

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 1, 1903.

WITH W. E. EARLE, OF ST. JOHN, FOR SHORT SPACE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A Blockhouse--Remembrance of the Days of War. They're a privilege people down at Cape Town, as far as sea bathing is concerned. You can slumber in Antarctic waters, or splurge luxuriantly in the tepid blue of the Indian ocean, for these extremes are only twelve miles apart.



The "Rickshaw" Man' in Harness.

Mr. Earle was about a month in Cape Town and visited many of the suburbs and surrounding districts. It was during the Christmas season, and while this fact was very generally realized by the African and other, yet to Canadian travelers there seemed



Lord Milner, the King's Representative, in South Africa.

a good deal of incongruity. It was Christmas, undoubtedly, but where were the flocks and the furs. It was Christmas, but watering carts were in Cape Town's streets and straw-barricades and grapevines were along the thoroughfares.

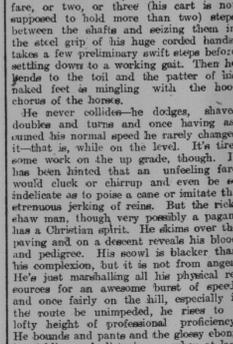
knowledge of the English tongue, he is a past master in exploiting the money value of his services. But perhaps he earns whatever he is pleased to charge. It isn't a joke for a man being to play the family horse or fast trotter. The game must surely be wearing, particularly when the



An Orphan Indeed, a "Cape African" Snapshot.

hats with perhaps a costly ostrich plume flaunting from the brim. Others glorify themselves with a pair of ox horns fitted to a headband. The general effect, some low or others, is not beneficial to weak nerves or an exhausted constitution. A reaction frequently causes deplorable results.

The rickshaw man, whom he obtains a fare, or two, or three (his cart is not supposed to hold more than two) steps between the shafts and seating himself, takes a few preliminary swift steps before settling down to a working gait. Then he lends to the toll and the patter of his naked feet as mingling with the hoof chorus of the horse.



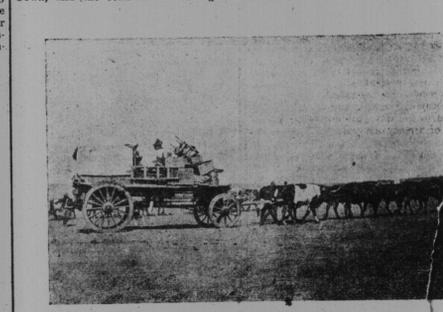
On a Trek, a Typical Picture.

He never collides—he dodges, shaves double and turns and once having assumed his normal speed he rarely changes it—that is, while on the level. It's tiresome work on the up grade, though. It has been hinted that an antelope fare would chuck or chirrup and even be so indelicate as to pose a came or imitate the straggling jerking of reins. But the rickshaw man, though very possibly a pagan, has a Christian spirit. He skims over the paving and on a decent reveals his blood and pedigree. His scowl is blacker than He's just marshalling all his physical resources for an awesome burst of speed, and once fairly on the hill, especially if he is trickling and glistening, so when at last you bowl around to the starting point and ask the triumphant, dripping and breathless Ethiopian what it all costs, you can think that he is receiving too much.



Scene in a South African Village.

mountain range—a spur of the Drakensburgs in the east. The mountains look romantic when approaching them—violet tinted, split with shadowy ravines and rilling from the plain, ledge upon ledge, gullin cascades crowding mammoth boulders and blocks. But once through the range, and out on the Cape highlands, then you search for the word to describe the boundless immensity, the limitless space of the



On a Trek, a Typical Picture.

DOUGAL, THE MODERN BLUEBEARD, WILL BE HANGED SHORTLY.

English Soldier, Who is Thought to Have Murdered Two Wives While Stationed at Halifax, Convicted on Circumstantial Evidence of Killing Miss Holland by a British Jury.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

No yellow-cover romance could provide a weirder setting or a more horrible crime than that of the Most Farm, the full story of which is told in a special cable despatch from London to this morning's Herald.

For four years after the murder of the wealthy woman with whom he had lived in the remote and secluded island farm-house, Dougal, unsuspected, led a quiet country life, cultivating the friendship of the local clergyman, improving the land and tending the trees that he planted over the spot in which the body of his victim was buried.

It is an almost incredible narrative of illicit love, murder, forgery and mystery. The final revelation of the crime for which Dougal is now to mount the scaffold goes far to confirm the old adage that "Murder will out."

[Special Cable to the N. Y. Herald.] London, June 27.—Within three weeks from tomorrow, the English custom requiring three Sundays to elapse between capital sentence and its execution, Samuel Dougal will mount the scaffold in Chelmsford jail yard to pay the penalty of a crime which is surrounded by as many circumstances of mystery and sensation as the brain of a novelist ever invented.

A cross between a Don Juan and a Praxinos, Dougal has been lodged in the condemned cell on the strength of evidence as to the circumstances of a crime which prompted Daniel Webster's famous peroration, "Murder will out. There's no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

Dougal has not yet confessed. Four years have elapsed between crime and conviction. A lonely house in the quiet Emere Woods, a most which seemed a relic of feudal days, with gulf fires contemplating the note of desolation; a woman, well past fifty, whose earlier life had been embittered by disappointment in love through the death of the young naval officer to whom she was engaged; a woman, too, of romantic disposition, with a taste for poetry, music and art, and a man whose amorous adventures bespoke personal charm amounting to fascination with the fair sex, but possessed of dominant animalism that appears to have overpowered every vestige of moral sentiment—these are the scene and the dramatic persons of a tragedy with which all England has been regally for months past.

Met Through an Advertisement. Full of the details of sordid intrigue and of the workings of coarse greed as it is, the story is yet a curious and interesting one. In the autumn of 1898 Miss Camille Dele, Holland, the daughter of a Liver-

CIRCUIT COURT.

An Interesting Insurance Case Being Tried--Other Matters.

At the opening of court Monday morning, Attorney-General Pugsley referred feelingly to the death of Alexander Ballentine, an old and deeply respected member of the bar. While Mr. Ballentine had not been actively engaged in business for some years, yet he had a large number of clients, and he had discharged his duty to them in such a way as to win the respect and esteem of all.

Killed as He Watched Boat Race.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 27.—Edwin J. Myers, of Brooklyn, lost his life while watching the boat races yesterday. Myers, who is a college graduate and had a reputation of vantage on the west bank of the river to view the finish of the race. A stone on which two men were sitting above the spot where Myers and his companion were sitting fell, struck Myers and broke his neck, killing him instantly.

Hamilton's Doctors and Hospitals.

NINETEEN SKILLED PHYSICIANS AND HOSPITAL TREATMENT PAILED TO HELP MR. JESSE MUNROE.

Remarkable Case of Stomach Trouble and Nervousness Cured by Ferruzone.

Hamilton, Ont., April 29.—The case of Jesse Munroe, of 373 John street, is one of the most remarkable on record. For more than three years Mr. Munroe was a confirmed invalid. He had the very best medical treatment afforded by the hospitals of this city. Nothing helped until Ferruzone was used, and great credit is due the preparation that lifted such a hopeless sufferer from his bed and put him on his feet, able to work, in a short time.

"About three years ago," says Mr. Munroe, "I began to notice my health breaking down. I was reduced to an extremely debilitated condition. Loss of flesh and appetite, a nausea sensation in the stomach, extreme nervousness and rush of blood to the head were manifest symptoms. Finally I grew so weak to take exercise, and went into the hospital, and the doctors wanted to operate on my stomach, but I was unwilling. I met the hospital and tried a number of city physicians during the next two years, without benefit. I lost faith in the doctors, and tried a box of Ferruzone, which gave such encouraging results that I took more."

"After nine boxes of Ferruzone I was in excellent health. Although I was formerly as weak as an infant, I can now put in a long hard day's work. My cure is therefore permanent. I am glad to add my grateful testimony along with many others, and can recommend Ferruzone to every one who is bothered with weakness, nervousness or stomach trouble. I believe Ferruzone will cure after all else has failed."

FERRUZONE ASSURES HEALTH.

WAS KNOWN HERE.

Dr. Tumblety is Dead in St. Louis.

Was Arrested in Connection With White-chapel Murders, and Also in Connection With a United States Plot, But Cleared of Suspicion in Both Cases--Left \$138,000.

Older residents of St. John will remember Dr. Tumblety, who came here from the United States during the civil war and made quite a sensation. He was more or less a quack, and finally was compelled to flee from the country. The New York Herald, June 23, contains the following account of his career and of his death:

After a life which included in its multitude of exciting incidents an arrest on the suspicion that he was London's "Jack the Ripper" and another arrest on a charge that he was implicated in a plot to infect the North with yellow fever during the civil war, Dr. Francis J. Tumblety died several months ago in St. John's Hospital, St. Louis.

St. John's Hospital is a charitable institution maintained by the city, but that Dr. Tumblety had no need of charity is shown by the recent announcement that at the time of his death he had on deposit with the banking firm of Henry Clews & Co. \$138,000 cash.

Over the disposition of this money there is likely to be much litigation, for although by his will the doctor left \$45,000 to relatives, \$10,000 to Cardinal Gibbons, and a like sum to Archbishop Ireland, there is \$73,000 left. So far the public administrator of St. Louis, who has received ancillary letters of administration from Surrogate Thomas, has been called to answer why his powers shall not be revoked by Michael H. Fitz Simons, who has been appointed administrator as a relative from Rochester (N. Y.). There are other relatives in Rochester and in California and Liverpool (England), to hear from the hearing in the motion of Mr. Fitz Simons has been set for August 25, and in the meantime the bankers will hold the money until the proper persons to receive it have been indicated by the court.

For more than four decades Dr. Francis Tumblety was a well known figure in New York, and almost equally well known all over the United States. Although eccentric in dress, in habits and speech he was a shrewd man, who would go to great lengths to make money. Born in Canada, his family moved to Rochester (N. Y.), when he was very young. His education was scanty, and it was often said that he received his medical degree while working in a drug store on the banks of the Erie Canal. Be that as it may, he left Rochester with a nostrum for "clearing the complexion," and just before the civil war began made thousands of dollars out of it.

He was in Washington at the time Secretary of War Stanton discovered a plot of a Dr. Blackburn to infect the North with yellow fever. Tumblety was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the plot, but was afterwards exonerated. In 1888 he went to England. This was in the period of the mysterious Whitechapel murders, and for some reason, probably because of his outspoken hatred of women, he was arrested. He was admitted to bail by Scotland Yard men. He was also entirely cleared of this charge. Of late years he lived quietly here, spending his winters in the South.

APPOINTED HARBOR MASTER AT HARVEY.

Ottawa, June 26.—(Special)—Capt. William Wood, of Albert (N. B.) has been appointed harbor master for the port of Harvey.

UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF CATARRH.

If you have a ringing in the ears, dropping in the throat and breath, headachy morning weakness, and if in the month or two after four times daily use of this awful drops you are free from Catarrh, you are cured. It is the only medicine that prevents the head-aches and deafness, prevents the ringing and is warranted to absolutely cure all forms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Troubles. Two months' treatment costs \$1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills, cure Headache. Rev. G. B. MacDonald, of Grand Manan, is registered at the Dufferin.

\$150,000 TO BUY VOTES.

St. Louis Street Car Companies Accused.

St. Louis, June 23.—It was brought out through statements made to Circuit Attorney Folk yesterday by witnesses called to testify before the grand jury in connection with the St. Louis street car consolidation deal in the legislature that the legislative deal in the street car companies took \$150,000 secured in the lining of his coat and turned it over to two agents at Jefferson City, for the alleged purpose of buying votes. This was during the legislative session of 1899. The names of the agent and the individuals in this deal are known to the circuit attorney, but are withheld for the present.

ANNAPOLIS STOOD FOR THE HOOCHY-KOOCHY.

Annapolis, June 27.—(Special)—The Pan-American circus exhibited here today. In the side show the hoochy-koochy dance, the nutshell racket and wheel of fortune were carried on without hindrance. Most all who patronized the money game came out second best.

THE SEASONS.

Young Life, through whose pulsating veins courses the fiery blood of Spring, whose stifle fancy secretly detests. To wear the crown its sisters bring. And whose impetuous ardor fills Each niche of Nature's wondrous sphere Instructive with a lesson that thrills Calling the passive summer here.

With all its bloom and fragrance set To give the heart the joy it yields, Breathing a softer spirit yet, O'er forest depths and verdant fields.

By peaceful ways to changing scenes, Till through the shades we loose its face As ruddy Autumn intervenes.

In harmony of blending shades, A grateful kindly trust pervades; An answer to the seasons' prayer.

See how, while Providence to hand Provides the seed and yields the grain And sends his signs throughout the land, Lo! Winter's touch is felt again.

So beautiful its robes of white, Made by the single flakes that fall Thro' clouded day and starless night, Covers its sleeping sisters all.

Forever winds may blow and chill the blast, But well we know who feel its cold, That round its frigid wings are cast. The purpose of Creative will. E. SEARS, June 25, 1903.

SAISIFIED MOTHERS.

When sales are large and increasing, when customers are satisfied to the extent of continuing to buy the same remedy, then it must be admitted that the remedy has real merit. But the Tablets occupy this enviable position. Mothers having once tried them seldom find a duplicate in the order of other remedies. Children can truly claim as much. Concerning the Tablets, C. W. Straits (general dealer) North Main Street, Ont., writes: "My three little girls have a large sale, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We use them for our babies and have found them all that is claimed for them." Baby's Own Tablets cure indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and all the minor ills of little ones. They make baby bright, active and happy, and are the best medicine for children. They will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.