

ITALY STILL STIRRED

BY RECENT ATTEMPT ON THE KING'S LIFE.

The Police Have Great Difficulty in Watching Anarchists—Almost Impossible to Have Spies at Work Keeping Tab on Them.

Rome, April 16.—All Italy is still under the tremendous impression caused by the attempt of March 14th on the life of the king, who, without doubt, is immensely popular. While that it should be the work of an anarchist is a surprise to all, as that dread fraternity has in late years somewhat lost its reputation for deeds of violence.

It is now twelve years since King Humbert lost his life, his murder, roughly speaking, bringing to a close a period of several years in which the assassination of prominent men was a daily menace. Since then Italy has been almost entirely free from this danger, and her present king has gone about apparently as safely as the most insignificant personage of his subjects. The attempt of March 14th has shown that, even if the act was that of one individual and due to his initiative alone, it was inspired by anarchist thought and principles.

The difficulties experienced by the police in watching anarchists are almost insurmountable, and above all in becoming acquainted with their plans. The organization of the anarchists is such that it is almost impossible for spies to obtain a footing among the "companions," while, if they are successful in doing so, their real intentions are speedily discovered and they have been at all their pains to no purpose. The reason is that the anarchists are divided into quite small groups, never numbering more than ten or a dozen members. Admission to a group is not granted until every imaginable inquiry has been taken and inquiry made, and the members of a group being so few in number they necessarily know each other intimately, and are able to exercise a close watch one over the other.

For a long time the anarchists had no central organization, but in 1893 there was a meeting of delegates from the groups, and the formation of a central committee decided upon. The crimes of Santo Caserio, who killed President Carnot, of France, on June 24th, 1894; L. Luccheni, who killed Emperor Elizabeth, of Austria, on September 10th, 1898; and Carlo and Bresci, who killed King Humbert of Italy on July 29th, 1900, were planned by them, but it is still doubtful whether that of Dalba was known to them.

Dalba's fate will not be quite so hard as that of Bresci, who murdered his intended victim's father, but he will be quite bad enough. Thirty years in prison is before him, so that if he lives he will be a prematurely left man of fifty when he comes out, left behind by a world always on the move, and without friends or resources.

A thorough investigation of the treatment of life or long-sentence prisoners shows that for some years they are confined in a separate cell and given work does not require the use of iron. In the years that follow they are admitted to work with the other prisoners, but not allowed to speak. In the first period the rule is that they are not permitted to see anyone while in health, although in reality their relations are allowed to visit them for half an hour once a year. Later they are permitted to see them every six months.

Their food consists of 3½ ounces of macaroni, and 1 pound, 5 ounces of bread on week days, and soup and a piece of meat on Sundays; wine is given only three or four times a year on special days. In the first period the convict may spend a cent a day in whatever he wishes, and in the years following five cents. His cell is 7½ feet by 13 feet and 10½ feet high; the air comes from a window so constructed that nothing but the sky is visible; it has a heavy, iron-bound door inside, and iron grates behind it, containing a bed with iron springs, and a mattress of vegetable material, all of which is attached by a chain to the wall during the day, so that the prisoner may not lie down; also there are toilet necessities and he is allowed to have a brush and comb.

Each day he is taken out alone for a walk in specially isolated courts; the minimum time for exercise is one hour, although this is extended if the health of the prisoner requires it. The ordinary punishments are, isolation with bread and water, the strait jacket and the dark cell with iron.

Will Take the Job.
Joseph Mercury.
There are rumors becoming rife that Sir James Wilby will be the next lieutenant-governor, after the term of Sir John Gibson expires. He may disclaim any such intention just now, but any disclaimer he may make will not alter the public conviction that his usefulness in his present position will soon be gone, and that a harbor of safe and honorable refuge will come in quite handy before the next general election.

Plug Hat Wearers.
Brackville Times.
Why do laymen wear plug hats? They are not artistic in shape, they are inconvenient, and they are expensive. Why, therefore, do laymen wear plug hats? Probably for the same reason that ecclesiastics continue to wear queue hats, gaiters and so forth, because they lack the courage to break away from an old custom handed down from a past age.

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"MOVIES" AT OTTAWA.

Cinematograph Men Take Everything In Sight on the Hill.

Future generations will witness the Borden Cabinet at work in the Privy Council chamber. It will be a real cinematograph picture showing the leaders of the nation taking sweet counsel together.

The other morning for half an hour the cinematograph men were busy in the Privy Council chamber before a full Cabinet with their machines, and they came away pleased at the good impression, which will be shown to seventy millions of people daily throughout the world when they are ready.

The pictures are part of a scheme of the Vitagraph Co. to write a cinematograph picture history of Canada from the days of Jacques Cartier up to the present Premier.

And royalty will figure in the picture. The picture men by royal permission attended a skating party at the Rideau Canal and caught the Duke moving about, the young Prince receiving her guests and pretty Princess "Pat" gracefully skirting on the ice with a crowd of Ottawa's best and brightest.

The Premier in his sumptuous private office was caught in the act of writing letters and dictating to his private secretary, all for future Canadians to gloat over in wondering interest.

Speaker Landry in the Senate posed in his crimson robe, while Speaker Sproule, preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, walked from his private apartments to the green chamber. And the ex-Premier was not forgotten. He smiled over again his famous smile and walked down Parliament Hill, all for the benefit of future statesmen, who will want to know how it was done in the year of grace 1912. The present gallery boxes are also included and room eight, with its dozens of typewriters, roll-topped desks, voluminous blue books and diligent inhabitants performed special duty under the inquisitive eyes of the clicking machine.

When the history is complete, a special set will be sent to His Majesty King George, who will have Canada as she is placed before him.

Weak on Holy Writ.

The truth is but the weakness of the large majority of the members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery is not for the Holy Writ. They remind one of Chaucer's Doctor of Physic, whose "studies was but litle on the Holy Writ." In the course of his eloquent speech at the Liberal banquet to the victors of South Renfrew the other evening, Dr. Michael Clark paraphrased a quotation from the Song of Deborah in the Book of Judges. "Ah, sir, the stars in their courses are fighting against Sisera." Every Liberal newspaper man present who used the quotation in his report endeavored to make it a classic, representing the westerner as having chronicled a conflict between the firmament and Sisera. It is reported to have been Sir Wilfrim Laurier himself who adopted the biblical quotation, who first spotted the blunder of the newspaper men. Thereupon there were manifold trips to the Parliamentary Library to inspect the dust-covered copy of the Scriptures which their abides. A poll of the press was taken on the question with disastrous results to the Anglicans. Not a Presbyterian nor a Roman Catholic in the gallery knew where the quotation was taken, and only one Methodist qualified. Seven of the Anglicans, however, at once recanted, with the one Methodist, being the only members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery who apparently had any acquaintance with the Book of Judges. Only one Anglican went wrong, and he confessed, amid laughter, that he was brought up a Presbyterian.

Knew His Man.
The members of the staff of the Montreal Star have been selling tickets for a concert by means of which that paper aided a charitable cause. One of them sold a ticket to one of the men who are partners in business. Then the newspaperman made a bet with another member of the staff that he couldn't sell a ticket to the other partner, who was known to be close in money matters.

The man who took the bet soon reported that he had sold two tickets to the close one and had collected two dollars.

But the man who had taken the other end of the bet was still doubtful. He hunted up the alleged buyer, who told him that he had bought the tickets and, after tearing them up, had thrown them into the waste-paper basket. The doubter searched the waste-paper basket and found what looked like bits of tickets. Some of what sadly he went back to the Star office and asked the "boys" out for the promised refreshments.

Soon afterwards the man who had taken the two tickets met the seller and asked why the doubter was so anxious to find a ticket to the other partner. "He nearly had me," said the close one. "Just after you sold me the two tickets, a friend came in and I re-sold them to him. It was fortunate for me that there were some bits of cardboard in that waste-paper basket."

A Long Train.

The tonnage of wheat drawn by the Canadian Northern Railway in 1910 was increased in the past year by 14,000,000 bushels. During the corresponding period of 1910 only 94,000,000 bushels were brought out of the country. There is an interesting side to this statement; it is hardly possible to get more than 1,600 bushels of wheat into the average freight car, for this is allowing an average capacity of 60,000 pounds. It will be seen, therefore, that if 38,750,000 bushels were handled—the precise quantity—nearly 40,000 cars were utilized. Taking the average length of a car as 40 feet, which would allow for the coupling at each end, this total would mean a continuous chain of wheat cars holding 30 tons each a little more than 300 miles long.

The missionary dollars ought to have the first chance at the heathen at home.
It is a pretty good plan to let that in a measure you have ordered your blessings.

OUR MILITARY PRISON.

Halifax Possesses Canada's Only "Pen" For Soldiers.

Despite the fact that Canada is going to build a navy—some day; that she can boast her own militia and large standing army, there is in the Dominion but one military prison. This is located on Melville Island, at the head of the Northwest Arm at Halifax. It was built to be used in conjunction with Canada's military station, though constructed some time after the establishment of the garrison troops at Halifax. It was built in 1868 and for over a century has served as a jail for miscreant soldiers.

The island upon which it is situated takes its name after that Scottish statesman who was the second Privy Secretary of the Navy in the stirring times following the French revolution. One of the stories which was formerly connected with Melville Island was that the prison officials kept a shark swimming in the water off the island and regularly fed it. This, when circulated among the prisoners, was thought to prevent them from trying to escape. However effective it may have been, it may be said to the credit of the Melville Island Prison officials that they have not seen only one man was ever able to successfully escape capture.

Forbidding though its name and appearance, Melville Island is not without its tinge of romance. On the farther shore of the Northwest Arm, back of little Cove, is a mound or natural hill upon which a lonely grave marked by a wooden cross and inscription. Over it the Union Jack always floats.

The secret of the slumberer is, so far as the world knows, buried with his dust, secure in the lonely grave, but legend, ever ready to step forth and embellish a story, relates a romantic tale connected with the man whose mouldering remains rest on the island. The inmate of the lonely tomb was a young soldier who died by his own hand, the victim of the cruel father of his sweetheart, who was colonel of the regiment to which the young man belonged in the garrison.

Nixon, so the story goes, was an orderly, of good family, although in the ranks. He was of a handsome physique, and while living at the colonel's quarters his duties, they say, he much in the company of the beautiful daughter of his commander. She was a girl of eighteen and they loved in secret for a long time. When the father heard of it, he sent the young man back to the duties of a private soldier. He had been there only a short time when the charge of theft from a comrade was trumped up against him and he was confined in Melville Island prison, where he pined for a time, but finally escaped and swam across the Arm, hiding in a cave nearby for a long time, being supplied with food in the meantime by residents of the locality, whose compassion had been excited by the stories of his suffering within the prison walls.

Finally, however, dreading capture and giving up hope of ever seeing his sweetheart again, he committed suicide and was interred upon that lonely hill near the lapping of the waters and beneath the pine trees' shade. The soldiers who guard the prison have passed on the trust of keeping the grave and headstone in good repair to a detachment of their men for almost a hundred years. The tale told to the passing stranger of the man who rests on Dead Man's Isle reads as follows:

John Nixon,
of Sydney, C.B.,
Who died on the
Sixth day of August, 1817.
Erected by the
VIII. King's Foot
Regiment of First
Berkshire Regiment, 1865.
—Edith Carew in Toronto Globe.

A Canadian Psychologist.

A good side partner for Mr. H. Addington Bruce, the Canadian who writes so vividly on that abstruse science, psychology, would be President J. B. Cullen, of Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S. The boyish-appearing president is a giant; so is Bruce. And, like Bruce, he is a very prominent psychologist—an authority in fact. His three books, "The Psychology of Alcoholism," "The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity," and "Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing," are known to scholars the world over.

Dr. Cullen is a home-grown Nova Scotian. He is a graduate of Amherst College, and Yale, where he played on the football eleven. Despite his deep thinking, he hardly looks his thirty-seven years; appears more like a half-buff than a famous psychologist. A feature worth noting about him is that he has not renounced Canada for the American literary mart. The quiet peace of old Scotia has suited his kind of mental gymnastics, which are bringing honor to Canada in a field where her litterateurs have not ventured far.

Dr. Vogt.

Dr. Vogt of Toronto, the father of the Mendelssohn Choir, who has brought great joy to Canadians, and great credit to Canada, though he may find simple reward for his labors in the joy of success, well deserves other recognition. He has won—if such things are the prize of accomplishment—a knighthood, as much as men who have made money, or cement mergers, or killed many fellow beings in battle. He has made thousands and thousands happy—there are no tears on his laurels—and besides he has splendidly honored Canada in the field of art; won her respect where, in this young country, not too much has been accomplished. He has been decorated because he made music that will live. Vogt has made music live; has given interpretation of music worthy of the great masters that made it; and has, thereby, won a bay leaf or two.

Vegetable Ivory.

Large quantities of vegetable ivory, grown from a nut in Ecuador, are taken into Great Britain.

WEST'S COAL WEALTH.

Alberta Has Vast Areas That Will Be Valuable Some Day.

Canadians barely realize the extent of the great natural resources with which our country is blessed. We realize that the Dominion has a considerable number of coal areas all being worked to the apparent great profit to their owners. Those of us, however, possessing homes and consequently far away from coal seams, what after the manner of black diamonds, owing to the high prices which we are accustomed to pay for it. This is by no means the case in many parts of Alberta, where it is possible to get coal for the mere picking and carting cost. The value of this is brought still more forcibly before us on account of the dire trouble the coal strike is causing in Great Britain.

In many parts of our country coal is always dear, owing to the long distance that it has to be brought to us; but at the two ends of the Dominion it exists in enormous deposits. The mines of the Cape Breton shore, in fact, stretch their tunnels e. under the Atlantic, and pay such high wages that the young Gaelic-speaking Highlander, who has deserted their paternal farm to make big money underground.

At the other end of Canada, on the Pacific coast, the Indians seventy-five years ago were vastly amused to find a blacksmith of the Hudson Bay Co. on Vancouver Island burning a "black stone" which had been brought a six months' journey from England round Cape Horn. They delighted the blacksmith by telling him that there was any amount of the same "stone" on that very island. For many years now Vancouver Island has supplied not only British Columbia, but California and other regions further south.

A few hundred miles inland in the Rocky Mountains, dividing British Columbia from Alberta, there is another deposit, which supplies a high quality coal to the Canadian Pacific Railway and to thousands of private consumers all over the Prairie Provinces.

Western Canada has just had a big coal strike. The mountain miners went out, and could not be persuaded to go in again. They were quite independent; farm labor is always scarce and highly paid in the Prairie Provinces, and the miners turned farm laborers as easily as the farmers of Cape Breton had turned miners.

Unfortunately, the prairie folk, though glad of this extra help, found that it involved a serious loss as well as gain. The price of coal doubled. The steam engines which do a large part of the plowing had to pay \$10 a ton instead of \$5; and so much of the railway rolling stock had to be used in bringing up coal from the United States that there were not cars enough to carry the farmers' wheat to market.

There is one very large western region, however, where coal is so easily got that a strike at the regular mine cannot cut off the supply. Over a vast area of Alberta the fertile soil is simply a skin covering a body of coal.

"Ani Kane, the artist who crossed the prairie by canoe sixty years ago, and wrote a book on the subject of "beds of hard coal" which he saw protruding along the bank of Saskatchewan River, near Edmonton, about 20 feet below the upper surface. It could not be used, he says, except in the blacksmith's forge, owing to the want of proper tools and furnaces in those distant regions, where iron is at present so scarce."

When the settlers began to arrive, in quite recent years, they were astonished to find this fuel lying ready to hand. A sturdy old Englishman with an Alberta farm, about forty miles east of Edmonton, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, said: "When we dug our well we threw out two wagon loads of coal. We didn't want it, because our stoves were made to burn logs, and there was plenty of wood all round us. Sometimes the coal comes right up to the surface. "One time," the old man said, "we made a little camp fire at night, and were surprised to find it still burning in the morning. We had lighted it on a bed of coal."

Much of this Alberta coal is only lignite, and the poorer sorts soon lose their combustible quality when exposed to the air; but the better sorts of lignite keep quite long enough to make them commercially valuable, and great "beds" are being opened in various directions, especially west of the railway which lies north and south between Edmonton and Calgary. Of course, the coal of the mountain mines is far superior to this lignite of the plains.

All They Needed.
An incident that occurred to the R.N.W.M.P. some years ago is being retold in the magazines. A body of Canadian Indians took it into their heads to cross the border into the United States. But the United States had no use for them, and they were escorted north again, some 300 strong, by a formidable body of American cavalry. At the frontier line they were met by a corporal and two constables of the Northwest Mounted Police.

"Where on earth's the escort for the Indians?" asked the very surprised American officer who had charge of the proceedings.

"Oh, yes, there," replied the corporal, with cheerful confidence.

"Yes, but where's the regiment?" "Oh," was the answer, "we'll do this little job. You see, we wear the Queen's scarlet."

And the trio of redcoats proved well up to their work. They took the Indians on without any fuss or difficulty, and successfully escorted them 100 miles up country.

To Honor Hanlan.
To perpetuate the memory of the late Ned Hanlan, a Torontonian, and one of the greatest scullers in the world, by the erection of a \$10,000 monument on a conspicuous spot at Hanlan's Point, in the purpose of A. R. Denison and T. P. Galt of Toronto.



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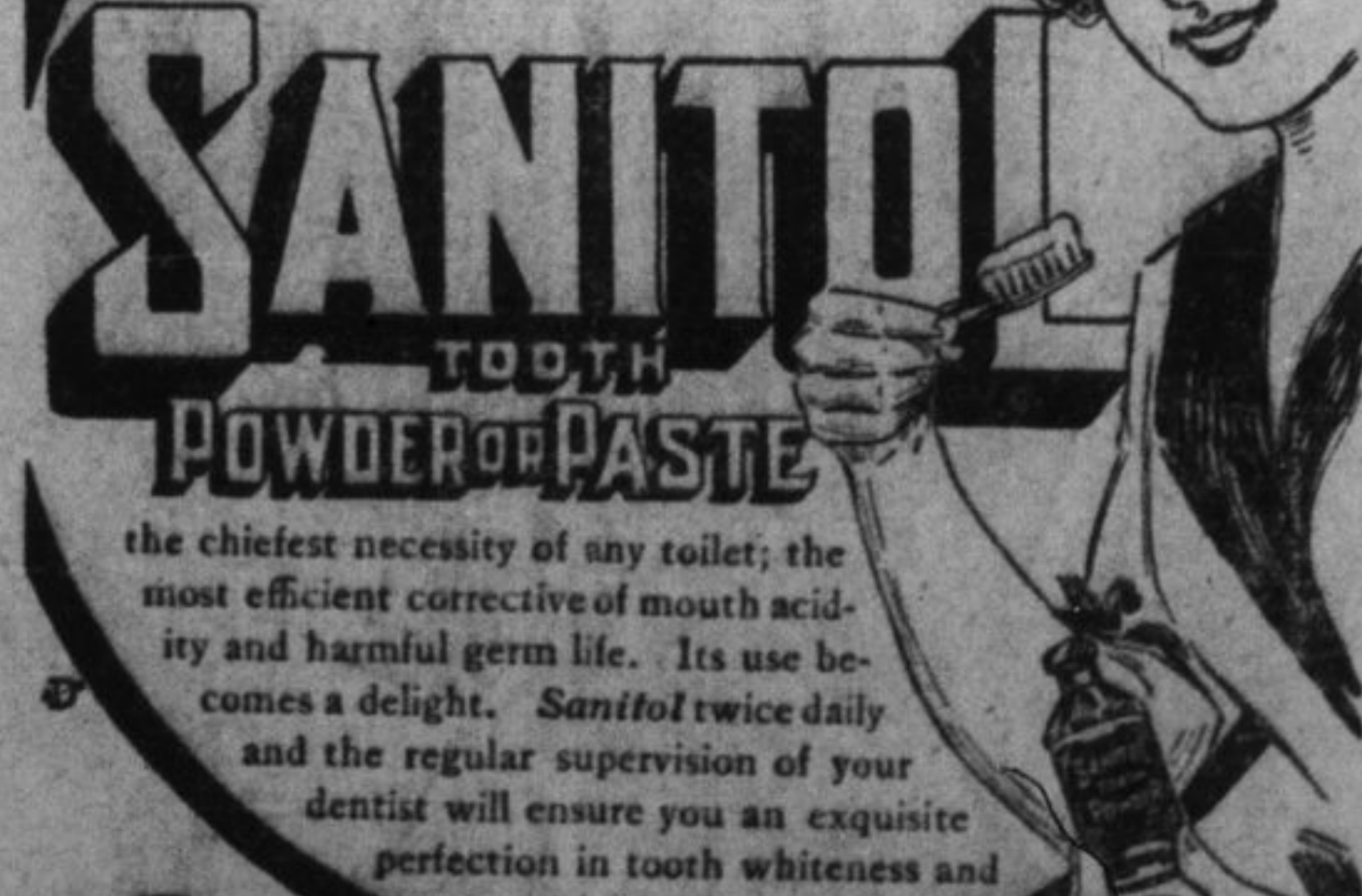
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