

# Two Blooming

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

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

# The Adventures of Two Criminals.

# Bay Trees.

(Concluded)

"Now," said Piggy, "I want you, Childs-Gordon, to be off at once with the cab and the driver; it's no good that he should see too much. Remember, eleven a. m. to the second, you hand in your cheque, and at eleven five I shall be at Van Coortvelt's end of the telephone. At noon, we meet in the smoking-room of the Criterion to divide the swag. As for this beauty on the box, make him take you right back to Westminster Bridge; then pay him, and let him go; he can lose the cab, and lose himself, as soon as he likes."

"You don't think he's a danger?" asked Childs-Gordon, a trifle dubiously.

"Not with twenty pounds in his pocket," said Piggy laughing. "He'll be dead drunk by noon, and be more or less drunk till the money is finished. But, anyway, all we need is clear twenty-four hours to disappear after that, it doesn't matter what anyone knows."

"If you should fail at the telephone?"

"Hang it, man, don't I tell you that I don't fail? But if by any extraordinary combination of circumstances, anything did go wrong, you're all right. All they can do is to politely ask you to call again, when signature's all right, and it's not your fault that he doesn't keep a balance that will enable him to meet his obligations. They can't stop you leaving the bank. Now, here is the boat getting close; you better be off. I should like to offer you a passage, but, unfortunately, our arrangements don't allow of passengers, always excepting our transatlantic friend."

"Then, turning to Mr. Albert Peachey, he continued:

"Here you, Peachey, or whatever you call yourself, I promised you twenty pounds. See, I give them now to this gentleman. You are to drive to Westminster Bridge; then he will hand them to you. After that you can go to the devil."

"And so the cab drove off. The next minute Jack leaped ashore.

"All right, I see, you dear old Piggums!" he said. "I've been as anxious as the devil though, watching there for your signal. I got your letter about finding Childs-Gordon. All go off well?"

"Like clockwork, that is, with the exception of one little hitch, which will entail my going ashore to-morrow. But I'll tell you all that afterwards. Let's get our captive on board now, before anyone comes along. Here, you take his head, and I'll take his heels."

And in this manner Van Coortvelt

was plumped into the dinghy, and so rowed off to the Sea Queen.

Nor did Jack fail to introduce himself, and remind the little millionaire of their former acquaintance.

### CHAPTER XX. Good-Bye All!

The next morning Piggy was ashore betimes to carry out his part of the arrangements. He had no fear of failure for himself, but on the other points, he was not without some anxiety. Would Childs-Gordon present the cheque, or would his courage fail at the critical moment? And, granted that he cashed the cheque, would he turn up, as arranged, to share the booty, or would he play false, and, the hundred thousand pounds once in his possession, disappear with the whole of it?

But all went well. Piggy entered, used the telephone, and left the Van Coortvelt mansion without so much as catching sight of a housemaid's nose. And, like an honorable thief, Childs-Gordon was duly on hand at noon at the Criterion to share the swag.

From Fenchurch Street to Gravesend is not long by train, and, on week-days, the trains run every half hour. As the Gravesend clocks were striking two, the Sea Queen spread her wings, and, the tide in her favour, began to make her way down the river. Piggy's last act on English soil had been to post a prettily worded note of farewell addressed "Inspector Mackay, Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, W. C."

All the polite travelled world knows the Princess Chichini's beautiful villa at Madeira, with its celebrated grounds, studded with statuary, reaching down to the sea. Just a month after the sailing of the Sea Queen from England, the Princess was giving one of her famous fetes; and, as always in Madeira, with the exception of the Portuguese Governor and a few officials, the company was almost entirely English. The beautiful Chateleine was standing by a fountain, receiving graceful compliments from a couple of bald-headed peers, and other compliments, more sincere, but not so graceful, from the young Earl of Watterley, a lordling not long out of Harrow. The latter, though he really thought the Princess "awfully stummin', doncherknow," was more at home in the cricket field than in ladies' society, and, to tell the truth, was getting just a little bored. He had turned away to hide a yawn, when he suddenly became aware of something unusual taking

place on the broad terrace which formed the water-front.

"Bai Jove! what the—beg pardon, Princess, but there seems to be some sort of an excitement on over there. Shall I go and see?"

Before she could answer he was running over to where now quite a little knot of men were congregated.

"'Whats'up?" asked Watterley of Jack Darcy, now elbowing his way from the centre to the outside of the throng.

Then he perceived that Darcy was quite doubled up with laughter, so that he could hardly reply.

"I say, hang it all, tell a fellow what's happening! Don't keep the joke all to yourself, man!"

"Oh, lor!" replied the other; "you never saw such a—I say, though, here are some ladies coming; that'll never do, hi! Miss Vere, Lady Chewson, don't come here! Damn it! Stand round, you fellows, can't you!—no, Miss Vere, I assure you there is nothing to see—that is, there is; but it's—er—dangerous, it's a—er—a rattlesnake, escaped from a menagerie."

"It seems to be a very amusing rattlesnake, at all events," said Lady Crewson coldly raising her eyebrows. "Come away, my dear."

"Now, perhaps, you'll condescend to tell a fellow what it's all about?" said Lord Watterley a little irritably, when the two ladies had withdrawn.

The question nearly produced another paroxysm; but, eventually, Mr. Darcy managed to explain.

"The rummiest go you ever saw in your natural!" he said. "A skinny, hairy little devil of the male sex, with a bald head and a long beard, came puffing and blowing out of the water like a merman. Naked as a flint talks Yankee, and is going on nineteen to the dozen about his being a kidnapped millionaire, put into the sea six hours ago with a lifebuoy and a tooth-brush, and told to swim ashore. Wants gunboats, and Lord knows what! I think he's a lunatic."

Until he was quite out of danger they kept the news from Inspector Mackay, which was as well. When he did return to duty, to find the police studying the problem of the disappearance of Van Coortvelt, and, on his own desk, a little note of polite farewell, signed, "Your friends of Tony Croft, Kew, and the Sofian, for once in his life Inspector Mackay was that rarest of spectacles, a Scotchman in a rage.

But he was not the man to sit still under defeat. By dint of hard work, a clue was at last obtained. A constable of duty, passing the Van Coortvelt house the evening of its

owner's disappearance, had had his attention drawn to a four-wheel cab waiting at the door. Something, he hardly knew what, about the driver had struck him as unprofessional. Had he been on duty at the time, he would have demanded to see his badge; as it was, he contented himself with making a mental note of the number of the cab, which, as it happened, was a series of figures easy to remember. Instant enquiries unearthed the driver, only to find that he too had just been in a peck of trouble. His cab, a few hours before the constable had seen it, had been stolen while he was getting some bread and cheese in a public house, to be discovered, some twenty hours later, with a strange horse between the shafts, somewhere in Southwark. Inspector Mackay went to see the animal, but, alas! the miracle of Baalam was not to be repeated; there was nothing about him to suggest a clue, and, though his doubtless knew much, he could not tell it.

However, Inspector Mackay was a man had to beat. Starting afresh at the spot where the cab had been found, spreading his net very large, with meshes very small, making minute and exhaustive enquiries at every public-house, coffee-shop, hotel and common lodging-house in the district, at length another clue was found, which, after being followed through a maze of unpleasant ramifications, eventually led the Inspector and two constables to a gentleman lying in a pleasant state of intoxication in a Southwark doss-house.

He was not so intoxicated as not to understand the position. On the contrary, he seemed to be waiting for some such visit, and, now that it had come, accepted it with quite amiable philosophy.

"S'all ri', guv'nor," he said. "Knowed you was comin'—appy ter see yet. But, yer know, it ain't reely me yer wants; what you want ter do is ter git 'old of the Reverend John 'Awtree."

And Piggy and Jack, with Pehro, their faithful henchman, sailed peacefully down the North East Trades, enjoyed a few delicious, lazy weeks in the Dol drums, then picked up the Southern Trades, and shaped course for— But if you want to hear about their further adventures, you must buy another book.

### THE END.

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Mr. Dobbins says: he is wedded to his art. Yes, said Miss Cayenne, wedded but with ample ground for divorce.

# One Came Out After the Other.

# Suffered With Boils for Six Months.

Mr. Elie Braizeau, Meadowside Station, Ont., tells of his experience with Boils and

### Burdock Blood Bitters.

He says:—In the Spring of 1889 I was continually troubled with boils—ong coming after another for about six months. I suffered terribly, and was in a very bad condition. In August I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and began to feel better after taking it. I kept on until I had used five bottles, and can truthfully say that I was cured, and have remained so ever since. I have not had the least sign of a boil."

There is nothing like Burdock Blood Bitters for bad blood, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, indigestion, or any trouble arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

# FUSHIMI PLEASED.

# Japanese Prince finds many Friends in America.

New York, Dec. 14.—The American Asiatic Association held its annual dinner at Delmonico's Monday night, with Prince Fushimi of Japan as the principal guest. The first speaker was Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Loomis, who responded to the toast: "The President of the United States." He said in part:

"Eight million American voters have responded to the sentiment which I am asked to consider this evening. Anything I say will be lost in the reverberating echoes of that prodigious acclaim which was, as we all know, more than a party victory. It is with Theodore Roosevelt, the typical American, that you and I are concerned. If he cannot scale the uttermost heights, he will dauntlessly struggle up as far as courage,

activity and intelligence will carry him. People open their hearts to him because of his manifold compelling qualities; because he is always ready to be right; because, in short, he is every inch a man. The President represents a great force because he is a moral influence; he is able to arouse and stimulate lofty and uplifting sentiments in the minds and hearts of the people. The man who can make the homely virtues, as well as the lofty ideals, beautiful and essential to a considerable number of his fellowbeings has not lived in vain."

"Between the President and the men who are doing good and honest work all over the world there is a bond of sympathy and interest. The soldier prince of Japan and the President of the United States, when they met, did not meet as strangers. Though men of different race, different education, different points of view—each instinctively and instantly recognized in the other those splendid qualities of human nature which are peculiar to no race and to no clime."

After a toast had been drunk to the mikado, Prince Fushimi replied to the welcome extended by President S. D. Webb of the association, saying in part: "In travelling through your country I have already discovered that I am among a people who entertain the most friendly feelings toward my own, and I feel confident that the aim of your association and the object of a mission, which are identical, will be greatly promoted by this friendly union. I assure you that your expression of high esteem, which I shall not forget to convey to his imperial majesty, will be a source of profound satisfaction to his majesty, the emperor of Japan. Thanking you again for the courtesies extended to me, I raise my cup to drink to the health of the President of the United States to the prosperity of the American people and to the success of the American Asiatic Association." The other speakers were General Stewart L. Woodford, Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University and General F. D. Grant, U. S. A.

### AN OPEN SECRET.

Only the manufacturers know the secret of making "SWISS FOOD." Few however don't know that it is the best breakfast cereal. P. McIntosh & Son, Millers, Toronto.

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