

CASHEL'S SENSATIONAL CAPTURE.

Details of How the Escaped Murderer

WAS RUN TO EARTH.

Police Fired Building in Which He was Hidden.

Calgary, N. W. T., Jan. 25.—Ernest Cashel, the murderer of Rancher Be. t., who held up three guards at the Mounted Police Barracks on the night of Dec. 10 and effected his escape, was captured yesterday afternoon, and is now safely lodged in the barracks with a heavy guard watching him and his brother, who also is confined there.

During the last two weeks the police have had several traces of Cashel, but it was found that he was reading the local papers regularly and "keeping tab" on the movements of the police, and so was able to avoid capture.

Over a week ago Cashel went to the ranch of J. Coppock, south of Sheppard, and held up the family with his revolver, taking what cash there was in the house, and examining Coppock's cheque book. On Thursday last he held up James Witmore, at whose place he stopped, following Witmore with his gun every time he went out.

SEARCH PARTY STARTS.

At 8.15 Sunday morning, a party of forty men assembled in the Mounted Police barracks, prepared to take part in the chase. In the party were sixteen mounted policemen, sixteen civilians and six Canadian Mounted riflemen. These went out in four detachments, three of which were in command of Col. Saunders, Inspector Duffus and Inspector Knight respectively. The party, headed by Inspector Duffus, consisting of eight men, including Inspector R. G. Chamberlain, of the Dominion Police; W. H. Heald, P. H. Waddy, and P. G. Connell, Constable Biggs and three other policemen, took the Edmonton trail for a few miles, branching off east across Nose Creek and began a systematic search of every house.

On the approach of the police, Cashel took refuge in the cellar of the house. After searching the house, Constable Biggs went down cellar with a lamp, making the remark: "Here's where the fellow must be." He heard a voice saying, "Who are you calling?" and immediately heard a shot and a bullet whizzed past his head. After a second shot Biggs lost no time in scrambling out of the cellar, shouting for the other men as he went out. Before leaving the house he fired a shot through the trap door into the cellar.

CASHEL WAS SURROUNDED.

While thus engaged, a policeman came riding at full gallop toward them who told Inspector Duffus that Cashel was surrounded about seven miles due east of the city. The detachment at once rode to the house in question, which belonged to Wm. Pittman, jr., of Calgary, and was occupied by two men who were working for him. They found there P. H. Connell, Constable Biggs and three other policemen, Cashel had been living for several days in a large hole which he had dug out in the haystack. In the hole were found a military cloak and several other articles, including some of the clothing stolen from Mr. Rigby.

SET THE HOUSE AFIRE.

The house was then surrounded by the men, most of whom were armed with rifles, standing sixty and seventy yards away. A fire was started on the side of the house and the police gradually closed in. While searching the house, Mr. Chamberlain smashed in one of the windows with the butt of his rifle, and Inspector Duffus broke in another. They immediately covered the cellar door with their rifles, and called to Cashel to drop his revolver and come out quietly or he would be a dead man.

Biggs, with his gun, went back to the cellar, and Cashel fired two shots at him,

both passing close to him. Biggs fired in return, making a hole in Cashel's boot. A long parley then took place between the desperado and Inspector Duffus.

Cashel who had smelled the smoke, said: "Boys, I'm going to kill myself; you will find a letter to my mother here. Come and get it before it's burned and for God's sake put out the fire, I don't want to be roasted."

The Inspector replied: "There is no use in shooting. If you do you are a dead man. Come out with your hands up."

CASHEL SURRENDERS.

After some further talk during which the Inspector advised Cashel not to kill himself, he came out of the cellar with his hands above his head saying, "Boys, I don't want to be hanged and I don't want to kill any of you, but I guess I'll have to give myself up."

He said further that he had dropped his gun and peeled off his coat to show that he had no arms about him. Cashel then came out of the house and shook hands with the whole party, commencing with Constable Biggs.

He said, "I'm sick of the whole business." He was then placed in a buggy and brought quietly into town sitting on Chamberlain's knee.

A LONG CHASE.

Cashel gave the police a chase for 45 days, and during that time has not been more than six miles away from the city at any one time, during a portion of the time he was in the city. He was reprieved three times, the last occasion being on December 26.

On his arrival at the barracks Cashel said he had complete knowledge of everything that was happening, and did not want to leave the country until his brother was released. He also stated that his request to have a man come for a letter was a ruse. He had thought Constable Pennycook, against whom he had a grudge, would come in for it and he would shoot him. Constable Biggs, he said, too, would have been shot the first time he was in the building, if Cashel had known he was a policeman.

Cashel's condition, when captured, was wild and unkempt and his hair was long.

PLANNED ANOTHER MURDER

In the hay stack outside of the shack where Cashel was caught, provisions were found and also a paper containing the name of Wooley-Dodd, the foreman of the jury which convicted Cashel. This was in Cashel's writing. He had asked different ranchers where the foreman lived. Vengeance was the motive.

Cashel's brother John, convicted on Friday of assisting Ernest to escape, is also in the barracks. The brother is despondent.

All who harboured Cashel will be prosecuted.

CASHEL'S STORY IN BRIEF.

Ernest Cashel is known as the Kansas desperado and is the son of a widow living in that State. About a year ago he was convicted of forgery and sentenced to Stony Mountain Penitentiary. After he had been there a couple of months the body of Zelt, a rancher, who had disappeared mysteriously shortly before Cashel's conviction on the forgery charge, was found in the river, and Cashel was suspected of having murdered him. In the trial which followed, a strong chain of circumstantial evidence was wound about him and he was sentenced to be hanged on December 18. On December 10 he covered his guards with revolvers which had been conveyed to him, and escaped and has been at large until his capture yesterday. While he was at large a court sat and reprieved him, and the court will sit Feb. 3rd to sentence him.

THE MILDST AND SUREST RELIEF

For constipated bowels and piles is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-nut which cause no gripping pain and act promptly. Well known to all doctors. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Shogomoc Waters.

(Special Correspondence to Daily Herald)

Fox and Allan's camp, Jan. 22nd.—We have seen items in your valuable paper from other camps and we thought we would say a few words about ours. Our camp is about four miles from Hawkshaw, situated almost on the bank of the

St. John river. We started for our camp on Dec. 28th with twelve men and three pairs of horses. We are entertained to some very good concerts some evenings by some of the crew. Music is furnished on the mouth organ by Eddie Simmons, and Abjah Ingraham, a tin pan exercise by Joe McDonald, a frog chorus by A. Ingraham and dialogues by Willie Allan and Cord Bull, during meal time. Our boss is Eli Bates. He is the right man in the right place, and likes to see his men made comfortable, but what he likes to see best of all is to get out early in the morning. It makes no difference whether he has shoe-packs on or not. Our leading team is driven by W. Allan and he says he can haul anything that is loose at both ends. The boys all know his melodious voice when he shouts, get up Morg. The company's black team is driven by Roy Grant; he says he can haul as many logs as any man if Kate would only stand on the palms of her feet. The next team comes in are the greys, driven by Joe McDonald. It matters little what kind of lumber he has or whether he has any at all or not, so long as he gets into the camp early. Joe is a man who always has one eye to business and the other on the skating rink.

The yard tender is Chester Stairs, or commonly called curly steer. Percy Fox is team tender, he says he can knock off more knots than any other two men in the woods. Our choppers are E. Simmons, A. Ingraham and C. Bull. You would think the sun was under a cloud by the way the chips fly. Our swamper is Esmond Bates, he says he can swamp as much as any man if they can only find his road. Allan Grant is the man who looks after the short lumber, he is always at hand even at the table. Last but not least comes our cook, Edward Simmons, who understands his business in the cooking line. He feeds his men well, and by the growth of his corporation he feeds himself better.

Our camp was visited by a large crowd on Jan. 13th. A very pleasant evening was spent by all. Dancing was indulged in, music being furnished on the tambourine, graphophone and mouth organ. Another crowd of young folk visited our camp last evening, and a pleasant time was spent in singing songs and playing games. Among our visitors of the 13th were some very large women, three of them together tipped the scales at six hundred. Two of the women are sisters and have a brother in the camp. Their combined weight is seven hundred.

BRONCHITIC ASTHMA A HEAVY BURDEN.

Asthma is bad enough but when bronchial symptoms are added the poor sufferer has almost an intolerable existence. An absolute specific is found in fragrant healing Catarrhzone which cures chronic cases that other remedies won't even relieve. "For years," writes Capt. MacDonald of Montreal, "I battled with the agonies of bronchitic asthma. Often I couldn't sleep for nights at a time. I spent thousands on doctors and medicines without relief, but one dollar's worth of Catarrhzone cured me." Catarrhzone can't fail; it's guaranteed. Two months treatment \$1.00; trial 25c.

Carpenters and poker players are known by their chips.

Taking too much liberty may deprive a man of his liberty.

The mother who would be horrified at the thought of letting her daughter wander away to a strange country without guide or counsel yet permits her to enter that unknown land of womanhood with out counsel or caution. Then, in utter ignorance, the maiden must meet physical problems whose solution will affect her whole future life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been well named a "God-send to women." It corrects irregularities and imparts such vigorous vitality to the delicate womanly organs, as fits them for their important functions. Many a nervous, hysterical, peevish girl has been changed to a happy young woman after the use of "Favorite Prescription" has established the sound health of the organs peculiarly feminine. Every woman should own a copy of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing and customs. The same book of 1008 pages in substantial cloth for 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

MR. McKEOWN'S ELOQUENCE.

Much Appreciated by Pictou Electors at New Glasgow.

Speaking of Hon. H. A. McKeown's recent political address at New Glasgow, N. S. the Eastern Chronicle says:

Mr. Macdonald was followed by Mr. McKeown in as eloquent a speech as your reporter heard for many a day. Mr. McK. is certainly a great platform speaker. Not one word of vituperative abuse marred his deliverance. His reasoning was close, his illustrations effective and complete. One of them was particularly apt. "If you had a business manager in charge of your business for eighteen years who only increased that business six million dollars a year and at the same time ran you in debt ten million dollars a year, and later you got a new manager who increased your business forty million dollars a year and added nothing to your debt account, would you, when your old manager asked you to discharge your new manager and take him on again, do so?"

"If a man can get rich it is by attending to his own business and taking advantage of conditions as they arise; it is so with a nation."

"We can group the industries of the country under five heads,—the mining industry, the agricultural industry, the lumbering industry, the fishing industry, and the manufacturing industry. The people are engaged in one or the other of these. The country can only become rich by the labor of the individual in each. These combined make the country. If they are prosperous the country as a whole is prosperous. These industries to be prosperous must have conditions to suit. Did the policy of the Liberal party provide these conditions? The farmer under the conditions provided drew increased wealth from the field, the miner from the bowels of the earth, the manufacturer from the loom and the workshop, the lumberman from the depths of the forests, the fisherman from the bottom of the sea. The lawyer and the doctor added nothing to the sum of general wealth; the one looks after your title deeds, the other looks after your health and makes you pay therefor. The great productive industries prosper under the conditions of the Liberal tariff policy as never before. Too high a tariff will hamper and destroy trade. Trade is the life blood of the country."

But we cannot follow Mr. McKeown through his eloquent and instructive speech. Our notes of his remarks and comparison of the policies of the two great Canadian parties would fill three or four columns and it is hard to leave them out but space forbids their inclusion. We must be content by stating that it was as good a speech on public subjects as we ever listened to. Pleasing, instructive, gentlemanly and eloquent. Mr. McKeown was frequently interrupted by hearty and appreciative applause. He will be sure of a hearty welcome on his next visit to New Glasgow.

WHY BRAIN WORKERS BREAK DOWN.

Man is not a machine that keeps going as long as the steam is applied. He is a creature of blood, nerves, and delicately balanced organism. Many don't realize this, but overwork their brains and break down. Brain workers need a strong, bracing tonic like Ferrozone to fortify their nerves and keep the blood pure and rich. Take Ferrozone and you'll do more work. You will have the strength, the ambition and the desire for work because your system will be in first-class order. For your health and strength take Ferrozone regularly. Pic. 50c. at druggists.

DESIRABLE SETTLERS.

German Catholic Colony Near Rosthern Begins With a Splendid Year.

"You might say that at least 500 families will probably join our colony during the present year," was the reply of E. J. Lange, when asked as to the outlook for the Catholic German colony near Rosthern, N. W. T. Mr. Lange is president of the German Catholic Settlement Society, which established the colony. Hardly a year in existence, the colony numbers 700 families.

President Lange said of the initial period of the settlement's life:

"Our first year has been successful. The site of the colony is from 35 to 125 miles east of Rosthern, and a considerable strip of it runs along the route of the Canadian Northern Railway. It was in May that the greater portion of our set-

lers came into the colony, but not a few joined it during the summer and even in the fall. So you see we could not take off a crop for 1903, though much else was accomplished."

"What sort of people are your settlers?" "They are German Catholics from the middle Western American States. Generally the men are sons of Germans who located in the States 30 or 40 years ago. Hence they speak English as well as German, as a rule. They are thrifty and honest and make good citizens and are well fixed financially, not a few coming into the country with \$5,000 to \$10,000 and some having as much as \$30,000. Canadian land is preferable to the districts these immigrants are leaving, not so much on account of the soil itself as to the difference in the comparative cost of equally good lands.

"I consider the colonists' first season successful, for they have erected ten or twelve churches among themselves since they settled here last year and have organized school districts in quite large numbers. They are well fortified against the winter, in their log houses, which type of habitation prevails in the colony."

"What are the prospects?"

"The colony is anxiously awaiting the opening up of the operation of the Canadian Northern. This is of the greatest importance. The land held by the settlers is adaptable either to grain growing or mixed farming. It is the latter style that most of our colonists prefer."

HAS AN ADJUSTABLE TAIL.

Can Separate Itself From Its Caudal Appendage.

"What was the queerest thing you saw while you were down among the Boers?" asked the Sweet Young Thing of the Returned Traveller. He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, then grinned reminiscently.

"Outside of the Boers themselves," he replied, "I think that funny lizard with the patent, double duplex, back action, adjustable tail I saw one day out on the side of a kopje was the—"

"Come, now," she pouted, with an injured look in her pretty eyes, "stop your stuffing and tell me really, I want to know."

"But this is really true," he hastened to explain, amusedly. "On my word, I laughed so that I had to sit down on a cactus thing when I saw that wiggly tail just pass itself from that lizard, while Mr. Lizard—or, as the natives call him, 'getje'—slid off and hid under a rock."

"I'm glad you eat on a cactus—punish you for telling fibs to credulous stay-at-homes—but you can't fool me. I don't believe a word you say." And she sniffed resolutely.

"But it is in the accounts of that naturalist fellow at Hanover, in Cape Colony," he persisted, still laughing, "and you will see it in his book when it comes out just as I have told you. The reptile is called a gecko and when it is alarmed or if you should grab its tail I did, trying to catch him, the thing just severs all connection with that appendage as easily and gracefully as a fool from his money—and the body goes off somewhere while the squirming tail wiggles around on the ground to entertain you, I suppose, so the rest of him can reach safety. Then the curious part of it is that the beast at once sets out to grow a new tail. In a short time, a few weeks or so, he is as well tailed as ever, ready to shed that one too, if danger seems to warrant the sacrifice."

"It sounds fishy," said the girl, "I'll hunt up the naturalist man's book when it comes out."

Holiday Goods.

Lacy & Co's goods for the New Year's trade are now in stock and purchasers requiring useful serviceable goods will make no mistake in selecting from our stock. We have mens' youths' and childrens' suits in all sizes and patterns, overcoats, ulsters, reefers, rain-coats, water-proofs, etc. In boots, shoes, etc., our stock is as complete as it is possible to make it. Mens', boys' and childrens' hockey boots, also kid, calf and buff of the best manufacturers in Canada, moose moccasins, shoe-packs, oil tanned moccasins and leggings, fur caps and fur collars, also a large stock of cloth caps in corduroy, plush and astrakhan, trunks, valises, umbrellas, together with a large assortment of men's and ladies' underwear, silk handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., all at popular prices during the holiday season at Lacy & Co's.—3.