

## THE WATCH ON ROYALTY.

Secret Police Ever on Guard Against Anarchists—Increased Vigilance Since the King of Italy was Killed.

Since the revival of anarchist attempts to murder persons in high places, the secret police of Europe have been more alert, industrious and thorough in their plans of protection for those whose lives they guard, than ever before. Every royal palace in Europe has its special private police, who in one guise or another are always on the lookout for suspicious persons. In the case of palaces in the centre of big cities these officers are very numerous. At the gates there are, of course, uniformed policemen and military guards who make no attempt to conceal their function. But these are not intended for use half so much as for ornament. Hundreds of people go every day in and out of the gates on all sorts of business. The police or military guards are not the judges of the honesty of such visitors.

It is when the stranger has passed the gates that the real surveillance begins. In Paris, Berlin and St Petersburg, for example, among the gate-keepers of the rulers' palace there are expert detectives; and on a sign from these, one or two members of the secret police move up quietly to keep watch on the new comer. They study his appearance very carefully, seeking to judge whether he has any ill intent. The attitude of these men or women (or both are employed) is quite unaffected, and except to the trained eye gives no indication of their business, the policy being everywhere to make the precautions taken for the safety of high personages as unobtrusive as possible. Often the palace detectives are at the same time acting as gardeners or hostlers, stable-boys or scullery women. It is said that in the gardens of the German Emperor not less than a dozen intended murderers were arrested during the last year on the suspicion of the secret police agent. And since the opening of the Paris Exposition about ten anarchists who followed President Loubet's party, were arrested within the fair grounds. Nothing except their appearance and manners revealed their murderous intentions; nevertheless, weapons were found on all of them, and later they all made boasting confessions. Two of the would-be assassins were young women carrying bombs. It is one of the elementary principles of the secret police tactics that should the royal personage, whose security is concerned chance to appear unexpectedly on the scene while an unknown character is about in the palace precincts, the protecting agents at once marches the stranger off in another direction.

It very seldom happens that a member of a royal family takes three steps alone outside his private apartments, even when doing the sights incognito. Whether or not he knows it, at the moment there are always at least two members of the secret police in close though unseen attendance on foot, in a cab or on bicycles. They never leave their charge long out of reach. Even at Sandringham, the quiet little country place of the Prince and Princess of Wales, if the princess goes out into a field to pick wild flowers or rambles round the home farm to see how the Alderneys are getting on, she is always closely followed by the police. More often than not she probably believes herself quite unattended except for the maid of honor who goes with her for company. She does not know that the two men dressed like farmhands or stableboys whom she sees now and then a little way off are first-class detectives armed and ready to shield her from any harm that might threaten.

M. Lepine, the Paris Prefect of Police, was told the other day by one of the German police agents, now in Paris, that Emperor William not long ago ordered the dismissal of a game-keeper whom he described as having impudently followed him without orders in the park of Potsdam. His adjutant communicated the Imperial order to the Major, who, of course, professed to accept it without question. But the impudent gamekeeper was in reality the most trusted Secret Service man in the corps of the palace police. His only fault had been that, owing to the revival of Anarchist attempts, he had been afraid to allow his Imperial charge even for one moment out of his sight.

Young princes and even middle-aged kings sometimes amuse themselves incognito in rather undignified ways, throwing off all the outward pomp of their position and passing as ordinary pleasure loving citizens. In this case the absence of all signs of royalty would seem to insure their safety. But the police know very well that very feeling of security might prove the source of their greatest danger. Any An-

archist might get to know of the royal weakness and arrange his plans accordingly. So it is just in those cases that the surveillance is most elaborately careful. The chief of the private agents installed permanently in the palace tells two or three of the men most conversant with the pitfalls of the city to follow the royal personage wherever he may go. As he walks down the street in unassuming garb, feeling free unobserved and happy, protectors in various disguises are all about him alertly watching over his safety. If he enters a cafe and sits at a little table to see like the



Courtesy of The Christian Herald.

### INDIAN FAMINE SUFFERERS.

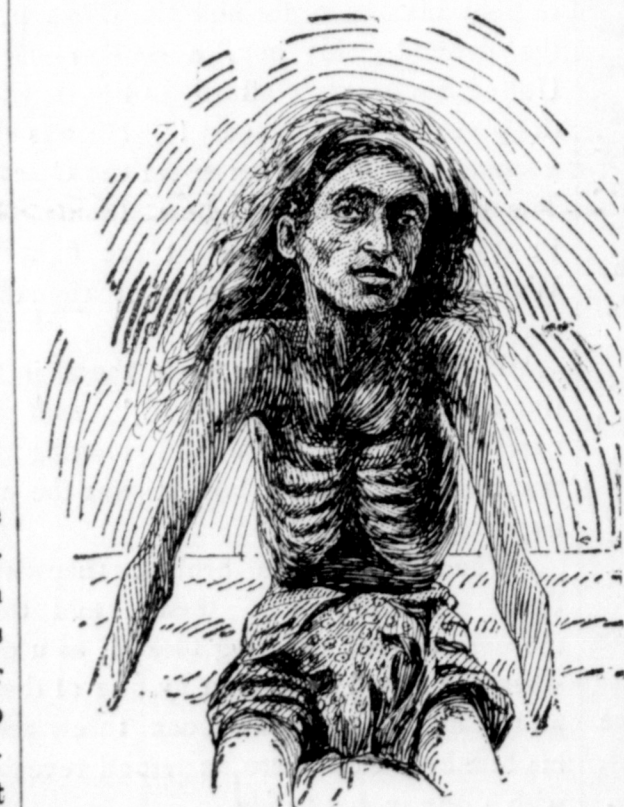
Some of the Victims Who Are Being Assisted at the Poor-House at Ahmedabad.

distinguished looking man who orders a drink at the next little table is a policeman and the street vendor who stands monotonously crying an album of views or a new toy on the curbstone has an eye on his Highness all the time.

The King of Belgium is fond of taking a run from Brussels to Paris when the official world thinks he is resting quietly at one of his country seats. Both the Belgium and French police can tell you at any moment how he has passed every hour of his time during the flying lark in the gay city. On these occasions of a monarch visiting a foreign nation, the country which receives the distinguished guest always works in conjunction with his personal attendants. The assassination of a foreign ruler within the borders of another nation is feared as the worst possible catastrophe by the officials of the country he honors with his presence.

For example, it is decided that Emperor William has already paid two short visits to Paris and the Exposition since the fair opened. Owing to the hostility of the French people this was strictly kept from them. But the French government was duly notified each time by the German Ambassador and assigned the best men of its secret service forces to assure the safety of the Emperor from the moment he entered French territory until he left it.

Inevitably the protecting agents get to know much about their wards which the



Courtesy of The Christian Herald.

### Another of the Sufferers

latter would rather keep private. But it seldom happens that damaging stories become public property through any indiscreet talk on the part of these officials. Men and women employed in this delicate and confidential branch of service are persons of exceptional skill and generally of incorruptible fidelity. Many of them, especially on the continent of Europe, can speak five or six languages with fluency. They have to be able to play to perfection any role their varied assignments may require. They are exceedingly well paid,

drawing the salaries of successful professional men, and when they are retired after faithful service it is customary to continue their salaries. Of course, the very slightest indiscretion brings down the severest rebukes. If they are found to have deliberately blabbed anything they have learned through the exercise of their office they are irretrievably disgraced, and in some countries summarily punished for violation of their professional oath. Their work is rendered exceptionally arduous by the constant strain upon the nerves that it imposes. They have to be always on the watch. The moment in which they relax their attention may be the very moment of a fatal attack. And of course, the mere fact of a criminal even getting near enough to a royal person to make an attempt upon his life means the professional extinction of the secret service man. Nothing is held to explain away his fault; he is there to see that no attack be made;

if one is made while he is on duty he is at once retired.

This stern justice has a powerful influence upon the police. On the occasion of a state ceremony with the passage of some royal personage there are often sudden outbreaks of trouble in the crowd. You will see two men suddenly come to blows; both will probably be arrested by an ordinary, uniformed policeman. That often means that a Secret Service man in disguise suspects some individual whom he has observed packed in with the bulk of the people. He has passed the word to another Secret Service man near by, and one of them has deliberately picked a quarrel with the suspected man, perhaps by knocking off his hat or jostling him rudely. In this way without betraying their mission they procure the elimination of an individual whom, without positive proof, they suspect of criminal intentions. It is this kind of work which makes it necessary that the police appointed to secure the personal safety of sovereigns and princes be possessed, among their other qualifications, of iron nerves and superb physique.

The Duke of Norfolk, who, by hereditary right, ranks first among all the English nobility, was once the victim of a mistake in a case of this kind. The Queen was passing in state down Piccadilly. The crowds which lined the route happened to be especially thick in front of Norfolk House, where a party of women had been invited to see the pageant. The duke is a peppery little man, who seems to have little sense of his personal dignity and who is known for his utter indifference to good clothes.

On the occasion referred to as the royal party drew near the duke perceived that his guests would see little or nothing of the show. He bounded out of the gates of his house and struck briskly into the crowd, intending to ask a police officer to thin the people away a little. In a moment he was roughly grasped by a strong hand. 'Who are you a-shovin' off?' asked his captor, who looked like a coster monger. The duke explained snarlingly that he wanted to speak to an officer.

'Well, you'll speak to the hoffer when the old lady's gone by,' replied the other without relaxing his hold.

And so it was. The duke's guests saw even more of the 'old lady' than he did. He was kept in durance vile for ten minutes or so by the disguised police agent. When he was released and entered his own gate, ruffled and hot, the man who had grappled with him saw his mistake and made explanation.

And despite all these precautions the world, within a very brief period, has had to deplore the assassination of the Empress of Austria, closely surrounded by pro-

THERE ARE many things known as good for a cough, yet the special virtues of all are combined in Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, not narcotic, soothing, healing, 25c all Druggists.

tectors though she was; the murder of King Humbert, and the attempts to kill the Prince of Wales, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Shah of Persia.

## SLOW STARVATION.

THE CONDITION OF THOSE AFFLICTED WITH INDIGESTION.

Flatulency, Sick Headache, Offensive Breath and Eructations, Irritability, and a Feeling of Weight on the Stomach are Among the Symptoms.

Dyspepsia, or indigestion, as it is also frequently called is one of the most serious ailments that afflict mankind. When the stomach loses its craving for food, and the power to digest it, the person so afflicted is both mentally and physically in a condition of wretchedness. The symptoms of the disorder are manifold, and among them may be noted, a feeling of weight in the region of the stomach, sick headache, offensive breath, heartburn, a disagreeable taste in mouth, irritability of temper, disturbed sleep, etc. The condition is in fact one of slow starvation of the blood, nerves and body, and on the first symptoms treatment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sought. Mr. William Birt, a well known blacksmith at Pisquid, P. E. I., is one who suffered for years, and relates his experience for the benefit of similar sufferers. Mr. Birt says:—'For many years I was a victim of indigestion, accompanied by nervousness, palpitation of the heart and other distressing symptoms. My appetite was irregular, and what I ate felt like a weight in my stomach; this was accompanied by a feeling of stupor or sleepiness, and yet I rarely enjoyed a night's sound sleep. When I would retire a creeping sensation would come over me, with pains and fluttering around the heart, and then when I awoke in the morning, I would feel as tired and fatigued as I did before I went to bed. It is needless to say that I was continually taking medicine, and tried, I think almost everything recommended as a cure for the trouble. Occasionally I got temporary relief, but the trouble always came back, usually in a still more aggravated form. All this, of course, cost a great deal of money, and as the expenditure seemed useless I was very much discouraged. One day one of my neighbors, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them, and I decided to do so, thinking nevertheless, that it would be but another hopeless experiment. To my great gratification, however, I had only been using the pills a few weeks when I felt decidedly better, and things began to look brighter. I continued taking the pills for several months, with the result that my health was as good and my digestion better than it had ever been. One of the most flattering results of the treatment was my increase in weight from 125 pounds to 155 pounds. It is more than a year now since I discontinued the use of the pills and in that time I have not had the slightest return of the trouble. We always keep the pills in the house now, and my family have used them for other ailments with the same gratifying results.'

These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### One Good Turn.

Sir Henry Hawkins, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Brampton after a long term on the criminal bench, was a notable terror to evil doers. Toward the close of his career, he happened to arrive at a railway station, and was at once accosted by a rough fellow who seemed very anxious to assist him in handling his baggage.

Struck with his friendliness, Sir Henry said: 'You seem very desirous of helping me, my friend.'

'That's what I am, sir,' replied the man. 'You see, sir, once you did me a good turn.'

'Yes?' asked the judge. 'When and where, pray?'

'Well,' said the fellow, 'it was when ye 'ung Crooked Billy. Me an' Billy onet was pals, but we fell out, and Billy says as 'ow next time 'e dropped eyes on me 'e'd do for me with a knife. I knowed Billy, and knowed 'e do as 'e said; and so 'e would, sir, if you 'adn't 'ung 'im in time. So I'd like to do you a good turn, too, Sir 'Enry.'

### Only Reason.

The Sixth Michigan Cavalry, of the famous Custer Brigade, was commanded by a colonel who had formerly been a member of the Michigan bar.

In the early morning of the last day at Gettysburg his regiment, with others, was in line awaiting orders. The men grew impatient and excited, and gradually became noisy in their talk and laughter.

The colonel bore it for a few moments, and then, turning to his men with a nervous gesture, he called: 'Keep silent there!' instantly adding in an apologetic tone, 'Not that I care, but it will sound better!'

'Have you noticed whether the leaves are getting red yet?' asked Mr. Henpeck, timidly.

'These are,' answered Mrs. Henpeck, calmly turning another page.

Poor Henpeck! Ever since that blissful moon his life has been this way.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

McSwatters—A healer, eh? Divine? McSwitters—No; ward.

'What is a campaign of education?' 'Oh, any campaign which teaches a lot of little men the folly of trying to get big officers.'

Mrs. Bonney—Six motherless children, you say? And can't you find work? Tramp—Oh, they're not old enough for that yet, ma'am.

'I supposed,' chirped the Freckled Fanatic, 'that so many women carry their money in their stockings in order to keep it and the checks together.'

He—Oh, yes, I have heard him sing. I admire him very much. She—really, you don't mean it? He—It isn't his singing I admire; it's his nerve.

'Has Mrs. Fitz-Shammer any social qualifications?' 'Oh, yes; she's adept at getting up lovely garden parties in other people's gardens.'

Wigg—Why did Skinnum shave off his whiskers? Wagg—I suppose he wanted to live up to his reputation of being a bare faced fraud.

'Alice, your conduct is most remarkable. I distinctly heard Mr. Karlson kiss you twice out in the vestibule.'

'It isn't true: there's a horrid echo in that old vestibule.'

'The man that spends all his money in dressing his wife,' said the Corn-Fed Philosopher, 'only succeeds in getting her pitied by the other women for having so ill dressed a husband.'

'You don't seem to be able to stand hot weather,' remarked the doctor.

'No,' said the pessimistic patient, 'it always worries me to think about how cold it's going to be next winter.'

'This is certainly the great American novel.'

'You don't say so?'

'Yes, it's view of Washington life could not possibly be more distorted!'

'Bixby has given up his job to devote himself entirely to literary work.'

'He must have had some strong encouragement lately.'

'Yes, he married a wealthy girl.'

Ethel—I'm terribly disappointed in Laura.

Edith—Why?

Ethel—Oh, when she heard I had been gossiping about her she talked awfully about me.

'That dog of yours is very fond of you, isn't he?'

'What makes you think he is?'

'I saw him standing in front of that saloon near your house more than an hour last night.'

'Well, I might like to go back to school as well as Johnnie Evans does if you'd trained me as his mother trained him.'

'How was that?'

'She licked him every day so he'd be glad to go back.'

Yorkrode—Old Hen Peck is the happiest man in town.

Townson—why, has his wife left him?

Yorkrode—no. But her shirtwaists are too small for him, and he doesn't have to wear the old ones.

Mrs. Pruyn—I suppose, like all your kind you're looking for work.

Willie rest—No, mum, you wrong me. Do I look like a man who, in times like these, would take the bread from the mouths of starvin' men?

Don't be afraid of a school teacher. A young man called on an Atchison school teacher, and, in explaining some previous neglect, said:—'It I'd a-knowned you wanted to went, I'd a came and took you.' And she married him, in spite of it.'

'What did you strike this man for?' asked the magistrate.

'He called me 'Reuben,' answered the shock-headed individual whom the police had brought in.

'What is your name anyhow?'

'Reuben, your honor—but he didn't know it.'

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, if a boy slapped you on one cheek what should you do?

Tommy—How big a boy?

Sunday School Teacher (amused)—About your size.

Tommy—I'd swing on him.

She—What was the happiest moments of your life?

He—Well, I think it was one evening last week, when I entered the parlor of my boarding house and saw a strange sign on the piano.

She—Indeed! And the sign?

He—closed for repairs.

Miss Flyrt—Your engagement ring, eh? From whom?

Miss Summermal—From Biffany's of course.

Miss Flyrt—Yes; I know. But who's the young man?

Miss Summermal—Why—er—My gracious! How odd! I can't recall his name just now.

'Of course,' said the young man who had been singing, 'I am only an amateur in music.'

'An amateur,' responded Miss Cayenne, pensively, 'is one who pursues an art purely for love of it.'

'I believe so.'

'It's the way of the world,' she added, with a little sigh. 'We are so often unintentionally cruel to those we love.'