear! One light and careful turn of the "Professor's" skilled hand and out came a tooth, followed by another, and another, and the patient never winced; he almost seemed to enjoy the operation, scrambling down from the platform with a smile, and departing well pleased on his way. Of course this alone is almost enough excitement for the populace and the prospect of free tooth drawing is so alluring that many are the candidates who present themselves for treatment but the professor resolutely refuses to sacrifice any teeth that can be saved and filled, dealing only with incurables.

But the entertainment does not consist exclusively of dentistry and those amongst the audience who crave for a lighter vein of amusement are gratified by the graceful gambols of a colored gentleman who arrives on the scene each night and adds an element of comedy to the performance. Now all this has been very interesting to the citizens and the sidewalks have been almost blocked every evening by appreciative spectators but it has not been by any means a pleasant for the regularly established dentists practising in Moncton, to whom it scarcely appeared natural that a properly qualified dentist should be practising his profession on street corners, and resorting to the rather unusual methods of bartering the mob, and employing an artist in burnt cork to assist him. Therefore Dr. C. A. Murray acting on behalf of the New Brunswick Dental Society had the too-successful practitioner arrested on Saturday morning on the charge of practising without being duly registered. As the penalty in such a case is twenty dollars for each day that the offender persists in his naughty ways, things looked rather blue for the enterprising young dentist—who by the way, is Dr. E. R. Parker of St. John. On being brought into the police court Dr. Parker's defence was that he is a registered graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. He was admitted to jail, engaged Mr. F. A. McCully as counsel and will appear before the court again this week. Meanwhile he continues to extract teeth with a debonaire grace that can only come of long practice, and complete confidence in himself and his painless method. In his usual speech on Saturday evening Dr. Parker made "a few appropriate remarks" on the treatment he had received at the hands of his professional brethren. He said it was all caused by professional jealousy, and simply because they wanted to get him out of the place, but he wasn't going to get out, he added; he had the money to stay and he meant to stay, and the only way to get him out was to kill him. Whereupon the wizard of the painless forceps punctuated his remarks by extracting a molar with inimitable ease and skill and as nobody seemed inclined to argue the point with him, the entertainment proceeded as usual. The intrepid doctor does not confine his practice to street exhibitions, but has a regular office at the Queen hotel, where he attends to patients during office hours; so it looks as if he had come to remain, but no doubt the proceedings at the police court will have something to do with deciding the length of his stay.

W. L. Ogle is all right.

HALIFAX, Sept. 10.—A peculiar typographical error occurred in last week's issue of the article on fire hose in Halifax.

The words "Mr. Ogle's brand" were made by the printer to read "Mr. Ogle's fraud." The rubber hose sold by Mr. Ogle is undoubtedly the best on the market, and Mr. Ogle is one of the best known men in the trade. He has represented "The Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Company of Toronto," which makes the maltese cross brand of hose for nearly a quarter of a century, and any one who knows Mr. Ogle knows that "he's all right" and that his hose is a 1 in every particular.

ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

The First Congress of the Association Opens in This City Next Week.

In view of the fact that the congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women which opens in this city next Tuesday, is the first of twenty four to be held outside the United States, a brief account of the movement together with a sketch of the ladies most prominent in the Association might not be uninteresting.

The Association for the Advancement of Women was brought into existence by Sorosis, a woman's club, of New York in 1875; that is, the first definite and effective movement was made in that year, but that the need of such an organization had an existence before this in the minds of women was quite evident from the hearty response received by those who made the first move to bring together the practical representative women interested in the higher education of their sex. As in all other movements, destined to have mighty results, obstacles were encountered and though discouraging times were no doubt encountered failure was hardly possible with the women, who, in spite of all difficulties went fearlessly on in the work of making their aims more widely understood; in the earnest effort to give fellow women a wider sphere and a truer realization of her own place in the social fabric. The press of America was not unanimous in endorsing the movement and while the first congress was being held in New York several of the city papers were distinctly sarcastic and; their ultimate conversion must have been extremely gratifying to the ladies. At the first session of the congress four hundred women were present and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was chosen president of the association for the advancement of Women. The fourth Congress which met in Philadelphia in Centennial year, 1876 elected Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, president, a position which she still holds in the Association.

The name of Julia Ward Howe is a familiar and revered one, and the lady herself is famous for so many things that a brief sketch only is necessary. Possessing an interesting and gracious personality she keeps, in heart and mind, the bright freshness of early womanhood and her kindly words of advice and sympathy have helped many a despondent sister woman over the rough places of life. Mrs. Howe is the author of the splendid "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which alone would have made her famous. Mrs. Howe's husband, a distinguished man in his day, has been dead many years; but a devoted family of famous sons and daughters are hers. This distinguished lady formerly a Miss Ward of New York city, comes of a famous old English family, and is connected by marriage with the Astors of New York.

Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney is another well known woman who will grace the Congress. She is an authority on all questions pertaining to art. Her husband, Seth Cheney, who has been dead thirty years was the leader of the realistic school of art in America and his early death was a great loss not only to the profession in America, but throughout the world. Another officer of the congress who possesses a wonderful amount of vitality and energy, for a great grandmother, is Mrs. H. L. T. Wolcott, famous as a scientist in the biological world as well as for her philanthropic work among the unfortunate children of the street. Mrs. Wolcott has just returned from a ten months botanizing tour in California.

Dr. Ella V. Mack is young and charming and she possesses ability in no small degree evident from the fact that she was the first woman physician to make a success in one of the largest southern cities. Miss Alice C. Fletcher is president of the Anthropological and Archaeological dept of the American Association for Advancement of Science. Miss Fletcher is professor of ethnology and is the only woman in the faculty of Harvard college. Miss Drury O'Connor, who is the only Canadian officer in the A. A. W. has succeeded in making an enviable name for herself which her fellow countrymen are justly proud.

Very many other famous women are on the official list and each and every one brings to the association the ennobling experience of years of earnest work in her chosen calling. The A. A. W. is wielding a mighty influence for good all over the land and the Congress to be held next week cannot but be productive of wonderful results, bringing together as it will the

brightest, cleverest and most philanthropic women of two great countries.

The members of the local council of women, need the support and encouragement of the citizens generally and it is most desirable that the visitors shall carry away with them a good impression and pleasant memories of a land that, to many of them is practically unknown.

HE MARRIED HIS STEPMOTHER.

A St. John Man forms a Novel Attachment for His Father's Widow.

As a general thing a step mother coming into a family gets as cool a reception from the sons and daughters as the stereotyped mother-in-law receives from her new son or daughter-in-law, the former in particular.

The mother-in-law is always painted or described in standard jokes, as a most domineering and objectionable individual. Songs have been written about "My mother-in-law with plenty of jaw," and next to her comes the step mother's breath.

There is one young man in this city, however, who has a different idea of a step-mother than that, for he not only loved his step-mother, but he wooed her, won her, and finally married her. This strange courtship and novel attachment began early this summer but the wedding ceremony was only performed last week.

The bride and groom now reside not a hundred miles from the foot of Macklenburg street, and their neighbors have had their nine days wonder; calls have been made and congratulations extended to the happy groom who only a year ago mourned his father's death, and the bride who at the same period mourned the loss of a husband.

It must have been that the lady looked better in widow's weeds than anything else, because 'tis said the son did not take kindly to his step-mother, but he did love the widow.

It was a touching scene for the neighbors to see the young widow and her son walking arm in arm to church on Sundays, but what an impressive sight must have been to see the mother and son plucking their throats. The nuptial knot was tied by a city clergyman at his residence in the presence of two witnesses.

THE OFFICER WENT TOO.

An Incident in Which a Halifax Society Lately Figured.

HALIFAX, Sept. 10.—On Saturday afternoon the remarkable sight was witnessed of an open barouche containing a well-known society lady resident on Victoria Road, proceeding towards the city hall, with Sergeant Lehan, of the police force, on the box beside the driver. Tax fare one had been paid by the Moss Photo Co. for \$14, judgment obtained and recorded. Mrs. — was ordered to come before a commissioner for examination, an order which she disdained to obey. Sipiendary Fielding accordingly issued a warrant and Sergeant Lehan went to her house to serve it. Indignation was the order of the hour. The lady ordered an open barouche, intending to drive to the City hall to give Mr. Fielding a piece of her mind. She was sorry she did this, when she found Lehan insisting on getting into the team with her. The officer was firm and stuck to his prisoner, however, while everybody looked. The result of the examination before the magistrate was not the court's discomfiture, but that the lady agreed to pay the Moss people the \$14 demanded of her.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

H. G. Marr of Moncton Opens Millinery Parlors Here.

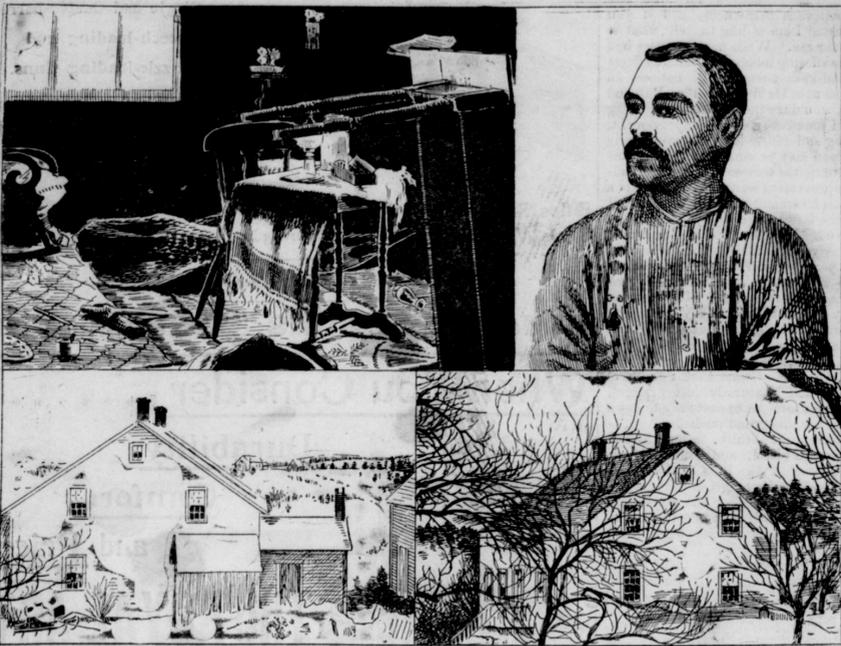
The ladies of St. John are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in having another new and up to date millinery store opened here. The new store is on Union street, centrally located, and where the ladies can select and choose headwear with the assistance of trained artists. Mr. Marr, the proprietor, has a branch store in Moncton and Halifax and is determined that his St. John branch will be second to none in the dominion.

All the latest London, New York and Paris styles and shapes will be kept in stock, as well as trimmings, ornaments, feathers and ribbons of the latest London and Paris designs.

Mr. Marr threw his doors open to the ladies of this city on Thursday afternoon last in a very auspicious manner. Harrison's orchestra was present and gave a choice programme of music.

Thought the Goods Were His.

HALIFAX, Sept. 10.—A remarkable story comes from Göttingen street in the north end of this city. It is that a case of goods intended for one dry good dealer on that street was by mistake placed before the door of another dealer. The merchant who had no right to the goods nevertheless took the case into his shop and placed the goods on the shelves. Development followed development, till at last the shipper appeared on the scene, who started an investigation. The result was that the goods were taken off the shelves and handed over to the rightful owner, everything being returned, except one collar. That article was not found, but probably the merchant will be glad to pay for it to avoid further trouble.



1, Peter Wheeler. 2, Room in which he murdered Annie Kempton. 3, Front view of Kempton House. 4, Back view.

night and silently in knots of twos, and threes, they wended their way to the jail from which a soul was to be launched into eternity. It must have been a dreary two hours wait for these men, who sat for the most part conversing in almost whispers, with the lights burning dimly; it was a ghastly wait, there under the shadow of the scaffold; the experience must ever leave an indelible impression on their minds. Occasionally from the hill above the jail, came the hoarse voices of the few human vultures, who awaited the rising of the sun, for they knew not that the death of Wheeler might take place before the announced time.

Wheeler was not alone during his last night on earth, he had as his companions in his gruesome cell Policeman Brooks and Captain Chas. Bowles of the Salvation Army. They had been with the murderer praying and pleading for the forgiveness of the live which was soon to meet its maker; their voices could be heard faintly as they lifted them in prayer. Wheeler at times would join the men on invocation and was apparently resigned to his awful fate.

At one o'clock the deputy sheriff informed him that the laws would be carried out, he had but an hour to live; just sixty

ly moved. A moment later and the black cap was drawn down and his eyes closed on this world forever. He stood there a man in the prime and vigor of life, lacking naught but innocence and freedom. Was the murderer looking back to the time when the crime had been committed and his guilty soul forced to grasp the enormity of his own offence, or did he strive to search out the future and learn what the next minute held in store for him.

Those who were present and peering into that dim circle of life saw a picture they will never forget; it will be a life long reminder of a murderer's doom. The sombre cap was pulled down, the face which had been the recipient of God's light and love was shut out forever from the view of life; thickly yet audibly, came the words: "Lord, I am coming!" It was a sad, sad moment; men strong in life and health were moved to tears and wept like children; what must the wretched man must have suffered, how his thoughts must have flown back to Annie Kempton and the fatal moment when he in a frenzied, devilish manner sent her soul before her Maker; but the time had come; the signal pull of the hangman's rope, the keen edged knife, laid across the hemp, the strands parted

to the public. This matter however was no doubt carefully considered and the arrangement can scarcely be found fault with. As to the report that an opiate had been administered to Wheeler those who witnessed the execution say that it is not true. He was perfectly conscious of what was going on around him and none took a deeper interest in the preparations for the last sad act in the tragedy than the condemned man himself.

IN A SAD POSITION.

Two Little Waifs are Turned From Home by a Cruel Father.

While many children of the city were tucked comfortably away in their warm beds on Sunday night last, two scantily clad and hollowcheeked children whose ages were nine and eleven, paraded down city road at midnight in a down pour of rain searching for a roof to shelter them and a place to lay their head. It was the old old story that the poor little waifs told to police Captain Jenkins "our mother is dead and father came home drunk and turned us out."

The poor little motherless and worse than fatherless children, were found by Officer Amos that night, not weeping nor loitering along, but bravely pushing on, wet to the skin, and shivering from the rawness of the midnight air, to some relatives on Westmorland road. They lived on Winter street these two tiny children, who were outcasts and their father whose name is McKenna was in the habit of getting drunk and ill using the children.

The child of eleven years, is a bright little girl and told the following tale to the police:—

"Since mother's death our father has been in the habit of getting drunk and beating us. On Sunday night last he came in drunk with a man, and it was late, but he made us both get up so the man could have our bed. He then beat me and told me to get out. My sister got dressed and we went together to aunt but could not stay there as her little girl had typhoid fever and we could not stop there."

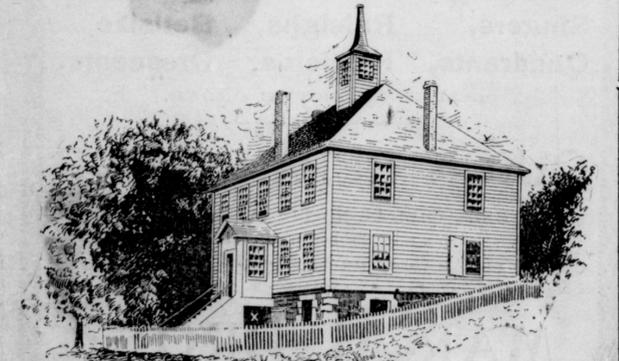
Officer Amos who has a big heart kept the little ones by the hand until he found a shelter with another relative of the little outcasts on Main street north end.

The case is certainly a sad one and should be looked into by the S. P. C. A., or some other charitable institution, as the ages of the little ones will not permit of such cruelty.

It is certainly sad to think of a child of nine acting as housekeeper and cook to such a father, and a child of eleven working in the cotton factory earning a weekly salary of one dollar and fifty cents for the unnatural father to squander in liquor and then when thoroughly drunk to turn the girls from their home.

An Old Story.

Correspondents are reminded that communications intended for publication must reach PROGRESS not later than Thursday morning. Several social letters were received too late for this issue. B.L.F.



DIGBY JAIL,

Where Wheeler has been confined since the murder. The place under porch, marked X, is where he stood when being hanged.

more minutes to make his farewell to the world and to prepare himself for the life beyond. He received the news calmly, almost without a tremor. He donned the clothes of death and with Bowles and Allen he sat down to a light lunch, he appeared to relish his last meal on earth and upon getting up from the table he resumed writing.

At two o'clock Deputy Sheriff Wm Van Blarcom entered and asked Wheeler if he was prepared to pay the penalty of death; the doomed man asked for ten minutes grace to pen a letter, his last letter to Tillie Comean, and it was granted him.

Then came the hour of execution 2:20; the solemn procession with its death like silence, headed by the deputy-sheriff, lead the way to the prisoner's cell.

and the thread which held a life in the balance had done its work: All was over, a crash; the body fell, a great shiver, convulsed his frame and all was still. Peter Wheeler was before his God. A deep silence reigned in the room where the grim visitant death had entered.

The history of the crime is yet fresh in the minds of all, and has been told time and again by the daily press throughout the country. The facts stated briefly are; on January 28th. last, the peaceful little village of Bear River awakened to find that Annie Kempton a 16 year old girl had been killed defending her honor. As was afterwards proved the murderer was Peter D. Wheeler, a sailor and a native of Port Louis, Mauritis W. I., aged twenty-six,