## [...]ESTERN TRAGEDY.

[...] Dead and One Insane English-man Found in Shack.

[...]nie, March 22.—Two Englishmen [...] found in a shack near the Great [...]ern Station yesterday. One is [...]and the other is in a dying condi-[...] One appears to have been dead [...] two days. The other is dement-[...]d can give no account of himself [...] dead man. By the labels on [...]luggage they appear to have left [...]d in February last by the Em-[...]of Britain.

[...]the bed by the dead man was a [...]containing nine sovereigns. There [...]also two Waltham watches, four [...]llar bills, several new suits of [...], and grips. Who the dead man [...]how he died remains a mystery. [...]k man was taken to the hospi-[...]here it was found that his feet [...]en badly frozen, as the skin [...]off with the stockings.

[...]st-mortem was held this morn-[...]but no light was thrown on the [...]man's identity.

## [...].U.W. OFFICERS.

[...] Lodge Will Meet in Toronto Next Year.

[...] B. Morris, Rodney, Elected Master Workman.

[...]to despatch: The chief busi-[...] the Grand Lodge yesterday was [...]tion of officers, resulting as fol-[...]

[...] Master Workman, S. B. Mor-[...]ney; Past Grand Master Work-[...]as. E. Cameron, Iroquois; Grand [...] Major J. J. Craig, M. P. P., [...] Grand Overseer, James Mc-[...] M. P. P., Drayton; Grand Re-[...] M. D. Carder (for 31st year), [...]; Grand Treasurer, Fred G. In-[...]oronto; Grand Solicitor, A. G. [...]rence, Toronto; Grand Medical [...]r, J. Milton Cotton, Toronto; [...]uide, W. W. Burgess, Mimico; [...]nside Watchman, Thomas E. [...]rth, Toronto; Grand Outside [...]an, J. A. Kinsella, North Bay; [...]Trustees, W. C. Mikel, K. C., [...]; W. N. Irwin, Toronto; Rev. [...]kene, Baltimore; executive Com-[...]for two years, T. A. Hastings, [...] J. Lockie Wilson, Toronto; for [...], J. T. Allen, Mt. Forest; Rob-[...]am, Ottawa; Auditors, George [...] G. Knott, Toronto; District [...] J. G. Stewart, Windsor; J. H. [...]st. Thomas; James Armitage, [...] S. A. Gibson, Ingersoll; J. R. [...]Hamilton; Dr. W. W. Beamer, [...] R. E. Nelson, Guelph; Henry [...]oyal; J. R. Atcheson, Clifford; [...]nry, Orangeville; Jas. Jackson, [...]; Jas. Robertson, Toronto; W. [...] Stouffville; Thos. McKnight, [...] J. J. Turner, Peterboro; Alex. [...]Plainfield; R. W. Longmore, [...] East; H. Y. Farr, Brockville; [...] Cardinal; Wm. Hughes, Otta-[...]C. McGregor, Almonte; R. J. [...]n, Orillia; Jas. Dillon, Port Ar-[...] T. McGaw, Callender.

[...]rand Master made these ap-[...]ts to the executive: F. E. [...]ttawa; Rev. A. H. Allman, B. [...]'s Falls. Finance Committee: [...]stings, Toronto; O. E. Cameron, [...]and Mr. Peregrine, Hamilton. [...] was decided upon as the place [...]g in 1910. Past Grand Master [...]n James B. Nixon installed the [...]lected officers. The standing [...]s were struck, and the Grand [...]ssion for 1909 was closed at.

## [...]ED IN WYOMING

[...] Man Who Formerly Lived in Toronto.

[...] despatch: The following [...]as received by the local police [...] last night from the Chief [...]of Cheyenne, Wyoming: "Find [...]han and tell him that his wife [...] and killed here last Sunday. [...]d him tell relatives."

[...]Behan, whose wife was killed, [...]lived with his parents at 62 [...] crescent. The family moved [...]g just before Christmas. An [...] lives at 49 Henderson avenue, [...]not been heard from by his [...]r some years. Behan, who mar-[...]e United States, is about 24 [...]ge, and it is thought he may [...] Winnipeg with his parents.

### EYES BLOWN OUT.

[...]Cowie Killed by Explosion on the N T R.

[...]r, March 22.—Charles Cowie, [...]ee of the Ideal Wire Fence [...] engaged in blasting holes for [...] poles along the National [...]nental, was killed by a pre-[...]plosion yesterday. He was [...]y himself when the accident [...] Both hands were blown off [...]es were blown out. His wife [...] reside in Scotland.

### [...]AYLIGHT FOR SCHOOLS.

[...] and Trustee Would Adopt the Idea.

[...] March 22.—The Board of Ed-[...]Toronto may adopt the Day-[...] idea now before the Parlia-[...]th Great Britain and Can-[...]tor James L. Hughes is in [...]rial for the summer months. [...]egin the day's work at 8.30 [...]ive the pupils from 11.30 to [...]oon-day intermission. School [...]osed at 3 o'clock, thus giv-[...]me for play. Trustee James [...]ends introducing a resolu-[...] this the law.

### [...]UNION ONLY BAR.

[...] Says Otherwise Ireland [...]t Home Rule at Once.

[...]March 22.—John Redmond, [...] at an Irish banquet to-[...] to the creation of an Irish [...] a great landmark on the [...]ependence. He added that [...]t obstacles to Irish national-[...]l question and education, [...]most entirely removed. The [...]e to the achievement of [...] to-day was the self-made [...]dissensions of the Irish race, [...]vinced that if Ireland were [...] it would get political lib-[...]o-morrow.

# HOW THIRD DEGREE GOES.

**A System That is Widely Used in United States,**

**But is Tabooed by the Courts in Canada.**

The widespread public interest in the Kinrade murder mystery has served to call attention to the different methods of ferreting out crimes pursued by the police of Europe, the United States and Canada, and particularly in view of the comments made by newspapermen from across the border, in attendance at the coroner's investigation, who have made special allusion to the fact that the police here ignore the "third degree."

The "third degree" is a term one frequently hears applied in big criminal cases in Uncle Sam's domains, but it is doubtful if a majority of people in any city on this side of the frontier know its meaning, for it is not tolerated in Canada. It is frowned down by Canadian jurisprudence. In brief, the "third degree" is a "confession" obtained from a prisoner under duress and by means of force.

The Montreal Herald, commenting on it, points out that foreign writers, unfamiliar with the broad spirit of British institutions which pervades every agency of the government in its relationship to the private citizen, of course cannot understand why an individual against whom there is nothing but suspicion is not placed under duress and "made to tell" what he or she knows.

The Herald publishes the following special article by Maxwell Smith, showing how the "third degree" is worked in United States cities and elsewhere.

Are all the horrible phases of the "third degree" published in the newspapers the truth, or are they only canards aiming at sensationalism?

This question has again been brought into the limelight by the alleged disclosures of the methods used by the police in the case of the murder of Frank Wilhelm, in Newark, N. J. The reports which appeared stated that the murdered man's wife, Mrs. Mary J. Wilhelm, and a man named Nicholas Sicca, who are in custody charged with the crime, were subjected to the most revolting measures in the effort to secure admissions from them.

Referring to the Newark case, one of the foremost criminologists in Canada—where, he said, he knew of no occasion on which coercion was used to make a prisoner speak—remarked that such a loathsome thing as to carry the corpse back to the scene of the crime and make the suspected man stumble over it in the dark, and then, as he lay on top of the body, to switch on a blaze of light; or to take the dead man's wife to the morgue at midnight, without giving her any inkling of where she was going, and to suddenly put her into the room where her husband was laid out in death, was—why, the idea was unspeakably repugnant that it was hard to credit it to even a police officer. Both of these happenings are said to have occurred in the initiation of the two prisoners in the Newark tragedy referred to, but they are emphatically denied by the Chief of Police of that city.

The Newark murder and the process adopted by the police to extract information are so recent and fresh in the public mind that it is hardly worth while recounting all the details. Other instances of the "third degree" are not lacking.

ORIGIN OF THE "THIRD DEGREE."

Before going further, however, the origin of the order known as the "third degree"—or at least the accepted explanation—might be given. To Chicago is ascribed the doubtful honor of coining the phrase, if not the inquisitorial system which it signifies.

Years ago, it is told, when Chicago earned its title of "the toughest city in America," the greater part of its population was of such a motley and scoundrelly nature that, to gain information and suppress crime the most extreme measures were necessary. Crime was then so rampant in the Windy City, and the malefactors so flagrantly scornful of the law that the police were at their wits' end to find means to secure convictions, when they instituted a torture under which the most hardy wilted, and if there was nothing to tell, would make up a story—anything to escape the terrible "third degree."

The apparatus, if it might be so called, which the Chicago police brought into being, consisted of a cell that could be gradually heated to an insufferable temperature. There were three specified "degrees" of heat employed: First, second and third; and no man could possibly endure for long the limit of the "third degree." Anyone who did hold out until the "third degree" was reached was in the position of being literally cooked alive, and—this speaks eloquently of the depth of the torture—there is no record of a single case wherein the person incarcerated in the "oven" failed to "talk."

NOW AIMS AT THE MIND.

Whether this cell is still in existence or not no one appears to know, but it is very unlikely. In the inevitable process of evolution the "third degree" assumed a subtlety greater than the machinations of Torquemada; instead of racking the sensitive nerves with discomfort and pain, it strikes at a higher sense—that of the mind. From a mere ordinary torture it has become a method devilish in its cunning, which, insidiously working upon the brain, saps the very life out of a man, robs him of all volition, and brings him to a state of utter mental collapse. And as this is generally accompanied by failure of the physical functions of the body the result attained is pitiful.

DRIVEN PERMANENTLY INSANE.

There is one case which the writer recalls in which the victim was driven permanently insane. It occurred in a large city in Michigan. A young man was accused of the murder of his employer, but he pleaded innocence. The police were satisfied that he was the slayer, but lacked sufficient evidence to convict him, so, after all other expedients had been tried, resort was made to the 'Third Degree."

Here, however, another line was followed from that employed in the Newark murder. In the infliction of the "Third Degree" the corpse generally plays an important part, the accused in most cases being unexpectedly confronted with the victim of the crime at some stage of the operations.

With regard to this youth, the police used only a rigorous method of cross-examination, which, although it was continued until the prisoner was completely off his head, failed to induce a confession. Every four hours, half a dozen officers would enter the imprisoned man's cell, and, grouping themselves around him, would pour in a perfect fusillade of questions.

The prisoner would be engaged by an officer facing him, when one in his rear would suddenly break in. One after the other they threw at him queries in the effort to demoralize him; then all would talk at the same time and overwhelm him with the weight of their interrogation, which required thought if non-committal answer was to be made. Thus for one hour out of every five was the prisoner subjected to this nerve-racking ordeal.

DENIED HIM SLEEP.

Not only in the daytime did they pester him, but at night too. He was practically denied sleep. Hardly would he be off to the land of dreams before an officer awakened him to ask some pointed question. As soon as he was again dosing another would appear with further inquiry. He would go away but as soon as the prisoner was once more asleep he was aroused and questioned again.

Day and night was the unfortunate youth persecuted in this fashion with unceasing examination, but throughout it all he never incriminated himself, or, in fact, displayed any inside knowledge of the murder. The latter is all the more remarkable when it is considered that he was taken unawares so often, especially in the night time. If awakened from slumber and given a pertinent question to answer, the interrogated person, being in a sub-consciousness state, generally unwittingly tells the truth.

The outcome of this horrible period of answering and unsleeplessness was, in the natural order of things, that the man went to pieces. Tired by the denial of the rest which it craved, the man's brain, already over-tuned and supersensitive with trying to anticipate the next examination and have answer ready, became hopelessly involved. The mind, obsessed with the awful inquisition, attained such a degree of cunning that it was the mind of a madman. The body, lacking the necessary period of immobility secured when one sleeps, got into a state of complete collapse.

A VERITABLE IMBECILE.

At the trial the havoc worked by this horror of police zeal showed in terrible manner what could be accomplished by torture of the mind. In the court the prisoner sat a huddled heap, with bent head and glassy eyes; a twitching bundle of nerves; a veritable imbecile. At no part of the proceedings did he show any sign of interest; he was incapable of being interested; what little of his brain was left could not grasp the events that were happening. All the time he was waiting, waiting, waiting, like a caged animal, for the only thing he could expect: waiting for a further volley of questions. Overcome by a torture which surpassed a millionfold anything the old Spanish inquisitors ever attempted, there was only room for one idea in the wretched, enfeebled mind; they would come and ask questions; what would they be? what were the answers?—questions, questions, always questions.

Bowed, broken, a wreck; a man but in form, he was committed to the State Prison for life. But his stay there was a short one; he was removed to the proper place within a very few days—the State Asylum for the Criminal Insane. He who at the time of his arrest had been a sane, healthy man, was a cripple in mind and body; an idiot; a bent, sagging heap of nerves—a product of the "Third Degree."

Was he guilty? Did a blood-stained conscience last through that hideous term of mental affliction? Was he a catspaw to save the police the trouble of seeking the real perpetrator of the outrage? He was convicted, to be sure, but he was mad at the time of his trial. Even the "Third Degree" had failed to drag from him a confession.

A CANADIAN CASE.

The foregoing story brings up a case of a similar nature, in so far as it was a preying on the mind without any bodily violence, in Canada—the only one on record. The Canadian case was nothing like so protracted—it lasted but a couple of hours—and while it was the practice of the "third degree," it was in a mild form and unattended by any of the terrible incidents which usually make up the American procedure.

The occurrence, of quite recent date, was in respect to a particularly brutal killing, in which both an axe and a shotgun had been used. The crime took place in a country town, and through clever and quick work on the part of the detectives a man was speedily in custody. He was arrested some distance from the county seat, and as that was the location of the nearest jail, and there was no railway connection, a horse and rig were procured to convey him to the lockup.

As they were getting into the rig one of the officers conceived the idea of placing the axe and gun, which had also been secured, in front of the prisoner to see what effect their presence would have on him. Accordingly, they were stood up against the side of the wagon in full view of the prisoner, and that the scheme might be fully worked out, a circuitous route was taken to the jail. Before they had gone far one of the detectives contrived to rattle the blade of the axe against the gun-barrel. The manoeuvre had an immediate result. When the weapons came into contact with a clear cold rattle the prisoner was observed to shudder and turn his head away.

PRISONER BROKE DOWN.

More convinced than ever that they had the right man, the detectives set about playing the game for all it was worth. Miles and miles they drove, and every few minutes the axe blade and gun barrel clashed against each other. Each time the sound arose the agitation of the prisoner increased. He shuffled his feet, moved his position many times to the minute, and looked everywhere but at the axe and gun. More and more restless he got, and—as with Mathias, who murdered the Jew in "The Bells"—when the metals were now actually rattling, his imagination conjured up the sound. At last, when the detectives were wondering how "much" longer they would have to drive round about their destination, he broke down totally and confessed to the murder.

CONFESSION NOT ADMITTED.

Of course, a confession or information extracted by means of threats, torture or promises of benefit is not permissible by law, but in the case just mentioned no such thing was attempted. The matter was simply one of making a suggestion which, preying on a guilty conscience, bore fruit. It was therefore quite within the letter of the statute, which, regretfully, cannot be said of the methods of the United States police.

Only one case is recollected, south of the line, in which the court declined to allow a confession gained through the "third degree," although the law there regarding threats, etc., is the same as in Canada. That was the murder of a woman in Detroit, of which a young Canadian was accused, about eighteen months ago. Notwithstanding the confession he was acquitted.

There is not a little similarity between some phases of the American third degree process in its later refinements and the French system of detective work known as the "reconstruction" system. In the latter an effort is made to take the suspect through the whole performance of the crime, repeating all the events and circumstances connected with it, and making the suspect himself go through the actions ascribed to the doer of the crime, as far as possible exactly as if the thing were being done over again. The object of all this is partly the psychological effect upon the suspect, but partly also to give the police an accurate notion of the attendant circumstances from which they often derive valuable pointers.

The French and American systems have undoubtedly reacted on one another to a considerable degree. A case in Michigan not long ago was virtually "reconstructed" in full detail, with good results. The case was one arising from a violation of the tenth commandment: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

A man was in love with another's wife and, wishing to have her for his own, he proceeded to remove the stumbling block, that is, the husband. The "love pirate" boarded with the couple, so that the work was infinitely more easy than under ordinary circumstances, and one night when he was alone in the house with his rival, overcome by his all-consuming passion for the woman, he killed him. The murderer had an express wagon, and having stowed the body in a trunk he drove it right across the city and cast it into a swamp, under the impression that it would be immediately swallowed up and the man's disappearance consequently enshrouded in mystery for evermore. He thought wrong.

Within a few hours the body was discovered and identified, and, the murderer's love for the newly-made widow being well known, suspicion at once fastened upon him. People who had seen him driving across the city when he had the body on the trunk as a passenger was found and with these posted at the various points they had occupied at the time he passed, the suspect, under the direction of detectives, was made to recover the route over which he had driven the body, so that he might be identified and the net drawn closer around him.

His nervousness increased as the journey progressed, but had he known what awaited him at the other end of the ride he would probably have refused to go on, for when they ultimately arrived at the swamp, there the police had the corpse stretched out for his benefit. A confession resulted, and, backed as this was by the identification of the horse, the vehicle, and the man, by the people who had been posted along the way, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. In this incident there was nothing especially abhorrent except that the body of the murdered man might have been given its place in the mortuary decently and substituted by a dummy.

The above instances serve to illustrate the working of the "third degree" against which there is always a storm of condemnation when the story leaks out. The practice may be reprehensible in some respects, but in others it has its good points, and while it savors of the barbarous, that some such measure is essential with criminals who are known to be guilty, but against whom proof cannot be found, seems, looked at from an unprejudiced standpoint, right enough. Why should a person whose guilt is beyond question, be allowed to go free on account of lack of evidence—and there are many that way—when he can be persuaded to confess? That is how the police in the United States consider the matter.

The fact that they know they have the right man does not exonerate them if he was to be released. They are called inefficient and many other hard names if they do not make arrests for crimes, but arrests are no good if a conviction cannot be secured. "We are 'inefficient' if we do not get a conviction,' they argue. "Why, therefore, let this man—who we are convinced is guilty—go free because there is not enough known evidence to convict him? If the 'third degree' will extract a confession, why not initiate him?" And there is some sense in that line of reasoning.


# Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds

No doctor attempts to-day to cure a genuine case of catarrh or bronchitis except by the inhalation method. Stomach dosing has been discarded because useless—medicine so taken affects only the stomach—never reaches the seed of catarrh.

The advanced physician recognizes that only air cure can be sent into the lungs and bronchial tubes. Fill this air with healing medicaments and you solve the problem.

No combination of antiseptics is so successful as Catarrhozone, which contains the richest pine, balsams, and the greatest healers known.

One breath of Catarrhozone instantly circulates over the area that is afflicted with Catarrh. Relief is instant—suffering stops at once—germs are destroyed—every taint of disease removed. Think it over seriously. Here is a remedy that clears the throat, relieves hoarseness, coughing and bad breath. Irritating phlegm is cleared out, inflamed bronchial tubes are healed, throat and voice are strengthened. When Catarrhozone is so pleasant and certain, isn't it foolish to hamper with dangerous internal remedies? You breathe Catarrhozone—you don't take it. Large $1.00 size is guaranteed, small size, 50c all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

**CATARRHOZONE**

**Just Breathe it!**


### A Tale of Tennyson.

Tennyson was once dilating to a friend on the charms of a pipe before breakfast.

"It is the most delightful smoke of the day," said he.

"Yes, yes!" replied his friend. "The first sweet pipe of the awakened bard!"

Thereby making a reconstruction from Tennyson's own works, needing the change of but one vowel.—Harper's Weekly.

# Holy Week In Rome.

(Harriet G. Steele, Toronto, in Presbyterian.)

The Roman Herald of April 1906 says: "Since 1870, when the Italian army entered Rome, the really imposing ceremonies, gorgeous processions, and other services which the Roman Church upheld have not taken place.

The beautiful services formerly held in St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, so often described, when the Pope gave his blessing, from the balcony overlooking the huge Piazza, in front of the great basilica when thousands are gathered, kneeling in silent devotion, are a thing of the past.

"The silver trumpets, which those who have heard, say can never be forgotten, no longer ring their clear, shrill blast, as a symbol to the faithful, of the last great voice."

The Italians hoped that the present Pope Pius X. would restore some of these grand ceremonies, but he has not done so.

All the services in which the Pope takes part at Easter are held in the Sistine Chapel, and as the chapel is small, tickets of admission are difficult to obtain. Although there are many things which now belong to the past there is still enough of grand and impressive ceremonial to interest the visitor even to the point of utter weariness.

It is said that during Easter week there were 200,000 tourists and visitors in Rome last year. Prices were quadrupled, hotel parlors and cafes were used as sleeping rooms, and it was whispered that people were even sleeping in cabs. The eruptions of Vesuvius at Naples caused the tourists there to rush to Rome, and swelled the crowds greatly. Our party, having been in Rome for some time, was comfortably ensconced in a good pension.

The Easter season is the most delightful in which to visit Rome, as the violets, lilies, wall-flowers, anemones, the hyacinths and tulips and other flowers are radiant in all their splendid glory.

But the English and American churches are well worth a visit during Holy Week, when altar and choir are a mass of blossoms, every choice flowering plant being alternated with a palm.

The city where Paul is known to have spent the closing years of his life, and in which Peter is reputed to have walked and taught the truths of the gospel and died for them, cannot fail to awaken feelings of veneration and awe, and to many the soil stained by martyred blood is sacred ground.

Holy Week begins on Palm Sunday, just a week before Easter day. Palm Sunday, of course, commemorates the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem and in imitation of the memorable procession palms are distributed in all the churches. The chief sacristan brings in an armful of palms, about three feet long and resembling walking sticks dressed in strips of yellow straw, with bleached palm leaves tied on them in a tasteful but artificial way. Palm growing for this ceremony is carried on extensively between Nice and Genoa. The Bresci family has provided the Pope with special palms since the time of Sixtus V., who gave the exclusive privilege.

In the Church of St. John Lateran, where the services are even more imposing than in St. Peter's, fifty priests, by actual count, in gorgeously colored embroidered robes, marched up and down the aisles holding their palms aloft and singing and chanting as they went.

Strange to say, during all the solemn services of the week all the shops are open, concerts and some other forms of amusements are permitted, but theatricals are strictly forbidden. The chief external difference is in the churches, where altars, crucifixes and pictures are generally put into mourning.

Passing the palace of Queen Marguerite on our way home from the service, she drove through the gate in her automobile. Noticing two ladies walking slowly, she bowed and smiled sweetly. A beautiful woman is Queen Marguerite. She is a lady of queenly bearing and always wears many strings of rich pearls. Her only outriders were four men on bicycles, two on each side, keeping pace with her automobile.

But to return. There is nothing specially distinctive in the services on Monday and Tuesday, which are held in all the churches, beginning early in the morning and continuing until late at night.

The most impressive functions begin on Wednesday, when the Tenebrae is sung in all the churches. The service recalls the darkness which covered the earth at the crucifixion. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the Church allows no hymns of rejoicing to be sung. Passages of Scripture and extracts from the fathers are recited or chanted expressing sorrow and lamentation for the death of Christ. On the left of the altar is placed a triangular candlestick in which fifteen tapers are fixed. These equal in number the fifteen psalms that are sung, one candle being extinguished after each psalm until the last one alone remains lighted. The one still burning is carefully removed and reproduced after the service as a symbol of the Resurrection. The fourteen candles are supposed to represent the twelve apostles and the two holy water. A procession was formed to the altar of the Holy Sacrament, where the Cardinal prayed before taking his place on a high throne called the Cathedra, where a prelate presented him with a long golden rod about sixteen feet in length. The people passed before him one at a time, knelt for a moment as they passed, and the great Cardinal touched each one upon the head with the rod. As rich and poor alike flocked to receive the indulgences to be obtained by this act of humility the writer understood as never before the significance of the old song, "Pass Under the Rod." The Cardinal then heard confession, again prostrated himself in prayer before the altar and the ceremony was over.

The relics of the Passion were then shown from a balcony about one hundred feet above the heads of the people. Among these are a large fragment of the true cross, the lance or part of the spear that pierced the side of Jesus, a piece of the sponge, the veil of St. Veronica, a handkerchief given to Jesus to wipe his brow while in an agony of perspiration, and still bearing the imprint of His face. Marys, and the extinguished lights are said to symbolize the desertion of the apostles. The taper left burning is a symbol of the light of Christ, which alone remained to lighten and vivify the world. At half past four the Miserere, or 50th Psalm, was sung in St. John Lateran, and was also chanted most impressively in St. Peter's by one of the finest choirs in the world.

Another of the imposing functions of Wednesday was the arrival about 5 o'clock of one of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries in the person of the Cardinal Chief Penitentiary, who was received by about fifty of the fathers and four canons, one of whom presented him with a fragment of one of the skirts of the Virgin, and a lock of her hair. The distance from which the objects were seen was so great that it was, of course impossible to verify by observation the statements made.


**CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS**

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

**PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR**


### Dining With the Hangman.

In "The Comic Side of Crime" in the February Strand Magazine, Harry Furniss tells a somewhat startling story of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, a well-known figure in Bohemian society in London some thirty years ago. Wingfield was a man of a particularly morbid turn of mind and made quite a friend of Marwood, who was at that time the official hangman. He once invited this interesting character to take dinner with him at Powerscourt, his beautiful Dublin estate; and as Wingfield was anxious that his domestics should not discover who his guest was, the conversation did not turn, during dinner, on criminals or hanging. His butler was an old and valued servant, and when he was in the room Wingfield was careful to refer only to general topics and avoid the one which he and his guest had met to discuss. But to the host's horror, the hangman kept looking at his watch, and once or twice, when the butler was in the room, he would say:

"Ah, they're giving it to them now. Yes, yes; it's about time now it was over."

Wingfield was on pins and needles lest his guest should, in his excitement, disclose the names of the poor victims. As soon as they were alone, he said:

"Who are they? I didn't know there was any execution on to-day.'

"Well, I should think not—or I wouldn't be here.'

"But they're criminals of some kind—flogging, eh?"

"Flogging! Criminals! Bless you, no, sir. I was looking at my watch 'ere to time the presentation of prizes at my girls' school. To-day one takes a fust prize and the other a second!"


# Need No Longer Fear the Knife

**Gravel Easily and Naturally Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

**Joseph Pelrine Who Suffered the Tortures of this Terrible Complaint for Nine Months Tells How the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured Him.**

Port Felix East, Guysboro county, N. S., March 22.—(Special.)—That you need no longer fear the knife if troubled with gravel or other urinary troubles is the glad news that Joseph Pelrine, a well-known young fisherman here, is telling his friends.

"I suffered intense pain from gravel and other urinary troubles for nine months," Mr. Pelrine says. "But seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. I heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who is suffering from gravel or urinary troubles."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure gravel by curing the kidneys. The urinary organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. If the kidneys are not in good working order they cannot filter out the uric acid and it combines with other products of the body and causes gravel. Healthy kidneys dissolve the stones and they pass off in the urine. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure gravel.



# Wives and Mothers Suffer With Backache

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness insomnia, deranged menses, and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

**DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE ALL WOMAN'S ILLS**

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known. Recommended for girls and women of all ages, 25 cents per box, at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.


### THE FAIRY HOUNDS.

**Superstition of the Night Chases of the "Dandy Dogs.'**

In some years stoats appear to be more numerous than in others, and they are seen not in ones and twos but in dozens, hunting together in small packs. The late E. T. Booth, of Brighton, when shootoing in East Lothian in the autumn of 1883, met a pack of stoats which attacked a terrier he had with him and would not be driven off until he had the dog between them had killed more than a dozen.

Stoats will hunt together from cent and in full cry like a pack of hounds, one always keeping the line and followed closely by the others. This sight has been recorded by different observers, who have also seen weasels hunting in the same way.

There is a popular notion in the west of England that hares are hunted at night by packs of little fairy hounds, locally called "dandy dogs," and these are said to be weasels, which the west country folks call "fairies," pronouncing the word "vairy" and "vair." Some of them declare that they have seen and watched the chase with awe.—From the London Daily Graphic.

### Genuine War.

Two muscular individuals were hammering at each other in the ring.

"Horrible!" speculated a tender-hearted spectator.

"Horrible, nothing," said the regular patron. "If you want to see a real scrap get next to them when they divide the purse."—Philadelphia Ledger.

# MONKEY THIEF

**Concealed in Master's Pocket He Managed Many Thefts.**

Following a shabbily dressed man, whose visits to various establishments were always associated with theft, the Paris police have stumbled on the extra ordinary fact of a monkey being employed for shoplifting purposes.

On Tuesday afternoon the man entered a large emporium, and was soon inquiring the price of different trinkets. As the salesman was answering his questions a queer-looking head was seen to peep out of a pocket of his overcoat, and soon a paw followed, with the result that several rings left that particular stand, entering into the selfsame pocket with the paw, and then the head.

Presently the visitor, after thanking the salesman for his information, moved on to a counter where lace was laid out in tempting array. The employee was requested to show some of the most valuable samples, and once more the head and paw emerged from the pocket, and one of the finest pieces promptly disappeared into that recess.

The detectives walked up to the visitor, and at once arrested him. They also captured the monkey, for such it was, which he had trained to grab at goods while he was keeping the vendors engrossed by his questions as to prices and quality.

The man, who is an acrobatic performer at fairs, perceiving that the game was up, submitted mildly, but his companion did not take his own arrest so philosophically, and resisted fiercely.

The man was taken to the depot of the Prefecture of Police, and the larcenous monkey to the pound.


# NEGLECTED SCALD CAUSED MONTHS OF AGONY.

**Spent Dollars in Vain but Zam-Buk Cured Her.**

Following we give the testimony of a lady who if she had known of Zam-Buk earlier would have been saved nine weeks' agony:

Mrs. Frederick Bryant, of 169 Railway Avenue, Stratford, Ont., says:—"I scalded my foot while preparing supper. Next day the skin came off and my foot was in a serious condition. I could not wear my shoe and had to lay up for nine weeks. During this time I used dozens of salves but none did any good, in fact the wound developed into a running sore. I got no rest day or night from the pain. At this point a supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and a few applications had immediate effect in soothing the pain and irritation. A small supply proved sufficient to heal the scald, although I had spent dollars in other remedies. New skin has now formed nicely over the open sore.

Zam-Buk is the most wonderful and effective remedy I have used, and I advise others to use it."

Zam-Buk is equally effective in curing burns. Mr. Geo. Gilmore, caretaker of the E. Clements Block, Winnipeg, testifies as follows:—"I sustained a series of bad burns while attending to the large furnace which heats the buildings. One burn on my wrist was particularly bad and gave me great pain. I applied some Zam-Buk, and in forty-eight hours all that remained of the burn was a slight scar. Zam-Buk seemed to take the pain away like magic. It is a splendid balm to keep handy, its healing powers being simply marvellous."

There is nothing to equal Zam-Buk as a family balm. Its uses are so wide. It has been proved a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, piles, bad leg, suppurating wounds, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, cold cracks, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well into the part affected it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.


### A TRAITOR'S PUNISHMENT.

**Lieut. Ullmos Easy Life as a Prisoner on Devil's Island.**

The first man, a Paris contemporary observes, lost the earthly paradise by a fault, and man to-day has found it by a crime. Ex-Lieut. Ullmo, who was condemned as a traitor and who is now on Devil's Island, is the person referred to, and if our contemporary is not misinformed the assertion is not very wide of the mark.

The ex-Lieutenant has a nice little cottage; his costume is white flannel, and he wears white boots. He rises late and spends a long time dressing. His toilet table, we learn, is laden with scent bottles, and in the room is a portrait which bears a strong resemblance to La Belle Lison. His study is well supplied with books, theatrical and other reviews, such as one would find in a country gentleman's house. Books on philosophy also find a place, the ex-Lieutenant's favorite writers being Kant, Fichte and Schelling.

After breakfast Ullmo walks about his little domain, feeds his fowls and gives instructions to his cook. Nearly every day a launch brings fresh meat from l'Ile Royale, and to guard against stormy weather and the non-arrival of the launch the Lieutenant has, we are assured, a well stocked larder with eggs, butter, preserves and charcuterie in abundance. After breakfast he takes a rest and then has a walk under the cocoanut trees. Then he sits under the shadow of the trees and watches the beautiful sunset and possibly thinks of Dreyfus in this little solitude. At lunch he can have plenty of fresh milk and cheese, for he has a herd of goats. After dinner the ex-Lieutenant and his guards play cards, and before retiring the chef—who, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "contrives a double debt to pay"—transformed into a valet de chambre, asks the prisoner for instructions for the next day. The correspondent who furnishes this account was surprised at what he saw, and so we think will be his readers.— From the London Globe.

### He Explains.

"Why is it, professor," asked the young man with the bad eye, "that when Christopher Columbus discovered this country he didn't settle down and stay here?"

"Doubtless you are aware, my young friend," answered the professor, "that the Spanish form of his name was Cristoval Colon."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a colon does not mean a full stop. We will return now, young gentlemen, to the consideration of the lesson."

### Suspicious Circumstances.

The grocer had warranted the maple syrup to be the real stuff.

"It doesn't taste like any maple sirup I ever bought," said the customer, who had just sampled it, "and I strongly suspect——"

"Sir!" said the indignant grocer.

"I strongly suspect, in spite of your guaranty, that it's genuine."

Wigwag—So you haven't the sand to propose to her, eh? Harduppe—Plenty of sand, but no rocks.


# "Look Out For That Little Cold"

The wise physician says "cure it before it grows large and dangerous. To-day is the time to commence treatment." The remedy, the best one, which doctors say surpasses all others, is "Nerviline." Rub it on the chest and throat, use it as a gargle and then take 20 drops in hot water—Cold will disappear.

"Last spring I caught a severe cold," writes George V. Smart, of Gibson P. O. "Every cough rasped my throat, which became perfectly raw. When almost in desperation I was advised to try Nerviline. I rubbed it on and used it as a gargle. Immediate relief followed. For breaking up colds it's the great remedy of to-day.

## Use "Nerviline" It Cures Colds

Nerviline will surprise you. It's the best household remedy for coughs, colds, sore chest, croup, and internal pains of every kind. Large bottles have been sold by all dealers for nearly fifty years at 25c. Don't forget Nerviline when you go to the druggists.


### RAT DRIVE IN INDIA.

**Result of a Systematic Campaign in a Bombay Town.**

Bombay deals with its rats wholeheartedly and scientifically. The city chosen—Kamatipura—was divided into three circles, which were again divided into several blocks.

The first circle was in charge of the Chief Inspector of Health, assisted by four inspectors and two deputy health officers. In this circle there were 303 houses, comprising 1,423 rooms, and these were served with 2,846 baits and 425 traps. Baits were also placed in 77 gullies.

The second circle was the largest, and was placed in charge of Dr. Sirah Cawasji. It comprised twenty-six blocks, with sixty-nine houses and 4,375 rooms, and 8,750 baits and 1,181 traps were brought into requisition, besides baits for ninety-eight gullies. The third circle, in charge of Dr. Shroff, was divided into nineteen blocks. It included 264 houses, with 4,023 rooms, which were served with 8,046 baits and 1,070 traps. Altogether 19,642 poison baits and 2,670 traps were laid.

In one day 833 rats were delivered up, and as the poison does not always act immediately it is likely that a great many more have since been discovered. After the recovery of rats all the gullies are flushed and cleaned and the houses and rooms washed with pesterine and otherwise disinfected.—Times of India.

Everybody Willing.

Georgie—Holy smoke! just look at that young lady kissing the poodle!

Harold—Yes, I see. Who wouldn't lead a dog's life


# USING PURGATIVES INJURES THE HEALTH

**In the Spring a Tonic is Needed—But Not Harsh, Drastic Medicines.**

A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the indoor life of winter months. But unfortunately thousands of people who recognize the necessity for a spring medicine do not know what is best to take, and dose themselves with harsh, griping purgatives. This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicine weakens the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this; they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—no purgative can do this. What is needed in the spring is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve, and every part of the body. This is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why men and women who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring try this great reviving tonic, and see the new life, new health and new strength it will put into you. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


### THE BIBLE.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Rev. S. P. Rose, of Winnipeg ,is now added to the list of Methodist clergymen who deny the complete historical accuracy of the Bible. This sort of thing is becoming rather common to be sensational, but is none the less occasion for thoughtful consideration. There are included in the Bible books of history, of poetry, of philosophy and of teaching. It in its present shape is the result of the rejection by learned and thoughtful men of books that at one time found acceptance among Christians and Jews and even among Mahomedans. Learned and thoughtful men may find other parts to be rejected or viewed as figurative expressions rather than a record of facts. It would be well, though, that when a minister feels himself moved to condemn, amend or reject, he should be sure that he is learned for the task and should proceed to it only after due thought and with reverence. The book is a foundation and only careful hands should touch foundations.


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