


WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 19, 1905.



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WOODSTOCK, N.B.

**A SOCIETY OF "SQUARE CROOKS"**  
They Have Their Ramifications and Agents  
in Canada.

From The Ohio State Journal.  
"I have no doubt that people have wonder-  
ed when some crook caught in the act and  
without friends in the place in which he came  
to grief could give bond," said Frank G.  
Miller, an ex-convict, to a Journal reporter  
with whom he had previously become ac-  
quainted.

"There is nothing strange about it," con-  
tinued Miller, for we have an organization for  
mutual protection, and this has representa-  
tives in every large city and in some of the  
smaller ones in the United States and Canada.  
Usually in the smaller places there are law-  
yers, and if the crook is 'pinched' in a place  
where he has no friends he knows whom to  
send for.

"Should the case be an aggravated one and  
the crook in good standing with the organi-  
zation the amount of bond required is learned  
and the society is notified to send enough to  
square a couple of bondsmen. The crook  
disappears, the bondsmen settle and tell how  
they would like to bring the fellow to justice,  
while all the time they are wishing for an-  
other job of the same sort, for they are well  
paid, and the lawyers get better fees for  
looking after our business than any ordinary  
practice pays."

Miller went on to say that the organization  
had its regular officers, who are better paid  
than those of legitimate societies, and that  
almost all of them are well respected in the  
communities in which they live. Miller  
stated that the amount paid for membership  
and yearly dues was large and that only  
'square' crooks were allowed to become  
members.

When asked if they were not afraid that  
their officers would emulate their employers  
and rob the treasury, he replied that such a  
thing had never occurred but once. That  
man was afterwards found on the streets of  
Constantinople with a knife sticking under  
his fifth rib, and no one had seen fit to follow  
his example.

"Why," said Miller, "they know that if  
they should try to 'do' us they would have  
a thousand men keener than any detectives on  
their trail, and that when caught no earthly  
power could save them."

The crooks, according to Miller, have their  
clubrooms in Chicago, New York, New  
Orleans, San Francisco and several other  
cities, and he declared that these clubrooms,  
or houses, are fitted up regardless of expense.  
To be able to use them, however, one must  
belong to the crook aristocracy and must also  
pay extra dues that would make the clubman  
of the cities blink.

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Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets  
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.  
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

**His Fate Found Him.**

Capt. Robert Faulknor, a commander in the  
British navy in 1794, was a man of unusual  
courage. During an encounter close under  
the walls of Fort Royal he noticed that the  
pilot did not seem to be himself. The man,  
he thought, seemed to hesitate when he gave  
his orders. In "Famous Fighters of the  
Fleet," Mr. Fraser gives the story:  
Captain Faulknor turned aside to one of  
his officers.

"I think Mr. Dash seems confused, as if  
he doesn't know what he is about. Has he  
been in action?"  
"Many times, sir," was the reply. "He  
has been twenty-four years in the service."  
But Faulknor was not satisfied. He eyed  
the pilot closely, and then stepping up to

him, asked him a trifling question. The  
pilot's agitation was such as to render him  
incapable of a reply. Recovering himself to  
some extent a moment later, the wretched  
man, keeping his eyes on the deck, in a low  
voice addressed Faulknor, who was bending  
over him, with this startling admission:  
"I see your honor knows me. I am unfit  
to guide her. I don't know what is come  
over me. I dreamt last night I should be  
killed, and I am so afraid I don't know what  
I am about. I never in all my life felt afraid  
before."

Without for an instant losing his presence  
of mind, Captain Faulknor replied to the  
man in a still lower tone:  
"The fate of this expedition depends on  
the man at the helm. Give it to me, and go  
and hide your head in whatever you fancy  
the safest part of the ship. But mind, fears  
are catching. If I hear you tell yours to one  
of your messmates, your life shall answer for  
it to-morrow."

The poor fellow, panic-stricken, went away  
and overcome with shame, sat down upon  
the arm chest, while Captain Faulknor seized  
the helm, and with his own hand laid the  
Zebra close to the fort; but before he could  
land at the head of his gallant followers, a  
cannon-ball struck the arm-chest and blew  
the pilot to atoms. He was the only man  
killed of all the Zebra's crew that day.

**Old Answer, New Rejoinder.**

There has been some trouble over a line  
fence, and one of the participants was on  
trial for assault with a deadly weapon. The  
defendant, when the case seemed to be going  
against him, introduced as a witness a man  
of somewhat shady reputation, who swore  
that the plaintiff had provoked the fight and  
began it by striking the defendant first.

The prosecuting attorney proceeded to  
cross examine.

"Now, sir," he said, "you swore that you  
saw this fight from your house. Is that  
right?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will ask you how far it is from your  
house to the spot where the fight took place."

"It's fifty yards and about two feet."

"Oh, you've measured it, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do that for?"

"Well, I thought some fool lawyer would  
ask me the question, and I wanted to have it  
just right."

The attorney waited till the subdued laugh-  
ter in the court-room had subsided, and then  
he rose.

"Your honor," he said to the judge, "I  
thought the witness would indulge in that  
time-honored bit of repartee, and I have  
been fool enough to find six reputable and  
competent witnesses who will testify that  
this man's house is nearly one hundred  
yards from the scene of the trouble, and is  
round a corner, where it would have been  
impossible for him to have seen what was  
going on. I ask that these three men be  
sworn."

**Better Luck Than He Thought.**

A young man who had received the privi-  
lege of shooting over the land of a farmer  
got rather close once or twice to the home  
and the ground adjacent to it. Later in the  
day, the Country Gentleman says, he met  
the farmer.

"You've had pretty good luck," said the  
farmer.

"Well, no," said the young man hesitat-  
ing, "I haven't had any luck at all."

"Yes, you have," repeated the farmer.

"This morning you just missed my best  
shorthorn."

**THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.**

At evening, when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit,  
They sit at home, and talk and sing,  
And do not play at any thing.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes,  
And there the river, by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prout about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear Land of Story Books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

**The "Servant" Problem.**

Edward Everett Hale and certain of his  
friends in Washington were discussing the  
vexatious "servant problem," when some  
one referred to the alleged tendency of  
domestics toward unbearable impertinence.

"No doubt American servants are repre-  
hensible in that respect," said the doctor,  
"but if the incident I shall relate is true,  
then our servants fall far beneath the stand-  
ard set by their French colleagues.

"An American lady of my acquaintance,  
now living in Paris, tells me that a friend of  
hers once had occasion to reprimand a parlor  
maid for shameful neglect of duty.

"Marie," said she, "there's a month's dust  
on the table!"

"At this observation the maid gave a toss  
of the head, saying: 'Surely, madam cannot  
censure me for that, seeing that I have been  
in madam's employ but two weeks!'"

**The Ideal Tonic.**

When you can't eat and  
can't sleep—can't think and  
can't work—can't get any  
pleasure out of life because  
you don't feel well—it's the  
time for a bottle of

**Royal Tonic**

ROYAL TONIC makes  
this old world a mighty  
good place to live in—be-  
cause it makes life worth  
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health—builds up and  
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finest Cognac Brandy and  
aromatic tonic herbs. Del-  
ightful to the taste—grate-  
ful to the stomach.

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At all dealers.

THE LEEMING MILES CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

**Dangerous.**

From The Columbus Dispatch.

After King Solomon had gained so much  
wisdom it was suggested that he become a  
college professor, so that others might profit  
from his store of knowledge. But Solomon  
shook his head.

"Not for mine," he replied. "When a  
man becomes a college professor he can't  
open his mouth without being ridiculed all  
over the country."

**More of the Strenuous.**

From The New York Tribune.

There is another vanishing industry. The  
Birmingham jewelry industry is stated to  
be in a bad way, owing to the collapse of the  
demand among savage peoples. The advance  
of civilization has been so thoro that now-  
days in Central Africa nothing short of Wag-  
ner will satisfy the native souls.



**The Label That Protects**

This label is the best protection against ill-fitting,  
poorly made clothing. It is found only on the famous

**"PROGRESS"**  
Suits & Overcoats

The reliability and uniform excellence of "PRO-  
GRESS" Clothing, make this label mean so much to  
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Sold by Leading Clothiers Throughout Canada.



Progress Brand Clothing may be had from John McLaughlan, Woodstock,  
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Influenza and kindred af-  
fections of the bronchial  
tubes yield readily to

**JOHNSON'S  
Anodyne  
LINIMENT**

Try it for sore throat, hoarse-  
ness, and coughs. For ex-  
ternal and internal use.  
See our list at  
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Boston, Mass.

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constipation, biliousness and  
bowel troubles are cured by

**Parsons Pills**

"The Best Liver Pills Made"

After a hearty meal prevents fer-  
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25c a bottle at druggists, or  
postpaid on receipt of  
price.

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and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before pur-  
chasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood.  
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HEADQUARTERS.**

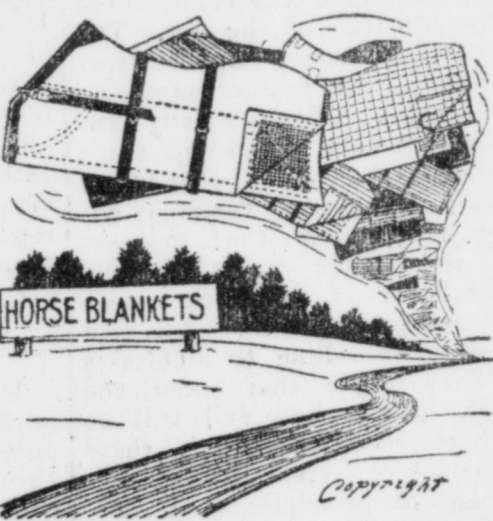
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**Fine Horse Blankets**

A pair of them should be a part of  
your horse's outfit. We have too  
many and make it an object for you  
to relieve us of some. You will ad-  
mit the value of the blankets the  
minute you see them. And the small-  
ness of the prices, too.

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(At the Sign of the White Horse)

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Or Waggon**

Needs painting. It will tend to  
preserve it as well as to improve its  
appearance. Please bring it in early  
so that I can have plenty of time to  
do a good job and give the varnish  
plenty of time to harden before you  
take it out.  
I have plenty of storage room.

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