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FREDERICTON'S BIG HARDWARE STORE.

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IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kid-
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The only safe effectual monthly
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A TERRIBLE STORY; ONE MAN'S CRIME.

Harry Orchard Tells of Astounding Villainies.

Henry Orchard, who recently confessed to a series of terrible crimes in an Idaho prison, is said to be a Canadian. The New York Herald tells of the dialogue leading up to his confession. MacParland is the detective and the story is in part as follows:

"I know you, too," said MacParland. "Nice box you've got yourself into—a boy with as good a mother as you've got."

"What do you know about my mother?" demanded Orchard, startled.

"Know all about you, from your home in Canada up till today. I know the people who took you in and brought you up like a son; I know no boy in your town started out with better chances than you did. Now, look what you've brought up against! Nice lot of ducks you're in with—leaving you to do your own swimming."

"They better not!" exclaimed Orchard fiercely.

"Well," said MacParland, meaningly. "I hope they are taking care of you."

And then he went away and left the doomed man to his memories.

HIS RECORD OF VILLANY.

After that it was merely a question of days. Gradually Orchard broke down and told all. Following are the leading points of his confession:

He planned and exploded the bomb which blew up the railroad station at Independence, Col., killing thirteen men and mangle six others.

He arranged the mechanism and planted the bomb which slew former Governor Steunenberg of Idaho.

He hired a man to poison to death his former associate, Neville, at Goldfields, Nev.

He laid the bomb in the path of chief Justice Gabbert of Colorado, and, though the justice is alive, an innocent man was blown to bits.

He buried a bomb at the gate to the residence of Judge Goddard of the Supreme Court of Colorado, in Denver. Judge Goddard escaped death and the bomb was dug up after confession.

He plotted the death of Governor Peabody, and the latter was on several occasions within a few moments or a few inches of death. He thinks Mr. Peabody bears a charmed life.

He was the instrument chosen to slay D. H. Moffat, a wealthy Colorado banker and railroad owner, but the latter unwittingly saved his own life by opportunely sailing for Europe.

He attempted to wreck a train bearing more than two hundred persons returning from a military ball, but for once his heart failed him and he warned the conductor.

KILLED THE WRONG MAN.

In the confession Orchard said he had been ordered by Haywood to get both Chief Justice Gabbert and Judge

Goddard. He gave in detail his efforts to "get" the chief judge, and the accident, killing an entirely innocent man. Then, he said, he had planted a bomb just outside the gate before Judge Goddard's house; that the bomb was buried about six inches below the surface, and on the outside of the gate post, that it was covered with a piece of sack, and a fine, thin wire was attached to the line of a tiny bottle of acid which lay above the heap of potash and sugar deftly placed over the explosive. The little wire from the bomb came up just above the surface, and to its end was attached a fish hook. A screw-eye was driven into the gate and a piece of the fine wire was attached to it. When ready for use it was easily slipped into the fish hook lying on the ground. The slightest opening of the gate would do the rest.

Three efforts had been made to "get" Judge Goddard, but all had failed, and finally Orchard had been called off to wait a more propitious time. However, the screw-eye could be found in the gate and the bomb in the ground, as he had never removed them.

It was when this was read that Judge Goddard had left the room and gone to his home, where, sure enough he found the screw-eye. Immediately after the reading of the remainder of the confession the entire party went up to Judge Goddard's home, and, after looking at screw-eye and measuring the distance according to Orchard's diagram, General Bulkeley Wells volunteered to find out whether the bomb was still there. The others retired to a safe distance, the Judge and Mrs. Goddard watching them from a window of the house.

REMOVING THE BOMB.

Taking his penknife, Wells gently scratched along the earth until he found the fish hook attached to the wire. Then, with infinite care, he removed the earth until he came to the sacking, which Orchard, in Idaho, five hundred miles away, had said would be found over the explosive.

"I have it!" he cried, and the others came, saw and went. They with utmost precaution not to jar the treacherous bomb and in any way get the cork out of the bottle of acid, the intrepid Wells took the thing out of the earth and, guarded by his frightened companions, carried it to the capital, where it was placed in the big vaults.

BLEW UP A STATION.

The biggest "pull off" for Orchard, from a federation point of view, was when he blew up the Independence station. The plan to make one sweep of two shifts in the Findlay mine was "framed up" in Haywood's rooms in Denver. The Findlay mine was just above the Independence railroad station. The second, or night, shift went off, and the third shift went on at 2 o'clock in the morning, the train bringing up the men of the third and carrying down the men of the second. The scheme was to plant the explosive and wait until the car ran up flush with the platform—then we'd get the whole thing.

"I could do it all right," said Orchard, "but first I had to frame up a get-away and my alibi. There was a man named Neville who had a saloon down there. He was doing very well. I was pretty friendly with him, and I said, 'Let's go to Cody, Wyoming. The papers say things are doing up there.'"

"What would I do with this?" said Neville, meaning the saloon.

"That's easy," said I, "insure it, and burn it down."

"It's already insured," said Neville. "Get more insurance," said I. We did, and got the money. That was easy.

"Then we got a team and wagon, stocked it up, and Neville and his boy, about twelve, and I started away about three o'clock one afternoon. I had decided to pull the job off that night. We drove ten or twelve miles and stopped and camped for supper and the night. After supper the boy went to sleep, and as Neville was getting ready for bed I said 'By God! I left my gun in Cripple Creek. I'm going back and get it. I can jump on a horse and be back by midnight.' I got my horse and went back to Independence.

NEW GOODS

At

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Imported direct per SS. "Gulf of Anand."

LAZENBY'S MIXED PICKLES.
"PICALLILLI."
"WHITE ONIONS."
"WALNUT PICKLES."
"GIRKINS."

Almond Meal, Olive Oil, Chill Vinegar, Distilled Malt, Vinegar, Harvey Sauce, Preserved Ginger in Crock, Candied Ginger, Crosse & Blackwell's Marmalade, Red Currant Jelly, Strawberry Jam and Mince Meat.

G. T. WHELPLEY
310, Queen Street, F'ton.

HOUSE BUSINESS.

A Number of Bills Passed at Wednesday Afternoon's Sitting.

In the legislature Wednesday afternoon Hon. Mr. Tweedie presented the report of Hotel Dieu Hospital, Campbellton, and the report of the Factory Inspector.

Mr. Morrison gave notice of enquiry for Saturday as to conditions of grants of land at Bartibogue in 1905 to Miss Margaret McLean and her four children, and had not Edward B. Wallace applied for this lot in 1902, having then complied with all the requirements of the Act.

The following bills having been recommended by the corporations committee, were agreed to in committee of the whole house with some slight amendments: To amend the Act relating to the village of Bath, Carleton County; to amend Act incorporating Andover for water and fire purposes; to postpone Charlotte Co. valuations and to conform assessments based upon the last valuation act; to amend the Bartibogue Boom Company Incorporation Act; to amend the Coverdale River Log Driving Co. Act.

THEN POISONED NEVILLE.

"When I got back to the camp Neville was asleep and I turned in. The next morning we started out early and travelled all day without meeting anybody. Along about night we passed a cabin where a man stood in the door reading a newspaper.

"When did you leave the Creek?" he asked. "Yesterday afternoon, 3 o'clock," I answered. "Then you don't know the news!" he said excitedly. He read us the account, and Neville turned to me with a queer look. "You didn't hear anything of this when you went back for your gun, did you?" he asked. "Certainly not," I answered, but I knew then that he suspected me." Subsequently Neville was poisoned to keep his mouth closed.

NO DIFFERENCE.

No distinction is made as to the kind of Piles that Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cures.

The names Internal, External, Bleeding, Blind, Itching, Suppurating etc., are simply names of the different stages through which every case will pass if it continues long enough.

Piles are caused by congestion or stagnation of blood in the lower bowel, and it takes an internal remedy to remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid is a tablet taken internally. It is a permanent cure and no case of Piles has ever been found it failed to cure. Money back if it does.

A guarantee with every package, Price \$1.00 at any druggists, or the Wilson-Pyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

Lethbridge's Representative Moves The Address.

Ottawa, March 12.—The upper house settled down to business this afternoon simultaneously with the popular Chamber.

Mr. Devere, the new senator from Lethbridge, readily adapted himself to a strange situation. He had only been introduced a few minutes when it became his duty to move the adoption of the address. He did so in a manner redolent of the breezy and unconventional west. He said the people of the new provinces were pleased with the terms on which they had been granted autonomy. The elections of last fall, proped conclusively that the financial terms and the school clauses were acceptable. "Oceania had been the battle cry, but how could there be coercion in adopting a law passed by the very provinces themselves?"

Hon. Mr. McGregor, in seconding the motion, said it was a source of satisfaction that the government policy with respect to autonomy had been so thoroughly vindicated during the recent elections. Last year he had gone to Saskatchewan in consequence of the representations made in the Ontario press. He saw the schools and attended during the time of religious instruction. The subject was baptism, and the fundamental principles that he had been taught were inculcated by the priest in that school.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell again indulged in a vocabulary. He said it might seem strange to some who heard his utterances last year to see him taking the place he did. He could only say that he was there for duty, and the position would soon devolve on some younger and more gifted man than he. It was all very well to say there was universal rejoicing at the autonomy bills, but those measures contained seed for discontent that would grow and blossom at some future time. Mr. McGregor had given a glowing description of religious exercises in the separate schools, but if he remembered rightly the ministers had argued that there were no separate schools. He believed the statement that very little was heard of the autonomy bills in the west. They were too much engaged with their own prosperity. Sir Mackenzie had very grave doubts as to the policy of the government in regard to Esquimalt and Halifax. He believed it would have been better to give heavy appropriations to the Imperial navy.

It was the first step in preparing the country for separation from the parent state. He did not expect to live to see it, but he would be much surprised if posterity did not find his predictions verified.

Hon. Mr. Scott was sure that the house would join him in being glad to see Sir Mackenzie Bowell back in the position he had filled with so much honor and dignity for the past nine years. He thought that the question of the educational clauses of the autonomy bills had been pretty well discussed. He did not wish to go into the matter, but it was out of the power of any firebrand to raise a disturbance in Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Secretary of state still had the floor when the House adjourned.

Patience—Do you remember your first kiss?
Patrice—Oh, no. I was too young.

HOME MISSIONS GROWING FAST

Rev. Dr. McLaren Finds Great Development in the West.

Toronto, March 14.—Remarkable growth in Presbyterian home missions in western Canada is reported by Rev. Dr. E. D. McLaren, General Secretary, who has returned from a visit to the Synod of British Columbia and Alberta and that of Manitoba.

The Home Mission Committee of the former Synod met at Vancouver. The eight Presbyteries were all represented. The total expenditure in the Synod last year was reported as \$35,436. It has been found necessary during the past year to open twenty-nine new fields in that Synod.

The growth in Manitoba Synod is still greater, about forty new fields having been opened. Eleven fields in Manitoba having during the year become self-sustaining and four in British Columbia and Alberta.

The mission fields were raised to the status of augmented churches in British Columbia and Alberta, and six or eight in the Synod of Manitoba.

WHEN KIDNEYS FAIL, HEALTH DECLINES.

Dull, Aching Back Pains, Scanty and Highly Colored Urine, Headaches and Insomnia Indicate Diseased Kidneys.

After experimenting for nearly 20 years, Dr. Hamilton discovered an absolute specific for weak kidneys. His pills of mandrake and butternut cure permanently.

Can you afford to delay? No, your interest compels you to use this certain cure now—today. Only take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and an absolute recovery is guaranteed. In thousands of cases relief has been instantaneous. Such was the experience of James G. Gorde, of Marysville.

TWENTY YEARS A SUFFERER.

"My kidneys bothered me for 20 years. I had gnawing pains in the back and all my limbs ached with weariness all the time. My digestion was poor and I had specks before my eyes."

"Dr. Hamilton's Pills helped me from the first day. Relief was immediate. They restored me and my health is better than ever."

All complaints kindred to kidney disease are prevented by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their use insures against Diabetes, Bright's disease and liver trouble. No house should be without such a valuable medicine. Sold everywhere by druggists, 25 cents per box, or five for \$1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

NORTH SHORE POLITICS.

F. F. Matheson the Probable Government Candidate in Restigouche.

Although the government has not yet decided upon the date of the by-election in Restigouche to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of H. F. McLachly to the bench, it is regarded as pretty certain that F. F. Matheson, the police magistrate of the town of Campbellton, will be the government candidate. At least it is understood that Mr. Matheson is quite willing to accept the nomination.

There has been little talk as yet, as to who will run on the opposition side, but that there will be a contest is undoubted. The name of W. A. Mott, ex-M. P. P., has been mentioned, but Mr. Mott says he has heard nothing of it and that he would not run, but intimated that the seat would not be allowed to go by default.

PAIN ABOUT THE HIPS.

It is a common complaint with women. The right treatment is Nervine, which penetrates to the seat of the pain immediately. Nervine warms and soothes the affected parts, draws out the irritation and pain, allows the patient ease after one rubbing. No liniment so economical and safe. Nearly fifty years in use, and the demand immensely greater every day! Nervine must be good.

"I think Flora is a mean thing. When her Fido and my Rover were fighting she kicked my poor Rover."
"Why didn't you stop her?"
"I was too busy kicking Fido." — New York Times.