

Tricks of the Modern Safe-Breaker.

Between the safe-maker and the safe-breaker there is a constant struggle for supremacy, just as there is between the designers of modern cannon and projectiles and the ship's armor they are intended to pierce; and the rivalry is so close that it is difficult to award the palm to either.

There is no more daring and skilful man in the ranks of criminals, said a well-known detective to the writer, than the breaker of safes, as you will admit when I tell you some of his feats which have come under my own observation.

A few years ago a safe was robbed under conditions which one would think would have made the feat at least as impossible as that of running off with the crown jewels. The safe, which belonged to a large firm of contractors, was so placed that it was in full view of the policeman every time he passed the premises on his beat. On one night every week this safe contained several thousands of dollars, the wages of the workmen to be paid on the following day; and it was on one of these nights that it was stripped of everything.

At least thirty times during the night the policeman had peered into the lighted room, in which it was a conspicuous object, and seen that it was "all right," and yet, impossible as it may seem, when the office was opened in the morning it had completely vanished.

The explanation of this mystery is really very simple. The burglars, before entering the premises, had provided themselves with a duplicate of the safe—a flimsy structure of lath and canvas, painted to resemble the original—and while the officer was at a distant part of his beat had quickly removed the real safe and substituted its counterfeit. The safe was then taken to a back room and rifled at leisure, while the officer, deceived by the dummy, had not suspected that anything was wrong.

There is practically no limit to the patience and skill of the modern burglar, as was proved by the robbery of a safe some years ago in the city. The safe belonged to a well known firm of jewelers, and for additional security was placed in a room the walls of which were lined with sheet iron. One Saturday afternoon a gang of burglars managed to secrete themselves in an upper room of the adjacent premises, which were occupied by a tailor. When the building was deserted they set to work by making a hole through the floor of this room through which they lowered themselves into the tailor's shop, which was adjacent to the safe room.

Here they tried to pierce the wall which separated them from their booty, but the casing proved impregnable. Nothing daunted, they cut a hole through the floor of the basement which ran under the jewelers' premises. Here they attacked the floor of the safe room which was just over their heads, and then, after many hours of hard labor, they found themselves in the presence of the coveted safe.

This they opened by means of wedges, screw jacks and levers, tearing the casing open and laying bare the rich contents of gold and jewels. These were lowered into the basement, and laden with their spoil valued at \$30,000, the gang eventually escaped through a side door. In this case, as in the former one, the safe, by means of an arrangement of mirrors, was visible to the officer on his beat, who declared that he "had seen nothing," which undoubtedly was true, for the burglars had been warned of his approach by confederates from a room which they had taken on the opposite side of the road, and, naturally, work was suspended until the coast was clear.

No! the burglar makes very little use of skeleton keys for the reason that, with the modern complicated and ingenious system of locks, they are useless. His favorite method is the seemingly clumsy one of tearing open the sides of the safe. This he does by boring holes in the metal by means of a drill, and then when he makes a hole large enough he inserts a lever and wrenches the casing open by brute strength.

If this method fails, as it will do whenever the casing is thick, he will try to blow the lock off by means of some powerful explosive such as nitro-glycerine; although the effect of this is often to twist and jam the bolts and make the lock more impregnable than ever. A more successful plan is to force nitro-glycerine into the lock, to plaster the safe with the explosive, and then, after enveloping the safe in felt, to blow it up by means of electricity or a slow fuse. The felt deadens the sound of the explosion and prevents the shattered fragments from flying, while, of course, it leaves the contents of the safe at the burglars' mercy.

But the daring of the safe blower is even more remarkable than his skill; and he makes

light of carrying off of a safe bodily to rifle at his pleasure. One night about eight years ago a gang of burglars entered some premises and calmly proceeded to carry out a safe weighing nearly half a ton. They dragged it down to the street, placed it on a waiting wagon, and calmly drove off with it.

Fortunately a policeman had noticed the cart and had made a note of the name and address on it, with the result that the burglars were run to earth before they had time to break open the safe and appropriate the booty.

"GAYETIES OF THE SABRE."

Shocking Cruelty in the German Army.
Yes, we speak of the gayeties of the sabre. In the French army brutality is the exception—the amazing exception, which calls out immediate protests, inquiries and punishments. With us, violence practiced as a matter of principle, insults reduced to a system, and blows struck as lessons have always been—and, thank God! always will be—impossible. It is not merely the law which prevents, but also the national character. None of our troopers would suffer to be treated, whether by a great chieftain or a petty officer, with the brutal insolence in vogue among our neighbors. If one of our sergeants or corporals so far forgot himself as to assault a recruit, or to terrorize his company or squad, a mutiny would forthwith result, and public opinion, getting the facts in advance of the government and the courts, would make a fine uproar. Under our flag a man is never beaten without subsequent complaint and without the scandal being thoroughly aired, and if a court-martial had to pass judgment on such a case, the guilty party would be severely punished. France has other qualities, which one may perhaps call in question, but the sentiment of human dignity dwells in the hearts of the most humble of our children, and this the whole world knows.

Certainly there is something rotten in the German army. Of this we find proof in the startling books published in Germany itself during the last few months—A Little Garrison, by Lieutenant Bilse, and Jens or Sedan, by Herr Beyerlein—which have had a great popularity among the enlightened German public, they have given literary expression to the abuses in the barracks, and the villainies of the parade and drill which fearless publicists had denounced before them, and which the Imperial government, unable longer to ignore officially, has been obliged to check, though timidly as yet, by numerous penalties meted out against such brutes in uniform. So we have witnessed a succession of trials which could not have been paralleled anywhere else on earth.

In March, 1903, at Potsdam—I shall speak only of the present year—a soldier, twenty years old, who had committed a slight breach of discipline, was suddenly seized by fiends in galloons, bound to a table and flogged until the blood flowed. When he was released he had to be taken to the hospital, and as soon as he came out he hanged himself.

In April, 1903, a subaltern named Huesner, enraged because a drunken soldier had failed to salute him in the street, assaulted the unlucky fellow, and with two strokes of his sword broke his skull, thrust him through the chest and left him dead on the spot. When brought to court for this murder, Huesner told the judge that the honor of a German officer required him never to draw his sword without shedding blood, and to draw it whenever he was disobeyed. This scoundrel who was accustomed to shout at his young recruits, "Eyes front, you donkey-heads, or I'll kick your insides out," was deeply surprised when sentenced to several months in prison, and his comrades interceded for him with all their hearts.

In May, 1903, the subaltern Warneck was sentenced to two years and a half of forced labor. He had killed no one, poor fellow. He had contented himself with spitting in the faces of 166 recruits, and with striking some of them with his stick.

In the same month Sergeant Kisch was sentenced to eighteen months in prison for having tortured young soldiers, whom he had to drill, by a process only to be equalled by a maniac possessed of the devil says the Frankfort Gazette: "Every day Kisch struck the recruits, beat their backs, pummelled their faces, chased them under beds day and night, often fifty or 100 times in an evening, until they were completely exhausted. During the gymnastic exercises he made his men lie down on the ground and stuffed their mouths with tan bark. He often forced them to undress and to rub one another with coarse brushes soaked with brine until the blood ran. One of these men, Koehner, against whom he had a special grudge, had an inflamed foot. Kisch compelled him to run up and down stairs, shouting at him: 'Up! Down! Up! Down!' And when Koehner

fell exhausted he threw himself upon him, shouting: 'Jump up or you die,' and struck him in the face with his fist, cutting his upper lip and breaking one of his teeth. He then intentionally tramped on the injured foot so that Koehner had to take to his bed and stay in the hospital six weeks."

In August, 1903, another subaltern, by the name of Dunkel, was sentenced, for having struck 166 of his soldiers and for having compelled his entire squad to make a forced march with gravel in their boots. He also amused himself by ordering them to beat their heads against a stone, and when they lacked the courage to do it, Dunkel helped them a little, so that one of them the simple-minded soldier Kruse exasperated by this torture, committed suicide.

In November, 1903, an officer at the barracks of the Melas Lanciers was sentenced to eight months in prison for having tortured thirty of his horsemen with lance thrusts. Several of those thirty had arms or legs broken.

In October, 1903, the chief sergeant of the Nassau Regiment, the petty officers and the hospital nurses flogged and kicked a poor devil by the name of Beyer, who was at last taken to the hospital. The facts were these: The old soldiers of his company had made a bit of him. They had compelled him to lick the pavement of the barracks court, carefully picking out the dirtiest places, and when at last he refused, because he was tired out, they struck him. In the hospital, when the truth came out, the nurses amused themselves by burning his eyes with a magnifying glass, and when he was blind they took pleasure in whipping him. The surgeon found this a charming game, and one day, after a good luncheon, he came to take part in it, but death came sooner. The relatives of the unhappy soldier had the "consolation" of seeing him die. His eyesight had been destroyed. His ears were covered with blood, and one of his arms was broken. The court-martial reprimanded the chief surgeon and ordered him jailed, and sent several subalterns to prison.

Only the other day the subaltern Francky appeared before the Krensbourg court-martial to answer to 1,620 separate accusations of brutality towards his men. Besides, he had robbed some of them. He got five years in prison, and on the same day the military court of the empire confirmed the sentence formerly pronounced against Sergeant Braidenhach of the Fourth Infantry Regiment of the Imperial Guard, for having struck 1,207 members of this select troop during the last few years.

I think that after this far from complete list—for we only hear of the most important cases—few Frenchmen will hesitate to draw a comparison between what goes on among us and what happens elsewhere. Here every effort of the government and of the officers and of private citizens tends to make the army, in which all must serve a school of citizenship and of patriotism. In Germany, under the imperial rod, the soldiers are managed by beating and flogging. Human dignity is not respected, and the trooper is treated like a beast, until the army becomes a prison. The "Gayeties of the Sabre" are no longer seen in France; we must look elsewhere to find them.—Charles Laurent, in Le Martin.

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No Time To Spare.

The mean man whose birthday gift to his son consisted in washing the windows so the boy could look out and see the cars go by, belonged to the same family as the man to whom the Washington Post introduces its readers. He was proprietor of a country hotel.

The rules of the hotel kept everything under lock and key, and there was no chance for the casual loafer to get newspapers, pen, ink, soap or anything else free. There were not even free seats in the office.

One day the proprietor saw a chronic loafer looking at the old timepiece which hung on the wall. The next day a large sign hung over the face of the clock. It read: "This clock is for the use of guests of the hotel only."

Haskell: "What's Bobby crying for?"
Mrs Haskell: "Oh! the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door."
Haskell: "H'm! He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time."

An old gentleman, whilst suffering from gout used to make use of most violent language. His son, on one occasion, in writing to a friend, remarked: "You will be sorry to hear that the governor is down with the foot and mouth disease again."

Parish of Woodstock Sunday School Convention.

The Parish of Woodstock Sunday School Association will meet in semi-annual session in the Baptist church at Benton on Tuesday, February 23rd. There will be three sessions and the programme will be as follows:—

- MORNING SESSION.**
10.30—Devotional Exercises, led by Rev. C. N. Barton.
11.00—Minutes of Previous Convention.
11.10—Paper: Subject, "Temperance," by Harleigh Dow, followed by discussion.
11.35—Address: Subject, "Home Department," by.....
11.55—Offerings, Announcements, Closing.
- AFTERNOON SESSION.**
2.30—Devotional Exercises, led by Rev. C. Flemington.
3.00—Minutes of Morning Session.
3.05—Address: Subject, "The Gospel and the Gospels," by Rev. Geo. A. Ross.
3.30—Teacher Training Lesson, by Rev. W. H. Fowler.
3.45—The Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 28th, taught by Mrs. Edward London.
4.00—Offerings, Announcements, Closing.
- EVENING SESSION.**
7.00—Song Service.
7.15—Devotional Exercises, led by Mr. Frank Mills.
7.45—Minutes of Afternoon Session.
7.50—Paper: Subject, "Necessity and Benefits of Conventions," by Mrs. Ed. London, followed by discussion.
8.30—Address: Subject, "Soul-Winning," by Rev. F. A. Currier, M. A.
8.45—Brief words from the open Convention: Subject, "What I Resolve to Do, God Helping Me, in my School, Class and Locality, in 1904."
9.00—Offerings and Closing.

Tight Clothes and Colds.

Some of the most eminent physicians declare with emphasis that tight gloves, shoes, and clothing have a tendency to cause colds and a great deal of suffering during the winter, no matter how warmly a person may be clad. One of them says: "Tight shoes on any one's feet will arrest the circulation, and while, of course, the foot might not freeze, it has no chance to get warm, and thus invites the cold with a good possibility of pneumonia stepping in to charge up more trouble to the tight gloves on the hands, and a tight collar is apt to cause a cold in the head by interfering with the veins in the discharge of their duties. Shoes and gloves that fit snugly ought to be worn in the winter, but those that are tight are absolutely dangerous, extremely so, because the general public knows so little about it."

A Sporting Parson's Wit.

An English sporting parson was seated on his cob chatting with a group of parishioners. One of them, a singularity conceited and at the same empty-headed individual, began to lament that while no one around him was afflicted with a single grey hair, his whiskers were already quite grizzled, tho his head had curiously not changed color.

"Don't you know the reason, you idiot?" said the parson. "You use your jaws so much and your brains so little."

Consumption of earth as food is said to be common not only in China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, but in the Malay Archipelago as well. The testimony of many travelers in the Orient is that the yellow races are especially addicted to the practice. In Java and Sumatra the clay used undergoes a preliminary preparation for consumption, mixed with water, reduced to a paste and the sand and other hard substances removed. The clay is then formed into small cakes or tablets about as thick as a lead pencil and baked in an iron saucepan. When the tablet emerges from this process it resembles a piece of dried pork. The Japanese frequently eat small figures roughly modeled from clay, which resemble the animals turned out in pastry shops.

Complaints are made in German cities that American competition is paralyzing some of the home industries, notably those of sewing machines, cash registers, type-writers, and photographers' articles.

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