

# Spring Millinery

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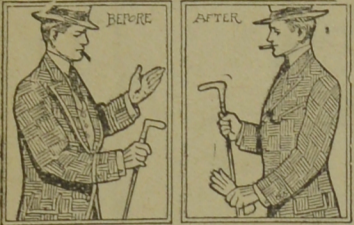
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### LUNATICS USE CORSET STEEL AS STILLETTO

With Improvised Dagger and Sandbags  
Three Criminals Almost Escape  
from Matteawan.

New York, April 5.—Armed with a corset steel fashioned into a stiletto, and with two bags filled with sand and stones, three inmates of the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan, made an attempt to escape yesterday and severely wounded James Hoolahan, an attendant.

The men were James Quinn and Robert Buckley, both of Buffalo, and Romeo Syckolsky, of this city. Quinn is one of the most dangerous inmates. A few weeks ago he tried to escape by sandbagging Attendant Philip Hannon. He would have got away on that occasion if it had not been for John Paul, a patient, who went to the attendant's assistance. Only yesterday Quinn was released from solitary confinement.

Quinn, Buckley and Syckolsky were seen yesterday by Attendant Hoolahan grouped together in the courtyard south. Suspecting mischief, Hoolahan approached them. Quinn sprang at him, lunged at his face with the sharpened corset steel, and inflicted a severe wound on his right temple. The other conspirators beat Hoolahan unconscious with the sandbags.

The noise of the fight attracted other attendants, who saw Hoolahan's assailants take away his keys and rush to the gate. For a few minutes they fumbled, seeking the proper key; then, unable to find it, threw the bunch away.

With the attendants coming on the run Syckolsky "made a back," for his two companions and assisted them over the gate. Before he could clamber after them the asylum officers hurried him to the ground and secured him. The gates were opened and, after a chase of a quarter of a mile, Quinn and Buckley were caught. They showed fight, but were overpowered, taken back and put in isolated cells.

Hoolahan, the wounded attendant, was unconscious for half an hour. His wound is not dangerous and he will probably be on duty in a week or so. Where the men got the corset steel and sandbags is a mystery.

### \$1,000,000 OUTLAY BY CORN-PACKERS

Bangor, April 6.—It is estimated that the sweet corn packers of Maine will this year distribute \$1,000,000 to farmers and cannery operatives—a larger sum than ever before. The price of corn delivered at the canneries being fixed in advance, the farmers proceed with confidence to raise their crops, having in that respect a great advantage over the potato raisers—who are never sure of the market and thus often find themselves with a great surplus product in a year of low prices.

The indications are that every canning factory in Maine will run to its capacity this year, and in some instances they will be run nights. Many of the towns and villages have installed during the past few years, and that conditions makes it possible to continue work in the shops instead of shutting down at dusk, as has been the case in past years.

In Maine this season there will be planted from 12,000 to 14,000 acres of sweet corn, and the total output of the factories drawing upon that acreage as a base of supply will exceed 24,000,000 cans. The principal counties to be benefited by the million or more dollars that will be required this year for carrying on the industry are Kennebec, Somerset, Androscoggin, Oxford, Waldo and York.

Detroit has accepted Mr. Andrew Carnegie's offer of \$750,000 for a library.

—in the Lobisa country, not far from the old Loangwa trail. Don't forget that, O'Ferral, if you're ever hard up and I'm not on hand to help you out."

O'Ferral shook his grey head decidedly. He, too, had had his fill of the Land of Ophir.

"I needn't bore you with all the details of my wanderings during those years. You've heard some of them already, and others you can imagine better than most men. But after you and I had met and parted, I put northwest, meaning to cross French Congo and the Cameroons to British territory. The carriers I had with me struck and turned tail when we reached the Baghirmi country, but, as luck would have it, I ran across a Frenchman's convoy ten days out from Fort Bretonnet, and he carried me in there. It seemed that I could not lose myself, no matter how hard I tried.

"I had arranged some time before to have my mail sent up to the fort from the coast, not feeling sure whether I might not break back east from that point toward Darfur, and when I arrived I found a letter awaiting me. Think of that—one letter—after so long. It made me sour to think that I counted for so little among men—although, of course, it was all my own fault.

(To Be Continued.)

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### POISONED MATTRESS KILLED SIX

Mrs. Kelleher, a Boston Woman, Cleared of Murder Charges Against Her.

Boston, April 6.—Mrs. Mary Kelleher, of Somerville, after 18 months in the East Cambridge jail, charged arson and the poisoning of six members of her family, by arsenic, was yesterday brought to trial and given her freedom after the jury had rendered a verdict of not guilty, acting on the instructions of the presiding judges, Dana and Stevens.

#### ARSENIC IN MATTRESSES.

This unusual outcome of the murder case which has claimed the attention of a large part of the community for more than a year, was brought about by the explanation accepted by the district attorney and the court that the persons in whose bodies traces of arsenic had been found had slept on mattresses, the hair of which had been subjected to an arsenic bath, and had so assimilated the poison.

In view of Mrs. Kelleher's long imprisonment the district attorney had the two charges of arson against her placed on file.

The verdict was not unexpected, for General Hugh Bancroft had intimated last week that he had a reasonable explanation for the charges against his client.

"No one can realize the suffering and hours of anxiety which were mine during the 18 months of my imprisonment," said Mrs. Kelleher to a Post reporter at the home of her brother, William Knowles, at 416 Somerville Ave., last evening. Mrs. Kelleher, accompanied by her brother and her eight-year-old son "Tommy," had gone to the Knowles home in a carriage from the court building.

#### PRAYED FOR VINDICATION

"Those were the days and nights that I prayed," she continued, "to let the world know that I was innocent and to set me free. I never doubted that my prayer would be heard.

"The first night I spent in jail I shall never forget as long as I live. At first I could not understand why I had been put in such a horrible place. When it dawned on me that I was accused of the murder of six members of my family I thought I would go mad. "My joy knew no bounds when General Bancroft told me last Saturday that the district attorney would ask for my release because there was no evidence to hold me. Everyone at the jail did everything to make my life there pleasant, for which I am grateful."

The court scene had all the grimness of an actual murder case when, shortly after 10 o'clock Clerk of the Court John L. Ambrose ordered Mrs. Kelleher, who was in the dock guarded by tip staffs, to stand up and raise her right hand.

#### QUICKLY SET FREE.

Then the indictment was read, charging her with the following deaths: Bridget Knowles, a sister died Jan. 5, 1905; Annie T. Kelleher, sister-in-law, died March 1, 1906; Stephen Kelleher, husband, died May 15, 1906; Mary Kelleher, daughter, died Nov. 12, 1906; William Kelleher, son, died January, 1908; Katherine Kelleher, daughter, died July 23, 1908.

Mrs. Kelleher pleaded not guilty to the indictment. A jury was quickly empanelled and then District Attorney Higgins made his explanation. He said that the government had used diligence in such matters and that, as a matter of fact, .50 of a grain of arsenic had been found in the bodies, an amount not quite sufficient for a fatal dose.

He then offered the mattress examina-

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nation, and after a brief statement by General Bancroft, the jury, at the direction of the court, returned a verdict of not guilty without leaving their seats.

Judge Stevens, in addressing the jury said that the case should be looked upon as a precedent, and that prosecuting officers would do well to use as much care as had been shown in the present case.

A series of deaths of near relatives whose lives had been insured in behalf of Mrs. Kelleher to a total amount of about \$3000 drew the attention of the Somerville authorities to the case in the latter part of 1908. An autopsy of several bodies showed evidence of arsenical poisoning. In the meantime Mrs. Kelleher had been arrested on a charge of arson and held to await the action of the grand jury.

District Attorney Higgins awaited the result of the medical examiner's investigation of the case before pres-

sing the murder charge, but finally brought the matter to the attention of the grand jury a year ago.

The conduct of the case was placed in the hands of Assistant District Attorney Hardy, and after several postponements the case was finally set for trial yesterday. Three weeks ago Mr. Hardy died, which seriously handicapped the government. A week later a jury of alienists declared that Mrs. Kelleher was sane.

About once a year the prince of Solo gives a great entertainment to which hundreds of natives and Europeans are invited, and the best actors and singers are engaged. After one of these entertainments, it is said, all sorts of tableware and bric-a-brac are offered for sale in the city—a result of the wholesale theft on the part of the servants, who seldom receive any pay and take this means to "get even."

## A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

"My father was the elder brother. The Manor was his, though it was of no value then. My uncle had nothing.

"They both fell in love presently with an equally penniless Southern beauty, and—she turned Miles down.

"It was because he had nothing, he said, and he left home on the wedding-eve, swearing that he would make her rue the day she had jilted him.

"They heard no more of him for a long time after that. They were very happy together.

"But in other ways my father was most unlucky. Those were dark days in the South. Year after year went against him, and mortgage succeeded mortgage until at last he found himself in the direst straits, while most of his friends were in much the same predicament.

"But he made a plucky fight for it, till, the first year the crop showed promise of paying expenses, the mortgages were called in wholesale, not only in his case, but from all his neighbors. That bred a regular panic throughout the district, where money was tight enough already, and since there was no help for it, the Manor had to go. But my father died in it first, of a broken heart, not knowing that it was his brother Miles who had struck the blow which killed him. That came out later.

"I was a very small boy then, but I learned in time that my wealthy uncle was the best hated man in Covington County, and why. He had never set foot in it, either, since he had started for San Francisco, where he made his pile. How he made it, I have no earthly idea.

"After my father was dead, my mother suffered all sorts of petty persecution at Miles Quaintance's hands. I found that out too late, O'Ferral, but I give you my word that a more malignant scoundrel it would be difficult to conceive. And she, all the time, was sacrificing herself to give me an education. And I didn't know.

"She even managed, out of the pittance she had to live on, to send me across to the School of Mines in Paris, and, when I got home again, I heard for the first time of the man who had made life a burden to her for so long. I wanted to go West and cast accounts with him then, but

she wouldn't have that. I owed it to her to do as she wished, and I waited.

"I had not been with her for more than a month when I had the offer of an opening with what seemed very brilliant prospects on the diamond fields at Kimberley, in South Africa. We talked it over, and she thought I should take it. I believe now that she was only anxious to see me beyond the sphere of my uncle's influence. She feared for me, after what had befallen my father. But she herself would not leave the cottage at Covington where she had lived, even while I was in New York, since we were expelled from the Manor. She'd rather wait there, she said, until I was ready to buy back our home, and that wouldn't be very long.

"It wasn't so very long either, for I did well in Cape Colony, but—I was too late after all. She had been dead and buried for six weeks before I heard of it, and—that hit me harder than anything else I've ever had to put up with. It knocked me all out of time to think that she'd never know I had sent home the money—The Manor was in the market at the time, and—"

His voice shook slightly. He stopped. O'Ferral's eyes were intently fixed on his own cigar.

"However," Quaintance continued steadily, "the old home's mine at this moment, and what she wished is accomplished.

"I felt that I couldn't stay on in Kimberley after that, and I didn't care to come back to America in the meantime. I wanted to get away from everything I had known. I did not care what happened to me.

"I gathered my other assets together, and went off north, making more money than I did not need by the way. I crossed the Transvaal and Bechuanaland, and wandered on through Central Africa, exploring and shooting, doing anything to kill time. Had I been a little less careless it might have killed me, as I sometimes half hoped it would. But the more foolhardiness I displayed the more miraculously did I scrape through. It was when a lion, whose mate I had shot, chased me into a crack in the ground and kept me there all one afternoon that I came across the rose-diamonds. Some day I'll go back there and look for more