

DRUGS FOLLOW USE OF LIQUOR

Completed Wrecking of a Young Man.

McLaughlin, Once Assistant City Attorney of New York City, Has Been Pardoned from the Ohio Penitentiary.

Columbus, Ohio, June 20.—"Under condition that he refrain from the use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics," a sentence that appears in the pardon issued by Governor Herrick to John McLaughlin, tells the story of a man's downfall and his struggle to rise again. It also tells a tender tale of sisterly devotion, and clinging fidelity when the horizon seemed to have no gleam of hope in it. McLaughlin, on the prison records, was a mere highway robber. But he was something else. Less than five years ago he was assistant corporation counsel of the City of New York. Well bred and respectfully reared in a comfortable home in Marinette, Wis., he completed his education by graduating from the law department of one of the western universities. His legal career was begun in New York. His talents soon won for him the place of assistant to the city's counsellor. Weakness in the presence of strong appetite manifested itself, and he began the rapid descent of a height as quickly climbed, by losing his honorable position. At first it was strong drink. Then came narcotics, the debasement and finally utter degradation. So swift was the fall, that within a few months the well groomed, well set up, bright attorney, was transformed into a bleary eyed, uncouth, shambling tramp. Wandering out of New York he stumbled against the great east and west highway vagrancy toward Chicago.

At Akron he fell in with a group of criminal tramps. There was a

whisky and drug debauch, and while under its influences McLaughlin aided in the robbing of a negro of a paltry sum. It was not recorded that he personally committed the assault, but the jury found him guilty. For a year he remained in jail until the circuit court reviewed his appeal, for after the paralyzing agents had been removed beyond his reach his earlier brilliancy asserted itself and he made a skilful effort to be released.

The circuit court judges affirmed the sentence against him on legal points, but, departing from custom, declared that the jury erred in convicting him. His punishment was two years' imprisonment. His sisters came to his rescue and early and unceasingly worked for his release, travelling thousands of miles and spending hundreds of dollars.

At its last session the State Board of Pardons recommended his release and Governor Herrick approved the recommendation. He left the prison for his old home—a changed and chastened man, whose only comforting thought was that no one believed him to be a criminal, but only a victim of circumstances and his own weakness.

The same clemency was extended to Bert Macklin, an unfortunate piece of human driftwood, who was in the drunken carouse and suffered like McLaughlin for his association. The Pardon Board found that the actual crime was committed by one to whom robbery and theft were no strangers.

HORRIBLE MODE OF ENDING LIFE.

Jumped Into Tank of Molten Metal.

Iron Worker at Birmingham Was Utterly Consumed Before the Eyes of Several of His Comrades.

London, June 20.—At some iron works at Sparkbrook, Birmingham, has just taken place one of the most horrible tragedies of self murder ever recorded. A workman deliberately flung himself into a cupola full of molten metal, and was utterly consumed before the eyes of several of his comrades. Not a particle of his clothing was recovered.

Thomas Lawton, who lived with his young wife and aged mother, had always been a merry jovial young fellow. Quite recently he became fussy, moody, irritable and depressed, and the change in his demeanor had been commented upon at the works of Messrs. Francis, where he was employed.

When he ceased work at half past five in the evening he seemed loth to go home. He was heard to remark, "Well, if this work is done I have had enough of it." Having loitered about for some time, he sent for half a pint of beer, and as he drained the tankard, remarked to a fellow workman, "That's the last drop that I shall have." But no one was prepared for the ghastly deed that followed.

Shortly after nine o'clock he was seen in the dim light to mount the twelve steps that lead to the platform on which are the open mouths of the smelting cupolas. The contents were at a white heat, and for a moment his face gleamed, in the brilliant light from below.

He seemed to smile, it is said, as though the glowing metal fascinated him. He had no occasion to go, and no business to be up there on the platform. And then the men below heard something fall into the cupola. "Tom Lawton had fallen in," gasped one, deathly pale and almost paralyzed with horror. A moment later depths from the platform, they caught a glimpse of something dark—something that just before had been a living man. They shuddered and staggered back, for the fierce heat was deadly, even at that distance. There could be no shadow of a doubt that the poor fellow died instantly, nothing that breathes could live ten seconds in that cupola.

Those of his former comrades that had to break the news to his wife and mother broke down utterly.

HUSBAND AND WIFE DIED TOGETHER.

Zola-Like Tragedy in a West End of London Studio.

A well known London west end photographic artist named W. J. Le Couteur, and his wife, were found dead in a room adjoining their studio says the Express.

The circumstances of the tragedy point to suicide, and forcibly recall the death of Emile Zola.

Mr. Le Couteur and his wife carried on a large business in Brook St., off New Bond St., under the title of the Amateur Photographic Association. They did not live on the premises, but as business prevented them from getting out during the day a room had been fitted up as a kitchen.

This room is a very small one, about six feet square. It contains a gas stove and a small window and is separated from the studio by a few stairs.

About 8.30 one morning the charwoman found the outdoor clothes of Mr. and Mrs. Le Couteur in the studio. The door of the kitchen was shut, and, receiving no answer to her calls, she fetched a man named Johnson, employed next door at the Guild of Handicraft, who entered the room.

"I noticed a strong smell of gas on the stairs," said Johnson to a press representative, "and on entering the room I found Mr. and Mrs. Le Couteur sitting on two arm chairs apparently asleep. The little room was so full of gas that it almost choked me. The two chairs were drawn close to the gas stove, the oven door of which was open, while the four taps were turned on full. Mr. Le Couteur's feet were almost inside the oven."

UNFINISHED MEAL.

Johnson immediately turned off the taps and went for a doctor, who pronounced life extinct. On the table were the remains of two chops, some pieces of bread, and a tumbler filled with some peculiar liquid, which the man was not able to recognize. Several letters to relatives were also found.

Mr. Le Couteur was a man of about fifty and his wife, a particularly attractive woman, was some years younger. They are known to have been for some time past in serious financial difficulties, and on the night preceding the tragedy Mr. Le Couteur had spoken of his embarrassments to Mr. Tucker, of the Guild of Handicraft. He then mentioned that he intended going to Cromer for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Le Couteur was well known as an art critic, and the pictures which hang in his studio, belonging to his clients, are worth many thousands of pounds. This select gallery was recognized as a fashionable resort, and has been visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In addition to his artistic pursuits Mr. Le Couteur was an enthusiastic scientist and inventor. He experimented some time ago with an electric treatment of tuberculosis, and more recently invented an electric device for testing rubies and emeralds, which has proved of great value to a well known firm of jewellers.

MARYSVILLE SOCIAL EVENT.

Mrs. W. T. Day was one of the hostesses of the week at Marysville, having given a very enjoyable tea in honor of Mrs. Pitfield of St. John. Mrs. Day, who was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Christie and Miss Ethel Day, in receiving her guests, was becomingly gowned in grey satin. Mrs. Christie looked remarkably well in a gown of pale yellow, while Miss Ethel wore a smart frock of

grey voile.

Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. E. Tapley with the assistance of the Misses McConnell, Edith Gibson, May Rowley, Florence Tapley and Minnie Day, attended to the wants of the guests in the tea room, which was prettily decorated with pink and white carnations.

Mrs. Day's home is beautifully situated, commanding a view from the lawn of the Nashwaak and surrounding country, and elicited much admiration from the visitors.

THE GREATEST FAMILY REMEDY.

And one well known in most Canadian homes is Nerviline, a perfect panacea for all internal and external pain. Mrs. M. E. Cartwright of Morris says:—I couldn't think of being without Nerviline. When I get toothache Nerviline stops it. If I get a sick headache, have a trouble with my stomach or bowels I can rely on Nerviline to cure me promptly. To break up a cold or rub on for rheumatism or neuralgia Nerviline has no equal. It's priceless in any family. Nerviline is king over all pain and costs 25c.

CROSS CREEK.

June 16.—Mr. David Boulter of English Settlement, has returned from the west. He was visiting Mr. and Mrs. George R. Jonah one day this week. Mr. Boulter talks of going west again in the fall.

Mr. Herbert Brannen of Royal Road, and Miss Jane Binnit of this place, were united in marriage in the 14th inst., at the Church of England, at Stanley. The church was nicely decorated for the occasion. A large number of friends gathered at the home of the bride after the ceremony where a supper was served.

The next day they drove to their home at Royal Road. We wish them every success in their future life.

Mr. Harry Dorcas of Williamsburg, drove through this place on the 15th. We wish him and his bride every happiness.

Mr. James Cookson, Miss Nettie Norrad and Miss Mary Gibbons were visiting friends at Pleasant Ridge on Sunday last.

The sidewalk committee held a basket social and dance lately for the purpose of raising money to extend the street through the village.

Mr. George R. Jonah intends enlarging his barn and when completed he will have water put in the barn, which will be very convenient in cold and stormy weather.

Mr. William Stuart intends building a house. He has got quite a start on it, having his wood shed completed.

Mr. Phillip Sullivan, Jr., is having a verandah built on his house, and talks of painting it.

Mr. C. A. Bell has gone on a visit to his brother, Mr. Charles Bell at Regina. Mr. Ludlow Young of Nashwaak, accompanied him.

HURRIED AND WORRIED ALL DAY.

And the worst of it is you are a little run down and have mighty little chance to catch up. Everything seems like grindstone wearing down your nerves. You are irritable and get less sleep than is absolutely necessary. Better stop before things get worse. Your best plan is to use Ferrozone for a while and give your nerves and brain a chance to pick up. Ferrozone is the finest tonic a busy man can take. It makes new blood, nourishes the body, strengthens, improves the appetite and rehabilitates the whole system. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c.

PIRATES RAZE A VILLAGE.

Story that 150 Natives on Siberian Coast Were Killed.

San Francisco, Cal., June 20.—Details of a terrible massacre by pirates of 150 natives on the Siberian coast have been received in a letter from Petrovsk, on the coast of Kamchatka.

A. Morogavlennoff has written to his brother here that several months ago the natives in a small settlement down the coast observed a schooner yacht drop anchor in the harbor, and its coming was hailed with cries of rejoicing. From the vessel came several small boats. The natives could see the crew piling what they thought were supplies into the smaller craft. Then the men pulled for the shore. During that and the next day there was heard the firing of arms and later smoke and fire were observed.

This led to an investigation, and a horrible tale of pillage and massacre was brought to light. About the streets of the settlement were strewn bodies of 150 of the inhabitants, shot and cut to pieces by the pirates, who, under the pretense of friendship, had gained a landing on the coast. Every hut had been ransacked, and anything of marketable value had been taken.

Who the marauders were those who managed to make their escape could not say, beyond giving the information that some Japanese were in the party. When Morogavlennoff sent his letter the people of Petrovsk feared an attack on that town.

There is no way of mixing honesty with dishonesty, fairness with unfairness, or truth with falsehood.

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June 14—dw2wks

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How many women are troubled with a weak heart? How many lie, night after night, trying to sleep, and can't? Perhaps you are one of them? If so, read what Mrs. Herkimer says. It may save you years of suffering if you take her advice—

"I am now enjoying the best of health, after having used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled with a weak heart, and was afraid to draw a long breath, for the pain it would cause me. I could not sleep at night, and it was impossible for me to walk ten yards without resting myself. I cannot speak too highly of your Heart and Nerve Pills; they are the greatest pill I have ever used, and can recommend them to all sufferers."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale by all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

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