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PECULIAR DEATH.

Popular Young Engineer's Fatal Fall at Toronto.

Befriended Foreigners and Stayed at Cheap Lodging House.

An act of charity to five friendless foreigners led to the death Sunday morning at Toronto, of H. R. Barrett by a fall from a second story window at 123 York street. The circumstances surrounding the affair are of an extraordinary and mysterious character and very little light can be thrown upon the actual occurrence.

Barrett was well known in local circles from his connection with the university as a student in the School of Practical Science where he graduated in 1903. He was a member of the football team some years ago, and then obtained a champion trophy. Though not tall he was of exceedingly strong build and a recognized athlete. He had been recommended for a position in charge of a surveying party on the Ottawa & Georgian Bay Ship Canal, but preferred to have a first assistantship which he held on No. 4 section at the time of his death. He had been to Pembroke on the 25th, apparently to vote, and was on his way to Amherstburg, where his father, Mr. M. Barrett, is Collector of Customs, on Saturday. A C. P. R. ticket, punched for the train, was found in his pockets, and it is surmised that he may have missed the seven o'clock train. About midnight a party of five Greeks on their way to Buffalo were turned out of the Union station. They were unable to speak English and had nowhere to go. Mr. Barrett took compassion on them and volunteered to get them a night's shelter from the bitter cold. The constable in charge recommended him to go to Joseph Kazel's, 123 York street.

DECIDED TO STAY HIMSELF.

At this lodging house Barrett simply asked for accommodation for the five men, and paid for it when they retired. Then, looking at his watch, he said it was late, and he might as well stay there himself if they could give him a bed to himself. This was arranged in a room on the second story, the Greeks being on the first. The room to which Mr. Barrett was shown is about 6½ x 10 feet with a long narrow window looking out on York street. A camp bed stood on the south side of the room, and the double bed, which Mr. Barrett had, stood next the west wall, the foot coming under the window ledge. The camp bed was occupied by Mr. Fred Hetherington, who is also a civil engineer, and who belongs to Coldwater. He had been staying at Kazel's for three days. He had gone to bed at 10.30 and it was two hours later when Barrett came in. He woke Hetherington and asked him if he minded having the light burn all night as he felt nervous. Hetherington had no objection. Barrett then said that he believed he had frozen his toes, and removing his shoes it was found he had suffered frost-bite. He went downstairs to obtain a remedy and shortly returned. Hetherington fell asleep and knew nothing more till four o'clock, when he heard the clock strike, and, looking around saw Barrett sitting up in bed in a crouching attitude.

"I can't rest," he explained.

"Is it your feet?" asked Hetherington.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I can't rest."

"You will be all right in the morning," Hetherington said, and turned to sleep again.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

"The next thing I knew," he says, "was a crash as though the door had been burst in. I started up, and I can't say I saw him disappear for my eyes were hardly open, but I think I saw his feet as he fell from the window." Hetherington immediately raised an outcry, and some of the other inmates rushed downstairs when he explained.

P. C. Martin was standing at the corner of Adelaide street and heard the noise, which he thought at first

was a snowslide. There was no previous noise and what he heard was the breaking window. This was nailed up with tin on the lower half, with a decayed cross piece at the top and a pillow had been placed on the ledge against the tin to keep out the draught. It would appear that Barrett fell out backwards, and, striking a telephone wire immediately underneath, rebounded outwards and struck the ground twelve feet from the house. P. C. Martin ran down and found him lying with his head to the north. He raised his arm, but did not speak afterwards. The concussion to the brain would have been sufficient to cause death, but the base of the skull was also fractured, and recovery impossible. This was at 5.30, and he was removed to the Emergency Hospital, where he expired at eight o'clock. The right eye was swollen as a result of the shock to the back of the head.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

There are only conjectural explanations offered regarding his fall. He may have got up and sat upon the window ledge, and, leaning against the pillow, overbalanced and broken through the frail window.

Mr. Barrett was an abstainer and rarely smoked. His character was of the highest and his prospects brilliant. His father, Mr. M. Barrett, and his uncle, Crown Attorney J. R. Rodd, from Windsor, arrived at the Rossin House that night with Mr. John A. Auld of Amherstburg. Mr. Barrett was well supplied with money, and had no embarrassments of any kind in health or circumstances. He was 28 years of age. His mother died in 1885. Coroner Aikens is in charge of the case, but had not decided last night about the necessity of an inquest. The body was removed to Millard's undertaking establishment.

CONSUMPTION BEGINS WITH A COUGH.

The cough racks and tears the tender tissues of the throat. Inflammation supervenes and then serious bronchial or lung trouble is established. The important time is at the beginning. Stay the progress of the cough by using fragrant, healing Catarrhzone which reaches every part of the bronchial tubes, throat and lungs. Catarrhzone destroys disease germs, stops the cough, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat of discharge. Catarrhzone soothes, never irritates. Guaranteed for every form of catarrh. For lasting cure use Catarrhzone. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

SAYS NO TO GEORGIA TROOPS.

Gov. Terrell Refuses to Let Them Attend President's Inauguration.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 31.—No negro troops from Georgia will attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt at Washington on March 4. Gov. Terrell will not grant permission to the colored companies to leave the State.

The Lincoln Guards of Bacon, commanded by Sandy Lockhart, had made arrangements to attend the inauguration, but the application of the command for permission to go has been declined by the Chief Executive. Report has it that the company will attempt to go despite the governor. In such an event every member will be placed under arrest.

Some time ago a notice was sent to the troops of the State asking if any of them desired to attend the inauguration of the President at their own expense, but none of the white companies desired to go. When the applications of the negro company came in Gov. Terrell at once refused the necessary permission on the ground that he did not purpose to have the State of Georgia represented by a negro company. Leading military men in Atlanta approve his action.

A WINDSOR MAN.

Fell on the Stairs, a Lamp Exploded and Set Fire to His Clothing.

Windsor, N. S., Jan. 31.—On Saturday night Mr. C. B. Shaw met with a painful accident which will confine him to the house for a few days. He was in the cellar getting kindling, and while ascending the stairs fell in a faint. The lamp he carried exploded, and as he lay on the floor the oil set fire to the kindling and his clothing. His hair was partly burned off, and his right arm was badly burned between the wrist and the elbow. His left hand was also badly burned and he was cut about the head.

WHEN YOU NEED PHYSIC.

Get a box of the old reliable Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which loosens the bowels without causing griping pains. No remedy is half so satisfactory as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

NINE WIVES DEAD.

The Remarkable Career of a Many Times Over Bigamist.

SAID TO HAVE EIGHTEEN WIVES,

And is Charged with Murdering One.

New York, Jan. 30.—A short stout man, speaking with a pronounced German accent, who gave the name of Henry Bartels, was arrested by the police of the West Forty-seventh street station last evening and held on suspicion of being Johann Hock, for whom the police of Chicago have been looking for several weeks. Hock is charged with having married at least eighteen women and murdered nine of them for their money.

Bartels turned up at the residence of Mrs. Catherine Kinnerle, 546 West Forty-seventh street, during Wednesday's storm, and hired a furnished room on the second floor. He was quiet and well behaved until yesterday. He had learned that Mrs. Kinnerle was a widow and had a little property. Yesterday he began to take a good deal of interest in her and her housework.

First he made himself obnoxious by offering to peel potatoes, wash dishes and do other housework. Accompanying these offers of assistance were suggestions that he was alone in the world and very anxious to find a good woman whom he could take as a wife.

Mrs. Kinnerle was indignant and repulsed him. She drove the man from the kitchen when he proposed immediate marriage with her. She was inclined to look upon the whole affair as a joke. But later in the afternoon she saw in a newspaper a story of Hock's exploits in the marrying line, the story being accompanied by a picture.

Struck with the resemblance of the picture to her new boarder, Mrs. Kinnerle at once called his attention to the matter. He laughed it off, and said he was a wine merchant and had never been west in his life. The woman doubted his story and went to the West Forty-seventh street station, where she told her story.

Detectives O'Neill, Cahill, Kerns, and Frye were detailed on the case, O'Neill going to the room which Bartels had hired to await the lodger's return. Just before 9.30 Bartel came into the room.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Hock?" was the detective's welcome.

"First rate," was the response of the lodger, "but you make a big mistake. My name is not Hock, but Bartels."

"Well, you look enough like my old friend Hock to be mistaken for him, and I guess you's better come over to the station house and convince the Captain that you are not. They want a man that looks very much like you out in Chicago."

Bartels, after some hesitancy, agreed to go, assuring the other officers who had joined O'Neill that they had made a mistake.

At the station house it was found that he answered the photograph and description of Hock in every particular save a mark on the right eye. Detective Sergeant Fogarty went up from Headquarters and was so much impressed with the resemblance of the prisoner that at 11 o'clock he took him to Mulberry street for a Bertillon measurement. The Chicago police said their man had some times been known as Henry Bartels.

Chicago, Jan. 30.—The list of women whom Johann Hock, the alleged Bluebeard, is said to have married, was increased today through identification of his picture by Mrs. Marie Goerk of Chicago, as that of a man known to her as Jacob Schmidt, to whom she was married in December, 1901.

In a trunk which the woman said belonged to Hock was found a diploma stating that Jacob Schmidt had studied and completed instruction by mail in a course in modern hypnotism, and is deemed thoroughly qualified to practice the art in all its varied phases.

In it also were a number of articles used by stage magicians, several wigs and some false beards.

"Hock advertised in a German paper," said Mrs. Goerk, "for room and board. I wrote to Hock and he came here at once. A week later he asked me to marry him and I did so. Then he took out an insurance policy for which he did not pay, and demanded that I have my life insured too. I refused to do so, and he became very sick. He asked me to let him take care of me. I did not like the looks of things so I refused. Then he kept away and I got well. He deserted me the following March."

Dr. Lewke, coroner's physician, who made a post-mortem examination of the body of Mrs. Marie Welker Hock, the last wife of Hock, announced today that according to all microscopic tests the woman apparently died of natural causes.

The Rush of Immigrants.

Ottawa, Feb. 1.—A hundred and forty thousand immigrants from Great Britain, the Continent and the United States will come to Canada this year and take up homes in the Canadian west.

This is the information received at the Dominion immigration headquarters in this city. The advance guard a party of about eighty, went through yesterday.

Although the steamship companies have raised the rates for transatlantic traffic, the passenger bookings are equally as heavy as last year and in the course of a very few weeks the vigorous westward movement will commence.

AWFUL PALPITATION

DIZZY, FAINT, WEAK.

You Have a Weak Heart and Poor Nerves—Instant Death May Overtake You!

With weak heart and exhausted nerves you are living in the very shadow of death.

Think what it would mean to your family if you were to be taken today!

You can't afford to risk it any longer. Get Ferrozone at once and make your heart strong and well.

Ferrozone has helped many a man to live along, useful life, and will do likewise for you.

Mr. E. J. Broovs, of Berlin, says: "My nerves were weak and I was irritable and cross."

"My heart palpitated like an engine and everything faded away."

"I was subject to dizziness and fainting."

"After using Ferrozone I gained strength. My appetite improved. I slept well. The heart trouble disappeared."

"Ferrozone made me well."

You will never know what real good health means until you take Ferrozone. It gives strength, endurance and energy to every organ of the body; try Ferrozone, 50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

LITTLE DOGS AND MURDER.

Precautions Suggested by Trial of Murderer Tucker.

Discussing the Mabel Page murder, which so excited a considerable part of Massachusetts recently, The Troy Press finds in the tragedy a reason for the more general keeping of dogs. "Supposing," it says, "a lively fox terrier, with a loud bark and sharp teeth, had been in the house when the assassin called. It would have greatly embarrassed, if not completely thwarted, his hellish work. In such circumstances, killing both a dog and a woman is a much more hazardous undertaking than to kill a woman alone. Indeed, the presumption is that the presence of a dog would have saved Miss Page's life. At such a country home a tramp is likely to call at times any time, and finding a woman alone, to resort to crime. But every criminal intruder has a wholesome dread of a dog; it will really risk death in defense of its mistress. It beats bolts and bars as a protection, and as a companion is worth more than its costs. Every woman who is left alone much in a house should keep a good dog; it will save her trouble when rested with tramps or agents, and in a case like the one in question it might save her life." There is a lot of truth in this little sermon, and realization of that fact ought to do something toward winning favor for dogs from the queer people who now can see only the faults of these far from perfect though most lovable animals.

EVERY LADY SHOULD KNOW

That Ferrozone removes all the causes that interfere with the proper discharge of all womanly functions; it corrects irregularities and is especially good for women who are nervous and subject to headache, lame back, bearing-down pains, despondency and tiredness. Ferrozone is a blood builder and purifier and can't be excelled for the complexion. For your good looks and health use Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box at druggists.

Prudes may make poor sweethearts, but as wives they are at a premium.

PLEADS FOR LIFE.

Baptist Pastor Dying of Cancer.

ASKS HIS PEOPLE TO PRAY EARNESTLY

That He May Recover.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 29.—The congregation of the North Baptist Church at High and Orange Streets at the morning service today listened to the remarkable letter from the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Barbour, who is suffering from cancer at his home, 211 Mount Prospect Avenue. The pastor wrote asking the prayers of his congregation that he may be saved from death. He expressed his belief that a cure might be effected in answer to prayer.

Dr. Barbour has sent a previous letter from St. Barnabas Hospital several weeks ago, where he had undergone an operation. The message was entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" and this aroused much sympathy for the patient. Since that time physicians had abandoned hope of effecting a cure and Dr. Barbour had been removed to his home.

The letter today was read by the stricken clergyman's brother from Mumfords, N. Y., who conducted services. It follows in part:

"My friends, how gladly would I be in the pulpit this forenoon, uniting with you in the worship of Jehovah, bringing to you as your pastor some message of comfort and instruction, and at the close of the service exchanging with you fraternal greetings. But this is a privilege that is denied me—a privilege that I may never enjoy again, for if the physicians are correct in their opinion of my condition I am as one at whose house the Angel of Death has left a summons to enforce obedience to which he will soon return."

"I am under a great debt to the surgeons and doctors who have treated me in the weary months of my illness; their ministrations have been marked by the greatest tenderness, thoughtfulness and ability, but they feel that they have exhausted their resources and that henceforth they can do nothing beyond seeking to mitigate in some degree the terrible pain that unceasingly tortures me."

"Are they right? Must I soon say farewell to the sunshine, the beauties of nature, the delights of home, the companionship of loved ones, to earthly pleasures, honor, ambition, and usefulness? I trust not; doctors are now and then mistaken; miracles of healing are sometimes wrought now, as in the earlier ages of Christianity; and with the utmost fervor I am praying that what man cannot accomplish God may do. I am trying to be submissive to say 'Thy will be done,' but I want to live! I want to live!"

"The passion of life surges through my veins; the desire to still aid, in my small way, in the world's betterment is strong within me; an intense longing to remain in the home whose inmates seem so much to need my care consumes me; I hear the voice of the Master saying, 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.' And I cry out: 'I have seemed to be of some little use as a laborer, and I am willing, nay, anxious, to labor yet longer. Why call me out of the fields?'"

"I open the volume of inspiration and find the Almighty recorded as asking, 'Behold is there anything too hard for Me?' and in the agony of earnestness my soul responds, 'Nay, Lord, all things are possible with Thee; and wilt Thou not exercise Thy omnipotent power in my behalf, staying the progress of my malady, delivering me from its malignancy, and restoring to me the health and strength of other days?'"

"Perhaps my prayers will be heard and my desires granted, but as I sit in my sick chamber, the walls of which now mark the boundaries of my world, the day seems to wane, and the shadows seem to lengthen."

Dr. Barbour has been pastor of the North Baptist Church for more than a year, and had been chosen for another year when he was taken ill. He resided in this city several years ago, prior to going to Columbus, Ohio, where he remained until returning to his present charge.

Love is a courage to all rights. What I object to is love in a strict car.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.