

Two Blooming

The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

Bay Trees.

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

(Continued.)
"But have you really got everything settled?" asked Jack, as Piggy was drying his hands. It's a great thing to have seen the safe, of course; but I—"

"Everything settled to a T, my boy. Listen! Old Van what's-his-name has asked me to stay in the house and show off my invention. That just shows how badly his wife has trained him. The idea of asking a greasy Anglo-German commercial traveller to stay here during a big house party! What footing should I be on? And what probability is there that I possess a dress suit? I shouldn't wonder if he doesn't even now see his mistake. Well, I am going to relieve his mind. When we go down I shall say that I am much too busy working the towns in this country for my firm to be able to lay off, as he asks me to; that all I want is that my invention should be given a fair and honest trial; and that I would much rather leave it to speak for itself. Now, isn't it your opinion that is the surest way to enlist Van Coortvelt to crack it up all the time?"

"It'll be a perfect God-send to him," Jack replied. "I never saw a man with fewer topics of conversation in my life; he'll worry every one of his male guests about it in turn."

"Just what I want. Let him do so all the week; and on Sunday afternoon you will bring me in—"

"Bring you in?" queried Jack.
"Yes, in the course of conversation, in the billiard-room, or smoking-room, you will announce that while you were out walking you met the German inventor who made the alarm in the safe, that their host is boring everyone about, and got into conversation with him, and that he interested you very much (you had better let them gather that you see a prospect of money in something that I said), and you brought him back to the house, and—ah! and, by the way, you will have to arrange for this—"

"That Van Coortvelt is putting him up for the night."
"Are you going to show in the smoking-room?" asked Jack.
"No, there would be sure to be someone there who would try to air his German on me. You must invite me and two or three men—pick them carefully, fellows who don't be too critical—to smoke in your room. I will gas away about some marvelous scheme to make gold out of turnips, or something; and that will bring us to about half-past two, or a little later."

"And the alarm comes at three."
"Yes, the alarm comes at three. It won't be heard all over the house, but 'And he will let old Van Coortvelt

cause the safe's being shut will muffle the sound; but the guard will hear it, and the butler—"

"There's a speaking tube to Van Coortvelt's room from the pantry, and an electric bell to call him to it."
"So much the better. Well, who ever hears it, of course I shall be summoned, and, equally of course, I shall go. This Yankee guard will open the safe for me, and I shall insist very much that it can't have had fair play, that it must have been injured by his jamming somebody's jewel-case against the rattle, or the rod, or something. Anyhow, you can trust me to find some plausible reason for its going off at half-cock. Then I shall be very strong in declaring that this must not be taken as showing any defect in my invention; but only in the way I put the thing in; because, properly placed in a safe, in a special compartment made for it, as it should be, this could never have happened, and so on, and so forth."

"I have no doubts about your powers of oratory, Piggy dear," laughed Jack. "I might have had once; but of late I have come to believe you capable of anything. Well, you come the aggrieved and assertive inventor, what then?"
"Then," said Piggy—"why, then, as soon as it is seen that there has not been any burglary, everyone will slope off to bed, and the guard and I shall be left alone."

"Butler in the pantry," suggested Jack.
"I shall insist on having the door shut," Piggy replied. "Can't have everyone prying into the guts of my valuable invention, y'know. Well, the guard will go to sleep—"

"Chloroform?"
"Not if I can help it—too smelly. Much more probably a knock over the noddle; but I shall have chloroform ready, also other things. The guard comfortably asleep, I shall take about twenty minutes or half an hour to fix things; then I shall leave by the pantry. A minute later, I shall leave the house by one of the French windows of the drawing room, opened for the purpose by my friend, Mr. Jack Demerise."

"But, good Lord! Piggy, you can never stow all that jewellery about you, and leave by the pantry under the butler's eye; you'd look too bulky—he's bound to spot you. Better send him to sleep too."

"Piggy chuckled.
"I shan't have so much as a bangle on me, my boy," he said—

"Then how—"
"Pshaw! What's the use of being an inventor if one doesn't invent?

You noticed that little window in the strong room; pretty high up, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and pretty well barred too. Even if you had time to loosen the bars, which would take all night, it would be a tight squeeze to get through; and what's the butler going to think when you don't come out?"
"But I shall come out by the pantry; didn't I say so? The jewellery will also go out—by the window. Have you never heard of an aerial railway, Jack? That is what I am going to employ. There will be nothing complicated about it; just a piece of piano wire, stretched from one of the bars to a point about fifty feet off, in the shrubbery. That side of the house is pretty deserted, and any time after dusk, on Sunday we can put it up in five minutes. A hook and a fishing-rod for the upper end, and pull taut, that's all there is to do. Even if any under-gardener or anyone was to wander round there, a thing not very likely on Sunday evening, they could not get it, and it would be too far overhanging for them to hit against it. Well, as fast as I can open the jewel-boxes everything will be slid down that wire—bracelets, per-ants, tiaras, every damned thing—they've all got a hook or something that will do to hitch over a wire; gravity does the rest; and when I come out, I find them all together in a heap under a rosebush."

"Like the little babies!" Jack suggested.
"Exactly. Quite idyllic, isn't it? But, I say, Jack, what a fine fat baby it will be for us! The jewellery of twenty of the richest families in England at one fell swoop! I tell you what, this will be something like a scoop!"
"But, Piggy," said Jack, "we must leave nothing to chance, and I see one big chance that you are going to take."

"As how, my dear Jack?"
"As this: You go to the strong-room, you explain that your alarm has been injured, and you and the guard are left alone to put it right. As soon as the pantry door is shut you either chloroform the guard, or knock him out of time, and rifle the safe, sliding everything down your aerial railway. Then you walk out by the pantry, and go straight to the drawing room, where I left a window open. You leave the house by that window, collect the swag, and are off on your motor-bike, which, I presume, will be hidden somewhere handy. Have I got it right?"

"Perfectly right," Piggy replied.
"Where's the hitch?"
"Simply this: that when you leave the strong-room by the pantry, what

more probable than that the butler will go in to say good-night to his pal the guard? If he does so, and finds him stretched out on the floor, how many minutes do you give him before he has the house roused?"

Piggy looked at him with real admiration.
"Jack," he said, "you have put your finger on the one weak spot in the whole scheme; still, it is not quite so weak as all that. When I leave the strong-room the door will be locked."

"What?" said Jack, "you are going to lock it on the outside before the butler's eyes? It seems to me that that will hardly do."

"I'm not going to lock it at all," Piggy said, chuckling; "but before I leave I shall screw on a spring bolt, and the door will lock itself as I slam it to. We must hope that the butler will be too sleepy to want to call on the guard; but if he does take it into his head to do so, he will find the door locked, and will get no answer to his knocks. Of course it will seem suspicious, for there will scarcely be time for the guard to have gone to bed and to sleep. But even so, the butler is likely to deliberate a bit—ten minutes, at any rate—before he decides to rouse the household for the second time in one night. The first thing they will do is to look for me, as being the last person to leave the strong-room. Of course, my door will be locked, and the key by that time thrown away in the shrubbery. Give them another ten minutes to mess about, trying to make me hear, then, if they decide to proceed to extremities, it will take them at least half an hour to break open the door of the strong-room. That makes fifty minutes. Then they will certainly not be able to organize any sort of a pursuit under twenty minutes more. So you see, even if everything goes against us, I shall still have a clear hour and ten minutes' start. And now, don't you think that it's time we were getting down to our host, or he will wonder what it is we find so interesting to talk about?"

Jack went through the week in a kind of dazed condition. At times he almost had to pinch himself to make sure that it was all real. Van Coortvelt took it for aristocratic reserve, and respected him the more; while anything of him in former days remarked on how his Colonial experience had quieted down young Jack Demerise; for it was taken for granted that the three years of his disappearance had been spent in some outlying portion of the British Empire. But as day by day the house filled up, and night by night he saw more and more costly jewels scintillate at dinner table, till by the evening of the ball he had given up the attempt to keep in his head even a rough estimate of the value of all this coruscating splendour, an immense enthusiasm took possession of him. For what a glorious stake were they playing! Even to play it and lose would be a privilege. But the word fail had no place in their bright lexicon. For who succeed, if not the bold; and who could be playing a bolder game than they?

(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 "bitters," "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.

This is a great secret and this is also the secret of the uniform success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. This is a comparatively new remedy, but its success and popularity leaves no doubt as to its merit.

The Tablets will digest the food anyway, regardless of condition of stomach. The sufferer from Dyspepsia, according to directions, is to eat an abundance of good, wholesome food and use the tablets before and after each meal, and the result will be that the food will be digested no matter how bad your Dyspepsia may be, because, as before stated, the tablets will digest the food even if the stomach is wholly inactive. To illustrate our meaning plainly, if you take 1-800 grains of meat, eggs or ordinary food, and place it in a temperature of 9 degrees, and put with it one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets it will digest the meat or eggs almost as perfectly as if the meat was enclosed within the stomach.

The stomach may be ever so weak, yet these tablets will perform the work of digestion and the body and brain will be properly nourished, and at the same time a radical, lasting cure of Dyspepsia will be made because the much-abused stomach will be given, to some extent, a much needed rest. Your druggist will tell you that of all the many remedies advertised to cure Dyspepsia none of them have given so complete and general satisfaction as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and not least in importance is these hard times is the fact that they are also the cheapest and give the most good for the least money.

WINTER'S BREATH IN SUNNY ITALY.

Rome, Nov. 15.—Unusually cold weather and wind storm from the north prevail throughout the peninsula, causing considerable damage and suffering.

In Naples an old woman was found dead in the streets from exposure. Several bad accidents in the Alps are reported.

GRAND FALLS

Party Still Getting Free Board in Bangor . . . A Cited Police Court.

Grand Falls, Nov. 15.—The many friends of Joe O'Regan consider him a phenomenally lucky sportsman. A few days ago, he shot another bear and a fox near Ryan Brook. Several weeks ago, he shot a large bear and a bull moose in the same locality. Bruin has greatly increased in number within a few years, and in some places, he is a menace to the sheep-raising industry.

Local members are being pressed to urge the government to restore the bounty on bears.

George Mockler, who was arrested about a week ago in Calais, Me., for violating Alien Contract Labor Law, was brought before U. S. Commissioner Hamlin in Bangor, on Thursday, and committed for trial. Bonds were fixed at \$500.00. Four of his party from Grand Falls, are held as witnesses against him, and they must remain in goal until the trial, unless they are enabled to furnish bonds in the sum of \$100.00 each. The case will be tried at the next term of the United States District Court, to be held in Portland, Me., about the middle of December.

The Town Council has fitted up a neat court room in the town building for the Police Magistrate and attorneys, and there are seats for a large number of spectators. The court room has now a citified appearance, and Police Magistrate Hally is proud of his new quarters.

A. B. Burns, J. S. Knight, and A. G. Golding, St. John, registered at the Curless Hotel, today.

The Pythians will hold a grand concert and ball, in their hall, in Limestone, Me., on Thanksgiving night. A large number from here propose to attend.

PRICES IN HALIFAX.

Tenders for the supply of fodder and feed for the Halifax civic departments were opened this week, as follows:
E. J. Fenton—Hay, \$14.00; oats, 45c.; bran, \$22.00; straw, \$10.00.
J. S. Cashen—Hay, \$13.00; oats, 44c.; bran, \$22.00; straw, \$10.00.
F. W. Fraser—Hay, \$13.50; oats, 45c.; bran, \$23.00; straw, \$10.50.
The tender of J. S. Cashen, being the lowest, was accepted.

DO YOU READ THE TIMES AND LIKE IT? TELL YOUR FRIENDS IT IS YOUR FAVORITE PAPER.

Millinery. Millinery. Millinery.

We are now showing one of the choicest and finest selections in Fall and Winter styles of trimmed ready to wear hats in the City, and for prices we are second to none. Orders for hats promptly executed, and the knowledge of experienced hands is at the disposal of our customers if desired gratis.

Our All Wool Frieze Coats for Ladies at \$3.95 are still selling for this week only.

B. MYERS,
696 Main Street.



RECEIVED THIS MEDAL.



This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

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Ale and Porter 4 C per glass or tankard.

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Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action

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If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living

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ALL DRUGGISTS