

# Two Blooming

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked... spread his hands like a green bay-tree."—Ps. xcvii. v. 35.

# The Adventures of Two Criminals. Bay Trees.

(Continued.)

Then he passed up towards the other end of the room, where ranged on shelves were the bottles and carboys, in pots and jars, which Piggy used in his chemical experiments. There were three carboys only. The Inspector tried to take down the first, but it was too heavy; however, he was able to tilt it, and satisfy himself that it contained liquid. The second was lighter, and with some difficulty he got it down, uncorked it, and put his nose to the orifice. The test of smell, apparently, was unsatisfactory, for he next proceeded to open it, to pour out the contents, though he must have been sure by now that they were not of a liquid nature. Something rattled in the interior of the carboy, then seemingly stuck in the neck; the detective shook it, and finding that no good, an idea struck him, and he lit the gas; then held the carboy, still neck downwards, against the light. From the mouth to the shoulder of the carboy, he saw something of the contents. They appeared to consist of an assortment of small, variously shaped parcels, wrapped in tissue-paper. At least, that was the best he could make out through the coarse green glass of which the carboy was composed. The odd thing was that nearly all these parcels seemed too big to have ever been put in the mouth of the carboy; it was like the puzzle of the ship in the bottle. He turned the big wicker-cased jar this way and that, occasionally shaking it, trying to manoeuvre one of the smaller parcels to the bottom, which he might then perhaps be able to coax out at the neck. Inadvertently he hit the mouth of a smart rap sideways on the table, over which he was shaking it; as he did so the whole of the glass, from the mouth to the shoulder—that is, all the part above the wicker casing—fell off. It had been cut through and was only held by the wicker work; that was left was a sort of glass bucket covered with wicker.

"Whew!"

The Inspector whistled, plucked his hand into the receptacle, and seized one of the parcels. Rapidly taking off the paper, he had just time to catch a glimpse of a shimmering, scintillating collection of rubies and diamonds, when—became dark! The next thing he knew, he was lying on the floor, and Robbins was bending over him holding something to his lips.

"Have you got him?" was Inspector Mackay's first inquiry.

"No, sir, and I haven't even seen him. I waited outside the wall for half an hour as you told me; then, getting anxious, I got the constable at the boat to keep watch, and came over and found you like this. You've had a nasty knock, sir."

"Give me a hand up," was the Inspector's only reply. "Of course!" he said, when, having looked round, he saw nothing left of the carboy but the detachable neck. "Robbins, this is the Tony Croft chap's crib right enough; but we've missed 'em. They've got clean off. I feel like a school-girl. You must give me a hand to the wall, Robbins, and hold me over somehow. Then you wait here, while I go to the Kew police-station and get my head bandaged up; I'll send you some one from there to keep you company, then I must take a cab to headquarters. That chap who knocked me over the head has to be found, cost what it may. One thing, he had a sufficiently peculiar looking parcel with him. Well, every constable in London this morning has to be on the look-out for him. And cabs—likely as not he'll be taking a cab with that thing. Well, if he does, he gives us one chance the more. Robbins, these chaps are clever, and the fact of their not being regular pros. counts in some ways in their favor. That fellow must have got away in a boat, and a regular Bill Sykes would hardly have done that; but he'll take a cab and before twenty-four hours, perhaps in much less, we'll know where he took it. At least, we'll hope so; but while I'm chattering here he is getting farther away. There's just a chance, too, that he may be hidden somewhere in the place. I'm no good; we'll get the constable over the wall, and you and he must go over the whole ground, so as not to miss a mouse. I'll look on."

But the search, carefully conducted though it was, revealed nothing. And the ground being hard and dry there were no footprints. The Inspector, now a little recovered, made his way to Kew Police-station, and was soon in the hands of the divisional surgeon. While he was being bandaged came a telephone for him, "Inspector Mackay is to report at New Scotland Yard immediately."

"Go there, Inspector," said the doctor, "as it is on your way home; but you must tell them that you are to do no more work for a day or two. Lay up absolutely for forty-eight hours, and you'll be as right as ever you were; play the fool with it."

now, and this head of yours may give you bad trouble."

The Inspector nodded. All the same, he did not intend to neck his bed before making certain that every possible step had been taken to regain the trail of Mr. Demerse, or, it might be, the tenant of No. 16, Raticliffe street, who, he was pretty sure in his own mind, was the latter's accomplice. A cab was called, and he set out for "The Yard." During the drive he had leisure for a good deal of quiet thinking, the result of which was that, despite the hopes he had addressed to Robbins, the chances of the police being able to regain the trail and, perhaps even more important, possession of the diamonds, were but faint at best. A man carrying a peculiar parcel, taking a cab after midnight in a peculiar district of London, might be found, thanks to the admiral system of registration of public vehicles in vogue. But the individual who had given him his crack over the crown had left in a boat, and might have landed anywhere, and that was another matter. Also, he might very likely have thrown away the carboy and concealed the contents about his person. No, he would hope for the best; but calm reflection told him that the best chance of regaining the trail was in some new clue, which a detailed examination of the Kew premises by daylight might disclose. Well, it was his business to be patient; but, somehow or other—the Inspector's mouth was grim; he was becoming a personal matter between him and these Tony Croft men. Meantime, what could they want him for in such a hurry at "The Yard?"

Dismissing his cab on the Embankment, he entered the well-known building which forms the headquarters of London's guardians of the peace. He found himself eagerly expected. A superior, whom only some business of great importance could bring there at that time of night, was waiting for him.

"Well, Mackay," he said, on the latter's entry; "he stopped. 'Why, what's all this; been in the wars?'"

"A little," laughed the Inspector. "I was following up a chance clue in connection with the Tony Croft business, and—well, I was not quite clever enough."

"Well, I should like you to hear this new business that has just come in," said the Head Constable. "That is, if you are well enough?"

"I'm well enough for anything but running about, sir," replied Inspector Mackay, briskly; "the doctor says I must take a rest from that for a couple of days. What is it, sir; a big business, I suppose?"

"You may well call it that," replied the Head Constable; "it's the biggest thing I've had experience of since I've been in the force—bigger even than the Tony Croft affair. Here, it's all contained in this telegram—that is, cablegram—just received at the office of the Royal Brazil and Main Co., from the captain of their ship, the Sofian, from Madeira."

"The Sofian?" exclaimed Inspector Mackay.

"Yes; why? Do you know anything about her?"

"In a way; it may be nothing—just a coincidence; but I have just had to do with her name in connection with the other case I was working. But very likely there is something in it. What is the case, sir? I did not know that that line touched at Madeira."

"Neither do they; the Sofian only put in there to send this message. You had better read it?"

The message was unusually long, covering several printed cable forms. The Head Constable handed them, one at a time, to the Inspector. This is what he read.

"Brazzaville—

"That is the Company's telegraphic address in London," explained the Head Constable, in reply to his look of interrogations. "It went there, you know, in first instance."

The Inspector read on—

"Serious robbery on board. Thief or thieves concealed themselves in a large case in baggage-room, and cut way into specie-room. All specie boxes broken open and contents disappeared. Minute search fails to locate either money or criminals on board. Rev. John Hawtree, calling himself Church of England clergyman, came on board at London, cabin 132 supposed to be connected with the robbery. He is known to have dragged the baggage-man, and probably stolen key of baggage-room; not seen since Southampton. But one criminal certainly concealed in chest. My idea. Is this money must have been passed into a boat alongside at Southampton. Only cues are—

"Hullo, sir! it stops."

"No," said the Head Constable, "there is another slip; it must have dropped on the floor. Ah! here it is."

He picked up the cable form containing the last words of the message, and began to read out himself, the Inspector listening—

"Only cues are," you read. "Well, here is how it goes on. Large packing-case, outwardly of ordinary appearance, but carefully fitted inside for occupancy by a man, some burglar's tools, and some books, namely—

"Don't say, sir!" cried the Inspector. "I don't guess first, I guess, a copy of Don Quixote and a Spanish dictionary. Isn't it so?"

"And how the devil do you come to know that?" cried the Head Constable in amazement. "You are quite right, a copy of Don Quixote, a Spanish dictionary, and a Spanish grammar. But how on earth did you come to guess?"

"I've done nothing else but run across copies of Don Quixote lately, sir," said the Inspector. "There's a regular trail of them all along the Tony Croft case, and this Sofian business is by the same gang."

"By the same gang! Are you sure?"

"Sure as I can be, sir," the Inspector replied; and forthwith gave a re-

port of the result of his investigations. There was a good deal of telephoning during the small hours of that early autumn morning, and Inspector Mackay, forgetting all about the doctor's warning was sending and receiving messages till three a.m. By that time, all steps possible at that stage had been taken; and a certain stiffness and headache, joined to a considerable amount of fatigue, made him remember that he should be by rights on the sick list. With great yawns he told the orderly to get a cab, to which he decided to treat himself; but hardly had the man left the room, when—ting-ting-ting! there was another telephone call. It was from a sergeant detective, sent out some hours before, in connection with the efforts to find the cab taken by his assailant; he telephoned from Vine Street Police Station as follows: "Cab found, number 00379, four-wheeler; took up fare carrying circular wicker-work basket, some time about one in High Street, Kew, and drove him to a private hotel in Stamford Street. Does not know the number, but will recognize the house. I am coming on with him as soon as he has changed horses."

"We shall be at the yard in ten minutes."

"Orderly!" yelled the Inspector.

"That orderly was gone; but another appeared."

"Then after that chap, and say I shan't want the cab; I've got one coming."

(To be continued.)

## SACKVILLE NEWS

### Two Recent Deaths—Going to California—Personal Notes.

Sackville, Dec. 3.—The funeral of the late Margaret Cadman, who passed away at the Massachusetts General Hospital on Monday, was held from her father's residence, Great Shemogue, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, and was largely attended. The deceased, who was only 21 years old, was a young lady of estimable character, and the news of her death will be heard, with sincere regret by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Very great regard was felt in this community on Thursday morning, when it was learned that the death of Mrs. Walter J. Dixon had taken place. Mrs. Dixon's condition had been serious for the past week and reached a critical point on Wednesday. Deceased was 30 years old, and was the second daughter of Warden Amos Trueman, Upper Point-de-Bute. Mrs. Dixon is survived by her husband, two sons and two daughters. A large circle of friends will deeply sympathize with the bereaved.

Miss Ada Moore of California is the guest of Senator and Mrs. Wood. Harvey Copp, who has been seriously ill is reported to be resting easier to-day.

Miss Jennie Fawcett of Upper Sackville, leaves today for California, accompanied by her cousin, Edgar Tuttle. On the eve of her departure the choir and congregation presented her with a well filled purse. Miss Fawcett has been organist in the Methodist church for a number of years, and her departure will be regretted by a host of friends. Mr. Tuttle has been in poor health for some time. His many friends hope that he will be benefited by the change.

### PROFITING BY CRIME.

(New York World.)

The peculiar suit brought by John Brown, of Augusta, Ga., against an insurance company to recover the amount of policy upon the life of the wife whom he killed, might well excite smiles among those unversed in law.

Strange as it may seem, however, Brown's chances of success appear to be about equal. While on the one hand in 1886, Justice Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States observed, in a case almost identical with Brown's that "it would be a reproach to the jurisprudence of the country if one could recover money payable on the death of a party whose life he had feloniously taken," and though the New York Court of Appeals three years later, in the celebrated case of Riggs vs. Palmer, held that where a legatee murders the testator he forfeits his legacy, there is an opposite view which has received the sanction of the Supreme Courts of such states as Nebraska and North Carolina.

The not illogical stand was taken that as the criminal law provides a punishment for murder, and since forfeiture of property has never formed a part of American jurisprudence there is, therefore, no justification for an attempt "to supply legislation the necessity for which has been suggested by subsequent events."

In the North Carolina case it was held that a widow convicted of being an accessory to her husband's murder and confined in state prison is nevertheless entitled to dower in his lands.

It would seem therefore, that Brown may have a chance, since even in the New York Court of Appeals two of the judges, Danforth and Gray, dissented from the prevailing opinion.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE**

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the sinuses, stops droppings in the passages, stops discharges, Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

## 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 do not dare to do 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.

## MR. TWEEDIE HAS PARTNER.

### Interesting General News From the Miramichi District.

Chatham, Dec. 1.—The remains of Henry Ullick who died of brain fever last Friday, in a lumber camp, in Maine, where he was employed, arrived at his home, Chatham Head, Tuesday night. The funeral was held this afternoon, the interment being in St. Paul's cemetery. The deceased was 36 years old, and leaves a wife and three young children.

The many friends of Miss Helen MacLachlan heard with sorrow of her death, which occurred at her home, in Nelson, Monday after an illness of several months. The deceased was 74 years old, and was a daughter of the late John MacLachlan. The surviving are Mrs. Eliza Gotehell of Nelson, and Mrs. Margaret McLeod, and Miss Elizabeth MacLachlan, of Newcastle. The funeral was largely attended was held on Wednesday afternoon, service being conducted by Rev. Mr. Arnott and the interment was in St. James' cemetery.

The Skidd Bros. who have the contract of re-wiring and placing electric lights in the Maritime Sulphite Pulp Mill, began the work on Tuesday.

A very successful oyster supper, fancy sale and entertainment under the auspices of the ladies of St. Andrew's church was held in the Masonic hall last evening. Rev. W. W. Rainnie gave two Scotch dialect readings and Mr. McEachern's orchestra played during the evening. There was a large attendance and the cash receipts were satisfactory.

Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Robinson of Millerton, left on Monday for Boston, where they will spend two months.

A. A. Anderson is in St. John. So far smelts have been almost a total failure here. They are both very scarce and small.

A. H. Marquis returned last night, from a business trip to Moncton.

Jacob Layton, of Blackville, who has been ill at the Hotel Dieu hospital the last ten days seems to be slowly improving.

J. Archibald Haviland L. L. B. who was recently admitted an attorney of the Supreme Court, and Hon. L. J. Tweedie have entered into partnership. The new firm will practice law under the name of Tweedie and Haviland, and have an office at Chatham.

Mr. Haviland is a graduate of Dalhousie Law School, Halifax.

### An Ordinary Pill

Is liable to cause griping pains, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut never grip or cause any pain whatsoever. The mildest and most effective physic. Sure cure for headache and biliousness. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Nearly 10,000 acres of land, with water rights, east of Pueblo, Colorado, in the famous Arkansas valley, were recently acquired by a syndicate, supposed to be representing the American Best Sugar Company. The syndicate is reported to have secured this land, to insure a sufficient crop of beets to maintain the several factories already in operation in the district and others which will soon be built there.

According to one of the officials at the Paris museum of natural history there are about 400,000 species of animals on land and in the ocean; 280,000 of these are insects.

## RURAL COUNCILS. In England They are Inclined to Be Reckless in Expenditure.

(London Times.)

Those of my readers who have already gathered from the previous articles of this series (1) that there are many rural districts where a railway company pays any proportion up to 80 per cent. of the local rates; (2) that the actual assessment of a railway company's "running line" in any particular parish is based on the whole of the traffic, local or through, that passes over it; and (3) that the amount of local rates paid by such railway company must influence the rates and charges imposed by the railway itself on its customers, will still want to know how it comes about that the expenditure of the rural parishes themselves is assuming such substantial proportions as not only to swell seriously the "municipal debt" of the country, but to cause also serious additions to those local rates which, though imposed in many an obscure parish in the country, nevertheless work out, in the way described, to the direct disadvantage of the average trader in the towns.

We come here to certain conditions of our English local government administration which have yet to be realized by the British public. In the days when the affairs of a rural parish were looked after by the general vestry, the meetings at which they were discussed were attended mainly by the local aspirants, some landed proprietors, and a few of the largest farmers, and whatever the shortcomings of these persons, they were rarely disposed to overtax the actual financial resources of the locality. But with the creation of parish councils, the conduct of local affairs passed into the hands of a different set of men, who, regarding themselves more or less as members of the local legislature, were too often unduly impressed by a sense both of their newly-conferred powers and of their own importance, and proceeded to incur liabilities from which the previous rulers of the parish would have shrunk. This has especially been the case in regard to costly drainage, water and lighting schemes, isolation hospitals, fire engines, and so on, the wide spread aspiration being to secure for what are mostly agricultural or otherwise strictly rural districts advantages and conveniences of the same kind, if not on just the same scale, as those that have been secured in larger centres of population. If the places in question were able and willing, to pay for these things out of their own resources, outsiders would have no reason to criticize their procedure; but what is actually happening in very many instances throughout England and Wales is that relatively costly schemes are brought forward because the expenditure thereon can be defrayed mainly from the local rates assessed on some railway company or other.

Strong efforts are being made to secure the establishment of the proposed letter carriers' home for sick and invalid members of the national organization, at Denver, Colorado. It is believed that Denver will be favored as the site of the home by the majority of the delegates to next year's convention.

## MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.

Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Do not delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow if you do—Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm of Pain through the Heart, Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

**WEAK SPELLS CURED.**

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N. S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

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