

# Two Blooming

The Adventures of  
Two Criminals.

# Bay Trees.

BY  
DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked . . . spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Psa. xxvii. v. 36.

(Continued.)  
CHAPTER VIII.

New Plans, and Big Ones.

Piggy lay on a mattress, safe at last in the haven of his studio at Kew; but to get there had entailed a severe test of even his doggedness and iron resolution.

He had stayed at the inn at Colbery till dark, and had then hired a trap and driver to take him as far as the outskirts of London; in fact, to the Welsh Harp at Hendon, which he reached about eight o'clock. Explaining that he had had rheumatism he had got the boy, an ordinary not too bright specimen of the Loamshire bumpkin, to help him into the hotel, where he swallowed a little brandy and milk and nestled his head. From the Welsh Harp he had gone by bus to the King's Head at St. John's Wood, where he gave the pot boy half-a-crown to find him a hansom with a fresh horse. He directed the driver to Kew, with instructions to stop at a grocer's and a chemist's en route. What it cost, Piggy to step out of and into the cab at these spots he will always remember; but it was a case of having to do it, so he bit his lip and did it. At the chemist he bought lint, carbolic, oil silk, and bandages; at the grocer's, bovril, biscuits, and condensed milk. That was all he needed, since he always kept a store of tea and coffee, oil for his lamp, and tinned provisions at the studio.

As they crossed Kew Bridge he took another sip at his flask, and when the cab drew up at the studio door he got out almost briskly. He got the cabman to carry the things in, went back with him to the door in the wall of the enclosure, paid him, saw him drive off, closed the door, locked it carefully, then—fainted.

He came to, again before long, but now that the tension was once relaxed, it was all he could do to crawl to the studio. Though it was a cold mid-winter's night, he felt himself quite incapable of going for coal for the stove, so he pulled down all the blinds and lit the three gases, then wearily dragged himself to the door and turned the key. There was no bed, but he had two mattresses and some rugs prepared for an occasion like this. He threw himself on one of the mattresses, covered himself up, and, utterly exhausted and feverish, lay thus for some hours.

Then he felt that he must make an effort to dress his leg. He made a bucketful of carbolic solution, cut away his cycling stocking, and took off Jack's bandage. A nasty, angry-looking wound was disclosed, which

he thoroughly washed with carbolic solution. He was then about to apply a carbolic compress, but, on second thoughts, decided first to make provision for his wants for the next few days. So he made a great big jug of bovril, and another of condensed milk, and placed them, with a pile of biscuits, near the head of his mattress. Then he applied his compress, and, with a sense of great relief, pulled the rugs over him and soon sank into a delicious sleep.

It was now the afternoon of the third day; he had put in the time eating a little, drinking a good deal of the milk and bovril, sleeping much, and every ten hours or so removing the dressing on his leg. With his wide reading he had a sort of smattering of medical knowledge, by the light of which it seemed to him that his wound was getting better. It certainly hurt less. Still, the progress was not so quickly as it might have been.

"Either a buckshot or splinter of bone is in there," he muttered. He thought of sterilizing his pen-knife and probing with it, but the fear of cutting a blood-vessel restrained him. However, he was satisfied that he was better; for one thing, he now cared to smoke, and that was a roof. As far as he himself was concerned, there would have been little, if any, danger in driving to a hospital or sending for a doctor; but he did not know how Jack was faring, or if he had need of help. It was now, as we have said, the afternoon of the third day, and Piggy was more than a little anxious.

As he mused on what could have happened to his friend, he suddenly had an idea. Jack had not come, perhaps he has written. There was a letter-box on the garden door; why had he not thought of it before? There was a key in the corner of the studio, and, of course, Piggy, amongst his many tools, had a saw. A couple of minutes was all that was necessary to transform the broom into a very serviceable crutch, with the help of which he made his way to the letter-box. There were half-a-dozen circulars, and one letter. With a cry of joy he recognized his friend's handwriting. There is no friendship like that of the man who makes few friends; and it was with a very real concern for Jack, as much as for himself, that he tore it open.

It was on poor paper, written in pencil, and contained but one brief sentence:

"Coming to Kew evening of Jan. 1st. Jack."

"Why, that is this evening!" said Piggy. He hobbled back to the studio, lay down on the mattress, lit his pipe, and prepared to wait, Jack had

keys of his own; he would not need to get up to let him in.

When Jack came it was not by the garden door at all. About ten o'clock the bump of a boat, the rattle of oars being laid up, and the sound of a step on the little pier, indicated the arrival of someone by river. Piggy grasped a revolver under the rug and waited. Five minutes passed. Whoever it was was coming very cautiously. At last came the sound of a key turning in the lock. Piggy turned and faced the person who now entered, and, for a moment, did not recognize him. For this was, if possible, a worse tramp than the one he had met on a bench on the Embankment. But Jack Demerse it was for all that.

"At last, you old boomer!" said Jack. "I walked round the place first to find a crack between the blinds to peer in at. I did find one, and saw you were alone, so in I came. How are you, Piggy?"

"Going on well, I think," replied Piggy; "but I shall have to get a doctor, after all; but there is no immediate hurry for that. Tell me about your self, Jack. It's four days; you must have had some adventures?"

"So, so. But if you'll be so hospitable, I think I'll have something to eat first. And you poor Piggy, you've got no fire; well, that's soon remedied at all events."

So Jack bustled about and made a good fire in the stove; after which he ate a hearty supper of biscuits and cheese, and whiskey and water.

"Now, Piggy," he said, "I'm going to fix you up comfortably, than you shall have my story."

And, if without all the skill, at any rate with all the tenderness of the most highly-trained hospital nurse, Jack helped his friend to undress, renewed the compress, and generally made him as comfortable as possible. Then, having made up the stove, he took the other mattress for himself, filled a clay pipe, which he took from the band of the horrible relic which served him for a hat, lit it up, and, stretching himself out luxuriously, began his story.

"You know where you left me, or rather where I left you," he said, "outside that little inn at Colbery?"

Piggy nodded.

"Well, I walked back to where I had left the cycle, mounted, and spurred, at the best pace it would go, along the high road. My great wish was to get to some sort of cover before daylight. The nearest thing I could find to that was a little copse—you could hardly call it a wood—about five or six miles from the town. I had just passed a hill, and it had been light enough for me to see that there was nothing better

for a long distance. So, I dismounted, climbed over a wall, and was just going to try to get the cycle over somehow—by the way, I had already got rid of the trailer—when I heard voices. I crouched behind the wall, and listened. It was some farm labourers going to their work. Of course they noticed the cycle. And equally of course they had a long discussion as to where the owner could be, and what was to be done with it. Finally, they decided to leave it where it was, but to notify the village constable. Now the word "motor," even if only motor-bicycle, in the ears of a member of the Loamshire county Constabulary, would be calculated to have much the same effect as the words "rats" to a terrier, if not even that of the sight of a red rag to the traditional bull. He would certainly make a bee-line for that bicycle, on the off-chance of being able to run its owner in on some count or other. My first thought was to mount again, and be off at top speed; but by this time there were more voices; it was clear that the road was beginning to get thick with men going to work. Yet it would scarcely do to stay there; so I left the cycle to far as it might, and dived off into the wood. As I said, it was not much of a wood; but there were a few fine trees there, one oak in particular. If it had only been summer, I could have hidden in its branches, like King Charles, and an army might have looked for me in vain. However, it was not summer, but midwinter, and I was just turning away when, looking up, I saw a cleft. It was a good way up, but I got there somehow, and found that there was a hollow big enough to hide me completely, and, with the thought that the police had my description, and would soon find the bicycle, you may be sure I did not hesitate long about taking advantage of such an ideal chance of concealment. I was safe enough; but my goodness, I was safe!

"And getting hungry, too. I expected, Jack," said Piggy sympathetically. "Cold, hungry and sleepy," said Jack. "The latter, perhaps, was a good thing; it helped me to pass the time. I never thought that anything but a horse could sleep standing up, but I did—slept like a top, and woke up to find that it was three o'clock. And I was stiff—and miserable! I don't know when I ever felt more miserable in my life. I would have given a good deal to have had your flask in my pocket, Piggy."

"I ought to have given it to you before we parted company," said Piggy. "I could easily have got a flat bottle at the inn."

"Unfortunately, that was one of the things we forgot," said Jack. "However, I had my cigar case on me, and I made the best of a bad job and smoked cigars; till it was dark; then I clambered out, and tramped off in my ruined dress shoes green-smudged and torn dress trousers, smoking jacket, with the collar turned up, a famished tramp with a hundred pounds on him!"

"Poor Jack! But I had a pretty tough time, too," said Piggy. (To be continued.)

## PUTTING IT STRONG.

But Doesn't it Look Reasonable?

This may read as though we were putting it a little strong, because it is generally thought by the majority of people that Dyspepsia in its chronic form is incurable or practically so. But we have long since shown that Dyspepsia is curable, nor is it such a difficult matter as at first appears. The trouble with Dyspepsia is that they are continually dieting, starving themselves, or going to opposite extreme, or else deluging the already overburdened stomach with "biters," "after-dinner pills," etc., which invariably increase the difficulty even if in some cases they do give a slight, temporary relief. Such treatment of the stomach simply makes matters worse. What the stomach wants is a rest. Now, how can the stomach become rested, recuperated and at the same time the body nourished and sustained.

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## A JAPANESE

ON UNIONISM.

Would Shorten Years Rather

Than Hours of Labor.

(London Daily News.)

Few of us have heard of Hoto Ito, the one of these days we shall have to make ourselves familiar with Japanese surnames. Hoto, Ito has written for The International Journal of Ethics what he calls "A Japanese View of American Trade Unionism." You have the eastern mind pouring forth its comment upon the essentially western labor movement. And so terse is the comment that if space permitted we should have wished to quote it in extenso.

Hoto Ito begins by naming certain "fundamental rights." They are as follows: "We have the right to stand for a living wage to deny this is to crush mankind."

"We have the right to hire whom we can; to deny this is to crush industry." "We have the right to work where we can; to deny this is to crush liberty." "We have the right to sell for what we can get; to deny this is to crush trade."

"We the people, have the right to the coal to deny this is to nullify the purpose of all governments." Ito next explains that if any one of these rights be unreservedly realized, none of the others can survive, which is literally true. Then he points out that even in America a man may not hire whom he likes, nor may he work for whom he likes. For, on the one hand, he may not import a Chinaman, nor an alien under contract, while on the other hand, "no man may sell himself into slavery, whether he will or not. No man may practise law, nor medicine, nor peddle in the street, nor work under unsanitary conditions, nor in New York be a barber, save under prescribed conditions." So the argument proceeds, perhaps the most interesting feature being a criticism upon the effort to reduce hours. "How much wiser," says Hoto Ito, "it would be to contend for shorter years of labor. Forty-eight hours a week certainly are few enough for any able-bodied and thrifty man to work. Rather than to shorten these, the unions should aim to have their old men retired on a pension and their children given more years of education and training." The spirit of this suggestion is admirable.

Indeed, we should not be surprised if the present dislike on the part of employers for old men were not to result years hence in a recognition of the right of the elderly to enjoy honorable leisure. Economic necessity frequently works out by its own painful process results that are not ultimately to be regretted.

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