

## STRATAGEMS OF BURGLARS.

The Men "in the Burrows" are of More Than Ordinary Ability.

Prison wardens in charge of convict laborers employed on public works are generally glad to have first-class "cracksmen" in their gangs. An officer directing a number of criminals in the execution of any kind of mechanical work is expected to complete a certain amount of work in a given time, and if the complement of work completed by the men under his charge exceeds the task, the warden is credited with being a smart and intelligent officer, whose promotion is a certainty.

It is the warden's interest, therefore, to have competent hands under his charge, and his experiences of convict labor lead him to prefer professional burglars, as generally they are equal, if not superior, in intelligence and skill to the best mechanics outside the prison walls. Speaking from his own experience, the writer has no hesitation in saying that a first-class burglar is almost always found to be an expert mechanic, adroit and self-possessed in cases of emergency, of a nimble and active physique, and capable of bearing any amount of fatigue.

At the present time forgers—who were formerly considered the aristocrats of the criminal world—yield precedence to the swell cracksmen whose audacity and skill have enabled him to "touch" for booty thousands of pounds in value.

The stratagems these men at times have recourse to are as ingenious and clever as the mechanical feats modern science renders imperative to "screw" a first-class private or business house.

One of the convicts at Dartmoor a few years back was a San Francisco burglar, named Smithson. This man was remarkably expert in any kind of mechanical work; and his mental attainments and abilities were those of a well educated and experienced man of the world. In the convict establishment, "Lanky"—as his fellow prisoners called him—was employed at stone-dressing, and several of the carved granite sills and mullions in the windows of the new chief offices of the Metropolitan Police on the Thames embankment were wrought by Smithson's skill and industry.

The Californian's reputation of a scientific burglar was obtained by the commission of a remarkably clever safe robbery in New York City. The "pet" in this case was owned by a well-known financier of Wall street, and was reasonably considered impregnable; as a matter of fact, several experts had failed to open it without using the keys made for the purpose by the maker. The owner of the safe was so confident in its power to protect his property as to become careless in securing an effective watch on the interior of his offices.

The robbery was effected by Smithson one Sunday evening between seven and eight. The safe lock was literally blown to pieces under the nose of the police without attracting their attention. In the first place the burglar drilled four holes in the safe—one at each corner of the lock. Into these holes he placed small dynamite cartridges, furnished with a slender thread of platinum, which was connected by a copper wire with a small galvanic battery. Before completing the circuit the burglar placed all the clothes, rugs, etc., he could lay his hands on over the safe to deaden the sound of the explosion. When the circuit was made the electric current made the platinum red-hot and ignited the dynamite, and four mimic explosions blew the lock to pieces.

This and several other daring and ingenious achievements made the States too hot to hold the Californian expert, and, to avoid the unwelcome attentions of Inspector Byrnes and his officers, Lanky joined a syndicate of American thieves that at that time was about to cross the Atlantic to Europe. These gentry effected several diamond robberies in various parts of the Continent, including the rifling of a jeweler's shop at Vienna of the entire stock-in-trade. After this transaction Smithson seceded from the firm and came to London, where he "fell"—as thieves say.

For extreme coolness and audacity commend me to the feat of a well-known Birmingham "cracksmen" who was "doing time" simultaneously with Lanky at Dartmoor. This worthy one night picked the street-door lock of a jeweler's premises situated in a small town at no great distance from the Midland capital, and succeeded in rifling the shop of a valuable "swag" containing jewelry and plate. "Brum" made this booty up into a portable bundle—burglars are splendid packers—and was about to carry it out of the side door, when to his dismay he heard the police outside. It took the burglar just one minute to devise a means of outwitting the officers. Down he placed his bundle where it would be behind the door when the latter was opened; then taking off his coat, waistcoat, tie, etc., he placed them on the "swag"; then he opened the door, and, accosting two policemen who were outside, he said excitedly:—"Police-men, there's thieves in the house! The villains are upstairs in the guv'nor's room."

"We'll soon 'ave 'em out of 'it," one of the officers replied, taking the half-dressed, frightened looking man for the shopman.

"Now, then, you lead the way."

"Not if I know it," the sham shopman said emphatically. "Praps them 'ere scoundrels are armed with revolvers, and—"

"Bah!" both officers exclaimed, "you're a bloomin' coward. Pretty fellow to mind a shop, we be blowed if you arn't."

So saying the valiant officers mounted the stairs, and then the thief whipped up the "swag" and coolly walked off with it.

Burglars, as a rule, work in gangs, and one of their number invariably plays the spy in the person of a pedlar, a commercial traveller, a tourist, a scientist in search of specimens, etc. The functions of this agent in advance—to use a theatrical term—are important, inasmuch as the probable success of a robbery depends to a very great extent on the amount of information the thieves possess respecting the habits of the inmates, the domestic arrangements, and the topography of the country around the house.

One of the smartest of these spies used to communicate with his confederates by means of an advertisement in the Times. Of course, this was written in cipher, and one of the smartest achievements of a famous Scotland Yard detective was the discovery of the key and the consequent breaking up of the gang, several of the members of which were consigned to penal servitude. Solitary elephants, hunters tell us, are more dangerous than those that

roam the forest in herds. Somewhat similarly, burglars (in common with all the members of the dangerous classes) are more to be dreaded when they act alone.

This is due to the fact that in nine cases out of ten the secrets of a concerted crime are divulged to the police by one of the conspirators.—London Tit Bits.

## Knew His Old Master.

The following story is told by a London cabman:

"Many years ago a friend of mine, a driver, got the awfulest hiding through his horse having a good memory. It came about in this way:

"There was an old major, or captain, who lived at Westminster, and he had a horse that he drove many years, and he was very fond of him and kept him until he was blind and so queer in the legs that he wouldn't use him any longer, and he ordered his man to take him and get him shot."

"But the man didn't do it. He sold the horse to a little cabmaster in London for £3, instead. Well, the cab-master drove of nights for about a year, and of course the horse went wuss and then he sold him to another cabman for 35 shillings. He was reduced to a regular hobnob by that time, but they wasn't so particular as they are now, and the driver was rather a rough customer and used to carry a whip that was a 'persuader.' I can tell you."

"Well, one night a fare hailed him on Piccadilly, and he drew up to the curb and took him up, but when the old gent got in the blessed brute couldn't stir a peg, but stood like a frozen horse, his only movement being a trembling of the knees. This naturally made me—me his name was—savage, and finding the thing was no good he lost his temper and took the butt end of his whip."

"The gentleman he banged out of the cab and he said: 'You inhuman scoundrel, what do you mean by flogging a poor beast that way?' says he, and no sooner did the old creak in the shafts hear him than he turned his head and began to neigh and whinny just like talking."

"He knew his old master again, though he did not have any eyes to see him, and the old major looked at the horse and they knewed one another."

"I forget how old he was—the major I mean—but he had lee off the box and down on the pavement before you could say snipe, and went at him with his bamboo stick till he roared out murder and brought his crowd around 'em."

"I've was going to play old Harry with the Major, but his friends advised him different, so he squared the matter by getting a friend to take three teeth what the major knocked out to his house, saying in a polite note that he wanted a couple of pounds apiece for them, and that if the major would buy 'em the old horse should be thrown into the bargain. That's how they settled it."

## What the Death Watch Really Is.

There is a more or less clearly defined thread of superstition running through the minds of most people, and not a few who have at various times been involuntary listeners to the sound of unfamiliar tickings, especially during the hours of darkness, have been unable to prevent their imagination leading them back to the stories told them in childhood of the dreaded omen of the tick of the death watch, which precedes a death in the family. It is now well known that the ticking is produced by an insect, and a Parisian chemist has not only taken the trouble to investigate the subject thoroughly, but has sent to a Paris paper two insects actually caught in the act of producing the sounds alluded to. They were on the same sheet of packing paper (strong tarred paper) but on the opposite sides and at a distance of about four inches apart. One struck forcibly with his head at the rate of six blows per second, and the insect on the lower side answered as soon as the other had finished. The insect is a tiny beetle, barely a quarter of an inch long. It is generally during the night that it produces the ticking sounds and in order to do so draws in the antennae and intermedial legs, and resting principally upon the median legs, striking its head against its support by a sort of a rocking motion. It is through this noise that the male calls the female. The larva of the insect lives in woodwork (framework, old furniture, etc.), which it gnaws in the interior without anything outside betraying its presence. A few weeks after it has been transformed to the chrysalis state the perfect insect comes forth, and makes its exit from the wood by boring a perfectly cylindrical hole in it, which thereafter shows that the wood has been attacked, and it is often mutilated to such a degree that it is virtually destroyed. A smaller species of the same genus works equal havoc not only with wood, but with books, herbaria, natural history collections, cork, dry bread, crackers, etc. The death-watch beetle has the invariable habit of feigning death when seized or disturbed. The simulation is so persistent that when immersed in water, or even in alcohol, the insect remains perfectly immovable, and will allow itself to be burned alive rather than betray itself.

## Female Labor in Finland.

Women's labor is more used in Finland probably than anywhere. We meet women in almost every trade; they compete with men as clerks, as managers of limited companies, as doctors, dentists, house builders, and specially as cashiers in banks, where they are found to be more orderly and honest than men. It is too common an occurrence for men cashiers to run away to America, but women stick to their posts. This woman labor has, however, received a severe shock. A young lady, barely 21, entrusted with the entire cash of a large establishment, has run away, after having spent some 30,000 marks belonging to her employers. Her chief checked her cash book every night, and invariably found it correct. After having duly certified to this, the day items were tampered with, a wrong total made up, and carried forward to the next day, and this she has carried on for a year and a half. Her employer had, however, reason to suspect that something was wrong, and asked her to send him her cash books. This she did, but on leaving the office at 8 o'clock she went direct to the railway, and travelled over night to St. Petersburg, and thence to Berlin, where she was caught. How she has squandered this heavy sum nobody can tell, as she seemed a modest and kindly girl, never appearing to have more money than she knew what to do with.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

Character is something other people's lives have brought out in us.

K. D. C. builds up the system by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

A load of earth has crushed many a man to death.

K. D. C. acts like magic on an overloaded stomach. Free sample, testimonials and guarantee mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

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Perhaps all people are better than their neighbors give them credit for.

Suffers from Indigestion in search of health should try the King of Dyspepsia Cures, K. D. C. It conquers every time.

If you don't keep your religion in constant use you will be sure to lose it.

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A hypocrite is a man who tries to fool everybody, but only fools himself.

Edward Linlef, of St. Peters, C. B., says: "That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

The man who owns the landscape is seldom the one who pays the tax on it.

PELEE ISLAND CO.'S Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent, E. G. Scovil, Tea Importer and liquor merchant, No. 62 Union street, can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

If people couldn't hide behind one another, it wouldn't be such hard work to have a revival.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Putner's Emulsion.

The woman who is most admired is not the most admirable woman.

Putner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

With some people, discretion is the better part of virtue.

Letters from home—  
A. I. Rice, Photographer, New Glasgow, N. S., writes:—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to those already given, that K. D. C. is a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. My own trial of the medicine proved a case of instant relief. I find the same is said of it by all who have tried it.

K. D. C. Co., Dear Sirs:—Having been positively cured of dyspepsia by the use of three packages of K. D. C., I would cheerfully recommend it to any suffering from this dreadful disease.

J. FISHER GRANT, Merchant, New Glasgow, N. S.

Mrs. ALEX. CAMERON, New Glasgow, N. S., says:—"K. D. C., cured me after 16 years of suffering."

E. COLLISHAW, Merchant, New Glasgow, N. S.,—"I have retained nearly 500 packages of K. D. C. in about one and a half years and don't know of a single case where it failed to benefit."

K. D. C. Co.,—DEAR SIR:—I had been a sufferer from dyspepsia for two years. Two packages of K. D. C. cured me after trying many other remedies without deriving any benefit from them. I gladly recommend it for the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia. JAMES ROY, Merchant.

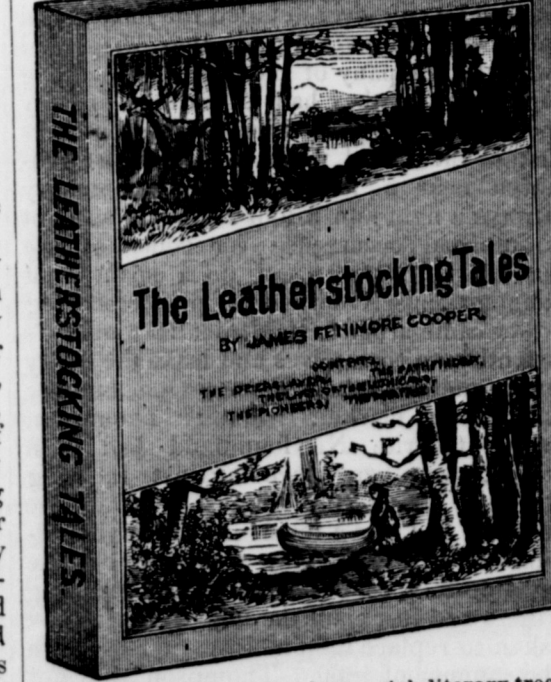
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## English as She is Spelt.

It was in one of our schools the other day where I picked up the following thrilling composition written by a twelve-year-old girl, which is one of the best pieces of English as she is "spelt" that I have yet seen:

"A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernal, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at a house and wrung the belle. His towne hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face, and a feint mown of pain rose from his lips."

"The made who heard the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed would not weight; but when she saw the little wown tiers stood in her eyes at the site. 'Ewe poor dear! Why do you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.' She bore him inn her arms, as she aught, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourds as hail as a young hoarse."—New Western Magazine.

## The Family Doctor.

A bruise may be prevented from discoloring by immediately applying hot water or a little dry starch, moistened with cold water.

The bites and stings of insects may be at once relieved and inflammation prevented if the parts are touched with strong liquid ammonia.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied hot, with enough cloths wrapped around to keep the flesh moist, is said to be an invaluable remedy for a sprain or bruise.

For neuralgia make a small muslin bag and fill it with salt, heat it hot, and place it against the aching spot; it will retain the heat for a long time and will greatly relieve.

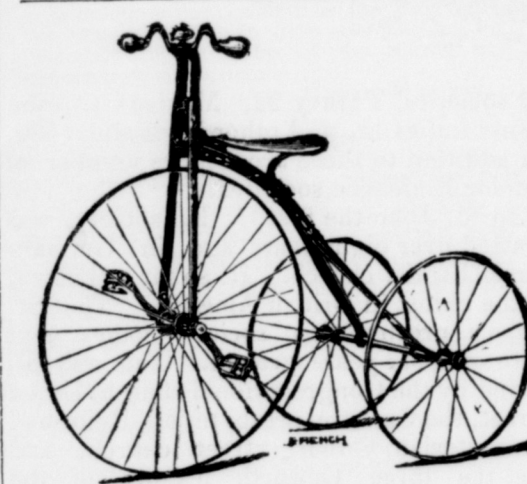
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A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system.

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Every boy is not able to buy a velocipede and pay the cash for it much as he would like to. We open a way for him to possess one for a little work and a small amount in cash. For two new subscribers and \$3.50 additional any boy can obtain this tireless companion. Retail price \$7.50.

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Another way to avoid having bother by wet weather is to send your laundry to Ungar's every week. You will never have to worry through a week because it rained on wash day. Rain or shine makes no difference at Ungar's. This is only one of the many advantages of having your laundry done by him. It is the nineteenth century way, the way of people who move with the world. Are you one of them?

Send your laundry to Ungar's this week. You'll never know the difference till you try.

BE SURE and send your parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. They will be done right, if done at

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