

The Daily Herald.

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NO. 223

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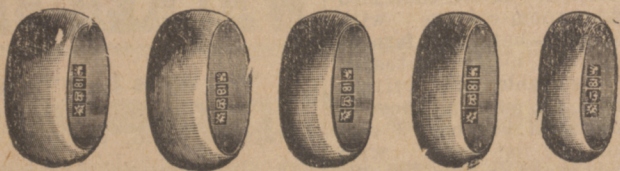
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says*

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M'LEOD--EMMERSON.

Fair Bride in a Moncton Society Wedding
Has Tender Fredericton Ties.

(Special to Herald.)

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 25.—In the presence of a large number of friends in St. John's Presbyterian church at twelve o'clock to-day, Miss Mary Alexandra Emmerson, daughter of F. W. Emmerson, judge of probates, and niece of Hon. H. R. Emmerson, M. P., was united in marriage to Floyd Elmer McLeod, of Wolsley, Saskatchewan, formerly of Amherst.

The church was elaborately and beautifully decorated for the occasion with ferns, maple leaves, cut flowers and potted plants. Promptly at 12 o'clock, the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her father, by whom she was given in marriage.

She was unattended and becomingly attired in white broadcloth with a large hat to match, and carried bouquet.

Rev. D. MacDorm, pastor of St. John's church, officiated and the choir sang "The Voice that Breathes O'er Eden," the wedding march being played by the organist.

After the ceremony the newly married couple, accompanied by a few

immediate friends, who were the only guests, repaired to the bride's home, Church street, where a dainty luncheon was served.

The bride, who is one of Moncton's most highly esteemed young ladies, was the recipient of a number of beautiful presents in sterling silver and cut glass, included were a number of substantial checks, including one from her uncle, Hon. H. R. Emmerson, who was present at the wedding.

The groom's present was a handsome set of mink furs.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod left this afternoon on the C.P.R. for their future home at Wolsley, Sask., where Mr. McLeod is established in business. The bride's traveling suit was a pretty suit of brown broadcloth, with hat to match. She is followed to the west by the good wishes of many friends in Moncton, Dorchester, and Sackville, where she is well known.

(The mother of the bride, Mrs. Fred W. Emmerson, is a native of Fredericton, formerly Miss Cummings, and with her daughter has a large number of warm friends in this city.)

GLOOMY CROP OUTLOOK

Unprecedented Rainfall has Wrought Havoc
in Westmorland--Marshes Flooded.

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 25.—(Special.)—The gloomy outlook for the crops in this section in consequence of so much wet weather, have been made more gloomy by the heavy rain fall of Monday night, and the marshes where much hay is still standing, were completely flooded, and much cut hay was lost.

The situation is unprecedented. City Engineer Edington reports a rainfall of two and three quarters

inches during Monday night which is the heaviest in the history of the city for some length of time. He estimates that over a hundred million gallons of water fell within the city limits in about fifteen hours.

From the surrounding country come reports of great freshets, and many small highway bridges and crops have been washed out.

Nothing like the present flood at this season of the year can be remembered by the oldest inhabitants.

THE CITY BOND SALE.

Bank of N. S. Said to have Purchased \$127,000
Worth at Eighty-five--School Board Want
Their Money.

The recent visit of Principal Assessor Johnston to the Upper Provinces, and the sale of bonds reported to have been effected as a result of his mission, is causing quite a lot of talk in business and banking circles. It has been well known for some time that the civic authorities have been having no end of trouble over financial matters, and citizens breathed easier yesterday when it was announced at the city hall that a sale of bonds had been effected. There was not very much said at the time in regard to the price obtained, but The Herald has since learned that the city will pay interest on the loan at the rate of 4.82, which means that the bonds have been disposed of at 85. In other words for a bond of five hundred dollars, the city will receive \$425, and pay interest on \$500 at 4 per cent. for a period of forty years. The Bank of Nova Scotia is understood to have taken \$127,000 worth at that figure. While the sale is probably the best that could have been negotiated under the circumstances, it is probably the worst financial deal the city has made for a number of years.

The city account of the Bank of Montreal is overdrawn to the extent of thousands of dollars, and the bank has held city bonds as collateral

security. Now that the bonds have been sold the overdraft in the bank will be wiped out but nobody appears to know just where the money is to come from to carry on the ordinary business of the city for the next eleven months. Not a dollar of the \$18,000 voted for school purposes has yet been paid over to the trustees, and as they are about out of funds it will be necessary to make a raise for them from some quarter in the very near future. The situation is certainly a very serious one and is due to a combination of circumstances. Last year the city borrowed over \$100,000 for water and sewerage purposes and a further issue to complete the work had to be made this year. Then to add to the trouble a very large amount of the consolidated debt debentures of the city fell due, and in the present stringency of the money market the banks have not been able to see their way clear to make a temporary loan to tide the city over the difficulty until the bonds could be renewed at something like the old figure.

Most of the members of the present city council have yet to make their reputation as financiers and consequently it is not much wonder that the situation is causing no little anxiety in business circles.

A RIGHT OF WAY.

(Special to Herald.)

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 25.—The city council has been asked and has granted permission to the Transcontinental Railway to build its road across part of the city property, just west of the new I.C.R. shops.

A young man was teasing his sweetheart's little sister, "Lily," he said, "I don't love you at all."

"Ah, but you have got to!" was the reply.
"And why?" asked her tormentor.
"You must love them that hate you, and I am sure that I hate you!"

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Thos. F. Collins to be Executed Nov. 15 for
Murder of Miss McAuley.

THE CULPRIT HEARD HIS DOOM WITH STOLID
INDIFFERENCE.

HOPEWELL CAPE, Sept. 25.—At four o'clock yesterday afternoon

Thomas F. Collins was for the second time sentenced to death for the murder of Mary Ann McAuley at New Ireland on the 20th of August 1906. Pale but with marvellous composure, and motionless and erect, of figure, the youthful prisoner stood in the dock and watched Judge Hannington as the fateful words were uttered never once giving the slightest trace of emotion during the terrible ordeal. The trial which has lasted seven days, has been carried through in a manner that has been creditable to all concerned, and the result would appear to be the only one that could reasonably be expected.

Judge Hannington's charge to the jury was most favorably commented upon, and was certainly a model of impartiality. The counsel for the defense considered it absolutely fair and satisfactory.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

After the opening of court, Judge Hannington began his charge to the jury, speaking for one hour and a quarter.

He first impressed the twelve men in whose hands the prisoner's fate rested with the very grave responsibility that lay on their shoulders, stating that they must decide as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar who was charged with the awful crime of murder. As it was for the judge to decide as to the law, it was for the jury to determine on the facts which had been presented in the case before them by the Honourable Solicitor General in a most thorough and capable manner.

His Honour complimented Mr. McKeown, senior counsel for the defense, and thought it did him and his associate, Mr. Sherren, credit to undertake and carry out the defense of the prisoner, unremunerative as the case had been. He believed nothing further could be done for their client than they had done.

The blood of the victim of this terrible crime cries for vengeance and the jury must put out of their minds anything that would tend to prevent them from giving an honest sincere verdict on the evidence heard. His Honor dwelt on the matter of capital punishment, saying it was not only the law of the British Empire but that of Almighty God, and he wished to impress them that so far as the penalty was concerned they had nothing what ever to do with it.

If there were any reasonable doubt in their minds to the guilt of the prisoner at the bar he should get the benefit of it, but if as practical men they considered there was no reasonable doubt they must find him guilty. His Honor went briefly into the details of the murder and said the jury must draw their own conclusions.

In connection with Collins' movements on the morning of the murder his Honor impressively asked the question, "Where did the prisoner pack his goods which were found in the valises in his possession?"

"Would he pack them at the house of the priest if Miss McAuley, a strong, active woman, were there at the time alive and well, and he knew it? Was this reasonable?" It was for them (the jury) to say, not for him. It was also for them to say whether the prisoner, who certainly committed theft, was also the person who had the bloody axe and broke in the doors. They should inquire of themselves if there were any other reasonable hypothesis than that set up by the crown. If there were they might reasonably acquit the prisoner, but if on the other hand they saw no other rational conclusion, they should find the prisoner guilty.

His Honor also traced the prisoner's movements and told the jury to ask themselves whether they considered the prisoner was at the priest's house when the murder was committed, referring in this connection to the evidence of the medical men, who stated that in their opinion the victim had been dead 48 hours when the body was viewed on Wednesday morning. His Honor, in conclusion, admonished the jury to do what was right in their own consciences, and he prayed God would enable them to do their duty.

For absolute fairness and impartiality, his Honor's address was beyond criticism.

At the conclusion of the judge's charge, at ten minutes to eleven the jury retired to the jury room and at one o'clock court was adjourned to meet at 2.30. At this hour his Honor resumed his seat and at once instructed Sheriff Lynds to inquire of the

jury if they had arrived at a verdict.

THE FATAL VERDICT.

The sheriff in a few moments returned to the room and reported that the jury had reached a verdict and were ready to come out.

The prisoner was ordered to be brought into court, and the jury, in charge of the constables, filed into the court room and took their places in the box, while intense silence fell on the throng of people that filled the building.

All eyes were turned on the prisoner who stepped lightly into the dock, laid down his cap and took his seat. He showed a consciousness of the presence of a supreme moment, but in the trying hour when the tick of the clock would tell his fate his wonderful nerve did not forsake him. With a composure that was simply marvellous he watched the jury as Clerk of the Court Dixon asked the momentous question: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?"

Not a muscle of the prisoner's face moved as he listened to the words of Foreman Newman Berryman, "Yes, Guilty."

His honor on hearing the verdict at once remanded the prisoner until four o'clock, when sentence would be pronounced. At that hour the prisoner again took his place in the dock, when his honor in a low voice, with evident emotion, proceeded to pronounce the terrible words that condemned the youthful prisoner to death on the gallows.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

Before the judge began his address the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say and replied that he had not. His Honor, addressing Collins, told the prisoner that he had been indicted for the murder of Mary Ann McAuley, and after a fair trial by an independent jury, had been found guilty, a verdict in which the judge entirely agreed, as any reasonable person must.

The result was that the prisoner's life was forfeited for the awful crime. He had had astute and able counsel and had found that in this country there was honest and efficient administration of justice that did not fail. "You were taken," his honor said, "into the service of Father McAuley, a warm hearted and kind clergyman, and there in the quiet hours of morning while the priest who trusted you was absent from his home you betrayed your trust and took an innocent life, striking down most ruthlessly a lone and defenceless woman. I do not know how you could be betrayed into such sin. God alone knows. I implore you now to seek forgiveness of Almighty God and prepare for that moment a few weeks hence when you must stand before your Maker, when your spirit which God gave you will be ushered back to His presence. Personally I have not the slightest doubt of your guilt, and I admonish you with all kindness and earnestness to seek repentance and that consolation which is not withheld from the vilest by the blessed God, who said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.' Yes, though as red as the blood of that sacrificed woman whose life you took away. You have only a short time to live, and I implore you to make good use of that time."

"It is now my solemn and imperative duty to pronounce upon you the sentence of the court which is that you be taken hence to the place whence you came and there kept in close confinement until Friday, the 15th day of November when you will be taken to the place of execution and hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The prisoner stood firmly erect, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the judge's face, apparently unmoved, and after sentence was pronounced was taken back to jail.

ONTARIO BYE ELECTIONS.

(Special to Herald.)

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 25.—The dates for the federal by-elections in London, East Northumberland and North Wellington have not been finally decided on, but it is altogether probable that nominations will be held on October 17, and polling on October 24th.

Don't be a piker. The thing is already overdone.