

## SOME CLEVER THIEVES.

MEN WHO MAKE THE STEALING OF DIAMONDS AN ART.

Noteworthy Instances Told by Police Records—Where Wax Is a Useful Substance—A Sharp Thief Who Aimed High and Got Nothing.

The police records of Melbourne furnish many instances of the perverted smartness of criminals who make the theft of diamonds a special study.

One day a fashionably-dressed young man, giving an address in a "high-toned" suburb, called upon Messrs. Glitter, who are well-known diamond merchants, and have their offices in Little Collins Street.

It was the lunch hour, and the responsible partner in the firm had adjourned some time previously to a neighboring restaurant for the purpose of replenishing the inner man.

A trustworthy clerk was, however, left in charge of the place for the time being, and to this employee the visitor made known his desire to inspect a few unset stones, and if he were pleased with the show, to make a selection from them. A small case of diamonds was accordingly withdrawn from a safe and placed upon the counter.

Having opened it, the visitor handled its contents delicately, and scrutinized them with the air of a connoisseur. To enable him to do this the more easily, he divested himself of his walking stick, which resembled a shepherd's crook in shape, placing the end of the curve upon the counter, and allowing the stick to dangle in that position.

The diamonds, however, were not to his taste. There was a too-apparent flaw in this, and the tint of the more too pronounced. Despairing of transacting business, the clerk, whose suspicious eyes had been keenly exercised during the course of the interview, gathered the gems up and replaced them in the safe.

The visitor, with profuse apologies for the fruitless trouble he had caused, adjusted his gloves, took possession of his stick, and departed.

The partner eventually returning, the circumstance of the visit was related to him, and, although his faith in the carefulness of his assistant was unbounded, he determined to satisfy himself that all was right, and consequently brought out the tray of diamonds for his own personal inspection.

As he had himself filled it earlier in the same day, and knew what its contents should be, he was startled to find that two jewels, whose value he estimated at about £80, were missing.

There was no doubt now that the visitor had got clear off with these, and, although he had by then had a considerable start, the detectives were communicated with. Two days afterwards the man was arrested, and then found to be a criminal who had done long spells of "time."

At his lodgings was found the "gibby-stick" to which reference has been made. An examination of this article showed that the crook, from its termination upwards for the distance of an inch, had been hollowed out, and that the cavity still retained a quantity of beeswax.

This its manipulator had pressed down upon two of the gems, whilst the attention of the assistant was diverted to his left hand, with which he was lifting some of the diamonds. The gems had sunk into the soft wax in response to the pressure, and in this way the spoil had been removed without attracting observation.

The same individual, it was then discovered, had, upon the identical day of his visit to Messrs. Glitter's, gone to another warehouse and made a similar request. A tray of diamonds had been produced, and this he took in his hands, awkwardly upsetting its contents upon the floor. He did not attempt to pick the gems up, but allowed the attendant to do so instead, that person having to circumnavigate a lengthy counter before he could reach the scene of the spill.

With a thousand apologies, and five diamonds clinging to the waxed soles of his patent leather boots, the visitor left the premises, after the picking up process had apparently been completed.

One evening a gentleman drove up hurriedly in a hansom to the residence of the Hon. Mr. Legislator, in Toorak, rushed up the steps of the house, and tugged vigorously at the bell.

"Mrs. Legislator," said he to the servant who responded to the summons, "has sent this by me from the ball at the Town Hall, and wishes to have her parure of diamonds instead. I will wait for them. They are in a metal box in a travelling-case in her dressing-room."

The "this" was a handsome diamond aigrette. The gentleman was in evening dress, and seemed impatient to return to the festivities which he had just left.

"Hurry up, my girl," he said, thrusting the aigrette into her palm. "Don't keep me here all night. Your mistress has a fad for wearing the parure, and will be on pins and needles until I can get back. You will have no difficulty in getting at it. The travelling case is not locked."

Eventually the housemaid did as she was requested, and handed over the metal box to the gentleman, who rushed back to the hansom and drove away in it, but not in the direction of the Town Hall.

He had hardly gone when the household brougham drew up to the door, conveying Mr. and Mrs. Legislator, each of whom entered the house in a state of high dejection. The lady had had a diamond aigrette worth £300, skillfully stolen from her hair at the main entrance of the Town Hall. Her amazement and satisfaction were unlimited when she entered the boudoir to find the aigrette lying on the table. Then the maid explained the manner in which it had come to be left with her.

But the whole affair seemed only to be rendered more mysterious by the fact of the thief having returned the ornament. When they were informed, that however, he had taken away the metal case, the lady and gentleman remembered a scrap of conversation, which explained everything.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" Mrs. Legislator had said as she stepped out of her carriage at the Town Hall. "I have left the box with my parure in it in a dressing case, which I have forgotten to lock."

A smartly-dressed man, evidently bound also for the ball, had stumbled against her at that moment, and had moved rapidly away, after a brief apology. He had gone before Mr. Legislator had had time to respond.

"Don't worry about that. I opened the box the other day and took the parure

down to my office, where it lies in my safe. It is more secure there than at the house."

The stumbling gentleman, having possessed himself of the aigrette during the collision, and knowing who the victim of the theft was, and with her remark still ringing in his ear, had immediately formed the plan of presenting himself at the house, producing the aigrette to promote a belief in his bona fides, and of capturing the thousand-pound parure in exchange.

As it happened, he only got an empty box, of the intrinsic value of a few shillings. —Cassel's Journal.

## RETURNED TO MOTHER EARTH.

How England Enriches Her Soil with the Bones from Other Lands.

For many years we have robbed all other countries of their human bones, and at one time our annual shipments of such represented the skeletons of three millions and a half of men, says an English paper.

"Already," exclaimed Liebig, more than thirty years ago—"already, in her eagerness for bones, she has turned up the battlefields of Leipsic, of Waterloo and of the Crimea; already from the catacombs of Sicily she has carried away the skeletons of many successive generations."

Now and again ships loaded with human bones still arrive at our ports. A few years ago a gentleman was taking a solitary ramble along the Birkenhead docks, when he saw a great heap of bones, among which were pieces of helmets, guns, etc. He picked up and carried away several specimens of the grim shipment, and afterwards submitted them to a medical friend, who were human bones. No doubt they had come from some battlefield.

A consignment of the same nature reached Hull a short time back. It consisted of thirty tons of human bones—in other words, the skeletons of about thirty thousand men, one thousand of our frames weighing about one ton. The same vessel which brought this shipment also discharged at Bristol several hundred tons of bones, a good proportion of which were human.

The whole cargo came from Rodosto and Constantinople, and as it was rather plentifully interspersed with Oriental pipes, etc., as well as horse shoes and artillery trappings, everything points to the human remains being those of men who fell in the Russo-Turkish war.

Not every captain will have anything to do with this grim traffic. One skipper was engaged to take in a cargo of bones at Alexandria and bring them to Aberdeen. The bones came from Cairo, and were supposed to be chiefly those of giraffes, buffaloes, antelopes, and camels; but when his ship was being laden, the captain saw among them many complete human skeletons.

"Here," he shouted, "pick those out and put them ashore again. I won't have them on my ship."

Then he made inquiries about them, and was told that it was the custom for natives to go in large bodies to battlefields, and dig in the trenches for the remains of the slain. Collecting the bones, they sold them to various ports.

England has also rifled Continental charnelhouses, the mummy-pits of Egypt, and, in fact, almost every accessible place which would yield bones, particularly human bones. Even cats, whole or in fragments, are not objected to, as is proved by an incident which everybody will recall—the arrival at Liverpool, two years ago, of nineteen tons of embalmed pussies.

What is made from these bones? Manure, of course. Ground into dust, they are scattered over the earth, which, thus treated, only requires to be "ticked with a hoe to laugh abundance." And the reason that human bones are in such demand seems to be that they are richer in manurial constituents than the ordinary ones of commerce. It ought to be.

Mr. Jones Persistent Hen.

Mr. Jones is of Lynn, says a Boston paper, after months of thought went into the hen industry on a small scale.

He secured a batch of "chicks" from Mr. Smith, and then asked the ages of the various members of his new family. Smith admitted that one of them was particularly old.

"I bought her three years ago," he said, "and she was old then."

Jones kept hens until he was tired. The most venerable of the lot was always "too old to kill," but never an egg did she release. Jones sold his brood, the venerable one and all, to Mr. Alley.

Jones' wife wanted a fowl the other day for a fricassee. The butcher was appealed to. He didn't have a fowl, but he would get one. He was not eatable. Jones suggested that she reboil it the same afternoon, and she did, but the fowl was still far from tender. The next day she boiled it some more, and it remained unpalatable. It had to be thrown away.

"Where did you get that fowl?" asked Jones of the butcher.

"Bought it from Alley," answered the man of meat. "He said he would give me a fresh one."

I thought so," said Jones, who reached the conclusion—and was right—that he had paid a dollar for the infirm hen that he had been glad to sell to Alley for 25 cents.

A London Cabby's Artful Dodge.

"The best dodge I know of in our line of business," said a weather-beaten old cabman, "was one I saw worked only a few weeks ago. There was a ball at a house in one of the West End squares, and as it was a splendid night, we cabbies waiting didn't expect many jobs. All at once one of my mates, who's drove a cab these twenty years, asks the footman where he can get a bucket of water for his boss. He gets it, and just before the ball was over he poured the water on the pavement in front of the house. Then he stood at the entrance with an umbrella he had also wetted.

"That done the trick. Believing it were raining hard, I'm blest if everybody didn't want a cab that night, and we all got a job."

The Sexton's Contribution.

The acme of incongruity was reached at a recent bazaar in the Far West. One of the features was a contribution bag, and among the things found in this was a slip of paper, on which were the words, "Good for one grave. Will be dug any time during the ensuing year. John Smith, sexton."

## AN ILLINOIS MIRACLE.

A CASE OF DEEP INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

Saved Through a Casual Glance at a Newspaper—Weak, Pale and in a Deplorable Condition When Relief Came—Another Remarkable Triumph for a Great Canadian Remedy.

Dubuque Times.

Among the peculiar conditions with which the people of the present age are endowed, is a remarkable capacity for doubting. A full belief only comes after a careful investigation, and after positive proofs have been presented. Current report said that there had been a remarkable cure in the case of a lady of Savanna, Ill., but as current report is not always accurate, and as the story told was one possessing deep interest for the result of this investigation proved that not only was the story true, but that the case was even more remarkable than the public had been given to understand.

Mr. A. R. Kenyon is the fortunate owner of a comfortable house, well kept and with pleasant surroundings, situated on Chicago avenue, Savanna, Ill., and it was there the reporter sought him to learn of the sickness of his wife, and the cure of which so much is being said. In answer to the bell a lady appeared at the door, and to an enquiry for Mr. Kenyon, said he was employed by the railway company, worked at nights and was asleep. "Is Mrs. Kenyon well enough to see me?" the reporter then asked. With a very suggestive smile she said: "There is no doubt of it," and inviting the reporter in, informed him that she was the lady in question. When told the reporter's mission, she said: "The statement of facts as you have made it is quite true. I did not think my case was of special interest to anyone outside of my own family and friends, but if what information I can give you will be of use to anyone else you are welcome to it. I owe my present good health to a casual glance at a newspaper, and as with me, some other woman may be fortunate."

Mrs. Kenyon is an intelligent lady-like woman, and her home bears evidence of her great capabilities as a housewife. She told her story as follows.

"I was born in Warren county, New York, thirty-three years ago. I was married when I was 19 and came to Savanna seven years ago. With the exception of being at times subject to violent sick headaches, I considered myself a healthy woman up to five years ago. At that time I was very much run down and an easy prey to the ever present malaria in and about the Mississippi bottom lands. I was taken violently ill and during the succeeding five or six months was the greater part of the time helpless. The local physicians said I had been affected by malarial and intermittent fevers. I continually grew weaker and finally went to see Dr. McAvoy of Clinton, Ia., who is reputed to be one of the ablest physicians in the Mississippi Valley. He treated me for a time without beneficial effects, and finally told me he thought he could help me if I would absolutely abstain from work. That was not to be thought of. I had to go about I had to look after my household duties. I then consulted Dr. Johnston of Savanna. My stomach would not retain the medicine he gave me and he came to the conclusion that my stomach was badly diseased. Occasionally I would choke down and nearly suffocate. I then went to Dr. Maloney and he pronounced it a case of heart trouble. He helped me temporarily, but like the rest said I must stop all work or nothing could be done for me. All this time I had grown weaker and paler until I was in a deplorable condition. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, my muscular power was nearly gone, and I could not go up half a dozen steps without resting, and often that much exercise would cause me to have a terrible pain in the side. Seemingly the blood had left my veins. I was pale as death; my lips were blue and cold and I had given up all hope of ever being better. About the first of April last a young man boarding with us received a Fulton, Ill., paper. It was his home paper sent him by his mother. I picked it up one day and in glancing casually over its columns came across an account of a marvellous cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Candidly, I did not believe the story, and when my husband suggested that it would do no harm for me to try the pills I laughed at the idea. He insisted and I submitted, but I had no faith whatever in the pills. My husband sent for two boxes and I took them. When I had used these I was somewhat improved in health. I continued their use and I felt that I was growing stronger, my sleep refreshed me and it seems as if I could feel new blood coursing through my veins. I kept on taking Pink Pills until a short time ago and I now consider myself a healthy, rugged woman. My house is full of boarders and I am superintending all the work. In other words I work all the time and am happy all the time. I am positive that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life, and I believe there are thousands of women who would find great relief if they used them. The sick headaches I was subject to have disappeared, and have not had a single attack since I commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"Were there any disagreeable effects from the medicine?" asked the reporter.

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Kenyon. "They are pleasant to take and the conditions imposed by the directions are easily complied with. In common parlance I took Pink Pills and they did the rest."

Mrs. Kenyon stated that her neighbors knew of her former condition and her restoration, and one of them was called in and when asked of her knowledge of the case said: "I have been intimately acquainted with Mrs. Kenyon and knew of her illness. I look upon her recovery as something marvellous. It is surely the unexpected that happened in her case. Of my own knowledge I cannot say what the nature of her ailment was, but I know that she was reduced to a mere shadow; was the palest and most ghost-like person I had ever seen. Hers was a remarkable case. She would be helpless one day and the next would be supervising the work of her house, but all the time there was a noticeable loss of strength and the natural vivaciousness of her nature had disappeared. It was generally thought she must die as none of the physicians who attended her seemed to understand her case or help her in the least. I was told of the sending for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and of course

thought it the whim of a dying woman, or perhaps a sign that her husband still insisted in hoping against hope. But you can see the result for yourself, and if miracles are not performed in these days I would be pleased to know how to describe a case of this kind."

It is a remarkable case. There is no reason to doubt the sickness of Mrs. Kenyon and in just the form she describes it. Hundreds of people in that immediate neighborhood are fully conversant with the facts of both sickness and cure, and discuss it with sympathizing earnestness. But few persons have gone so close to the dividing line between life and eternity and returned; and from the facts stated there is but a single conclusion to be drawn—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did it.

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 therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, 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 trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. 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 Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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