

MEN ARE "SHADOWED."

THOUGHT THAT IS NOT THE PHRASE
USED NOWADAYS

Practical Methods for Keeping a Watch on Suspected Persons—Every Action Is Noted by Vigilant Eyes—Hard for Wrongdoers to Play a Double Game.

The telephone bell jingles. The chief of the detective bureau takes up the ear trumpet, and, listening a moment, turns and writes something on a bit of paper, at the same time tapping a bell and summoning one of his aids.

"Harkaway," he says—and as he speaks he is already thumbing the city directory for an address—"Harkaway, some diamonds have been stolen at the big hotel up on Broadway; hurry up there with help, learn all the details of the case, then join your side partner, Bailey, at the Twenty-third street station of the Sixth avenue elevated railroad. Now skip! quick!"

This is the way the detective begins his day's work, says a writer in the N. Y. Press—It is a case that is to attract widespread interest. Harkaway is one of the best men in New York. It will be interesting to follow him.

Arriving at the hotel, the landlord is in waiting. To the detective the proprietor of the place says:

"Mr. Harkaway, I have a case for you. It involves the loss of a six-thousand-dollar package of diamonds, left for security in our safe by one of our guests."

"How long have the stones been lost?"

"Two weeks. It is like this—"

The landlord then went on to say that a lady had deposited the gems for safe keeping, and that they had mysteriously disappeared over night from the safe. Nobody was suspected. The clerk on watch at the time was one of the old and trusted employees of the house.

"I must interview the clerk," said Harkaway, at once.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied the proprietor, tapping a bell.

To the page who responded, the landlord gave directions that Mr. Shepard should come at once to the private office.

Jack Shepard had been in the employ of the house for many years. He was one of the trusted agents of the firm. Yearly thousands and thousands of dollars in cash and in property passed through his hands. His record was above reproach. Personally, Shepard was a man of fine presence, graceful in bearing, forceful in speech. He was a man of few words. His story of the robbery had all the elements of truth. He said, in response to questions, that he had put away the package himself, given a receipt for it, but that it was stolen over night. That was all he knew about the case.

"I will shadow Jack Shepard."

These were the final words of the detective. The proprietor expressed surprise, but wisely left the case to Harkaway.

From this time forth Harkaway was known at the hotel as "Operator No. 1." He determined to find out in what style Shepard was living. He learned from the directory that the clerk had a flat in the upper part of the city. He resided there with his handsome wife and child. Operator No. 1 entered the cozy home several times disguised as a dealer in small wares. He found everything pretty and unassuming. Mrs. Shepard wore no excessive amount of jewelry; the clerk belonged to one humble club; he was a regular member of the church; he had, so far as Operator No. 1 could see, no expensive habits and no costly vices.

After working on the case three weeks and filing daily reports of progress with the detective bureau, something quite definite turned up one day. Operator No. 1 was sitting in the park near the hotel, thinking the matter over. Nothing had as yet come of all the investigations the bureau had made at the pawn shops. The diamonds had disappeared as effectually as if the earth had opened and had swallowed them up. Operator No. 1 was convinced in his own mind that there was a woman in the case, but the difficulty was to locate the prize. That day his report said:

Took subject at usual hour and shadowed down Broadway to Fourteenth; then down Fourteenth; bowed to lady in black; lifted his hat to two girls in blue and pink; one girl tall and fair, the other short and dark; then to saloon on Fourteenth, near Sixth avenue, where he ordered a cocktail and took a nip of the free lunch; leaved over the bar and had a long chat with barkeeper. Then out and took Sixth avenue elevated to same house in 125th street. Stayed inside an hour, then out and took Third avenue elevated to Barclay street; then on 9 o'clock ferry of New York Ontario and Western Railroad to Weehawken; took him up lonely road; no one else near us; difficult to follow without being dropped to; finally was dropped to; had to quit at once.

"What do you mean by being dropped to?" suggested the landlord, as he heard the story.

"Dropped to—why that means when the subject takes a tumble to a man, and realizes that he is followed. In such instances we have to put another fellow on the case; to-morrow operator No. 2 will come forward. Since the subject is on to me, we will change men."

"He thinks he has tricked you."

"They all think that."

One fine afternoon a man sauntered up to the desk and asked if Mr. Percy Renwick was sleeping in that house.

Clerk Shepard replied that he had been there, but that he was gone now.

The man then said that the present address of Mr. Percy Renwick would be desired. The clerk said he did not know what the address was, but would try to find out. For the present no more was said.

About this time the landlord noticed that a good deal of mail came to the hotel for a certain Mr. Percy Renwick, but that it had suddenly stopped; there was no such name on the ledgers. To Clerk Shepard the proprietor said:

"Jack, who is this man Renwick? He seems to get a lot of mail here."

"He does. He is a friend of mine; he is a drummer; but he is out of New York now. He asked me to look after his mail while he was gone."

That very night, after Shepard was gone, in came a boy with a letter addressed to Mr. Percy Renwick. The night clerk signed for it, threw it aimlessly into the common receiver, and went on with his work. Half an hour later a gentleman called and asked for the Renwick letter. It was given him, and he at once departed.

Meantime Operator No. 2 was covering Shepard all around town. He shadowed the clerk in and out of saloons; he shadowed

him to his home; he hung around for hours. To be a detective is to play a waiting game. A week now passed without a single incident worthy of record. Daily, however, the reports of the men—Operator No. 2 and his "side," Operator No. 3—were handed to the bureau. These told of shadowing or of "covering" the subject from the hotel and back again.

That night very late Jack Shepard was a passenger on the ferryboat to Weehawken. He then took the street car and rode a long way to a lonely part of the outskirts. Shepard left the car after riding half an hour. He went straight to a splendid villa set back in a small park beside the broad highway. A knock on the front door and he was admitted to the grand home. A woman came to the door, all glittering in silks and diamonds.

Those diamonds were the stolen property, and this woman was enjoying the ill gotten wealth.

The day of disguises, in the detective business, is gone. All that one reads of false whiskers, changes of costumes, and all the rest, is likely to be spun out of the imagination.

Between the words "watch" and "shadow" there is little difference, except that one has a more mysterious sound than the other; and your good detective does not use the word "shadow," either. He prefers the vaguer expression "took." This is to prevent suspicion. There are hundreds of men in New York who are weekly subjected to close watch. All their outgoings and incomings are reported to the head of the firm. If a fellow is going wrong, ten to one the sort of life he is leading will show it. Therefore, all the large corporations spend plenty of money in the "shadowing" business yearly. Thus the senior partners know at a glance just where the young men have been the night before.

The information comes to them in the form of the reports, given as in the Shepard case. These reports are often very exact as to detail. Your good detective will photograph the doings of his subject with almost microscopic fidelity. He will include the drinks the "subject" took in public, the people he bowed to on the street, the ladies he chatted with, whether they were stylishly dressed or the contrary, their personal charms; also the very shop windows the subject lingered before on his way up or down town.

Detectives have more trouble shadowing women than they have with men. The reason for this is obvious. A man can go any place his subject can enter, but he cannot follow a woman wherever she may go. A woman, for illustration, can go into a big bazaar, with ten or more doors, and give the shadow the slip with the greatest of ease. A man could never do this. Then, again, if a woman "drops" to the detective she can make him much trouble by leading him a long and fruitless journey, all over town, miles and miles, just merely to "make sport" of him. This is a thoroughly feminine trick, so the best detectives say.

When Jack Shepard came down to work that next day he said to his brother clerk, whom he was relieving:

"Were there any letters for me while I was gone?"

"There were not."

Ten minutes after he was summoned to the office of the proprietor.

"Shepard," said the manager, in a quiet way, "did you ever know a man named Percy Renwick?"

"He is my friend, the Chicago drummer."

"I thought so. Remember, this a matter of life and death; answer at your peril. Did you, or did you not, ever know a man named Percy Renwick?"

"Never—only as I say."

"You lie!"

"What does this mean?" said the clerk, flaring up.

"It means," said Harkaway, coming forward, "that you are hereupon formally arrested for the diamond robbery of three months ago. It means, too, that Percy Renwick and Jack Shepard are one and the same personage. Under the former name you have been getting mail at this hotel; these letters were written to you by the woman to whom you gave the diamonds, and for whom you must now spend twenty years in Sing Sing. Your time has come!"

ONLY "BILL THE BANKER."

Yet He Proved Himself a True Hero on Going to His Death.

Mr. Francis H. Grundy, a well-known civil engineer, relates what he calls, "the short story of an unknown hero."

"Bill the banker," he was called, and even at the inquest over his body no other name was forthcoming.

He was only a poor navvy; his usual place was at the top of a newly-formed embankment, among the "tip waggons" during the building of the Manchester and Leeds Railway he was top man over a shaft of one of the numerous tunnels which were being constructed on the line.

Here he met with a gloriously disastrous accident, and his conduct should be emblazoned in letters of gold upon the history of his country. He was only a navvy, and probably could neither read nor write.

The shaft was perhaps two hundred feet deep, solid rock sides and bottom. His duty was to raise the trucks which had been filled below, and run them to the tip, returning them empty to his mates at the bottom.

If a chain broke, or a big boulder fell off a truck, he had to shout, "Waur out!" and the miners below crept farther into their "drives," and allowed the death-dealing article to come down quite harmlessly.

One unhappy day Bill's foot slipped hopelessly, and he knew that he must be smashed from side to side of the narrow shaft, and landed, a crushed mass, at the bottom. But his mates? If he screamed, the unusual noise would bring them out at once to inquire the cause.

He never lost his presence of mind. Clearly went down the signal, "Waur out below," and his mates heard in safety the thud, thud, smash of his mangled remains.—English Paper.

An inexorable professor of logic from a Russian university, driven into exile with his fellow Hebrews, found temporary employment in New York as the conductor of a street car. Two women got on together one day, and, later, signalling the conductor, begged to be let off at different streets. Then the logician, pausing before his astonished passengers, said with conviction: "No, you had got on together, and consequently you will get off together," and so they did.

A NORWOOD MIRACLE.

HEALTH REGAINED AFTER SEVEN
DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. John Slater Knox—Two Hours Sleep all the Benefit Derived from Six Weeks' Medical Treatment—Rescue from Suffering Came After the Doctors had Pronounced His Case Hopeless.

Norwood Register.

The readers of the Register will remember having read in this paper during the early part of last year the very serious illness of Mr. John Slater Knox, who lives on lot 20, in the 3rd concession of Asphodel township. They will remember how in January, 1892, Mr. Knox was stricken down with a gripe, how from a man of about 185 pounds he fell away in flesh in a few short weeks until he was a mere skeleton of his former self, weighing only 120 pounds; how he was racked with the most excruciating pain; how he longed for death to relieve him of his suffering; how he consulted doctors near and far, and how they failed to successfully diagnose his case. In fact, they confessed their ignorance of his malady, and said he could not recover. But so much for the profession. Mr. Knox is alive today. He has recovered his wonted vigor and weighs 180 pounds, and his many friends in Norwood look upon him in wonder. Of course Mr. Knox is questioned on every hand about his recovery, as to what magic influence he owes his increase in flesh, and his answer to each interrogation is "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it," and he is never too busy to extol the merits of his now world-famous remedy. This is what he said to a reporter of the Norwood Register the other day when asked about his illness and his wonderful cure:—"I will tell you all about it. In January, 1892, I had a gripe, which was prevalent at that time. It settled into pains in the calves of my legs. I was drawing lumber at the time, and thought it was caused by sitting on the load and allowing my legs to hang down. I consulted a doctor in the matter, who told me it was rheumatism. He treated me, but did me no good and I kept getting worse daily. Altogether I had seven doctors in attendance, but none of them seemed to know what my ailment was. Some said it was rheumatism others that my nerves were diseased, one said locomotor ataxia, and another inflammation of the spinal cord, another inflammation of the outer lining of the spinal cord, and still another said neuralgia of the nerves. I did not sleep for six weeks and no drug administered by the medical men could deaden the pain or make me slumber. I will just say this: at the end of that time some narcotic administered made me doze for a couple of hours, and that was all the relief I received from the disciples of Esculapius. They said I could not recover, and really I had given up myself. My pain was so intense I wanted to die to be relieved of my suffering. From a weight of 185 pounds I had dropped to 120. I was a skeleton compared with my former self. I had often read in The Register of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but did not think of taking the remedy. About this time my father purchased some from Dr. Moffatt, druggist, Norwood, and bringing them to me requested me to take them. They remained in the house perhaps a couple of weeks before I commenced taking them, and then I must confess I had not much faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished taking the first box I felt a little better, and when I had taken two boxes I was convinced that the Pink Pills were doing me good; in fact, that they were doing for me what seven doctors had failed to do—they were effecting a cure. I felt so much better after having taken three boxes of Pink Pills that I ceased taking them, but I had not fully recovered and had to resume, and I then continued taking them until now I am as hale a man as you will meet in a day's travel. I am positive that this happy result has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I recommend them to my neighbors and my friends, as I am thoroughly convinced of their great curative properties. There is a case a short distance from my place of a man, who has been a cripple for some time, recovering after taking eight boxes of Pink Pills. In December last I could only manage to lift a bag of oats, now I can toss a bag of peas onto a load with ease. Isn't that gaining strength? At one period since I began taking Pink Pills I gained thirty pounds in six weeks. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have been skidding logs in the bush all winter and can do a day's work with any of them. I believe it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I can."

"I hear you are making preparations to build a house, Mr. Knox," said the reporter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knox laughingly, "I am building a house and barn, which I think will demonstrate that I am trying to enjoy my renewed lease of life." Calling on Dr. Moffatt, druggist, The Register reporter asked him if he knew of Mr. Knox's cure, and that gentleman ascribed his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I have been talking to Mr. Knox, and he is certainly a most remarkable cure. But speaking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reminds me of the wonderful sale they are having in and about Norwood. I buy a hundred dollars' worth at a time, and my orders are not few. I sell more Pink Pills than any other medicine, and always hear good reports of them." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after effects of the gripe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics,

no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Few persons understand the cause of their own failures. Judging other affairs as they do their own, they couldn't tell why a barrel is empty when it has a hole in the bottom.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINTMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER, French Village.

It has been said that a fool may ask a question that a wise man cannot answer; yet both may be better for the question.

Hale and Hearty.
The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him ail." The Canadian drinks Puttner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

An action may be so clothed as to change its proper effect on people; with most of us a sugar-coated vice seems preferable to a pepper-coated virtue.

A TONIC

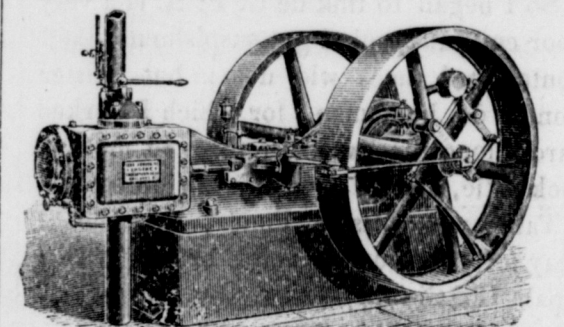
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Have You



Caught on

If so, let us inform you that your "best girl" can tell you in the dark by the perfume—her favorite, of course—on your **MUSTACHIO**;—but what we started to talk about were clothes, dyed clothes.

A man of good taste is particular about his clothes, not merely about their quality, but of their appearance; clothes **WILL** shab and fade despite the best of care. They are still as good as new, yet that gloss and fade make them look old.

Then think of **UNGAR**; He **MAKES THE OLD NEW.**

BE SURE and send your Parcels to **UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works,** St. John, (Waterline street); Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

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