

WHERE THREE YAMS KILLED A BOY MURDER

British Ruler Tells Of The Wilds Of Nigeria

LIFE OFTEN IN DANGER

Natives Expert in the Use of Poisons—The Infliction of Fearful Tortures—Regard Twins as a Disgrace

(Times Special Correspondence)

London, Jan. 15.—P. Amarty Talbot, a famous and plucky British district commissioner in Southern Nigeria, surely must bear a charmed life, or else, as some of the natives believe, be under the special protection of a powerful juju, for he is back in England again, safe and sound, with the exception of an old "football-knee" that has required expert medical attention, in spite of twenty or more deliberate and ingenious attempts to kill him in the strange land of which he is overlord. Meanwhile he proves to have had a lot more adventures, and made a lot more discoveries than those which already stand to his credit.

Mr. Talbot, who is thirty-six and still looks the mighty football player that he used to be, now in charge of the Eket District of Southern Nigeria where he has to keep something like a quarter of a million natives, many of whose towns had never been seen by white man until Mr. Talbot first visited them, in something like order, with only fourteen native policemen to help him.

This region is one of those which were drawn on most heavily to supply slaves for the United States, and the Ibibios, who inhabit it are said to be the most expert poisoners on earth, as well as expert magicians, torturers and the practitioners of perhaps the most hideous blood rites known in Africa. They value human life, apparently, about as highly as we do that of the fly and until comparatively recently offered up some hundreds of victims yearly—including children not yet in their teens—to appease their great juju deities.

Three Yams for Murder

In the Eket district the professional rate for committing a murder is three yams, a tuber much like a giant potato—though one man who was brought before Mr. Talbot charged with killing somebody at the instance of a chief, was proved to have been stuck out for four yams before he would take on the job. On being assured of the higher remuneration (which in this case meant about twelve cents) he invited his predestined victim to go hunting with him. This invitation was accepted, and the pair were about to enter the thick bush, the proposer of the excursion politely made way for his guest to enter first, and when he did so, shot him dead.

Since they are in Eket, ten months ago, Mr. Talbot and his plucky wife and her sister, who accompany him on all his travels, have been exploring almost constantly and have covered something like 4,800 miles. Risking their lives at nearly every turn, they have seen sights such as no white person ever has seen before, and some of their discoveries have caused real excitement among British scientists.

"Some theatrical folk think themselves in hard luck," said the explorer, dryly, "if they rehearse a few weeks without pay, and then find themselves figuring in a short-lived 'frost' that they might find a bit of consolation by reflecting on the still sadder lot of thespians who belong to the Am tribe in the extreme western part of my district. There a player rehearses for seven years, and then, if he makes a slip on the night, as one might say, it used to cost him his life.

"This marionette show of the Awags, which no white man had ever seen, consists of a complete drama performed by some thirty queer little figures about three feet high and with curious head-dresses, some five or six of which are 'on' at one time. The arms, legs, heads and mouths of the figures move and they are worked by natives who are screened by blankets like the operator of a Punch and Judy show.

"One of the chief objects of this performance is to convince the women of the tribe that these marionettes are actually supernatural beings, and that why seven whole years are devoted to rehearsing for one of these 'productions.' Another uncommonly queer performance, and one that, now that I have discovered it, I am finding suspicious about, is what I may call the 'Baby Mystery.' It takes place at Ndya, and consists in apparently pounding a baby to a pulp and bringing it to life again. If it is all the same baby I have nothing to say, but if, as I strongly suspect, two babies are used in the 'trick,' then it is a thing that must be put a stop to, difficult, and almost impossible as this always is. Whenever this 'trick' is to be performed, a child is taken from some women of the tribe, who then is sent into the 'bush' away from the town, as the sight of what is to follow would be too much for her. The Ndyaas use a sort of mortar made of the stump of a tree, hollowed out, to beat up their yams in, and when all is ready for the performance of the 'Baby Mystery,' which is given before the whole village, the infant which has been 'borrowed' for the occasion, is placed in this mortar and then, to all appearance, literally pounded to a pulp by two priests, who use pestles formed of thick clubs for the purpose.

Worse is to come, however, for when the baby is apparently done for, three native dancers, (men), come forward, and the first of them, carrying, or appearing to partake of a little of the 'baby,' the second has a little more, and the third eats what is left, while the audience holds its breath with horror.

"Then those three execute a weird dance, at the end of which, to the amazement of all, the infant who has apparently eaten most of the 'baby,' suddenly produces the infant from under the robe he is wearing, the supposition being that the child has been reborn from out of his thigh!

It is always the baby originally borrowed which is 'reborn' and eventually returned to its mother, and it may be all a trick, or possibly the tree-stump

'mortal' which is used may have a false bottom, and the baby not injured at all, but it is difficult to resist an uneasy suspicion that a second baby, obtained in some fashion, is substituted for the first one and actually beaten up, and then the first child made to reappear.

Fearful Tortures

Throughout his new domain, the District Commissioner apparently is loved and hated with equal fervor. Those who esteem him include many native women whom he has saved from death or torture at the hand of chiefs who have better-halves to spare, and who are adepts at the refinements of torture. Sometimes they impale their victims, frequently they leave them to be devoured by ants, occasionally they break both thighs of their own children in order to cause grief to the mothers, and, in milder cases, fill their wives' eyes with pepper and wash them nearly to death. Others who have reason to be kindly disposed to Mr. Talbot are those he has saved from being sacrificed to the various gods, and it is to the gratitude of these rescued wives and natives that the commissioner in turn, frequently has owed his escape from death.

Twice elaborate plans have been made to shoot Mr. Talbot from behind ambushes. Attempts to poison him literally have been legion. Not long before his departure for Europe, the commissioner was warned by a grateful native that one of his most trusted servants who had been bribed to poison him some months before had refused to do this, but had agreed to do so on his last day at Eket, and the informer indicated where the poison was kept.

"Many of these professional native poisoners wear the nail of their third finger of their left hand and always carry a little poison therein. On account of the all-prevailing dread of being made away with in this fashion, it always is etiquette in Eket for a host to drink first, but if he has designs on his guest it is quite easy for him to drink first and then, as he passes the loving cup along, to dip his third finger into it, and the trick is done.

The Bridegroom Elect

Lord Molyneux, like all the members of his house, was an ardent lover of manly, open-air exercises. One day, soon after his engagement, he was enjoying the ride of a wild gallop, when his horse suddenly seemed to crumple up under him. The rider was flung with fearful violence to the ground, and he was picked up senseless. His fine constitution at first appeared likely to pull him through. He seemed to recover, and all hoped that nothing worse than the effect of a shaking would have to be combated. But by and by it became manifest that a deep-seated injury had been done to the brain, and the bridegroom-elect became a hopeless invalid. In that one moment of terrible violence reason was suspended, and she never regained her throne.

Princely Revenue

The fresh young beauty of the school-hood, the despair of a hundred hearts, but she looked neither to right nor left; her affections were centred with magnificent devotion upon the unhappy young man stricken in that shadowed sick-room. The Earl of Sefton died, and the young invalid succeeded, without knowing it, to his princely revenues. His brother, the present Earl, was installed, with his young bride, at an owner, with an allowance of £8,000 a year.

CHILD HAD BRONCHITIS

Once people get acquainted with the wonderful cure which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exerts over bronchitis, whooping cough, croup and colds it is not easy to persuade them that anything else is "just as good." This is why the imitators never get very far.

In 1902, Mrs. Eugene Her, King street, Truro, N. S., wrote as follows: "From an infant one of my children was troubled with bronchitis, and the least cold would aggravate the trouble. We could not get anything to help him, and were often greatly alarmed. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as treatment for bronchitis, we used it, and are glad to state that it effected a complete cure. If any of the children take a cold or cough I give this medicine, and have never known it to fail to bring relief."

Mrs. Her now writes that she has since proven this medicine to be the best for whooping cough, and would not be without it in the house.

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ROMANCE IN SOCIETY LIFE

The Love Story of the Popular Earl and Countess of Dalhousie

(London Saturday Journal.)

Few people in society are more liked and envied than the handsome, wealthy Earl of Dalhousie and his charming countess, yet few people have attained to happiness by paths more strewn with thorns and sorrows. Tragedy of a very poignant character marked the youth of each; tragedy which threatened, in her case, wholly to blight and blast her life; tragedy, which in his case, left him, at just the present age of the little son, her a heart-broken orphan. Fate, whose decrees are ever inscrutable, never moved by more mysterious courses than to the accomplishment of the felicity of this now happily wedded pair.

Lady Dalhousie is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Ancaster. Her mother was a very lovely woman, and she, the Hon. Mary Adelaide, the youngest child, inherited all her mother's charms. While she was a heart-broken orphan, Fate, whose decrees are ever inscrutable, never moved by more mysterious courses than to the accomplishment of the felicity of this now happily wedded pair.

By the time she was seventeen all the world knew that the young people were affianced, and that to the house of Heathcote-Drummond-Wiloughby, rich in hereditary distinctions—the Earl being Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, would be added the wealth of the late Earl of Dalhousie, who would own half Liverpool. Such at any rate, was the prospect. But before the wedding could take place there came a sinister bolt from a clear sky.

Lord Molyneux, like all the members of his house, was an ardent lover of manly, open-air exercises. One day, soon after his engagement, he was enjoying the ride of a wild gallop, when his horse suddenly seemed to crumple up under him. The rider was flung with fearful violence to the ground, and he was picked up senseless. His fine constitution at first appeared likely to pull him through. He seemed to recover, and all hoped that nothing worse than the effect of a shaking would have to be combated. But by and by it became manifest that a deep-seated injury had been done to the brain, and the bridegroom-elect became a hopeless invalid. In that one moment of terrible violence reason was suspended, and she never regained her throne.

It was a pathetic position. Here was the happy, generous-looking young bride, betrothed to one of the loveliest girls in England, a chronic invalid, unable even to recognize his bride-elect, as helpless and dependent upon others as an invalid child. With merciful justice, the parents on both sides quietly declared that the young bride was to be withdrawn from the world to nourish her grief with the peace of a secluded life. But she remained in, though not of, the world, loyal and steadfast to the unconscious sufferer to whom she had pledged her troth.

The fresh young beauty of the school-hood, the despair of a hundred hearts, but she looked neither to right nor left; her affections were centred with magnificent devotion upon the unhappy young man stricken in that shadowed sick-room. The Earl of Sefton died, and the young invalid succeeded, without knowing it, to his princely revenues. His brother, the present Earl, was installed, with his young bride, at an owner, with an allowance of £8,000 a year.

All the skill of medical science that the affection of the mother and brother-in-law could command was summoned to his aid, and after some years a surprising thing happened. The invalid rallied. Reason was making its last effort to regain her lost stronghold, and seemed destined to conquer. The younger brother, with noble disregard of his own interests, was delighted at the prospect, and made preparations for the immediate surrender of the ancestral home to his elder brother.

But it all proved a false hope. The injury was found to be too terrible. The return of reason to the tortured brain was barred by nature, too sadly formidable, and at last the injured man was released from suffering. The tragic life closed in 1901, when the devoted wife, by her actions, nobly refused to accept her freedom, was three-and-twenty. All unknown to her, descendants were being born.

Now, all the faires having amiably conspired thus to bring felicity out of tragedy, they must necessarily bequeath to the young couple some relic of their art. And it is there Lord and Lady Dalhousie have in their keeping the famous Coulston Pearl, around which cluster the legends of seven hundred years.

Nearly seven centuries ago Hugo de Gifford, lord of Yester Castle, lived and flourished, as the result, his descendants were named by his name, and in almost all cases the name of the Coulston Pearl is in safe keeping today with Lord and Lady Dalhousie.

Ambidexterous Writers
Children at Woodrighs School, England, said the principal at the annual prize-giving, were being taught to write with either hand, and in almost all cases the writing done by the left hand was as good as that done by the right.

Colds, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Weak Throats, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Sold for 70 Years. Ask Your Doctor.

LORD ROSSMORE

Writes from Hampton Court (Eng.): "For colds and coughs there is to my mind nothing in the world like Peps! They have done my winter cough so much good. I wish I had known of them long ago!"

HON. A. PECKOVER

of Bank House, Wisbech, writes: "I am very susceptible to winter cough. Peps have been used by me when an attack was coming on, and they soon ended the trouble! I think they are a splendid preparation."

REV. A. E. FLEMING

Precentor, Gloucester Cathedral, writes: "I find Peps soothing and healing to the throat. They are very helpful in sustaining the voice during singing or intoning."

MR. M. HALL, K.C., M.P.

one of England's most eminent lawyers writes: "I have found Peps most useful!"

Peps cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throat, asthma, "smokers' throat," hoarseness, night cough, and all throat and lung troubles. All drugs, tablets and stores, etc. buy of Peps Co., Dupont Street, Toronto. Remember the name—P-E-P-S.

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WHAT ARE PEPS?

Peps, "The cure you breathe," are little tablets containing medicinal ingredients, which when placed upon the tongue, turn into vapour, and are breathed down to the lungs. They soothe the inflamed and irritated membranes of the bronchial tubes, the delicate walls of the air passages, and finally enter and carry relief and healing to the capillaries and tiny air sacs in the lungs. While no liquid or solid can get to the lungs and air passages, these Peps fumes get there direct.

They had been leading, by parallel paths, another sorrow-darkened life to meet her own. The man who was to lord-in-waiting to her had been passing through the scorching fires of affliction.

Died of a Broken Heart

The late Earl and Countess of Dalhousie were an intensely devoted couple. Like their successors, they were both favorites of royalty. He was a lord-in-waiting to the young Victoria and equerry to her son, the late Duke of Edinburgh. They were spared once too often from royal service, and together took a long and, as it proved, their last sea voyage. On the way back Lady Dalhousie was suddenly seized with enteric fever, and died almost before her death occurred at sea, less than ten years after marriage.

Doctors tell us that broken hearts do not kill, but a broken heart killed the thirteenth Earl of Dalhousie. He was perfectly well when his wife died, but so intense and overwhelming was his grief that in a few hours he lay dead beside her. Thus, in the course of a single day the five little sons of the home were bereaved of both parents. The eldest boy, the present Lord Dalhousie, was only nine years of age at the time; the youngest members of the little family were twins, in the course of two years, one of whom was destined, soon after his eldest brother's marriage, to meet a melancholy end at sea, where both his parents had perished.

The Orphaned Nobleman

So at nine years of age the then Lord Ramsay became Earl of Dalhousie, head of an ancient noble line, whose ancestors were among the foremost in Scotland six centuries ago, so that one of them fought under Bruce and signed the historic letter to the Pope declaring Scotland's independence. The youthful earl became, at the age of the present Lord Ramsay, chief of the Ramsays, and, to a certain extent, guardian of his lesser brothers. But the real fairy godfather of the house was the Hon. Charles Maule Ramsay, M. P., the boy's beloved "Uncle Charlie," who became their second father, and, in due course, a daughter of the new world, their second mother.

The young lord of 138,000 acres and a rental-roll of £40,000 was brought up like his ancestors, not to a life of slothful luxury but to military exercise. The tragic fate of his parents so early bereaved of both parents, and the orphaned nobleman, and tinged his early years with a melancholy which the rigor of a military career was meant by his wise guardian to dispel. His coming of age was made the occasion by his tenants of a demonstration such as rare old Brechin Castle, his famous seat in Perthshire, has seldom witnessed. At that time his future wife was keeping her sad-eyed vigil in respect of the life whose light she had seen fade into the unending darkness.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST JOHN, JAN 26

AMERICAN PORTS
Parrboro, Jan 28—Ard, schr Mayflower, Durant, St John, to lay up for winter.
Ard 25th, str Laurentic, Liverpool.
Sid 24th, str Florizel, New York; Corsican, Liverpool.
Sid 24th, str Charterhouse, Graft Britain; Stephano, St John's; Laurentic, Portland (Me).
BRITISH PORTS
Liverpool, Jan 24—Sid, str Seetian, Halifax (N S).
FOREIGN PORTS
Portland, Me, Jan 25—Ard, str Kendall Castle, Sydney (N S).
New York, Jan 25—Sid, schrs Emily I White, Calais; Et Bowers, do.
New York, Jan 25—Ard, strv Campania, Liverpool; La Savoie, Havre.
MARINE NOTES
S. S. Manchester Exchange steamed Saturday for Philadelphia.
S. S. Ramore Head is due from Glasgow.
S. S. Allan liner Corsican left Halifax at 11.15 p. m. Saturday for Liverpool on her last trip on the Liverpool service. The Corsican will be overhauled and will be afterwards be placed on the Allan Glasgow route.
C. P. R. liner Mount Royal left Antwerp on Wednesday, January 21, for St. John, direct, with passengers and general cargo.
S. S. Manchester Port is due here this week from Manchester via Halifax to load for Manchester, direct.

READ EMINENT PERSONS' OPINIONS OF PEP'S

of Bank House, Wisbech, writes: "I am very susceptible to winter cough. Peps have been used by me when an attack was coming on, and they soon ended the trouble! I think they are a splendid preparation."

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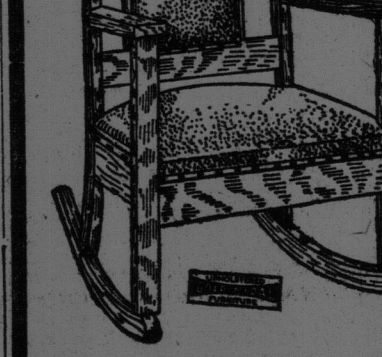
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No more ashes to carry; no clumsy ash-pan to spill dust or dirt on the kitchen floor.

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Try the inhaler and count ten—your throat and nose are cleared—you feel better at once.

Every breath you take is laden with the rich piney-vapor of Catarrhozone—every breath is full of healing—full of soothing curative medicine that destroys sniffles and nose colds almost instantly.

Use the complete dollar outfit of Catarrhozone: it always does the work small size 50c, sample trial size 25c, sold by dealers everywhere.

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