

HORRORS OF DEVIL'S ISLAND ARE RECALLED BY ABANDONMENT

English Writer Tells of
Dreyfus and Guerin—
Not Fit Place for
Worm to Live.

The announcement that the Devil's Island is at last to be abandoned as a penal settlement has been received with a thrill of delight throughout the civilized world. Though much has been written and said about this "hell on earth," it is no exaggeration to say that the half has not been told. It is said that motives of economy have led to the expected closing of the establishment. But none the less it is true that reasons of humanity have had a great deal to do with the decision to abandon the "sea-begirt island with its shoals of man-eating sharks" as a prison.

So writes Vincent Vray in the London Chronicle. He continues:—

Nearly twenty-five years have gone by since there was pointed out to me a slightly built dark-skinned man, with the words: "Yonder is the world's greatest martyr—five years on that hell on earth, Devil's Island, and as innocent of offence as a child unborn."

Later, I was introduced to Alfred Dreyfus, who was in the company of the novelist whose impassioned attack on the gang of intriguers who had brought about the Jew's downfall and degradation landed France into a parallel fury of rage and indignation.

Zola spoke only a few words; but Dreyfus talked with much openness. He was laboring under a sense of gross and unmerited wrong, and his protests poured from his fluent lips in a resistless torrent.

"I could never have believed that it could have been possible for a human being to be subjected to such foul treatment, Devil's Island—it is the place of the fiends. There are pestilence and horror. Devil's Island is not fit for a dog to die in—yet men exist there, hundreds of them, herded like cattle, worked like slaves, broken and twisted on the wheel or a savage fate."

Ask them and they will tell you that death is preferable, only the guards see to it that you cannot die except lingeringly, inch by inch, die in the blackness of a mighty despair."

Eddie Guerin's Escape.

This is a rough translation of what the man, who had been falsely accused of treason and had to say of the Devil's Island, where he endured the agonies of solitary confinement in a lonely cell till his hair became white and his cheeks haggard and pale, and his eyes sank deep into their sockets.

I did not see Dreyfus or Zola again, but I heard that the Jew died prematurely through his terrible experiences while undergoing penal servitude, and that Zola was so overwhelmed and haunted by his consciousness of the wrongs of the man he had valiantly defended that he sought refuge from all life's trouble in self-inflicted death.

It was some years later when, happening to stroll into one of the law courts in the Strand, I noticed a man frail of figure, with a countenance like parchment, yellow and unhealthy, and watery, beseeching, sorrowful eyes. English warders were sitting on either side of him, and close at hand were French gendarmes to take him to France, whence he was to be deported to complete a life sentence on that notorious and infamous Devil's Island.

That man was Eddie Guerin. He had escaped from the penal settlement in the company of two others. They had paddled in a canoe over the waters of the sullen sea that beguiles the island. One man went mad, as the rays of a scorching sun beat down on his parched head. He jumped overboard in his delirium, and a red trail, horrible in its suggestion, showed that some prowling shark had gobbled itself on human prey. Guerin managed to win through to freedom, after adventures that thrilled the world.

Accumulated Horrors.

Guerin said the same about the island that Dreyfus did. It was an accumulation of all the horrors in tabloid; a concentration of the worst that the wit and devilry of men could devise. It was slow-moving, agonizing, soul-rending death in most hideous shape. "A worm on Devil's Island is to be pitted," said Guerin.

As all the world knows, the escaped prisoner won his appeal and he was



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He smiled. "But that is very difficult," he said. "They are closely watched, those convicts, and they know—" he paused, and then went on, "they know of the sharks. They are the real guardians of the Ile du Diable."

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The Wonderful Fruit Medicine
Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tortured with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and the effect was splendid, and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person."

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never sent back to the "hell" he dreaded.

Much later I came across Henri Duprez. He was an under-sized, anemic, wizened, shriveled-up fellow with a whinical expression. He was a "crook" and had served fifteen years on the island, and told me that this had "done" for him.

He wouldn't send a mad dog to the island," he said, "the sun is as merciless as the guards. It beats down on your head till the brain is a fire. The mosquitoes worry you and bring the fever. The monotony is killing—and yet . . . Duprez hesitated and then threw off his coat and shirt and showed me his naked back. It was criss-crossed with weals."

"It was flogged for insolence and for striking a guard. They gave me twenty-five, I think, but I fainted and lost count. That made a break for the others. Most of them enjoyed the spectacle. Devil's Island makes men into brutes."

It was through the kindness of the manager of a bank at Cayenne—the Count St. Croix de Runcieu—that I was able to learn more about the most infamous prison in the world. He introduced me to M. Tiville, a descendant of one of the chief members of the Committee of Public Safety at the time of the French Revolution. He held a post of considerable authority on the Ile Royal, the headquarters of the penal administrative department. Tiville was outspoken enough.

Outspoken Official.

"But the Ile du Diable is not a nice place," he said. "The officers do not like it. They say that the climate is not salubrious, and that none of the three islands which are comprised in the group are fit for human habitation." He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps that is right. Who can say? There have been many people who have died on the islands, and they left behind them shall we say influences—that will remain for ever."

I knew that it was that Tiville referred to. When I was making notes on the prison systems of the world I had occasion to inquire into the methods of the French. What a history! It represents what has once been described in graphic phrasing as the abominations of abominations.

Imagine what it was like in its early days, seventy years ago! There was the same sullen sea, with its monotonous swell, "just the lifting of a stretch of glass," and there were sandy shores where ledges, sharp and unpleasant to the vision, struggled with the gravel and the withered away, and there were a few trees which bore coconuts. That was all; some of the convicts mutilated, and there was a bad report between them and the guards. The guards were armed, and did not scruple to fire on the attacking mob.

Then it was deemed advisable to restrict the prisoners to African, Asiatic, and very soon yellow and black men were taken overseas to work out their sentences in the outermost of the group—the Ile du Diable. They were herded together like cattle; and they brought with them disease other than the malaria, which is spread by the irritating and all-conquering mosquito.

There were lepers amongst them. The disease increased so rapidly on Devil's Island, that it became looked upon as a leper colony.

Convicts Sent Mad.

Now the prison is the place of punishment of men of all nations. The convicts are a polyglot crowd, speaking so many languages that one recalls the Tower of Babel. Tiville says that every tongue in the world is heard there.

And the punishments are terrible. Underground cells, with the bare earth for foothold and a litter of straw for a bed, at one time were the abiding places of sinners who were condemned to the rigours of solitary confinement. Hence, with very occasional glimpses of the sky—just enough exercise to stretch the racked limbs—convicts passed their weary days and quiet nights. Some went raving mad.

Things grew a little better later on. A large hospital was built, workshops were erected. An attempt was made to impel the parched and sandy soil to respond to the efforts of convict labor.

As I cruised round the island on the yacht I could see the guards lounging behind the wooden huts, which were surrounded by a lofty pallisade. I saw gangs of men, some of them trampling manacles behind them, like the galleys slaves of old. I could catch a glimpse of convicts wearing distinctive clothes marked with the fleur de lys, bending and rising as they dug into the unproductive earth, and a stream of pity welled up from my heart.

"M. Tiville," I touched the gaol of the island on the arm, "why are there no more escapes?"

He smiled. "But that is very difficult," he said. "They are closely watched, those convicts, and they know—" he paused, and then went on, "they know of the sharks. They are the real guardians of the Ile du Diable."

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Attractive new merchandise at attractive special Saturday prices.

Fall Flannelette Wear With Our Guarantee and at Special Price

56 White Flannelette Gowns. Tonight \$1.19 each.
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Your own choice, large assortment, all colors.

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25 pairs Bed Pillows. Price 98c each.

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100 pairs ladies' full fashioned Cashmere Hose, English make, all new colors. Special Saturday 78c a pair.

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100 yards heavy double printed Velour, 36 inch. \$1.29 a yard.

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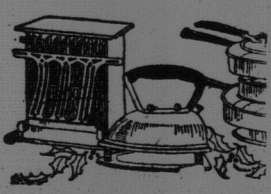


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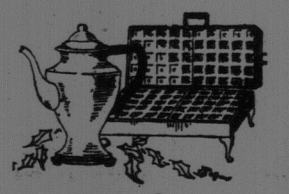
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SHAW LEADS POLICE IN DANCE CONTEST

Author is Central Figure
of Comedy in London
Square.

London, Nov. 1.—How Bernard Shaw led the police into a dancing contest in Fitzroy square is one of the amusing stories told by Lincoln Springfield in his book of reminiscences, entitled *Some Piquant People*.

The author relates that the dramatist, after seeing Vincent in an Alhambra ballet one night, could not resist trying to go round the carriage way of the square just once after the manner of the dancer.

"It proved frightfully difficult," says Mr. Springfield. "After his fourteenth fall he was picked up by a policeman, who, keeping fast hold of his man, asked, 'What are you doing? I bin watching you for the last five minutes.' Shaw explained eloquently and enthusiastically. The constable hesitated, and then said, 'Would you mind holding my helmet while I have a try? I don't look so hard.' The next moment his nose was grating the macadam."

"So they hung up their coats and went at it again until an inspector arrived and asked the policeman if that was his idea of fixed point duty. 'I allow it ain't fixed point,' said the constable emboldened by his new acquaintance, 'but I'll lay half a sovereign you can't do it.'"

"The inspector (adds the author) could not resist the temptation to try (Shaw was whirling round before his eyes in the most fascinating manner), and he made rapid progress. They were subsequently joined by an early postman and a milkman, who unfortunately broke his leg, and had to be carried to hospital by the other three—according to Shaw."

Other Odd Incidents.

Mr. Springfield tells how Charles Hands, the journalist, when writing of a tourist plague at Oxford, created a guide who, coming before Professor Jowett's study window, would say: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the holiest in the University, and famous for the heradition of its scholars. The 'cad of Balliol College is called 'The Master,' and the present Master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek."

"Those are Professor Jowett's windows, and there—here the ruffian would stoop down, pick up a handful of gravel and throw it against the pane, bringing poor Jowett livid with fury to the window. 'And there is Professor Jowett himself!'"

Another bit-bit concerns Mr. Clarkson, the perruquier, who, losing his way at a Windsor Castle command performance, got into a room, which was the boudoir of one of the Princesses.

"As he hurried from it," remarks Mr. Springfield, "whom should he encounter but Queen Victoria herself, who said, 'Why, Mr. Clarkson, what- ever are you doing in my daughter's bedroom?' Thereupon Clarkson, as they used gleefully to relate the story, placed his hand upon his heart, made a courtly bow, and retorted, 'Your Majesty, honi soit qui mal y pense!'"

19 YEARS STUDENT, HE SCORNS DEGREES

Henry M. Hyde of Graduate
School Decides to Take
Year Off.

Baltimore, Nov. 1.—Henry M. Hyde is not going back to college this year. He is the first year with a single exception since 1904 that he has not pursued his studies at Johns Hopkins, according to the Baltimore Evening Sun. A way back in 1897 Hyde was graduated from Yale with the A. B. degree.

The first eleven years of his attendance at Johns Hopkins he devoted his attention to the romance languages, with special emphasis on French. The last eight years his major study has been electrical engineering, with excursions into the fields of higher mathematics, anatomy, geology and botany.

In all these nineteen years he has taken no post-graduate degrees. He has studied one course after another for the love of it.

"I have never had any utilitarian purpose in any of my studies," he says. "I am not going to teach. I simply wanted to lay up certain mental resources on which I could draw in later years. And I have attained something like my idea of happiness."

WAR OFFICE WANTS COPY OF RECORDS

A request from the war office in London for copies of the reports of the New Brunswick Historical Society was received at last night's meeting of the society held in the Natural History Society's rooms with D. C. Clapp presiding in the absence of J. S. Flagg, president, who is to leave today for Jacksonville, Fla., to spend the winter.

The request was gratifying to the society and arrangements were made to comply with it. A resolution expressing appreciation of the work of the late Rev. James Millidge, valued member of the society whose death was keenly regretted, was passed by the meeting, and it was decided to have this resolution inscribed in the society records and to send to the bereaved family a copy of the resolution and a letter of sympathy.

It was announced that at the next meeting a paper would be read by Henry Wilmot.

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ROAD PATROLS TO CONTINUE ON DUTY

Will Make Frequent Inspections
During November
This Year.

Moncton, Nov. 1.—(Special).—Premier Veniot while in the city was warmly greeted by many friends who expressed their pleasure in finding him looking so well after his recent severe illness. He is feeling greatly improved in health. He returned to Bathurst yesterday and will proceed to Fredericton on Monday for a meeting of the cabinet the following day.

The Premier said that the road programme was practically completed the only part remaining unfinished was that under contract with private corporations. He said that the road patrol would be continued this year into November and would last until the frost had really entered the ground and there was no danger of the roads becoming rutted with the fall traffic. The patrol however will not be daily but only two or three times a week, the engineers of the Department of Public Works considering this often enough to keep the highways in fair shape for the opening in the spring.

Martin McGrath.

At the Methodist parsonage, 254 Carmarthen street, on Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, Rev. A. D. MacLeod united in the bonds of matrimony Frederick G. Martin and Miss Florence A. McGrath, both of St. John. After a brief honeymoon they will reside in this city.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membrane.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

FATHER SAVES HIS BABE FROM FIRE

Carries Blazing Carriage to
Street; Little One
Sleeps on.

Montreal, Nov. 1.—G. Herscovitch saved his infant son from death when fire broke out in his home at 503 Colonial avenue. A quilt over the baby carriage in which the boy slept was ablaze when the father rushed into the room. He picked up the carriage and took it to the street from the second story dwelling. Here the flames were extinguished.

During the excitement the babe slumbered on peacefully. He awoke only after his father had extinguished the flames.

Herscovitch afterwards told District Fire Chief Dagenais that, his wife being out, he was taking care of the baby. He smelled smoke and, rushing into the front room, where he had placed the baby carriage, he saw that the window curtains were blazing. Another glance showed him that the carriage was also on fire. He picked it up and removed it from the danger zone.

The fire spread up the walls from the curtains, but was checked by the firemen before doing much damage.

CHILD KILLED IN MONCTON STREET

Moncton, Oct. 31.—While masquerading in boys' attire in celebration of Halloween, little Gertrude Gaudet, age nine years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Gaudet, was this evening struck by an automobile and fatally injured, the child dying on the way to the hospital.

The fatality occurred in front of the child's home at the corner of St. George and Lewis streets and it was about two hours before the parents became aware that the victim of the sad affair was their own child. The father had been told that it was a little boy that had been killed, and it was not until he went into the morgue near his home that he discovered that his own little girl was the victim. The car which struck the Gaudet child was driven by Weldon Palmer, and eye witnesses say the accident was entirely unavoidable. The little girl, playing with other children, emerged from behind a street bus directly in front of the Palmer auto. An inquest will be held.

Neil MacKinnon.

Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 31.—Neil MacKinnon died at the home of his wife, John, last evening, in the 76th year of his age. He is survived by four sons, Philip, in a military hospital in Montreal; Penn, of West Sullivan, Me.; John and Clifford, employees of the C. P. R. of Woodstock; one daughter, Mrs. McPhail, of Woodstock.

Rutland, Vermont, Nov. 1.—When Andrew Marotti of this city went into his back yard to chop wood one of the supposed logs into which he stuck his axe began to wriggle and he found that he had cut nearly in half a boa constrictor eight feet long and as big around as his arm. It is supposed that the reptile was one of two which were lost here by a carnival company last July.

STOPPED 157 YEARS, CLOCK RESTARTED

Maker was Rewarded With
Large Gift From the
British Crown.

London, Nov. 1.—Lt.-Commander Rupert T. Gould, of the Admiralty Hydrographic Department, has succeeded in starting an ancient marine chronometer, nearly 200 years old, which had not been working since 1767—157 years. The machine, made by a petition of the former every 3rd of nation, kept almost perfect time. Its errors, which there are hopes of reducing, amount to only a few seconds a day. Commander Gould worked for a year, chiefly in the small hours of the morning, in cleaning and repairing the clock. It has more than 500 parts and weighs 103 lbs. The brass in the clock is of such fine quality that an ingot of it could be beaten out almost like gold leaf.

Its maker, John Harrison, began life as a carpenter in a Yorkshire village. The clock bears the inscription: "Jno. Harrison Peit. Made for His Majesty King George II. By order of a committee held the 30th of June, 1767." The committee was known as the Board of Longitude. Of four marine chronometers made by Harrison and still possessed by Greenwich Observatory this is the second. The maker was striving for the \$100,000 which Parliament offered, following a petition in 1714, for any method which would determine a ship's longitude within half a degree.

With his fourth chronometer Harrison won this reward, but he received his money only after a personal appeal to George III.

The clock now at the Admiralty took two years to construct, and the Board of Longitude gave Harrison \$1,250 towards the task. It is a piece within a clock. There is a little clock, which will go for 4 minutes only, and another clock which automatically rewinds the former every 3rd of nation, and has to be wound itself once daily.

A Georgian's idea for attracting trade to his shoe store was to cut his door in the form of a shoe sole.

Trade schools were established in many European countries years before they were started in the United States.

Ladies' Silk SCARVES 98c.

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