

Two Blooming

The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked . . . spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Pal, xxvii. v. 35.

Bay Trees.

(Continued.)

Piggy accompanied his words with a vigorous shaking; then said, a trifle sternly—

"Jark! the man who can't control himself can succeed in nothing. You will have your sleep in the train to Yarmouth; I will get mine to-night when, after making perfectly sure that I have covered my tracks completely, I find some place to stow myself in the East End."

"Right you are, Piggy," said Jack pulling himself together like a man. "Why should you go to the East End?"

"Down river, nearer the part where I can learn diving, and probably it's there also where the diving machines are sold."

"And I can bring the Sea Queen up there if necessary too," said Jack. "I see."

"I hope that will not be necessary," said Piggy. "To sail her first from Yarmouth to the Thames, then from the Thames back again to Southampton would lose such a lot of time."

"And time seems to be on the side of our friends, the enemy—that is to say, the authorities," laughed Jack. "At any rate, the longer we wait, the hotter they seem to get on our trail. Not much genius, but industrious Johnnies, very."

"It's not only that that I'm afraid of," Piggy said.

"What then?"

"Why, just this, Jack; that every day we wait is just one chance more for some silly, open-mouthed, check-suit, vulgar idiot of a cockney tripper to go out fishing for dabs in Southampton Harbour and find that he can pull up wallets of gold there. See?"

Jack did see, and gave a long whistle to indicate that he appreciated the gravity of this possibility.

"I'm sleepy no longer, Piggy," he said. "Now, what's to be done?"

"Let's see what time it is," said Piggy, pulling out his watch. "Half-past three. At four we leave this hotel. What luggage we have we must leave; it would be too noticeable to carry it. In our profession we seem to do nothing but acquire wearing apparel and toilet necessities, only to abandon them again directly afterwards. However, that's neither here nor there; but in view of the fact that we shall have to go in what we stand. I think we had better utilize the next half-hour in underwear, then with a vigorous application of the clothes brush and a collar piece in our pockets, we shall be fairly presentable for twenty-four hours at least."

"Are we going to do anything about paying?" asked Jack, as they

stood, just as Big Ben boomed out four, ready to leave.

"No," said Piggy. "We are leaving our luggage. We could hardly pay and do that, it would look too odd. Besides, I doubt, despite their nocturnal habits, if we should find anyone to pay at this hour of the morning. Ready? Softly now!"

"How perfectly glorious the early morning is," said Jack, as the front doors closed behind them—front doors are left on the latch at night in Stamford Street hotels; anyone who knows these caravan-series will understand the reason—they descended the steps, and stood, in all the freshness and beauty of the dawn, on the pavement.

"I love London early in the day," said Piggy—"dawn, day or night; but I agree with you, it is glorious. Now what we both need is coffee; we shall find stalls in the Waterloo Road, and then, in an hour or less, we can have some more in a pub, and probably see a time-table and learn about the Yarmouth trains at the same time."

"Coffee in a pub," asked Jack.

"Yes, of course, in the early morning; rum and coffee is the British workman's regular matutinal tap. I thought you had been a tramp, and knew low life in London, Jack?"

"Yes, of course, now you say it, I know. We will have it without the rum."

"Of course. Down here! Quick!"

While they were talking they had walked quite a little distance in the direction of Waterloo Bridge. As Piggy replied "of course" to Jack's remark about leaving the rum out of their rum and coffee, he chanced to look up, and saw, coming out of a side street on the other side, the very same four-wheeler that had brought him, earlier that night, from Kew. The horse was different, but the cab was the same; and as for the driver, an old man with a squint, and other facial peculiarities easy to remember, Piggy could have sworn to him anywhere. The cab had pulled up in the act of turning the corner into Stamford street, and the driver was bending over from the box, talking to the fare, who was looking out of the window from time to time. Cabby interrupted his remarks to point with his whip, and the direction in which he pointed was always that of the private hotel from which Jack and Piggy had so lately made their surreptitious exit. As the cab resumed its course, our friends, who had slid, rather than walked, down a side street on the other side, flattened themselves into a doorway.

"Whow! Jack," said Piggy, "that was a near thing."

"What? You haven't explained,

you know."

"Why that—that cab. It was the same that brought me from Kew. It's evident that the police have lost no time in picking up the trail. It's lucky that you being sleepy made me decide that we ought to be getting small take a nip of rum in my first cup after all."

CHAPTER XVI.
In the Enemy's Camp.

When our friends had their coffee at a stall in Waterloo Bridge Road, an early tramcar gave Jack an idea. He proposed to Piggy that, as the best way of putting in the next hour or so, they should board one bound to Greenwich; otherwise, walking about the streets, with their description known, they might make themselves a little too conspicuous. No sooner said than done. They boarded the next that stopped, and climbed on to the top; as they had expected, they had the whole car to themselves. It is the inward cars, those going from the suburbs to the central districts, that are crowded in the early morning; those running in the opposite direction are empty.

"Jove!" said Piggy, as they took their seats together about midway along the car, out of earshot, as long as they did not talk too loud, both of the conductor and the motor man. "Jove! I feel real good, as Coortvelt would say, after that coffee. What a jolly thing the early morning is!"

"It is," said Jack.

"And won't it be jolly when we see it at sea?" pursued Piggy. "Do you know, Jack, I am simply reeling in the idea of that long voyage. We will lie, and smoke, and drink in health; we will plan a whole campaign—not criminal this time; we will perfect our Spanish—that reminds me, I will try and get a Spanish boy for our third hand on board, then we can practise with him, when the sea is calm we will weave to sometimes and bathe. By Jove, Jack! what a glorious, poetical, refined, extra-special, up-to-date couple of crooks we are!"

"Hah!" said Jack; "here comes the conductor."

They paid their fares to the Greenwich terminus; and went nearly as far, but not quite, as between Greenwich Station and the Royal Naval College, they saw a sleepy potman opening a large tavern.

"That looks the sort of place where they would have railway time-tables," said Piggy; "let's try."

So, descending from the car, they entered the tavern and demanded coffee, for which they were told they must wait for the appearance of the

"young lady," who would be down directly. As they were in no hurry they quite suited them, especially as they found, as they had expected, a full set of time-tables, including Bradshaw and the A B C, in a rack in the saloon bar. With these, and a pencil and paper, they planned a roundabout cross-country journey for Jack from Greenwich Station to Yarmouth, which, while it would take him nearly all day to reach his destination, would have the advantage of avoiding the necessity of a return to central London at all.

"And you?" asked Jack.

"I shall toddle off on foot," said Piggy. "Go through the Blackwall Tunnel, and so to the Whitechapel district. There I shall go to the first respectable coffee-house with beds to let that I find, and snooze till evening, when I shall sally out and see about the purchase of the diving apparatus. Then—here Piggy hesitated.

"Why, what more is there to do?" asked Jack.

"There is the boy to act as third hand, Spanish or other, to find and engage, for one thing, though I think it might be better to wait to do that until the very day when you discharge the old crew, or give them the slip or get rid of them in whatever way we decide. But it was not of that exactly that I was thinking."

"Of what then?"

"Of making arrangements for our final coup, the kidnapping of Van Coortvelt."

"I say, Piggy," said Jack, "don't you think that we have about enough on our hands already?"

"It might seem so," replied Piggy, meditatively; "but yet I don't know. I am superstitious—sometimes—Jack and I have a kind of a feeling that, if we go boldly on and stick to our old programme, we shall pull off a triumph. Yes, I know it's not logical," he continued, as Jack looked at him rather dubiously; "and you can put it down to too much coffee, or too little sleep, or whatever you like; but that's the way I feel, and I can't help it. I believe the boldest course is going to be the best. What do you say?"

"It certainly is not logical," said Jack; "you are right there. At least I know of no system of logic that would hold that to go and, quite gratuitously, take an extra risk now that we are in such a deuce of a mess already, would be to help ourselves out of it. But, hang it all! I daresay you're right; logic is not everything, as women know better than we do; and, now that you mention it, I too have a sort of feeling that there would be something incomplete about this part of our lives if we nuked this last shot. So we'll go in and win it. Piggy, same as we have all the others. Though how we are going to pull it off I haven't the faintest idea."

"Don't bother about that," said Jack; "that shall be my part. I don't suppose that it will take me more than a day to learn to use the diving dress, that is, for all we need—a simple descent in fairly shallow water; and arranging for Van Coortvelt's little sea voyage will just serve to keep me out of mischief and the blues while you are commissioning the boat and bring-

ing her round to Cowe, or wherever we decide. And that reminds me we must have some way of communicating."

"Agony column?" suggested Jack.

"No," replied Piggy; "they are sure to keep a watch on that, and I don't think we could so disguise a message that they would not see through it; you know we've been having pretty good evidence that they are not fools. Still, the idea of a daily paper appears to me. Suppose we make an agony column of our own?"

(To be continued.)

DO NOT GO FROM BAD TO WORSE.
Influenza Causes Bronchitis, Consumption, Pleurisy and Pneumonia—A Certain Cure in Reach of All.

Influenza, coughs and colds, bad and distressing as they are in themselves, often lead to yet worse and more dangerous maladies. Very frequently bronchitis, or inflammation of the bronchial tubes results, which in its turn is a forerunner of the fatal and dangerous disease of consumption. Pneumonia or inflammation of the serous coverings of the lungs are also the direct effects of influenza. It is highly important, therefore, that influenza should not be allowed to run its course unchecked or fatal consequences may result.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are a never failing cure for influenza, cough and colds and are so recognized throughout the land. They go direct to the root of these diseases and thoroughly expel from the system all causes and thus render the disease impossible. Under their influence all poisons are carried away and the system is thoroughly cleansed, the blood purified and the diseased and wasted tissues and membranes are restored and rebuilt. The disease is conquered and destroyed and all danger of the fearful consequences are permanently removed.

The unparalleled success and popularity of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, both in England and America conclusively prove the effective merits and virtues of this great remedy. Being in reach of all classes, they believe the suffering and danger of rich and poor alike and, as a consequence their name has become a household word throughout the English-speaking world. The cures they have effected and the health and happiness they have brought to the people of these countries and the reasonable price at which they are sold have put them so far ahead of other remedies for these diseases that all attempts at competition have been given up.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box. Druggists don't dare to be without them for the people insist on having them and no other. Physicians are prescribing them throughout the land and if your own doctor is real honest with you he will tell you frankly that there is nothing on earth so good for influenza, coughs, colds and all catarrhal affections as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

CHATHAM.

Political and Other News From the North Shore—Poor Smelt Catch.

Chatham, Dec. 3.—Jessie Kerr, the eight year old daughter of Mr. Ronald McDonald, died Tuesday after an illness of four days. The funeral was held Friday, the interment being in the Black River Presbyterian Cemetery.

The World says that "Robert Murray is in the field as a government's candidate for the seat vacated in the legislature by W. S. Loggie." While several others have political aspirations, they have not declared their intention of running, and it may be, that Mr. Murray will not be opposed.

The Miramichi Agricultural Exhibition Association expect to open their skating rink on or about the 20th inst. Last winter the rink was the principal source of amusement here and skaters and hockey players are looking forward to its opening with great pleasure.

Although there is a lot of open water, pedestrians are crossing the river, and ice-boats and skaters are skimming over the glare patches. There is excellent sleighing around town.

Mrs. J. B. Snowball was the hostess as a very pleasant 5 o'clock tea at government house on Friday, in honor of Mrs. W. Stuart-Benson and Mrs. C. A. C. Bruce.

J. W. McNaughton, of Black River, while going to his camp on Wednesday, saw two large moose, and had the satisfaction of bringing one down. Tom cods and flat fish are being sold here at \$1 a barrel. Smelts are almost a total failure. Mrs. R. B. Crombie is visiting friends in Picton, but Mr. A. C. Leishman has returned from St. John.

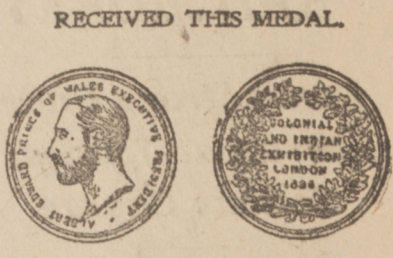
GERMAN AMBITION.

Berlin, Dec. 5.—Emperor William according to the Tagblatt has decided to send a plenipotentiary to negotiate a commercial treaty with King Menelik, and to bear presents to the Abyssinian Monarch. The name of the envoy who is an army officer of rank, is kept in reserve for the present, but the date of his departure is fixed for December 14. Twelve men picked already from the Garde Du Corps, regiment, to attend the officer, have been selected from one hundred volunteers who offered to go.

Special Seasonable Sale of Ladies' Tailor Made Skirts, newest materials, first class fit and finish, every skirt is beautifully tucked and corded, making a really elegant skirt, we have 240 of these for sale, original prices were \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50, and we purpose offering as a leader, and for a few days only at one price and one price only, your choice for \$2.75 each, these skirts will be on view in our windows on Saturday 19th inst., when you can judge for yourselves if this is not a bonafide offer of extraordinary value combined with low prices it is hard to beat.

Don't miss this Ladies', and come early to obtain first selection.

\$2.75 **B. MYERS,** **\$2.75**
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European Plan. - 20 Mill St.

J. RHEA

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