

## Suicides at Monte Carlo.

A man committed suicide in the gambling rooms here last Saturday afternoon. Although a reporter was at the Casino within half an hour after the tragedy occurred, two days passed before he heard of it. It is now two days later, and in spite of persistent efforts the reporter has been unable to discover the identity of the unfortunate man.

If you want to make a quiet exit from this vale of tears you cannot do better than commit suicide at Monte Carlo. The number of persons interested in hushing up the manner of your death, and even your death itself, will insure you a veil of secrecy surpassing your wildest dreams. In the Monte Carlo vocabulary there is no such word as 'suicide.' Occasionally it is breathed by newcomers, but among the entire population of the principality of Monaco, from the ruler who draws his income from the concession, to the washerwoman who profits by the crowds of visitors, there is apparently nobody who will admit that despair, insanity, death and other horrors haunt the place.

Don't think that you are going to get the facts from the employees of the Casino. Order is heaven's first law and Monte Carlo's, too. Whatever happens, a scene must be prevented. And above all, nobody must be allowed to go away with a horror of the place. Therefore, although perhaps lying is not one of the cardinal virtues, it is practiced at Monte Carlo by great and small alike. Your hotel proprietor has, perhaps, had several inconveniently desperate guests who have unobliquely committed suicide in his rooms. But he not only denies ever had a suicide in his house, he further assures you that he has never known of a suicide in Monte Carlo. He likes so much better to tell you of somebody who has won a hundred thousand francs, and of the men who make a good living from the tables.

Pleasanter tales, truly, but what about the man who died at the tables last Saturday? He is only one more victim stowed hastily away behind the veil of secrecy. For though the officials of Casino may shrug their shoulders as one man and say that it is not true, there remains the testimony of various eyewitnesses to the suicide. One of them is an American physician, who was sitting at the same table. He says that a young man, apparently about 25 years old, after having lost several thousand francs, suddenly took out a small vial and drank the contents. He fell forward on the table and the American physician stepped immediately to his side, took hold of his wrist to count his pulse and found that he was dead.

The croupiers did not move from their places and did not stop the play. There is a small army of attendants in livery and in plain clothes distributed about the rooms and four or five of them picked up the young man and carried him through a side door into one of the private rooms which are scattered all over the place. The American physician offered his services, but was not allowed to enter the room into which they had carried what he declares was a corpse. In a few moments some of the attendants came out and said that it was nothing; the young man had merely fainted, and was all right again.

A woman who had seen the affair and who may have known the young man was found to have fled to the dressing room, where she soon became unmanageable, and she was taken, in her turn, to another of the private rooms. Just as the reporter entered the lobby of the Casino a series of piercing screams came from the corner where the woman was in the hands of a physician belonging to the staff of the establishment. There was a rush in that direction, but the way was barred by a dozen imperturbable attendants who repeated the inevitable Casino formula in similar cases. 'It is nothing! Nothing at all!'

As the screams were not repeated the crowd broke up again and the reporter, after vainly questioning several attendants, went into the gambling rooms. Near one of the tables there was a strong odor of drugs which the inevitable attendant inevitably declared was 'nothing.' The reporter, not knowing of the suicide, thought the woman responsible for the drugs and, like everybody except the few eyewitnesses of the suicide, was completely hoodwinked by the attendants. Play was going on apparently as if nothing had happened. At one table there was some evidence of tension, but as new players ignorant of the tragedy had taken the places of those who had witnessed it, everything was almost normal again. It is more than likely that the very person sitting in the chair which the dead man had occupied did not know that he was so to speak, in a dead man's shoes.

What became of the dead man? Well,

# THE PEOPLE'S UNBOUNDED EULOGY!

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Had an Almost Universal Endorsation as the Greatest Healer of the Most Insidious and Common Disease of the Century.

Catarrh is a Menace to the Face—The Precursor of Much Suffering and the Forerunner of Incurable Throat and Lung Troubles.

But this Great Remedy Cures and Prevents Colds, Drives out Catarrh Germs and Frees the Whole System from the Foulness Incident to Catarrh.

No remedy yet compounded for the healing of Catarrh has received the un-

bounded eulogy from people in high positions, socially, publicly or professionally, as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a specific for catarrh. It gives almost instant relief, not only in the acute forms, but chronic cases of many years' standing vanish under its persistent use. It will break up a cold in the head in almost quicker time than it takes to tell it. It is a

pleasant, powerful and potent protection against the almost constant climatic changes to which this northern world is subject.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the permanent eradicator and perpetual exterminator of this most insidious and yet common foe of humanity generally. If you are a sufferer take counsel of the thousands to whom it has been a sovereign balm—the beacon to show the way to health and the haven of health.

Mrs. J. H. Harte, of 223 Church street, Toronto, in telling of her faith in and cure by this wonderful remedy says: 'I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. For years I suffered intensely and constantly from catarrh in its worst form. I took everything I could purchase that promised me a cure, without any permanent results until I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application

of it—and it's so simple to apply—gave me great relief. I persevered in the use of it for eight months, and today I am fully restored not the slightest symptom of the malady remaining, and I am thankful to be able to give this testimony for so worthy a remedy after trying so many so-called catarrh cures, only to add disappointment to disappointment.'

Have you a cough? Is the voice husky? Is the breath foul? Are you losing flesh? Do you ache all over? Do you take cold easily? Is the nose stopped up? Does your nose discharge? Do crusts form in the nose? Do you cough sometimes until you gag? Is there a pain in the back of the head? Is there a pain across the eyes? Is there tickling in the throat? Is your sense of smell leaving you? Are you losing the sense of taste? Is there a dropping in the throat? Is there a burning pain in the throat? Any and all of these symptoms indicate the presence of catarrh, and while some of them may seem trivial, you cannot afford to treat them lightly. For, remember, dire consequences may result from neglect, for all victims of throat and lung troubles have been subject to catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment puts out the fire from distressing skin troubles, such as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Tetter, and will cure Piles in 3 to 5 nights.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives relief from the most violent spasms in heart diseases in 30 minutes. It saves life. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. Sold by E. C. Brown.

nobody knows, except his friends, if he had any, and the Casino authorities, who deny the existence of dead men where they are concerned. As for the friends, it is said that the administration of the Casino does not wear itself out trying to send to their right addresses any corpses that happen to be left on its hands. There are even gruesome tales of bodies sewed up in weighted sacks and carried out to sea to be dumped overboard. You can buy postal cards at Nice with a pictorial representation of this tale which is probably untrue. But it is hard to know what is true at Monte Carlo. Anybody who has not tried it here would think it would be the easiest kind of task to find out the identity of a man who had committed suicide in a public building before the very eyes of dozens of men and women. But it is hard to conceive of anything more baffling than such an attempt. It simply results in your gaining possession of absolutely contradictory statements; the assurance from disinterested eye-witnesses that the suicide did occur, and the declaration by interested parties that nobody had committed suicide at Monte Carlo within the memory of the oldest inhabitants.

But of course, a really persistent truth-seeker will not stop with the statements of employees, hotel clerks, hair dressers and other old familiar retailers of gossip. They are quite as garrulous here as elsewhere, except on one subject. They are not going to say ill of the institution that gives them each day their daily bread. Of course you can't really expect the institution to blacken its own character, but if you are bent on learning no stone unturned to find out the real facts you will go to the headquarters as a matter of thoroughness. You will offer the directors the uncoveted privilege of giving their version of the affair.

The directors will scarcely co-operate with you on this point. You must see M. Georges Bornier so you are told. But M. Georges Bornier is as elusive as your chance of winning would be if you should sit down at M. Bornier's pretty gaming tables. First he is not to be seen, because he is at Nice. Next you must go to the Hotel Monte Carlo to find him; at the hotel they tell you that he has never set foot in the place. Next he is invisible because he is at the opening of the Picture Show, to which you will not be admitted. The next time he is at the races. Oh, it is not a simple matter to find messieurs the Directors of the Anonymous Society of Sea Baths, which is the euphonious if misleading title of the gambling company. As a matter of fact, however, it doesn't make much difference. People who have succeeded in the attempt to question the directors say that it resulted in a beautiful paradox. The manner of their reception was as suave and carressing as a summer zephyr, but also as black and impassable as a stone cliff.

But one ought to give the directors their due. In concealing the tragedies which occur at Monte Carlo they are pleasing almost everybody, except the French newspapers they have failed to subsidize. Even the interested citizens of the town while denying in one breath that there are any scandals to be hushed up, tell you with a certain amount of pride of the an-

nual sums of hush money paid by the administration to the principal Paris papers and to the local sheets which are read by visitors to the Riviera. Aside from the unpaid journals and a few men and women who hate the place because it has wrecked their lives, everybody else is pleased to have everything disagreeable kept out of sight. The friends of the suicides would be the last to complain. Nobody wants it known that a member of the family has killed himself at Monte Carlo.

Even visitors to the place want to keep clear of any public connection with it. Of course they do. How many Americans would want it cabled to a home paper that they were gambling at a table where a man committed suicide? That's the way the American physician feels about the suicide the other day. If it came to the point he would probably join the native population and declare that he never saw a suicide at Monte Carlo; had never been here, in fact, except 'passing through on his way to Italy,' or 'only ran over from Nice for the day.' The number of Americans by the way, who stay in Nice, but have communication tickets to Monte Carlo, is astonishing. The writer overheard one of them on the train the other day. She was talking with another American woman and suddenly exclaimed:

'There! I forgot to send that telegram!'

'Oh, well, send it from Monte Carlo as soon as we get there.'

'Send it from Monte Carlo? No, indeed. How would that look? Of course I did lose the first I had there, but I don't want him to know it.'

Wise woman. When a man gets a telegraphic request for more money and it is dated from Monte Carlo, he is likely to

put two and two together and wonder what the wife of his bosom and his bank account is up to.

Another American woman, who knows Monte Carlo of old, was surprised by what she called 'the morbid curiosity' of a man who showed an interest in the suicide. She seemed to think that a Monte Carlo suicide was too commonplace a matter to be worth so much attention, especially one which was lacking in sensational details. She described one which had come under her personal observation, and which seemed to have appealed to her sense of the proper thing in suicide. She said that she was sitting at one of the tables when she heard a pistol shot behind her. A man at the next table had lost everything, and then put a pistol in his mouth and killed himself. To use the unpleasant expression of the American woman, the table was in such 'an awful mess,' as the consequence of the dead man's falling forward upon it, that play had to be stopped. The man was carried out, and the inevitable attendants came back in a few minutes with the inevitable information that it was nothing but a mere scratch. The table was covered with the ordinary cover which is put on every night, the top was unscrewed and removed, a new one was put on, and in less than half an hour play was going on as before.

A suicide's table is not considered unlucky, anyway. In fact, many persons think it brings good luck, just as in the shops at Monte Carlo the favorite charms for sale are little gold figures of a man hanging from a post, the number 13 in red and black enamel (the gambling colors), and a miniature roulette wheel. Apropos of charms, however, The Sun reporter saw one man at the Casino who had a rather dangerous looking pendant on his watch-chain. It was a small silver pistol, about six inches long. In a place like the Casino, where a pistol shot sometimes means death and ruin—with all due apologies to the directors for having mentioned this fact—a pistol attached to one's watch chain was extremely indicative of being prepared for the worst.

Although there are 'no suicides at Monte Carlo,' there is a suicides' cemetery, where the people who die by their own hand are buried. There are about thirty graves in this forsaken patch of ground, only one of them being marked with a cross. The suicides cemetery is not where it will offend the eye of squeamish visitors. It is away up the mountainside, in an almost inaccessible place, and even then dropped in a hollow behind one of the rock ridges leading to the great cliff known as the Tete-de-Chien. The extent to which some of the Monte Carlo people carry their policy of denial becomes evident when you ask them about this cemetery. They say that there is no such place, that the whole story is an invention, and they stick to this until they find out that you have absolute knowledge of the truth of what you say. Such absurdly untruthful attempts at concealment rather defeat their own purpose, for they make you think that there really must be something horrible to be concealed or people would not make such efforts to keep it dark.

A New Pest of the Fields.

It is estimated that the State of Maryland lost \$3,000,000 during the past sea-

son through the ravages of the pea-louse, which, Prof. W. G. Johnson, of the Maryland Agricultural College, says, is an insect new to science. It belongs to the well known group of the aphides, or plant lice, and on account of some change in conditions has become suddenly abundant, appearing for the first time on the cultivated pea. It is of a green color, and only an eighth of an inch long. It sucks the juices from the leaf and stem, and the plant dies. Not only in Maryland have growers of peas suffered, but in New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Virginia, North Carolina and Connecticut also. Fortunately the pea-louse has many insect enemies, which played havoc with it before the close of the season.

Cannot Recommend it Highly Enough.

Miss Ethel Hildman, of West Lake, Ont., says: 'I am pleased to say that Catarrh-ozone has given me the best of satisfaction. No other remedy has been able to do as much for me as Catarrh-ozone has done. It has cured a hacking cough—the result of pneumonia—and I feel I cannot say too much in its praise. It is everything you guarantee it to be.' Catarrh-ozone is warranted to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and irritable throat. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent for 10c. in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

For the Horses.

Dip the bridle bits in water in winter weather before putting them in the horses' mouths. If you doubt the necessity put your tongue to a frosty nail.

Use oil on the wagon in winter. Axle-grease stiffens in cold weather—becomes dry and hard.

Uncheck while standing, and blanket in cold weather.

Horses like a kind voice, and are not deaf as a rule. Don't yell at them.

Horses get tired and nervous and hungry and thirsty. Give them good beds to sleep on.

Don't make the load too heavy. Sharpen their shoes in icy weather. Give them always a lunch at noon.

Red Cheeks

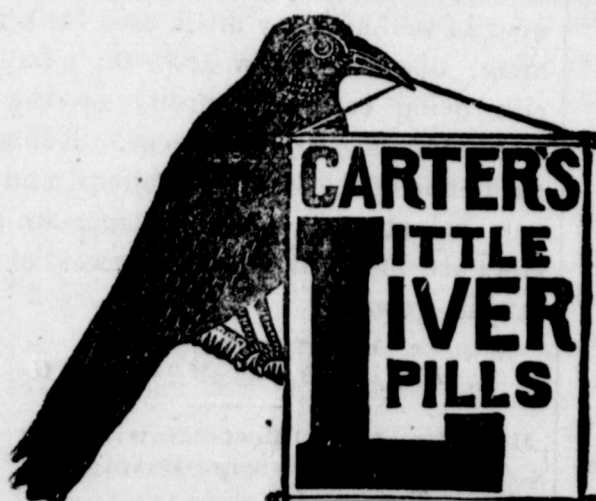
And bright eyes are often, alas, signs of lung disease. Better secure the beauty of true health by using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for all lung troubles. 25c. all Druggists.

Preserved by the Phonograph.

The native music of aboriginal tribes is regarded as of great importance in anthropology, and the recent British (Cambridge) expedition to the Torres Straits and New Guinea carried along phonographs to record to songs of the savages. Some of the songs thus recorded on Murray Island are already obsolete, and will, it is believed, die out with the old men of the tribes. 'In savage life,' says one of the members of the expedition, 'the songs a tribe are its chief heritage.'

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Clancy—I wonder who Washington wore a pigtail? Casey—Sure, Oi dunno! Mebbe Chinamen had votes in thim days.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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See you get Carter's,

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.