

MONTE CARLO HORRORS

THREE THOUSAND KNOWN SUICIDES AND MURDERS.

These Tragedies Are Making Such an Impression That the Resort May Be Closed.

Monte Carlo's gambling hell must go. That is the cry of the moment. It was the cry fifteen years ago when a great international petition was drawn up and presented to France. But then there was no result, writes a London correspondent.

Monte Carlo, since its establishment on All Fools' Day, 44 years ago, has been the forcing bed of crime. Swindlers, thieves, murderers, demi-mondaines from all the cutthroat haunts of the universe gather there and wax fat on the spoils of their trade. Men and women, respectable in the past, have there been ruined morally and socially, for in the mad lust for gold they stop at nothing.

There are innumerable books written about Monte Carlo. From none of them is omitted the terrible tale of blood. In two of these books, written only a short time ago, are records of suicides and murders. One of these is called *Historie des Crimes et Suicides*, a nice little certainly. And in that book is an appalling list of 3,000 known suicides and murders committed in Monte Carlo in the space of fifteen years. The known suicides average fully 200 a year, and some weeks there have been as many as three a day.

The Casino authorities do everything to hush up scandals and news of tragedies. A large force of plain-clothes men are engaged either to prevent suicides or to hurry the body of the dead unfortunate out of the way. It is estimated that more than one-half of the tragedies of Monte Carlo are never heard of except by the Casino staff.

The corpse is rushed quietly to the morgue—

A SECRET MORGUE.

Here it is kept some time to see whether relatives or friends are going to interfere or kick up a row. Every once in a while a steamer slips out of the harbor at dead of night. Its cargo is secured at the secret morgue. At sea the bodies are thrown overboard duly weighted without toll of bell or muttered prayer.

There are countless graves of unknown dead in the Monte Carlo cemetery. But these are only those whose death has become known to the public.

The Casino authorities have a special bureau whose duty it is to relieve persons ruined at the tables. The ruined gambler can get from this bureau enough money to take him to his home or to some spot far away from Monaco. Few know of this perhaps, or there would not be so many deaths.

The dead-broke gambler is taken through many inner chambers and before stern-faced men to whom he has to tell his history in detail. He is also confronted with the different croupiers who testify as to whether he really lost as much as he may claim. Then the wretched man has to sign a document banishing himself forever from Monaco. His name and particulars are written in the black book, his photograph is taken and given to the doorkeepers and other officials to study and then the man is taken to the railway station, a ticket bought, a few dollars given to him and an official escorts him as far as the frontier. Should he return it would not avail him. The police would turn him back again into France.

There is the case of an important Indian army officer who went broke. The authorities gave him first-class passage to Calcutta and \$250 expense money. He

HAD LOST SEVERAL THOUSANDS.

As much as \$2,500 has been paid out to a big loser so that he could settle up his hotel bill and take himself and family home. Should such money be paid back the Casino might again welcome the man. The sums usually paid range from \$25 to \$200 and an average of 1,000 people a year apply for this relief.

Among the tragedies of Monte Carlo many have been of interest in America. There have been a score or more Americans who have committed suicide. In the case of the other day of the American girl-bride, both she and her husband, enticed on their honeymoon to the paradise of the Riviera, could not resist the temptation to play a dollar or two at the tables. They won—and lusted immediately for more. And then, as usual they began losing. Day after day, night after night, instead of billing and cooing, they wasted the sunny hours over the gambling tables, feverishly trying to win back what they had lost. And then, of a sudden, the end came. All their re-

PILES

"I thought I must go on suffering from piles until I died, but Zam-Buk cured me," says Mrs. E. Reed, of Steenburg, Ont., and adds: "I was so weakened that I could hardly move about, and a little work caused me great agony. Then I heard of this grand balm, and I am thankful to say that it has cured me."

Zam-Buk also cures cuts, burns, bruises, stiffness, sores, ulcers, chapped places, sore feet, rough red skin patches, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores sell 25c. a box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 5 boxes for \$1.25.



sources had been swallowed up. Their jewellery, the bride's trousseau and bits of finery, had all been pawned or sold, and the money swept into the voracious maw of the Casino. Their hotel bill at Castlemere was large. The glimpse of the black future was too much for their youthful experience, and so they decided that death alone could solve their problem.

One of the most pitiful of the thousands of cases was that of another bridal couple—Germans. For the honeymoon they also went to the Riviera. The bridegroom made it partly a business trip, for he was authorized to visit various continental cities and

COLLECT BILLS FOR HIS FIRM.

He was on his way home when Monte Carlo was reached, the man had \$40,000 in his possession—the collections. Fearing that he might be tempted to play some of it he handed the whole sum as well as his own money to his wife, and visited the Casino alone with but a five dollar bill. This he quickly lost, but he spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening enjoying the beauties of the Casino and attending the concert and fine theatre. When he returned to his hotel that night he found his wife gone. She had left soon after he did. The man at once informed the Nice police. They in turn told the Monte Carlo authorities and the bride was traced. She had gone to the gambling-rooms and tried her luck. It had been bad and she was soon plunging large sums in order to regain her losses. In a few hours the entire sum entrusted to her by her husband was lost. The bride walked out of the place closely followed by the anti-suicide guardians. But before they could reach her, she had jumped over the terrace to death 200 feet below.

Another bridal couple from France arrived in the middle of the most fragrant season. The groom went to the tables and was soon gambling mad. He lost every cent he could beg, borrow or steal from his bride. One day he was missing. The police found his body for her. The bride of a month was a widow and penniless. She was an orphan and her husband had received her dot in cash. In a week's time that poor widow was forced to make her living as a demimondaine on the very spot where she began her woman's life so happily.

It is not alone the heavy list of ruined gamblers seeking the solace of death, for which Monte Carlo is responsible. It is responsible for more deaths and for more misery than any other single institution of its kind in the world.

YET ITS GREATEST CURSE

is the ruination of thousands of homes and families far away from its gilded halls. The undeserved wretchedness, the untold anguish, the fearful privation of women and children, living in other lands who belong to the man who is ruined, can never be estimated.

The profits of the Casino are immense. Last year they were \$7,500,000, an increase of \$700,000 over the previous year. Seventy per cent. of this was paid to the shareholders. And strange to say, one of these is the Pope, for on the formation of the company, years ago, Leo XIII. was one of the first and largest of the outside shareholders. The majority of the shares are held by the Blanc family, the leading member of which is the Princess Marie Bonaparte, whose father was Prince-Roland Bonaparte, and mother, the daughter of M. Blanc, the founder of Monte Carlo. She is the wealthiest princess in the world and is about to be married to a royal prince, who needs money, whether it be drenched with the blood of suicides and murderers or sopping with the tears of tens of thousands of heart-broken women and children.

The Prince of Monaco has not a single share. But he derives his entire income from the sum paid him by the gamblers' company for the lease of Monaco. The prince in return for the gambling concession has been getting an annual income of \$250,000 and all the expenses of running the State of Monaco including the maintenance of the army and royal palace. He recently granted a further contract to the Monaco Sea-Bathing Company. This concession now extends till 1947 and the annual income of the prince has been raised \$100,000. Every ten years it will be raised an additional \$50,000. In six years' time the Casino will also have to pay him

A LUMP SUM OF \$3,000,000.

As many people point out in the press, it will be very hard indeed to stop the gambling in virtue of the above concession and contract. It is slated on behalf of the Prince of Monaco, that he is by no means in favor of the Casino, that he abhors the gambling and the consequent scandal in his state and that could he do so, he would at once stop it. But in the old original contract it was agreed that the concession should be extended to 1947 and the prince is not rich enough to break the contract and pay the indemnity which the law would quickly assess.

All the high-class papers of Britain are demanding the suppression of Monte Carlo. The Times, the Pall Mall, the Express, the Leader, the News are but a few of the big London dailies. In the Times is the request that President Roosevelt take the initiative. The statement in the Times says "the American plutocrats are as prominent at the tables as the aristocracy of Europe."

The man who thinks he is weighty because he is wordy usually is short weight when it comes to works.

A cook can do more to foster domestic peace than the most saintly ministerial adviser.

"Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" "Doesn't matter, old man. Cheque, money, order, or cash."

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Just send us your name and address on a post-card and we'll mail you a Painting Book for the little folks and a quarter-pound package of Celluloid Starch. That means fun for the children and satisfactory starching for you. Celluloid Starch requires no boiling, gives a perfect finish to the clothes and never makes the iron stick. Write to-day for this free book and sample.

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FRANK E. ADAMS.
Price \$1-6 for \$5. Accept no substitute. The great book—"Treatise on the Horse"—free from dealers or Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.

Mr. Fussey—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculously big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussey—"Do you fill your silk hat?"

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

Curate (addressing congregation at a social meeting)—"My dear friends, I will not call you 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' since I know you too well."

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animal cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

"Everything she tells you is an exaggeration." "Did you ever ask her her age, or the size of her shoes?"

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella!"

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Usually when a man imagines he is in love he merely has a touch of dyspepsia.

Rose-colored spots on the bodies of children are sometimes mistaken for measles. The trouble may be rosolia, a local disease of the skin. Promptly cured with Weaver's Corato.

But the conceit of the self-made man isn't in it with that of the tailor-made woman.

Its Power Grows With Age.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market. Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

Girls begin to sit up and take notice of young men about the same time they begin to see something of interest in a mirror.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pill. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

RANDOM REMARKS.

Busy people are never busy bodies. To-morrow is only yesterday two days off.

Advice is cheap till you begin to follow it. May the best you wish for be the worst you get.

It's never too late to kiss a pretty girl good-night once again.

We like our friends to be perfectly frank about other people.

We should never suspect how good some people are unless they told us.

Try to gain a reputation greater than you deserve. Then deserve it.

Little Ethel: "There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa." Papa: "Did he have a bill?" Little Ethel: "No, papa; just a plain nose!"

The spice of a gossip's life is a slanderous story.

A wise man may be unable to find any sense in a railroad time table.

BOY OF TEN HANGED.

Condemned by Court Martial of Children in Russia.

Any surface appearances of a possible renaissance in Russia are swept out of mind by the appalling evidence of demoralization in the social life of the masses. The distracted peasants are wreaking vengeance on the revolutionaries and the officials alike. In the lower Volga district of Makarieff, where grain stacks have been set on fire, the peasants got a firm idea, which the priests and police encouraged, that the incendiarism was the work of revolutionaries.

While one fire was raging they seized three young men who were suspected of being "politicians," bound them and threw them into the flames. One of the young men managed to extricate himself four times, but each time he was thrown back, and was finally strangled and his body burned to ashes. A man named Lossoff confessed that he was a terrorist, and that the organization paid twenty-five roubles for every successful fire, the object being to lay waste the entire district.

A shocking illustration of the moral anarchy prevailing occurred in the grazing lands of Kieh province. A number of children employed by shepherds accused one of their own number, a boy of ten, of theft, and tried him by court-martial. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, and the joys carried out the sentence. The eldest boy was only twelve years of age.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hidden sins are hard to heal. Cursing yesterday does not correct to-day.

The selfish heart always is short sighted. Only a dead faith lies wrapped in formalities.

No language is more eloquent than a life of love. The beautiful life loses no time looking for a mirror.

They who never stop for little joys find no large ones. The church is a shelter for the sinner, but not for his sins.

There is more religion in one smile than in a score of sighs. If you want to set the pace, be sure you're on the right path.

To turn from another's sorrow may be to miss your best joy. There is no harmony in any song in which the heart does not sing.

The world never will be made clean by folks trying to scrub one another. They who work as if the Master was ever near find Him always by them.

He has no real riches who does not put the treasures of friendship first of all.

The world may care little for theology, but it recognizes with joy the heavenly life and love.

Many never wait the check of success because they wait for the world's indorsement before they begin to draw it.

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