

# Two Blooming

# The Adventures of Two Criminals.

# Bay Trees.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen 'the wicked' spread himself like a green bay-tree."—Psalms, xviii, v. 35.

(Continued.)  
Piggy's jaw shot out. "Go to hell!" he muttered, for he was frankly coarse in speech. Aloud, he began some slightly more conventional excuse, which, however, the tradesman cut short. Coming straight to the point, the latter said—  
"See, here, Mr. Porson; that cheque of yours, that I gave you cash for yesterday, has been dishonest. What are you going to do about it?"  
"Wh-wh-at?" Piggy was like a man stunned, and his surprise was so evidently genuine that the chemist relented a little. Evidently this was some odd young man who got an allowance from his relations and there had been some delay about it.  
"Of course, I know you, Mr. Porson," he said, "and I know it's all right. A gentleman who wears a watch and a chain, that would pawn for ten pounds does not go about swindling with worthless cheques. Still, an establishment like mine does not employ a very big turnover and I am afraid I must ask for my twenty pounds."  
Mechanically Piggy entered the shop, hauled out a pocket-book, and from it drew four five-pound notes, the identical notes that he had the day before. He received the cheque in exchange, and with a muttered apology, took up his valise and returned to his garret. It was then getting on for a clock on an autumn evening. Having sat for some minutes with his head in his hands, he roused himself, once more descended the stairs, this time without his valise, and, repairing to a Lockhart's near by, ordered and consumed a sausage and mash, a mug of tea, and some thick bread-and-butter, for which he paid sixpence. He still had a few shillings in his pocket. Leaving the Lockhart establishment he sauntered down the embankment near Charing Cross, where he took a seat on a bench, and pulling out his pipe, and a paper of such shag such as they sell for two pence a half-ounce across the counters of little public-houses, began to smoke. The position wanted thinking over.

it contained, into smoking tobacco for his short clay. When it came to lighting it, he turned his face sideways, as in that position he could the more easily shield the match, and, dodging his head about, as the gusts of air made necessary, presently brought it into the full gleam of the adjacent lamp, and Piggy had his second shock that day. The respectable party on the next seat was his old foe, Jack Demerse. For a full minute he gave himself over to this astonishment; then he got up, walked over to the next seat, and just as the other was puffing away to make certain of his lighting, his attention still all on the yet flickering match, laid his hand on his arm, and said—  
"Hallo, Demerse! How are you?"  
The tramp, thus addressed, turned sharply round, and, eyes wide open in terrified recognition, nearly let his pipe fall from his nervous grasp.  
"You! you!" he ejaculated. "Good God!"  
"Of course it's me; but you might say you were glad to see me, instead of staring at me as if I were an apparition."  
"Do you think I am likely to be glad to see anyone whom I knew at Eton when I'm like this?" said Demerse bitterly.  
"Rot!" replied Piggy. "Am I such a swell?"  
And the other, looking at him, had to confess that, at any rate from the standard of bygone days, he was not. He was decent, was not in rags, and that was all. His clothes, the suit which he had looked out to go to Paris, were good tweed, cut by a good tailor, but, terribly creased from having been badly packed away. But his collar and cuffs were both frayed and grimy, his tie a wisp, purchased at a shop in Seven Dials, his hat dented, and his nails black; he had not shaved for two days, and he, too, was smoking a clay pipe. Demerse was silent.

"Will you come to my diggings, and we can talk things over, or will you have some grub first? Your meal didn't look either too large or too appetising," asked Piggy.  
"How can you take me to a decent restaurant like this?"  
"Restaurant be hanged! You're not too proud to come to a Lockhart's, I suppose? I go there, or to Pearce and Plenty every day of life. Yes, I understand," he continued, in answer to Demerse's look of astonishment; "you think I must have a story too. Well, come on to Lockhart's, then we'll be off to my place and exchange yarns."  
"There's not much to tell, as far as I am concerned," said Demerse. "Forged the governor's name, kicked out, no money; no one had ever taught me to work—here I am now," he continued, half defiantly, "do you still want my company?"  
"Come on, and don't be so bloody melodramatic," answered Piggy with genial coarseness. And they went.  
An hour later, in Piggy's attic, took place the conversation of which a fragment is given at the opening of this chapter.

### CHAPTER II.

Utterson Street to Vigor Square.  
"Would you begin by a burglary?" asked Jack Demerse.  
"Begin with anything that offers, so far as I am concerned," Piggy replied. "Bigger the better."  
"Then," said Demerse, "I know the very thing—at least you shall judge for yourself."  
"Go ahead!"  
"Last night I had nothing for my kip."  
"Eh?"  
"My doss, the fourpence one pays for a bed in a common lodging-house you know. Well, I hadn't got it, and it looked as if there was nothing to be done but to make up my mind to walk the streets all night. Still, I had twopenny, and it was a beastly night; so I decided I would have a try, mousing about the squares north of the Park, if I couldn't square up to beg the rest of it. I did get another penny, but that was all. About one o'clock I decided that there was no more to be done, and that I might as well be edging away towards the Embankment, or somewhere where there would be a chance to sit down. You get to know all these places when you've lived a little as I have been doing. Just as I was starting off it began to rain regular torrents. I was then in a little street where there were no porches or balconies, but I crept into a doorway and got a little shelter like that. However, I knew that the coop would soon be round, so when I had put in a quarter of an hour or so, I prepared to mouch off again, and, the way the rain was coming down, I can promise you it wasn't a very pleasant prospect. Then, all of sudden, the idea came to me that I would climb the area gate and see if I couldn't find a dry corner there. It couldn't be really dry, of course, because there was no shelter; but the rain was pretty slanting, and I thought maybe I could shelter pretty

well against the wall, anyhow, it would be better than the street."  
"Don't the constables look down the areas with their bull-eyes as they pass?" asked Piggy at this point.  
"It seems they do, three times: once the first round of their beat, once about the middle of their duty period, and again the last round they make. I met a chap to-day, who told me all about it; but I know nothing of that. By the way, how do you come to know it?"  
"Reading, my boy," Piggy replied. "I read everything, from Tit-Bits to the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Knowledge never comes amiss. But go ahead, I won't interrupt again."  
"There was no difficulty about getting over the gate, or in finding the most sheltered spot, though it proved pretty poor kind of shelter. However, as I say, it was better than nothing, and I was just congratulating myself on my cleverness, when, flip-flop! flap-flop! I heard that damned peeler coming along. I was standing next the house wall, but I slipped over to the corner next the pavement, away from the gate, and kept myself as flat against the coalshed door as I could. I suppose it must have been when he was still a house-breath away that I caught the gleam of the lamp. If he was looking in that direction, he was turning it into all the areas as he passed, it seemed to me that I was as good as caught. To tell the truth I was so cold and miserable that I didn't much care if I was. Still, one likes to put that sort of thing off as long as possible, and I tried to squidge myself still further back. Then suddenly, before I well knew what had happened, the door opened behind me, and I fell back into the coalcellar. The lock had been picked—you'll hear how I know—and the door just slammed to."  
"I suppose the rain must have prevented the peeler hearing the noise, for I heard him tramp on over my head without even stopping. I lit a match, and saw the cellar was empty, then just stretched out and went to sleep. When one is down on one's luck it is wonderful what one can stand. To have gone to sleep like that, in the cold, all drenched, and famished as I was, would have killed me—given me pneumonia, anyway—I had been living decently. As it was, I didn't even catch cold. But I didn't sleep well—kept on waking up; I suppose I must have wakened up about every half hour. About the third of these awakenings I heard noises in the house, like people moving about. Whatever it was it didn't tickle me as likely that anyone would be coming into an empty coalcellar at that time; but I suppose a guilty conscience made me nervous. It was as well it did. I lit another match, and saw some thick boards across one corner, making a sort of barricade. They were evidently to bank the coal up when it got low. I lay down behind them; then no one, glancing casually round the cellar, would notice me, even if they had a light. By the time I had got myself established in my new position the noises were getting pretty near. I wondered what on earth it could be; lay still, and waited. Then the door from the house opened, and there was a flood of light. At least I call it a flood, because it seemed so to me after the pitch darkness; really it was only a candle. I lay quiet, and looked through the chink between the lower board and the boards above. Two men—two burly, black-guard-looking fellows—came into the cellar from the house, each with a bag. It did not take me long to guess that they had been burgling the place, having entered the coalcellar, as I had, from the area, and thence got into the house. They waited a little till they heard the policeman pass, talking a little in whispers, and from what they said I gathered that the house was unoccupied, which explained why they had not been more careful about the noise they made; then they blew out their candle and slid off, and I was alone again."  
"You mean that we should imitate them, and look out for an unoccupied house with an area and a cellar with two doors?" said Piggy.  
"But I want to begin to-night."  
"Wait a bit. I hadn't had much to eat all the day before, and from something they said it struck me that they had been feeding in there; thought I would just go in and see if they had left anything. I soon found and lit their candle, and entered the house. By the way, this door from the cellar to the house had all sorts of bolts and fastenings like a front door; but, working at their leisure in the night, they had picked or forced everything, and I had only to turn the handle. As I knew that the house was unoccupied I went about as boldly as they had done, and soon found the kitchen; better, still I found what they had been eating—biscuits, potted meat, and bottled beer. I tell you, Piggy, I made a meal for six. Then I was coming away; but as it was yet some time to morning, I thought I might as well go through the house myself. All I got was about a shilling's worth of postage stamps not that there were a lot of things of value, but there were for a house of that kind it was very well furnished, but the thieves had taken off everything portable."  
(To be continued.)

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS."  
Melancholy follows bad digestion. The most easily digested food that has body building qualities, is "SWISS FOOD." Try it.  
Miss Bessie Messing of New Haven, Conn. who gave away all her property two years ago and went to a hospital, believing herself to be dying, has recovered and leaves the institution a poor person.

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### MRS. GILBERT'S EPILOGUE.

(Spoken at the end of "Granny" by the venerable actress on her reappearance on the stage this week.)  
Dear friends in front—the curtain must not fall  
Until a grateful woman says good-bye to all.  
I'd like to be the "Granny" of the lot of you!  
Just a little of all the kindness that I've got of you!  
Old age to her becomes a happy load,  
When love and friendship line the lengthening road;  
And as I've lived long years in this dear land,  
I've never lacked the pressure of your hand.  
Not wanted your smile, the times I tried to jest,  
Nor wanted for a tear when tears were best.  
So when the curtain's down, the foot-lights out,  
Once and for all for me, I'll turn about  
And to my memories I'll again each day  
Your hands and hearts made glad for me my way.  
When with Augustin Daly I acted many parts,  
And many Lewis, bless him, played with me at hearts,  
And Ada Heban, the dear creature, won her best of all spurs,  
And John Drew, the dear creature, stole my heart and hers,  
And charming Annie Russell and more than I can name,  
But I'll keep them in my memory every one the same.  
Dear days! so many, too, re-remembered ones, and gold,  
The curtain falls on all of them—I'm eighty-three years old.  
Good-by, old friends, my friends, my children every one of you!  
Lived for it true, I love each mother's son of you!  
For wealth, for fame, my goodness, I don't care a gilbert!  
If you love my hearts you'll keep old Mrs. Gilbert.

### MEREDITH'S PLAN

George Meredith, the novelist, has created a stir by his advocacy of the establishment of a system of limited marriage. Mr. Meredith need hardly be taken seriously. His ideas read like satire on the custom of thoughtless, hasty and secret marriages, resulting in divorce. The remainder of the story may best be told in his own words.  
"When I began taking these pills," said Mr. Meredith to a reporter of the Telescope, "I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up, and I could only limp about with the aid of my stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I could not sleep at all during the night, and I was in misery both night and day. At first I thought the pills were doing me no good but after I had taken six boxes I fancied I was feeling better, and was encouraged to continue the treatment. After that I got better every day, and by the time I had taken about fifteen boxes every vestige of pain had disappeared. For over a year," continued Mr. Meredith, "I have not had a twinge of pain, and although I am forty years of age I feel as well as when I was twenty. Pink Pills cured me, and I have no hesitation in announcing them to be the best medicine in the world for sciatica."  
The cause of Mr. Meredith's ailment was a powerful ailment, and was not an ordinary medicine, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond all other medicines. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for 2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

### AMONG THE HUMORISTS.

Fuddy—I don't suppose Job's wife was such a big lot. She merely wanted to express her mind.  
Duddy—Not only her mind, but Job's also.  
Servant—Mrs. Clatter called while you were out. She left her card, she said she wouldn't wait.  
Mrs. Gladwin—Very good of her, I'm sure.  
Greene—Gray is always bragging about his wife. She graduated from a cooking school in London.  
Brown—No, I didn't know it, but I did know that Gray is a great sufferer from dyspepsia.  
Bigglesy—The Grimeses are getting mighty stylish. Grimes tells me he dresses for dinner every evening.  
Konant—Have big dinners, I suppose?  
Bigglesy—Oh, no, only what is left over from luncheon—warmed up in the gravy or hashed.  
Tom—Hello, Dick! You don't look a bit happy.  
Dick—And good reason for it. I had my boots shined last night, and I've been walking the streets ever since without seeing a single woman. I know. So my nickel was just squandered.  
Howes—Talk about men being changed by matrimony. The women are just as bad if not worse.  
Howes—Yes I do. There's my wife, for example. When I was courting her she believed in the old-fashioned way, now she won't believe a word I say.  
Hay fever's gone, it's reign is over. That pest has given us the slip. And you'll see it for yourself.  
For now we're subject to the grip.  
Chicago Chronicle.  
Mrs. Tufty—Didn't Mrs. Green leave her card?  
The New Maid—Yes she left it and I had to chase her two blocks to give it back to her.—Philadelphia Inquirer.  
"Strange," murmured the man "that I have no appetite for breakfast. Here I've only eaten an ordinary meal. And me to be hung this morning, too!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.  
Jiggs—Every time I go along this road at night I am startled by the apparition of a jackass.  
Juggles—You ain't the only man that gets frightened at his own shadow.—Chicago Journal.  
"What did your property in Swamp-hurst cost you?"  
"Four dollars a foot."  
"So you'll sell for a dollar?"  
"Oh, I'll let it go for \$2 a gallon."—Philadelphia Press.  
Hoax—Joblots has gone into the clothing business.  
Joax—He ought to do well. There's money in clothes.  
Hoax—There's never any in mine.—Philadelphia Record.  
"How's the earth divided?" asked a police examiner who had already worn out the patience of the class.  
"By earthquakes," replied one boy after another who had been asked the question.  
Gill—Death is not altogether to be dreaded.  
Hax—No. There is the one satisfaction that one will not have to pay the undertaker's bills one's self.

### SCIATICA CURED.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.  
Mr. Estell of Walkerton, Suffered for Months and Got no Relief Until He Began the Use of These Pills.

Of the many employees of R. Truax & Co., Walkerton, Ont., none stands higher in the confidence of his employers than does Mr. Thos. J. Estell. He is an excellent mechanic, and has been in the employ of this firm for upwards of ten years. But although Mr. Estell now ranks among the few men who are never absent from their post of duty, the time was when he was as often absent as present, all because of physical inability to perform his work. For years Mr. Estell was a great sufferer from sciatica, and at times the suffering became so intense that for days he was unable to leave the house.  
During these years, Mr. Estell, as may readily be imagined, was continually on the lookout for some remedy that would rid him of the disease, but for a long time without success. Doctors were consulted and although he took the treatment prescribed, it did not help him. Then he tried electric treatment, but this also failed to give relief, and in despair he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless and that he would be a suffering, helpless cripple to the end of his days. Then one day a neighbor advised him to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. At first he refused, believing they would prove like other medicines, but the neighbor was so insistent, having himself been greatly benefited by these pills so that at last he consented. The remainder of the story may best be told in his own words.  
"When I began taking these pills," said Mr. Estell to a reporter of the Telescope, "I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up, and I could only limp about with the aid of my stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I could not sleep at all during the night, and I was in misery both night and day. At first I thought the pills were doing me no good but after I had taken six boxes I fancied I was feeling better, and was encouraged to continue the treatment. After that I got better every day, and by the time I had taken about fifteen boxes every vestige of pain had disappeared. For over a year," continued Mr. Estell, "I have not had a twinge of pain, and although I am forty years of age I feel as well as when I was twenty. Pink Pills cured me, and I have no hesitation in announcing them to be the best medicine in the world for sciatica."  
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