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MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

Thieves' Correspondence.

To the habitual criminal it is often of vital importance that he should be able to communicate swiftly and secretly with an accomplice, either to elaborate a scheme of rascality or send a warning of imminent danger from the police. Nobody knows better than he, however that by availing himself of the orthodox channels he runs the risk of discovery. Hence it is becoming a common practice for clever rogues never to communicate in a straightforward way if they can avoid it, but, instead, to set up and use peculiar post-offices, which are essentially their own.

A typical case was that of a man who was "wanted" in connection with certain notorious turf frauds. When the warrant was issued he sought shelter in shabby lodgings in a back street not five miles from the Bank of England. He had friends who strongly objected to his capture, mainly because his appearance in the dock would have led to unpleasant consequences to themselves. But they were all so well known to the police and detectives that it was impossible for them to send a message directly to the fugitive, even though he had adopted an alias, much less to pay him a visit. All of them, however, agreed to keep watch on his behalf, and to send him word immediately they had reason to fear his place of refuge was in danger of discovery and the time came for him to make a final bolt.

One of the watching gang learned of the coming danger to the fugitive by methods he saw fit not to talk about, and carelessly sent the servant of his lodgings to dispatch a wire to another of the allies in Edinburgh, to the effect that his aunt was dead. The bereaved nephew mastered his grief so far as to in turn dispatch a wire, accompanied by a telegraph money-order, to a hosiery in the City of London, desiring him to send half-a-dozen black ties to a given address without delay. The articles were duly taken to the gentleman in retirement by an unsuspecting errand-boy, and the trick was done. Every apparently insignificant detail was part of a previously arranged code. The firm sending the ties, their number and color—all conveyed a hint to the person most interested as to the safest mode of flight, the best port at which to attempt embarkation, and the very street in which he was to jostle against a supposed stranger who was to surreptitiously transfer to him a store of money and his passage counterfoils, which has been taken under a false name.

Nothing is too elaborate or ingeniously audacious to men playing a game the loss of which means penal servitude to them. In a Midland town lived in lordly style and the odor of outer respectability a person who was strongly suspected of being in league with a gang of "smashers"—that is, coiners—who also disposed of sham foreign notes and did quite a brisk business in worthless securities. There was no doubt that, while they were all scattered about the country, their operations were being directed by a master mind, whom the authorities had no moral doubt was identical with the afore-mentioned gentleman, who may be called Smith. Smith was never to be seen in dubious company, and the postman never brought him a letter which he was not willing to affably show to anybody. For months there came to Smith's house every morning a young milkman, with a placid smile and a shiny brow of innocence. He had set himself up, he explained to his customers generally, with a legacy left to him by his uncle; and every morning he handed a quart can of milk in at Smith's area-door—and every morning Smith's illegal correspondence was lying at the bottom of that quart can in a metal box, and the stout cook who took it in (for appearances are shockingly deceitful) was one of the most cool and daring of all Smith's tools, while the milkman was another. The "smashers" had set him up in business simply and solely that they might have an innocent address to which to send the missives it was his duty to deliver.—[Cassell's Saturday Journal.

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HAMILTON'S PILLS ARE EFFECTIVE.

Books That Live and Books That Die.

What makes a book immortal? Although few, if any, dull stories have lived and been read during fifty years, a great number of excellent and for a while popular stories have perished and been forgotten within a decade after their first editions appeared in the book-stores.

For example, there is—or, rather, there was—"Trilby," a good story exceeding well told. It came out in 1894 and had a stupendous sale. But "Trilby" is dead. The librarians

of the chief libraries unanimously report that the book is called for seldom or never. It is old lumber on the shelves. What killed "Trilby"? The story is just as good today as it was eight years ago. Du Maurier was a master writer and there was nothing essentially ephemeral in the interest of his charming tale. Yet poor Trilby wanted the drop of ichor in her veins that would have given her everlasting life. A decade hence the charming Miss O'Farrell, and the Laird, and Taffy and Little Billee and Svengali—that delightful company in that delightful Latin Quarter—will have ceased to be even memories to a hurrying and ungrateful generation.

Lounging among the to-mbs of literary reputation in the Mechanics', the Mercantile and the Free Public Libraries and chatting with the caretakers of librarians, a reporter from the San Francisco "Bulletin" made some strange and many sad discoveries. In a secluded niche the sepulchre of Rudyard Kipling was found—that Kipling who, three years ago, was the most popular author in all the world. No one asks for his books, say the librarians. He is dead and buried, although there may be a resurrection some day, for notwithstanding much posing, much affectation and much brutality, Kipling's Indian tales are stories of first-rate quality, and they deserve to live. Kipling tried too much, and his work deteriorated. "Stalky & Co." was utterly puerile, and "Kim" fell flat. Two such failures undid him.

One is not surprised that the cheap novels of sentiment and emotion, such as those written by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth a few years ago, have lost vogue, although they were sold in vast editions to romance-mad women, but who that has been thrilled by "Deerslayer," "Pathfinder," "Last of the Mohicans," and all that series of good, though impossible stories, will neglect to shed a tear beside the grave which is yawning for Fenimore Cooper? Cooper is breathing his last. Now and then a call for one of his books revives him as a dose of digitals or an inhalation of pure oxygen revives a dying man, but his strength is gone and the undertaker is ready to inter his literary remains. Nathaniel Parker Willis, than whom no author was more in demand fifty years ago, is not only dead, but forgotten. His name may be found in some of the catalogues—those digested epitaphs of literary celebrities—but he has ceased to be a personality in literature. Fare thee well, Nat, in that oblivion where thou wilt find many of greater genius than thine, but none more chatty and companionable.

Old Captain Marryat, that interesting tar, is still on the quarter deck, and the present generation of boys attend his sea yarns. This is good news, for the captain was well beloved, and it would be a pity to hear of him dead or moribund. He painted a cabin, a fore-castle and a life afloat far different from those of the navies and the merchant marine of this day, but it was a hearty, healthy life he painted, full of fighting, adventures and suffering, a life whose passing away we will not lament, but whose pictures we hope long to retain in Marryat's books.

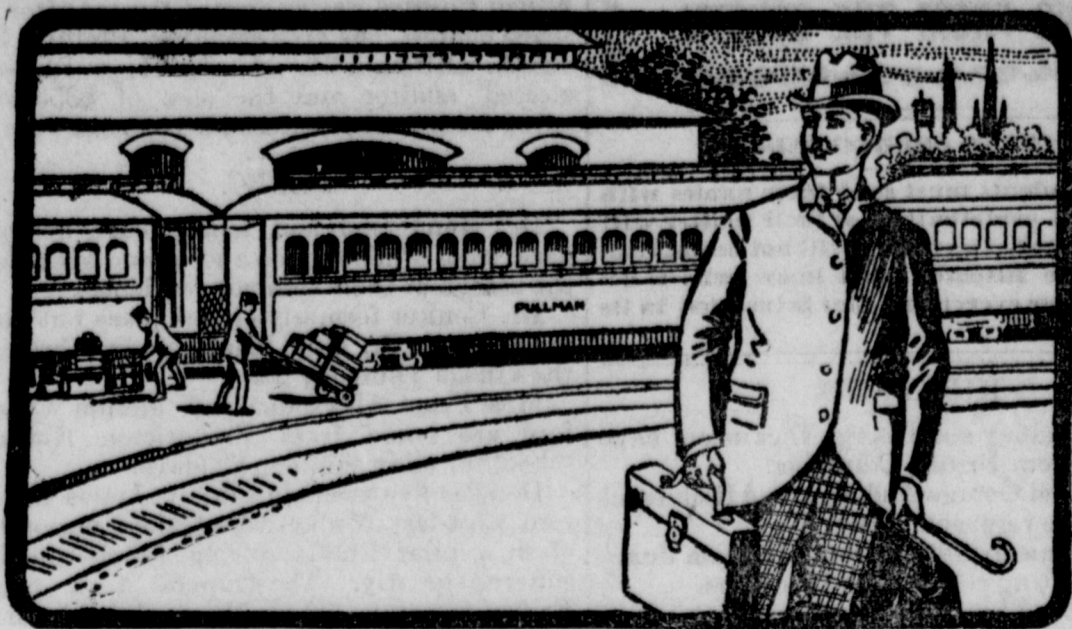
A pleasant find was the tomb of that intolerable prig of a book, "Sandford and Merton," which was forced on all children some years ago for their edification. All those infinite series of tales by Oliver Optic and his compeers, which so absorbed the youthful attention thirteen or fourteen years ago that there used to be a waiting list for each volume, have ceased to be read. They may not have been literary masterpieces, but they gave many a boy happy hours and ecstatic thrills such as no book, however great, can give him in these years of critical and non-saltatory manhood. Let us murmur a requiescat when we come upon their mortuary shelf in the library.

In the poets' corner, too, are many tombs of the forgotten or dimly remembered dead. No one reads poetry nowadays, and the bards lie in their cases awaiting a resurrection which may come when the world grows tired of prose.

But Dickens and Thackeray are still alive and have a steadily increasing patronage. Good news, indeed, for the world will be abandoned to stupidity when it neglects those two men. Stevenson, let us be thankful, lives still in his books, and Mark Twain shows none of the signs of dissolution. "Alice in Wonderland," which was published in 1868, has not lost its spell, and it is read as much to-day as it ever was, and a good deal more than Mr. Dodgson's (Lewis Carroll's) "Elementary Treatise on Determinants" and his other mathematical works are read.

Coming back to the question, what makes a book immortal, who can answer? Why has "Alice in Wonderland" survived since 1868, when "Trilby" could not live eight years? Who can say that the story of Alice is better than the story of "Trilby"? There is a mystery in these matters too deep for critics, publishers or the public to fathom, but certain it is that the world's first impression of a book is not always—indeed, is seldom—final, and that an immense sale for ten editions is no guarantee of immortality.

Mrs. Jones—I don't see what she wanted to marry him for; he has a cork leg, a glass eye, and false teeth. Mrs. Smith—Well, my dear, you know women always did have a hankering after remnants.—"Smart Set."



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