

INNOCENT BUT DEAD

By Rufus Williams

The house in which Laurent Guillemin d'Anglade lived was a very large one, and — as was and is common in Paris — there were other inmates. The ground floor and that immediately over it were occupied by a certain Count and Countess de Montgomeri.

In the farther of the upper rooms was a small inner closet or strong room wherein the count and countess kept all their jewels and money. Count de Montgomeri, being of the ancient régime, had among his suite of attendants an "almoner," one Abbé François Gagnard.

Within a few months of the time of his coming there Count de Montgomeri received a large payment of money from the steward of his estate in a distant province.

Returning home the count and countess in due course sat down to supper in the salle-à-manger, and were still at table when their friend and neighbour, d'Anglade, came home at eleven o'clock.

The next morning the count, having occasion to go to his strong-box, found that it had been broken open and the entire contents carried away.

The strictest scrutiny — and the methods of the French police have never left anything to be desired in point of thoroughness — revealed nothing in the rooms they inhabited.

Just as the search through the great bare attics was on the point of being abandoned the commissary of police found in a remote corner, beneath an angle in the sloping roof, and within the recess of a deep dormer window, an old chest. In that, concealed under a heap of old wearing apparel and house-linen, was a rouleau of sixty louis-d'or. D'Anglade, interrogated immediately about this money, stammered and could give no account of it. Madame d'Anglade, confronted with the officials, denied all knowledge of it, and the Abbé gave his pious assurance that before leaving on the previous Monday in the train of the count he had double-locked the door, and that the key had never been out of his possession; with most singular forgetfulness omitting to state the fact that on his return he had found the door ajar.

The chief witnesses for the prosecution were the count's servants, and the good Abbé Gagnard, his almoner, who testified with meekness, and an evident regret, which endeared him to all who knew him, and inspired at least respect in those not so blessed.

Unfortunately, the most damaging evidence was actually obtained from his own demeanour and replies in the course of the merciless series of questions put to him as to his birth and source of income. He was not only confused, but greatly prevaricated; but it was made clear even by his own answers, that instead of being a gentleman of high birth and large fortune, his origin was obscure and mean, and upon this the court established the fact, apart from the present accusation, that he was simply at best a chevalier d'industrie.

It was therefore ordered that he be put to the "question ordinary"; and that if he continued contumacious the torture extraordinary should be applied.

Accordingly, the "question ordinary," consisting of thumbscrews and gauntlets which with diabolical ingenuity compressed first the thumbs and then the entire hands and wrists until they were mere shapeless masses of bloody pulp and crushed bones was tried; and thereafter a gentle but firm course of the rack, which was applied till every sinew in the agonised frame cracked, and each individual joint was dislocated. Still the obstinate wretch declined to admit his guilt; and after a due interval, occupied in so far as practicable patching the crushed frame so that the "torture extraordinary" might bring him to a due sense of his exceeding guilt in refusing to acknowledge that the High Court of Justice knew better than he whether he had committed the crimes of which he lay accused, and he was condemned to the galleys for nine years, and his wife was banished from Paris for the like term.

Slightly over a year from the date of his sentence, d'Anglade died in the hospital at Marseilles, four months after his arrival at the galleys.

Hardly had the "High Justice of the King" had time to congratulate itself on the fact that this malefactor had met his doom, when some troublesome person commenced circulating anonymous letters in all directions, containing the statement that M. d'Anglade was entirely innocent of the crime for which he had died so miserably; that the real robbers of the Count de Montgomeri were one Vincent, alias Belestre, and the Abbé Gagnard the almoner of the count!

The prosecutor immediately ordered a certain Degrais, a famous secret agent of the day, to make inquiries, and it was ascertained that Peter Vincent, or Belestre, was the son of a poor tanner at Mans. Under the latter alias he had been, when serving as a soldier, tried and condemned to the galleys as accessory to the robbery and murder of a rich miller, and after serving his time and obtaining his release had entered on a career of burglary and highway robbery. Suddenly, however, and quite recently he had purchased a small estate in the neighbourhood of Mans, for which he had paid ten thousand livres.

The Abbé Gagnard proved to be the son of the almoner in the prison at

Mans, and when he first went to live at Paris had no means but what he made by saying masses at the Saint Esprit.

The two men were arrested, and the evidence of the woman, La Comble who was Belestre's mistress, clearly proved that the robbery had been committed by the latter with false keys furnished by the Abbé Gagnard.

Parliament solemnly pronounced a decree, which "rehabilitated the memory of d'Anglade and justified his wife. But all this did not bring poor M. d'Anglade to life again.

IRISH LEADER A SCOT

The Most Prominent Irish M.P. is Purebred Scot with Interesting Career.

Mr. T. W. Russell, the victor of North Tyrone, is perhaps the most prominent Irish M.P. who is not an Irishman. He is a pure Scot, born in Fifeshire close upon seventy years ago. He was the youngest of a workingman's family of six, and his father, a stonemason, generally earned less than \$7 a week. When he set foot in Ireland he was, he says, "an ill-equipped, penniless, somewhat delicate Scotch lad. His first achievement in Ireland was to found a Y.M.C.A. and to become a noted temperance advocate. "T. W.'s" temperance work brought him into close touch with Parnell. A total abstainer himself, Parnell helped Mr. Russell with the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. On the day the bill was carried the Irish leader said to him. "Now, Mr. Russell, we have done with liquor; the next fight must be on the land." "It will take an earthquake to upset the Irish land system," replied "T.W.," and Mr. Parnell, after a pause, said, "Very well, earthquake be it." Prior to his defeat at the general election of 1910, Mr. Russell would not classify himself with either the Liberals or the Unionists. Although he sat on the Liberal benches he was a Russellite, a party consisting of himself alone. For his services to Unionism Lord Salisbury gave him the Parliamentary Secretaryship of the Local Government Board, which, with its \$6000 a year, he held for five years. But the fruits of office were bitter to the lifelong agitator, and the routine of conventional duties galled him.

SEA POWER COUNTS

Hague Conferences May Count Later On, Meantime Sea Power is Safest to Lean On.

It is sea power that counts, and not Hague Conferences. Sea power is not only as essential to British security as ever it was, but it is more important than at any former period. The widely severed portions of the Empire are linked for defensive purposes by the Navy, and the Mother Country is dependent largely upon supplies of food coming by sea routes, which the Navy protects. Were our fleets destroyed, the Empire would be broken up and Great Britain would run the risk of starvation. Predominance in sea power is thus a condition of national and Imperial existence.

The cost of keeping up an invincible Navy is admittedly a serious burden in these times, when battleships are far more costly than ever before, and when all the leading Powers are building Dreadnoughts and thus raising the two-Power standard which is long been our object to maintain. Attempts have been made to reduce the cost by proposals for a general limitation of armaments, by Hague Conferences for encouraging arbitration in international disputes, and by general movements for promoting a more friendly feeling between the inhabitants of different countries.

Something may come of all the philanthropic effort in the future, but for the present it must be regretfully admitted that nothing whatever has been done to check the competition in armaments.

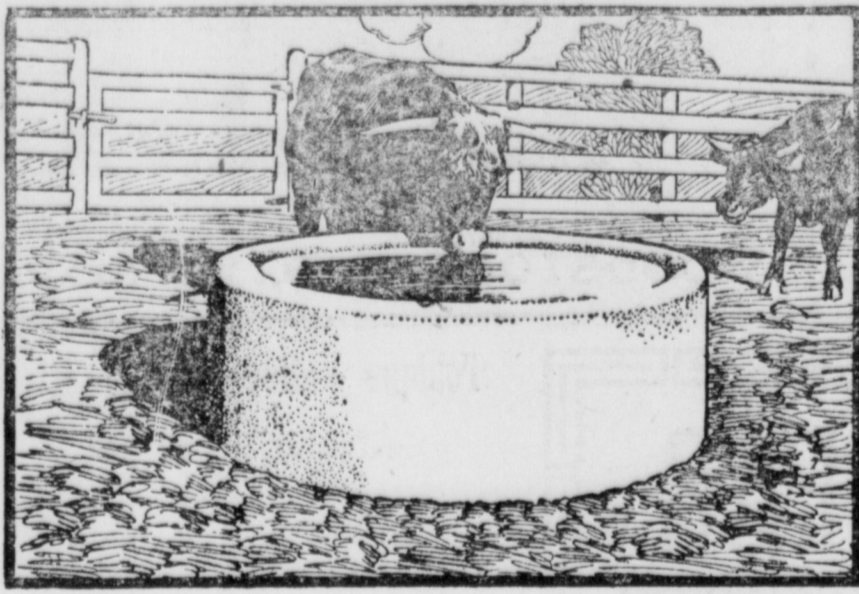
French Thrift

To a certain extent, economy on the part of the French householder is compulsory as well as instinctive. Salaries and earnings, particularly those of the official and professional classes, are less than in Britain, taxation is on the whole higher, and commodities are dearer all round. With coal at 56s per ton, as in Paris, a good bright fire is something of a luxury, and the national custom of using paper spills instead of matches wherever a fire or gas jet is available is explained by the comparative dearth of matches owing to the State monopoly.

This trait of thriftiness characterises the French in almost every department of life. As one of their own writers has said, they are not apt at spending. Here, he says, they must go to school to the Anglo-Saxon. In the matter of hospitality and entertaining they are more careful than we are, and the furnishing and fitting up of a home, for instance, is done in France once and for all. Another writer has said that British middle-class folks will spend more upon their homes in twelve months than French folks of the same standing throughout the entire course of their married lives.

A Joint Victory

Admiral Lord Fisher on his return from the United States last summer was full of admiration for American newspaper enterprise. "The American reporters are very alert," he said. "They are not like the editors they tell about in Tallis street"



Which is Your Choice?

Sloppy, leaky wooden troughs, or clean, durable Concrete?

Wooden drinking troughs are about as reliable as the weather.

They are short-lived and require replacing every few years—not to mention continual patching to keep them in repair.

The best of wood cannot withstand, for long, constant dampness and soaking. Its tendency to rapid decay soon shows itself in leaks and stagnant pools of water around trough.

Contrast with this the durability, cleanliness and well-ordered appearance of Concrete.

Which?

The dampness which destroys lumber only intensifies the strength and hardness of Concrete.

You can impair a wooden trough with comparatively little use; but it takes a powerful explosive to put a Concrete water tank out of business.

Which

is your choice—expense-producing Wood, or money-saving Concrete?

We'd be glad to send a copy of our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete,"—Free—if you'll ask for it. It tells the many uses of Concrete in plain, simple language—tells how to make

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| Barns | Hens' Nests | Stables |
| Cisterns | Hitching Posts | Stairs |
| Dairies | Horse Blocks | Stalls |
| Dipping Tanks | Houses | Steps |
| Foundations | Poultry Houses | Tanks |
| Fence Posts | Root Cellars | Troughs |
| Feeding Floors | Silos | Walks |
| Gutters | Shelter Walls | Well Curbs |

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newspaper proprietor in Tallis street hired a new editor. That very night there was a fire in the Strand, a vast fire, which all London turned out to see. The proprietor saw it himself, with its thrilling rescues, tragedies, and escapes, and early the next morning he opened his paper with the pleasant expectation of reading a fine, graphic account of the terrible conflagration. Not a line about the fire had his new editor printed. The man could hardly believe his eyes. He tore in a taxicab to Tallis street. He burst in on the editor like an explosion. "Why didn't we have a story of the fire?" he asked. The new editor looked calmly through his spectacles and replied: "What was the use of printing anything about it? Everybody in town was there to see the whole thing for themselves."

The German Empress adopted the pretty practice of giving her daughter a pearl every Christmas Day. Queen Alexandra used to bestow on her daughters a pearl every birthday, they now form beautiful necklaces.

The First Importation

Barney Joy, who was secured from Boston as a recruit to the 1912 pitching staff of the Spokane team in the Northwestern league, has the distinction of being the first player imported for an organized club in the United States. Joy was burning up the platter in Honolulu five years ago, when Long of San Francisco sent a scout to the crossroads of the Pacific, with the result that he was signed to play with the Seals. He was in good form during the first few months, but "petered" toward the end of the season and was sent adrift by the manager. Two years afterward he showed his mettle and his second trial resulted in a sale to Boston. While with the Seals in San Francisco Joy had Charlie Street, now with the Washington team, at the receiving end. Joy is a veritable giant in size and has remarkable speed and a lot of other things, including control. He will report for practice early next spring. Manager Cohn has every confidence in the native-born Hawaiian and expects to get good service from him.

BRONCHITIS

Colds, Coughs, Catarrh, and Throat Trouble.

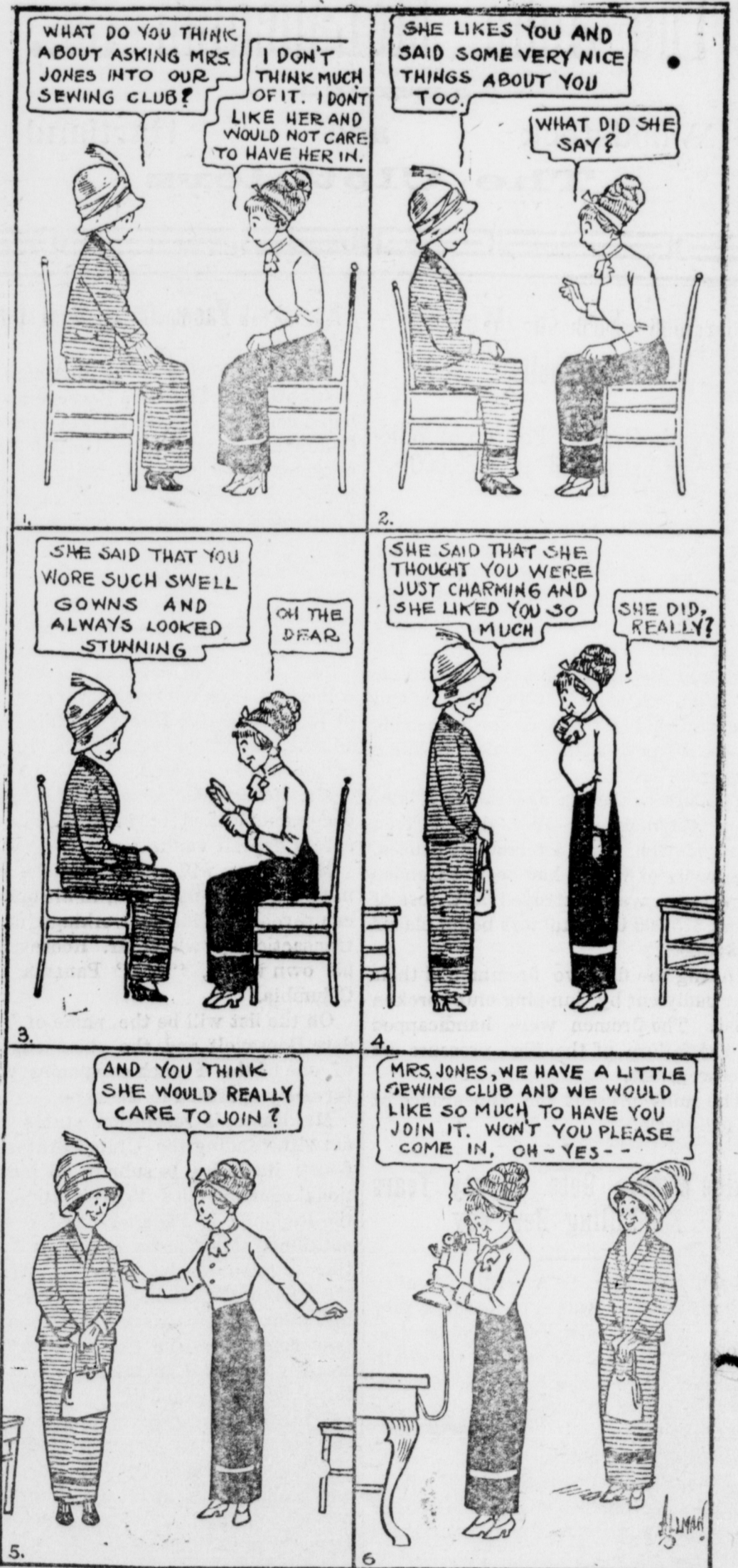
Every sufferer from coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and chest ailments, needs a soothing, healing medicine, which goes direct to the breathing organs in the chest and lungs, attacks the trouble at its source, disperses the germs of disease, and cures the ailment thoroughly. And this medicine is "Catarrhazone."

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure, medicinal essences, whereas if a liquid or tablet remedy were used, the affected parts could not be reached, and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

"CATARRHOZONE" A Breathable 'Direct' Medicine.

For certain cure, for relief in an hour, use Catarrhazone, the only direct, breathable medicine. Two months' treatment, guaranteed, price \$1; smaller size, 50c, at all druggists, or the Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont. 12

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT.



There was a good dame of Cape Horn. Whose clothing was tattered and torn. She remarked, debonnaire, As she pinned up her hair: "Three bargains I purchased this morn."

That a susceptible heart is no excuse for bigamy.

That love is an indulgence—matrimony a habit.

That happiness, like a wild bird, seldom sings in a cage.

Ambiguous Arnold Bennett insists that old women make the most satisfactory characters in fiction, although he does not say whether he means to the author, who gets the royalties, or to the reader, who pays them. Or is he currying favor with the women who want to vote?

Cumulative Little grains of short weight, Little crooked twists, Fill the land with magnates And philanthropists.

If Business Gets Dull, Advertise