

Two Blooming

BY
DOUGLAS WINTON.

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

The Adventures of Two Criminals.

Bay Trees.

(Continued.)
"No interde!" said Jack, with his best Spanish accent. "Simple Spanish," replied Piggy. "And that pencil, I'm going to draft an advertisement—wait—you'll see in a minute." After scribbling a bit he resumed: "Here, what do you think of this: To be let for the autumn, a six-roomed Alaskan log chalet, very comfortable and picturesque, together with five hundred acres excellent shooting. Apply in first instance, A. C. 9, Rivesmeade Road, Cowes. What do you think of that?"
"I think it's a pretty mad sort of advertisement," replied Jack, laughing. "What the devil is an Alaskan log chalet? I never heard of such a thing."
"Neither did I," replied Piggy, "and that is the beauty of it. When I look down the house columns of the D. T., and see an ad. of an Alaskan log chalet, I shall know for certain that that ad. emanates from the brain of my one and only friend, Jack Demersé—there is no danger of getting it mixed up with anyone else's. Twig now?"
"Yes, I do," replied Jack. "And the idea's a duce good one; but what is the ad. to be supposed to mean?"
"The whole ad. is a fake," Piggy replied, "except the word 'Cowes,' or whatever other word you choose to put in place of it. We might make a regular cypher code by fingering changes on the number of acres and the number of the house given; but we hardly have time, and I don't think it worth while either; so, on seeing the ad., I will know at once that a letter to you, post restante Cowes, will be called for. If, instead of Cowes, I saw Southsea, it would be to Southsea that I should write, and so on."
"In what name?" asked Jack.
"Piggy thought a moment. 'The name I've given the street,' he said, 'that's as good as any other.' John Rivesmeade you shall be, Jack."
"Quite so," Jack replied; "but how am I to write to you?"
"Write in duplicate to the G. P. O. and the S. E. district post office," said Piggy. "If I think it's safe, I'll get one or other letter; if not, I must arrange something else, and will write you what."
"Before eight they had parted with a hearty handshake—Jack to set out on his long round to Yarmouth, Piggy to hide himself in the East End. This was not hard. London is a big place, and a busy place, and people have not much time to spare for commenting on the doings of others; so that when Piggy entered a coffee-shop and ordered some ham and eggs

and then, having asked if they had rooms to let, and the answer being in the affirmative, had hired one, and declared his intention of going up there and then, as he had been up most of the night, at the same time paying in advance, no one asked any questions! A paper boy entered while he was taking his breakfast, and he bought a couple of papers, and took them up with him, in case he should wish to read himself to sleep.
"Why! what on earth is this?" he exclaimed, as, having removed his boots and coat only, he threw himself dressed on the bed, and opened the first of his two papers, a Daily Mail. "Strange story of robbery on the high seas! Haul of half a million sterling! Steamer Sofian said to have had her specie-room broken open! H'm—h'm—this becomes interesting—let's read; but in speciality at Madeira to report loss. The devil she did! Didn't think of that. However can't see that much harm's done. Enquiries at office this morning—no confirmation—h'm—afraid I can supply that myself—on the other hand, no denial—silly asses—some clerk—thinks himself a Metternich—matter in the hands of the police—no details." Piggy, my boy, and you too, Jack, I faint in penitence chaud pour vous mes enfants! The sooner you are off the better. And yet we'll not go without our passenger Van Coortvelt shall have his sea voyage, and get squeezed for the good of his health, whatever the risk now to sleep."
Danger calmed Piggy's nerves, or he should never have been the hero of this story. He put down the paper, turned on his side, and slept till four o'clock, when he got up, and went down to the coffee-room, where he had a meal; then to the nearest chemist's, where he made a small purchase and consulted a Directory, taking seven notes. His next stop was to visit a barber and get shaved; then, when he had left the flat, none too presentable yachting cap which hitherto he had worn, at a hatter's, and assumed a billycock in its place, bought and put on a light overcoat and gloves, and bought a three-and-sixpenny stick, he considered his appearance sufficiently indicative of a banking account to go and negotiate the purchase of a diving apparatus. As he had the notes in his pocket he could have got it, of course, if he had been in rags; but Piggy's wise plan was always to avoid attracting unnecessary attention. The purchase of the diving plant was a simple matter, and he ordered it to be packed ready for instant transport; but explained that, for a day or two, it was uncertain

whether it was to Cowes or elsewhere that it would have to be sent; said, in fact, that he could not tell until he heard from a friend who was yachting off the east coast; but he would call in again in a few days and give final directions. Asked for his address, he gave unblushingly that of the most aristocratic club of which he could think; at the same time saying it was useless to write there, as he would certainly call himself, having to be daily in the city for other purposes. He paid for the machine in cash; then broached the subject of taking a few lessons in diving. Here, however, the firm could do nothing for him, but give him the addresses of several well-known divers, living mostly in the neighbourhood of Gravesend. It was not in his plans to go to Gravesend that evening, on the contrary, he had other fish to fry. On the other hand, no time must be lost so, going to the first good tavern he came to, he called for pen, ink, paper, and stamps, and wrote letters to three of the divers, offering them practically their own price for a few lessons in diving, directing the answers to be sent to him care of the firm of diving apparatus makers. Then, as it was not yet quite late enough for the visit he wished to pay, he got on top of a long distance bus, paid his fare to the terminus, and smoked several pipes, while, in the now quickly darkening night, he was being conveyed away to the north-west of London.
His plans for that evening were, it is true, sufficiently vague. He had seen in the day's Fashionable Intelligence that the Van Coortvelt family were at present in Paris; but, from what he knew of the old gentleman himself, he was pretty sure that he would not be with them, but would be found at the town mansion in Park Lane. Now partly, as he had explained that morning to Jack, from a kind of superstition, partly, most probably, from pig-headedness, Piggy was determined not to leave the country without carrying out his idea of kidnapping the millionaire; but how it was to be done, that was another matter. He could no longer approach him as Schmidt, the inventor, nor was there time to imitate Jack, and make the old Yankee's acquaintance at his favourite Turkish Bath. What was to be done had to be done quickly, and for the life of him, puzzle his brains as he would, he could not hit on a workable scheme. However, as a first step, he was going to have a look at the house in Park Lane and see if he could find an inspiration. If nothing better presented itself, he would spend a little time at the nearest corner pub, and

see if he could not strike up an acquaintance with some of the men servants. After several more omnibus journeys, undertaken solely to pass in the time, he alighted at the Marble Arch just as the clocks were striking eleven. He strolled down Park Lane, close to the railings, until he came opposite No. 591, which was the Van Coortvelt town mansion. And now, as sometimes happens, Fortune was to step in and help him in a way he never dreamed of.

As he was surveying the house from the other side of the road, a tallish, military-looking—at least, he was very erect, and seen in the lamplight, across the width of the street, that was enough to give him a military appearance—individual came up from the Belgravia end and stepped briskly up the steps of the house he was watching. Piggy crossed over silently, and was just in time to get a good view of him as the servant opened the door, and the brilliant light of the hall fell full on his figure. But one look was enough for Piggy; without waiting an instant, but also without any appearance of haste, even as he looked he turned, and walked away Belgravia wards, whence the other had come.

"Whew!" he said; "it's that not that self-same detective I hit over the head, may I be—I wonder what he wants?"
Directly he was far enough off to do so with safety he looked round. Apparently the visitor's errand, whatever it was, was without result; for the door shut, and the erect gentleman, who was no other than Inspector Mackay, descended the steps and began to walk away, not quite so briskly as before, this time towards Marble Arch. Seeing this, Piggy turned on his heel, and began to stroll back. Just as he was still a few yards the Belgravia side of the Van Coortvelt front door, the latter was flung violently open, and the well-remembered, grizzled little figure of the master of the house appeared, hatless and in evening dress, peering eagerly up and down the street. Piggy, to avoid seeming to watch the house, began to cross over, still keeping an eye on the doorway. Behind Van Coortvelt loomed the figure of the big footman who had opened the door to the detective. The latter, apparently, was getting a pretty severe wiggling.

"You're a durned fool, sir, that's what you are!" his master was saying. "Not at home doesn't mean that I'm out to a gentleman who comes on business. What? Didn't know? You look as if you didn't know enough to get in out of the rain. Went up the street, you say? Well, you've got to run after him. Scat! though—you'd never find him. Go and put some cigars in the study. I'll catch him. Leave the door open, stupid!"
The little millionaire ran excitedly down the steps and after the detective, the big footman disappeared majestically, and Piggy, acting on a sudden impulse, gave one quick glance round to assure himself that he was unobserved, then stole into the house. Luckily, he wore rubber-soles. An open door away down the hall on the right, whence came the sound of some one moving about,

ONE BOX OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED DROPSY.

Dropsy is not a disease in itself, as many people believe, but is an evidence of very severe kidney trouble. Dropsy is caused by watery particles oozing through the walls of the arteries when they are distended by unusual pressure, which can only be caused by obstructions in the kidneys. The symptoms of Dropsy are puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, urine changed in character and appearance, smothering feeling from exertion or excitement. The only rational method of treating this disease is to reach the kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition.

The most successful remedy for this purpose is Doan's Kidney Pills. Read what Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithville, N. S., says of them:—"I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and turned to dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet became bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and found by their use that I was cured in a very short time. I have never had any trouble with it since."
Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.
The DOAN Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

told him the whereabouts of the study. He slipped into a nearer room, which was in darkness, but probably the dining-room, and waited breathlessly, holding the door on the latch, until he heard the flunkey's footsteps as he returned to take up his position on guard at the front door. Then, if his intrusion was to lead to any result, he had to take a big chance, to steal from the dining-room to the study, with the footman there in the outer hall; but the latter, what with his outraged dignity and his ordinary professional stolidity, was thinking of nothing less than keeping his eyes about him; what intelligence he had was employed in watching for the "guy" nor's return. Piggy made his entry into the study unobserved, and since there was no time to clothe, ensconced himself in the first hiding-place that offered behind the voluminous folds of the window curtains. Scarcely had he finished arranging himself when the door opened, Van Coortvelt and the detective entered, there was a scraping of chairs, and they sat down.

(To be continued.)
IS THERE A MATTER TO WHICH YOU THINK PUBLIC ATTENTION SHOULD BE CALLED? TELL THE TIMES ABOUT IT.

NAN PATTERSON. Eager Lovers Want to Marry Her Right Away.

(Portland Advertiser.)
The little god Hymen goes wrong sometimes, it seems. He has gone wrong this time in the middle West, from where the following letters have been sent to Miss Nan Patterson, at present on trial charged with the murder of a sport, rounder and gambler, Caesar Young, in New York, some months ago:
Dearest Nan—I have seen your photo. The Mound City Gazette and I fell in love with you right away. I always had a weakness for theatrical ladies, and I want you to marry me. I own two big farms, and can give you a good home. You won't have to work, and I'll see that you have a fine time. When shall I come to New York? We can have the wedding now, or I will wait till you're out of this mess.—From a South Dakota Farmer.

Dearest Nan—I have seen your photograph, and I judge that you are strong and good looking and will make me a good wife, though I don't expect you to do any manual work. If you are willing to marry me, I will do my best to make you happy. I own a big farm and can give you a respectable home. Perhaps the opportunity given you here to live down your past will furnish you sufficient inducement to come. I mean what I say. I love you and I want to marry you.—From an Iowa Farmer, signed "Thompson."

Miss Patterson's father proudly says that letters like this arrive by every mail. And still, we wonder at crime!

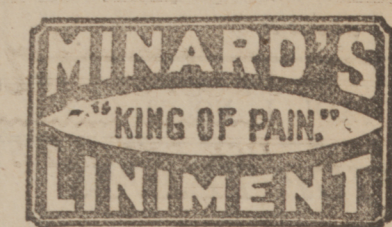
SHORT IN HIS CASH.
East St. Louis, Ills., Dec. 6.—Charles Frost, confidential clerk and bookkeeper for the National stock yards firm, is under arrest on a warrant sworn out by Tarleton Company and Irons, charging him with being \$16,000 short in his accounts. A shortage in connection with the accounts of the other company is also alleged but Frost denies the charges.

The Hardest Pain to Endure
Is the pain of a tender corn, but experience proves that corns are cured quickest by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's never burns or causes sores. The only painless cure is Putnam's. Use no other.

\$2.75—Up to Date Ladies' Skirt—\$2.75

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, 695 Main Street. \$2.75



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.

YORKSHIRE BAR.

Ale and Porter 4^C per glass or tankard.

Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London.

ENGLAND, 1886.

European Plan. - 20 Mill St.

J. RHEA

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The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

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